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ADVERTISEMENT.—VOLUME VII.

THE Publishers of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE take pleasure in presenting the accompanying Table of Contents and List of Illustrations, as evidence that their efforts to enhance the value of the Magazine have fully kept pace with its increasing circulation. While the general plan which was determined upon at the commencement of its publication has been adhered to, the Conductors have neglected to avail themselves of no facilities which enlarged experience has placed within their reach. The general mechanical appearance of the Magazine has been greatly improved, by substituting for the usual process of stereotyping its pages, the recent discovery of electrotyping, which insures that the later copies of the edition, however large, shall be as perfect as the earlier ones. Special attention has been given to the Pictorial Department. No feature of the Magazine has met with more general approval than the series of illustrated articles upon American Scenery and History. This series will form a prominent feature in the ensuing Volume. In the Literary Department, the object of the Conductors has been to furnish the best articles, whether of American or foreign origin. They have presented a larger proportion of original matter than heretofore, simply because they were able to procure better articles from American than from European sources. At no time have their resources in the Literary Department been so great as at the present, and their only embarrassment is found in the difficulty of making a selection from the articles placed at their disposal.

The Publishers again renew their thanks to the Press and to the Public for the unexampled favor which has been accorded to their efforts; and repeat their assurances that nothing shall be wanting on their part to secure the continuance and increase of that favor, which has enabled them to commence the Eighth Volume of their Magazine with an edition of One Hundred and Thirty-five Thousand Copies.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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*The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd, wind slowly o'er the Sea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.*

*No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
On oravs his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father, & his God.*

Your humble Serv^t F. Gray

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.—BY THOMAS GRAY.



I.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.



II.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

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III.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.



IV.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.



v.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.



vi.

For them, no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.



vii.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !



viii.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.



ix.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



x.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise ;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.



XI.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?



XII.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.



XIII.

But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.



XIV.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.



XV.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest;
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.



XVI.

Th' applause of listening senates to command;
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,



XVII.

Their lot forbid: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.



XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.



XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.



XX.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.



XXI.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.



XXII.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd;
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?



XXIII.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 - E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries ;
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.



XXVI.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high
 His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.



XXIV.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unonor'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;



XXVII.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove !
 Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.



XXV.

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say :
 “ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.



XXVIII.

“ One morn, I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
 Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he ;



XXX.

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”



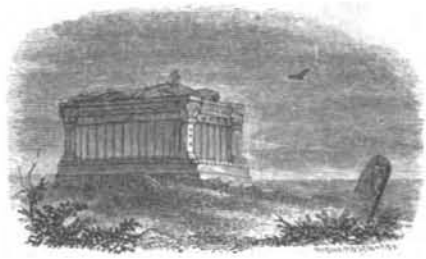
XXX.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.



XXXI.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a
 friend.



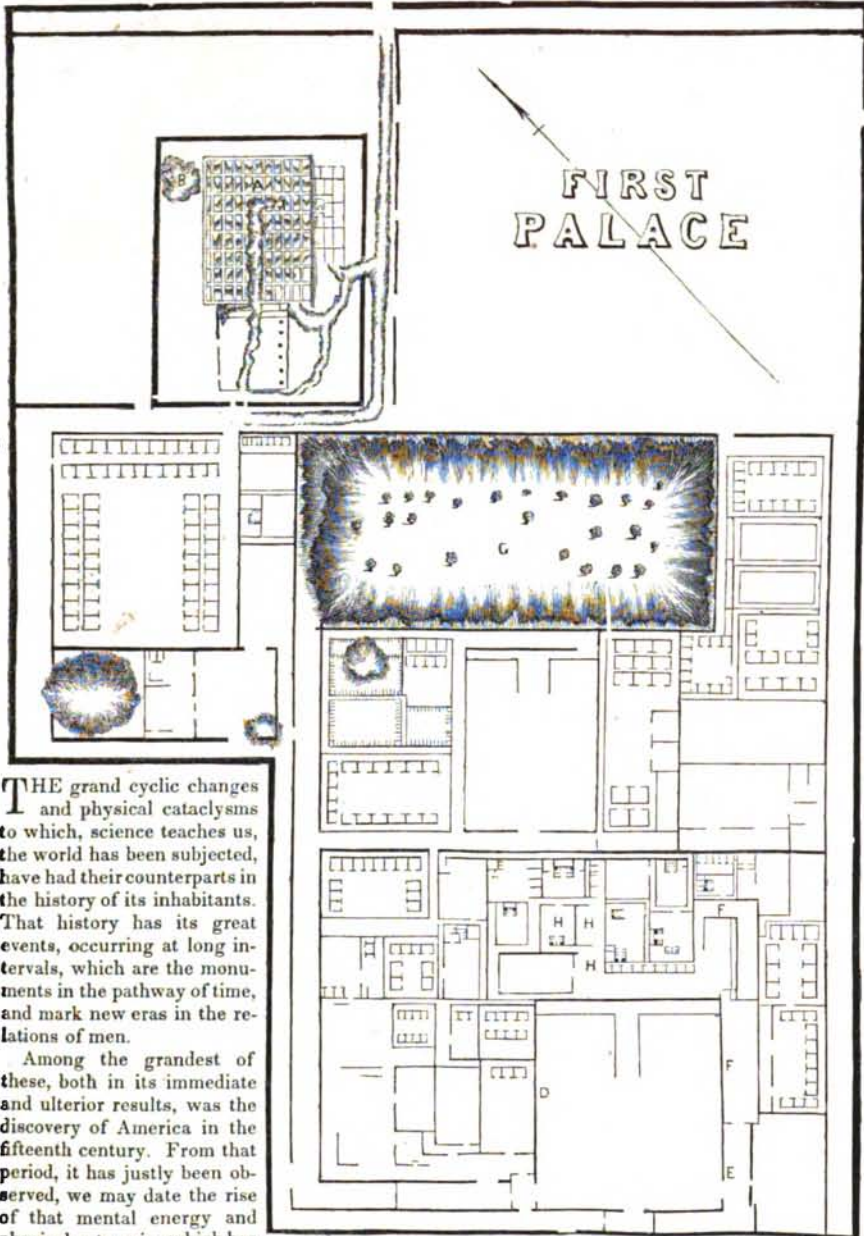
XXXII.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.



STOKE-POORS CHURCH—SCENE OF THE ELEGY.

ANCIENT PERU—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS MONUMENTS.



THE grand cyclic changes and physical cataclysms to which, science teaches us, the world has been subjected, have had their counterparts in the history of its inhabitants. That history has its great events, occurring at long intervals, which are the monuments in the pathway of time, and mark new eras in the relations of men.

Among the grandest of these, both in its immediate and ulterior results, was the discovery of America in the fifteenth century. From that period, it has justly been observed, we may date the rise of that mental energy and physical enterprise which has since worked so wonderful changes in the condition of the human race. To the nations of Europe, then slowly rousing from their lethargic sleep of centuries, it gave a new and powerful impulse. It called into play the strongest incentives to human action; love of adventure, ambition, and avarice, all contributed to direct the attention and hopes of men to America. Thither flocked the boldest and most ad-

venturous spirits of Europe, and half a century of startling events lifted the veil of night from a vast continent, unsurpassed in the extent and variety of its resources, abounding with treasures, and occupied by a new and strange people—here roaming in savage freedom, and there organized into nationalities rivaling, in their barbaric magnificence, the splendors of the Oriental world, far advanced in the arts, living

in large cities, constructing vast works of public utility, and sustaining comprehensive and imposing systems of religion and government.

Among these nations, two were pre-eminently distinguished for the extent of their territories and their superior development: the Aztecs occupying the high plateaus of Mexico, and the Peruvians spreading themselves among the valleys and over the slopes of the Andes, in Peru. The early chroniclers have almost exhausted their rich and glowing language in describing the splendors of the empires of Atahualpa and Montezuma; and the eloquent pen of Prescott has traced the story of their conquest and overthrow—an episode, in the history of the world, which surpasses romance in the marvelousness of its details, and in its deep and tragic interest. The imagination is bewildered in following the rapid and bloody steps of Cortez and Pizarro, whose adventurous spirits were neither overawed by obstacles nor dampened by reverses; and in the contemplation of their deeds we almost lose sight of the extraordinary people against whom they directed the force of their invincible arms. The subversion of these empires was so sudden and complete, that the chroniclers who followed the Spanish armies had scarcely time to record the manners and habits of their people under their more obvious and superficial aspects—none to devote to the investigation of the principles of their social and civil organizations, and the elucidation of their primitive history. To discover these principles, and clear up the mists which rest upon their origin and development, have been reserved for the labors of the student and archaeologist in later times—these patient investigators who, from tangled traditions, imperfect records, and crumbling monuments, shall reconstruct the history, and vindicate the claims of these nations to a place beside the proudest of those which have disappeared from the earth, but whose deeds make up the story of the past, and whose memory shall endure to the end of time.

When the Spaniards reached Peru, the empire of the Incas extended from the equator southward over 37 degrees of latitude, and embraced not only the western slope of the Andes, but included that stupendous mountain-chain, and spread down its eastern declivities to those broad alluvions traversed by the Amazon, the Orinoco, and their gigantic tributaries, which intervene between the Andes and the sea. Although this vast empire was under a single system of laws, and formed, under its political aspect, a homogeneous nationality, yet its people were not of a single stock, but an aggregation of distinct families, with strongly-marked physical differences. These families had once constituted separate tribes, or nations, but had been reduced to the relations in which they were found, by an astute and profound system of policy, perhaps never equalled in its comprehensiveness and capacity for expansion, except by that under which we ourselves exist. Recent investigators have grouped these families under

three grand denominations—the *AYMARAS*, the *CHINCHAS*, and the *HUANCAS*.

The first of these, or the *Aymaras*, constituted the governing stock, the race of the Incas, or Peruvian emperors. They occupied the heights of Peru and Bolivia, elevated twelve thousand feet above the sea, and seem to have made the first and most decided advances in the arts and institutions of civilization. The second, or *Chinchas*, occupied the coast of the Pacific from Tumbes to the desert of Atacama, extending inward to the base of the Cordilleras. The third, or *Huancas*, which in respect of numbers exceeded either of the others, were scattered over the region comprehended between the Cordilleras and the Andes, between the *Chinchas* and *Aymaras*. Lying next to the latter, they were the first subjected to their domination. It thus appears that Peru offers, in its internal history, another illustration of the axiom, that the most vigorous nations, both in respect of physical organization and intellect, are those who dwell in the more elevated and rugged portions of the earth, where the destitution of nature imposes the necessity of exertion as the price of human existence. The history of Peru is, therefore, the history of the *Aymaras*—the conquerors, rulers, and civilizers of the other stocks; and of this race, the family of the Incas was the head and directing intelligence.

ORIGIN OF THE PERUVIANS.

The origin of the Peruvians, or rather of the *Aymaras*, is involved in obscurity, but according to their traditions, there was a time when they were broken up into independent tribes, warring constantly against each other, and sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism. From this deplorable condition they were rescued by their tutelary divinity, the Sun, who sent down his own children to reform and instruct them. These were *Manco Capac* and his sister and wife, *Mamá Oello Huáco*. Starting from the Lake of Titicaca, this party journeyed northward until they reached the spot where the city of Cuzco, which afterward became the capital of the Inca empire, now stands. Here they collected together the neighboring savage hordes, and while *Manco Capac* taught the men agriculture and the useful arts, and inspired them with ideas of social and civil organization, *Mamá Oello* instructed the women to spin and weave, and inculcated modesty, grace, and the domestic virtues. From this celestial pair sprung the imperial line of the Incas, who, in virtue of their descent, were both the high priests of religion and the heads of the state.

In this tradition we trace only another version of the story of their civilization common to all primitive nations, and of that imposture of a celestial relationship, whereby designing rulers and cunning priests have sought to secure their ascendancy among men, and which is still perpetuated in the doctrine of the "divine right" of kings. *Manco Capac* is the almost exact counterpart of the Chinese Fohi, the Hindoo Buddha, the terrestrial Osiris of Egypt, the terres-

trial Odin of Scandinavia, of Jutsalcoatl in Mexico, Votan in Central America, and Bochica among the Muyscas of Colombia. Among all these early nations, the blessings of civilization were supposed to have been conferred directly from Heaven, through the agency of beings half human, half divine, who were the chosen instruments of God in his communications with men. They appear suddenly, and, after a life of usefulness, often disappear mysteriously, or else become the founders of a line of rulers, concentrating in themselves the kingly and sacerdotal power.

But notwithstanding this tradition, there are many reasons for believing that, before the arrival of Manco Capac, the natives of Peru had reached a degree of cultivation, far advanced from barbarism. It will appear, as we proceed, that the most imposing monuments of Peru antedate the Inca empire, and that in the extension of that empire nations were brought under its rule, which were, to a certain degree, civilized, and in arts and government entitled to a respectable rank. And it may not unreasonably be suspected that the story of the extreme barbarism in which Manco Capac found the original inhabitants of the country, was an exaggeration of the Incas, to magnify the merit of the reformation which they had effected, and augment the gratitude of their subjects.

At first the rule of Manco Capac was limited to a few leagues around Cuzco, but by alliances and conquests it was gradually extended, until under Huayna Capac, it spread over forty degrees of latitude, and reached from the Pacific, southeast, to the pampas of Tucuman, and northeast to the Ucayali and Marañon. At that time it embraced upward of ten millions of inhabitants; but the number rapidly diminished after the conquest, until now it is probably less than five millions.

We have no means of determining the period of the appearance of the first Inca; for, notwithstanding their advance in other respects, the Peruvians had never acquired the art of writing, nor made any approach toward it, beyond their rude *quippus*, or knotted cords, of which we shall hereafter have occasion to speak. This period, nevertheless, has been placed about four centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards, in the year 1021. Yet writers have not been wanting, who have carried back the origin of the empire to the earliest assignable date, consistent with the received chronology, and placed the advent of Manco Capac within five hundred years of the flood.

THE INCAS.

The authority of the Peruvian monarchs was absolute; their will was the supreme law; they had no council of state, no ministers, nor institutions limiting the royal prerogative; and, although they sometimes consulted with their aged and more experienced subjects, it was from considerations of utility, and not in conformity with any organic law of the empire. The Inca held in his hand the lives and property of his vassals, and was regarded throughout his dominions as

the supreme arbiter of all that breathed in the air or moved in the waters. "*The very birds suspend their flight when I command them,*" was the vaunting exclamation of Atahullpa to the Spaniards.

Besides, as we have already said, the monarch of Peru was considered as son of the Sun, and descended in right line from Manco Capac, was the high priest and oracle of religion. Unitary the legislative and executive power, chief captain in war, absolute sovereign in peace, and the venerated pontiff of religion, he realized in himself the union of Pope and Emperor; and, with better reason than Louis XIV., might exclaim, "*I am the State!*" Clothed with such dignity and power, he received the blindest obedience from his subjects; his person was sacred, his body after death was regarded with pious veneration, and his memory religiously respected. The highest magnates of the empire could not appear shod in his presence, and when they had their audiences, were obliged to come bowing their bodies, and bearing a light load on their shoulders as a sign of their submission. The people themselves were not allowed even to approach the street in which the royal palace was situated, except with bare feet and uncovered heads.

Yet, if we may believe the early historians, the Incas were eminently paternal in their government, and, without an exception, animated by the tenderest regard for their subjects, among whom they were accustomed to mix, in order to correct abuses, and ameliorate the condition of the inferior classes. They presided at certain religious festivals, and on these occasions were accustomed to give banquetts to their nobles and chief officers, and to propose and drink the healths of those whose conduct had inspired their esteem, or whose services commended them to distinction.

In common with the Oriental monarchs the Inca possessed an unlimited number of concubines, in some instances exceeding seven hundred, but he had only one legitimate wife, called *coya*, whose eldest son was heir to the throne. By a singular rule the *coya* was required to be the sister of the Inca. This incest, so repugnant to our notions of morality, by the concentration of blood in a single line, gave to the imperial family a peculiar physiognomy, which contributed still further to impress the people with the idea of their distinct and supernatural origin. The aristocracy of Peru consisted of five orders:

1. Incas, in whose veins flowed the royal blood, and who were derived from the same stock with the sovereign himself.
2. Incas by privilege; that is to say, the descendants of the principal vassals of the first Inca, to whom was conceded the right of using this title.
3. The heads of families, distinguished for their riches, valor, learning, or the merits of their ancestors.
4. Such as were invested with the first dignities and offices, civil and military.

5. The priests, and *amautas*, or learned men.

The youths of royal blood were carefully educated by the *amautas* or wise men, and prepared for the *huaracu*, an order analogous to that of knighthood in the middle ages. At the age of sixteen they were rigorously examined in Cuzco, in all that pertained to the art of war and government, and their capacities for endurance tested by fasts, and the severest privations. If they passed through these creditably, they were presented to the Inca, who bored their ears, and inserted in them golden rings, which were increased in size as they advanced in rank, until the distension of the cartilage became a positive deformity. It was not, however, so regarded by the Peruvians, with whom it passed as a mark of distinction. The Spaniards gave the name of *Orejones*, Big-ears, to those thus decorated.

The aspirants thus honored next turned to the nearest relative of the sovereign, who, unloosing the common sandals which they wore, dressed their feet in others of more costly materials. The neophyte was then invested with the girdle of manhood; on his head was placed a garland of flowers, emblematic of the gentle virtues which would through life be his brightest ornaments; in his hands were placed the arms which he was in future to wield in the service of his country; and the ceremony was complete as regarded the generality of the youths. At this stage of the proceedings, however, the heir to the throne, who until then was in nowise distinguished from his comrades, was further invested with a head-dress, forming his peculiar insignia, and received the homage of the whole of the Inca nobility, who knelt at his feet and recognized him as their future sovereign. The whole assembly then proceeded to the great square of the city, where the public rejoicings began, and where the night was spent with dancing, music, feasting, and drinking.

CIVIL ORGANIZATION.

Nothing could be more complete than the civil organization of the Incas. The city of Cuzco, called by a name which signified that it was the centre not only of the kingdom but of the world, was in itself an epitome of the empire. In common with the country at large, it was divided into four quarters, from which great roads led off, North, East, South, and West. Its inhabitants were required to take up their abode in the quarters corresponding with the direction of their native provinces, and were then again arranged in localities to correspond with the relations of these provinces to each other. Each of the four grand divisions of the empire was under the government of a viceroy, and its inhabitants were divided into groups of 10,000 souls, each with its native chief and Inca governor. These groups were still further subdivided into thousands, hundreds, and tens, with their appropriate heads, whose duty it was to execute the orders of their superior, make known the wants of their people, ferret out crime and accuse offenders, register marriages, births, and deaths—in short,

to carry out the minutest details of government. All were obliged, under the severest penalties, to make monthly reports to the officers above them, who in turn reported to their superiors, so that the Inca received monthly from his viceroys an abstract of all that had passed in his dominions.

In this organization we may trace some of the ideas which in our days have been denominated socialistic. Those ideas, however, were more clearly developed in the social organization of the Peruvians, and in their regulations concerning property. The right of the individual to a portion of the earth sufficient to support life, was as clearly recognized as his right to breathe the air of heaven. All lands capable of cultivation were divided into three parts; one pertained to the Sun, or the support of religion, another to the Inca, and the third to the people at large. Each Peruvian received a portion of land, called a *topu*, which was sufficient to produce the maize necessary for the support of a married man, without children. At the birth of a son he received another *topu*, and for each daughter half a *topu*. When the son married he received from his father the *topu* set apart for him at his birth. In the working of the lands the same wise provision was exercised. First the lands belonging to the protecting divinity were put under cultivation, and next those belonging to the old men, the sick, to widows and orphans, and to soldiers engaged in active service. These were worked by the sections in common, and after they were finished each individual was permitted to attend to his own land, but under the obligation to aid his neighbor who might be burthened with a large family—a fraternal custom which is still perpetuated among the Indians of Peru. After this the lands of the chiefs were planted, and finally those of the Inca, by the whole nation, with great ceremony, songs, and general rejoicings. If any one lacked seed he was supplied from the royal depositories.

All of the people, excepting the chiefs, officers, priests, and soldiers, from the age of twenty-five to fifty, were regarded as tributaries. Their tribute, however, consisted only in personal service. The field laborer worked a certain number of days on the lands of the Sun and the Inca; the silversmith a certain number in the fabrication of vases and idols for the temples; the potter in making vessels of clay for the public use and that of the court; and the members of the other trades each in his department. The materials were furnished by the state, and the workman while thus employed was supported at the public expense. All the grand works of general utility in the empire, the royal roads, the aqueducts, and bridges, as also the temples of the Sun, and the palaces of the Incas, were constructed in this manner.

The Peruvian youth were obliged to follow the professions of their fathers, nor were the sons of plebeians allowed to receive an education superior to their condition in life. The Indian could not change his residence without the

permission of his superior, which was seldom granted, although the Incas were accustomed to transfer entire communities from one province to another, generally to those newly conquered, for the greater security of the new dependency. Care, however, was always taken that the climate should be analogous, and the occupations of the people similar.

The Peruvian code was simple, its penalties severe. "Tell no lies;" "Do not kill;" were the concise terms in which the laws were promulgated. Idleness was severely punished; cheats were whipped and sometimes put to death; and the severest penalties existed against those who removed land-marks, diverted the water from their neighbor's lands to their own, or did any thing to prejudice their neighbor's crops. The homicide and robber were put to death. But the severest penalties were directed against those who sinned against religion, or the sacred majesty of the Inca. He who intrigued with a virgin of the Sun, or committed adultery with any of the women of the Inca, was not only buried or burned alive, but his wife, children, relatives, servants, and even his neighbors, and their very cattle, shared the same fate. Their houses were leveled, the trees which grew upon their lands cut down, and the lands themselves made desert, so that no vestige might remain to attest the horrid crime. The penalties which were decreed against provinces which rebelled against the Inca were scarcely less terrible. They were invaded, and all the males, old and young, mercilessly slain.

Among the most interesting of their regulations was the law concerning housekeepers, which apportioned the labor of individuals, commencing with those who had reached the age of five years. It provided that the people should eat with their doors open, so that certain officers, called by a name signifying "superintendents of the people," might at all times enter. These officers visited the temples, public edifices, and private houses, to see that they were kept clean and orderly. They chastized persons guilty of dirt and slovenliness on the spot, while they proclaimed the praise of those distinguished for their neatness. There was a law in behalf of invalids, which required that they should be supported by the public. It also provided that the lame, blind, deaf, idiot, and crippled should be invited to the public dinners which took place twice every month, so that in the general festivity they might in part forget their miserable condition. These dinners were instituted for the purpose of bringing the people of towns and neighborhoods together, so that, by association, animosities might be canceled, and good feeling promoted.

The administration of justice was prompt; all cases were obliged to be disposed of by the proper officer within five days after they were brought before him, and there was no appeal when judgment was once rendered.

As regards their military system, all Indians subject to tribute were obliged to serve a certain

period in the army, and after that service expired, to drill at intervals, under the command of their centurions. The same order which prevailed in the civil, extended to the military organization; the soldiers were divided into tens, hundreds, and thousands, each division under an appropriate officer, and distinguished by the color of its uniform and its arms. In every part of the empire, generally on the public roads, at fixed distances apart, were depositories of arms and stores of every kind, in the greatest abundance, so that in passing through the country the largest army caused no damage to the inhabitants.

SYSTEM OF CONQUEST.

It was perhaps in their system of conquest that the Incas exhibited their greatest wisdom and profoundest policy. Their first effort, after the reduction of a neighboring nation or province, was to mould its people into their own system, and infuse among them their own spirit. In doing this they were careful to give no rude shock to their prejudices. The idols of the conquered people were brought, with every demonstration of respect, to Cuzco. Thither also were summoned the conquered chiefs, with their families, where they were treated with the greatest distinction and kindness, and after becoming sufficiently imbued with the institutions of the Inca, and impressed with his power, they were often reinstated at the head of their people as officers of the empire. Nor did the Inca omit any means to secure the good-will and allegiance of his new subjects. Their taxes were reduced, and the poor and suffering among them treated with the largest liberality. The language of the empire was taught to all the children, and made to supplant that of their fathers. And still more effectively to secure the new acquisitions from rebellion, large colonies of eight or ten thousand individuals, from tried and faithful provinces, were settled in the subjugated territory, while a corresponding number of the conquered people were transferred to the place which their removal had left vacant. To reconcile these colonists to their new conditions, they were invested with many privileges, and treated with marked partiality. And thus, by a complex system of liberality and severity, persuasion and force, the Inca empire was not only rapidly extended, but the reduced nations effectually amalgamated, and moulded into a compact whole.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

While the civil and social systems of Peru were wisely directed to the general physical amelioration of the people, they were not adapted to their intellectual development. Not content with concentrating in themselves the functions of government and religion, the Inca stock monopolized also the advantages of instruction and all that there was of science. The masses were taught to regard them with reverence as the sons of Heaven, the sources of power, and the fountains of intelligence. As a consequence, there was nothing of mental cultivation among the Peruvians at large; and little of what may be called learning among the Incas themselves. Without

a written language, they were unable to perpetuate ideas, and thus accumulate knowledge. Their wisdom was chiefly political and practical. Territorial extension being their leading object, military science received their closest attention. In Cuzco and all the other principal cities were institutions, under the direction of aged men of the royal blood, for instructing the youth in the art of war. But none were admitted to them except the sons of the aristocracy; for, as we have seen, the masses were obliged to follow the professions of their fathers.

It is worthy of remark, however, that the representation of the various sciences, so far as the sciences were understood, did not belong to the priesthood, but formed a distinct class, called *amautes*, who lived in the establishments for learning. They taught the civil law, astronomy, medicine, and the art of the *quippas*. Yet their knowledge in these departments was insignificant. They had the decimal system of numeration, but never proceeded beyond the first elements of arithmetic. They were unacquainted with theoretical geometry, although they made frequent practical application of its principles, and in the division of lands, construction of maps, and building of their edifices and public works, resolved some of its most difficult problems. Notwithstanding the pretended relation of their monarchs with the Sun, their knowledge of astronomy was very limited, and in this respect the *amautes* were much inferior to the Mexican priests. Their ignorance of mathematics did not permit them to calculate the annual movements of the sun, and they were compelled to resort to mechanical means to determine the principal variations in its course. They thus succeeded in fixing the epochs of the solstices and equinoxes. They noted the movements of Venus, the only planet which attracted their attention. Like the Chinese, they were greatly alarmed by the eclipses of the sun and moon, particularly those of the latter, which they believed then threatened to fall to the earth. To avert this, they sounded all their instruments of noise, shouted, and beat their dogs, to augment the general confusion, and avert the impending catastrophe. The phases of the moon (*quilla*) they explained by saying that when it commenced its decrease the moon was ill or dying, and when it increased that it was getting well.

The year was divided into lunar and solar months. All their labors were guided by the latter division. The time intervening between the end of the lunar and solar year was called, *puschu quilla* (the superfluous moon), and entirely given up to diversions. The year commenced and ended with the winter solstice, and was divided into four parts, by the equinoxes and solstices. Montesinos tells us that the king Inti-Capac reformed the year, and fixed its length at 365 days and a quarter, and grouped the years into periods of tens, hundreds, and thousands, calling the latter *Capac huati*, "the powerful or great year of the Sun." The same author adds, that another emperor, who was an able astronomer, discover-

ed the necessity of intercalating one day every four years, but abandoned this in favor of a mode recommended by the *amautes*, of intercalating one year at the end of four centuries. But Montesinos is not supported in his statements by other historians. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the months had each two names, one of which was not in the Quichua language, implying perhaps that this division of the year was of foreign origin.

POETRY AND MUSIC.

But if the Peruvians did not excel in the sciences, and the more solid branches of learning, they nevertheless had made some proficiency in intellectual accomplishments. Poetry is the most ancient form of literature, and constitutes the thread upon which, in the absence of written language, are strung the annals of nations and the heroic acts of individuals. And although but few of the poems of the Peruvians have descended to our times, yet enough remains to show that they were not deficient in historic interest, nor in grace of combination. The Quichua language was rich and flexible, and favored the efforts of the *amautes*, who composed the tragic and comic plays and songs with which the Incas were accustomed to amuse their subjects, on the occasions of their great religious and other festivals. Their talents, however, were chiefly devoted to dramatic compositions. After the termination of the seed-sowing for the Inca, which took place soon after the planting of the lands of the Sun and of the people, the latter were diverted with a series of instructive plays, acted in the public squares, the objects of which were the illustration of the social virtues, the relations and duties of one member of a family to the others, of the individual to the state, the subject to the monarch, and of men to their fellows. In the month of October, after the annual festival in honor of the dead, they had representations illustrative of the civil virtues of their forefathers, their obedience to the laws, and respect for the institutions of the Incas; and in the months dedicated to martial exercises, the plays had a corresponding martial tendency. It was thus that the Incas made the very amusements of the people a prop to their system.

Besides these dramatic poets, there was a class of song-writers who composed amatory songs and elegies, and were called *hararicus*, or inventors. It appears that the poets composed the music to their own songs. Their music, however, seems to have been more distinguished for its volume than its melody. Among their musical instruments were the trumpet, a variety of large and small flutes, the timbrel and tambourine, and the *tinga*, a kind of guitar of five or six strings. They, however, reached their greatest perfection in musical instruments, in the *huayrapuhura*, a species of Sirinx, or Pan's flute, made of tubes, either of cane or stone, of graduated lengths, fastened together. One of these, wrought from a single stone; a species of talc, is represented in the accompanying engraving (Fig. 1), where it is

represented half, or rather one fourth the actual size. It was found on the breast of a skeleton, in one of the *huacas*, or Peruvian tombs.

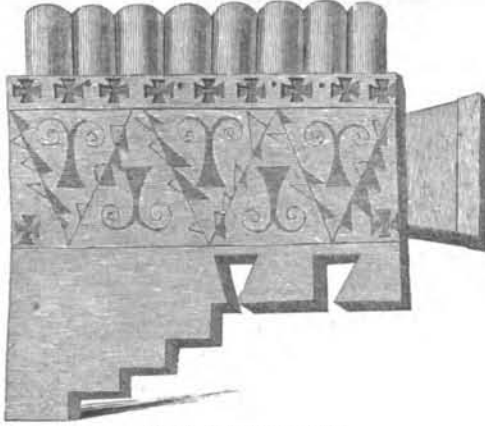


FIG. 1.—PERUVIAN SIRENX.

ART IN GENERAL.

Art among the Peruvians reached a high degree of perfection, but rather in its useful than in its ornamental applications. The great practical objects of their works of industry and skill were never sacrificed to their ideas of beauty. In this respect they afford a striking contrast to most other nations, but yet a perfect consonance with their political system, under which the material condition of the people was the chief object of care, to the neglect of their mental expansion.

The industry of the Peruvians was thoroughly organized, and the cultivation of the land conducted on principles of the soundest economy. In many parts of Peru the upper layers of the soil were arid and barren. Here they removed these layers, and dug down until they reached a stratum sufficiently moist for cultivation. Thousands of these sunken areas, with their sides carefully supported by walls of brick and stone, are still to be seen in Peru. The mountain slopes they cut into terraces, and thus with the varying heights were able to cultivate the products as well of the Tropics as of the Temperate Zone. The dry plains, where the rain seldom or never falls, and which, since the conquest, have relapsed into barren wastes, bloomed like gardens, under the dominion of the Incas. By means of aqueducts, sometimes hundreds of miles in length, these plains were supplied with water from the mountains, while fish from the sea, and *guano* from the islands near the coast, were used to enrich the soil. These *guano* islands were under special laws. Certain small ones were assigned to single provinces, while some of the larger ones were divided between two or three, by monuments which it was death to remove. These islands were under the care of special officers, who saw that the precious manure should not be used carelessly or too profusely. Upon them, small temples were often erected, in which the people deposited offerings when they

went to get their annual fertilizing supplies. And, as the Peruvians were chiefly agricultural, the Inca, like the Emperor of China, dignified the cultivation of the soil, and rendered it sacred by his own example. When the planting season came round, he went, in great state, to a certain spot of ground in the city of Cuzco, supposed to have been the first dedicated to the Sun in the empire, and there, with golden implements, turned up the earth and sowed a few seeds. Until this was done there could be no planting in his dominions.

The domestic animals of the Peruvians, indigenous to the country, were the llamas, alpacas, huanacos, and vicuñas, of which there were vast flocks. They, however, all belonged to the Sun and the Inca, and were under the charge of shepherds, who conducted them from one quarter of the empire to the other, according to the changes of the seasons. From the wool of these animals and from the

cotton grown in the plains, were manufactured fabrics and tissues of great beauty. Their flesh was enjoyed by the people only on the occasions of the great religious festivals, when it was distributed with great ceremony. Ordinarily the food of the people was the maize, or Indian corn, of which Peru produced several varieties; but once a year great hunts were undertaken, for the purpose of killing animals whose flesh might serve for food. These hunts corresponded very nearly with what we would call *battues*, and it is said that sometimes as many as 50,000 or 60,000 men were called out to form the *cordon* or circle, which, gradually concentrating, drove the animals into a spot previously selected, when they fell an easy prey. The flesh of the deer and other animals thus killed, was distributed among the people, cut in thin slices, dried in the sun, and kept for future use.

To guard against the failure of crops, and for other emergencies, the Incas erected public magazines or store-houses in every province, in which were collected and preserved vast quantities of food and of manufactured articles. The produce of the lands of the Sun and of the Inca, not necessary for the support of the court and the priests, were placed in these depositories; and it is said that at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, they contained grain and other necessaries enough to sustain the entire population for seven years.

ARCHITECTURE.

The abodes of the Peruvians were exceedingly simple; and nearly their entire skill in architecture was expended on their public edifices. These were often of vast size, and built in a most substantial manner. The materials were the harder varieties of stones, such as porphyry and granite, and *adobes*, or unburnt bricks. In all cases the walls were of great thickness, but low, seldom exceeding fourteen feet in height. In some instances, the walls were composed of

tempered clay, mixed with pebbles and round stones. The porphyry and granite blocks used in the more stately edifices, were often of astonishing size. Acosta assured us, that some which he measured were thirty-eight feet long, eighteen broad, and six in thickness. They were not cut in uniform dimensions, but worked in a variety

of forms, so that the walls resembled those of antiquity, called Cyclopean. The joints, however, were accurate; so accurate indeed, the old writers assure us, that it was impossible to insert the thinnest knife-blade between them. The accompanying engraving of a part of the fortification at the entrance of *Ollantaytambo*, by the *Cuzco*

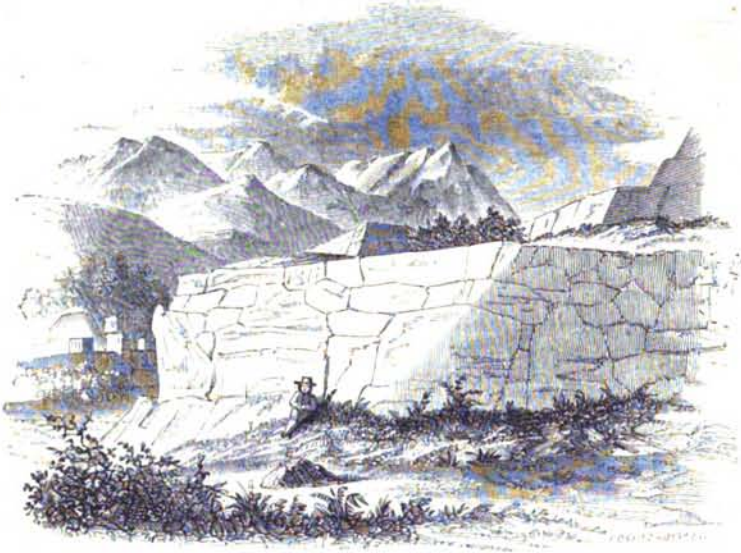


FIG. 2.—PART OF WALL OF FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

side, will illustrate the size of the stones used in these works, and the mode of arrangement. So admirably were the stones joined, that it was long supposed that the Peruvians were unacquainted with mortar or cement, but it has been lately ascertained that they used a kind of thin bituminous cement, which, in a short time became as hard as the rock itself.

Two questions arise here, viz.: How the Peruvians succeeded in quarrying, transporting, and elevating such immense blocks of stone; and how they contrived to work them without the aid of tools of iron or steel? The answer to the first inquiry may perhaps be found in the institutions of the Incas. For the construction of private houses all the neighbors united their efforts, and for the construction of public edifices, the labors of the inhabitants of entire districts were called in requisition. Numbers thus supplied the lack of mechanical aid and appliances.

Iron, as we have already intimated, was unknown among the Peruvians. Its place was imperfectly supplied by instruments of copper alloyed with tin. But experiments made with instruments of this kind, found in the *huacas*, or graves, have shown that they are inadequate to work the hard stones made use of by the Peruvians in their public buildings. It is nevertheless evident that they used them to a certain extent, but probably only to break the stones and give them their first rude form. After this operation, it seems most likely they resorted to

trituration or grinding with other stones, to reduce the blocks to even surfaces, and finally to polish them. This process is often practiced in our day, and is so natural an expedient that we may safely assume its existence among the Peruvians. The objection to this hypothesis, on the score of its slowness, finds its refutation in the Peruvian system, and the steady application and perseverance in labor, which that system so wonderfully enforced.

Specimens of all kinds of Peruvian Architecture, from the imposing palace to the rustic cabin, have been preserved to our times, and enable us, in conjunction with the accounts of the early authors, to give a general idea of them. The simple houses of the people at large, varied with their requirements and the materials of construction of the various provinces. On the coast, where the land is low and the climate hot, they were constructed of canes, elsewhere of adobes and stones. They were small, with few rooms, not communicating with each other, but each having an opening on a court or on the street, which answered the double purpose of door and window. The better class of houses had interior doors and many windows. In large towns the dwellings joined each other, as in our cities, forming regular streets. The towns themselves were much like those of the South of Europe, and those now existing throughout Spanish America. A public square, around which were built the principal edifices, occupied

the centre of the town, and from it led off four great streets in the direction of the cardinal points.

Among the ruins of the ancient towns in the departments of Junin and Ayacucho are the remains of dwellings of peculiar construction. Each one is square, sixteen or eighteen feet in height, with an interior diameter of six feet. The walls are a foot and a half thick, and upon the southern or western side pierced by a doorway, or rather opening, a foot and a half high and two feet wide. This leads to the first or lower room, which is five or six feet in height. The walls are naked, but sometimes have little niches, which seem to have been used as shelves, wherewith to place articles of food, jars, and other objects of use. The roof of this room is of flat stones, with an aperture in the centre two feet in diameter, leading to a superior room, similar to the first, but lighted with little windows resembling loop-holes. It is roofed like the first, and above it is still a third room or story, covered by a roof of broad flag-stones, but lower than the others, and perhaps designed to receive provisions. It seems probable that the second room was used as a dormitory, the opening in the floor being covered by a large flat stone—one of this kind being invariably found in the apartment. The lower story or room seems to have been used for the purposes of ordinary occupation and a kitchen. The door was closed by a heavy stone in the interior. The floor of one of these structures was excavated by a recent traveler, who found, at a slight depth, various articles of pottery, and some human bones.

PUBLIC EDIFICES.

The public edifices were of various kinds: the *tambos* or royal taverns, the store-houses, houses of public amusement, the baths, palaces of the Incas, monasteries, temples, and fortresses. The first of these, the *tambos*, were buildings destitute of architectural skill, built of rough stones or adobes, and inclosing an inner court of large size. In the midst of this court-yard was a high square structure, which answered the purpose of a watch-tower. These edifices had special apartments for the use of the Incas when traveling, and others for the soldiers of the army. They could accommodate from three to five thousand men, and were placed at easy distances of five or six leagues apart. The number in the empire was not far from four thousand. The royal store-houses were much like the *tambos* in their construction, excepting that there was a little fortress in the court-yard instead of a tower, in which a small garrison was constantly maintained. Erected in the immediate neighborhood of the principal curacas, they were devoted to receiving the tribute of the provinces, and the arms and supplies collected for the army. The arenas or theatres adjoined the public squares, and were chiefly distinguished for their size. They were buildings of but four walls and a roof; a sort of covered plaza, in which games and the public festivals were celebrated, when the rains prevented them from being ob-

served in the open air. The public baths (*armahuas*) attracted attention by their exterior elegance, and rich interior decorations and furniture. The bathing tubs, lined with beautiful cement resembling marble, were supplied with water from figures of marble, basalt, gold, or silver, in the form of wild beasts, birds, and other animals. In each of these baths were many small chambers, probably designed for dressing rooms, which were adorned with statues in stone and metal. But although there are numerous thermal springs in Peru, they do not seem to have been made use of for bathing purposes.

The royal palaces were numerous; there were not less than two hundred of them on the road from Cuzco to Quito. They were not confined to the capitals or provinces, but were often built in the smaller towns, and in beautiful situations in the country. Some were very sumptuous; built of marble and other stones, worked in a superior manner: others were very simple, and in appearance not superior to the *tambos*. Most of the more magnificent ones were built by the Inca Huaynscapac, who had a predilection for architecture, toward the close of the fifteenth century. Seen from a distance, none of the public buildings of Peru had an imposing appearance, like the *teocallis* of Mexico and Central America, because, although covering a considerable space of ground, they were low, seldom reaching beyond two or two and a half stories in height, and were roofed with thatch. The walls, too, although often admirable for the accurate fitting and high polish of the stones composing them, were too simple for effect, being without columns, cornices, reliefs, or other architectural ornaments. The entrance to these edifices was by a wide opening upon the eastern side, which was never arched, although sometimes approaching the Egyptian style in being narrower at the top than the bottom. Dr. Von Tschudi informs us, that it is a general error among writers, that the Peruvians were unacquainted with arches and vaults, "for in many of the *huacas* of stone we find vaulting of a superior order. It seems that they had the same method of constructing them which the Indians now make use of in building the vaults of their smelting furnaces: that is to form the arch over an adobe model of the size and shape desired. In some of the larger edifices," this author continues, "we find traces of the arch, but its application seems to have been exceedingly limited."

The interiors of the palaces were more complicated and interesting, and consisted of several large and a multitude of small apartments, the walls of which were often decorated with reliefs, niches filled with statues, and projections answering the purpose of shelves. In the finer structures the walls were entirely covered with small plates of gold and silver, and the floors of some of the rooms were literally plated with these metals, or elegantly paved, in mosaic, with marble of various colors. "Upon the walls," says Garcilasso, "they imitated all the plants and

vines of their country so well that they appeared to grow there; and wrought among them birds, butterflies, and snakes large and small, which appeared to run and twine about them as if suspended in the air."

The convents, or mansions of the Virgins of the Sun (*Pasña huasi*), were very large buildings, similar to the royal hostleries, and surrounded by high walls. The whole number in the empire amounted to twenty or twenty-five, and some of them contained as many as a thousand persons.

But the temples presented the best examples of Peruvian architecture, and among these the temples of the Sun were most remarkable. They were of three classes. Those of the first order had seven sections or divisions communicating interiorly. The principal division occupied the centre of the structure, and was dedicated to *Inti*, or the Sun. It had a broad door-way opening to the east, and was richest of all in its decorations. The second division was sacred to *Mama Quilla*, the Moon; the third to *Coyllur*, the Stars; the fourth to *Illapa*, the Lightning; the fifth to *Ckuichi*, the Rainbow; the sixth was devoted to the high priest and the assemblages for deliberation of priests of the Inca blood, and the seventh to those attached to the service of the temple. Besides these chapels, there were a number of small rooms for the servants of the temple generally. The temples of the Sun of the second class had only two principal parts, that of the luminary itself, and that of the Moon;

while those of the third order had only a single chapel, dedicated to the Sun.

Among the temples, that of the Sun at Cuzco was without doubt the most magnificent. It was hardly less celebrated for its architecture than for its riches, and the few remains which have descended to us fully sustain the assertion of the early chroniclers that it was the "most wonderful temple of the New World." The accompanying engraving represents a part of the foundations of the temple, now surmounted by a convent of Dominican friars. In the language of Peru, this temple was called *Inti-huasi*, or House of the Sun, and the ward of the city in which it was built *Coricancha*, Place of Gold. It covered a considerable area, of upward of four hundred paces in circuit, and was entirely surrounded by a strong wall, two stages high, composed, as was the whole edifice, of large blocks of stone, accurately joined, and highly polished. This wall was surmounted by a kind of cornice or border of gold, a palm and a half broad, let in the stones. The especial sanctuary of the Sun, as we have already said, had a doorway opening toward the east. It was ceiled with cotton cloth of primrose hue, bordered with various and brilliant colors, which veiled the straw roof. A golden band bordered the walls, inside and out, where they joined the roof; and the inner walls were literally covered with plates of gold. This metal was called "the tears of the Sun," and was especially sacred to that luminary. Upon the western walls of the sanctuary, and facing the

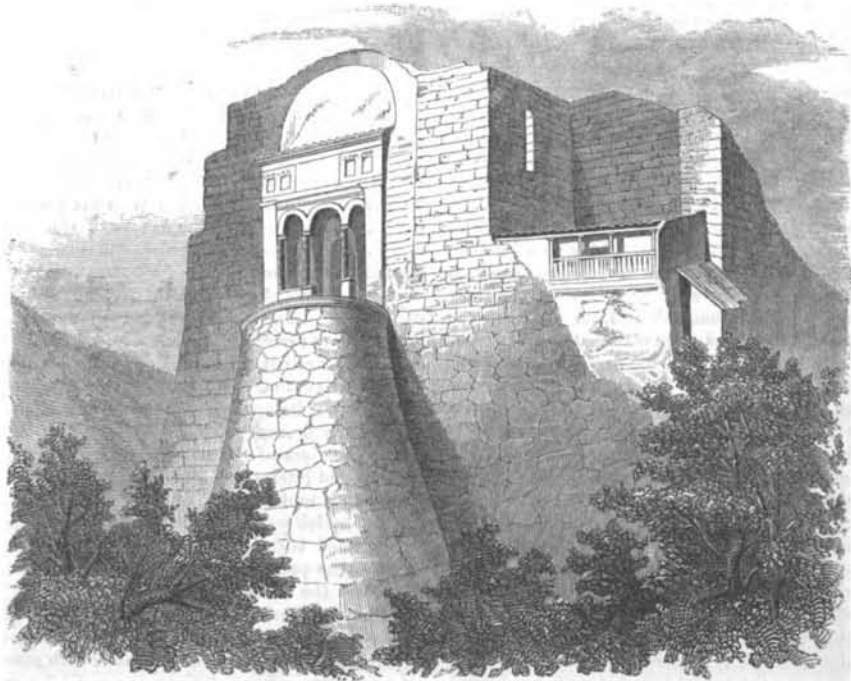


FIG. 3.—REMAINS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE SUN, IN CUZCO.

entrance, was the image of the Sun, made of a single great plate of gold, and representing a human face, surrounded with rays, heavily crusted with emeralds and other precious stones.* On both sides of the image were placed the embalmed bodies of the Incas, each seated upon a chair of gold. The chapel of the Moon was similar to that of the Sun, except that its ornaments were of silver, and that the image of that luminary on the wall had the face of a woman. Here were placed the embalmed bodies of the wives of the Incas. The chapel dedicated to the Stars resembled that of the Moon: it had a golden door, and was hung with cloth, spangled with stars. The chapel of the Lightning was ornamented with gold, and that of the Rainbow had the arch of promise brilliantly painted on its walls. "All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn: the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterranean channels into the buildings, the reservoir that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials. The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals also were to be found there—among which the llama with its golden fleece was most conspicuous—executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill which in this instance probably did not surpass the excellence of the material."

Besides the temples of the Sun, there were others dedicated to different divinities, which were unlike in their construction. Cieza de Leon mentions one in the island of Lampana, dedicated to the terrible *Tumpal*, God of War, which was made of black stone. Its interior was entirely dark, and the walls covered with horrible paintings. In it was an altar, upon which human sacrifices were made. There were still other temples, at Pachacamac and Tiaguatico, supposed to have been built before the foundation of the Inca dynasty, of which we shall speak when we come to describe the ancient monuments of Peru.

FORTIFICATIONS.

The system of fortification of the Peruvians, considering the weapons in use among them, displayed much military judgment and skill. The *pucarás*, or forts, in respect of position, were always well-chosen, and the natural advantages of the place invariably turned to good account. The most remarkable of these works was that of the capital, and it deserves to rank among the most marvelous results of the brute force of man. Tradition refers its commencement to the end of the 14th century, under the reign of the Inca Pachacutec. It was built upon a steep hill, called *Sacsahuaman*, a little to the north of the city of Cuzco. The declivity of this hill on the side of the town is very abrupt, and was defended by only a single wall, about a thousand feet in length. Upon the north, the slope was gentle, and this side, being most exposed, was defended by three walls, one within another, each enlaid by bastions projecting thirty yards beyond the line. The remains of these outer walls are shown in the accompanying engraving. (Fig. 4.)



FIG. 4.—REMAINS OF OUTER WALLS OF THE FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

The walls of this fortress, like those of most of the Peruvian edifices were Cyclopean in structure. The stones were rough, and only worked at the points of junction, and for the breadth of the hand on their face, so that the polished lines of the joints presented a pleasing appearance. The size of the stones was astonishing; some were not less than fifty feet long,

* According to the Padres Acosta and Calancha, this figure of the Sun fell to the lot of Captain Sierra in the distribution of the spoils of the temple, who gambled it away in a single night. Hence in Peru it is common for a gambler, in expressing his determination and perseverance, to say, "I shall play the Sun before I go."

twenty-two broad, and six thick, and raised in the wall midway from its base to its summit. The subjoined engraving (Fig. 5), presenting an end view of the walls, illustrates their construction. In each of the walls was a narrow entrance, which could be closed with a single stone. But these walls did not constitute the entire strength of the fortress. Within them, were four smaller forts or strongholds, two round and two square, and destined to receive the royal family, the priests, and the treasures of the empire, in times of danger. Subterranean passages led from these to the palace of the Inca, and the



FIG. 5.—END VIEW OF THE WALLS OF THE FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

temple of the Sun, so arranged that they could be closed on the inside with vast curtains of stone. The fortresses of the empire were not all of the same character, but varied in form and size according to the circumstances of the case. Some were of large dimensions, and inclosed cultivated grounds, for the support of their garrisons, while others were mere towers. Of the latter character is the tower of *Chupan*, situated on the banks of the *Marañon*, upon the edge of a high, abrupt precipice, and entirely commanding the road at its feet. See Fig. 6.



FIG. 6.—TOWER OF CHUPAN.

AQUEDUCTS.

The hydraulic works of the ancient Peruvians merit our attention alike from their admirable construction, their extent, and their usefulness. In all these respects they were unsurpassed by any similar works of ancient or modern times. They were sometimes mere open cuts, but were generally subterranean—and of such solid construction that many of them are still in perfect order. Among them, those in the valley of *Nasca*, which give it rare fertility, are most re-

markable. They are lined with flat stones, from four to six feet long, and three broad, accurately joined—the interior height of the passage being from six to eight feet. One built by the Inca *Viracocha*, led from the high grounds of *Parco* to *Rucanas*, a distance of seventy-five miles; and another traversed almost all *Contisuya*, and extended, from north to south, more than four hundred and fifty miles, running along the summits of the highest hills, and terminating at *Quechuas*. Old *Garcilasso* says of these aqueducts, “They may well be compared to the miraculous fabrics which have been the works of mighty princes who have left their prodigious monuments of ostentation to be admired in future ages; for we ought to consider that these waters had their sources in high mountains, and were carried over craggy rocks, and almost inaccessible passages; and to make these ways plane, they had no help of instruments forged of steel or iron, such as pickaxes and sledges, nor were acquainted with the use of arches to convey the water on the level from one precipice to another, but were obliged to trace around the mountains, until they found ways and passages of the same height and level with the springs.”

BRIDGES.

The bridges constructed by the Peruvians were exceedingly simple, but well adapted for passing those rapid streams which rush down from the *Andes*, and defy the skill of the modern engineer. They consisted of strong cables of the *cabuya* or of twisted raw hide, stretched from one bank to the other, something after the style of the suspension bridges of our times. Poles were lashed across transversely, covered with branches, and these again covered with earth and stones, so as to form a solid floor. Other cables extended along the sides which were interwoven with limbs of trees, forming a kind of wicker balustrade. In some cases the

mode of transit was in a species of basket or car, suspended on a single cable, and drawn from side to side, with ropes. It would appear at first glance that bridges of this description could not be very lasting, yet a few still exist which are said to have been constructed under the Incas, more than three hundred years ago.

Be this as it may, the modern inhabitants of some parts of Peru and Chili, still use the same means of passing their torrent rivers.

PUBLIC ROADS.

Perhaps the most glorious monuments of the civilization of the Peruvians were the public or royal roads, extending from the capital to the remotest parts of the empire. Their remains are still most impressive, both from their extent and the amount of labor necessarily involved in their construction; and in contemplating them we know not which most to admire, the scope of their projectors, the power and constancy of the Incas who carried them to a completion, or the patience of the people who constructed them under all the obstacles resulting from the topography of the country, and from imperfect means of execution. They built these roads in deserts, among moving sands reflecting the fierce rays of a tropical sun; they broke down rocks, graded precipices, leveled hills, and filled up valleys without the assistance of powder or of instruments of iron; they crossed lakes, marshes, and rivers, and, without the aid of the compass, followed direct courses in forests of eternal shade,—they did, in short, what even now, with all of modern knowledge and means of action, would be worthy of the most powerful nations of the globe. One of the principal of these roads extended from Cuzco to the sea, and the other ran along the crest of the Cordilleras from one end of the empire to the other—their lengths, with their branches, being from 2000 to 4000 miles. Modern travelers compare them, in respect of structure, to the best works of the kind in any part of the world. In ascending mountains too steep to admit of grading, broad steps were cut in the solid rocks, while the ravines and hollows were filled with heavy embankments, flanked with parapets, and planted with shade-trees and fragrant shrubs. They were from eighteen to twenty-five Castilian feet broad, and were paved with immense blocks of stone, sometimes covered with a flooring of asphaltum. At regular distances on these roads were erected buildings for the accommodation of travelers, which we have already described under the name of *tambos*. "To these conveniences were added the establishment of a system of posts, by which messages might be transmitted from one extremity of the Inca's dominions to the other in an incredibly short time. The service of the posts was performed by runners—for the Peruvians possessed no domestic animal swifter of foot than man—stationed in small buildings, likewise erected at easy distances from each other, all along the principal roads. These messengers or *chasquis*, as they were termed, wore a peculiar uniform, were trained to their particular

vocation, and had each their allotted station, between which and the next it was their duty to speed along at a certain pace with the message, dispatch, or parcel intrusted to their care. On drawing near to the station at which they had to transmit the message to the next courier, who was then to carry it further, they were to give a signal of their approach, in order that the other might be in readiness to receive the missive, and no time be lost; and thus it is said that messages were forwarded at the rate of 150 miles a day."

INSTRUMENTS OF COPPER.

It is somewhat remarkable that, while the Peruvians devised means for working stones and other substances much more obstinate, they failed in discovering tools capable of separating with facility the tenacious fibres of wood. This material was therefore little used by them for common purposes. They had a species of ax made of copper alloyed with tin, and had chisels of the same material, but were unacquainted



FIG. 7 AND 8.—PERUVIAN COPPER KNIVES

with the saw. Two of the knives are represented in the preceding engraving. The alloy



FIG. 8.—PERUVIAN TWEEZERS OF COPPER.

of which they are composed is 95 parts copper and 5 parts tin. In some cases the proportion of tin, and their consequent hardness, were greater. The axes were much the same shape with ours, except that they were inserted in the handle, and not as with us, the handle in the ax. Hoes, of this compound metal, for grubbing, similar to those now used, were common; as were also battle-clubs or maces, tweezers, etc., all of the same material.

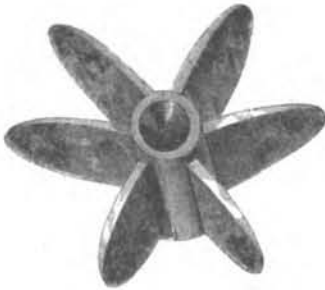


FIG. 10.—COPPER WAR MACE.

In consequence of the want of tools, therefore, wherewith to work it, stone generally supplied the place of wood in their edifices. Wood was only used for the ridge-pole and rafters. The doors were commonly curtained with cloth and skins; but those of the palaces and temples were composed of plates of the precious metals soldered together.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

In reducing metals from the ores, and in casting and working them, the Peruvians excelled. They were acquainted with gold, silver, tin, copper, and quicksilver; but iron, although its ores were abundant, was entirely unknown. Gold, as we have intimated, was most esteemed, and they seem to have procured it in greatest abundance. Upon this point Dr. Von Tschudi observes: "If we compare its abundance, in the time of the Incas, with the quantity which the Spaniards have obtained since the conquest from the washings and mines, we are forced to believe that the Peruvians were acquainted with mines and other sources of supply which their successors have failed to discover; and it seems not unlikely that the time may come when the veil shall be raised from riches in Peru, which shall equal if not surpass those of California. During the second half of the sixteenth century," continues this author, "in the short space of twenty-five years, the Spaniards exported from Peru to the mother country more than 400,000,000 ducats of gold and silver, of which more than nine-tenths was booty taken by the conquerors.* In this computation the immense quantities of the precious metals buried by the Incas is, of course, not included. It is known that eleven thousand llama loads of gold in dust and precious vases, were

* It is said that the chain of gold which the Inca Huayna Capac made, in honor of the birth of his first son, was of the thickness of a man's wrist, and three hundred paces in length.—*Zarate*, lib. i., c. 14.

buried at one time, by the carriers who were conducting this enormous treasure for the ransom of Atahualpa, when they heard of the treachery whereby he was slain."

They reduced both gold and silver from the ores by smelting. The silver mines, however, were only open cuts, and the veins were abandoned when the ores became too hard to yield readily to their instruments. They mixed the ore in portable ovens with galena, or lead, which they called *suruchec*, "that which makes to run." The mode of reduction practiced by the Indians is still in use among the miners. The Incas prohibited the production of quicksilver—as much probably because of its supposed uselessness, as on account of its deleterious qualities. Its use was confined to the manufacture of vermilion for painting. This pigment was forbidden to the common people.

Regarded as peculiarly sacred to the Sun, gold was extensively used for sacred purposes. In common with silver, it was offered to that divinity in the form of vases, and effigies of birds, and animals.

In working both these metals, the ancient smiths were exceedingly expert; they cast it in moulds, soldered it, inlaid it, and reduced it into leaves. It was generally cast hollow, and with so much perfection as to leave no trace of the joints of the mould. Fig. 11 represents one of these figures, in which will be noted alternate bands of copper, silver, and pure gold, so well inlaid and united that they appear to form one mass. The body of the figure is composed of a mixture of silver, antimony, and tin. Sometimes the smiths made their figures of men and objects of the precious metals, cut to the proper shape, and then soldered together. Occasionally, in vases and other open vessels, they embossed figures on the outside by hammering from the interior; but the ornaments thus made were comparatively rude. The art of gilding was not known to the Peruvians, but that of plating was extensively practiced. They also drew wire of gold and silver, of exceeding delicacy, which was often interwoven in cloth.

Unfortunately, but few of the finest works of the Peruvian silversmiths have descended to our days, having been



FIG. 11.—PERUVIAN IDOL.

at once melted down by the conquerors, and cast into bars, for the greater ease of transportation. Those which remain, judging from the accounts of the ancient writers, are of an inferior order. Of these, however, we present some good examples in the accompanying engravings. Sarmiento tells us, in illustrating the riches and skill of the Peruvians, that they had gardens in which the plants and flowers were all fashioned in gold and silver. "They had corn-fields imitated in



FIG. 12.—GOLDEN VASE—
REDUCED.

gold, in which the stalks, leaves, and ears were faithfully copied. Among these were figures of



FIG. 13.—SILVER VASE—REDUCED.

men and animals." In the houses of the Incas, adds Gomara, "all the service of the table and of the kitchen were of gold, and only the commonest vessels were of silver and copper. The Inca had in his palace statues of the men of the different nations of his dominions, of full size, and also figures of all the various animals, birds, trees, plants, fruits, and even of the fishes of his empire. There was nothing in his whole land, in short, which had not its golden counterpart." The palace of Tombebamba, we are told by the chronicler, Cieza de Leon, who saw it, was of wonderful construction, and its inner walls covered with gold, "but also with figures of every variety of animals and birds, all wrought in the same metal." Pizarro, writing to Spain from Jauja, July, 1534, in enumerating some of his booty, mentions that, "besides the bars and large vases of gold, he had found four figures of llamas, and ten statues of women, of natural size, of the finest gold, a vast column of silver, and a fount of gold more wonderful than all." In short, all the early authors concur in these almost incredible stories of the great riches of Peru, and the number and value of the objects

of the precious metals found by the conquerors, as well as in respect to the skill displayed in working them.

WEAVING AND DYEING.

Hardly less admirable than their works in metal, were the Peruvian manufactures of cotton and wool. Without looms or other machinery, and only by the simplest manipulation, they succeeded in making the finest cloths, skillfully woven in various colors. They spun cotton and wool; the first of two kinds—the common or white, and the brown, which was chiefly produced in the hot valleys on the eastern slope of the Andes. The wool was taken from the domesticated llama and alpaca, and the wild wild huanaco and vicuña. For coarse, common cloths, they used the wool of the llama and the huanaco, and for finer fabrics that of the vicuña and alpaca. The common people dressed in the first; the nobles and officers in cloth of alpaca; while that of the vicuña was confined to the Incas. It was the peculiar privilege of the Virgins of the Sun, or the women of the royal harem, to spin and weave the wool of the vicuña. The bed-clothes of the Inca, composed of this cloth, were so fine and delicate that they were taken to Spain, for the use of the king, where they were acknowledged to surpass in beauty any thing produced from the looms of Europe. The Peruvians had the secret of fixing all the most brilliant colors, and so well, that they have remained unfaded for centuries, even when exposed to the air, or buried in the earth; and it is worthy of remark, that the dyes which they used have been analyzed, and found to have been exclusively vegetable. Indeed, the inhabitants of the mountains still make use of plants unknown to Europeans, which yield the most vivid and enduring colors. They enriched their fabrics with leaves of gold and silver, pieces of pearl, and ornamented them with fringes and tassels, which were sometimes made of the feathers of birds of brilliant plumage.

POTTERY.

In their pottery, the ancient Peruvians are better represented, in modern times, than in any other branch of art. Our museums abound in examples of their skill in this department. Many of them are obviously articles of use and utility, but if we may credit the late researches of Von Tschudi and Rivero, a larger proportion than hitherto supposed to be such, are more or less symbolical, and represent divinities. A large number, of peculiar construction, were devoted to religious, and a more considerable proportion to funereal purposes. Believing in the immortality of the soul, and, in common with the American nations generally, that the articles deposited with the dead were useful to them in their future existence, they were accustomed, among other things, to place vases in their tombs, connected by pipes with the surface of the ground, through which liquids and articles of food might be introduced for the use of the departed. It was in these vases that the Peruvians exhausted their skill in the plastic art. Their kitchen articles and domestic vases were very simple, and often rude.

The material of which they were made was a colored earth and blackish clay, so well prepared as to resist the fire perfectly, and to retain li-

quids, although it is believed they were never glazed. The accompanying engraving presents a group of religious and sepulchral vases. They



FIG. 14.—GROUP OF PERUVIAN SEPULCHRAL VASES.

were destined to receive the *chicha* (a fermented liquor) of sacrifice on festival days, and had generally a long throat, which often formed the handle, with an opening to receive the liquid, and another to let out the air when filling the vase. Many were double, and for these they seem to have had a predilection; others quadruple, or sextuple, the different parts all communicating with each other. The double ones were often made with so much perfection that, in filling them with liquids, the air passing out of the remaining aperture produced a very melodious sound, which often closely imitated the voice of the animal or bird in whose shape the vessel was fashioned. Many of the vases were ornamented with engraved designs, and with rude paintings. In painting, indeed, the Peruvians seem to have been singularly inexpert. The art of designing among them never passed beyond its first infancy; nor in sculpturing single figures or groups in relief did they attain the skill of the Mexicans, much less of the ancient inhabitants of Central America.

THE QUIPUS.

So inactive, indeed, was the intellectual life of the Peruvians, that, having attained to no mean degree of social refinement, they were totally unacquainted with the art of writing, even in its

most primitive forms of picture-writing and hieroglyphics—the only visible symbols of thought known among them being cords of various colors and shades, suspended from a string in the manner of a fringe, and which by means of knots, combined in many arbitrary ways, formed a complicated method of expression and calculation. It will readily be understood that such a contrivance, however ably managed, was very deficient in the power of expression in a connected form, or as a means of giving utterance to thoughts of a purely intellectual character; that it could indeed merely suggest isolated ideas, and such only as had reference to known facts or tangible objects; and that it could not fulfill any of the requirements of a literature, properly so called. Such, therefore, the Peruvians had not. As regards history, the *quipus*, as the knotted cords were called, seem to have served mostly as a system of mnemonics to enable the *amautas* (the men of science) and the *haravecs* (the poets) to recall to mind in due succession those events of public importance which it was their duty to learn by rote, and to transmit orally from generation to generation.

RELIGIOUS SYSTEM.

The Peruvian religion, it is generally ad-

mitted, was based upon the worship of the Sun. It seems to have been introduced by the Incas, and superimposed upon an anterior worship, by one of those revolutions or religious cataclysms of which more than one example is furnished in Asiatic annals, "Before the reform introduced by Manco Capac," observes Von Tschudi, "the inhabitants of Peru had a system of belief which, although disfigured with puerile superstitions, embraced the conception of a Supreme Being, Creator of all things, with vestiges of the dogmas of the fall of man, and the redemption. According to the relations of the early writers, the supreme entity was called *Con*, and was without form or corporeal existence—a spirit invisible and omnipotent, and diffused throughout the universe. With his word alone, he created the world, raised the mountains, depressed the valleys, and filled the seas, lakes, and rivers with water. He caused men to be, and peopled the mountains and plains with them, and gave them all that was needful for their support and happiness. For a long time they retained their primitive simplicity and purity, but ultimately neglected the worship of *Con*, and fell into debauchery and vice. In view of this corruption and ingratitude, *Con* turned the fertile fields into melancholy deserts, and after depriving men of their means of support converted them into black cats, and other horrible animals, who prowled madly over the desolate earth, until *Pachacamac*, son of *Con*, having received special charge of the government of the world, re-created all things destroyed by his father, and gave new life to the human race. Less ungrateful than their predecessors, this new generation built a sumptuous temple to *Pachacamac* on the shores of the sea, adoring this beneficent being with great devotion, without investing him with any form, but holding him, with his great father *Con*, as spirits incorporeal, universal, and omnipotent. None dared, in their adorations to invoke his name without prostrating themselves to the ground, kissing the earth, and giving evidences of the greatest abasement; and when they entered his temples to make offerings, they did so with bare feet, and threw themselves in silence before his altar.

"The temple of *Pachacamac*, the ruins of which are still visible near the town of Lurin, to the south of Lima, was the only one in the whole country dedicated to the supreme Divinity, and pilgrimages were made to it from the most distant regions. The pilgrims were allowed to pass in safety through the most hostile provinces, even in time of actual war, and were every where kindly received and hospitably entertained.

"We are not certainly informed if, at this epoch, other divinities were adored; but from various vestiges of temples, dating beyond the introduction of the religion of the Incas, it appears probable that their worship was not limited to the sole adoration of *Con* and *Pachacamac*. In fact, an attentive study of the religious system of the Incas, betrays traces of a heterogeneous system, which we are obliged to

regard as the remains of a primitive and purer religion."

It is not to be denied that the preceding traditions of the creation of the world by the invisible and omnipotent *Con*, the primitive felicity of men, their corruption, the destruction of the world, and its regeneration, have a decided analogy to the Mosaic chronicle; but it should be observed that this analogy holds good in respect to nearly all the primitive religious systems of the globe, and is not always to be accounted for as the later and successful interpolations of Christian writers. In introducing his new system, the first Inca exhibited the greatest astuteness; he declared that the supreme Divinity was the Sun, without which nothing could exist, and that *Con* and *Pachacamac* were the children of that luminary; that he himself was also son of the Sun and brother of these divinities; and that his celestial father permitted him to become incarnate and descend to earth and instruct men in government and the arts, and in the true religion. Thus artfully, and by the force of a superior intellect, the docile and submissive Indians were led to accept a system which, without detriment to that already established, enriched it, and gave it a tangible and visible character, and one more adapted to their capacity and tastes. So it is not wonderful that the new doctrine spread rapidly, and became extended and fixed with the progress of the Inca dynasty.

In examining with attention the religious system of the Incas, we do not find in it the profound and sublime metaphysical ideas of the Asiatic religions, and which the polytheistic creeds still display. It was founded in the particular interest of the royal family, and directed mainly to the support of their pretensions and authority. By means of it, they invested themselves with a power firmer and more extensive than that of the most powerful aristocracies of the East. The Sun was the Supreme Being to whom the nation rendered homage in temples the most sumptuous, and best contrived to dazzle and impress their imaginations; and the Inca as the Son of God, was regarded as the direct organ and impersonation of Divinity, sharing his infallibility, and worthy of the same homage. Of course such a system was only possible among a simple and credulous people, whose faculties of abstract reasoning were dwarfed under rigid political institutions, and who were absorbed in war, works, and festivals, and consequently unaccustomed to reflect or act for themselves.

It is impossible to say whether most of the ideas connected with the Peruvian religious system at the time of the conquest, were introduced by the Incas, or adopted from a previous system. It is perhaps unnecessary to inquire. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that some of the loftiest and most abstract ideas and conceptions of the purest religions of the globe, were among those most clearly understood, and carefully cherished, in the Peruvian system.

Among them was the doctrine of the *immortality of the soul*, connected also with the doctrine of the *metempsychosis*. They believed that, after death, the just went to a beautiful and peaceful place, unknown to the living, where they received the reward of their virtues in unbounded felicity, while the souls of the bad passed to a place full of griefs and fears, but after a certain period of punishment, were permitted to return again to earth, and there commence a new existence or probation, but obliged to follow the same occupations and aiming at the same objects which had engaged them at their death. This belief, which finds a parallel in that of the ancient Egyptians, led them, as it did also the Egyptians, to preserve the bodies of their dead with the utmost care, and to bury with them their clothing, utensils, and sometimes their treasures.

The final judge of men, according to the general belief was Pachacamac, but in some provinces this office was assigned to Con. The Incas, notwithstanding their attempts to familiarize the Indians with the idea, were unable to bestow this attribute upon the Sun. And as, in the first age of the world, Con punished the depravity of the human race with a fearful aridity of the earth, so in the second era, Pachacamac in his ire, sent a flood—the Peruvians having a tradition analogous to that of Genesis, of the construction of an ark or float, and the preservation of a small portion of the human race from drowning. They also entertained the belief that the end of the world would come after a general famine, accompanied by a total obscuration of the sun, and the fall of the moon to the earth.

In opposition to the Supreme Being (for such Pachacamac was after all regarded) invested with ineffable attributes, they believed in an Evil Principle, of great power, entertaining an inextinguishable hatred to the human race, and disposed to injure it in every way. This being, agreeing in character with the Ahriman of the Persians, and the Sathan of the Jews, was called *Supay*, and in some parts had appeasive offerings (it is said of young children) made to him in temples dedicated to that service. He was, however, subordinate to Pachacamac, and was powerless against those under the protection of that beneficent deity, the invocation of whose name was enough to drive away the Evil Spirit. And we may here observe that there is reason to believe Pachacamac was the favorite divinity of the popular masses, while the Sun was that of the court; and that although the latter was more or less accepted by the people, it never diminished their faith in the primitive Numen. In fact, in all the relations of life of the Indians, we may trace the profound veneration with which Pachacamac was regarded. At the birth of a child, it was dedicated to this divinity, and his protection implored for it. When the poor Peruvian ascended a steep hill, he laid down his load at the summit, and bowing reverently to the earth, exclaimed "thanks to him that has enabled me to reach hither," at the same time

presenting an offering to Pachacamac by plucking a hair from his eyebrows and blowing it in the air, or by depositing by the side of the path, a twig, a small stone, or even a handful of earth. These trifling offerings sometimes came to form large piles, by the side of frequented roads, and were regarded as sacred.

The primitive worship which we have indicated, not agreeing with that of the Incas or alienating disciples from it, was always an emharrassment to the ruling dynasty, which exerted itself to destroy it in detail, but for a long period without success. Finally the Inca Pachacutec having conquered the valleys of Pachacamac and Rimac, the great temple of Pachacamac fell into his power, and he at once resorted to every means to connect it with the worship of the Sun, which he ultimately succeeded in doing by corrupting its priests. He also built near it another temple, equally splendid, dedicated to the Sun, and established there a convent of virgins consecrated to that luminary. His successors continued the same policy, and in a few years the worship of Pachacamac fell into decline. At last the *cushipatas* or priests made a horrible idol of wood, in human form, thus personifying in the most profane manner, the Spirit which, for so many centuries had constituted the sublime idea and object of Peruvian worship, and debasing the idol to their own purposes, made it pronounce false oracles, by the sale of which they enriched themselves, and corrupted the religion of the people.

It may be questioned if the Incas themselves, so distinguished for their intelligence and wisdom, believed in the system of religion which they forcibly rooted in their empire, and introduced in their conquered provinces. The Inca Tupac-Yupanqui is reported to have said: "Many affirm that the Sun lives, and that he is the maker of all things; but the Sun is not always present, and we know that many things have their being in his absence: he can not, therefore, be the creator of all things. Besides, the Sun, if supreme, must have a free-will, whereas we see it can move only in a particular course, in obedience to superior law; therefore it is not God."

The analogies between the religious institutions of the Peruvians and those of the Christian Church have been made the subject of frequent remark by the early religious writers, and it may be suspected that they carried out their parallels beyond what the truth would justify. But singularly enough, the priests of the period of the conquest regarded, or professed to regard, these coincidences, as snares of the Devil, whereby he was able the better to delude his victims. They pretended that the Evil Spirit actually showed himself in the Peruvian festival, under the guise of an angel of light. Later writers of the same vocation have explained these analogies by supposing them to be the fragments of the true Gospel which had at some remote period prevailed in these regions. But the rationalists of our times consider these resemblances

in part accidental, and in a great degree the result of the operations of the human mind under like or similar conditions. However they may be accounted for, it is undeniable that many resemblances did exist. *Baptism* of infants was common to all the Peruvian nations west of the Andes. The ceremony generally took place within two or three weeks after birth, when the child received its name. In the provinces south of Cuzco, the ceremony was performed when the child was weaned. All the relations were assembled, and a god-father chosen, who, with a stone knife, cut off part of the hair of the child, an example which the rest followed, until the child's head was completely shaved. The god-father then gave it a name, and each of the witnesses bestowed upon it a small present. The rite of *Confirmation*, which was a kind of second baptism, took place when the subject had attained the age of puberty—that is, when the individual for the first time put on the shirt and blanket. This occasion was celebrated as a festival with dances and drunkenness; and the chief of the district gave the candidate a new name, and, cutting off his hair and nails, offered them as a sacrifice to the gods. *Penitence* was scrupulously practiced by the Indians. Previous to the principal feasts, they confessed themselves to the priests, and placed a little ashes of a burnt sacrifice on a stone, which the priest blew into the air, in token of thus dissipating their sins. They then washed their heads at a certain place where two streams joined, and invoked the hills and trees, and all living things, to bear witness that they had confessed and purged themselves of evil. Penitence consisted in fasting, abstinence from the use of salt, &c., &c. They had some ceremonies performed beside the dying, which were similar to the Catholic Sacrament of *Extreme Unction*; and in the distribution of the sacred bread and *chicha* by the Inca to his court, in the festival of the renewal of the Sacred Fire, the orthodox Spaniards affected to find a striking analogy with the Sacrament of the *Eucharist*.

INFERIOR DIVINITIES.

Besides the Sun and the other principal divinities which we have mentioned, the Peruvians had many of an inferior order, which a late systematic writer has divided into Cosmical Divinities, Astral and Terrestrial Gods, Historical Deities, Popular Divinities, and Tutelary and Household Gods, corresponding with the Lares and Penates of the Romans. To the Astrals pertained the star Venus, the Pleiades, the constellation of the Southern Cross, &c. Venus, the most beautiful of the planets, was adored as page of the Sun. Among the elementary deities were ranked the Air, Fire, Thunder, and the Lightning, and the Rainbow. The last three were regarded as the servants of the Sun; the Lightning was his messenger.

The earth ranked first among the terrestrial divinities, and grain and *chica* was offered to it at the time of sowing the crops, to secure a plentiful harvest. The hills, forests, and snowy

mountains received a very mysterious homage, as did also any large rocks of singular form. When the Indians came to a stream or river, they took a little of the water in their hands and drank it, by way of invoking the fluvial deities. In fishing, they threw grains of maize into the water, to propitiate the sea-gods. All historical persons, distinguished for their inventions, or for having in any way ameliorated the condition of mankind, were the recipients of a certain kind of adoration—a species of Hero-worship. The greater part of these historical gods were in single provinces or districts; few, if any, had temples, their shrines generally being their tombs, called *Auacas*. Among these we may perhaps class the ruling Incas themselves, who, as sons of the Sun, after death, enjoyed general adoration. Their funerals were celebrated with the greatest pomp, and numerous sacrifices were made to their corpses. The defunct monarch was embalmed with so much care and skill that he appeared to be alive, and was then deposited in the Sanctuary of the Sun, where his body remained undecayed for centuries. Among the historical personages admitted to divine honors were frequently the chiefs of provinces who had died before the reduction of their people to the authority of the Incas. To these, or of these, statues were frequently erected, nearly all of which were destroyed by the conquerors. One of the most interesting was found three leagues from the town of Hilari, on the top of a kind of pyramid of three stages, made of carefully-wrought stones. It consisted of two monstrous statues of stone elaborately sculptured, representing a man supporting a woman on his shoulders, the figures looking in opposite directions. Serpents entwined the lower part of the figures, and the pedestal on which they stood. Before them was a large sculptured stone, which was the altar on which the sacrifices to this *Auaca* were made. The *Auacas* were supposed to respond orally to petitions and questions when supported by appropriate offerings and made in a proper spirit. They seem to have been the devices whereby an inferior order of priests obtained their support. The interior chambers of these oracular tombs were sometimes inhabited by priests. A Frenchman established himself in one near Limatamba, as late as 1573, in which year he was taken out and burnt by the Inquisition. Nearly every one of the *Auacas* of a district or province had peculiar attributes, and were consulted by particular objects, by particular classes of persons. The silver-workers of a district had their *Auaca*, the potters theirs, the agriculturists theirs, etc. On the guano islands near the coast, were *Auacas* whose occupants were supposed to be the creators of the manure, and to them the people of the mainland often repaired with offerings, soliciting permission to remove the fertilizing soil. Certain animals, particularly those marked in some extraordinary manner, were often venerated; such as white llamas, and spotted alpacas.

Tutelary or individual and family divinities

were innumerable; for every person and every house possessed at least one. Among these were the *mallquis*, the mummied bodies, or the skeletons of their ancestors, piously preserved in their sepulchres, which were so arranged that the relics could be approached and sacrificed to. The offerings consisted of food and drink, and such articles as the departed most favored while alive. The domestic gods were of various forms and materials—often made of gold, silver, and copper—but oftener of stone, wood, or clay, in the shape of men, animals, and things, and often in capricious forms. These descended from father to son through many generations, and were cherished and preserved with the greatest care. A person might have any number of these penates, wherein the Peruvians differed from the Mexicans, who could have only a certain number, varying with the rank of the individual. Thus, the Emperor was entitled to six, the nobles to four, and the common people to two only.

All the lesser deities of the Peruvians, apart from those enumerated above, bore the collective name of *Conopas*. Every stone or piece of wood of peculiar form or color, was regarded as a *Conopa*. They were sometimes worked in metal or clay, in form allusive to some circumstance or event in the life of their owners—to commemorate an accident, or celebrate some good fortune. Peculiar ears of maize were *Conopas*, and so also were all crystals of quartz. The *Conopas* of each individual were buried with him at his death, and these constitute a considerable portion of the relics obtained from the tombs.

THE PRIESTS AND SACRED VIRGINS.

The priests of the Sun were almost innumerable, and in all the temples of the empire, both by day and night, a certain number of them were obliged to keep watch, and discharge the various functions prescribed by their ritual. They enjoyed the highest estimation, but before entering upon their duties were subjected to the severest tests of capacity, and obliged to undergo the severest penances. Before all of the great festivals of the Sun, they had to fast for long periods, and to go through many lustrations. In some parts of the empire they were bound to constant celibacy; in other parts they were permitted to marry, but for long periods were cut off from any communication with their wives. The high priest, who was always an Inca of the royal line, belonged to the brotherhood of the priests, and was subjected to the same regimen. He resided in Cuzco, where he made auguries from the flight of birds, and by consulting the entrails of animals, concerning the destinies of the Incas and of the empire. In the great festivals, the reigning Inca himself officiated as high priest, and was therefore initiated into all the mysteries of religion.

The virgins dedicated to the Sun, were considered as spouses of God, and lived in convents, in the greatest seclusion and retirement. The most celebrated of these establishments was the *Acallahuasi*, or House of the Elect, in Cuzco,

where only those went who were distinguished for their lineage or beauty, and which contained more than a thousand virgins. None could be admitted here by right, except girls of the royal blood, who, in their earliest youth, were taken from their parents, and placed under the care of certain aged matrons, who had grown gray in the cells of the cloister. When sufficiently advanced to do so, they were obliged to take an oath of perpetual seclusion and virginity, to have no relation with their parents or the world; and so faithfully they kept their vow, and so rigorously observed their seclusion, that the Emperor himself could not enter the shadows of their cloister—a privilege reserved for the *Coya* or Queen alone. Under direction of the matrons, the spouses of the Sun learned the sacred duties of their office. Their occupations were to spin and weave the fine cloth for the royal family, to make the vestments in which the Inca sacrificed to the Sun, and the *chica* and little cakes of maize called *zancus* for the use of the court. Their convents were as richly furnished as the palaces of the Inca and the temples of the Sun, so that nothing should be wanting to invest their institution with dignity and influence.

In all the provinces were other cloisters, devoted, however, to the purpose of receiving girls, of all classes, remarkable for their beauty, who were destined to be sent to Cuzco as concubines of the Inca. Here they were kept in strict seclusion, until, having been advanced to the monarch's bed, they afterward became inmates of the palace, as dames of honor to the Queen. After their youth was passed, they were permitted to return to their native provinces, where they were received with profound respect, and passed the remainder of their lives in dignified retirement. Those who were kept in reserve, occupied themselves much after the manner of the vestals of the Sun. If unfaithful to their vows, they suffered a like penalty. Sometimes it was affirmed that the source of pregnancy was the Sun, in which case the mother was spared until after parturition, and then burned alive, while the offspring was devoted to the service of the Sun.

As we have already said, the Moon was regarded as sister and spones of the Sun, and as such was the object of great veneration, although its worship was comparatively restricted. It was supposed to be the special protectress of women, and invoked in all the circumstances connected with maternity.

Besides the priests of the Sun, there were others of less distinction, who were attached to the worship of the various classes of deities which have already been enumerated. Each *huaca* had its priest, and through him their oracle was consulted. There were priests through whom the proprietors of *Conopas* consulted them, and others who attended at child-births and at funerals, to drive away evil influences from the new-born and the dead. There were others also, wild wanderers, whom the early Spaniards denounced sweepingly as witches. One class, called *Socyac*, professed to foretell events, and

predicted through the means of little piles of kernels of maize; others, by means of the insects which they found in houses; others affected to interpret dreams; in short, in Peru, as every where else in the world, thousands were found designing enough to avail themselves of the ignorance, and practice on the superstitions of men. The priests who consulted the *huacas*, it should be mentioned, were accustomed to put themselves in a state of ecstasy, by means of a narcotic drink, called *tonca*, made of the fruit of a species of stramonium, and in this state received their inspirations.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES—FESTIVALS.

The Peruvians had monthly festivals, regulated by the phases of the moon; but the principal ones of the year were those of the Sun, celebrated at the four grand periods in his annual course, the solstices and equinoxes. The most solemn of these was that of *Raymi*, at the solstice of winter, when the sun reached its southern limit and commenced its return toward the north. It was a feast of grateful recognition of the benefits derived from the sun. Upon this occasion, all the chiefs and *curacas* of the empire assembled, and those who from age or illness were unable to travel, sent in their stead their parents or sons. They all came in national costume, wearing their most splendid clothes, and bearing their most brilliant arms, rivaling each other in the richness of their decorations. They came in such multitudes, nobles, and plebeians that there were not houses enough in Cuzco and its suburbs to contain them, and the greater part had to encamp in the streets, public squares, and open fields. Great numbers of women were collected by the Incas to prepare food for the multitude, and particularly to make certain cakes of maize, called *zancu*, which were only eaten on the most solemn feasts. The Virgins of the Sun themselves prepared those designed for the court and nobles. The feast was preceded by three days of vigorous fasting, during which time all fires were obliged to be extinguished.

The Inca himself officiated as high-priest in this festival, assisted by his court. At the dawn of the wished-for day, he went, with bare feet, from his palace, followed by the royal family, to the great square of the city, there to salute the rising of the Sun-god. His entire retinue was dressed in its most brilliant array, and covered with ornaments and jewels, while the canopies of plumes and richly-colored cloths, which the servants supported above their lords, made the streets appear as if covered with a magnificent awning.

When the first rays of the sun were visible on the neighboring hills, the multitude sent up a great shout of welcome, and broke forth in songs of triumph, mingled with the sounds of strange instruments; and when the god, rising majestically above the horizon, shed his luminous torrents on the people, they waved their arms aloft, gave kisses to the air, and with expanded breasts ecstasically absorbed the atmosphere impregnated and made living with light. The Inca then

rose, and taking two vases of gold, filled with *chicha*, poured out a libation from one of them to the Sun, and with the other turned out a little in cups for his court, in evidence of their communion with the god. In a neighboring square the high-priest performed the same rite for the *curacas*.

After this ceremony, the Inca, followed as before, proceeded to the temple, and there offered his golden vessels to the Sun, the whole retinue making the same sacrifice. The Inca and his family only, were allowed to enter the sacred precincts; all the others had to make their offerings through the priests. This done, all returned to the great square again, where the high-priest made many sacrifices of llamas and other animals, whose flesh was distributed among the people, and eaten with great ceremony. From their entrails he made auguries, which were listened to with intensest interest. After this commenced the drinking of *chicha*, which soon began to have its effect upon the people, who became hilarious, introducing games, masks, and dances—in short, indulging in general rejoicings, which lasted for nineteen days.

It is said that the renovation of the sacred fire took place on the afternoon of the first day of the feast. The new fire was kindled by means of convex mirrors of gold, which concentrated the rays of the declining sun on some easily-ignited materials. When the sun was obscured the fire was obtained by friction.

It is impossible to describe all the festivals in detail. They all had a greater or less resemblance in their ceremonies; but each had a special object. The feast of the autumnal equinox, called *Sinca*, was distinguished by a rite very similar to that which characterized the Jewish Passover. The night previous to its commencement, the inmates of every house drew blood from their bodies, mixed it with the flour of maize, and with the paste anointed their bodies, and the lintels of their houses, so as to expel disease and avert pestilences. It was also at this time that the extraordinary ceremony of exorcism was performed in Cuzco. At a certain hour of the day, an Inca, fully armed, ran at full speed from the fortress, back of the temple of the Sun, to the principal square, where he was met by four others, armed in like manner, who touched his lance with theirs, as a token of salutation. He then informed them that he bore a special message from the Sun, instructing them to drive away all evil and disease from the city. The four Incas then separated by the four roads leading from the square, in the directions of the four points of the compass, and ran with charged lances for a quarter of a league, when they were relieved by others, who took their lances from them, and thus continued the race, until they had reached a distance of six leagues from the city, where they stuck their lances in the ground. It was supposed that they drove all evil before them, and as they passed, the people stood in their doors and shook their garments, to free them from contagion and demons. The lances

were stuck in the ground as bounds, forming a kind of *cordon sanitaire*, within which evil could not pass.

At the festival of the vernal equinox the ceremony of initiation or knighthood, already described, took place. In October fell the festival in honor of the dead.

All objects of nature and art were admissible sacrifices to the gods. Among them, there seems to be little doubt, human victims were occasionally introduced, children or Virgins of the Sun. Thus when a high officer was ill, it sometimes happened that a son was offered to appease the offended deity who had caused the disease, and was earnestly entreated to receive the victim instead.

BURIAL AND EMBALMING.

When the reigning Inca died—or, as it was termed, “was called home to the mansion of his father the Sun”—the bowels were extracted from the body and deposited in the temple of Tampu; whereas the body, being embalmed in a most skillful manner, and clad in the usual vestments of the prince, was placed with drooping head and folded arms in a chair of gold, and deposited in the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. Here, in process of time, a long line of deceased monarchs and their consorts took their places opposite to each other on each side of the golden image of the Sun, their supposed progenitor, which decorated the principal wall of the temple. The obsequies were performed with a pomp corresponding to that maintained by the monarch in life; and a number of his attendants and concubines, amounting sometimes to several hundreds, were made to die with him, in order that they might bear him company in the happier regions to which he was supposed to be removed. The first month succeeding the Inca's death was throughout the land devoted to tears and lamentations; and during the rest of the year the funeral ceremonies were renewed at stated intervals, processions being formed wherein the banners, the insignia, and the garments of the defunct Inca were displayed, and male and female mourners—denominated in the language of the country “tear-shedders”—celebrated in solemn tones the exploits and the virtues of the departed monarch. The last day of the year of mourning was the most solemn of all; but even with that the homage paid to the dead did not cease. “On certain festivals,” we are told by Mr. Prescott, “the revered bodies of the deceased sovereigns were brought out with great ceremony into the public square of the capital. Invitations were sent by the captains of the guard of the respective Incas to the different nobles and officers of the court, and entertainments were provided in the name of their masters which displayed all the profuse magnificence of their treasures; and such a display, says an ancient chronicler, was there in the great square of Cuzco on this occasion, of gold and silver plate and jewels, as no other city in the world ever witnessed. The banquet was served by the menials of the respective households, and the guests par-

took of the melancholy cheer in the presence of the royal phantom, with the same attention to the forms of courtly etiquette as if the living monarch had presided.” The means for these banquets of the dead were provided by the custom of not allowing the personal property of one Inca to pass by inheritance to his successor—the palaces, wearing-apparel, household furniture, and jewelry of every deceased sovereign being, on the contrary, left untouched; for it was fondly believed that they might one day return to earth to reanimate their bodies so scrupulously preserved, and that they ought on such a contingency to find every thing ready for their reception.”

The Kings of Quito, according to the Friar Niza, were all buried in a great sepulchre made of stone in square or pyramidal form, and covered with pebbles and sand, so as to resemble a common hill. The door, which looked toward the west, was closed with a double wall, which was only opened on the death of one of the kings. Within, the various embalmed bodies were arranged in the order of their succession, with their royal insignia, and the treasures which each had accumulated. Above the head of each was a niche, with a jar containing pebbles of various sizes and colors denoting his age and the years and months of his reign.

In some provinces of Peru the bodies of those of Inca blood were placed in great jars of gold, hermetically sealed, which instead of being buried were placed in lawns and groves. The *curacas* and others of note were often buried in square towers of masonry, as represented in the accompanying engraving. (Fig. 15.)



FIG. 15.—BURIAL PLACE, OR SEPULCHRAL TOWER.

The common people were buried with less care. Upon the coast cemeteries of great extent are found, in which the bodies, lightly covered with sand, seem to have been deposited in rows or ranges. On the western slope of the Andes the dead were placed in sepulchres built of adobes having the form of ovens: in the Sierra the tombs were of the same form, but built of stone. In the Puna and southern parts of Peru, sepulchres took the shape of obelisks, and have been erroneously supposed, by some travelers, to have been monuments, marking the marches of the

Incas. In some of the mountainous districts, the bodies wrapped closely in coarse cloth, were placed in caves, or the clefts and fissures of the rocks. Sometimes they were placed in holes, and heaps of stone and earth raised above them. In all cases the implements of the dead were placed with the body, for reasons elsewhere explained.

The bodies found in the sepulchres seem at first to be only a mass of cloth and wrappers, of gross outline, in which we distinguish only a round head, and the protuberances of the feet and shoulders. Around all is generally a strong netting of cord of *cabuya*. In other cases the mummies are found inclosed in sacks resembling beehives, with an opening in front of the face. Examples of both styles of envelope are presented in the accompanying engraving. (Fig. 16.)

Beneath this outer envelope we find broad bands of cloth, of different degrees of fineness, which are wound, fold on fold, around the body, from head to foot. The articles belonging to the dead, are placed among the folds where the various cavities of the body permit. The body is always placed in a crouching posture, with the arms crossed on the breast and supporting the head, or else arranged so that the hands rest on the cheeks. The wrists are often tied together, and a thick rope or roll of cotton is twined around the neck, like a cravat, to keep the head erect.

Most of the bodies are well preserved, but the flesh is shrunk and brown, and the features of the face disfigured. The hair is generally almost perfect, but changed from its original black color into a reddish brown. That of the females is often elaborately braided.

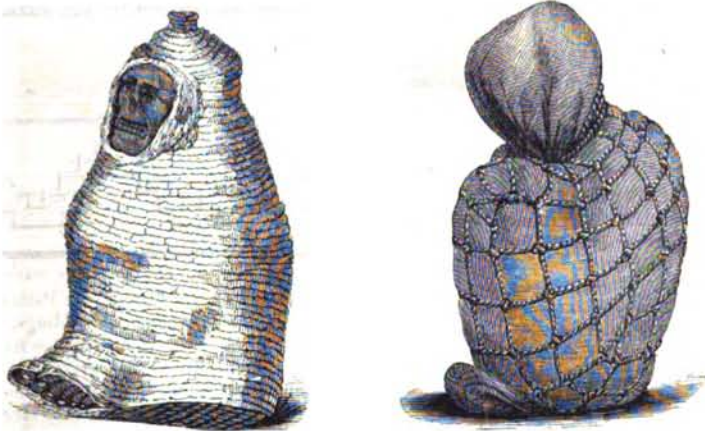


FIG. 16.—PERUVIAN MUMMIES.

It has long been a question, whether the preservation of the bodies of the dead in Peru is due to artificial or natural causes. In respect to the bodies found in the sands of the coast, in other dry places, and in the nitrous caves, the researches of Dr. Von Tschudi have conclusively shown, that their preservation is due entirely to natural conditions. The mummies, so called, which have found their way to the United States and Europe, all seem of this description. But it is not to be questioned that the bodies of the Incas were artificially embalmed; for we have the direct testimony of those who saw them in the Temple of the Sun, that the flesh was preserved full, that the skin was soft and flexible, and the features unchanged by time. Nothing, however, is now known of the art by which this wonderful preservation was effected.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

Many of the ancient edifices, as also the ruins of extensive cities in various parts of Peru, indicate, as we have elsewhere said, a civilization anterior to that of the Incas, or at least distinct from it, and owing its origin to a different source. Perhaps the most interesting of these ancient monuments are the ruins of what are called the "Palaces of Grand Chimu," situated

not far from the port of Truxillo, in the northern part of Peru, bordering on Ecuador. Of one of these Palaces, a greatly reduced plan is now, for the first time, produced in America. The Palaces of the Grand Chimu are described as follows by Don Mariano Rivero, Director of the National Museum of Lima, who visited them in 1841, and made the plan alluded to:

"These ruins occur at the extremity of the valley of Truxillo, a league and a half from the port of Huanchaco. We do not know when their authors established themselves here, but only that, in the time of the Inca Pachacutec, the ninth monarch of Peru, there reigned in these valleys a great chief called Chimu Capac, and that a son of the Inca, already named, made war on this chief, and reduced him to the condition of a vassal of the Peruvian Emperor.

"The ruins of Chimu, or rather of the Palaces, cover a space of three-quarters of a league. This is apart from the large areas, surrounded by rubble walls plastered with clay, which appear to have been fields for cultivation.

"From the town of Mansiche, which is at the gates of Truxillo, we begin to observe walls of brick, and the traces of a large population. At a distance of a mile from this Indian town,

on the left of the road to Huanchaco, commence the great squares, already alluded to, which vary from 200 to 270 yards in length, by from 100 to 160 in breadth. Many of these are to be observed to the northward of the Palaces. These Palaces are immense areas, surrounded by high and strong walls, built of bricks. The walls are now from ten to twelve yards high, five or six thick at the base, but diminish to one yard in thickness at the top, as shown in the accompanying sectional view. (Fig. 17.)



FIG. 17.—END VIEW OF WALLS.

"Some of these Palaces contain squares similar to those exterior to the walls, *huacas* or tumuli, and walls of innumerable edifices, rooms, and halls. Exterior to the walls already described, is still another, entirely surrounding the Palaces, and more than double the height of the inner wall—that is to say, thirty yards high.* It is composed of stone and clay.

"In the first Palace, which is the largest, there are a number of lesser squares surrounded by walls. One of these has the traces of an inner suite of apartments, extending entirely around it, which have been supposed by some to have been sepulchres, by others, the rooms assigned to the concubines of Chimú. The walls defining these are of rubble, plastered with clay, whitewashed, and half a vara in thickness. Within the walls of this Palace there is also a grand excavation of several acres area, in which some fig-trees are now growing, which seems to have been designed as a reservoir for water. The subterranean aqueducts for supplying it, leading to the river Moche, distant two miles to the northeast, may still be traced.

"This Palace had two entrances, one at the middle of each of its longest sides. Thirty yards distant from the southwest angle of the walls, is a parallelogram five hundred yards broad, which extends to the sea. Within it are the remains of some small houses, and a *huaca* traversed by subterranean passages

"The second Palace (of which the plan is herewith given) is 125 yards to the westward of the first, and parallel to it. It has many interior squares and houses, so arranged as to form narrow streets between them. At one extremity is the *huaca* or tumulus of Misa, surrounded by a low wall. It is traversed by passages three-fourths of a yard broad, and has also some interior rooms of considerable size.

* The original says "50 varas," or Spanish yards, nearly 150 feet, which appears to be a mistake.

Some years ago, many mummies, some cloth and treasure, tools, an idol of wood, and many fragments of pearl shells, were taken from this tumulus.

"All the walls of the inner edifices are built of rubble, as already described, or composed of large adobes. The subjoined engravings will give some idea of the mode in which the walls of these structures were ornamented.

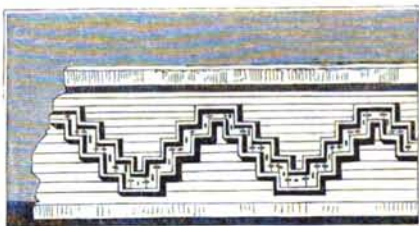
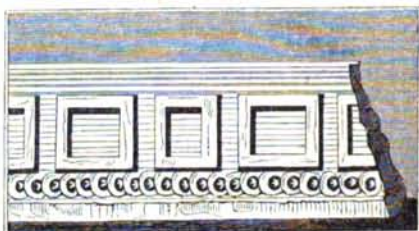
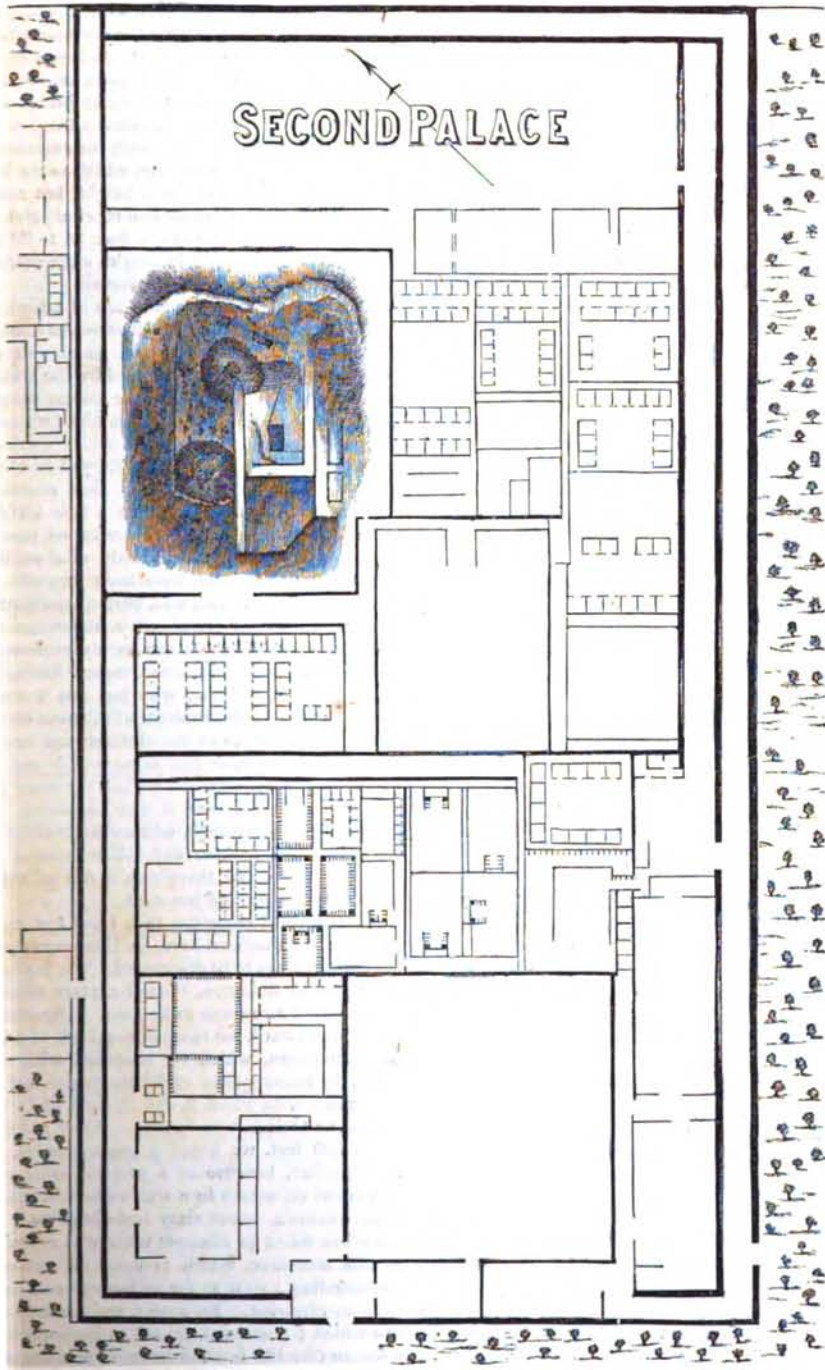


FIG. 18.—ORNAMENTS OF WALLS.

"Exterior to the walls of the Palaces are an infinitude of the remains of buildings, some round and others square, which seem to have been the habitations of the inferior people. Their great numbers furnish us with data for concluding that the ancient population was very large.

"Among the ruins are many artificial mounds, or little hills of rubble and earth, in the form of truncated cones, called *huacas*. From these, many relics have been taken, and there is no doubt that their excavators have found great treasures concealed within them. It is, in fact, known that in 1563 the Spaniards found great riches in these *huacas*; for we learn from the books of the royal treasury at Truxillo for 1566, that one Garcia Gutierrez, of Toledo, paid in 85,547 castellanos of gold, as the royal fifth of the treasure which he obtained from one of these tombs. But he did not obtain all that it contained, for in 1592 it was again excavated, and 47,020 castellanos of gold paid as fifths into the royal treasury. So it seems that, in all, not less than 677,600 castellanos of gold were taken from this single tomb.

"From other *huacas* more or less treasure has been removed. The *Huaca* of Misa, in the second palace, is, as we have said, traversed with passages lined with cut stones. In this, many relics have been found, consisting of mantles of cloth, ornamented and interwoven with gold, and with many colored feathers. Among the relics found within the palaces were many figures of men, or idols. One of these represented an Indian wearing a cloak and a species of crown, from which depended four tassels, one



falling in front of each ear, and one on each shoulder. Around his throat was a broad cravat, in his right hand an object resembling a key, and in his left a symbol impossible to make out. His exterior robe was like a tunic, and terminated in points. Another figure was that of an Indian seated cross-legged on the ground, after the native fashion, with his hands resting on his knees. In short, these figures were of great variety, and so complex as to prevent a satisfactory description.

"Besides these ruins of the Palaces of Chimú, there are remains of structures of Inca date, near the Indian town of Moche. One seems to have been a Temple of the Sun: it is built of adobes, in pyramidal form, and terraced, the faces of the walls sloping inward. The entire structure is 35 yards high, 150 by 156 yards at the base, and 125 yards broad at the top. From its summit a most extensive and beautiful view of the neighboring country is commanded. Near it, are the remains of a convent of virgins of the Sun."

RUINS OF CUELAP.

Almost equalling in magnitude the remains of the Palaces of Chimú, are the ruins of Cuelap, in the district of St. Thomas, a description of which is given by Don Juan Nieto, Judge of First Instance, in an official communication, dated January, 1843, addressed to the Prefect of the Department of Amazonas.

"Having established myself in Cuelap to make surveys of land on behalf of government, I became acquainted with some extraordinary remains worthy of public attention. They consist of a wall of wrought stones, 3600 feet long, 560 broad, and 150 feet high, constituting a solid mass with a level summit.* Upon this mass is another wall six hundred feet long and five hundred broad, also solid like the first, and of the same height. Within this structure and in that beneath it are a multitude of rooms, of wrought stone, 18 feet by 15; and both in these and in the walls themselves are niches formed by art, one or two yards in height, and half a yard broad and deep, in which are the bones of the ancients, some exposed and others enveloped in cotton cloth, very compact though rather coarse, and wrought in different colors. The only respect in which these niches differ from those of our cemeteries, is in their depth, for instead of being two or three yards deep, they are only one or two, inasmuch as the ancients doubled up the corpses so that their chins rested on their knees, while their hands clasped their ancles. The walls of the three doorways merit attention, because the right side of each one of them is semicircular, and the left angular. At the base of the structure commences an inclined plane, which rises almost imperceptibly to the aforesaid height of 150 feet. About midway up is a kind of sentry-box, from which point the path departs from a right line, and turns to the right, having at its upper part an ingenious place of concealment

(also of wrought stone), when farther entrance may be effectually impeded, because, although the passage is six feet broad, at the gateway at the foot of the entrance, from here upward it is only two feet wide. At the top we find a lookout, or place of observation, from whence can be discerned, not only the entire plain below, with all its avenues, but also a considerable part of the province, and the capital, eleven leagues distant. Passing onward we reach the entrance to the second or upper structure, which as we have said is like the first, of equal height, but not so long or so broad. Here we find other sepulchres, which appear like little ovens, from 24 to 30 feet in circumference by six in height, each containing the remains of a man or woman.

"To-day we started for the top of a high hill outside of the walls, and which serves as a foundation for them, and having with much risk and labor, by a road almost destroyed by the waters, reached the top of an eminence almost perpendicular, and more than 900 feet high, we came to a hollow among the rocks in which we found ten bundles of human bones, enveloped in blankets and perfectly preserved. One contained a man of full age, shrouded in a hair blanket, which, with the skeleton, I have in my possession, another contained the body of a woman, who at her death must have been very old, for her hair was gray. She was, perhaps, the mother of the seven children contained in the remaining packages, two of which are in my possession, and two in possession of Don Gregorio Rodriguez one of my companions, who has also a cotton blanket and a girdle, wrought of different colors. In the case of three of the children and one of the adults, the flesh had disappeared and the skeleton only was left, but all had the same posture. The hair, where it was preserved, was firm, short, and reddish, and unlike that of the Indians of the present day. The woman had her ears bored, and there was a roll of coarse twisted cotton around her neck.

"I afterward regretted that I did not prosecute my examinations here, for there were probably other things to be discovered. We, however, took another direction, toward a place where I was assured more was to be seen. Descending to the northward, we reached the flank of a very high mountain, which we ascended with difficulty, in consequence of its steepness and the long grass with which it was covered, and which caused us to slip at every step. After going up about 600 feet, we found it impossible to proceed further, because of a perpendicular rock, which cut off access to a wall of bricks, pierced with windows, about sixty feet above us. We therefore failed to discover what was contained in this structure, which is upon an eminence commanding a view as far as the eye can reach, in every direction. My duties, and the little leisure which I possessed, joined to inadequate assistance (for the Indians have a great dread of this place because of its mummies, which they imagine it will produce great disease to handle), must be my apology for my imperfect investiga-

* What this convoluted writer means to describe is a pyramid or quadrangular mass, faced with stone, 3600 feet long, 560 wide, and 150 high.

tions. For these reasons I was not able to reach the walls to the southwest, where I was assured there are very curious remains, not accessible from below, but only by means of ropes let down from above; nor to visit a subterranean passage which the above mentioned Don Gregorio, a person of credit, assured me existed upon the other side of the river Condechaca, in which are many objects of interest, but which can not be entered to the distance of more than two squares, for lack of air to support the lights."

RUINS OF HUANACO EL VIEJO.

Fig. 19 presents a front view, and Fig. 20 a ground plan of the principal structure among the interesting ruins of Huanaco el Viejo, which are situated about two leagues from the town of Aguamiro, in the midst of a large plain, elevated 3600 metres above the level of the sea. The architecture of these ruins, says Dr. Von Tschudi, singularly differs from that of the Peruvian edifices, of the Inca period, and has led to the belief that they are of an anterior date. It has never



FIG. 19.—PALACE AT HUANACO EL VIEJO.

theless been conjectured, by some investigators, that they formed part of the Palace of the Incas and of the Temple of the Sun which are known to have existed here, and which Cieza de Leon affirms, "had for its service more than 30,000 Indians."

single stone twelve feet long, and nearly two feet thick. The side posts are also single stones, and appear to have been worked with a chisel. Above and on each side of the doorway are sculptured the figures of some animal, probably symbolical. About three yards further inward is a second doorway of like construction. We next enter a spacious court-yard, encircled by a *pirca* wall of slight elevation, passing which we come to two other doorways of the same construction with the others, but of less dimensions.

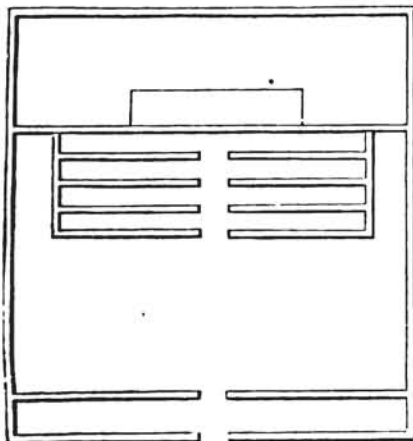


FIG. 20.—PLAN OF PALACE AT HUANACO.*

Fig. 19 represents the entrance, or first gateway of the palace. Beyond this, as may be seen from the plan, are five others of similar form. The walls are of *pirca* (round stones mixed with clay), but faced exteriorly with cut stones, and a yard and a half thick. The first doorway is composed of three large stones, one on each side, and another across the top, and is three yards high, and one and a half broad. The lintel is a

"Then comes a smaller court, and finally two other doorways, also of cut stone, but of still smaller dimensions. Passing these we find, upon the left hand, rooms constructed of cut stone, five yards long, two and a half broad, and four high, having niches in the walls. There are other rooms, of cut stone, to which an aqueduct leads, which are supposed to have been the baths of the Inca.

"In front of the dwellings is a broad artificial platform, and below a great inclosure, in which it is thought various species of animals were kept for the diversion of the monarch. In the middle of this is a reservoir for water, which was fed by an aqueduct passing by the last door, and very near the rooms above mentioned.

"In one of these rooms is a niche in which we are assured girls were placed to ascertain if they fitted therein: if so, they were adequate for the service of the king. At the first doorway are two openings through the wall, which, it is said, were places for petioners; the first is adapted to the shape of the breast of a woman, and was doubtless intended for women, the second being for men."

Connected with the so-called palace is a singular pyramidal structure, which bears the name

* The frontispiece to this article represents the plan of the First Palace at Huanaco.

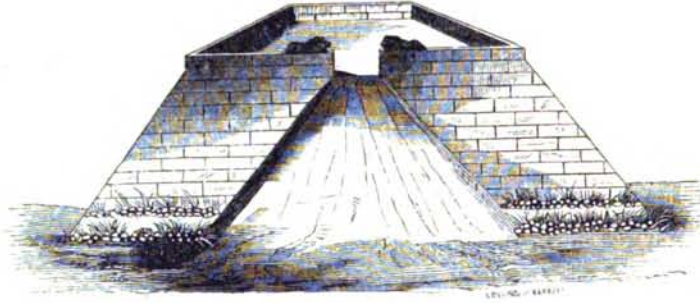


FIG. 21.—EL MIRADOR DE HUANACO.

of "El Mirador," or the Look-out (Fig. 21). It is a quadrangular, truncated pyramid, fifty-six paces in length, by thirty-six paces in width at the base, and fifteen feet in height. It stands upon two terraces or stages, each a yard and a half broad. It is faced with cut stone, terminating a species of marble cornice or parapet a yard and a half high, and half a yard thick. The facing-stones are all of about the same size, regular, and well jointed. The mass or body of the pyramid is of earth and rubble, but in the centre is a large concavity, supposed to have connected with interior chambers, or with passages leading to the palace.

The summit is reached from the south, not by steps, but by an inclined plane—a device frequently resorted to by the Indians in raising heavy masses to the tops of their structures. At each side of the entrance to the terrace, at the summit, is placed the figure of some animal,

too much obliterated, however, to be distinctly made out. From here a view is to be had of the entire plain, and of the famous gates of the palace. To the southwest of the "Mirador," and at the distance of something like a quarter of a league, are ranges of structures, which seem to have been designed as granaries, and a short distance further are the traces of a town, which must originally have contained many thousand inhabitants.

RUINS OF PACHACAMAC.

The ruins of the city of Pachacamac, and of the celebrated temple of the same name, to which reference has already been made, are of great extent. They occur in the vicinity of the beautiful town of Lurin, but are not well preserved, and are in such a state of decay as to offer little architectural interest. They are chiefly remarkable for their extent and history. A general view of them is given in the accompanying cut. (Fig. 22.)

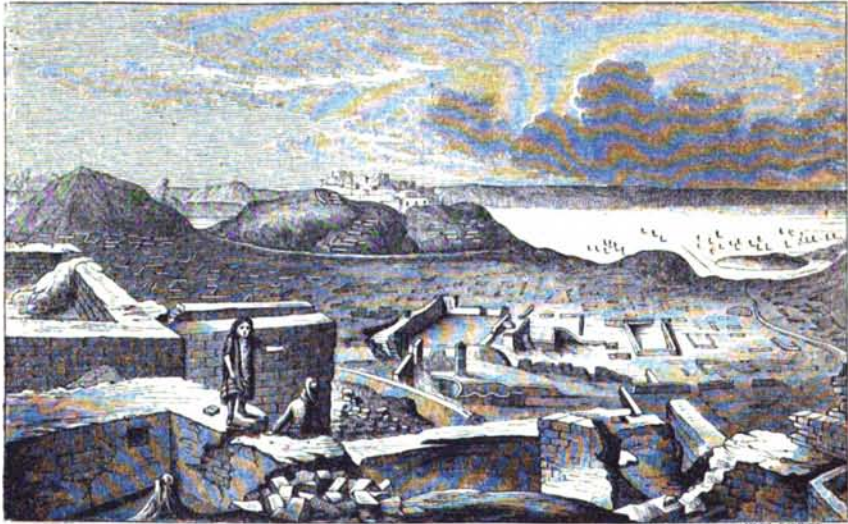


FIG. 22.—RUINS OF PACHACAMAC.

The remains of the ancient temple are situated upon a hill near the sea, and 450 feet above its level. The base of the hill appears to have been surrounded with a wall, and the houses of the attendants on the temple. Its summit was

also encircled with another wall, which is still, in some places, twelve feet high, and nine feet thick. The walls, as well as the temple itself, seem to have been built of adobes—in this respect contrasting with the public edifices of the Incas,

which were of stone. The superior part of the hill is supported by terrace walls, thirty-two feet high. Upon this, in the centre of the upper area, was the sanctuary of the Deity. Its door was of gold, richly encrusted with corals and precious stones. But the interior of the structure was mean and obscure, being the hidden place where the priests made their bloody sacrifices before an idol of wood, whose worship succeeded the pure and abstract religion of the invisible Pachacamac. At present there remain of this temple only some niches, where, according to Cieza de Leon, were represented different animals, of which we have found traces, painted on the earth with which they were plastered. From the descriptions of the chroniclers, the place of the sanctuary can yet be made out. It is an error to suppose that these are the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, a supposition entertained by most modern writers, in direct opposition to the historians of the conquest, and to the relation made by Hernando Pizarro, brother of Francisco, and the officer who destroyed the temple.

Besides this edifice, there were in Pachacamac a Temple of the Sun, a royal palace, and a monastery, all constructed by the Incas Pachacutec and Yupanqui. According to our investigations the Temple of the Sun extended from the foot of the hill, on which is the Temple of Pachacamac, toward the N. E. Toward the N. W., in the direction of a lake of fresh water, was the royal palace, and at the foot of the hill, to the S. E., the house of the vestals. The inhabitants surrounded these edifices in the direction of the hacienda of San Pedro, the deserted town of San Juan, and the present town of Lurin. Near the last named is an ancient cemetery, which attests better than any thing else how great a population existed in remote times in the valley of Pachacamac, in the vicinity of the temple. The riches of this temple were such, according to one author, that the golden keys of its doors, which were given by Pizarro to the pilot Quintero, as a trifle, exceeded 4000 marks in value. Upon the haciendas of Lomalorgo and Nieveria, and on the slopes of the neighboring hills, we find extensive ruins, containing rooms twenty or twenty-five yards long and six or eight broad, with mud walls, forming narrow streets, and altogether indicating a numerous population.

RUINS OF TIAHUANICO.

Passing over many other interesting monuments of antiquity in Peru, we come at once to the imposing enigmatical ruins of Tiahuanico, near Lake Titicaca, of which the Peruvians could give no account, and which they supposed were constructed by divine architects in a single night. These ruins were an object of wonder, alike to Peruvians and to the Spanish conquerors. Old Cieza de Leon, who accompanied Pizarro, saw and described them as follows:

"Tiahuanico is not a very large town, but it is deserving of notice on account of the great edifices which are to be seen in it; near the principal of these is an artificial hill raised on a groundwork of stone. Beyond this hill are two

stone idols resembling the human figure, and apparently formed by skillful artificers. They are of somewhat gigantic size, and appear clothed in long vestments differing from those now worn by the natives of these provinces, and their heads are also ornamented. Near these statues is an edifice, which, on account of its antiquity and the absence of letters, leaves us in ignorance of the people who constructed it; and such, indeed, has been the lapse of time since its erection, that little remains but a well-built wall, which must have been there for ages, for the stones are very much worn and crumbled. In this place also there are stones so large and so overgrown, that our wonder is excited to comprehend how the power of man could have placed them where we see them. Many of these stones are variously wrought, and some of them, having the form of men, must have been their idols. Near the walls are many caves and excavations under the earth; but in another place more to the west are other and greater monuments, consisting of large gateways and their hinges, platforms, and porches, each of a single stone.

"What most surprised me while engaged in examining and recording these things, was that the above enormous gateways were formed on other great masses of stone, some of which were thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and six feet thick. Nor can I conceive with what tools or instruments those stones were hewn out, for it is obvious that before they were wrought and brought to perfection, they must have been vastly larger than we now see them. But before I proceed to a further account of Tiahuanico, I must remark that this monument is the most ancient in Peru, for it is supposed that some of these structures were built long before the dominion of the Incas; and I have heard the Indians affirm that these sovereigns constructed their great building in Cuzco after the plan of the walls of Tiahuanico."

This description is borne out by Diego d'Alcobaça, a Spanish missionary, likewise quoted by Garcilasso de la Vega, and according to whom the natives believed that the gigantic buildings



FIG. 22.—HEAD OF STATUE AT TIAHUANICO.

in Tiahuanico had been dedicated to the Creator of the universe. Fig. 23 represents the head of one of the statues alluded to by the chronicler. Some idea of the size of the original figure may

be formed from the fact, that the head itself is nearly four feet in length, and of proportionate thickness. But by far the most imposing monuments here are the great monolithic doorways, of

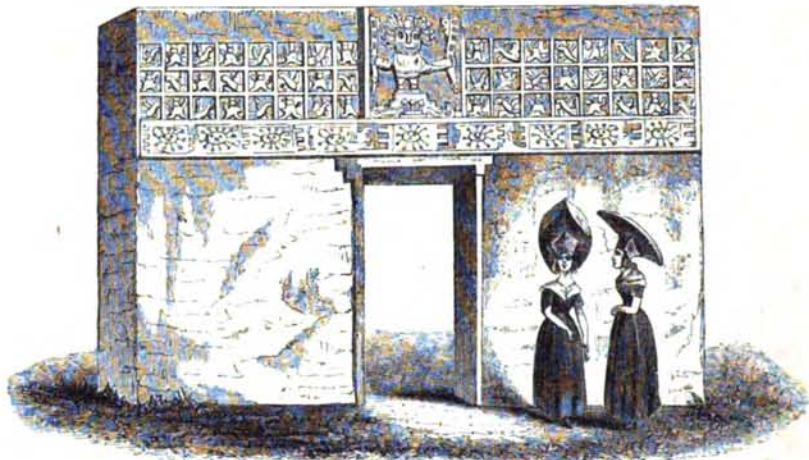


FIG. 24.—DOORWAY OF A SINGLE STONE AT TIAHUANICO.

which engravings are presented. (Figs. 24 and 27.) The largest of these doorways, or portals, is of sandstone, in height ten feet, in breadth thirteen. The opening is six feet four inches high, and three feet two inches broad. Its eastern front presents a cornice, in the centre of which is a human figure, of strange form. Its head is almost square, and surmounted by figures in the form of rays, among which are four serpents. The arms are spread apart, and each hand grasps

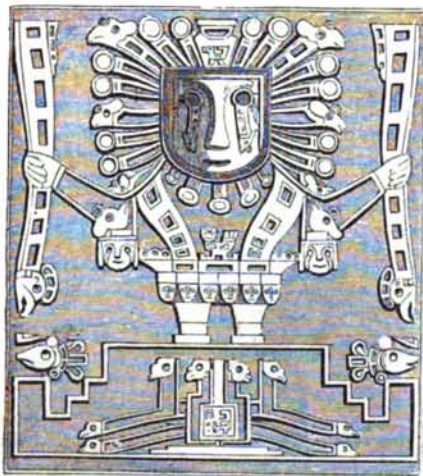


FIG. 25.—ENLARGED VIEW OF CENTRAL FIGURE.

a serpent with a crested head. The body is covered with strange ornaments, and the feet rest on a pedestal, also covered with symbolical figures. Upon each side of this central figure are three rows of square compartments, eight in each row. In each square of the upper and lower row is a rude representation of the human figure, in



FIG. 26.—ENLARGED VIEW OF FIGURES.

profile in the act of walking, and holding a species of sceptre in its hand. Those of the middle row are different, and have the heads of birds. (Fig. 26.)

The second monolithic doorway (Fig. 27) is less elaborately ornamented than the first, and less in size. The other remains offer no par-

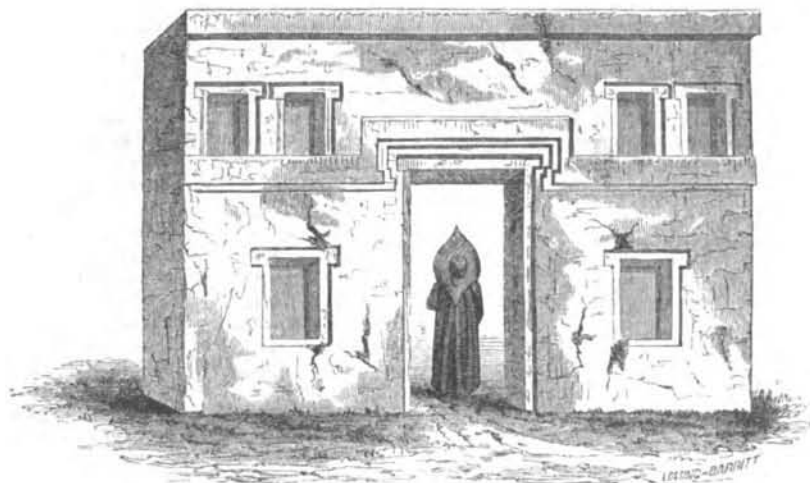


FIG. 27.—MONOLITHIC DOORWAY

ticular interest, and consist of a vast mound, the remains of an immense pyramidal edifice, covering several acres of ground—fragments of columns, and innumerable erect slabs of stone, which seem to have formed parts of the walls of buildings of some description. The whole neighborhood is strewn with immense blocks of stone, elaborately wrought, and equaling, if not surpassing in size, any known to exist in Egypt or India, or in fact in any part of the world. Some of these measured by Señor Rivero were thirty feet long, eighteen broad, and six thick.

RUINS OF LAKE TITICACA.

In the island of Titicaca, in the lake of the same name, where, according to tradition, the

first rays of the sun descended to illuminate the world after the deluge, and whence that luminary sent forth his favorite children—Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo—to civilize the barbarous hordes of Peru, are the remains of a temple or palace, of considerable interest, of which an engraving is herewith presented (Fig. 28). The structure has peculiar doorways, wide at the bottom and narrow at the top, which identify it with Inca architecture. Its interior decorations appear to have been similar to those of the Temple at Cuzco. The island itself was held as sacred; and the amount of treasure which was collected here, according to the traditions of the Indians, exceeds all belief. In alluding to it, the Padre

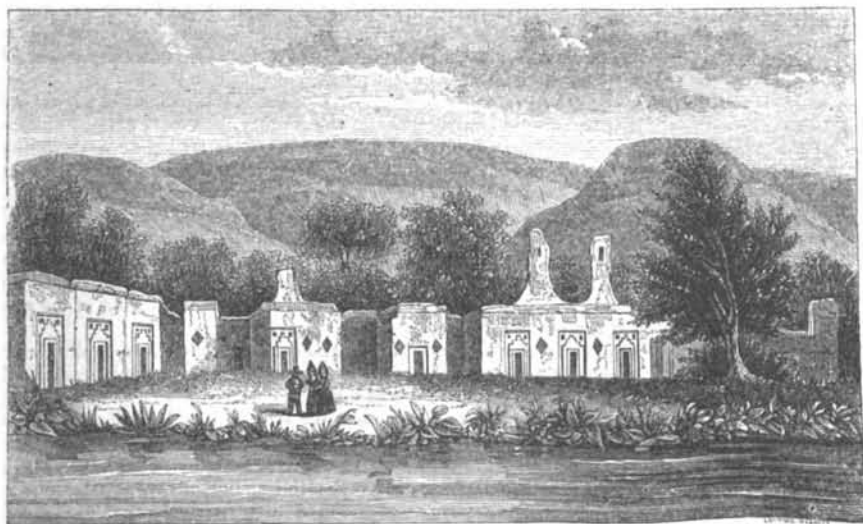


FIG. 28.—RUINS IN TITICACA ISLAND.

Blas Valerio says that he was assured by the Indians who had had charge of the gold and silver, that they might have built another temple from its foundations to its roof, with those metals alone; and that the entire treasure was thrown into the lake when they heard of the coming of the Spaniards, and of their thirst for gold.

Upon the island of Coati, in the same lake, are other immense ruins, of which a view is given in Fig. 29, but of which we have a very imperfect

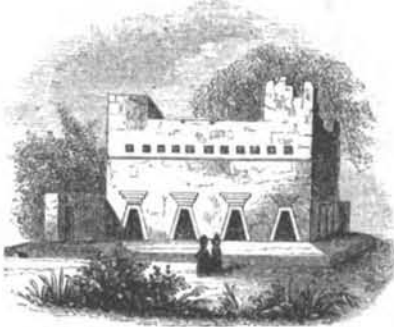


FIG. 29.—RUINS IN THE ISLAND OF COATI.

account. From the condition of the remains, and the style of architecture which they exhibit, they appear to belong to the same epoch with those of Tiahuanico, and are to be ascribed to the same unknown and mysterious people, who preceded the Peruvians, as the Tuluhatecas did the Aztecs in Mexico, and who may perhaps have surpassed them in civilization.

They afford evidences, not only of a civilization prior to that of the Incas, but indications also of a connection between this civilization and the purer religious tenets which we have alluded to, as preceding the introduction of the worship of the Sun. It is not, however, merely between the Peruvians and some anterior civilization which these ruins and these religious ideas establish a connection, but between this early civilization and all the tribes of South America; for modern research has not only demonstrated the existence of semi-civilized tribes on various points of that vast continent, beyond the limits of the Peruvian empire, but also a striking affinity between the architecture, the religious ideas, the traditions, and the customs, of the most modern and the most ancient civilization on that continent, and of the most barbarous and the most cultivated of the tribes. And it will not be at all surprising if further research shall show us, that to this origin we may ascribe the civilization of the Quichuas of New Grenada; and that even the Northern Continent was in some degree affected from the same source, for recent discoveries in Nicaragua, and other parts of Central America, afford good ground for conjecture that relations of some kind existed between their inhabitants and the great nations to the south of the Isthmus of Darien. These are discussions, however, unsuited to the pages of a popular journal.

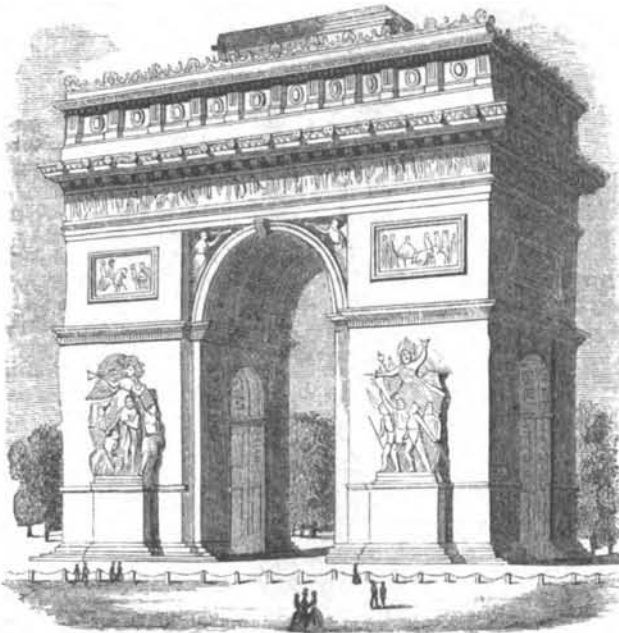
LIFE IN PARIS.

EMPLOYMENTS OF THE POOR—WHAT THEY EAT—WHAT THEY WEAR—HOW THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES.

THE French government aims to produce upon the stranger the same effect from the *tout ensemble* of Paris, as does the belle of the Champs Elysées by the perfection of her toilet upon the idlers of all nations who frequent that fashionable promenade. Both are got up with a nice regard for admiration. Both are equally successful in their effort. We admire the lady as one does a coquettishly arranged bouquet, too content with its general beauty to think of criticising its details. So with the public edifices and grounds; we pay them at once and involuntarily the homage of our admiration, receiving at each glance the intuitive satisfaction that arises from the presence of the beautiful, whether made by man or born of God. I am not sure that an invidious comparison does not force itself at once upon Americans at the too perceptible contrast between the noble avenues, spacious palaces, beautiful places, and tasteful gardens; in short, between the treasures of their rich and venerable, and the meagreness of our juvenile and practical civilization. The advantages in respect to architecture, the ornamental arts, and even the scale and elegance of the more humble requirements of the necessities of the age, in the shape of bridges, railroad stations, and public edifices generally, are greatly on their side. If the comparison stopped here we should be filled with envy. With too many it does not go further, and they dishonor their native land by condemning in her the want of a taste for the mere lust of the eye, which, if cultivated, would go far to develop with us those social contrasts which here mark the extremes of society.

One instance will suffice to illustrate the ruling passion of the various governments of France. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most costly of the embellishments of Paris, is the Arch of Triumph at the barrier de l'Etoile. A nobler and more commanding monument at the entrance of a capital no other city can boast. From its elevated position it towers far above all that portion of Paris, conspicuous to a great distance in the country, like a colossal gateway to a city of giants. It is simply an architectural ornament, useful only as affording from its top the best coup-d'œil of Paris. The glory of exhibiting this Arch has cost Frenchmen two millions of dollars additional taxes. Even they, while boasting its possession, consider it an apt illustration of their proverbial expression in regard to prodigality, "to throw money out of the windows."

Were American citizens called to decide between the appropriation of two millions of dollars to a similar construction or for purposes of education, the schools would get it. Not so in France. The gold goes for ornament, the copper for instruction. This one fact explains in great measure the wide distinction of ruling principles between the two nations. We have less elegance but more comfort. Our wealth is diffused and



ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

society equalized. Democracy, like water, constantly seeks a level, and with us, imperfect as it is, it is still the most comfortable assurance for future progress in all that makes humanity at large wise and happy, that the world has yet seen. France, on the contrary, fluctuating between the extremes of aristocratic conservatism and democratic destructiveness, though slowly winning her way toward the goal of human rights, still exhibits contrasts in the social scale which painfully mark the poverty and ignorance of her masses. I have elsewhere shown that out of the million souls that people Paris, eight hundred thousand are in a state of either uncertainty as to their future, or absolute want. No civilization which produces such results can be rightly based. The citizens of the United States may well spare France the pride of her monuments, if their cost is the indigence of her people.

The better to picture the straits for subsistence to which the luxurious civilization of European aristocracy compels the masses, I shall draw again upon the streets for specimens of the **HONEST** modes of livelihood of this capital. Without a glance at both sides of the social panorama, the American is very indifferently qualified to judge of the comparative merits of the institutions of his own and other countries. The least a traveler can do for his native land, is to gather for it, be it in ever so humble a measure, the wisdom, whether of example or warning, of those he visits. By thus doing, his expatriation may not be without benefit to his fellow-citizens. If in this series of sketches of foreign life I succeed in amusing, I shall be gratified; but if, as is my higher aim, I am able to convey a correct moral.

my satisfaction will be more complete.

It is with the female sex that the comparison of occupations affords the greatest variety of strange examples to American eyes. Accustomed as we are to invest woman with the associations of a "home," it is with repugnance at first that we see her so isolated from her natural protector, leading a life equally as distinct and independent in the strife of existence as his. Marriage has not the same heart-interpretation as with us. It is a union of interests, seldom of affections. A business arrangement for mutual convenience, leaving to the man the same latitude of bachelor instincts as before, and bestowing upon the woman a liberty to be purchased in no other way. But the aspect of feminine isolation from domestic relations is most strongly

marked in the extensive class of shop-girls and all those compelled to gain a precarious subsistence by their individual exertions. They live alone, or in couples, allured by every species of dissipation of this sensuous city, and without other restraint or surveillance than their own dubious standard of propriety or morals. Their religious education, when they have any, is confined to the pageantry of Catholic worship. While the daughters of the rich are brought up in an almost conventual seclusion, scrupulously guarded both from the seductions and contact of the world, these girls, unsheltered by family roofs, are exposed at a tender age to all its trying experiences. Left thus dependent upon their exertions and prudence, they early acquire a fund of worldly knowledge, which soon resolves itself into a code of manners for their guidance, and gives them that singularly self-possessed and independent air, which with us is the exclusive heritage of our male youth. The American female relies upon the rougher sex in all matters that bring her into immediate contact with the grosser and practical elements of society. The French woman, on the contrary, acts for herself as freely as would a man under similar circumstances. Hence in one country, woman preserves the retiring, timid delicacy most attractive in her character; in the other, she assumes an independence of action that renders her at once a self-relying, shrewd being, as capable of living a "bachelor" life as man himself. The one calls forth our respectful tenderness from her graceful dependence. Her innocence is her security. The other demands our respect as an equal in worldly knowledge and



capacity of action. She challenges our gallantry for the same reason that she fails to win our attention. On all points she is armed against the one, and in every respect is independent of the other. Her policy is in the fineness of the head. The strength of the other lies in the sincerity of her heart. Whether the acquired independence of the one is a fair equivalent for the winning dependence of the other, each individual will judge according to his taste.

In this relation, however, I can not pass over a significant fact in the results of the French system of female education. If the exposed lives of the poorer class of girls lead them almost inevitably into vice, or forming temporary connections in lieu of the more permanent ties of marriage, the tendency of the unnatural seclusion practiced in some of the higher seminaries of learning is even worse. From being never trusted, the girls become adroit hypocrites, and, as with Eve, the apple of knowledge, though tabooed, is covertly plucked. A celebrated institution near Paris, in the charge of government, where five hundred daughters, sisters, and nieces of the members of the Legion of Honor receive a highly finished education, under rules of almost military severity, furnishes a large proportion of the fair and frail sirens of the Quartier Bréda. Undoubtedly the difficulty of negotiating marriages without the indispensable dowry or "dot" is an active promoter of illicit connections between beauty and wealth. Faulty and inexorable social laws are equally as accountable for this state of morals as individual frailty.

It is from this class that we can select the most striking vicissitudes of female career. In their youth, redolent with loveliness, buried as it were in the wealth laid at their feet, the mistresses of many hearts and purses, living in apartments more luxuriously furnished than those of any palace, daily exhibiting their envied charms in sumptuous equipages in the Bois de Boulogne, and nightly outshining aristocratic beauty at the Opera, they purchase their short-lived sensuous career at the expense of an age of regretful misery and repulsive employments.

Look on this picture and then on that. Lovers and loveliness have fled. The triumphs of vanity are now succeeded by the retributions of want and age. Folly and extravagance have proved but indifferent foster-

parents for infirmity and loss of beauty. The harvest of sin is being reaped upon her withered, charmless frame. Can you recognize in this sad ruin the joyous being whose life but a few years before was one holiday? Perhaps she was an actress, and you yourself covered her with flowers and bravos. Her garments are now the mockery of former elegance, even as she is the phantom of previous loveliness. She takes your cloak, and offers you a programme or cricket as you enter your "loge;" for she has become a simple "ouvreuse," or door-keeper to the boxes at the theatres and opera-houses, but too grateful to receive a few sous where once she threw away gold. In Paris there are four hundred and sixty-seven "ouvresses," who depend for their subsistence upon the voluntary contributions of the public. Some favored few are said to gain 2000 francs a year, while others are reduced to as many hundreds. They have the privilege of dying in a hospital, and being buried in the common "fossé" or pit. The situation of the "ouvreuse," although it requires the possessor to be up until after midnight, is one of the easiest, or, as Americans would say, one of the most genteel resorts for feminine decay and poverty. The occupations which they fill are such as can have their origin only in the fertile soil of a rank, aristocratic civilization. They are of every shade of integrity and crime, refinement and grossness, from the honest and virtuous grisette who laboriously plies her needle in her cosy garret room to the political spy, fashionable



THE GRISETTE.

pimp, or haggish corrupter of virginity in the pay of hoary debauchism, both exhibiting in their repulsive physiognomies the traces of every vice that degrades human nature. They include alike the bewitching glove-mender of Sterne, the more stately elegance of the "dames du comptoir," and the wretched vender of old hats, or peddler of all wares and agent for every necessity which pride, poverty, or shame seek to hide from day-light. Even here we have but sounded the depths of the more laborious and disgusting of the female out-door employments. At all seasons the shearer of dogs and cats and the gatherer of garbage, whose sweetest bouquet is a reeking pile of street filth, are to be seen pursuing their calling. They are worthy of all commendation for their determination to earn their daily bread rather by the sweat of their brows than the charity of the public or the chances of crime.

The female copyists at the Louvre are a numerous class, with a decidedly artistic air in the negligence of their toilets. They find time both to fulfill their orders, and have an eye to spare to the public and particularly to their male brethren. When



THE TEMPTERS AND THE TEMPTED.



PEDDLER AT LABOR.



DOG-SHEARER



MAT-SELLER.



GARBAGE-GATHERER

they are employed upon *ordered* copies, they work with assiduity; when not, they more agreeably divide their time between complaisant beaux and the arts. As for the rest, they have for their home during most of the week the comfortable galleries of the finest Museum in Europe, inhabiting a palace by day and sleeping in a garret at night. The patronage of the government is sometimes ludicrously applied toward the fine arts. An applicant for a post in the bureau of the telegraph received an order to execute a bust in marble; not an impossibility if he allowed himself the same latitude of execution, which a certain Minister of the Interior is said to have advised to

the widow of an employé, powerfully recommended to his favorable consideration. He gave her an order for a copy of the mammoth painting of Jesus at the house of Martha and Mary, by Paul Veronese.

"But, Monsieur, the Minister, I do not know how to paint; I never touched a brush in my life."

"Never mind: take the copy. You can have it done by another and arrange to receive the pay." The obliging counsel was not lost.

I have given but a few out of the extraordinary employments of the female sex at Paris, enough, however, to show that there is a wide difference

between the relative positions of the poorer classes in France and the United States. I should be doing injustice to the most formidable type of all, were I to omit the renowned "Dames des Halles," a class of women not only numer-



DAME DES HALLES.

ous and in many instances wealthy, but of sufficient political importance as to cause their good will to be courted by Louis Napoleon, by fêtes, balls, and courteous speeches, which they return by complimentary deputations empowered to salute him on both cheeks, and leave in his hands bouquets of well-nigh sufficient volume to entirely eclipse him. These ladies possess a vocabulary of their own, the most compendious of all idioms in terms of vulgar vituperation. Their profession, as one may readily conceive, is not always of the sweetest nature, but why they of all the laboring sisterhood, should be so particularly ambitious of distinguishing themselves by the use of an "argot" terrible to uninitiated ears, it is not so easy to conceive. The highest exertion of their intellectual faculties is to coin new expressions for their slang war-whoop. Yet even on this ground they are sometimes defeated by a battery of epithets more stunning than their own. The last case was as follows. A Polytechnic student seeing a formidable looking specimen of this genus barricaded by monsters of lobsters and huge piles of fish, laid a wager with his companion that he would "dismount" her (so the term goes) with her own weapons. "Done," said his friend, as he placed himself safely behind an avalanche of vegetables to see the fun.

"How do you sell this carp, mother?"

"That carp! that is worth one hundred sous if it is worth one franc, my blackguard! but, as you are a pretty boy, you shall take it for four

francs and a half. Eh! it's given away at that; but one has a weakness for youth."

"I will give you only thirty sous, and you shall cook it for me."

"Stop, don't bother me! you want to buy a broth under market price; let me look a bit at the little fellow! three bantam chickens and he, by my faith, would go well before a coach."

The fish-woman, like a locomotive, had now started at one jump, at a prodigious rate, and one might as well have attempted to stop with a straw the one as the other. The reader will not, I am sure, exact of me a repetition of her tirade. The vocabulary of oaths and blackguardism was never nigher being entirely exhausted. Want of breath at last brought her to a half halt, when her boyish opponent, putting himself into a tragic attitude, broke in, with—

"Will you hold your tongue, frightful hydrocyanure of potash! execrable chlorozoic acid! hideous logarithmic progression, indissoluble hygromètre of Saussure, detestable square of the hypotheneuse, abominable paralleloiped," and on rushed the student of the Polytechnic School, sure of never being repulsed on this ground, through the entire chemical, algebraic and geometrical nomenclature, setting at defiance all scientific arrangement in his zeal to overwhelm his foe. At first the fire flashed from her eyes as her excited imagination conceived every abominable reproach to be conveyed in the meaning of the incomprehensible words that for the first time saluted her ear. As he proceeded she became stupefied, and as an expiring effort of despair, shouted out to know, from what infernal regions he had stolen such a diabolical array of abuse. The young man paused for a moment and recommenced with the classification of plants and the cragged terms of geology. "For the sake of the Holy Virgin, stop, I give in; you are no white-nose, my little fellow! take the carp and welcome," said the dame, in the excess of her admiration at an exhibition of lingual power that left hers far in the shade.

In the United States we have a monotonous display of broad-cloth and silks with no distinguishing features by which one class of citizens can be discriminated from the other. The individual alone may be remarked by his taste, but his species can not be detected by his dress. Not so in Paris. Every occupation has its fashion, its cut, its air, as distinct and discernible as the uniforms of the army. Each is so fitted to its costume that it would be at home in no other. The washerwoman can never be mistaken for the cook, nor the nurse for the grisette. The bourgeois remains the bourgeois; the footman never burlesques the general of division; the workman no more thinks of leaving his blouse than the oyster his shell; in fact, each individual of this city is as readily classified by his costume as any animal by its skin and shape. Their indoor localities are also as distinct as those of the brute varieties of the animal kingdom. All cleave to their particular quarters with the adhesiveness of a special instinct. Like strong and

separate currents, their outer edges only mingle, filling the thoroughfares with a picturesque crowd, on which one is never tired of gazing.

The difference between the two nations is equally as perceptible in the tariff of prices. We generalize. They particularize. We name a round sum which covers all charges. Their first charge is but a foundation for an infinitesimal dose of others. In New York, call a carriage, and the driver takes you and your baggage to a given point for a round sum. In Paris, attempt the same and the result will be as follows: Your baggage is to be brought down. That calls for a porter and one payment. You have called a coach and as you are stepping in, a "commissionaire" takes hold of the door, and with cap in hand asks you to remember him. His service has been to shut it, payment No. 2. You stop; another commissionaire opens the door, payment No. 3. You pay the driver his legal fare, payment No. 4, and think you are through. But do not take any such consolation to your purse. Monsieur has forgotten the "pour boire," politely remarks Jehu, and you derive from him the gratifying information that custom allows him to demand the wherewithal to buy a dram—and this makes payment No. 5, for the simple operation of getting into a hackney coach. This principle extends through every branch of pecuniary intercourse, and after all is a wise one, for by this rule, we pay only for services rendered and dinners eaten.

With the term "Paris fashions" we associate only ideas of periodical importations of novelties of refinement and elegance in dress and style of living. But this view is as imperfect as that of judging of the actual condition of France only by its parks and palaces. The female sex, as it appears to me, take the first choice of employments, leaving to men such only as they do not



MERCHANT OF CRIMES.

find to their interest or taste. The life sketches already given show that these are sufficiently bizarre to excite our surprise, though not always our envy. There are certain provinces that appear to be neutral ground; such as those of street-minstrels, chiffoniers, peddlers, newspaper-venders, and "merchants" of crimes, as the ill-omened cryers of the prolific catalogue of tragic events, are technically called. These birds of evil announce with startling intonations their list of assassinations, poisonings, suicides, and capital executions extracted from the judicial journals, for sale at the fixed price of a sou each. Those who have a keen taste for the horrible, can gratify it at a cheap rate by the inspection of the "merchant" and his stock in trade. Like the vulture he appears to grow foul from the garbage that supplies his food.

The "date merchant" must necessarily be a man, as no female could furnish the requisite amount of beard to counterfeit satisfactorily the Turk. This disguise is assumed to prove the oriental origin of his fruit, and to strike the imagination of his juvenile patrons.



DATE-SELLER.

No one will dispute the inclination of the female sex to carry their heads high, but we doubt whether one has ever been found to compete with the basket merchant in his extraordinary head dress, moving as easily and gracefully through the streets with this Babel of straw and wicker-work on his cranium as if it were simply the latest style of coiffure. Of course he can only put out with his pyramidal bazaar on a still day, as a head wind or any wind at all would speedily bare his head and send his baskets flying in all directions, a joyous fête for avaricious urchins, but ruinous to him.

The merchant of "death to the rats" belongs to an expiring race. Long have the cats looked



BASKET-SELLER.

with envy upon his spoils, hung upon a pole, with which he walked the streets, typical of his profession. But they who have longest known his meagre countenance will soon know him no longer. Whether any of the "dinners for seventy-five centimes" restaurants will raise their bill of fare on account of his exit remains to be seen. A company has been formed, with a capital of three hundred thousand francs, for the extirpation of all the rats of Paris. If a cordon of cats is to be established around the city to keep out the country rats, hare will become a rare dish in more than one cheap restaurant.

The last masculine occupation that I shall cite is one which no female has ever aspired to, from the consciousness that it exacts, perhaps the only accomplishment that she despairs of attaining. Its motto is "the tomb of secrets," and its chiefest attribute, silence. The professor must be more dumb than Memnon, but with an ear as keen and comprehensive as that of Dionysius. He is a repository of secrets of the heart, and hopes of the purse, a framer of petitions, the agent of intrigues, in fact a confessor-general to the unlettered multitude, reducing into a transmissible shape the desires of the unfortunate Monsieur or Madame to whom the mys-



DEATH TO RATS.

teries of writing remain a hieroglyphical puzzle. Their numbers are sufficiently indicative of the ignorance of the inhabitants at large. Yet it often happens that the silence of his mummified existence is uninterrupted for hours. Then perhaps his skill is taxed by a tricky cook, who, perplexed by the unreconcilable balances of her receipts and disbursements, seeks an accomplice to reduce her accounts to the required condition to pass examination. To live, it is necessary to be silent, yet a blush will sometimes steal over his withered cheek, as he obediently enters in the account, the bread bought by the cook at one sou.



THE TOMB OF SECRETS.

charged to Madame, the mistress, at two sous, and thus by a discreet use of the rule of multiplication, finally obtains the coveted balance.

The American laborer, who consumes in one day more meat than the family of a French "ouvrier" in a week, would furnish upon their bill of fare. The necessity which begets many of their employments pays also but poor wages. Yet what would be considered in the United States as a tribute fit only for the swill-tub or beggar's basket, in France would, by skill and economy, be made to furnish a welcome meal. The dietetic misery of the former country would prove the savory competency of the latter. But whatever may be the composition of their frugal repasts, they are eaten with a zest and good humor that are not always guests at more sumptuous repasts. The American laborer eats the same quality of meat and bread as his employer. Either of these to the French workman would be equivalent to a *fetté*. His bread is coarser, meat inferior, and throughout his whole diet there is the same difference in quality as in his clothes. Many of the necessaries of his American brother he only knows by seeing them in shop-windows. They are able to rear Louvres and Versailles; to build cathedrals and erect triumphal gateways; but they would take the chicken out of every workman's pot, and drive their children from the common schools to the fields and factories.

The science of living well at a cheap rate is not understood in the United States. General necessity has not as yet begotten that special knowledge. In Paris thirteen sous will provide a tolerable dinner of a dish of soup, loaf of bread, and a plate of meat and vegetables "mêlé." This species of healthy and economical alimentation is the heritage of a large class of workmen, and even of impoverished students and artists, who seek these cheap restaurants under the convenient cloud of the incognito. There are other resorts where they can eat at the rate of fifteen sous by the first hour, eight sous by the second, and so on. The chief diet being roast veal, as good a name as any other, provided the alimentary faith is unshaken. We even find dinners at four sous, composed of four courses as follows:

Vegetable soup	1 sou
Bread	1 "
Montagnarde (great red beans)	1 "
Coffee with sugar	1 "

Or four sous per head. It is needless to observe that to swallow the "coffee" (which in Paris costs forty cents a pound) requires even more faith than the roast veal, or a Romish miracle. Not a few sewing girls or domestics out of place, dine daily on a sou's worth of bread. The table service of the dinners at four sous is very simple. The table is an enormous block of wood, the surface of which is dug out into the form of bowls and plates. To each hole are attached, with iron chains, knives, forks, and spoons of the same metal. A bucket of water dashed over the whole serves to "lay the table" for the diners next in course.

The examples already given are sufficient to illustrate the modes of livelihood, and the quality of the diet of this class of the population. To finish the sketch it is necessary to show how they amuse and whence they clothe themselves. Education and religion would with us be the primary objects of inquiry, but here they are lost sight of, in the furor of amusement. Their colleges and churches are the low theatres that line the Boulevard du Temple, aptly designated as the Boulevard of Crimes, from the characteristics of the plays here performed. These are applauded by their mongrel audiences, a large proportion of which are children, nurses, and even infants, in proportion as they are filled with the horrible, supernatural, obscene, vulgar, and blasphemous. Murders, fights, licentiousness, assassinations, double-entendre, and the coarsest jokes, are their stock in trade. The most sacred subjects, even death, and the tenants of the grave, and spirits of heaven and hell, are ridiculously parodied. Their very exaggeration of what is false or low in human nature makes them indeed amusing, but no one can witness their performances, interrupted as they are by the stunning shouts of the enthusiastic spectators, without being convinced that they are powerful auxiliaries to infidelity and crime. Their influences are debasing, promotive of skepticism, and particularly destructive to the quiet virtues of domestic life. When the public, as has happened within three years, at one of the fashionable theatres, crowd its area to see its youngest and handsomest actress appear as Eve on the stage, entirely naked, with the exception of a scanty piece of flesh-colored silk tightly drawn over the loins, we may safely conclude that the habitués of the "Boulevard des Crimes" are not over-nice in their moral standard for the drama. Adultery is the staple joke, and a deceived husband a legitimate butt. Even at the grand Opera female nudity commands a high premium, and at all, modesty or veneration would be considered as the affectations of prudery.

If the theatre may be considered as their church, the "estaminets," or cafés, where smoking is allowed, and the dram-shops, may as appropriately be classed as their common schools. The pleasures of the French are not of a fire-side character. Publicity gives them their chiefest zest. Consequently, the time which rightfully belongs to the family, is devoted to the "estaminet." True, the bachelor lives or the forbidding homes of the lower orders, would seem to open to them no other resource, and at them they can enjoy the fire and lights, which are often beyond their means under their own roofs. I do not, however, inquire into the causes but speak only of the effects of existing customs. Evenings thus spent amid the fumes of the vilest of tobacco, and the excitement of equally bad liquor, make fit disciples for the barricades, but poor citizens of a republic.

The market of the Temple, or, as it is more commonly called, that of old linen, is one of the most extraordinary sights of Paris. It is a huge

wooden bazaar, open on all sides, divided into four grand and innumerable little avenues, and cut up into 1888 miniature shops, rented by the city at thirty-three sous each weekly, producing an annual income of about thirty-two thousand dollars. There are four quarters, known respectively as the "Carré du Palais Royal," a sort of parody on the true Palais Royal, comprising the silk, lace, and glove merchants, and the venders of every species of foppery required to make up the second rate lion, or copy of a fine lady. Here, too, are the traps or baiting-places of sellers of bric-à-brac, who waylay their prey in the vestibules, and thence conduct them to their rich wares close by, buried in the most frightful of houses. Among them we find furniture of buhl, porcelain of Sèvres and Japan, a world



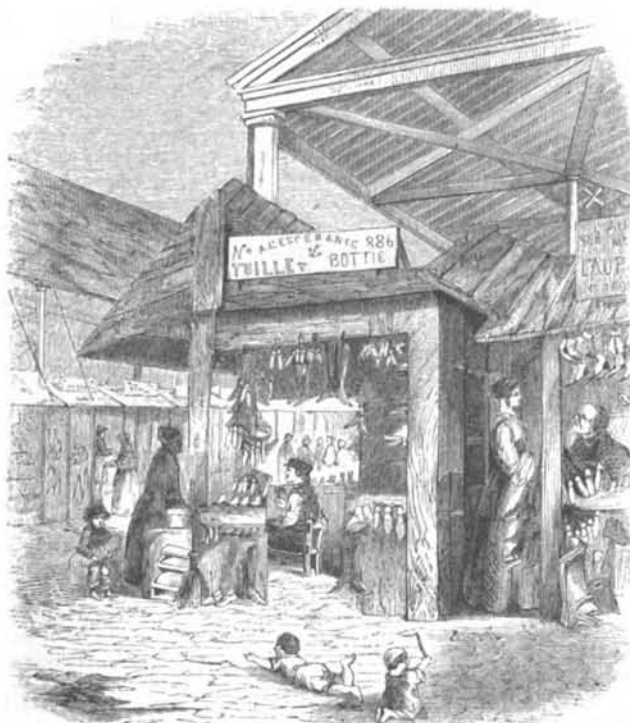
ESTAMINET

of curiosities, and an untold wealth of satins, and the richest of merchandise, sold cheaper because stored cheaper, than in the luxurious shops of the Rue Vivienne and Rue de la Paix. The stupefied customer, who sought a cheap bagatelle, finds himself confronted in these obscure retreats by artistic caprices, to be had for no less than ten thousand francs each.

The second quarter, the Pavillon of Flora, a little less aristocratic than the preceding, comprises the more useful household objects, of a cheap and dubious character.

In the third, "le Pou Volant" (the reader will pardon me the translation), rags, old iron, and indescribable wares predominate. The fourth, and most hazardous, is "the Black Forest," a medley of every cheap abomination, new and second-hand.

This bazaar has its peculiar slang and types of inhabitants. The little shops are called "ayons." Hugo naively remarks why not "hailons." The curious observer can penetrate the first two quarters without other inconveniences than repeated but courteous applications for his custom. But it requires considerable courage and self-possession to penetrate the mysteries of the "Pou Volant" and the



THE PAVILION OF FLORA.



LE CARRE DU PALAIS ROYAL.

"Forêt Noire." Harpies scarcely recognizable as of the female sex, beset his progress, seize him by the arms or garments, and menace in their rivalry literally to divide him into halves. These runners

are termed in the argot idiom, "*râlcuses*." Escaping them, he is assailed by a flanking fire of direct apostrophes, half in argot, from their employers. "My amiable sir, buy something—buy—you must buy. What does monsieur want! a carpet—a coat to go to a ball—a cloak, first quality—a '*niolle*,' good quality—a *décrochez-moi-ça*, for madame, your wife—patent boots—an umbrella—a '*péluce*,' all the '*frusques*' of St. John, at your choice."

Should the adventurer continue on his way without replying to the temptations of these commercial sirens, a torrent of mingled abuse and irony is discharged upon him. "Ah! indeed! how much he buys! Very well—one must excuse him. What did he come here for, this picayune fellow! I say, monsieur, let us, at the least, mend the elbows of your coat. He carries his body well, to be sure. *Oké! pané!* Let the gentleman pass. He is an ambassador on his way to the court of Persia. Hei!"

Just beyond this bazaar, rises the "Rotonde du Temple," which is to its



LE FORET NOIRE.

neighbor what the common graves at Père la Chaise are to the rest of the cemetery. It is the receptacle of all the *débris* of human attire, too mean to find shelf-room even in the market of "old linen." One sees a pandemonium of rags, tattered garments, rent boots, old hats, and every object upon which the heart of a scavenger Jew doats. Costumes which have survived the saturnalia of many a carnival, and uniforms discharged by the order of the day or the death of their proprietors, dating from the empire down, theatrical wardrobes too venerable for active service, and fashions which have long since been driven from human backs, are here mingled in one picturesque equality of poverty. Even out of such a collection Parisian taste contrives to make a not unpleasing effect. As with Parisian pauperism, it has a cleaner and more cheerful look than English indigence and old clothes.

The Rotonde is circular, with a cloister in the

exterior of forty-four arcades. A damp and dark court occupies the interior. It is a species of low rival to the bazaar, and limited in its circumference; it is computed to lodge more than a thousand inhabitants. They drink and dine at the neighboring wine-shops and cafés, known as the Elephant, Two Lions, and kindred names. At these, brandy is eight sous the bottle, a ragoût three sous, and a cup of coffee one cent. There are resorts still cheaper and lower, such as the "Field of the Wolf," frequented by the most brutal of the denizens of this quarter, who in their orgies not unfrequently mingle blood with the blue fluid that they swallow for wine. The greater part of these dram shops add to their debasing occupation that of usury. But as we have now arrived at that point where the line which marks the boundary between legitimate industry and crime becomes indistinct, I stop.



ROTONDE DU TEMPLE.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

ITALY AND SPAIN.

MUCH has been said respecting certain secret articles in the Treaty of Tilsit. Napoleon and Alexander privately agreed to unite their forces against England, if she, refusing the mediation of Russia, should persist, as she had now done for ten years, in embroiling the Continent in war. They also agreed to combine against Turkey, should the Porte repel the mediation of France. The two powers also engaged, should England refuse peace, unitedly to summon Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, and Austria to close their ports against English merchandize. Such were the terms of the occult treaty.

Napoleon, concentrating all his energies to the promotion of the prosperity of France, patiently awaited the result of the negotiations commenced by Russia with England. He sent a special ambassador to Turkey to endeavor to secure peace between that power and Russia. He was successful. The Turk accepted his mediation, and the sword was sheathed. England, finding herself abandoned by all her former allies, immediately sought a coalition with Turkey. She strove to counteract the peaceful influence of France, by justly representing that Alexander was hungering for the provinces of the Turkish Empire. By these means she ere long roused Turkey again to war. The mediation of Russia with England, was entirely unsuccessful. The cabinet of St. James at first evaded the application, and then proudly, contemptuously, and with an energy which amazed the world, rejected all overtures.

Briefly we must record this new act of English aggression, which roused the indignation of all Europe. The kingdom of Denmark had most studiously maintained neutrality. Jealous of the increasing power of France, she had stationed the Danish army upon her frontiers. Apprehending nothing from England, her seaboard was entirely unprotected. Napoleon, with delicacy but with firmness, had informed Denmark, that should England refuse the mediation of Russia, all the powers of Europe must choose in the desperate conflict, the one side or the other. The most perfectly friendly relations then existed between England and Denmark. The cabinet of St. James, apprehensive that Napoleon would succeed in attaching Denmark to the Continental alliance against the sovereign of the seas, resolved to take possession of the Danish fleet. This fleet, unprotected and unconscious of peril, was anchored in the harbor of Copenhagen. Denmark, at peace with all the world, had but 6000 troops in the fortresses which surrounded her metropolis.

Secretly the English government fitted out an expedition. It consisted of 25 sail of the line, 46 frigates, 377 transports. About 30,000 men were conveyed in the fleet. Suddenly this powerful armament appeared in the waters of the

Sound, and landing 20,000 men, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, invested the doomed city by land and by sea. An agent was immediately dispatched to the Prince Royal of Denmark, then regent of the kingdom, to summon the surrender of the fortresses and of the fleet. Mr. Jackson, a man of insolent manners and of envenomed spirit, was worthy of the mission. He assigned to the Prince, as a reason for the act, that the British cabinet deemed it necessary to secure the passage of the Sound, and to take the Danish fleet, lest both should fall into the power of the French. He therefore demanded, under peril of a bombardment, that the fortress, the port of Copenhagen, and the fleet should be immediately surrendered to the English army. He promised that the whole, when the danger was over, should be returned again to Denmark, and that in the mean time the English would conduct as friends, and pay for all they should consume.

"And with what," exclaimed the indignant Prince, "would you pay for our lost honor, if we were to accede to this infamous proposal!"

Mr. Jackson replied, "War is war. One must submit to its necessities. The weaker party must yield to the stronger."

The interview was short and bitter. The parties separated. The Prince, unable to present any resistance, heroically enveloped himself in despair. The English envoy returned to the fleet, and the signal was given for the fearful execution of the threatened doom. The English had taken with them an immense quantity of heavy artillery. They were also accompanied by Colonel Congreve, who was to make trial, for the first time, of his destructive rockets. As there were a few thousand regular troops behind the ramparts of the city, it was not deemed prudent to attempt to carry the place by assault.

The English having established themselves beyond the reach of danger, reared their batteries and constructed their furnaces for red-hot shot. Calmly, energetically, mercilessly, all their arrangements for the awful deed were consummated. They refrained from firing a single gun, until their furnaces were completed, and their batteries were in perfect readiness to rain down an overwhelming storm of destruction upon the helpless capital of Denmark.

Nothing can be imagined more awful, more barbarous, than the bombardment of a crowded city. Shot and shells have no mercy. They are heedless of the cry of mothers and of maidens. They turn not from the bed of languishing, nor from the cradle of infancy. Copenhagen contained 100,000 inhabitants. It was reposing in all the quietude of peace and prosperity. On the evening of the 2d of September, the appalling storm of war and woe commenced. A tremendous fire of howitzers, bombs, and rockets, burst upon the city. The very earth trembled beneath the terrific thunders of the cannonade. During all the long hours of this dreadful night, and until the noon of the ensuing day, the destruction and the carnage continued. The city



THE BOMBARDMENT.

was now on fire in various quarters. Hundreds of dwellings were blown to pieces. The streets were red with the blood of women and children. Vast columns of smoke rose from the burning capital. The English waited a few hours, hoping that the chastisement had been sufficiently severe to induce the surrender. General Peymann, intrusted with the defense of the metropolis, gazed upon the spectacle of woe around him, his heart almost bursting with grief and indignation. He still maintained a firm and gloomy silence. The conflict in his bosom, between the dictates of humanity and the pleadings of a high and honorable pride, was terrific.

In the evening the English recommenced their fire. They kept it up all night, the whole of the next day, and the ensuing night. Two thousand of the citizens had now perished. Three hun-

dred houses were burned to the ground. Two thousand dwellings had been blown to pieces by the shells. Half of the city was in flames. Several beautiful churches were in ruins. The arsenal was on fire. For three days and three nights those demoniac engines of death, exploding in thronged streets, in churches, chambers, parlors, nurseries, had filled the city with carnage, frightful beyond all conception. There was no place of safety for helpless infancy or for decrepit age. The terrific shells, crushing through the roofs of the houses, descended to the cellars, bursting, with thunder peal, they buried the mangled forms of the family in the ruins of their dwellings. Happy were they who were instantaneously killed. The wounded, struggling hopelessly beneath the ruins, were slowly burned alive in the smouldering flames.

The fragments of shells, flying in every direction, produced ghastly mutilation. The mother, distracted with terror, saw the limbs of her infant torn from its body. The father, clasping the form of his daughter to his bosom, witnessed with a delirium of agony, that fair form lacerated and mangled hideously in his arms. The thunders of the cannonade, the explosion of shells, the crash of falling dwellings, the wide wasting conflagration, the dense volumes of suffocating smoke, the shrieks of women and children, the pools of gore in parlors and on pavements, the mutilated forms of the dying and of the dead, presented a spectacle which no imagination can compass. General Peymann could endure this horrible massacre of women and children no longer. Copenhagen was surrendered to England.

The victors rushed into the city. Almost every house was more or less shattered. One eighth part of the city was in ashes. It required the utmost exertions of both friend and foe to arrest the conflagration. They found about fifty vessels, ships, brigs, and frigates, of which they immediately took possession. Two ships of the line upon the stocks were burned; three frigates were also destroyed. All the timber in the shipyards, the tools of the workmen, and an immense quantity of naval stores, were conveyed on board the English squadron. From the ramparts and the floating batteries they took 3500 pieces of artillery. The prize money divided among the crew amounted, as estimated by Admiral Lord Gambier, to four millions, eight hundred thousand dollars. One half of the English crews were then put on board the Danish ships. The entire expedition, leaving the hapless metropolis of the Danes drenched with blood and smouldering with fire, made sail for the coast of England. With triumphant salutes and streaming banners of victory, the squadron entered the Thames. Such was the emphatic response which the cabinet of St. James gave to Napoleon's earnest appeal for peace, through the mediation of Russia.

The Duke of Wellington had just returned from boundless conquests in India. At Copenhagen he commenced that European career, which he afterward terminated so brilliantly at Waterloo. When the expedition returned to London, the *Iron Duke* received the thanks of Parliament for the skill and efficiency with which he had conducted the bombardment of Copenhagen and Waterloo! The day is not far distant when England will be willing to forget them both.*

* Say the Berkeley men in the *Napoleon Dynasty*, "Sir Arthur Wellesley had been recalled from the East Indies, where he had achieved all his fame hitherto, by a career of robbery and crime, extortion, murder, and the extinction of nations, compared with which Napoleon's worst acts of usurpation, in the height of his ambition, paled into insignificance. And here we will allow truth to arrest us for a single moment, while we enter our protest against any of the complaints of England or of English writers about the usurpations of Napoleon. For the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement England has robbed more territory, taken more lives, confiscated more property, enslaved more men, and wrought wider and darker ruin on the plains of Asia, than Napoleon can ever be charged

with, if upon his single head were to rain down the curses of every widow and orphan made in Europe for a quarter of a century. It is unholty mockery of truth, it is puritanic cant, it is English spite against Napoleon's eagles. England began under the administration of Pitt, the work of crushing the French Republic. She kept it up to gratify the ambition and spite of her ministers, and she carried it through to maintain the position she had taken. It was all a costly, and well-nigh a fatal mistake for England. And her historians have no business whatever, to vent their spleen upon the only man on the Continent who ventured to set limits to the proud empire of Britain." Strong and impassioned as is this utterance, it can not be controverted by facts.

In reference to this deed there was but one sentiment throughout all Europe. Nowhere was it more severely condemned than in England. Distinguished members of both houses of Parliament, and the masses of the people raised a loud cry of indignation. Lord Grenville, Addington, Sheridan, Grey, and others, most vehemently expressed their abhorrence. All idea of peace was now abandoned. England on the one hand, and Napoleon on the other, prepared for the most desperate renewal of the strife.

Russia was extremely anxious to wrest from the Turks the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia upon the Danube. She would thus make a long stride toward Constantinople. The Turks, unaided by other powers, could not prevent this conquest. Napoleon was reluctant to allow Russia to make such an advance toward the Empire of the East. With great hesitancy he was at times half disposed, for the sake of securing the friendship of Alexander, to consent to this encroachment. The British cabinet immediately dispatched a messenger to Alexander to endeavor to secure his favor, by offering to aid him in obtaining these provinces. An envoy extraordinary was sent to Austria, to dispose her to see with calmness Moldavia and Wallachia become the property of the Russians. The English ambassador at St. Petersburg endeavored to apologize for the affair of Copenhagen. He said that the British ministers had merely endeavored to deprive the common enemy of Europe of the means of doing mischief; that Russia ought to rejoice over the event instead of being irritated by it; that England relied upon Russia to bring back Denmark to a more just appreciation of the occurrence, and that the fleet should be returned to the Danes if Denmark would join against Napoleon. Alexander was indignant, and returned a haughty reply. Diplomatic intercourse between the two countries soon ceased.

Alexander immediately sent for General Savary, the envoy of Napoleon, and thus addressed him: "You know that our efforts for peace have ended in war. I expected it. But I confess I did not expect either the Copenhagen expedition, or the arrogance of the British cabinet. My resolution is taken, and I am ready to fulfill my engagements. I am entirely disposed to follow that conduct which shall best suit your master. I have seen Napoleon. I flatter myself that I have inspired him with a part of the sentiments with which he has inspired me. I am certain

with, if upon his single head were to rain down the curses of every widow and orphan made in Europe for a quarter of a century. It is unholty mockery of truth, it is puritanic cant, it is English spite against Napoleon's eagles. England began under the administration of Pitt, the work of crushing the French Republic. She kept it up to gratify the ambition and spite of her ministers, and she carried it through to maintain the position she had taken. It was all a costly, and well-nigh a fatal mistake for England. And her historians have no business whatever, to vent their spleen upon the only man on the Continent who ventured to set limits to the proud empire of Britain." Strong and impassioned as is this utterance, it can not be controverted by facts.

that he is sincere. Oh, that I could see him as at Tilsit—every day, every hour. What talent for conversation! What an understanding! What a genius! How much should I gain by living frequently near him! How many things he has taught me in a few days! But we are so far distant! However, I hope to visit him soon.”

Alexander requested permission to purchase muskets from the French manufactories. “I desire,” said he, “that the two armies, now destined to serve the same cause, may use the same weapons.” He also solicited permission to send the cadets, who were to serve in the Russian navy, to France for their education. These friendly expressions were accompanied by a magnificent present of furs, for the Emperor Napoleon. “I wish to be his furrier,” said Alexander. Napoleon was greatly embarrassed. The cordial friendship of Alexander gratified him. He perceived the intensity of desire with which this ambitious monarch was contemplating Constantinople, and a mighty empire in the East. The growth of Russia threatened to overshadow Europe, and to subjugate the world. “Leaning upon the north pole,” with her right hand grasping the Baltic, and her left the Dardanelles, she might claim universal sovereignty. Nothing would satisfy Alexander but permission to march toward the East. Napoleon earnestly desired his friendship, and also feared to make concessions too dangerous for the repose of Europe. He sent Caulaincourt to St. Petersburg, as his confidential ambassador; informed him fully of his embarrassments, and urged him to do every thing in his power to maintain the alliance without encouraging the designs of Alexander upon the Turkish Empire. That Caulaincourt might worthily represent the great nation, Napoleon allowed him the sum of 160,000 dollars a year, and placed in his suite several of the most distinguished young men of France. He also wrote a letter to Alexander, thanking him for his presents, and returning still more magnificent gifts of Sèvres porcelain. Denmark promptly threw herself into the arms of Napoleon. A strong division of French troops, at the solicitation of the Danish court, immediately entered Denmark for its protection.

Alexander himself, having been brought under the fascinations of Napoleon’s mind at Tilsit, was perfectly enthusiastic in his admiration of his new ally. But the Russian nobles, having never seen the great enchanter, trembled at the advance of democratic freedom. The republican equality of France would elevate the serf and depress the noble. The Czar was willing that his haughty lords should lose a little of their power, and that his degraded serfs should become a little more manly. Hence there arose two parties in Russia. One, headed by the haughty Queen Mother, and embraced by most of the nobles, was for war with France, the Emperor was at the head of the less numerous and the less influential peace party.

Caulaincourt, conscious of the hostility still ex-

isting in the bosoms of the Russian nobles toward Napoleon, sent an employé into the circles of the old aristocracy at Moscow, to report to him what was said there. Freely the nobles censured the sudden change at Tilsit, by which the young Czar had espoused the policy of France. War with England struck the commerce of Russia a deadly blow. Nothing, they said, could compensate for such sacrifices but obtaining possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. Napoleon, however, they affirmed, will never allow Russia to take those fine provinces. Caulaincourt immediately transmitted these particulars to Napoleon. He assured the Emperor that notwithstanding the sincerity of Alexander, the court of Russia, deeply mortified, could not be relied upon. Napoleon pondered the question long and anxiously. The alliance of Russia was of vital importance. The aggressive power of Russia, overshadowing Europe with its gloom of despotism, was greatly to be dreaded. The Turks, having deposed, imprisoned, and finally put to death Sultan Selim, the friend of Napoleon, were now cutting off the heads of all who were in favor of alliance with France. The agents of England were busy in rousing the barbarian Turks. They did not hold themselves accountable for the excesses which ensued.

Napoleon was not much troubled with conscientious scruples about transferring the sovereignty of Turkish provinces to Russia. The only claims the Turks had to those provinces were claims obtained by fire and sword—by outrages, the recital of which causes the ear to tingle. The right of proud despots to rob a people of liberty and of happiness is not a very sacred right. Bad as was the government of Russia, the government of Turkey was still worse. Napoleon consequently did not hesitate to consent to the transfer of these provinces because he thought it would be wrong, but simply because he thought it would be impolitic. The Turkish government waging now a savage war against him, and in alliance with England, his ever relentless foe, could claim from his hand no special protection. Napoleon could not, however, merely step aside, and let Turkey and Russia settle their difficulties between themselves. Turkey and England were now united as one power against France. The Turks, in defiance of Napoleon’s mediation, had renewed the war against Alexander. France was consequently pledged by the treaty of Tilsit to unite her armies with those of Russia.

Under these circumstances Napoleon proposed a conference with Alexander, and with Francis of Austria, to consider the whole Turkish question. He also suggested a grand, gigantic enterprise, of the three united powers, to cross the continent of Asia, and attack the English in the territories which they had invaded in India. Austria was deeply interested in this matter. Already she was overshadowed by the colossal empire of the North. To have the mouths of the Danube, the Mississippi of Austria, in the hands of the Turks, indolent as they were, was bad enough. The transfer of the portals of that majestic stream

to the custody of her great rival, Russia, was to be resisted at all hazards. Alexander received the proposal of a conference with transports of joy. The acquisition of the coveted provinces would add to the glory of his reign, would immeasurably increase the prospective greatness of Russia, and would compel the nobles to a cordial approval of his alliance with France. So deeply was Alexander excited, that he read the letter of Napoleon with trembling eagerness. Caulaincourt, who had delivered to him the letter, was present.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alexander, again and again, as he read the welcome lines, "the great man! the great man!" Tell him that I am devoted to him for life. My empire, my armies, are all at his disposal. When I ask him to grant something to satisfy the pride of the Russian nation, it is not from ambition that I speak. I wish to give him that nation whole and entire, and as devoted to his great projects as I am myself. Your master purposes to interest Austria in the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. He is in the right. It is a wise conception. I cordially join in it.

"He designs an expedition to India. I consent to that too. I have already made him acquainted, in our long conversations at Tilsit, with the difficulties attending it. He is accustomed to take no account of obstacles. Nevertheless the climate and distances here, present such as surpass all that he can imagine. But let him be easy. The preparations on my part shall be proportioned to the difficulties. We must come to an understanding about the territories which we are going to wrest from Turkish barbarism. This subject, however, can be usefully discussed only in an interview between me and Napoleon. As soon as our ideas have arrived at a commencement of maturity, I shall leave St. Petersburg, and go to meet your Emperor at whatever distance he pleases. I should like to go as far as Paris. But I can not. Besides, it is a meeting upon business which we want, not a meeting for parade and pleasure. We might choose Weimar, where he would be among our own family. But even there we should be annoyed by a thousand things. At Erfurt we should be more free, more to ourselves. Propose that place to your sovereign. When his answer arrives I will set out immediately. I shall travel like a courier."

Here originated the idea of the celebrated conference which was soon held at Erfurt. After many long interviews between the Russian minister and the French ambassador, two plans were addressed to Napoleon for his consideration. The one proposed but a partial division of the Turkish empire. The Turks were to be left in possession of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and of all their Asiatic possessions. Russia was to have the coveted provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, upon the left of the Danube, and Bulgaria upon the right. Austria, as a consolation for seeing the Colossus of the North take so long a step toward universal power, was to receive Servia and Bosnia. Greece was to be emancipated from

its Turkish oppressors, and placed under the protection of France. The second plan was bold and gigantic in the extreme. All of Europe and all of Asia Minor were to be rescued from Turkish sway. Russia was to gratify her long and intensely cherished ambition, in taking possession of Constantinople, and all the adjoining provinces on each side of the Bosphorus. Austria was to receive a rich accession to her territory in the partition. All of Greece, all the islands of the Archipelago, the straits of the Dardanelles, Cyprus, Syria, and Egypt were to be transferred to France. Such were the plans proposed by the Russian cabinet to Napoleon. It was not deemed prudent to affix any signature to a paper containing propositions of such startling magnitude. As the documents were placed in the hands of the French ambassador to be conveyed to Napoleon, Alexander, whose ambition was excited to its highest pulsations, said to him: "Tell Napoleon that this note meets my full approbation. It is an authentic expression of the ideas of the Russian cabinet."*

* This extraordinary document, so characteristic of the times, and of the illustrious personages then, by their position and energies, controlling the fate of Europe, we give in full, unaltered and unabridged:

"Since his Majesty, the Emperor of the French and the King of Italy, &c., has recently adjudged that in order to attain a general peace, and to secure the tranquillity of Europe, it would be expedient to weaken the Ottoman empire, by the dismemberment of its provinces, the Emperor Alexander, faithful to his engagements and to his friendship, is ready to concur in it.

"The first idea which could not fail to present itself to the Emperor of all the Russias, who is fond of calling to mind the occurrences at Tilsit, when this overture was made to him, was that the Emperor, his ally, purposed to proceed immediately to the execution of what the two monarchs had agreed upon in the treaty of alliance relative to the Turks; and that he added to it the proposal of an expedition to India.

"It had been settled at Tilsit that the Ottoman power was to be driven back into Asia, retaining in Europe nothing but the city of Constantinople and Roumelia.

"There was drawn at the same time this consequence, that the Emperor of the French should acquire Albania, and Morea, and the island of Candia.

"Wallachia and Moldavia were next allotted to Russia, giving that empire the Danube for its boundary, comprehending Bessarabia, which is in fact a strip of sea-coast, and which is commonly considered as forming part of Moldavia. If to this portion be added Bulgaria, the Emperor is ready to concur in the expedition to India, of which there had been then no question, provided that this expedition to India, as the Emperor Napoleon himself has just traced its route, shall proceed through Asia Minor.

"The Emperor Alexander applauded himself for the idea of gaining the concurrence of a corps of Austrian troops in the expedition to India, and as the Emperor, his ally, seemed to wish that it should not be numerous, he conceives that this concurrence would be adequately compensated by awarding to Austria Turkish Croatia and Bosnia, unless the Emperor of the French should find it convenient to retain a portion of them. There might, moreover, be offered to Austria a less direct but very considerable interest, by settling the future condition of Servia, incontestably one of the fine provinces of the Ottoman empire, in the following manner.

"The Servians are a warlike people, and that quality, which always commands esteem, must excite a wish to regulate their lot judiciously.

"The Servians, fraught with a feeling of just vengeance against the Turks, have boldly shaken off the yoke of their oppressors, and are, it is said, resolved never to

Upon receiving this communication, Napoleon peremptorily refused his assent to the latter plan. No consideration could induce him to permit Russia to take possession of Constantinople. He was ready to break the alliance, and to see that immense power again arrayed against him, rather

wear it again. In order to consolidate peace, it seems necessary, therefore, to make them independent of the Turks.

"The peace of Tilsit determines nothing in regard to them. Their own wish, expressed strongly and more than once, has led them to implore the Emperor Alexander to admit them into the number of his subjects. This attachment to his person makes him desirous that they should live happy and content, without insisting upon extending his sway. His Majesty seeks no acquisition that could obstruct peace. He makes with pleasure this sacrifice, and all those which can contribute to render it speedy and solid. He proposes, in consequence, to erect Servia into an independent kingdom, to give its crown to one of the Archdukes who is not the head of any sovereign branch, and who is sufficiently remote from the succession to the throne of Austria; and in this case it should be stipulated that this kingdom should never be incorporated with the mass of the dominions of that house.

"This whole supposition of the dismemberment of the Turkish provinces, as explained above, being founded upon the engagements at Tilsit, has not appeared to offer any difficulty to the two persons commissioned by the two Emperors to discuss together the means of attaining the ends proposed by their Imperial Majesties.

"The Emperor of Russia is ready to take part in a treaty between the three emperors which should fix the conditions above expressed; but on the other hand, having conceived that the letter which he recently received from the Emperor of the French seemed to indicate the resolution of a much more extended dismemberment of the Ottoman empire than that which had been projected between them at Tilsit, that monarch, in order to meet the interests of the three imperial courts, and particularly in order to give the Emperor, his ally, all the proofs of friendship and deference that are in his power, has declared that, without wanting a further diminution of the strength of the Ottoman Porte, he would cheerfully concur in it.

"He has laid down as a principle of his interest in this greater partition, that his share of the increased acquisition should be moderate in extent or magnitude, and that he would consent that the share of his ally in particular should be marked out of much larger proportion. His Majesty has added that beside this principle of moderation he placed one of wisdom, which consisted in not finding himself by this new plan of partition worse placed than he is at the present in regard to boundaries and commercial relations.

"Setting out with these two principles, the Emperor Alexander would see, not only without jealousy but with pleasure, the Emperor Napoleon acquire and incorporate with his dominion, in addition to what has been mentioned above, all the islands of the Archipelago, Cyprus, Rhodes, and even whatever is left of the seaports of the Levant, Syria, and Egypt.

"In case of this more extensive partition, the Emperor Alexander would change his preceding opinion respecting the state of Servia. Studying to form an honorable and highly advantageous share for the house of Austria, he should wish that Servia should be incorporated with the mass of the Austrian dominions, and that there should be added to it Macedonia, with the exception of that part of Macedonia which France might desire in order to fortify her Albanian frontier, so as that France might obtain Salonichi. This line of the Austrian frontier might be drawn from Scopia to Orphane, and would make the power of the house of Austria extend to the sea.

"Croatia might belong to France or to Austria, as the Emperor Napoleon pleased.

"The Emperor Alexander can not disguise from his ally that, finding a particular satisfaction in all that has been said at Tilsit, he places, according to the advice of the Emperor, his friend, those possessions of the house of

than thus betray the liberties of Europe. "Constantinople," said Alexander, "is the key of my house." "Constantinople!" exclaimed Napoleon. "It is the dominion of the world."

The possession of European Turkey will enable Russia to bid defiance to every foe. The

Austria between theirs, in order to avoid the point of contact, always so liable to cool friendship.

"The share of Russia in this new and extensive partition would have added to that which was awarded to her in the preceding plan, the possession of the city of Constantinople, with a radius of a few leagues in Asia; and in Europe, part of Roumelia, so as that the frontier of Russia, on the side of the new possessions of Austria, setting out from Bulgaria, should follow the frontier of Servia to a little beyond Soliznick, and the chain of mountains which runs from Sotemick to Trayanpol inclusive, and then the river Moriza to the sea.

"In the conversation which has taken place respecting this second plan of partition, there has been this difference of opinion, that one of the two persons conceived that, if Russia were to possess Constantinople, France ought to possess the Dardanelles, or at least to appropriate to herself that which was on the Asiatic side. This assertion was contested, on the other part, upon the ground of the immense disproportion proposed to be made in the shares of this new and greater partition, and that even the occupation of the fort would utterly destroy this principle of the Emperor of Russia not to be worse placed than he now is in regard to his geographical and commercial relations.

"The Emperor Alexander, moved by the feeling of his extreme friendship for the Emperor Napoleon, has declared, with a view to remove the difficulty; 1stly. That he would agree to a military road for France, running through the new possessions of Austria and Russia, opening to her a military route to the ports of Syria. 2dly. That, if the Emperor Napoleon wished to possess Smyrna, or any other port on the coast of Natolia, from the point of that coast which is opposite to Mytilene to that which is situated opposite to Rhodes, and should send troops thither to conquer them, the Emperor Alexander is ready to assist in this enterprise, by joining, for this purpose, a corps of his troops to the French troops. 3dly. That if Smyrna, or any other possession on the coast of Natolia, such as has just been pointed out, having come under the dominion of France, should afterward be attacked, not merely by the Turks, but even by the English, in hatred of that treaty, his Majesty the Emperor of Russia will, in that case, proceed to the aid of his ally, whenever he shall be required to do so.

"4thly. His Majesty thinks that the house of Austria might, on the same footing, assist France in taking possession of Salonichi, and proceed to the aid of that port whenever it shall be required of her.

"5thly. The Emperor of Russia declares that he has no wish to acquire the south coast of the Black Sea, which is in Asia, though, in the discussion, it was thought that it might be desirable for him.

"6thly. The Emperor of Russia has declared that whatever might be the success of his troops in India, he should not desire to possess any thing there, and that he would cheerfully consent that France should make for herself all the territorial acquisitions in India which she might think fit. And that it should be likewise at her option to cede any portion of the conquests which she might make there to her allies.

"If the two allies agree together in a precise manner, that they adopt one or the other of these two plans of partition, his Majesty the Emperor Alexander will have extreme pleasure in repairing to the personal interview which has been proposed to him, and which could perhaps take place at Erfurt. He conceives that it would be advantageous if the basis of the engagements that are to be made there, were previously fixed with a sort of precision, that the two emperors may have nothing to add to the extreme satisfaction of seeing one another but that of being enabled to sign without delay the fate of this part of this globe, and thereby, as they purpose to themselves, to force England to desire that peace from which she now keeps aloof willfully and with such boasting."



THE RECEPTION AT VENICE

Black Sea becomes a Russian harbor which no enemy can penetrate. How this conquest is to be prevented is now the great problem which agitates every cabinet in the old world. The foresight of Napoleon anticipated this question. "In half a century," said he, at St. Helena, "Europe will become either Republican or Cossack." Republican equality was entombed at

St. Helena. Europe now promises to become Cossack.

Austria was in great perplexity. She dreaded the liberal opinions which France was every where diffusing. She was inconsolable for the loss of Italy. She was intensely mortified by the defeats of Ulm and Austerlitz. She was much alarmed by the encroachments of Alexan-

der, her great rival. On the other hand she was unable to cope with France, even with Russia as an ally. How then could she resist France and Russia combined! England, always unpopular, had become absolutely odious to Europe by her conduct at Copenhagen. Yet through England alone could Austria hope to regain Italy, and to retard the appalling growth of Russia. Napoleon was perfectly frank in his communications with the court of Vienna. There was no occasion for intrigue. He sincerely wished to unite Austria and Russia with France, that, upon perfectly equitable terms, peace might be forced upon England. He desired nothing so much as leisure to develop the resources of France, and to make his majestic empire the garden of the world. Weary of contending with all Europe against him, he was willing to make almost any concessions for the sake of peace. "England," said he, "is the great enemy of peace. The world demands repose. England can not hold out against the strongly expressed unanimity of the Continent."

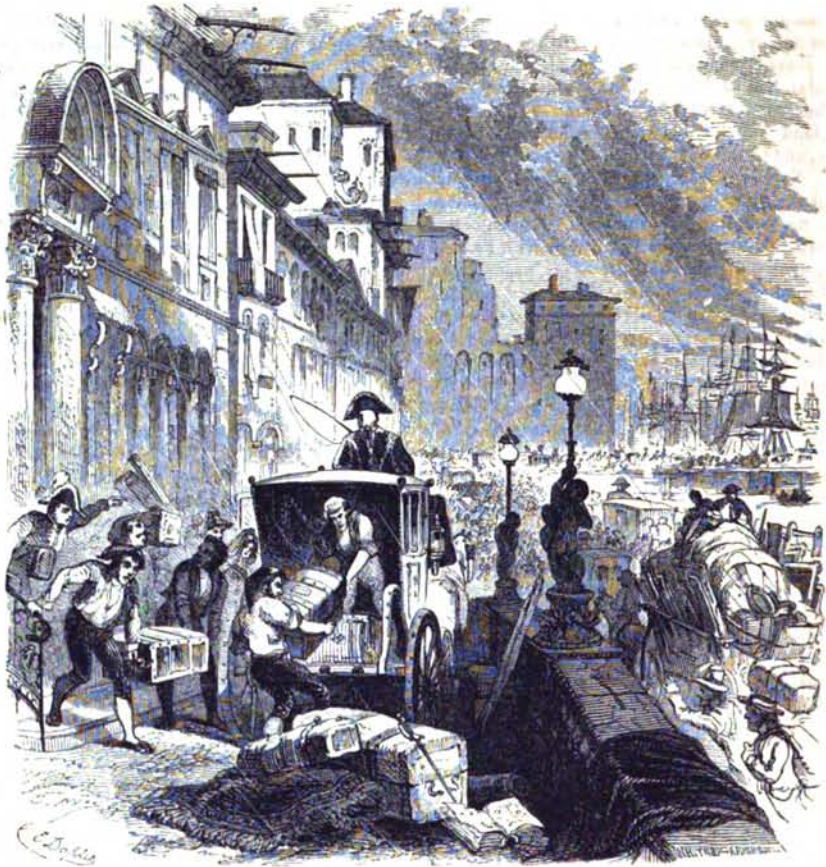
The Austrian court, never frank and honorable, with much hesitancy, joined the continental alliance. An envoy was dispatched to the court of St. James, with two messages. The one was public and for the ear of Europe. It declared that France, through the mediation of Russia, had proposed equitable terms for peace; and, that, if England now refused peace, all nations must combine against her. The other message was secret and deceitful. It stated that Austria, left alone upon the Continent, could not resist

France and Russia. There was a little blending of magnanimity in the addition, that England ought to think of peace; that if she still persisted in war her best friends would be compelled to abandon her. The Austrian ambassador was also commissioned boldly to declare, that the act, perpetrated at Copenhagen, was an outrage which was deeply felt by every neutral state.

About this time Napoleon left Paris for a tour through Italy. He passed from city to city, with his accustomed celerity, allowing himself no time for repose. With a glance of the eye he decided, and decided wisely, upon the most important public works. He left Paris the 16th of November, 1807. Josephine accompanied him. At midnight of the 15th, at the close of a brilliant assembly in the Tuileries, Napoleon said, in retiring, to an attendant, "carriages at six, for Italy." This was the only announcement of his journey. Even Josephine had received no previous notice. On the morning of the 21st, his chariot wheels were rattling over the pavements of Milan. Eugene was taken by surprise. Immediately on the morning of his arrival, Napoleon visited the Cathedral of Milan, where a *Te Deum* was chanted. His pensive and impassioned spirit ever enjoyed the tolling of bells, the peal of the organ, the swell of the anthem, the dim religious light, struggling through aisles and groined arches, and amidst the pillars and gorgeous adornings of the most imposing temples of worship. His serious and earnest nature was never attuned to mirthfulness.



THE RETURN FROM ITALY.



THE FLIGHT OF THE PORTUGUESE COURT.

In no scene of midnight wassail or bacchanalian revelry was he ever found. Napoleon seldom smiled. A gentle melancholy overshadowed him. Intense earnestness pervaded his being. In the afternoon he visited the vice-queen, the young and noble bride of Eugene. In the evening he went to the theatre, to show himself to the Italians. For comedy, he had no relish. The soul-stirring incidents of the most exalted tragedy, he richly enjoyed. The Legislative Assembly was immediately called together. Napoleon thus addressed them, "Gentlemen! It is with pleasure that I see you around my throne. After an absence of three years, I am much gratified to observe the progress which has been made by my people. But there are still many things to be done ere the errors of our fathers can be effaced, and Italy rendered worthy of the high destiny reserved for her. The intestine divisions of our ancestors, occasioned by their miserable egotism and love of individual localities, led to the gradual loss of all their rights. The country was disinherited of its rank and dignity, bequeathed by those who in remote ages had spread afar the renown of their arms, and the

fame of their manly virtues. To restore that renown and those virtues will be the object and the glory of my reign." The Italians had not listened to such noble words for ages.

The three next days were devoted to business. Innumerable orders were dispatched. In crossing Mount Cenis, by the new road which he had constructed, he was impressed with the deficiency of accommodation for travelers on those bleak and snow-drifted heights. He gave orders for the creation of three hamlets. One upon the summit of the mountain, and one at the commencement of the ascent on each side. On the summit he ordered the erection of a church, an inn, a hospital, and a barrack. He granted exemption from taxes for all the peasants who would settle in these hamlets. A population was commenced, by establishing bands of soldiers at each of these points, charged to keep the road, over the difficult mountain pass, in repair, and to assemble, in case of accident, wherever their assistance might be needed. Having in a few days accomplished works which would have occupied most minds for months, on the 10th of December, he set off for Venice, tak-

ing the road by Brescia, Verona and Padua He was greeted, wherever he appeared, by the most enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

On the road, he met the King and Queen of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugene had married, his sister Eliza, and his brother Joseph, whom he most fondly loved. The three royal bands united. In one meteor of splendor they swept gorgeously along over the hills and through the valleys of rejoicing and regenerated Italy. Arriving at Venice, the authorities, and a vast population, awaited him in gondolas decorated with silken hangings and with streaming banners. He was floated along the crystal streets of the proud queen of the Adriatic, enveloped in the most exultant strains of music, and in shouts of welcome. The barges were indeed freighted with a magnificent company. The Emperor was attended by the Viceroy of Italy and his noble bride, by the King and Queen of Bavaria, the King of Naples, Eliza the Princess of Lucca, Murat the Grand-Duke of Berg, and by Berthier the Grand-Duke of Neufchatel. Venice, exulting in her escape from tyrannical laws, earnestly hoped that Napoleon would annex her to the highly-favored Kingdom of Italy.

In the midst of these scenes of festivity, Napoleon's energies were all engrossed in devising works of great public utility. He visited the dock-yards, the canals, the arsenal, accompanied by efficient engineers. An enterprise, was immediately commenced for rendering the waters

of Venice navigable for ships of any burthen. He organized an administration for keeping the canals in good condition, and for deepening the lagoons. He decreed a basin for seventy-four gun ships, a grand canal, hydraulic works of immense importance. He instituted a free port into which commerce might bring merchandise, before the payment of duties. The public health was provided for by transferring burials from churches to an island cemetery. The pleasures of the people were not forgotten. The beautiful place of St. Mark, rich in historical associations, and the pride of Venice, was repaired, embellished, and brilliantly lighted. Hospitals were established.

Such were the benefits which Napoleon conferred upon Venice. In that flying visit of a few days, he accomplished more for the welfare of the state, than Austria had attempted during ages of misrule. It was for the glory which such achievements would secure, that his soul hungered. He received, in return, the heartiest acclamations of a grateful people. But Venice, and other large portions of Italy, had been wrested from the domination of Austria. The cabinet of Vienna was watching, with an eagle eye, to fall upon this king of democracy, and to regain her lost possessions.

Leaving Venice he inspected the principal fortifications of the Kingdom of Italy. At Mantua he had appointed a meeting with his brother Lucien. For some time they had been partially



INTERVIEW WITH THE SPANISH PRINCES.



THE DEPARTURE OF JOSEPH INTO SPAIN

estranged. Napoleon earnestly desired a reconciliation. Lucien had secretly married, for a second wife, the widow of a Parisian banker. He was a high-spirited man, of commanding talent and decided character, and was not at all disposed to place himself under the guidance of his brother's mind. Napoleon, conscious of his own power, and seldom distrusting the wisdom of his own decisions, wished for agents who would execute his plans. The private interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien left in tears. The brothers could not agree in their views, though they retained a cordial esteem for each other. But little can be known respecting this interview, except what is related by Baron Meneval, Napoleon's secretary. He says:

"After having received the orders of the Emperor, I went, about 9 o'clock in the evening, to seek Lucien Bonaparte at the inn where he had alighted. I conducted him to the cabinet of the Emperor. The interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien, upon leaving, was extremely agitated. His eyes were flooded with tears. I reconducted him to the inn. There I

learned that the Emperor had made the most pressing solicitations, to induce Lucien to return to France and to accept a throne; but that the conditions imposed wounded his domestic affections and his political independence. He charged me to make his adieu to the Emperor, 'perhaps,' he added, 'for ever.' The Emperor finding his brother inflexible, gave him time to consider his propositions. He charged his brothers and his ministers, Talleyrand and Fouché, to urge his acceptance. They could accomplish nothing. Napoleon regretted to be deprived of the co-operation of a man, whose noble character and exalted talents he highly esteemed. The eagerness, with which Lucien hastened to place himself by his brother's side, in the hour of adversity, is his best eulogy."

It is a noble testimonial of the private virtues of both of these men, that when Napoleon was imprisoned upon the rock of St. Helena, Lucien applied to the British government for permission to share his captivity. He offered to go, with or without his wife and children, for two years. He engaged not to occasion any augmentation of expense, and promised to submit to every

restriction imposed upon his brother, or that might be imposed upon himself either before his departure or after his return.

Napoleon immediately left Mantua for Milan. Upon his arrival at the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, he found innumerable letters awaiting him from all parts of Europe. England began now to suffer very severely from the operation of the Berlin decrees. She could not sell her goods. Her capitalists were failing. Her manufactories were crumbling to ruin. Her workmen were starving. The Continent on the contrary was by no means proportionately afflicted. Napoleon had opened new channels of traffic. The arts and manufactures were generally in a state of prosperity.

Under the influence of this exasperation, England issued some new orders in council. They were more rigorous and severe than the first. By these decrees England reaffirmed the blockade of France, and of all the continental states in alliance with France. She also declared all vessels, of whatever nation, lawful prize, which were bound to France or to any of her allies, unless such vessels had cleared from, or touched at, some English port. These neutral ships were ordered to pay in England a duty of twenty-five per cent. for all goods which they conveyed from their own country, or from any other nation except Great Britain, to France or to any of her allies. Thus England endeavored to remunerate herself, by a tax upon the commerce of the world, for Napoleon's refusal to purchase her goods.

Napoleon, upon receiving at Milan, these orders of the British cabinet, immediately issued, in retaliation, his famous Milan decree. In his Berlin decrees he excluded from the ports of France and of her allies, every English vessel, or every vessel which had touched at an English port, and which might thus be supposed to have on board English goods. He refused to have any commercial intercourse whatever with his belligerent neighbor, until England should manifest a more pacific spirit. As England confiscated all French property which could be found upon the ocean, Napoleon confiscated all English property he could find upon the land.

But in the Milan decrees, imitating the violence of England, and as regardless of the rights of neutrals as was his powerful foe, he declared every vessel *denationalized*, and therefore lawful prize, which should recognize the authority of these British orders, by paying the duty demanded. "These rigorous measures," said he, "shall cease in regard to any nations which shall have caused the English government to respect the rights of their flags. They shall continue with regard to all others, and never be released till Great Britain shows a disposition to return to the laws of nations, as well as to those of justice and honor." Thus England declared all ships, of whatever nation, lawful prize, which should fail to touch at her ports and pay duty. Napoleon declared all lawful prize which should consent to touch at English ports and pay duty.

Beneath the gigantic tread of these hostile powers, weaker nations were trampled in the dust.

Napoleon, in his Milan decree, remarked, "All the sovereigns of Europe have in trust, the sovereignty and independence of their flags. If, by an unpardonable weakness, such a tyranny is allowed to be established into a principle, and consecrated by usage, the English will avail themselves of it in order to assert the same as a right, as they have availed themselves of the tolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension which infringes on the sovereignty of every state." He, however, immediately communicated to the American government, that his commercial decrees were not intended to apply to the United States. "The United States of America," he afterwards said to the Legislative Body, "have rather chosen to abandon commerce and the sea, than acknowledge their slavery to England."

Napoleon also learned at Milan that England had ordered the troops, returning triumphantly from Copenhagen, to proceed to Portugal. In the harbors of that feeble power, which was in reality but a colony of Great Britain, and at the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, which she had wrested from Spain, England was assembling the most formidable forces. Napoleon immediately informed Spain, his unreliable ally, of her danger, and sent troops to her assistance. As Napoleon left Milan, the grateful Italians voted the erection of a monument to perpetuate the memory of the benefits which their illustrious benefactor had conferred upon them.

Napoleon then hastened to Piedmont, and examined the magnificent fortress which he was rearing at Alexandria. Thence he went to Turin, rousing wherever he appeared the energies of the people, and scattering benefits with a liberal hand. He ordered the channel of the Po to be deepened, that it might be navigable to Alexandria. He marked out the route, with his own consummate engineering skill, for a canal to unite the waters of the Po and of the Mediterranean. He opened a high road over Mount Genevre, thus constructing a new route between France and Piedmont. Seven bridges, at his imperial command, with graceful arches, sprang over as many streams. For all these useful expenses his foresight provided the financial means. It is not strange that voluptuous kings, dallying with beauty, and luxuriating in all sensual indulgence, should have dreaded the influence of this energetic monarch, who, entirely regardless of all personal ease and comfort, was consecrating his whole being to the elevation of the masses of mankind. It is but just to Napoleon to contrast the benefits which he conferred upon Italy, and upon every country where he gained an influence, with the course which England pursued in the vast territories which she had conquered in India.

"England," says Burke, "has erected no

churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion by any thing better than the ourang-outang or the tiger."

Napoleon left Turin enveloped in the acclamations which he so richly merited. Josephine, in whose bosom bliss and agony were struggling for the supremacy, sat at his side. She loved her magnificent husband with a fervor which has, perhaps, never been surpassed. His smile, his gentle caress, his most extraordinary and unremitting attentions, his burning words of love, attested the sincerity with which he reciprocated the affection and the homage of his wife. She well knew that this strange, fascinating man, intensely as he loved her, would tear from his heart every quivering fibre of affection, if he deemed it essential for the accomplishment of his plans.

On the evening of the 1st of January, 1808, he returned to Paris. The court and the city authorities immediately thronged the Tuileries with the offerings of their heartfelt homage. The rejoicing Parisians filled the garden; bells rang; illuminations blazed. The acclamations of hundreds of thousands, filling the air with the sublime roar of human voices, proclaimed to Napoleon, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he was enthroned in the hearts of his people.

Napoleon immediately turned his whole attention to the affairs of Portugal and of Spain. A more perplexing question was never presented to the human mind.

The kingdom of Portugal consists of a narrow strip of land spread along the western shores of the Spanish peninsula. In extent of territory it is about equal to the State of Maine. An ignorant and inefficient population of about three millions, debased by ages of oppression, loitered over its fields. Portugal was so entirely under the influence of the British cabinet, that it was virtually a colony of Great Britain. English ships filled her harbors. The warehouses of English merchants crowded the streets of her cities.

Napoleon transmitted a note to the Portuguese government requiring Portugal openly to espouse the one side or the other in the great conflict. If Portugal was willing to cast in her lot with the continental alliance, she was required, like the other powers, to close her ports against England, and to confiscate all the English goods in her territory. A diplomatic correspondence immediately ensued. All the communications of Napoleon were sent by the Portuguese government to the British ministers. Mr. Canning admitted in Parliament that the cabinet of St. James dictated the replies. The evasive answers which were returned, Napoleon perfectly understood. He immediately sent an army, in conjunction with Spain, to rescue Portugal from the dominion of the English. Resistance was in vain. None was attempted; not a gun was fired; not

a drop of blood was shed. A small army under General Junot, crossed the Pyrenees, and advanced with rapid steps toward Lisbon. The people, sunk in the lethargy of debasement, gazed upon the march of these French columns with unconcern. They were too much oppressed to love their wretched rulers. They were too deeply debased to cherish any noble aspirations for liberty.

The council at Lisbon was divided. Some were in favor of adhering to the English alliance, and with the aid of the English army and navy to oppose Napoleon. Others were for joining the continental alliance, and for abandoning England altogether. Others recommended that the whole court, with all the treasure which could be suddenly accumulated, should forsake Portugal, and retire across the Atlantic to their far more extensive possessions in Brazil. This majestic Portuguese province, in South America, with an Atlantic coast four thousand miles in length, was fifty times as large as the little kingdom of Portugal.

The latter plan was suddenly adopted, when it was announced to the imbecile court that Junot was within two days' march of Lisbon.

The Queen of Portugal was insane. The Prince Regent governed in her stead. A fleet of thirty-six ships of war and merchantmen were in the harbor of Lisbon ready to receive the royal retinue. It was the 27th of November, 1807. A cold storm of wind and rain swept the streets. But not an hour was to be lost. The Queen-mother, her eyes rolling in the wild frenzy of the maniac, the princes, the princesses, nearly all the members of the court, and most of the noble families, crowded through the flooded streets on board the squadron. Innumerable carts thronged the great thoroughfares, laden with plate and the priceless paintings and the sumptuous furniture of the royal palaces.

All the money which could by any possibility be accumulated by the energies of the government and by the efforts of the nobles, was conveyed on board the ships in chests. The quays were covered with treasures of every kind, drenched with rain and spattered with mud. Carriages were rattling to and fro conveying families to the hurried embarkation. Men, women, children, and servants, to the number of eight thousand, rushed, in a tumultuous mass, on board the squadron. The precipitation was such that, in several of the ships, the most necessary articles of food were forgotten. In the confusion of the embarkation husbands were separated from wives, and parents from children, as the mass was swept along by diverse currents into the different ships. They remained in the most anxious suspense respecting each other's safety until the termination of the voyage. An English fleet was cruising at the mouth of the Tagus, to protect the court in its inglorious flight. In a gale of wind, the fleet pressed out of the harbor. The British squadron received it with a royal salute. Sir Sydney Smith, who had command of the squadron, dispatched

a powerful convoy to accompany the fugitive court to its new home in Rio Janeiro. Scarcely had the receding sails vanished in the distant horizon, ere Junot made his appearance. He entered Lisbon with but fifteen hundred grenadiers. A population of three hundred thousand souls raised not a hand in resistance. Thus Portugal strangely passed, like a dream of enchantment, from the control of England into the hands of Napoleon.

A branch of the family of Bourbon occupied the throne of Spain. King Charles IV. was a gluttonous old man, imbecile in mind, impotent in action, dissolute in life. He was utterly despised. His wife, Louisa Maria, a Neapolitan princess, was as shameless a profligate as could be found in any dwelling of infamy in Spain. Manuel Godoy, a tall, graceful, handsome young soldier, was one of the body-guard of the King. Entirely destitute of moral principle, without any high intellectual endowments, he still possessed many attractions of person and of mind. He sang beautifully. He touched the lute with skill. He had romantic tastes. He loved the moonlight, and wandered beneath the shadows of the dark towers of the Escorial, and sang passionately the plaintive and the burning songs of Spain. The Queen, from the sunny clime of Italy, and from the voluptuous court of Naples, was the child of untamed passions. She heard the warbling voice of the young soldier; sent for him to the palace; lavished upon him wealth and honors, and surrendered her husband, the government, and her own person, without reserve, into his hands. The imbecile old king, happy to be relieved from the cares of state, cordially acquiesced in this arrangement. He also, in the inconceivable depths of a degradation which revolted not from dishonor, loved Godoy, leaned upon his shoulder, and called him his protector and friend. In consequence of the treaty of Basle, which Godoy effected, he received the title of the Prince of Peace.

"Every day," said Charles IV. to Napoleon, "winter as well as summer, I go out to shoot from the morning till noon. I then dine, and return to the chase, which I continue till sunset. Manuel Godoy then gives me a brief account of what is going on, and I go to bed to recommence the same life on the morrow." Such was the employment of this King of Spain during the years in which Europe was trembling, as by an earthquake, beneath the martial thunders of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Jena and Auerstadt, of Eylau and Friedland.

Charles IV. had three sons—Ferdinand, Carlos, and Francisco. Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the throne, was at this time twenty-five years of age. He was as imbecile as his father, and as profligate as his mother. "Our son Ferdinand," said Louisa, "has a mule's head and a tiger's heart." The young prince was anxious to ascend the throne. The great majority of the nation were with him. The people, disgusted with the debauchery of the court, thought that any change must be for the better. The once

mighty empire of Charles V. was descending with most rapid strides into the gulf of anarchy, poverty, and ruin. Godoy, the upstart favorite, was detested. Plots and counter-plots filled the realm. Spain was the disgrace of Europe. Neither the King nor the Queen had political foresight enough to care for the movements of Napoleon. Godoy hated and feared that mighty mind, that majestic intellect, which was overthrowing feudal thrones, and bringing up into the light of day the energies and the rights of the masses.

Ferdinand was accused by Godoy, and probably justly, of an attempt to poison father, mother, and minister. The heir-apparent was arrested and thrown into prison. The populace, from hatred to Godoy, espoused the cause of the imprisoned prince. Ferdinand aided in arousing them. An enormous mob of countless thousands, with knives and bludgeons, surrounded the palace of Godoy. The King's troops dared not attack them. The terrified favorite fled to the garret, and rolled himself up in a pile of old mats, among the cobwebs, behind the chimney. The mob burst in his doors, rushed in an inundation through his magnificent parlors; swarmed up the stairs and through the chambers. Sofas, mirrors, paintings, were hurled from the windows, and dashed in pieces upon the pavements. Two young ladies, the guilty favorites of Godoy, were carefully conducted to a carriage, and removed to a place of safety. The tramp of the mob was heard upon the floor of the garret. Godoy trembled in anticipation of a bloody death. The dusty mats concealed him. Night came and went. Day dawned, and its long, long hours lingered slowly away. Still the wretched man, tortured with hunger and thirst, dared not leave his retreat. Another night darkened over the insurgent city. The clamor of the triumphant mob filled all hearts with dismay. The trembling minister survived its protracted agony. For thirty-six hours he had now remained, cramped and motionless, in his retreat. In the dawn of the third morning, intolerable thirst drove him from his hiding-place. As he was creeping stealthily down the stairs, a watchful eye detected him, and shouted the alarm. The cry resounded from street to street. In confluent waves the masses rushed toward the palace. The wretched victim—his garments soiled and torn, his hat gone, his hair disheveled, his features haggard with terror and suffering—was thrust into the streets. A few mounted troops of the King, with gleaming sabres, cut their way through the throng. They seized him by his arms, and upon the full gallop dragged him, suspended from their saddles, over the rough pavements. The mob, like ravening wolves, rushed and roared after him. Half-dead with fright and bruises, Godoy was thrown, for protection, into the nearest prison, and the gates were closed against his pursuers.

The exasperated populace, with loud imprecations and vows of vengeance, turned their fury upon the dwellings of the friends of the hated favorite. House after house was sacked. And

now, the portentous cry was heard, "To the Palace!" The scenes of the French Revolution were recommenced in Madrid. Charles and Louisa were frantic with terror. Visions of dungeons and guillotines appalled their weak and guilty spirits. The king, to appease the mob, issued a proclamation dismissing Godoy, and abdicating the throne in favor of his "well-beloved son, Ferdinand." It was a perfidious abdication, instigated by force, and which the king had no intention to respect. He, accordingly, immediately appealed to Napoleon for help. Imploringly he wrote as follows:

"I have resigned in favor of my son. The din of arms, and the clamor of my insurgent people, left me no alternative but resignation or death. I have been forced to abdicate. I have no longer any hope but in the aid and support of my magnanimous ally, the Emperor Napoleon."

Ferdinand, also, immediately wrote to secure the support of the great Emperor. He spared no expressions of adulation, and no efforts of sycophancy to secure that end. He wrote:

"The world daily more and more admires the greatness and the goodness of Napoleon. Rest assured the Emperor shall ever find in Ferdinand the most faithful and devoted son. Ferdinand implores, therefore, the paternal protection of the Emperor. He also solicits the honor of an alliance with his family."

It will be remembered, that when Napoleon was upon the cold summit of the Landgrafenberg, the evening before the battle of Jena, he received information that Spain, nominally his ally, was perfidiously entering into an alliance with England, and was rising in arms against him. Napoleon was far away in the heart of Prussia, struggling against the combined hosts of Russia, Prussia, and England. The Bourbons of Spain treacherously seized upon that moment to rouse the Peninsula, to fall with daggers upon the back of that friendly monarch, who had neither done nor meditated aught to injure them.* Had Napoleon lost the battle of Jena, the fanatic peasantry of Spain, headed by the troops and the officers of England, would have rolled, like an inundation, down the passes of the Pyrenees, upon the plains of defenseless France, and the terrific struggle would have been at an end. Napoleon, in an hour, would have been hurled from his throne. The rejected Bourbons would have been forced upon France.

It was midnight, dark and gloomy, when Napoleon, by the fire of his bivouac, read the dispatches announcing this act of perfidy. His majestic spirit was too deep and tranquil in

its flow, to admit of peevishness or irritability. Calmly he smiled, as he folded up his dispatches "The Bourbons of Spain," said he, "shall be replaced by princes of my own family." The next day, upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, the Prussian monarchy was ground to powder. The Spanish Bourbons, terrified at the unexpected result, hastily sheathed the sword which they had drawn. Upon sycophantic knees they bowed before the conqueror. But Napoleon well knew, and Europe well knew, that the treacherous court was but waiting and watching its opportunity to strike a deadly blow.

It was under these circumstances that the Spanish Bourbons were compelled, by the pressure of their family corruptions, to appeal to Napoleon for protection. Napoleon was exceedingly embarrassed. In no other period of his life did any vacillation ever seem to mark his course. Here he appeared to take one step after another with no settled plan. There were but two things which he could do, each of which seemed to be equally portentous of danger. He could, by his almost miraculous powers, overthrow the Bourbons, and place some one upon the throne of Spain who would regenerate that noble country, by throwing into it the energies and the sympathies of popularized France. Thus he would secure a cordial alliance, and be protected in his rear, should the great northern powers, who were still in heart hostile, again combine against him. But there was an aspect of unfairness in this transaction against which his spirit revolted. It would arouse anew the angry clamor of Europe. The feudal monarchs would justly regard it as a new triumph of popular right against the claims of legitimacy—as a terrific exhibition of the encroachments of revolutionized France. It would thus add new venom to the bitterness with which the republican empire was regarded by all the feudal monarchies.

On the other hand, Napoleon could sustain Ferdinand upon the throne. For Godoy and Charles were not to be thought of. He could endeavor to give Ferdinand a wife of exalted character, imbued with Napoleonic principles, who would control his weak mind, and lead perfidy in the path of fidelity and truth.

After long and anxious reflection, now inclining one way, and now the other, he at last decided upon the latter plan. In his reply to Ferdinand he wrote that it would be necessary for him to investigate the charges brought against the Spanish prince, for he could not think of forming an alliance with a *dishonest son*. He immediately began to look around for a wife for Ferdinand. But young ladies of commanding intellect, of exalted character, and who can appreciate the grandeur of a noble action, are rare. The saloons of the Tuilleries and of St. Cloud were full of pretty girls. But Napoleon searched in vain for the one he wanted.

His brother Lucien, residing in Italy, a repining yet voluntary exile, had a daughter, by a first marriage—a brilliant girl, who had been living in comparative neglect with her father.

* "A convention," says Alison, "was secretly concluded at Madrid, between the Spanish government and the Russian ambassador, to which the court of Lisbon was also a party, by which it was agreed, that as soon as the favorable opportunity was arrived, by the French armies being far advanced on their road to Berlin, the Spanish government should commence hostilities in the Pyrenees, and invite the English to co-operate." It is impossible to rouse in our hearts any very vehement emotions of indignation against Napoleon, for adopting effectual measures to secure himself from the repetition of such perfidy.

Napoleon fixed upon her, and called her to Paris. He, however, deemed it necessary, before making her Queen of Spain, thoroughly to understand her character. He, consequently, gave orders that her correspondence should be closely watched at the post-office. Unfortunately, this young lady, brought up in exile with the impetuous, estranged, yet noble-hearted Lucien, had been accustomed to look with an envious eye upon her uncles and aunts who were filling the thrones of Europe. Her lofty spirit was not disposed to conciliation. Proudly she made no effort to win the love of her relatives. With much sarcastic talent she wrote about Napoleon and all the rest of the family. When the letters were placed in the hands of the Emperor, he good-naturedly smiled as he perused them, and rather maliciously summoned his mother, brothers, and sisters to a family meeting at the Tuileries. The witty letters were read to the assembled group. Napoleon, accustomed to every conceivable kind of attack, was exceedingly diverted at the sensitiveness of his relatives. He, however, promptly decided that Charlotte did not possess the proper requisites to infuse his spirit into the monarchy of Spain. The following day she was on the road for Italy. It was, for her, a fortunate escape. History may be searched in vain for a more brutal, inhuman, utterly worthless creature, than this Ferdinand subsequently proved himself to be. Had she, however, married Ferdinand, it is not improbable that the destinies of the world might have been changed.

Napoleon regretted this disappointment. He still shrank from the odium of dethroning the Spanish Bourbons. All circumstances, however, seemed peculiarly to combine for the promotion of that end. A French army, under Murat, had entered Spain, partly to be ready to quell any rising in Portugal, and partly to assist Spain to resist an anticipated attack from the English. Madrid was now occupied by French troops. The monarchy was entirely in Napoleon's power. Still he was greatly perplexed. What secret thoughts were revolving in his mind, no one can tell. He divined them to no one. Even those who were most entirely in his confidence, and upon whose co-operation he most fully relied, in vain attempted to penetrate his designs. Indeed, it is not probable that, at this time, he had formed any definite plans.

Napoleon was at St. Cloud, when he received intelligence of the abdication of Charles IV. It was Saturday evening. The next morning, he attended public worship. All observed his absent and abstracted air. Immediately after service, he called General Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, to walk with him under the trees of the park. During an earnest conversation of two hours, he thus addressed him:

"Charles IV. has abdicated. His son has succeeded him. This change has been the result of a revolution in which the Prince of Peace has fallen. It looks as if the abdication were not altogether voluntary. I was prepared for changes in Spain. They are taking a turn altogether

different from what I had expected. I wish you to go to Madrid. See our ambassador. Inquire why he could not have prevented a revolution in which I shall be forced to intervene, and in which I shall be considered as implicated. Before I can recognize the son, I must ascertain the sentiments of the father. He is my ally. It is with him that I have contracted engagements. If he appeals for my support, he shall have it. Nothing will induce me to recognize Ferdinand, till I see the abdication duly legalized. Otherwise a troop of traitors may be introduced into my palace during the night, who may force me to abdicate, and overturn the state. When I made peace on the Niemen, I stipulated that if England did not accept the mediation of Alexander, Russia should unite her arms with ours, and compel that power to peace. I should be indeed weak, if having obtained that single advantage from those whom I have vanquished, I should permit the Spaniards to embroil me afresh on my weak side. Should I permit Spain to form an alliance with England, it would give that hostile power greater advantages than it has lost by the rupture with Russia. I fear every thing from a revolution of which I know neither the causes nor the object.

"I wish, above all things, to avoid a war with Spain. Such a contest would be a species of sacrilege. But I shall not hesitate to incur its hazards, if the prince who governs Spain embraces such a policy. Had Charles IV. reigned, and the Prince of Peace not been overturned, we might have remained at peace. Now all is changed. For that country ruled by a warlike monarch disposed to direct against us all the resources of his nation, might, perhaps, succeed in displacing by his own dynasty my family on the throne of France. You see what might happen if I do not prevent it. It is my duty to foresee the danger, and to take measures to deprive the enemy of the resources they may otherwise derive from it. If I can not arrange with either the father or the son, I will make a clean sweep of them both. I will re-assemble the Cortes, and resume the designs of Louis XIV. I should thus be in the same situation with that monarch, when he engaged, in support of his grandson, in the war of the succession. The same political necessity governs both cases. I am fully prepared for all that. I am about to set out for Bayonne. I will go on to Madrid, but only if it is unavoidable."

The same day, the Duke of Rovigo, with these instructions, set out for Madrid. The next morning Napoleon wrote as follows to his brother Louis, the King of Holland:

"The King of Spain has just abdicated. The Prince of Peace has been imprisoned. Insurrectionary movements have shown themselves at Madrid. The people demand me, with loud cries, to fix their destinies. Being convinced that I shall never be able to conclude a solid peace with England, till I have given a great movement on the Continent, I have resolved to put a French prince on the throne of Spain. In this state of affairs, I have turned my eyes to you for the

throne of Spain. Say at once, what is your opinion on that subject. You must be aware that this plan is yet in embryo. Though I have 100,000 men in Spain, yet, according to circumstances, I may either advance directly to my object—in which case, every thing will be concluded in a fortnight—or be more circumspect in my advances, and the final result appear after several months' operations."

Two days after the writing of this letter, Napoleon again appears to be in a state of great uncertainty. He wrote the following letter to Murat, who was then in Madrid:

"Monsieur the Grand-Duke of Berg—I am afraid lest you should deceive me with respect to the situation of Spain, and lest you should also deceive yourself. Events have been singularly complicated by the transaction of the 20th of March. I find myself very much perplexed. Do not believe that you are about to attack a disarmed people, or that you can by merely showing your troops subjugate Spain. The revolution of the 20th of March proves that the Spaniards still possess energy. You will have to do with a new people. It has all the courage, and will display all the enthusiasm shown by men who are not worn out by political passions. The aristocracy and the clergy are the masters of Spain. If they are alarmed for their privileges and existence, they will bring into the field against us levies in mass, which might eternalize the war. I am not without partisans. If I present myself as a conqueror, I shall have them no longer. The Prince of Peace is detested, because he is accused of having betrayed Spain to France. This is the grievance which has assisted Ferdinand's usurpation. The popular is the weakest party. The Prince of the Asturias does not possess a single quality requisite for the head of a nation. That will not prevent his being ranked as a hero, in order that he may be opposed to us. I will have no violence employed against the personages of this family.

"I lay before you all the obstacles which must inevitably arise. There are others of which you must be aware. England will not let the opportunity escape her of multiplying our embarrassments. She daily sends advice to the forces which she maintains on the coast of Portugal and in the Mediterranean, and enlists into her service numbers of Sicilians and Portuguese. The Royal Family not having left Spain to establish itself in the Indies, the state of the country can only be changed by a revolution. It is, perhaps, of all others in Europe, that which is the least prepared for one. Those who perceive the monstrous vices in the government and the anarchy which has taken place of the lawful authority, are the fewest in number. The greater number profit by those vices and that anarchy. I can, consistently with the interests of my empire, do a great deal of good to Spain. What are the best means to be adopted? Shall I go to Madrid? Shall I take upon myself the office of Grand Protector in pronouncing between the

father and son? It seems to me a matter of difficulty to support Charles IV. on the throne. His government and his favorite are so very unpopular that they could not stand their ground for three months.

"Ferdinand is the enemy of France. It is for this he has been made king. To place him on the throne would be to serve the factions which for twenty years have longed for the destruction of France. A family alliance would be but a feeble tie. My opinion is that nothing should be hurried forward, and that we should take counsel of events as they occur. It will be necessary to strengthen the bodies of troops which are to be stationed on the frontiers of Portugal, and wait. I do not approve of the step which your Imperial Highness has taken, in so precipitately making yourself master of Madrid. The army ought to have been kept ten leagues from the capital.

"I shall hereafter decide on what is finally necessary to be done. In the mean time, the following is the line of conduct I judge fit to prescribe to you. You will not pledge me to an interview in Spain with Ferdinand, unless you consider the state of things to be such that I ought to acknowledge him as King of Spain. You will behave with attention and respect to the king, the queen, and Prince Godoy. You will exact for them, and yourself pay them, the same honors as formerly. You will manage so that the Spaniards shall have no suspicion which part I mean to take. You will find the less difficulty in this as I do not know myself. You will make the nobility and clergy understand that if the interference of France be requisite in the affairs of Spain, their privileges and immunities will be respected. You will assure them that the Emperor wishes for the improvement of the political institutions of Spain, in order to put her on a footing with the advanced state of civilization in Europe, and to free her from the yoke of favorites. You will tell the magistrates and the inhabitants of towns and the well-informed classes, that Spain stands in need of having the machine of her government re-organized, and that she requires a system of laws to protect the people against the tyranny and encroachments of feudality, with institutions that may revive industry, agriculture, and the arts. You will describe to them the state of tranquillity and plenty enjoyed by France, notwithstanding the wars in which she has been constantly engaged. You will speak of the splendor of religion, which owes its establishment to the Concordat which I have signed with the Pope. You will explain to them the advantages they may derive from political regeneration—order and peace at home, respect and influence abroad. Such should be the spirit of your conversation and your writings. Do not hazard any thing hastily. I can wait at Bayonne. I can cross the Pyrenees, and strengthen myself toward Portugal, I can go and carry on the war in that quarter.

"I enjoin the strictest maintenance of discipline. The slightest faults must not go unpun-

ished. The inhabitants must be treated with the greatest attention. Above all, churches and convents must be respected. The army must avoid all misunderstanding with the bodies and detachments of the Spanish army. A single flash in the pan must not be permitted on either side. Do you yourself trace out the routes of my army, that it may always be kept at a distance of several leagues from the Spanish corps. If war is once kindled, all would be lost."

Four days after writing this letter, on the 2d of April, Napoleon set out for the frontier. He was induced to take this journey, by the conflicting reports which were continually reaching him from Spain. Having spent a week at Bordeaux, intensely occupied in forwarding some important national works, he proceeded to Bayonne, an unimportant town at the foot of the Pyrenees. Josephine accompanied him. They arrived at Bayonne on the 15th of April. The next day Napoleon wrote to Ferdinand. In this letter he says:

"You will permit me, under present circumstances, to speak to you with truth and frankness. I pass no decision upon the conduct of the Prince of Peace. But I know well that it is dangerous for kings to accustom their people to shed blood. The people willingly avenge themselves for the homage which they pay us. How can the process be drawn up against the Prince of Peace without involving in it the queen and the king your father. Your Royal Highness has no other claim to the crown than that which you derive from your mother. If this process degrades her, your Royal Highness degrades your own title. The criminality of Godoy, if it can be proved against him, goes to annihilate your right to the crown. I say to your Royal Highness, to the Spaniards, and to the world, that if the abdication of Charles IV. is unconstrained, I will not hesitate to acknowledge it, and to recognize your Royal Highness as King of Spain."

Ferdinand was endeavoring to blazon abroad his mother's shame, and to bring Godoy to trial as his mother's paramour. Napoleon thus delicately suggested to him that in dishonoring his mother, he did but invalidate the legitimacy of his own birth, and thus prove that he had no right to the throne of Spain. But the wretched creature was too debased to feel the sense of such dishonor. The still more wretched mother retaliated, as perhaps no mother ever retaliated before. She told her son, to his face, and in the presence of others, that he was of ignoble birth, that her husband was not his father.

Ferdinand hoped, by a personal interview with Napoleon, to secure his favor. He therefore left Madrid, and crossing the Pyrenees, hastened to Bayonne to meet the Emperor. A magnificent escort accompanied him. He took with him, as a friend and adviser, his celebrated tutor Escociquiz. As soon as Charles, the queen, and Godoy heard of this movement on the part of Ferdinand, they were greatly alarmed. Fearing the influ-

ence of Ferdinand's personal presence and uncontradicted representations, they resolved also to hasten to Bayonne, there to plead their cause before that commanding genius who had now their destiny under his own control.

Napoleon received Ferdinand, immediately upon his arrival, with the most studied politeness. He treated him with magnificent hospitality. But he threw around the prince a golden chain of courtesy and of etiquette from which there was no escape. Sumptuous feasts regaled him. A splendid retinue surrounded him. The degraded parents and the guilty favorite also soon arrived, bringing with them the two younger brothers of Ferdinand. They were received with every mark of attention. Napoleon, however, studiously refrained from recognizing the right of either party to the throne. He thus unexpectedly found the whole royal family in his power.

Whatever hesitation he may previously have felt, in reference to the course to be pursued, he hesitated no longer. He had an interview with Charles IV. The old king, conscious of his utter inability to retain the throne, greatly preferred to place it in the hands of Napoleon, rather than in the hands of his hated son. He, therefore, expressed a perfect readiness to abdicate in favor of any prince whom Napoleon might appoint. Napoleon then sent for Escociquiz, the tutor and minister of Ferdinand, and thus addressed him:

"I can not refuse to interest myself in the fate of the unhappy king who has thrown himself on my protection. The abdication of Charles IV. was clearly a compulsory act. My troops were then in Spain. Some of them were stationed near the court. Appearances authorized the belief that I had some share in that act of violence. My honor requires that I should take immediate steps to dissipate such a suspicion.

"I would say further that the interests of my empire require that the house of Bourbon, the implacable enemy of mine, should relinquish the throne of Spain. The interests of your nation equally call for the same change. The new dynasty which I shall introduce will give it a good constitution, and by its strict alliance with France, preserve Spain from any danger on the side of that power which is alone in a situation seriously to menace its independence. Charles IV. is willing to cede to me his rights, and those of his family, persuaded that his sons are incapable of governing the kingdom, in the difficult times which are evidently approaching.

"These are the reasons which have decided me to prevent the dynasty of the Bourbons from reigning any longer in Spain. But I esteem Ferdinand. I am anxious to give him some indemnity for the sacrifices which he will be required to make. Propose to him, therefore, to renounce the crown of Spain, for himself and his descendants. I will give him, in exchange, Etruria, with the title of king, as well as my niece in marriage. If he refuses these conditions, I will come to an understanding with his father.

And neither he nor his brother shall receive any indemnity. If, on the other hand, he does what I desire, Spain shall preserve its independence, its laws, usages, and religion. I do not desire a village of Spain for myself."

Charles IV., Louisa, and Godoy, enervated by years of vicious indulgence, loved royalty only for the luxurious dissipation in which it permitted them to revel. Most cheerfully they surrendered the uneasy crown of Spain to Napoleon, in exchange for a handsome castle, ample grounds for hunting, and money enough for the gratification of their voluptuous desires. Ferdinand and his brothers were more reluctant to surrender their right of inheritance. By previous arrangement Napoleon met the whole family together. The king and queen, who thoroughly detested their son, were determined to compel him to abdicate. It was an extraordinary interview. The imbecile old king, brandishing over the head of Ferdinand a long gold-headed cane, upon which he usually leaned, loaded him with reproaches and imprecations. Suddenly the mother, with her more voluble woman's tongue, fell upon the culprit. A flood of most uncourtly epithets she poured upon the victim. Napoleon was amazed and even confused at the strange scene. For a few moments he remained in mute astonishment. He then retired, having first coldly informed Ferdinand, that if he did not resign the crown, that evening, to his father, he should be arrested as a rebellious son, the author of a conspiracy against the throne and the life of his parents. As Napoleon left the room he exclaimed to those around him,

"What a mother! what a son! The Prince of Peace is certainly a very inferior person. But after all he is perhaps the least incompetent of this degenerate court." He then added, "What I am doing now, in a certain point of view, is not good. I know that well enough. But policy demands that I should not leave in my rear, and that too so near Paris, a dynasty inimical to mine."

Ferdinand, fully conscious of guilt, trembled in view of a trial for treason, enforced by the inflexible justice of Napoleon. Rather than incur the hazard, for he knew that neither his father nor his mother would show him the least mercy, he preferred to accept the abundant rewards which Napoleon offered. He, however, declined the crown of Etruria, and accepted the chateau of Navarre, with an annual income of \$200,000 for himself and \$80,000 for each of his brothers. Charles, with Louisa and Manuel, their revenge being gratified by the dethronement of Ferdinand, were well satisfied with the exchange of a thorny crown for an opulent retreat, fine hunting grounds, and ample revenues. They slumbered away their remaining years in idleness and sensual excess.

Napoleon assigned to the young princes the chateau of Valençay as a residence until Navarre could be made ready for them. He wrote to the Prince de Talleyrand, the high-bred, courtly, pleasure-loving proprietor of the magnificent

chateau, to receive the princes with all alluring attentions.

"I desire," he wrote, "that the princes be received without external pomp, but heartily and with sympathy, and that you do every thing in your power to amuse them. If you have a theatre at Valençay, and can engage some comedians to come, it will not be a bad plan. You had better take Madame de Talleyrand thither with four or five other ladies. If the Prince of the Asturias (Ferdinand) should fall in love with some pretty woman, it would not be amiss, especially if we were sure of her. It is a matter of great importance to me that the Prince of the Asturias should not take any false step. I desire, therefore, that he be amused and occupied. Stern policy would demand that I should shut him up in some fortress. But as he has thrown himself into my arms, and has promised to do nothing without my orders, and that every thing shall go on in Spain as I desire, I have adopted the plan of sending him to a country seat, and surrounding him with pleasure and *surveillance*. This will probably last throughout the month of May and a part of June, when the affairs of Spain may have taken a turn, and I shall then know what part to act. With regard to yourself, your mission is an extremely honorable one. To receive under your roof three illustrious personages, in order to amuse them, is quite in keeping with the character of the nation and also with your rank."

Ferdinand and his brothers were well contented with their inglorious yet voluptuous lot. Incredible as it may appear, Napoleon, while thus dethroning them, gained such an ascendancy over their minds, that they became his warm admirers and friends. They exulted in his successive victories, and celebrated them with illuminations and bonfires. Nothing in Napoleon's whole career, more strikingly than this, exhibits his extraordinary powers. Fiction has never conceived any thing more marvelous. Without firing a gun, he overturned the monarchy of Spain. A proud and powerful dynasty he removed from the throne of their ancestors. He sent them into exile. He placed his own brother upon their throne. And yet these exiled princes thanked him for the deed, and were never weary of proclaiming his praises.

Napoleon issued the following proclamation to the Spanish people. "Spaniards! after a long agony your nation was on the point of perishing. I saw your miseries and hastened to apply a remedy. Your grandeur, your power, form an integral part of my own. Your princes have ceded to me their rights to the crown of Spain. I have no wish to reign over your provinces, but I am desirous of acquiring eternal titles to the love and gratitude of your posterity. Your monarchy is old. My mission is to pour into its veins the blood of youth. I will ameliorate all your institutions, and make you enjoy, if you second my efforts, the blessings of reform, without its collisions, its disorders, its convulsions. I have convoked a general assembly of

the deputations of your provinces and cities. I am desirous of ascertaining your wants by personal intercourse. I will then lay aside all the titles I have acquired, and place your glorious crown on the head of my second self, after having secured for you a constitution which may establish the sacred and salutary authority of the sovereign, with the liberties and privileges of the people. Spaniards! reflect on what your fathers were; on what you now are. The fault does not lie in you; but in the constitution by which you have been governed. Conceive the most ardent hopes and confidence in the results of your present situation, for I wish that your latest posterity should preserve the recollection of me, and say, *He was the regenerator of our country.*"

Louis Bonaparte, the King of Holland, depressed by sickness and domestic troubles, declined the more onerous burden of the crown of Spain. Napoleon wrote accordingly the following note to Joseph, the King of Naples.

"Charles IV. has ceded to me all his right to the crown of Spain. This crown I have destined for you. The kingdom of Naples can not be compared with Spain. Spain has eleven millions of inhabitants. It has a revenue of thirty millions of dollars, besides the colonies in America. It is the crown which will place you at Madrid, three days' journey from France. At Madrid you are actually in France. Naples is at the other end of the world. I desire therefore that immediately, upon the receipt of this letter, you will commit the regency to whosoever you please, and the command of the troops to Marshal Jourdan, and that you set out for Bayonne by the shortest route possible. Keep the secret from every body. As it is, it will only be suspected too soon."

In Spain there were no popular institutions. The monarchy was an absolute despotism. The priesthood, by the gloomy terrors of the inquisition repressed all political and religious inquiry. The masses of the people were in the lowest state of ignorance and debasement. A government more utterly corrupt and worthless, probably never existed in civilized lands. The attempt to rescue the Spaniards from such a government, and to confer upon them ennobling laws and equal rights, is not a deed which can excite very deep abhorrence. Had Napoleon succeeded according to his wishes, Spain would have been filled with monuments reared to his memory by an enfranchised and grateful people. It is the greatest curse of slavery that the oppressed know not the worth of liberty. No slaves bug their fetters more tenaciously than the victims of spiritual fanaticism.

Joseph Bonaparte was, by universal acclaim, a high minded, intelligent, conscientious man. In purity of morals he was above reproach. The earnestness of his philanthropy has never been questioned. Under his mild, just, yet energetic sway, the kingdom of Naples had suddenly emerged into a glorious existence.

Before the arrival of Joseph efficient agents were dispatched into Spain to report respecting the condition of the army, of the navy, of the finances and of the public works. Said Napoleon, "I shall want those documents in the first place, for the measures which I shall order. I shall want them afterward that posterity may learn in what state I find the Spanish monarchy." He formed the noblest projects for the welfare of Spain. The designs he conceived and set on foot have elicited the admiration of his bitterest foes. A parliament or congress was immediately assembled at Bayonne, consisting of one hundred and fifty of the most illustrious men of the kingdom. These enlightened patriots exerted in the bright prospects which were opening before their country. A free constitution was adopted, well adapted to the manners of Spain, and to the advancing light and liberty of the age.

Joseph arrived at Bayonne the 7th of June 1808. The Spanish Congress waited upon the new king, to tender to him the homage of the Spanish nation. They then, in a body, visited Napoleon. With heartfelt gratitude they returned thanks to their powerful benefactor, who seemed to be securing for Spain a prosperous and a glorious future. On the 9th of July, Joseph, escorted by a magnificent display of veteran troops, and preceded and followed by more than a hundred carriages filled with the members of the Congress, departed for Madrid to take his seat upon the throne of Spain.

The notice of Joseph's accession to the Spanish throne was immediately communicated to all the foreign powers. He was promptly recognized by nearly all the continental powers. The Emperor of Russia added felicitation to his acknowledgment, founded upon the well known exalted character of Joseph. Even Ferdinand, from the palace of Valençay, wrote Joseph letters of congratulation, and entreated him to induce Napoleon to give him one of his nieces in marriage.

There is something in this whole affair which the ingenuous mind contemplates with perplexity and pain. It would be a relief to be able with severity to condemn. Napoleon has performed so many noble deeds that he can afford to bear the burden of his faults. But the calmly weighing judgment is embarrassed and hesitates to pass sentence of condemnation. No one can contemplate all the difficulties of Napoleon's position, without admitting that in its labyrinth of perplexities he has an unusual claim to charity.

Who, at that time had a right to the throne of Spain? Charles IV. had been nominally king. Godoy, the paramour of the queen, was the real sovereign. Charles had abdicated in favor of Ferdinand. He solemnly declared to the nation, "I never performed an action, in my life, with more pleasure." The same day in which he made this affirmation he wrote his secret protest, in which he says, "I declare that my decree by which I abdicated the crown in

favor of my son, is an act which I was compelled to adopt to prevent the effusion of blood. It should, therefore, be regarded as null." Did the throne belong to Charles and Godoy. Ferdinand had grasped the throne. He had treasonably excited a rebellion and had forced his father to abdicate. Had Ferdinand a right to the crown. Napoleon had convinced father, favorite, and son, that with wine and hounds, they could pass their time more pleasantly than in governing an empire. They abdicated in his favor. Had Napoleon a right to the throne?

If Napoleon had decided to sustain the iniquitous claims of Ferdinand, who by treachery and violence had forced his father to abdicate, the world would have still more severely condemned him. He would foolishly have strengthened the party hostile to himself. He would have been most grossly recreant to his own principles, in upholding, by his armics, one of the most bigoted, unrelenting and liberty-crushing despotisms earth has ever known. Standing before the world as the advocate of freedom in France, and of slavery in Spain, he would have left a stigma upon his name, which never could have been effaced. England did not hesitate to do that, from which the conscientiousness of Napoleon revolted. By her fleets and her armies she riveted upon a benighted people the fetters of a most abasing and intolerable despotism. She thus inflicted upon Spain, upon Europe, and upon the world, a wrong for which she never can atone. Look at Spain now. There she still lies in her helpless and hopeless abyss of dishonor.

The combined kings of Europe by conspiracies, by treachery, by the most rancorous violence were striving to hurl Napoleon from his throne. Earth never before witnessed such gigantic endeavors. Not a monarch in the old world had a higher and a hoher claim to his crown than had Napoleon. The unanimous voice of the people had made him their king. In self-defense, he took from the Bourbons of Spain that power which they were striving to use for his destruction. With characteristic generosity he did every thing in his power to mitigate the sorrows of their fall. By the course he pursued he even won the love of their selfish hearts. But at last the combined kings succeeded. They dethroned Napoleon. They assigned to him no palace of leisure and of luxury. They sent him to years of protracted agony upon the storm drenched rocks of St. Helena. Valencay and Longwood! Who was the magnanimous victor?

In reference to this affair, Napoleon remarked to O'Meara, "If the government I established had remained, it would have been the best thing that ever happened for Spain. I would have regenerated the Spaniards. I would have made them a great nation. In the place of a feeble, imbecile, superstitious race of Bourbons, I would have given them a new dynasty, which would have no claim upon the nation, except by the good it would have rendered unto it. I would have destroyed superstition and priestcraft, and

abolished the inquisition and monasteries and those lazy beasts of friars."

In several conversations with Las Casas he remarked, "The impolicy of my conduct in reference to Spain, is irrevocably decided by the results. I ought to have given a liberal constitution to the Spanish nation, and charged Ferdinand with its execution. If he acted with good faith, Spain must have prospered and harmonized with our new manners. The great object would have been obtained, and France would have acquired an intimate ally and an addition of power truly formidable. Had Ferdinand, on the contrary, proved faithless to his new engagements, the Spaniards themselves would not have failed to dismiss him, and would have applied to me for a ruler in his place. At all events that unfortunate war of Spain was a real affliction. It was the first cause of the calamities of France.

"I was assailed with imputations, for which, however, I had given no cause. History will do me justice. I was charged in that affair, with perfidy, with laying snares, and with bad faith, and yet I was completely innocent. Never, whatever may have been said to the contrary, have I broken any engagement, or violated my promise, either with regard to Spain or any other power.

"The world will one day be convinced, that in the principal transactions relative to Spain I was completely a stranger to all the domestic intrigues of its court; that I violated no engagement with the father or the son; that I made use of no falsehoods to entice them both to Bayonne, but that they both strove which should be the first to show himself there. When I saw them at my feet and was enabled to form a correct opinion of their total incapacity, I beheld with compassion the fate of a great people. I eagerly seized the singular opportunity, held out to me by fortune, for regenerating Spain, rescuing her from the yoke of England, and intimately uniting her with our system. It was, in my conception, laying the fundamental basis of the tranquillity and security of Europe. But I was far from employing for that purpose, as it has been reported, any base and paltry stratagems. If I erred, it was, on the contrary, by daring openness and extraordinary energy. Bayonne was not the scene of premeditated ambush, but of a vast master-stroke of state policy. I could have preserved myself from these imputations by a little hypocrisy, or by giving up the Prince of Peace to the fury of the people. But the idea appeared horrible to me, and struck me as if I was to receive the price of blood. Besides, it must also be acknowledged that Murat did me a great deal of mischief in the whole affair.

"Be that as it may, I disdained having recourse to crooked and common-place expedients. I found myself so powerful! I dared to strike from a situation too exalted. I wished to act like Providence, which, of its own accord, applies remedies to the wretchedness of mankind,

by means occasionally violent, but for which it is unaccountable to human judgment.

"Such, in a few words," says Napoleon, "is the whole history of the affair of Spain. Let the world write and say what it thinks fit, the result must be what I have stated. You will perceive that there was no occasion whatever for my pursuing indirect means, falsehoods, breach of promises, and violation of my faith. In order to render myself culpable, it would have been absolutely necessary that I should have gratuitously dishonored myself. I never yet betrayed any wish of such a nature."

Says Alison, "Perhaps in the whole annals of the world, blackened as they are by deeds of wickedness, there is not to be found a more atrocious system of perfidy, fraud, and dissimulation, than that by which Napoleon won the kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula." On the contrary, says Sir Walter Scott, "To do Napoleon justice, he at no time, through this extraordinary discussion, made the least attempt to color his selfish policy." Sir Walter is undeniably right. It is a plain story. The Spanish Bourbons were involved in the most desperate family quarrel. Father and son hated each other implacably. Both, of their own accord, hastened to Napoleon to secure his co-operation. Napoleon, who had previously, in consequence of their perfidy, contemplated their overthrow, availed himself of this unexpected opportunity. He told them frankly that it was not safe for him to leave either of them upon the throne. He promised that, if they would abdicate, he would give them all they wanted—wealth and splendor. The hostility between the parent and the son was so malignant, that each party preferred to see Napoleon in possession of the throne, rather than the other. They both accepted. Napoleon conferred upon them, with princely magnificence, palaces and hunting-grounds, and placed one of the noblest of men upon the throne of Spain. The regeneration of the degraded peninsula was commenced. Napoleon hoped that he was now secure from a stab in the back.

While these scenes were transpiring at Bayonne, Napoleon was hourly animating, by his tireless energies, the most distant provinces in his empire. He had commenced a series of most Herculean efforts to develop the maritime resources of France. Harbors and docks were formed. The coasts were fortified. Vessels of every description were built. Great care was devoted to the training of naval officers. Every available resource was called into action to protect the French flag from insult, and to secure for France the benefits of commerce. In his intervals of leisure he mounted his horse, and rode along the shore, visiting the sea-ports, and gaining much information relative to naval affairs. During one of these excursions, he had seen numbers of fine oaks and firs lying on the ground, and rotting for want of means of transport. "My heart bleeds," he wrote to his minister, "to see all this valuable wood perishing uselessly."

LET THOSE LAUGH THAT WIN.

PARIS is undoubtedly the most civilized city in the world. There are offices in that metropolis where marriages are negotiated. In our beloved native land we manage the matter differently. We have offices to negotiate loans, &c., and upon the profits therefrom derived, we venture to effect matrimonial alliances. It is an indirect method. For, as you will admit, it is much simpler, when I wish to dispose of my daughter's hand, to step into an office, and pay one or two per cent. upon a blonde bridegroom (for instance), personally inoffensive, and warranted to enjoy \$8000 per annum. It saves much doubtful visiting and many inquiries. I am not obliged to beseech Amelia Jane to beware until I have ascertained the necessary details about her lover, which is a delay that plunges us into all kinds of confusion. On her part, Amelia Jane is not exposed to harassing doubts as to the precise number of silk dresses, or what amount of carriage-hire she may indulge in; and has it clearly understood, at the outset, that she is to have two new bonnets, and opera *d discretion*, annually.

Society ought to be more exactly regulated in this respect. To save all embarrassment, and promote universal good-feeling, there should be delicate little notices let into the front doors of fine houses—mine, for example, and yours—upon which it would be well to inscribe, in gold letters of the most persuasive shape—

Young men under \$5000 per an. not admitted.

This would save all trouble. It would certify to the youths who failed of the conditions, that it was useless for them to lavish their hearts' yearning upon that particular prize, and it would secure Amelia Jane from all uncertainty; while she could follow the sweet prompting of nature toward any of the suitors in the parlor, sure that every one of them would allow the prescribed quantity of bonnet, opera, and carriage.

These terms might not be inflexible. As years wore on, and Amelia Jane advanced with them, and other Amelia Janes began to appear in the parlor, and swarms of youths whose incomes remained sullenly fixed at \$4000, or even \$3000 per annum, passed hopelessly by the fatal door, repressing their choking sighs, and cursing their unhappy fates: then that door might relax, and the stern 5 melt graciously into a 4, and so, gradually and by lingering degrees, as the girls came on, and the ardent youths did not—you and I, the happy fathers of brilliant beves of Amelia Janes, might waive our rights of superiority, and generously descend to meet the world.

How this would simplify society! And yet I am not sure that the Paris method is not better. To be sure it comes originally from the East, where marriages are managed by the friends and relatives of the pair, and the husband never sees his bride's face until they are married. But it is still superior in Paris, where the intermediate is a broker, unknown to both parties. For where is a disinterested negotiator desirable, if not in matrimonial arrangements? Paris is certainly the capital of civilization.

I had undertaken to be the negotiator for my friend, Don Bobtail; or, if not precisely negotiator, yet what was much the same thing—to secure his marriage with an heiress.

Now, in England, I am told, this is not so difficult a thing to do. That superb aristocracy, of which the great and good George the Fourth was so noble a head, is dear in its last analysis to every loyal child of the island, and as history shows conclusively that the best, most heroic, and most valuable men have always been titled, so every well-regulated parent goes down with gratitude to the grave, if his Amelia Jane can only become Lady Adolphus John.

To such well-regulated parents the mention of the noble name is enough—that includes the three graces, the nine muses, and the ten commandments. It is only necessary for My Lord to specify the sum which he will condescend to receive with his precious Amelia, and the morning upon which it will suit his convenience to say “yes” at St. George’s, Hanover Square. Wedding breakfasts—a delightful traveling costume—the proper announcement to a breathless world, “It is confidently rumored that the Right Hon. the King of Clubs is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the young, lovely, and accomplished Amelia Jane, eldest daughter of Norfolk Brindle, of Brindle Lodge, Chatsworth, Devon, Esq.”—the rapid drive to St. George’s—the collation—the “happy pair left at two o’clock in the pony sulky of the noble and gallant bridegroom, for the seat of the accomplished bride’s father, Brindle Lodge, Chatsworth, Devon”—the “yesterday morning, at Bull Terrace, Smithfield, the Lady of the Right Hon. King of Clubs, of a son”—all these follow in due order. An interested world of Norfolk Brindles, Esquires, hang over the radiant items, and long for their turn, and their Amelia’s title, to arrive.

So they manage it in England. No problem in society so easy, as—given a title to marry an heiress. One can not wonder at the high moral tone so evident in those circles, nor at the virtuous frown with which French novels are condemned and—read. Had I been in London with the Spanish Ambassador, I think I could have managed it.

But it was not so easy in a land of republican virtues, where men are measured by their worth, and not by any accessories of fortune. Is it not notorious that the American female scorns the gauds of wealth, and longs for connubial felicity in a suburban cot? Is it not evident that “the matches,” *par excellence*, are not the men of brass, but of brains; and that every girl is considered to have married admirably, who has rejected \$20,000 a year and age, for youth and love? Are they ever called foolish? Is she who takes an inveterate case of gilded gout, aged sixty-five, ever called a quiet, sensible woman, without romantic flummery, and who knows what she is about? Of course she is not. It is perfectly well known that we all grieve over it. It is notorious that when our friends are engaged, we instantly inquire, “Are they very much in love?” and never, “What’s his income!”

Title, of course, would avail the distinguished Don nothing.

“My young friend,” he said to me, not long after the little episode related in our May Number, “I remember that you promised to assist me to marry an heiress. I am quite ready. My father was a man of great wealth and I was early initiated into all the accomplishments of a man of fashion. I adopted the diplomatic career, and have had the honor of dancing at all the courts of Europe. My father left me nothing, and I have been obliged to exist by raising little loans among my friends.”

“Polish Counts Icthyosaurowski?” inquired I.

The Spanish Ambassador smiled blandly, and took snuff.

“My young friend is facetious,” he continued.

“But for my part I wish I had been born a fisher-boy rather than a gentleman, since now, without any profession, and with a carefully cultivated repugnance to work, I have no resource but to marry an heiress: or,” added the Don, taking snuff, “raising father loans.”

We walked on silently for some time. The Don twirled his mustache, and looked at all the women we passed. I was lost in meditation; telling over the list of ladies of whose favor I could be sure, for a well authenticated Spanish Don. While I was still abstracted I heard a quiet laugh, from my companion, a merry gurgling in his cravat. It was a laugh so purely private that I was afraid of intruding if I asked—

“What is it!”

But I could not help it, and asked.

“I observed an old acquaintance passing,” replied Fandango, smiling again.

“Ah, then; you have friends in the city,” inquired I.

“Friends is perhaps a strong term,” rejoined the Ambassador; and he burst into a loud laugh.

I looked at him, surprised; and, tapping his snuff-box, he offered it to me—and added:

“It was young Dove that passed.”

“An ingenuous youth,” said I, for I had great respect for a gentleman like Mr. Dove, who had passed a few months in Europe, “where,” as he used to say to an admiring circle of untraveled youths, “I rather saw the elephant.”

“A very ingenuous youth,” said Don Bobtail Fandango, and smiled so radiantly, that I could not help saying:

“You have an intimate acquaintance with Dove?”

“I had for one evening,” replied the Don; “and I was thinking as he passed whether I might not effect a loan from him. We had the pleasure of a little transaction of the kind when we met upon the Continent, which, if you think it would amuse you, I will relate.”

“Do so, by all means. Dove is one of my models.”

My friend took snuff, and looked inquiringly at me; then commended:

“One evening at the *Albergo Reale*, or Hotel Royal, at Bologna, I was just finishing my dinner at the table-d’hôte, and meditating with some

curiosity how I should pay my bill there, for which the host had expressed some anxiety. I had but two or three friends in town, and they were at different hotels, where, I have reason to believe, the landlords were in a similar uncertainty respecting the bills of my friends. While I was thus passing the time over my glass, with a Vienna newspaper in my hand, a youth entered, with a lordly air, and glancing superciliously around the room, sat down at the farther end of the table, and interrogated the host in very bad French, as to what there was in the house fit for dinner.

"You would have thought, probably, my young friend Smythe, from the fine clothes, the waistcoat buttons, the kid-gloves, the thin boots, the superfine surtout, that it was probably the heir of the Russian throne, or a son of the Sultan, traveling, with all his royalty but his pride, *incog*. I was not so deceived. In the course of travels by no means limited, I recognized in this superb swagger, this aristocratic ill-breeding, one of your beloved countrymen—one of the class, I mean, who pity Englishmen, because they don't elect a Queen every four years, and who sniff at the Campagna, and ask if you have ever seen a prairie;—who cross the ocean to visit palaces in which hereditary wealth and royal care have collected invaluable works of art, and laugh at monarchies;—who crush and crowd for hours to get a standing-place in the Sistine Chapel, and hear the *Miserere*, then go back to the hotel to rail at the intolerable mummeries of Romanism;—who boast interminably of Yankee shrewdness, and pay the highest price for all the worst things in Europe;—who laugh at the obsequiousness of snobs, and refuse to take off their hats in honor of the Host;—whose only pride, they say, is that they are Americans and republicans, and whose first care is to be invited to royal and noble balls, and to regret earnestly that nations should try to be republican before they are prepared for it;—who come home and dazzle you, my dear Smythe, and others like you, with the recital of their heroic and mysterious adventures with countesses, because they have been the easy dupes of every grisette in Paris, and of every sharper on the Continent—cheated by picture-dealers—by men who mysteriously smuggle genuine Havanas, which are made by thousands in the next street—by couriers—by landlords—by porters, and who always pay five or six francs for the useless candles which are lighted in every hotel upon their arrival, and which they are too proud to blow out.

"This is the style of gentleman I immediately recognized in the gallant youth who entered and ordered his dinner.

"Then, of course, he ordered Galignani.

"I knew that he would presently begin to study me, so I fell into an abstracted state of tooth-picking and newspaper-reading, and assumed the aristocratic air, in which you republicans are naturally not very discriminating.

"He presently selected the most expensive wine

upon the bill and ordered it to be got ready, while a bottle of champagne washed down his solitary dinner. I knew that he was pleased with my appearance; I knew that he considered me to be a nobleman (as I am), and that he wished me to be duly impressed with his own grandeur.

"Send my servant," said he, when the waiter brought him the wine.

"The moment afterward, Giuseppe, one of my old friends, to whom I have been often indebted for the news of the arrival of a pigeon—I mean of a young gentleman of fortune (pigeon is a technical term for these in the polite European circles that I frequent), in the town where we chanced to meet. Giuseppe was what you republicans would call "smart." He used to make 90 per cent. upon all money that passed through his hands.

"Giuseppe's eyes and mine exchanged greetings when he entered, but we said nothing."

"Was M. Giuseppe in the diplomatic career," inquired I of Don Bobtail.

"No, not precisely," said he, "he was a courier."

"Ah!" said I.

"Yes," said he.

Then he continued:

"My young American friend, who was, in fact, no other than the amiable Mr. Dove, who has just passed, ordered Giuseppe in a very audible tone to see that the carriage was properly sheltered, and that all four of the small trunks were taken to his room—as for the rest it was no matter. Then he asked Giuseppe if there were probably any good specimens of the Bolognese School to be obtained at a human price, for he was fond of the Bolognese School, and would much like to own a fine specimen.

"Giuseppe said that he had heard last winter of a fine Caracci in the private gallery of the Count Cassaccio, for which the hereditary Duke of Mum-Frappé had offered ten thousand francs: but the family of Cassaccio, although reduced, would not let it go under eleven thousand. The papers were perfect, and it was one of the best authenticated pictures in the Cassaccio Gallery.

"Mr. Dove listened to this story as if he were sorry the price had not been a hundred thousand francs.

"Well," said he, when Giuseppe had finished, "I will see in the morning."

"This little passage, I knew, had been played off upon me, and I was more grateful to my amiable young friend Mr. Dove, than he had any suspicion, for the insight into his pecuniary resources, with which he had favored me.

"When his expensive bottle of wine came up, and he was fairly embarked upon it, and was getting stranded upon the advertisements at the bottom of Galignani, I arose carelessly, and was slowly sauntering down the room, quite overlooking Dove, and filling the crumbs from my trousers, when seeing him laying down Galignani, I said to him in pure English, and with well-bred nonchalance—

"Will you permit me to look at that paper."

"Oh! certainly, sir," replied he.

"I took it and threw my eye up and down the columns."

"Did you hurt it, Don Bobtail?" asked I at this moment.

"Hurt what?" said he.

"Your eye, Don Bob," said I.

The Spanish Ambassador took snuff beamingly, then resumed:

"As I laid it down, I said to the good Dove, 'there seems to be nothing new.'

"No, nothing. Are you an Englishman?"

"No, I am not," answered I.

"You speak the language so well," said Dove.

"Indifferently. You are very kind. You, I presume, are a Russian gentleman."

"I have observed that you young Americans are not sorry to be mistaken for the noblemen of any nation, and I felt quite sure that Dove would not be exasperated.

"No, I am an American," replied he smiling.

"And a fortunate man, sir, in being so," I responded. "When I was in your country—"

"Have you been in America?" asked Dove.

"Now, strictly speaking, I had not been, but I had been in the house of the American Minister at various Courts which, by diplomatic courtesy, is considered his country. And as I had not, strictly speaking, been in the country, neither was my knowledge of its history so exact as it might otherwise have been, but I thought it would be as well to plunge on rapidly, so I answered:

"Oh! yes, I have been in America, and—and—and, I much admire the country of the great General Washington Irving."

"I was quite sure of the names; not so sure that I had composed them properly."

"Mr. Dove smiled, and said that he considered me rather an amusing person."

"You have some good things over here too," said Mr. Dove.

"You are very kind," I answered. "Yes—a few cities—pictures—statues, &c.—a little history, and so on—some tolerable mountains and ruins. Yes, it's all very well, on rather a small scale."

"Pleasant place, Bologna?" inquired Dove.

"So—so-ish—quiet—a picture or two—an arcade or so—a leaning tower—Rossini somewhere in the town—quiet—moral, rather. Do you stay long?"

"No, must be off to-morrow," said Dove, "must hurry home—I get tired of this business."

"You've been long in Europe?" I asked.

"Yes, six weeks, but I haven't seen half yet. I've only been to England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and a part of Spain and Italy. I've got Switzerland and Germany to do yet, and I must be at home in five weeks!"

"You leave in the morning?" I said.

"Yes, I must be off. I should like to stay longer, but it's impossible. Been here long?"

"Yes, several months," I answered, "in fact I am making the tour of Europe at my leisure—"

as easily as if I were upon a sporting tour. I have made several friends here, charming persons. Two or three are coming to my room to-night, and I shall be very glad if you would join us."

"Thank you," replied Dove, "don't care if I do. One likes to see society, you know, when he's traveling. But," added he, pausing a little, "do they speak English? Not to say that I don't speak French, but I'm more at home, as it were, in English."

"Make yourself easy, dear sir," said I, taking out my card, which singularly enough bore at that period of my life, the name of M. le Chevalier Tric-Trac.

"The ingenuous Dove looked flattered at a nobleman's attention, and asked me to take a glass of wine."

"I did not decline. Why should I have declined! It was unexceptionable Sherry—at least to one who rarely ventured beyond *vin ordinaire*, and as I knew that the landlord of the house had a cask of wine from which he drew off into bottles with various labels, that stood at hand, in accordance with orders, I knew the wine was good. I had often seen a young Englishman order some light sherry, and find it palatable. His friend, an American, would presently command the Madeira of the highest price, which the same invaluable fount supplied."

"Give up drinking that stuff," Jonathan would jocosely remark to John, who would smile, and sip the Madeira, and confess:

"Well, after all, one does get a better wine for a better price."

"And so the graceful game of life went forward and all the players were pleased."

"I appointed eight o'clock as the hour of reunion at my rooms, and left my young friend Dove for a stroll under the Arcades, in which I did not invite him to join me, as I wished to pay a visit or so to my friends. Repairing to the *Croce d'Oro* (you have been in Bologna?), I was charmed to find one of my "particular intimates" standing at the door of his hotel."

"Buona sera!" cried he, "what luck?"

"I smiled significantly, and stepped in to sip coffee and smoke a friendly cigar."

"Are you at leisure this evening, M. Rothschild?" said I gravely to my friend.

"Quite so—after vespers," said he seriously.

"I am glad to hear it," continued I, "for a young friend of mine from America has arrived this evening in Bologna, and leaves in the morning, in his own carriage; and I thought to make his stay agreeable, by a little re-union at my rooms."

"I shall be most happy to make your friend's acquaintance," replied my companion; "is he young?"

"Quite young. In fact, I should say decidedly young," answered I quietly.

"If there is any thing which especially pleases me," said M. Rothschild, "it is the society of ingenuous youth."

"My friend, M. Rothschild, I may observe, had

been much in England, and spoke the language very fluently. He said that he was a younger brother of the famous banking house of that name, and as I had no reason to doubt the word of a gentleman I valued so highly, it was my custom to introduce my friend as M. Rothschild. It saved embarrassing explanations.

"As we may want to amuse ourselves, you may possibly have a pack of cards among your effects!" I said interrogatively.

"It is barely possible," he rejoined. "I will look; and if I should not chance to find any, I am quite confident our good friend Setta Mezzo has a pack—if—" he added, "you had intended him to be of the party—"

"I think he would be a welcome addition," said I, "and if you will do me the favor to bring him, I am quite sure Mr. Dove's entertainment would be secured."

"At what hour?" inquired M. Rothschild.

"At eight o'clock," I answered.

"Good-evening, Signor Cavaliere."

"Good-evening, M. Rothschild."

"And I passed pleasantly along under the arcades, humming an air from *La Straniera*. Do you know the Opera, Mr. Smythe? It's one of my favorites. Bologna is also one of my favorite cities. It is quiet, and sufficiently removed from the great routes of travel. One makes friends there, not without advantage.

"However, I am proeing.

"Eight o'clock came, and with it my friend. Mr. Dove. He was *en grande tenue*. Fine black throughout, with amazing pearls for shirt-studs. A very delicate foot had Dove, brilliantly boot-ed. Small hands, nicely kidded. In truth, Mr. Smythe, the young Dove was gentlemanly to the last degree. I have rarely met a more gentlemanly person than Dove.

"My room was not very much illuminated. Light is a little vulgar, I think. Well shaded rooms, à *demi-jour*, as our amiable French friends say—and not without reason—are much preferable. Gas is gaudy—fortunately there is none in Bologna. A wax candle or two better suits the *complexion*."

"Presently M. Rothschild arrived—a grave gentleman, in white cravat and loose black clothes. He displayed no diamonds. Kings do not always wear their crowns; and I have observed that bankers' buttons are not always Friedrich-d'ors nor Napoleons. M. Rothschild had, also, roomy boots, and a hat which did not dazzle the eye with that painful polish of newness, observable in the hats of—well, if you choose—of yourself, my dear Smythe. He was staid and rather taciturn. Yet, upon Mr. Dove's suggesting a leading question about the Turkish loan then pending, M. Rothschild indulged in a very luminous exposition of the true financial policy of Europe.

"You see, my dear sir," said he, addressing Mr. Dove, who looked as if he were expecting

to be suddenly summoned home to be placed at the head of the Treasury Department. "You see England can not possibly allow Russia to eat up Turkey, nor can France permit England to take too firm root in Egypt. Is it not therefore plain, that the *status quo* must be maintained effectively as laid down in the treaty of Adrianople—the *status quo* maintained, and exchanges kept easy! That is the point, after all, to keep exchanges easy. Sorry to see, this evening," continued he, addressing me, "that the French funds are down again."

"While the eminent banker was employed in stating to Mr. Dove why the French funds had fallen, I heard the nimble step of the Count Setta Mezzo.

"Come in," cried I; and the Count came in, resplendent.

"The Count wore trowsers plaited at the hips, and large around the body. He had a very brilliant waistcoat, with metal buttons, and a display of parti-colored jewelry upon his shirt front, a blue body-coat, with effulgent buttons, and a crimson cravat completed the bulk of his attire. It was garnished with many very beautiful chains, and his small hands flashed with invaluable rings. His appearance was certainly very effective, and as I saw that Dove was a good deal impressed, I whispered to him as I returned from saluting the Count:

"A natural son of the Pope."

"I saw the republican eyes of my friend dilate with joy at the intelligence.

"A man of great fashion, *répandu* every where," continued I; then said:

"Count Setta Mezzo, my particular friend, Mr. Dove, from America."

"Ah! *charmé!*" cried the Count, bowing ardently, and pressing the well-kidded hand of Dove in his own. "You are from one very great country. Ah! *Amérique, Amérique!* and you are recently arrive!"

"A few weeks since, only," replied M. Dove, in a manner that did honor to his country.

"And how are mee friend Mr. and Mr.," inquired the Count, rattling over a list of names, apparently not unknown to Dove.

"Gracious! do you know all those?" cried he, delighted; "why, they are all my friends."

"And immensely mine," shouted the Count, in transport. And making as if he were about to embrace Mr. Dove; "I met them in Baden-Baden, in Hamburg, at Spa, at Florence, every where. Ah! my best, best friends!"

"How odd I never heard them speak of you," said Dove.

"Ah! *sacré!* I am afraid not so odd. They meet so many, they forget me," and Count Setta Mezzo, evidently the most careless and jovial of good fellows, looked a little pensive; while Dove compared the warm-hearted remembrance of his new friend with the heedless forgetfulness of his old companions, and determined to reproach them when he returned to "*Amérique, Amérique.*"

"*N'importe, vive la bagatelle!*" laughed the gay Count. "Come, Tric-Trac, where are the

* [What a profound social observation on the part of my friend, Don Bob. I am proud to know a man who knows so many things, well.—J. S., Jr.]

cigars!' cried he, in the most easy, winning manner. 'How can one young American live without his smoke!'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'smoke may be disagreeable to M. Rothschild.'

'Oh, no,' said he, 'don't let me be a bugbear. I don't smoke. It would hardly become a man in my situation, but I am very fond of it. I pray you not to mind me.'

'Cigars were lighted. And we sat conversing around the table. The grave M. Rothschild endeavored constantly to entrap Mr. Dove into a learned conversation upon the present financial condition of the world, and how the discoveries in Australia and California would affect the Russian securities. Dove's great respect for a Prince among earthly rulers made him very attentive, but I saw that he was bored. In fact, you would have thought, my dear Smythe, that M. Rothschild had some intention of wearying his companion, so pertinacious was he.

'At length I, who saw how young Dove longed to amuse himself in some pleasanter way than discussing finance, said:

'What a pity we haven't a pack of cards, we might while away an hour pleasantly enough.'

'The moment Dove heard the proposition, he shouted 'Sure enough,' as if any kind of relief were delightful.

'But,' said I, 'unfortunately I play so little that I have no cards in my room, and it's late to buy any—the shops are shut.'

'How very fortunate I am,' interrupted the Count, 'I was going to meet a few other friends after I leave your charming apartments, and I had one little pack with me. I bought it as I came along.'

'So saying, the Italian nobleman produced a fresh pack, at the sight of which the young eyes of my friend Dove sparkled. I rang at the same time for a little refreshment.

'Perhaps M. Rothschild doesn't play,' said the Count.

'It is not my habit, certainly,' said that gentleman.

'Nor mine,' added I.

'But I have no moral objection to taking a hand,' continued he.

'Nor I,' continued I.

'*Allons donc,*' shouted the enthusiastic Italian, while his eyes flashed as brightly as his rings and chains. 'Meester Dove, me and you against the old ones, hey?'

'Certainly,' answered Dove, pouring out some Cognac, Young America and Young Italy for ever!

'And Dove and Setta Mezzo clasped hands and drained a glowing beaker.

'M. Rothschild proposed whist, as the game most adapted to his position, and quietly put down a bill for a thousand francs. Dove opened his eyes, enchanted to play on the great scale with so distinguished a man. You young men must see life, you know, Smythe. It's a pleasant thing to say, 'whon I won a few thousands of the Queen of Spain, or of Lafitte, or of Roth-

schild.' You understand all that, you young *blasi* men of the world! I know you.

'Well, we sat down to whist. Mr. Dove won the thousand francs. The Count winked at him. M. Rothschild said, gravely:

'Sir, you are an accomplished player, I compliment you upon your skill.'

'Dove blushed, and tossed his head carelessly. The play went on—and the drinking, and the night. I ordered more brandy and cigars. Mr. Dove won again. The Count threw up his hands with delight.

'*Vive la jeune Amérique!*' cried he.

'Mr. Dove smiled in return. He smiled a great deal. In fact he seemed to have difficulty in stopping. His eyes were very radiant and very red. His cheek was flushed too, and his head not so steady as a statue's. In truth he seemed a good deal excited, and the few observations which he ventured, were rather fragmentary—in fact I fear that Mr. Dove h—co—d as he talked.

'About two o'clock in the morning we were a good deal interested in the game. The luck had unfortunately turned against your countryman, who was some five thousand francs upon the wrong side of *Cr*. About three o'clock, at a very interesting passage of the game, Mr. Dove's eyes closed in a reeling manner, and he sank quite powerless under the table. We immediately raised him, and, as it was clear that he would be unable to play longer that evening—as I hoped he would have done, to recover what he had lost—we resolved to carry him quietly to his room, in which operation Giuseppe assisted, for which M. Rothschild gave him a hundred francs on account, which he had just found in the purse of Mr. Dove, that the Count had removed from his pocket, fearing that it might increase his weight too much, as we carried him to his room.

'It was very singular, also, that a fine diamond ring slipped from his finger, and could not be found, although M. Rothschild, the Count, and I searched every where for it.

'The next morning I learned that Mr. Dove was too unwell to leave Bologna, and after a little conversation with my friends—who had kindly passed the night in my room, lest our guest should be in want of any thing—I stopped into his room.

'Good-morning, Mr. Dove,' said I; 'I am truly sorry you are unwell. We want it a little too hard, last night.'

'Oh, no, it's nothing,' replied Dove, who was unwilling to be considered the inferior of any man at a debauch; 'I thought I'd lie over this morning. That was rather dizzy brandy, though, I confess. In fact, I was so sleepy the latter part of the evening, that I don't distinctly remember every thing that happened.'

'You've not forgotten, I hope,' said I, pulling out thirty Napoleons (which I rather think the Count had found in Mr. Dove's purse) and laying them down, 'that I owe you this little sum.'

"No, really," cried Dove, "I can't allow it, I don't remember it a bit, I can't take the money."

"My dear sir," replied I, "you forget that it is a debt of honor, and all the more obligatory, because you hold no memorandum of it. Don't say another word."

"Then we fell into a little light discourse, and I implored him to send for me if he wished any thing, and withdraw."

"I found M. Rothschild and the Count sipping coffee in my room. The latter said he had just taken three places in a post-carriage for Florence, and begged us to accept the two spare seats."

"It goes in half-an-hour," said he, "and it's now half-past nine."

"Well," said M. Rothschild, "I should like to visit the statues and pictures in Florence once more, and I will go if the Chevalier is willing."

"I could not refuse, and at a quarter before ten M. Rothschild stepped into Mr. Dove's room."

"Ah! good-morning," said he. "Sorry not to find you well."

"It's nothing," replied Dove; "nothing at all."

"I happened in as I chanced to be passing," continued M. Rothschild, "merely to ask if it were convenient for you to pay that little sum, of which, you remember, I took no memorandum from you."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Dove, perceiving that he must have lost something, but not very distinctly recalling the amount, "yes—I—remember. It was, I think—it was—"

"Four hundred Napoleons," interposed M. Rothschild, with financial precision.

"Exactly," said Mr. Dove. "Giuseppe, bring the writing-desk."

"Your ingenious countryman then wrote a draft for the amount, and handed it to M. Rothschild, who, looking at his watch, said that he had an engagement at ten, and bade Dove good-morning."

"Fortunately the post-carriage was just ready to start, and the Count and I were on the steps. We lost no time, and in a few minutes were quietly bowling out of the old town of Bologna. It is a fine old city, my dear Smythe, and as I said to the youth who has just passed us, 'quiet rather, and moral.' However, have you thought of my heiress?"

"Dear Don Bohtail," said I, "after your pleasant story I shall want at least a month to consider."

INFLUENCE OF NOVELS.

WE do not look upon prose works of fiction as constituting by any means an insignificant or trivial province of literature. In this, as in any other line of exertion, merit is to be measured, not by the department chosen, but by the degree of excellence reached in that department. The glory of an actor is not considered to be indicated by the dignity of the rôle assigned to him, but by the truth and vividness of his representation; and the confidantes, the valets, and the peasants are often the great characters of the piece, while the lovers, kings, and heroes are

enacted by any one who can strut and declaim. In like manner, an author is not ennobled by the subject which he chooses, but by the power with which he handles it: an historian may sink below contempt, though he has chosen Europe for his arena, and the most stirring period of its annals for his epoch; a tragedian, though he depicts the most mysterious horrors which humanity has undergone, may justly be hissed off the stage for the imbecility of his performance; an epic poet, though Alfred be his theme, pursued through twelve cantos of sonorous versification, may be saved from damnation only by the obscurity which secures him from perusal;—while the delineator of the simplest and humblest scenes of life, if his pictures be but faithful, his sentiments lofty, his perceptions just, and his coloring natural, may attain a deserved immortality, become a household name at every hearth, a favorite with all ages, and a blessing to all times. Genius stamps its own signet on every performance, whatever be the kind of work it takes in hand; and nowhere is its impress more deep and unmistakable than in those volumes which reproduce in fiction the richest and most genial realities of life.

Considered merely as artist productions, we are disposed to place the ablest and finest works of fiction in a very high rank among the achievements of human intellect. Many of their characters are absolute *creations*—an addition to the mind's wealth—an "everlasting possession"—a positive contribution to the world's museum of enduring wonders and unfading beauties—existences as real as the heroes of ancient story or the worthies of private life. But even writers who do not aspire or can not reach so high as this, often leave behind them enduring and beautiful records, "which aftertimes will not willingly 'let die;'" of conceptions lofty and refined, of beings who win their way to every heart; of domestic pictures which all must love and nearly all may emulate; of virtues at once so loving and so real, that scarcely any one can contemplate them without imbibing some good influence from the sight; of victories won in many a moral struggle, which irresistibly suggest a "go and do thou likewise" to every reader. If novels and romances, of which the tone is low, and the taste bad, and the coloring voluptuous, and the morality questionable, are among the subtlest and deadliest poisons cast forth into the world, those of a purer spirit and a higher tendency are, we honestly believe, among the most effective agencies of good. Hundreds of readers who would sleep over a sermon, or drowse over an essay, or yield a cold and barren assent to the deductions of an ethical treatise, will be startled into reflection, or won to emulation, or roused into effort, by the delineations they meet with in a tale which they opened only for the amusement of an idle hour.

"For truth in closest words shall fall,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors."

The story may not (and never should) have been

written with a definite, didactic aim; there may be little moralizing and no formal exhortation—the less of either the better; yet the reader may find a chord struck which needed only striking to vibrate to the end of life, but to which the key-note had never yet been found: he may see there depicted with a life-like pencil, the contest with a temptation against which he is himself struggling, the termination of a career in which he has just taken the first hesitating step, the holy endurance and the happy issue of a trial similar to one which is at the moment darkening his own path: he may see how suffering is borne, how victories are won; by what moral alchemy, and through what dread alembic, peace and good may be made to spring out of evil, anguish, and conflict: he may meet with reflections and analogies which reflect a sudden light upon his soul and reveal to him the deepest and saddest secrets of his own being—till the hour when he perused that humble volume becomes a date and an era in his existence. Nor are works which thus operate upon the reader by any means always or necessarily those which display the greatest genius in the writer: for the production of such effects, simple fidelity to nature, the intuition of real sympathy, or some true and deep experience of life, are often more powerful than the most skillful and high-wrought delineations.—*Edinburgh Review.*

FAITHFUL FOREVER

IT is a dear delight for the soul to have trust in the faith of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm into the very source of sorrow. It is a hope undeterred, a flowery seclusion into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for a caress of constant love; a warmth in the clasp of friendship forever lingering on the hand; a consoling voice that dwells as with an eternal echo on the ear; a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled hearts of this world. Bereavements and wishes long withheld descend sometimes as chastening griefs upon our nature; but there is no solace to the bitterness of broken faith.

Jennie was the morning star of my life. Long before I trod the many wide deserts of the world, I pledged my hope to her. She was so young that my affection came fresh as dew upon her heart. She was gentle to me, and tender, and fond, and sometimes I thought that she loved me less for my own sake than for the sake of love. So I watched the opening bloom of her mind. I wondered what springs of truth were bursting there to make her a joy and a blessing on the earth. I knew that every pulse was warm with a sacred love; but it was not then that I learned all the deep and abounding faith that had its home in the heart of my Jennie.

Jennie was slim and graceful, with a light step and a gentle dignity of demeanor, which, with her joyful ways, was like the freshness of shade near a sunny place. Her face was fair,

with sometimes a pensive expression; it was a good, loving face, with soft, blue, floating eyes, full of beauty and tender thought. A smile always played on the lips—not forever of gladness, but of charity, and content, and trust in the future to which her hope was turned. And often a song poured through those lips, as though some happy bird were nestled in her bosom, and sang with her breath its hymns of delight in the joys of life.

All this did Jennie seem to me, and more than this she was; and she loved me, and I was confident in her affection. For I was then young, and my heart was warm and my hope was strong. I was buoyant as the breeze, and my life was for years a perpetual summer's day. It was the time when the pure springs of nature had not been wasted among the fickle and the cold; it was the golden season when trust is the companion of truth; it was the first harvest which garners into the bosom those thoughts and emotions amid which, as on a bed of flowers, "hope clings, feeding like a bee." The heart of Jennie was as deeply stirred, but her soul was more serene than mine.

There was a fearful storm in Europe. I heard of grim tyrants sitting on thrones, whence they gave their commands to armies which marched to the east and to the west, and tore up the vineyards, and trod down the gardens, and blotted out the peace of the world. Anon, there came rumors of a mighty host that had melted away in the north, and glutted with its blood the Russian snows.

Then there came a strange ambition into my mind. My blood became hot. A calamitous frenzy filled my brain. The name of Glory consecrated all these murders to my imagination. I would carry a flag in one of those armies. I would mix in the crimson throng. I would myself bear a sword amid those forests of flashing steel.

And I told this to my Jennie. I thought she would certainly bless me as a hero. I thought she would bind a scarf about my waist, and bid me "go where glory waits thee," if I still remembered her. But, when I said I should leave her for a while and come back with honor, and pride, and the memory of brave acts, and the conscious gratulations of a breast that never knew fear, she became pale, and looked at me sorrowfully, and fell upon my neck, weeping most bitter tears. I asked her why she could grieve, and said the danger was one chance among innumerable probabilities of success. But she only sobbed and trembled, and pressed me to her bosom, and prayed me not to go.

I reasoned with Jennie. I tried to persuade her of the glory of the war. I told her how much more worthy of love she would think me when I came back adorned with laurels. (O how green are the leaves that bloom from slaughter!) I said her image would be my companion; her voice would be my vesper-bell, her smile my star of the morning; her face would be the visitant of my dreams; her love the mercy that would

shield me from every danger. She listened with suspended sobs and trembled, and all the while her eyes were appealing to my own, and penetrating to my heart to invoke its faith, that I might not tempt misfortune to blight the early bridal of our hearts.

When I had done, her answer was as if I had not spoken, for still she only said that I must not go. She gave no more reasons now. And I—did I deserve her love, when I thought that explaining and persuading were answers to the pleading tears, and swelling bosom, and quivering frame, and speaking eyes of that maiden Niobe shaken by her mournful fears!

"You will be changed when you return," she said.

I change! I knew I could not change! Why should Jennie doubt my truth! I would prove it. My mind was fixed. My fancy was flushed by ambitious anticipations. I was resolved to leave. Jennie, at length, when her entreaties failed, reproached me, but so gently, that her very upbraiding sounded like a benediction. And so it was. It was not even the selfishness of affection. It was a pure, tender, earnest solicitude. She told me I was breaking faith with her in thus going away to engage in war. Was it for this that she had become the affianced of my heart! Was it for this that she had pledged her love, with every sacred vow, to answer mine! Was it for all this that I should take my hand from the pleasant cares of peace to corrupt it in the villainies of war; that I should mix with the worst of my kind; that I should ride over the harvests of the poor, and carouse in the glare of their burning homes, and see sweet babes made fatherless, and wives bereaved, and brides left desolate in the world! Oh, no. It was I that broke my pledge. I was not true to my early vow. I was not all for her. I had made a new idol for my heart. I had declared I would never cause any sorrow to her, by denying to her love one of its earnest wishes. And now I was doing this. I was making her grieve; I was making the leaving her desolate to the end of her days. For the sake of what! For the sake of a soldier's ambition. Ambition! As though to wear the gray hairs of a good old man were not a nobler hope than to die in a trench, or live, shuddering with the memory of carnage, and fire, and blood, and all the nameless horrors of a war!

I can not tell all the sorrows of that parting. An infatuation burned in my head, and blinded me. At length I went. Jennie's last blessing upbraided me more deeply than her first reproach. When she knew that I should go, she said not one more desponding word; and then did I feel how gentle she was in sorrow, as she was serene in her days of joy. But I comforted myself. I decided that Jennie, good as she was—dear, loving, noble—could not comprehend the idea of patriotism. And, once, a thought of falsehood crossed my mind. I reflected that I had never tried her—she might not be true to the absent: it would be good to test her faith.

And so I went. Let me forget the horrors and the crimes of that long adventure. Instead of two years I was away seven; and from the first I was sad, sick, remorseful. Nothing but memory recalled to me the thought of love. And then did Jennie's reproaches rise up in judgment against me. I was long lost from her during the confusion of that terrible campaign. A solid continent now lay between us, and now an ocean: I heard not of her during four years. Ah! she has forgotten, said I, the fiery, willful one to whom she gave her early love.

At length I returned; but I was not he to whom she had said that sweet and dear farewell. I was maimed, mutilated, disfigured—a cripple, an object. I came home with a fleet filled half with trophies, half with the limbless, sightless remnants of a glorious war. But then it was a glorious war. Yes; in twenty years the earth had been dyed with the blood of six millions of men. What a miserable thing—the relic of a man—I looked, when in the sunny summer we bore down the Channel. I thought of Jennie, as the parting cup went round. I already looked upon her as lost; I had not falsified my pledge, yet had I not broken my own faith in doubting hers! I repented all I had done. Could I bind her to her own! Could I ask her to take, instead of the manly figure she had last seen, a wretched creature such as I then was!

I had feelings of honor—naval honor—honor that blooms on the drum-head—honor that struts in a red sash, and feathered hat. I would release her! As though love were an attorney's bond. As though a penful of ink could blot out the eternal record of a heart's first faithful affection. I wrote to her. I said I heard she was unmarried still. I had come home. I was also unmarried; but I was maimed, distorted, disfigured—an object to look at. I had no right to insist on our contract. I would not force myself upon her. I would spare her feelings. I would not extort a final ratification of her promise. I loved her still, and should always with tenderness remember her, but I was bound to release her. She was free!

Free! Free, by virtue of a written lease. Free, by one line, when the interwoven memories of a life's long faith were bound about her heart; when every root of affection that had struck into her bosom had sprung up with new blossoms of hope to adorn the visionary future. Free, by my honorable conduct—when she cherished as on an altar the flame of her vestal love, made fragrant by purity and trust. Her letter was not like mine. It was quick, passionate, burning with affection. It began with a reproach, and the reproach was blotted with a tear—it ended with a blessing, and a tear had made that blessing sacred too. Let me come to her. Let her see my face. Let her embrace me. Let me never leave her more; and she would soothe me for all the pains I had endured. Not a word of her own sorrows!

Scarcely could that happiness be real. And had my long absence; had my miserable disas-

ters, made no change? Was I still, for Jennie, the beloved of other days? "What did you tell her?" said I to my confidential comrade, the one-eyed commodore, a bluff old hero, with a heart as warm as ever beat under gold buttons. He had taken my letter, and brought back Jennie's answer.

"I said you were battered about the hull, till you were a wreck."

"And what did she say? Did she shudder, as with aversion?"

"No; she sobbed, and cried, and asked me if you were injured much, and said you must have suffered bitterly; but she said, too, that you must come to her. 'Miss,' I said, 'he is so knocked about that you won't know him. He'll frighten you. He's a ruin. He has hardly any body left.' And then she flushed to the brow; 'Give him that,' she cried, 'and tell him to come. If he has enough body left to hold his soul, I'll cling to him!'"

And where in tale or song, in history or fable, is an answer recorded of more heroic beauty? What had I to teach *her* of honor. Hers was the honor of the heart; the truth of the soul; the fidelity and love of a woman born to bless this world. Mine was an honor worn like a feather in a cocked hat, like an epaulet, like a spur. It was regulation honor—honor by the rules of "the service." Jennie's was better than mine.

I lived with her near the old place. And my wife, the love of my early days, was still the fond Jennie—gentle, tender, trustful—and, from that day, I buried my ideas of the pride of war.

Jennie was my only glory, and she was faithful to me forever!

THE LOST FOUND.

IN the year 18—, the little watering-place of A—, on the western coast of Ireland, was much agitated by a circumstance which occurred there. A nice family had come to pass the summer, and were occupying the only large house which A— could then produce. We will call them by the name of Trevor. They were people of the upper class of life, and wealthy. The father was an Englishman and a clergyman, and had married a niece of the nobleman whose park wall we had just been admiring. And it was a pleasant sight to see his tall, slight figure by the side of his still handsome and graceful wife, and their two fair and fawn-like girls sketching on the shore, or reading on the cliffs, or botanizing in the fields, or climbing the rocks for samphire, or visiting among the cottages of the poor to teach, or comfort, or relieve, which they did most bountifully, and were greatly beloved in the place—the free hand being ever popular among the Irish. They were always together—ever forming one group, like the figures in a piece of statuary; and appeared greatly attached, and drawn to each other as much by affection as by community of taste and habit.

But one evening they had an addition to their

party, in the person of Henry Trevor, the only son of the family. He had his mother's soft, dark eye, and his father's tall, slight form, and in all other respects seemed perfectly identified with the tastes and habits of his parents and gentle sisters: a hundred new enjoyments seemed to have arrived with his presence. The three young people now lived in the open air. Bathing—and Henry was a splendid swimmer—or boating, and Henry was equally expert at the oar or the tiller; or they would go on walking excursions along the cliffs and headlands; or, mounted on rugged little fiery shelties, they would penetrate into the gorges and ravines, and beside the lakes of the C— mountains, which towered behind their house, the haunts of the hill-fox, the otter, and the large golden eagle. In the month of June the place was visited by a tremendous storm; I remember it well. I was then at Brighton, and the loss of life and of craft among the south of England fishermen was lamentable. This tempest came suddenly, and went in like manner, dying off in half an hour, after blowing a hurricane all day, as if exhausted by its own strength. The sea scene at A— was grand in the extreme. The immense long bright billows of the Atlantic, crested with foam and fire, fell one after the other, bursting, like thunder-bolts, up the beach; and seeming to shake the shore and rocks with the explosions of their dread artillery; or, raging round the worn bases of the cliffs, whose blue heads looked placidly out on the warring waters, like a great mind unshaken amidst troubles.

At evening a small brig was seen by the red glare of the setting sun, drifting rapidly on a sunk ledge of rock which guarded the little bay. (At the ebb of tide a rapid current set northward just outside this dangerous reef, but the tide was flowing now). She evidently was not aware of the hidden danger till she had struck, and then appeared immovably wedged into the rock. She was seen to hoist signals of distress, and the roar of a solitary gun came shoreward on the wind. Mr. Trevor and his son were watching her from the beach along with many others, and the former now offered a handsome gratuity to those who would launch and man a boat, and go off to her assistance; but all shook their heads, for, truth to say, the marine of A— was in a very discreditable condition; and, except one middling-sized pinnace, they had no craft fit for such a sea as was then running and raging before them. On this, Henry Trevor, leaping into the pinnace, which was rocking in a little cove, protected by a broad, flat stone from the sea, declared he would go alone, when four young fellows, who often had rowed him in his fishing expeditions, started forward to share his enterprise and his danger; "it was but half a mile to the reef!"—"the wind was lulling—the tide at the full—and they would go for the love they had for the young master." The cheek of Mr. Trevor waxed deadly pale, but he was a brave and noble-hearted man, and thought his son was in the path of duty; he was

a pious man, too, and felt that God would surely not forsake him.

The boat was shoved into the surf amidst the cheers of the men, and the prayers and tears of the women; and, though every ten seconds it appeared sunk and lost in the trough of the wave, yet it would mount the next watery hill, and was fast reaching the reef under the long, steady stroke of the practiced hardy oarsmen. Henry's form was seen in the fast-receding light, sitting erect in the stern sheets, and steering with coolness and skill; a little gray cloth cap was pulled tightly down over his small and classical head, and the ends of his long black silk-handkerchief blew back in the gale from his fine throat.

In a short time they appeared to have reached the reef and boarded the brig, the strong little pinnace riding under the shelter of her lee. It had been comparatively calm for a brief space, but in a moment a black squall which had been gathering at sea, came rushing and roaring toward the shore, covering the sky and producing instantaneous night; a mountain-wave swept the vessel, in a moment or two a second, and a third succeeded, till the ship, gradually weakened by these reiterated shocks, entirely broke up, and became a total wreck.

But where was her crew? They were all saved. In the pale moonlight which succeeded the sudden passing away of the gale, the hardy pinnace might be seen riding amidst the long furrows of the sea, and drifting rapidly in to the shore. Tossed, broken, half-engulfed, and nearly full of water, she was hurled by the last wave she ever floated on high on the beach, and her crew drenched, stunned, and bruised, yet all preserved from a watery grave. The four young fishermen were there, too, but one was missing—Edward Trevor was not among the number, and was not found. He had been last seen on the brig's deck assisting a mother and her child into the pinnace, then the "big wave" had broken over them, drenching and stunning all, and they had hastily "cast off" and set to work to "bale the boat, supposing they had the young master on board, but seeing nothing owing to the darkness and confusion, and the difficulty of keeping the boat at all afloat, so crowded and in such a sea." The agony of Mr. Trevor at this discovery knew no bounds. The unfortunate father would have rushed into the sea to seek his lost son, had he not been prevented by the woman whose life Henry had saved. What was now to be done? The pinnace could not go back—her keel was broken, and her gunwale stove in; nor was there any boat to be found which could live in such a sea. All the night long the distracted parents and sisters, hand locked in hand, paced the sands, looking, and watching, and listening, and peering into the darkness; but there was neither voice nor sound, and Henry came not. At a little after two o'clock, the dawn beginning to show, and the sea much calmed, three boats, in one of which was the father, proceeded to the reef, which now stood up in gray and rugged

outline above the ebb of tide. Here not a vestige of the wreck appeared, and, alas! no trace of the brave and beloved one who had periled his young life, and thrown it away in the cause of humanity. All day long the boats continued their search on the reef, and along the neighboring shore. The highest rewards were offered—grappling-irons were used for the discovery of the poor body, but it was not to be found. At evening his blue pea-jacket floated on shore, and alas! its identity could not be doubted, for, in a small side-pocket was Mrs. Trevor's portrait, set in blue enamel and pearl, all marred by the action of the sea-water, a gift from his mother on his going to college some years ago, but nothing more of his came to shore.

Days and days passed on, and every thing that wealth, and influence, and restless, anxious energy could effect, was put in practice, but Henry's loved remains were nowhere found.

All language were faint to portray the black shadow which now settled down in terrible darkness over the Trevors. The loud weeping of the gentle girls, the hysterical passion of their mother, continuing for hours, and breaking the health and the heart. The dry, sleepless agony of the father, ever accusing himself as the cause of his son's death, and pacing up and down the room in silent misery; for—

"The grief which does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-wrought heart, and bids it break."

Their affliction drew them more than ever together. If they were one in the day of joy, how much more in the night of sorrow. Their piety, too, deepened under the trial; and often, when unable to master their cruel agony, they would fling themselves on their knees, and pour out the overflowings of their distracted spirits in prayer to their heavenly Father; and comfort came down for the time, though hope was dead.

Weeks passed on, but the work of years had wrought on their appearance. Mr. Trevor's once shining black hair was all streaked with gray—silver lines which grief's pale finger had drawn there. His wife's health, like her poor boy's life, was wrecked away. She was always unwell—a martyr to shattered nerves. While the fair girls were like two young trees bent and drooping from the shock of a terrible tempest.

They now determined to leave A—, the scene of their misery. Their carriage and servants arrived next day, along with an old spaniel, which had belonged to Henry. The sight of this dog affected the grief-stricken family greatly. Their luggage was all packed, and their carriage ordered to be at the door at day-break, for they had a long day's journey to go. Late in the evening the sisters walked on the beach. The sea was calm and beautiful, and the sun dying over it in thin cloudlets of black and gold. They went to the flat rock, from whence Henry had leaped into the pinnace. They did not speak one word, but, weeping abundantly, each bent down her face to kiss the spot on the rock which their brother's steps had last pressed. The poor

girls mingled their tears with the remorseless brine, which now gently came in to caress their feet, as if sorrowing and plaining for its fault. Silently they returned home, and now they all sat together in their little drawing-room. It was their last evening at A——, the scene of *such* happiness, and *such* misery. It was the hour of family prayer, and Mr. Trevor read that divine chapter, the 14th of John's Gospel, which has brought comfort to thousands of mourners—"Let not your heart be troubled;" sweet words, yet sad. His deep, melodious voice quivered as he read them, for he thought of his fair son lying in the cold sea. Mrs. Trevor hid her face in the cushions of the sofa, and her daughters bent over and tried to soothe her. They knelt in prayer—it was their little wonted evening worship which he had often shared, and *always enjoyed*. Perhaps they thought of *that* now, and the remembrance might have calmed their spirit.

The old dog had been very nervous for the last few minutes, circling and smelling round the room, and whining at the window. Mr. Trevor threw it up.

"I see a man on the gravel walk," he said, "who, I think, is our new postillion. I hope Carlo will not hurt him;" for the dog had leaped out over the window-sill. The next minute a figure sprang in over the low sash, and with a loud cry precipitated himself toward the party. It was their lost one, whom God had sent them back.

"Mother, mother!—take me to your heart, dearest, dearest, mother! Beloved father, kiss me! Ellen, Susan, I am come again, never more to part in this world!"

Oh! the deep, the unutterable joy of that moment!

"Oh, God of heaven! oh, my merciful Saviour!" exclaimed the transported father, "it is my son—so wan, so worn; but it is indeed my son—my own son!"

All this time the mother could not speak; her face was on her son's shoulder, locked in his tight embrace, and silently straining him again and again to her heart. At length, disengaging herself, and pushing him toward the two fair girls who stood trembling, and all wild and weeping for joy, she turned her to her husband's faithful bosom, saw on his face the old smile come back, which she thought had gone forever, fell into his extended arms, and, lifting up her happy voice, exclaimed—

"Oh, our God, we thank thee for thy unspeakable mercy, for this our son was dead and is alive; he was lost, and is found!"

His tale was soon told; he had been knocked down by the giant wave; his forehead was cut, and he lay senseless under the hulwarks of the deck; a mast had fallen obliquely over him, but had not touched or hurt him. When consciousness returned, he had just time to throw off his coat to swim, when the brig went to pieces, and the recoil of a wave washed him outside the reef into the rapid current which sets strongly there to the north, and completely off the shore. He said

he swam but feebly, only using his feet; for the mast had floated with him, and his hands were locked in the rigging, as they drifted together in the sea. He said the last thing he *thought* he saw, was the light in his father's house on shore; but his eyes were dim; and the last sound he *thought* he heard, was a wail of soft music played on his sister's harp. His head was very much astray, he said, just then, and the music appeared to come floating along the waters, but it was a mere phantasy, though he said it made him smile; and so he committed his soul and his life to Him who once trod the waves to stillness; and then all was a blank, till he awoke faint and feeble in a strange bed, and among strange faces—yet saved, most wonderfully saved. He had been picked up by a Scotch fishing smack (which was returning to the island of Skye) at the first break of light. He was all but exanimate when found, and a fierce fever set in on his exhausted frame at once; but his kind captors took him to their wild but healthy home, where he was tenderly nursed by their women; and though delirious for a long time, his youth finally triumphed, and he was spared for the enjoyment and all the bliss of the present moment. He had written on his recovery twice from Skye, but his letters miscarried; and having had a purse of gold with him, which these honest fishermen never interfered with, he went to Glasgow in a fishing boat, and from thence home, where his presence was hailed as a *resurrection* indeed, and life from the dead.

CHARITY AND HUMOR.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR," "PENDRAGON,"
"HENRY ESMOND," ETC.

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a Lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end, which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a Discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former Lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place—and which you are all abetting, the cause of love and charity, the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good-will toward men! That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and exam-

ple of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without; I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbors, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing, they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbors. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce, and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has this of good in it that its fruits are good; a man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner, a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the Literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe, or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature, to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book,

no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I don't know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning toward the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humor, I think; it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world—that sweet friendliness, which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and can't be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his exultations of feeling, his outbursts of high spirits must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your

own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as every thing else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Lawrence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieure Dessein's court-yard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encountered the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say: "Away you driveling quack: do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and are misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefevre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence, and sympathize with honor; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I don't love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placarded himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race—the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I don't remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally, for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the *Journal to Stella*, a sick child, to be sure—a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox—but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a court intrigue, in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of *Stella's*, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man. Tisdall, who loved her, and of whom Swift speaks in a letter to this lady, in language so foul, that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one, I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that mul-

titude of sins with so little charity to cover them!

Of Mr. Congreve's contribution to the English stock of benevolence, I don't speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There's no more feeling in his comedies, than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and goodwill for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked—more so than any man of his age, almost; and to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon; we may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private, he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillions, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose!" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him, as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel and understand and use the noble English word, "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbor; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of, is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending

poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me—I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, can not venture to express an opinion of my own—that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it; and cutting the connection between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Foggy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the Diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youths of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a by-gone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great, and a brilliant and polished society; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him. A courteousness, which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag. A politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defense of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I'll tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of. I mean our books (not books of history, but books of humor). I'll tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentlemanlike action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to

a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half-a-dozen. Mind, I don't set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable super-erogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling-Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women; a kiss for all children; a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes; not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched-battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the Fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common-life ever since Steele's and Addison's time; the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley-habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbor, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote; children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are nickened by Jonathan Wyld, than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appall many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored sat-

irist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in Tom Jones, and Doctor Harrison's in Amelia, and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read; we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still—of love and beauty, of frankness, and bravery, and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succor gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled, and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the grooms-man's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence; a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate; a great love for the pure and good; these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humor over Moses's gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good Vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly—what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "bonne Vieille," the "Soldats au pas, au pas;" with tears rolling down their mustaches. At a Burns's Festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks: while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbors; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities. Of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion: you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head,

and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humor, and especially modern popular humor, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chivalrous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece, in which a wicked aristocrat is not be-pummeled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe has been greatly read here, in which the *Mysteries of the Court of London* were said to be unvalued by a gentleman, who I suspect knows about as much about the court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpennyworth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George the Fourth, our late most religious and gracious king, occupied in the most flagitious sins against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after, I took sixpennyworth more of the same delectable history: George the Fourth was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families; he had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many, many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, "it lashes the aristocracy!" Not long since, I went to two penny-theatres in London; immense eager crowds of people thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage, and burst into applause or laughter, such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked lord kicked out of the window—there is always a wicked lord kicked out of the window. First piece:—"Domestic drama—Thrilling interest!—Weaver's family in distress!—Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves!—Enter Wicked Lord: tempts Fanny with offer of Diamond Necklace, Champagne Suppers, and Coach to ride in!—Enter sturdy Blacksmith.—Scuffle between Blacksmith and Aristocratic minion: exit Wicked Lord out of the window." Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also

of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of horn-pipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain earls and magistrates toward the people. Two wicked lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels: one aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck-trowsers and Berlin-cotton gloves; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eye-glass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a press-gang, they meet her all alone on a common, and subject her to the most opprobrious language and behavior: "Release me, villains!" says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her pocket, and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked lord to the right, wicked lord to the left; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at the very nick of time, armed with a great marine spike, with which—whack! whack! down goes wicked lord, No. 1—wicked lord, No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with an hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry, and are very happy ever after.—Popular fun is always kind: it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables, it is Little Jack that conquers, and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather hard upon the great folks. Well, well. Their lordships have all the money, and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous preacher has prodigiously increased; his audiences are enormous; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. Punch is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth; I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivaled pen commenced to delight the world with its humor. We have among us other literary parties; we have Punch, as I have said, preaching from his booth; we have a Jerrold party very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit; and we have also—it must be said, and it is still to be hoped—a Vanity-Fair party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London Times newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good any where, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I can't help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that fault must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that Love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind English humorists have done; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That "Song of the Shirt," which Punch first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all of you know, of the "Bridge of Sighs," who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us so nobly!

I never saw the writer but once; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them):—I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here, and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens's, which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity-sermon preached in the world than Dickens's Christmas Carol! I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas-turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest heart must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who when she is happy reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is unhappy reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is tired reads Nicholas Nickleby;

when she is in bed reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she has nothing to do reads Nicholas Nickleby; and when she has finished the book reads Nicholas Nickleby over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said: "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;"—and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can! Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember when that famous Nicholas Nickleby came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor school-master, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the north." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys-Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor school-masters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly; but afterward school-boys' backs were not so much caned; school-boys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crumles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good-humor! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for Nicholas Nickleby.

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller! Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger! Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family! Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris. Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber!

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share and say a Benediction for the meal.

THE LOST FLOWERS.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

IT was a beautiful morning in May, when Jeanie Gray, with a small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the farm-house of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half-year's term of service. She had but a short distance to walk, the village of Elsington, about three miles off, being her destination. As she passed down the little lane leading from the farm to the main road, two or three fair-haired children came bounding over a stile to her side, and clung affectionately around their late attendant.

"Oh, Jeanie, what for maun ye gang away! Mamma wadna let us see you out on the road a bit, but we wan away to you by rinnin' round the stack-yard."

Jeanie stood still as the eldest of her late charges spoke thus, and said: "Marian, you should have had mair sense than to come when your mother forbad you. Rin away back, like guid bairns," continued she, caressing them kindly; "rin away hame. I'll maybe come and see you again."

"Oh, be sure and do that, then, Jeanie," said the eldest.

"Come back again, Jeanie," cried the younger ones, as they turned sorrowfully away.

From such marks of affection, displayed by those who had been under her care, our readers may conceive that Jeanie Gray was possessed of engaging and amiable qualities. This was indeed the case; a more modest and kind-hearted creature perhaps never drew the breath of life. Separated at an early age from her parents, like so many of her class—that class so perfectly represented in the character of Jenny, in the "Cottar's Saturday Night"—she had conducted herself, in the several families which she had entered, in such a way as to acquire uniformly their love and esteem. Some mistresses, it is true, are scarcely able to appreciate a good and dutiful servant; and of this class was Mrs. Smith of Drylaw, a cold, haughty, mistrustful woman, who, having suffered by bad servants, had come to look upon the best of them as but sordid workers for the penny-fee. To such a person, the timidity and reserve which distinguished Jeanie Gray's character to a fault, seemed only a screen, cunningly and deliberately assumed; and the proud distance which Mrs. Smith preserved, prevented her from ever discovering her error. Excepting for the sake of the children, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Jeanie felt no regret at leaving Drylaw.

Her destination on departing from her late abode was, as we have already mentioned, the village of Elsington; and it is now necessary that we should divulge a more important matter—she was going there to be married. Jeanie Gray could not be called a beautiful girl, yet her cheerful though pale countenance, her soft dark eye and glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form, had attracted not a few admirers. Her matrimonial fate, however, had been early

decided; and the circumstances under which it was about to be brought to a happy issue, were most honorable to both parties interested. At the age of eighteen, Jeanie's heart had been sought and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neighboring town. Deep was the affection that sprang up between the pair, but they combined prudence with love, and resolved, after binding themselves by the simple love-vows of their class, to defer their union until they should have earned enough to insure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years had they been true to each other, though they had met only at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William had managed to lay by the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jeanie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long-cherished wishes of their hearts. A *but-and-a-ben*, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the day following the May-term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.

We left Jeanie Gray on her way from the farm-house of Drylaw. After her momentary regret at parting with the children, whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, as she was disposed to do every living thing around her, her mind reverted naturally to the object that lay nearest her heart. The bright sun above sent his cheering radiance through the light fleecy clouds of the young summer, the revived trees cast their shades over her path, the merry lark rose leapingly from the fields, and the sparrow chirped from the hedge at her side—every thing around her breathed of happiness and joy, and her mind soon brightened into unison with the pleasing influences. Yet ever and anon a flutter of indescribable emotion thrilled through the maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, though unseen, vary in hue. At an angle of the road, while she was moving along, absorbed in her own thoughts, a manly voice exclaimed: "Jeanie!" and a well-known form started up from a seat on the way-side. It was William Ainslie. The converse which followed, as the betrothed pair pursued their way, and laid open their hearts to each other, we can not, and shall not attempt to describe.

After Jeanie had parted for a time with William, and was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it was found to contain some beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady destined as a present to adorn the wedding-cap; an ornament regarding which, brides among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular. The kindness displayed in the gift, more than its value, affected Jeanie's heart, and brought tears to her eyes. She fitted the flowers to her cap, and was pleased to hear her sister-in-law's praises of their beautiful effect. Fatal present!—but let us not anticipate.

The wedding came and passed, not accom-

panied with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness, for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits. Let the reader, then, suppose the festive occasion over in decent order, and the newly-married pair seated in their new house—their *own* house—at dinner, on the following day. William had been at his work that morning as he was wont, and his young wife had prepared their humble and neat dinner. Oh! how delicious was that food to both! Their happiness was almost too deep for language. Looks of intense affection and tenderness were its only expression.

"I maun be a truant, Jeanie, to-night," said the husband. "My comrades in the shop maun hae a foy frae me, since we couldna ask them a' to the wedding, ye ken."

"Surely," said his wife, raising her timid, confiding eyes to his face, "whatever you think right, William; I ken you are nae waster, and they wad hae shown the same kindness to you."

"I hope you'll find me nae waster," returned her husband smiling; "nor am I fear'd for you turning out ane either, Jeanie, lass, though ye was sae vry braw about the head last night." By the direction of his eyes to the artificial flowers which had adorned her wedding-cap, and which were lying on the top of her new stand of drawers at the moment, Jeanie saw to what her husband alluded.

"Oh, the flowers!" said she, blushing; "they didna cost me muckle, William."

The conversation of the pair was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Smith of Drylaw, who mentioned, with an appearance of kindness, that, having been accidentally in Elsington that day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jeanie and her Goodman. Whether curiosity had fully as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jeanie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to taste a drop of the best liquor they possessed.

Alas! how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs. The party were in the midst of an amicable conversation when Mrs. Smith's eye happened to be caught by the bouquet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable change was at once observable in her manner.

"Jeanie," said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, "I did not expect to find my flowers lying there. Say not a word—I see it all—I see it all—you have been a *thief*—there is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another instant in your house!"

So saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed from the dwelling of the wonder-stricken pair. Jeanie, as already mentioned, was timid and modest to a fault. When her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned to speak, but could not, though the blood rushed to her face, and her bosom heaved convulsively. When left alone with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly toward him, and a flood of tears gushed

over her cheeks. What thought William of all this! His emotion was scarcely less on hearing the accusation than his wife's; and recollecting her saying that the flowers cost her nothing, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true. The more than feminine delicacy and timidity of his wife's nature was not fully known to him, and her voiceless agitation appeared too like an inability to confute the imputation. He rose, and while Jeanie, still incapable of utterance, could only hold up her hands deprecatingly, he cast on her a glance of mingled sorrow and rebuke, and left the room. His wife—his bride—stricken in the first flush of her matronly joy and pride, sunk from her chair on his departure—inevitable!

It was rather late, from a cause that has been alluded to, before William Ainslie returned to his home that night. His wife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who had been sent for by Jeanie, was in waiting for him, and revealed the utter falsehood of Mrs. Smith's accusation, she having been an eye-witness of the receipt of the flowers, as a present from another lady.

"Take care o' Jeanie, William," said the sister-in-law; "she is ill—a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her." This prediction unhappily had truth in it. On the ensuing morning, the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and waking. A deep flush remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul.

"Oh, William, you believed it! But it's no true—it's no true—it is false!" was the language she continually murmured forth.

Medical skill was speedily seen to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in informed William, that, in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain-fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting, when he was out of her sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and had left her forever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep. Jeanie Ainslie—if we may call her by a name she was destined so short a time to bear—fell after two or three days' illness into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and on the eighth day after her nuptials, her pure spirit departed.

William Ainslie had shown on many occasions in life great firmness and self-command; and now, though deep suffering was written on his brow, he made, with at least external composure, the requisite preparations for laying in the grave

the remains of her whom he had loved so long and so truly. As to retribution upon the head of the person who had been instrumental, through inconsiderate hastiness only, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery, the bereaved husband thought not of calling for it. Yet it did come, to a certain extent; for our errors seldom pass, even in this life, without a pang of punishment and remorse.

Several days after charging the innocent Jeanie with the abduction of her flowers, Mrs. Smith of Drylaw found, by a discovery of her new servant, that one of her younger children, impatient for the flowering of a rose-bush in the little garden nigh the farm-house, had lighted upon the artificial bouquet in her mother's dressing-room, and had carried it out and stuck it upon the bush. There the flowers were accordingly found; and Mrs. Smith, who was far from being an evil-intentioned woman, did feel regret at having charged the loss upon the guiltless. Ignorant of all that had passed at Elsington in the interval, she determined to call at William Ainslie's on her first visit to the village, and explain her mistake.

That call was made two days after Jeanie's death; and on Mrs. Smith entering the room, she found William sitting by his bereaved hearth, with his sister-in-law and another kind neighbor, bearing him company.

"Oh—by-the-by—those flowers!" said the unwelcome visitor in a tone and in a manner which she meant to be condescending and insinuating, "how sorry I am for what happened about those flowers! Where do you think I found them after all!—in a rose-bush in the garden, where Jemima had put them. And now I am come to say I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over."

William Ainslie had risen slowly during this extraordinary speech; and now, raising his finger toward his lips, he approached and took Mrs. Smith by the hand, beckoning at the same time to the two women who were seated with him. They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes, and rising, moved toward the bed, around which the curtains were closely drawn, William leading forward also the unresisting and bewildered visitor. The women drew the curtains aside, and William, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Smith, pointed silently to the body of his wife, shrouded in the coverments of death, and lying with the pale, uncovered face upturned to that heaven for which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. The wretched and false accuser gazed with changing color on the corpse of the dead innocent, and, turning her looks for a moment on the silent faces around, that regarded her more in sorrow than in anger, she uttered a groan of anguish as the truth broke on her; then, bursting from the hand which held her, she hastily departed from the house.

There is little now to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily is but too true. The little we have to add, is but in accordance with the tenor of what has been told. After the

burial of his Jeanie, William Ainslie departed from Elsington; and what were his future fortunes no one can tell, for he never was seen or heard of again in his native place. As for the unhappy woman who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she lived to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty. Let us hope that the circumstance had an influence on her future conduct, and will not be without its moral efficacy in the minds of our readers.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

WHO does not know the importance of trifles, so called!—and who, in the present day, when we have learned that we owe our chalky cliffs to insects, and that the same apparently insignificant creatures have gemmed the sea with islands of coral, will venture to despise “small beginnings.”

If we look closely into life, we shall find, that in it as in nature, scarcely any event is of itself unimportant, or incapable of being turned to useful account. The poet tells us that

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

And this is true; but there are also unnoticed currents and shifting winds playing over the great ocean of time, and these, if skillfully and boldly seized, may prove as important to our progress as the mighty flood-tide itself. Our readers have, doubtless, long since remarked, out of what slender threads the web of great fortunes have been woven by skillful and energetic hands, using means and seizing opportunities which the feeble or indolent either overlook or despise. A few remarkable instances of thus “compelling fortune,” we are now about to offer them—the successful result of one of which came under our own personal observation, while the heroine of another is at this present time living in France. Giving her history the precedence due to her sex, we shall begin with it, and thus show our readers the importance of a handful of wool! Eugénie was the daughter of a merchant living at Marseilles, and in her early youth married a Catalan officer, in the service of Don Carlos. She followed his fortunes through all the disastrous chances of civil war, suffering, during this period, privations and dangers, which were doubtless needful to nerve her frame and mind for the trying lot which awaited her. In one of the guerilla skirmishes of the war, he fell, and lay unburied on the mountain height; but the heroic love of his wife would not suffer his remains to be left for the carrion-crow, “or the wolf to hatten o’er him.” In the silence and darkness of night, she dug a grave for him with her own hands—a task fraught with as much peril as that which threatened the Antigone of Grecian fable, or even greater; for no Creon ever equaled in barbarity the ferocious soldiery of both sides in that hateful war. Neither her sex nor her foreign birth would have saved her, had a Christiano found her engaged in her holy task. Dramatic fiction surely never imagined a more terrible situation than

this, with all its adjuncts of wild mountain scenery, the gloom of darkening night, and threatening dangers—not to speak of the heart-suffering of the actor in it—the woman whose delicate hands labored to form a grave for her beloved. The task was, however, achieved in safety, and then the young widow fled, with her two infant children, into the deepest solitudes of the hills, taking refuge, finally, in an old ruined convent, situated on a steep acclivity, and visited only occasionally by shepherds, who brought their flocks from the valleys below to the mountain pastures. One can scarcely fancy a more wretched or hopeless position. She was utterly penniless; and the only comfort nature afforded her, was the abundant wood to be found near the spot. Of this, the dauntless mother laid in a good supply ere winter. She also offered to assist the shepherds in tending their sheep, and to stable them during the night in her ruined dwelling; while, in return for these pastoral services, she received from them a scanty crust and milk for her infants. The peasants, trusted by her patience and industry, bore the tidings of the strange lady’s doings to their own homes in the valley; and, moved by curiosity, the women, when next they came up with food for their husbands, visited the recluse. She entered frankly into conversation with her guests.

“It is a long and weary journey for you the days you are obliged to ascend the mountain, and a great hindrance to your work!”

“Yes, señora.”

“And it must be dull in your lonely homes, when your husbands are away!”

Again an affirmative reply.

“Well, if you like, I will clear out the great refectory of the convent, and you may bring your wheels and spin here together.”

The offer was thankfully accepted, and the whole female population of the village soon assembled daily in the large airy hall, bringing their children with them. They came at the peep of dawn, and returned late at night to the dull hovels below. The contrast must have been a delightful one, from the monotony and gloom of the valley beneath. Here they had light, fresh air, warmth—wood being abundant—and the fellowship of others. At the end of each week the grateful peasants presented to their benefactress—for such, in truth, she was—a handful of spun wool each, and out of this small offering she wove her fortune. Descending occasionally to the nearest town, she sold these little wool-gatherings, and in a few months had accumulated enough to purchase the shepherds’ raw wool, and to beg for an hour’s labor, instead of the handful of material from her guests. Before the summer was over, she collected, by management and industry, enough of money to pay them for their work; and, at the next sheep-shearing, she became the purchaser of more than half the wool.

Her energy and talent inspired her poor neighbors with similar zeal and activity. They spun merrily and briskly under her eye, sure of a purchaser for the produce of their labor, without

having to wend their steps down the mountains. It is surprising what the impetus of a master-mind can achieve. Labor gained a new life from the example of the spirited Frenchwoman; every thing prospered with the mountain Arachnes; and during the second spring following her first appearance among them, Madame L—— was able to leave her children to their care, and journey, under the escort of some of her shepherd friends, to the frontier, where she contracted with one of the greatest wool-buyers of France for the produce of the next winter's spinning.

In three years the old convent was converted into a spinning-factory; became renowned throughout the north of Spain for the fineness of its produce; and proved a source of domestic comfort and prosperity to the poor peasants who had once, out of their humble means, exercised charity toward its desolate inmate.

Madame L——'s web of good fortune waxed every year. She is now a wealthy capitalist. She has four factories in Spain, and seven in France, besides cotton and flax mills in Belgium. She has by her energy, prudence, and kindness, compelled fortune; and out of a handful of wool, has extracted prosperity for herself, her children, and the many who labor for her. Her character appears to us in every respect a counterpart of that of the wise woman of the Proverbs, with a nearness of resemblance indeed surprising, when found under the influences and prejudices of western civilization. We have heard that she has not lost any of her really great qualities under the trial of prosperity, but continues as energetic, patient, and simple in her habits, as when she dwelt in desolate penury on the hills of Spain.

Above the grave, so touchingly hallowed by the circumstances of its formation, there now stands, in a wild and solitary pass near Probeda, a magnificent monument of white marble, bearing, in letters of gold, the name—"Jago L——, Aged 27." In poverty and wealth, the love of that faithful wife is changeless.

And now transporting our readers from the Pyrenees to the palm-groves, we will endeavor to illustrate the title of our article by an Oriental tale, which, when we first heard it, recalled to our memory the once devoutly-believed stories of the *Arabian Nights*. There dwelt, many years ago, in the island of Bombay, a young Parsee, or fire-worshiper, one of the poorest of his tribe, but endowed with a sagacity as great as that of the more cultivated dame of Christendom, and with as large and benevolent a heart. This man began life with less substantial grounds for hope than the dreamer Alnaschar possessed; for whereas he of the Arabian story had a basket-full of glass and earthenware, our modern Guebre possessed but two old wine-bottles! They were, to be sure, of more value there than they are here, being articles held in great estimation in some parts of India—as, for example, in Scinde, where, when it was first occupied by the British, a couple of fowls could be obtained for an old porter-bottle. Still, it was a decidedly "small beginning" for a merchant; but he managed to

sell them advantageously; bought more; again made a profitable bargain, and became a regular *bottle wallah*—that is, seller of bottles. In a country where nature so abundantly supplies the wants of her children—where a basket of charcoal and a handful of rice form the *cuisine* of the poor, it is easier to save, than in a land where many wants consume the hard-earned pittance. Our Parsee accumulated annas till they grew into rupees, and became a thriving trader. Then the opium-trade engaged his attention. Some doubtful speculation in it was mentioned in his presence, and seeing with instinctive sagacity the probable profit, he closed with the proposal unhesitatingly; and thus—for it proved most successful—in the words of the friend who told me his history, "he cleared £10,000 by a stroke of his pen." From that moment, his rise to the summit of prosperous fortune was rapid. Nor could it be called the work of chance, or a mere caprice of destiny. He studied to meet the exigencies of his new position. He learned to speak the language, and understand, in a great measure, the commercial policy of the European strangers who rule the land. He was industrious, self-denying, and quick-witted. When we saw him, in his advancing age, he possessed, as the fruit of his own thought and energy, an income of some hundreds of thousands yearly; and he spent his wealth as liberally as he had earned it carefully. His charity scarcely knew a bound. In one year, he gave away in alms to the poor, English and natives, the enormous sum of £90,000, for which he received the thanks of the Queen of England, and her likeness set in diamonds, besides the first title of knighthood bestowed on an Oriental since the days of Saladin. He founded a noble hospital. His wife gave her jewels to form a causeway between the islands of Bombay and Salsette, many lives having been lost among the natives in making the somewhat dangerous trajet; and he never drove out without carrying in his carriage bags of small coin, to fling to the mendicants who thronged his path. It was while seated at his own table—in a bungalow he had purchased on the Kandaflah Hills, and which he lent to our party as a place of rest during the ascent—that we first heard the story of the achievement of this wealth, and, gazing on the splendor around us, the "two bottles" appeared little else than an Eastern fable. The land for many a mile round was his; the plantations of roses, covering whole acres, and so sweetly clothing the wild mountain-side, were but a lovely portion of his merchandise—their essence but a fragrant addition to his heaps of gold. And then the luxury of this country retreat! The European furniture—the costly china dinner-service, manufactured for him, and bearing his arms and initials—the plate, and servants, and rich viands—all from such a small beginning! It was marvelous as a fairy tale.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy is now no more; but the memory of his good deeds is still and will be long cherished in the East.

We can not conclude our sketch of "small beginnings" without speaking of a certain singular little republic which has some claim to be remembered under such a heading, though its history is no modern instance, and will lead us some fourteen or fifteen hundred years into the shadows of the past. It is only befitting the antiquity of the tale, to say that, once upon a time, there existed a certain peasant of Dalmatia, named Marino, who was by trade a mason—a worthy, honest, industrious man, and devout according to the light vouchsafed to him. This artisan was employed in the reparation of the town of Rimini; and when his task was ended, he retreated to a neighboring mountain, built for himself a cell, and embraced the life of a hermit. After a time, his sanctity and charity were rumored abroad; and the lady of the land—the Princess of Rimini—visited his hermitage, was charmed by his piety and intelligence, and bestowed on him as a gift the high and craggy mountain where he had fixed his home: no very great bounty, if we consider that its summit, usually veiled in clouds, was covered with eternal snow; but Marino, or, as he was now styled, St. Marino, turned the barren land to good account. He invited all whom he deemed worthy of abating his solitude; many a lowly and homeless peasant, many a wanderer seeking a precarious crust, to dwell with him in this eagle'serie. Nor did he, as might have been supposed probable, enjoin a monastic life on them. On the contrary, he assisted and directed their labor in the construction of a town, and in the cultivation of such parts of the mountain as were capable of being rendered productive. A more useful saint never lived! As there was neither spring nor fountain on the hill, he taught them to construct huge cisterns and reservoirs, which they filled with snow-water, or left for the reception of rain. They planted vineyards on the mountain-sides, which produced excellent wine, and became in a brief space a flourishing colony.

San Marino gave them wise and just laws; lived to see his poor brethren prosperous and happy; and dying, became their tutelary saint, had a church dedicated in his name, and a statue erected to his honor.

The miniature republic of San Marino existed for centuries, free and unchanged, amid all the mutations of the governments of Italy; and Addison, in his *Travels*, gives us a pretty picture of this tiniest of independent states; to which there was but one road, a severe law prohibiting its people from making a new way up the mountain—where the chief officers of state were two *capitans* (answering to the old Roman consuls, but chosen every six months), a commissary or lawyer, a physician and a schoolmaster—where every body had "some tincture of learning," and the ambassador of which, when sent to a foreign state, "was allowed out of the treasury *one shilling a day*"—where the people possessed the simplicity and virtues of the golden age, and revered for centuries the memory of the peasant

who had given their forefathers a home, and bequeathed to them an inheritance of freedom and contentment.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLVII.—Jo's Will.

AS Allan Woodcourt and Jo proceed along the streets, where the high church spires and the distances are so near and clear in the morning light that the city itself seems renewed by rest, Allan revolves in his mind how and where he shall bestow his companion. "It surely is a strange fact," he considers, "that in the heart of a civilized world this creature in human form should be more difficult to dispose of than an unknown dog." But it is none the less a fact because of its strangeness, and the difficulty remains.

At first he looks behind him often, to assure himself that Jo is still really following. But, look where he will, he still beholds him close to the opposite houses, making his way with his wary hand from brick to brick and from door to door, and often, as he creeps along, glancing over at him, watchfully. Soon satisfied that the last thing in his thoughts is to give him the slip, Allan goes on considering with a less divided attention what he shall do.

A breakfast-stall at a street corner suggests the first thing to be done. He stops there, looks round, and beckons Jo. Jo crosses, and comes halting and shuffling up, slowly scooping the knuckles of his right hand round and round in the hollowed palm of his left—kneading dirt with a natural pestle and mortar. What is a dainty repast to Jo is then set before him, and he begins to gulp the coffee, and to gnaw the bread and butter; looking anxiously about him in all directions as he eats and drinks, like a scared animal.

But he is so sick and miserable, that even hunger has abandoned him. "I thought I was almost a starved, sir," says Jo, soon putting down his food; "but I don't know nothink—not even that. I don't care for eating wittles nor yet for drinking on em." And Jo stands shivering, and looking at the breakfast-wonderingly.

Allan Woodcourt lays his hands upon his pulse, and on his chest. "Draw breath, Jo!" "It draws," says Jo, "as heavy as a cart." He might add, "and rattles like it;" but he only mutters, "I'm a moving on, sir."

Allan looks about for an apothecary's shop. There is none at hand, but a tavern does as well or better. He soon obtains a little measure of wine, and gives the lad a portion of it, very carefully. He begins to revive, almost as soon as it passes his lips. "We may repeat that dose, Jo," observes Allan, after watching him with his attentive face. "So! Now we will take five minutes rest, and then go on again."

Leaving the boy sitting on the bench of the breakfast-stall, with his back against an iron rail-

* Continued from the May Number.

ing, Allan Woodcourt paces up and down in the early sunshine, casting an occasional look toward him without appearing to watch him. It requires no discernment to perceive that he is warmed and refreshed. If a face so shaded can brighten, his face brightens somewhat; and, by little and little, he eats the slice of bread he had so hopelessly laid down. Observant of these signs of improvement, Allan engages him in conversation; and elicits to his no small wonder the adventure of the lady in the veil, with all its consequences. Jo slowly munches, as he slowly tells it. When he has finished his story and his bread, they go on again.

Intending to refer his difficulty in finding a temporary place of refuge for the boy, to his old patient, zealous little Miss Flite, Allan leads the way to the court where he and Jo first foregathered. But all is changed at the rag-and-bottle shop; Miss Flite no longer lodges there; it is shut up; and a hard-featured female, much obscured by diet, whose age is a problem—but who is indeed no other than the interesting Judy—is tart and spare in her replies. These sufficing, however, to inform the visitor that Miss Flite and her birds are domiciled with a Mrs. Blinder, in Bell Yard, he repairs to that neighboring place where Miss Flite (who rises early that she may be punctual at the Divan of justice held by her excellent friend the chancellor) comes running down stairs, with tears of welcome and with open arms.

"My dear physician!" cries Miss Flite. "My meritorious, distinguished, honorable officer!" She uses some odd expressions, but is as cordial and full of heart as sanity itself can be—more so than it often is. Allan, very patient with her, waits until she has no more raptures to express; then points out Jo, trembling in a door-way, and tells her how he comes there.

"Where can I lodge him hereabouts for the present? Now you have a fund of knowledge and good sense, and can advise me."

Miss Flite, mighty proud of the compliment, sets herself to consider; but it is long before a bright thought occurs to her. Mrs. Blinder is entirely let, and she herself occupies poor Gridley's room. "Gridley!" exclaims Miss Flite, clapping her hands after a twentieth repetition of this remark. "Gridley! To be sure! of course! My dear physician! General George will help us out."

It is hopeless to ask for any information about General George, and would be, though Miss Flite had not already run up-stairs to put on her pinched bonnet and her poor little shawl, and to arm herself with her reticule of documents. But as she informs her physician, in her disjointed manner, on coming down in full array, that General George whom she often calls upon, knows her dear Fitz-Jarndyce, and takes a great interest in all connected with her, Allan is induced to think that they may be in the right way. So he tells Jo, for his encouragement, that this walking about will soon be over now; and they repair to the General's. Fortunately it is not far.

From the exterior of George's Shooting Gallery,

and the long entry, and the bare perspective beyond it, Allan Woodcourt augurs well. He also describes promise in the figure of Mr. George himself, striding toward them in his morning exercise with his pipe in his mouth, no stock on, and his muscular arms, developed by broadsword and dumb-bell, weightily asserting themselves through his light shirt-sleeves.

"Your servant, sir," says Mr. George, with a military salute. Good-humoredly smiling all over his broad forehead up into his crisp hair, he then defers to Miss Flite, as, with great staidness, and at some length, she performs the courtly ceremony of presentation. He winds it up with another "Your servant, sir!" and another salute.

"Excuse me, sir. A sailor, I believe?" says Mr. George.

"I am proud to find I have the air of one," returns Allan; "but I am only a sea-going doctor."

"Indeed, sir! I should have thought you was a regular blue-jacket, myself."

Allan hopes Mr. George will forgive his intrusion the more readily on that account, and particularly that he will not lay aside his pipe, which, in his politeness, he has testified some intention of doing. "You are very good, sir," returns the trooper. "As I know, by experience, that it's not disagreeable to Miss Flite, and since it's equally agreeable to yourself—" and finishes the sentence by putting it between his lips again. Allan proceeds to tell him all he knows about Jo; unto which the trooper listens with a grave face.

"And that's the lad, sir, is it?" he inquires, looking along the entry to where Jo stands staring up at the great letters on the whitewashed front, which have no meaning in his eyes.

"That's he," says Allan. "And, Mr. George, I am in this difficulty about him. I am unwilling to place him in a hospital, even if I could procure him immediate admission, because I foresee that he would not stay there many hours, if he could be so much as got there. The same objection applies to a workhouse; supposing I had the patience to be evaded and shirked, and handed about from post to pillar in trying to get him into one—which is a system that I don't take kindly to."

"No man does, sir," returns Mr. George.

"I am convinced that he would not remain in either place, because he is possessed by an extraordinary terror of this person who ordered him to keep out of the way; and who, in his ignorance, he seems to believe is every where, and cognizant of every thing."

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Mr. George. "But you have not mentioned that party's name. Is it a secret, sir?"

"The boy makes it one. But the name is Bucket."

"Bucket the Detective, sir?"

"The same man."

"The man is known to me, sir," returns the trooper, after blowing out a cloud of smoke, and

squaring his chest; "and the boy is so far correct that he undoubtedly is a—run customer." Mr. George smokes with a profound meaning after this, and surveys Miss Flite in silence.

"Now, I wish Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Summerson at least to know that this Jo, who tells so strange a story, has re-appeared; and to have it in their power to speak with him, if they should desire to do so. Therefore I want to get him, for the present moment, into any poor lodging kept by decent people, where he would be admitted. Decent people and Jo, Mr. George," says Allan, following the direction of the trooper's eyes along the entry, "have not been much acquainted, as you see. Hence the difficulty. Do you happen to know any one in this neighborhood, who would receive him for a while, on my paying for him beforehand?"

As he puts the question, he becomes aware of a dirty-faced little man, standing at the trooper's elbow, and looking up, with an oddly twisted figure and countenance, into the trooper's face. After a few more puffs at his pipe, the trooper looks down askant at the little man, and the little man winks up at the trooper.

"Well, sir," says Mr. George, "I can assure you that I would willingly be knocked on the head at any time, if it would be at all agreeable to Miss Summerson; and consequently I esteem it a privilege to do that young lady any service, however small. We are naturally in the vagabond way here, sir, both myself and Phil. You see what the place is. You are welcome to a quiet corner of it for the boy, if the same would meet your views. No charge made, except for rations. We are not in a flourishing state of circumstances here, sir. We are liable to be tumbled out neck and crop, at a moment's notice. However, sir, such as the place is, and so long as it lasts, here it is at your service."

With a comprehensive wave of his pipe, Mr. George places the whole building at his visitor's disposal.

"I take it for granted, sir," he adds, "you being one of the medical staff, that there is no present infection about this unfortunate subject?"

Allan is quite sure of it.

"Because, sir," says Mr. George, shaking his head sorrowfully, "we have had enough of that."

His tone is no less sorrowfully echoed by his new acquaintance. "Still, I am bound to tell you," observes Allan, after repeating his former assurance, "that the boy is deplorably low and reduced; and that he may be—I do not say that he is—too far gone to recover."

"Do you consider him in present danger, sir?" inquires the trooper.

"Yes, I fear so."

"Then, sir," returns the trooper, in a decisive manner, "it appears to me—being naturally in the vagabond way myself—that the sooner he comes out of the street, the better. You Phil! Bring him in!"

Mr. Squod tucks out, all on one side, to execute

the word of command; and the trooper, having smoked his pipe, lays it by. Jo is brought in. He is not one of Mrs. Pardiggle's Tockahooopo Indians; he is not one of Mrs. Jellyby's lambs, being wholly unconnected with Borrioboola-Gha; he is not softened by distance and unfamiliarity; he is not a genuine foreign-grown savage; he is the ordinary home-made article. Dirty, ugly, disagreeable to all the senses, in body a common creature of the common streets, only in soul a heathen. Homely filth begrimes him, homely parasites devour him, homely sores are in him, homely rags are on him: native ignorance, the growth of English soil and climate, sinks his immortal nature lower than the beasts that perish. Stand forth, Jo, in uncompromising colors! From the sole of thy foot to the crown of thy head, there is nothing interesting about thee.

He shuffles slowly into Mr. George's gallery, and stands huddled together in a bundle, looking all about the floor. He seems to know that they have an inclination to shrink from him, partly for what he is, and partly for what he has caused. He, too, shrinks from them. He is not of the same order of things, not of the same place in creation. He is of no order and no place; neither of the beasts, nor of humanity.

"Look here, Jo!" says Allan. "This is Mr. George."

Jo searches the floor for some time longer, then looks up for a moment, and then down again.

"He is a kind friend to you, for he is going to give you lodging-room here."

Jo makes a scoop with one hand, which is supposed to be a how. After a little more consideration, and some backing and changing of the foot on which he rests, he mutters that he is "wery thankful."

"You are quite safe here. All you have to do at present is to be obedient and to get strong. And mind you tell us the truth here, whatever you do, Jo."

"Wishermaydie if I don't, sir," says Jo, reverting to his favorite declaration. "I never done nothink yit, but wot you knows on, to get myself into no trouble. I never was in no other trouble at all, sir—sept not knowin' nothink and starvation."

"I believe it. Now attend to Mr. George. I see he is going to speak to you."

"My intention merely was, sir," observes Mr. George, amazingly broad and upright, "to point out to him where he can lie down, and get a thorough good dose of sleep. Now, look here." As the trooper speaks, he conducts them to the other end of the gallery, and opens one of the little cabins. "There you are, you see! Here is a mattress, and here you may rest, on good behavior, as long as Mr., I ask your pardon, sir;" he refers apologetically to the card Allan has given him; "Mr. Woodcourt pleasea. Don't you be alarmed if you hear shots; they'll be aimed at the target, and not you. Now, there's another thing I would recommend, sir," says the trooper, turning to his visitor. "Phil, come here!"

Phil bears down upon them, according to his usual tactics.

"Here is a man, sir, who was found, when a baby, in the gutter. Consequently, it is to be expected that he takes a natural interest in this poor creature. You do, don't you Phil?"

"Certainly and surely I do, gov'ner," is Phil's reply.

"Now I was thinking, sir," says Mr. George, in a martial sort of confidence, as if he were giving his opinion in a council of war at a drum-head, "that if this man was to take him to a bath, and was to lay out a few shillings in getting him one or two coarse articles—"

"Mr. George, my considerate friend," returns Allan, taking out his purse, "it is the very favor I would have asked."

Phil Squad and Jo are sent out immediately on this work of improvement. Miss Flite, quite enraptured by her success, makes the best of her way to Court; having great fears that otherwise her friend the Chancellor may be uneasy about her, or may give the judgment she has so long expected, in her absence; and observing "which you know my dear Physician and General, after so many years, would be too absurdly unfortunate!" Allan takes the opportunity of going out to procure some restorative medicines; and obtaining them near at hand, soon returns, to find the trooper walking up and down the gallery, and to fall into step and walk with him.

"I take it, sir," says Mr. George, "that you know Miss Summerson pretty well?"

Yes, it appears.

"Not related to her, sir?"

No, it appears.

"Excuse the apparent curiosity," says Mr. George. "It seemed to me probable that you might take more than a common interest in this poor creature, because Miss Summerson had taken that unfortunate interest in him. 'Tis my case, sir, I assure you."

"And mine, Mr. George."

The trooper looks sideways at Allan's sun-burnt cheek and bright dark eye, rapidly measures his height and build, and seems to approve of him.

"Since you have been out, sir, I have been thinking that I unquestionably know the rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Bucket took the lad, according to his account. Though he is not acquainted with the name, I can help you to it. It's Tulkington. That's what it is."

Allan looks at him inquiringly, repeating the name.

"Tulkington. That's the name, sir. I know the man; and know him to have been in communication with Bucket before, respecting a deceased person who had given him offense. I know the man, sir. To my sorrow."

Allan naturally asks what kind of man he is?

"What kind of man. Do you mean to look at?"

"I think I know that much of him. I mean to deal with. Generally, what kind of man?"

"Why, then I'll tell you, sir," returns the trooper, stopping short, and folding his arms on his square chest, so angrily that his face fires and flushes all over; "he is a confoundedly bad kind of man. He is a slow-torturing kind of man. He is no more like flesh and blood, than a rusty old carbine is. He is a kind of man—by George!—that has caused me more restlessness, and more uneasiness, and more dissatisfaction with myself, than all other men put together. That's the kind of man Mr. Tulkington is!"

"I am sorry," says Allan, "to have touched so sore a place."

"Sore?" The trooper plants his legs wider apart, wets the palm of his broad right hand, and lays it on his imaginary mustache. "It's no fault of yours, sir; but you shall judge. He has got a power over me. He is the man I spoke of just now, as being able to tumble me out of this place neck and crop. He keeps me on a constant see-saw. He won't hold off, and he won't come on. If I have a payment to make him, or time to ask him for, or any thing to go to him about, he don't see me, don't hear me—passes me on to Melchisedech's in Clifford's Inn, Melchisedech's in Clifford's Inn passes me back again to him—he keeps me prowling and dangling about him, as if I was made of the same stone as himself. Why, I spend half my life now pretty well, loitering and dodging about his door. What does he care? Nothing. Just as much as the rusty old carbine I have compared him to. He chafes and goads me, till—Bah! nonsense—I am forgetting myself. Mr. Woodcourt," the trooper resumes his march; "all I say is, he is an old man; but I am glad I shall never have the chance of setting spurs to my horse, and riding at him in a fair field. For if I had that chance, in one of the humors he drives me into—he'd go down, sir!"

Mr. George has been so excited, that he finds it necessary to wipe his forehead on his shirt-sleeve. Even while he whistles his impetuosity away with the National Anthem, some involuntary shakings of his head and heavings of his chest still linger behind; not to mention an occasional hasty adjustment with both hands of his open shirt-collar, as if it were scarcely open enough to prevent his being troubled by a choking sensation. In short, Allan Woodcourt has not much doubt about the going down of Mr. Tulkington on the field referred to.

Jo and his conductor presently return, and Jo is assisted to his mattress by the careful Phil; to whom, after due administration of medicine by his own hands, Allan confides all needful means and instructions. The morning is by this time getting on apace. He repairs to his lodgings to dress and breakfast; and then, without seeking rest, goes away to Mr. Jarndyce to communicate his discovery.

With him Mr. Jarndyce returns alone, confidentially telling him that there are reasons for keeping this matter very quiet indeed; and showing a serious interest in it. To Mr. Jarndyce, Jo repeats in substance what he said in the

morning; without any material variation. Only, that cart of his, is heavier to draw, and draws with a hollower sound.

"Let me lay here quiet, and not be chived no more," falters Jo; "and be so kind any person as is a passin' nigh where I used fur to sweep, as jist to say to Mr. Snagsby that Jo, wot he known once, is a moving on right forards with his duty, and I'll be very thankful. I'd be more thankful than I am already, if it was any ways possible for an unfortnet to be it."

He makes so many of these references to the law-stationer in the course of a day or two, that Allan, after conferring with Mr. Jamdyce, good-naturedly resolves to call in Cook's Court; the rather, as the cart seems to be breaking down.

To Cook's Court, therefore, he repairs. Mr. Snagsby is behind his counter in his grey coat and sleeves, inspecting an indenture of several skins which has just come in from the engrosser's; an immense desert of law-band and parchment, with here and there a resting-place of a few big letters, to break the awful monotony, and save the traveler from despair. Mr. Snagsby puts up at one of these inky wells, and greets the stranger with his cough of general preparation for business.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Snagsby?"

The stationer's heart begins to thump heavily, for his old apprehensions have never abated. It is as much as he can do to answer, "No, sir, I can't say that I do. I should have considered—not to put too fine a point upon it—that I never saw you before, sir."

"Twice before," says Allan Woodcourt. "Once at a poor bedside, and once——"

"It's come at last!" thinks the afflicted stationer, as recollection breaks upon him. "It's got to a head now, and is going to burst!" But he has sufficient presence of mind to conduct his visitor into the little counting-house, and to shut the door.

"Are you a married man, sir?"

"No, I am not."

"Would you make the attempt, though single," says Mr. Snagsby in a melancholy whisper, "to speak as low as you can? For my little woman is a listening somewhere, or I'll forfeit the business and five hundred pound!"

In deep dejection Mr. Snagsby sits down on his stool, with his back against his desk, protesting:

"I never had a secret of my own, sir. I can't charge my memory with ever having once attempted to deceive my little woman on my own account, since she named the day. I wouldn't have done it, sir. Not to put too fine a point upon it, I couldn't have done it, I durstn't have done it. Whereas, and nevertheless, I find myself wrapped round with secrecy and mystery, till my life is a burden to me."

His visitor professes his regret to hear it, and asks him does he remember Jo? Mr. Snagsby answers with a suppressed groan, O don't be!

"You couldn't name an individual human

being—except myself—that my little woman is more set and determined against than Jo," says Mr. Snagsby.

Allan asks why?

"Why?" repeats Mr. Snagsby, in his desperation actually clutching at the clump of hair at the back of his bald head, "How should I know why? But you are a single person, sir, and may you long be spared to ask a married person such a question!"

With this beneficent wish, Mr. Snagsby coughs a cough of dismal resignation, and submits himself to hear what the visitor has to communicate.

"There again!" says Mr. Snagsby, who, between the earnestness of his feelings, and the suppressed tones of his voice, is discolored in the face. "At it again, in a new direction! A certain person charges me, in the solemnest way, not to talk of Jo to any one, even my little woman. Then comes another certain person, in the person of yourself, and charges me, in an equally solemn way, not to mention Jo to that other certain person above all other persons. Why, this is a private asylum! Why, not to put too fine a point upon it, this is Bedlam, sir!" says Mr. Snagsby.

But it is better than he expected, after all; being no explosion of the mine below him, or deepening of the pit into which he has fallen. And being tender-hearted, and affected by the account he hears of Jo's condition, he readily engages to "look round," as early in the evening as he can manage it quietly. He looks round very quietly, when the evening comes; but it may turn out that Mrs. Snagsby is as quiet a manager as he.

Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Snagsby should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr. Snagsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown: that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquires the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I am in luck, Mr. Snagsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothink. I'm more cunfible nor you can't think, Mr. Snagsby! I'm very sorry that I done it, but I didn't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is so sorry for having done?

"Mr. Snagsby," says Jo, "I went and giv a illness to the lady as was and yit as wern't the t'other lady, and none of em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being ser good and my having been s' unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yea day, and she sees, 'Ah Jo!' she sees. 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she sees. And she sits down a smilin so quiet, and don't pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Snagsby. And

Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to giv me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin on day and night, and wen he come a bendin over me and a speakin up so beld, I see his tears a fallin, Mr. Sangby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I was a thinkin on, Mr. Sangby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write very large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Unccommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I was a thinkin on then, Mr. Sangby, wos, that wen I was moved on as fur as ever I could go and couldn't be moved no fuder, whether you might be so good p'raps, as to write out, very large so that any one could see it any wheres, as that I wos very truly hearty sorry that I done it and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I didn't know nothink at all I knowd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgiv me in his mind. If the writin could be made to say it very large he might."

"It shall say it, Jo. Very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangby. It's very kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumfblar nor I was afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

For the cart so hard to draw, is near its journey's end, and drags over stony ground. All round the clock, it labored up the broken sleeps, shattered and worn. Not many times can the sun rise, and behold it still upon its weary road.

Phil Squod, with his smoky gunpowder visage, at once acts as nurse and works as armorer at his little table in a corner; often looking round, and saying with a nod of his green baize cap and an encouraging elevation of his one eyebrow, "You hold up, my boy! Hold up!" There, too, is Mr. Jarndyce many a time, and Allan Woodcourt almost always; both thinking, much, how strangely Fate has entangled this rough outcast in the web of very different lives. There too, the trooper is a frequent visitor; filling the doorway with his athletic figure, and, from his superfluity of life and strength, seeming to shed down temporary vigor upon Jo, who never fails to speak more robustly in answer to his cheerful words.

Jo is in a sleep or in a stupor to-day, and Allan Woodcourt, newly arrived, stands by him, looking down upon his wasted form. After a while, he softly seats himself upon the bedside with his face toward him—just as he sat in the law-writer's

room—and touches his chest and heart. The cart had very nearly given up, but labors on a little more.

The trooper stands in the doorway, still and silent. Phil has stopped in a low clinking noise with his little hammer in his hand. Mr. Woodcourt looks round with that grave professional interest and attention on his face, and, glancing significantly at the trooper, signs to Phil to carry his table out. When the little hammer is next used, there will be a speck of rust upon it.

"Well, Jo! What is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I an't took back to Tom-all-Alone's. Am I, sir?"

"No." Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I'm very thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice:

"Jo! Did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never know'd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadhands he wos a prayin wunst at Mr. Sangby's and I heard him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin' to his-self, and not to me. He prayed a lot but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gentlemen come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin, but they all mostly eed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talking to theirselves, or a passing blame on the t'others, and not a talkin to us. We never knowd nothink. I never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin ground, sir," he returns, with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What buryin ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos very good to me: very good to me indeed, he wos. It's time fur me to go down to that there berryin ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he see. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo. By-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and have me laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee sir. Thankee sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in,

for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom.—It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin'—a gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven—in the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME!"

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead!

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!

CHAPTER XLVIII.—CLOSING IN.

THE place in Lincolnshire has shut its many eyes again, and the house in town is awake. In Lincolnshire, the Dedlocks of the past doze in their picture frames, and the low wind murmurs through the long drawing-room as if they were breathing pretty regularly. In town, the Dedlocks of the present rattle in their fire-eyed carriages through the darkness of the night, and the Dedlock Mercuries with ashes (or hair-powder) on their heads, symptomatic of their great humility, loll away the drowsy mornings in the little windows of the hall. The fashionable world: tremendous orb, nearly five miles round: is in full swing, and the solar system works respectfully at its appointed distances.

Where the throng is thickest, where the lights are brightest, where all the senses are ministered to with the greatest delicacy and refinement, Lady Dedlock is. From the shining heights she has scaled and taken, she is never absent. Though the belief she of old reposed in herself, as one able to reserve whatsoever she would under her mantle of pride, is beaten down; though she has no assurance that what she is to those around her, she will remain another day; it is not in her nature, when envious eyes are looking on, to yield or to droop. They say of her, that she has lately grown more handsome and more haughty. The debilitated cousin says of her that she's beauty nough—tactup Shopofwomen—but rather learning kind. Remindingmanfact—inconvenient woman—who will getoutofbedand-bawth establishment—Shakespeare.

Mr. Tulkinghorn says nothing, looks nothing. Now, as heretofore, he is to be found in doorways of rooms, with his limp white cravat loose-

ly twisted into its old-fashioned tie, receiving patronage from the Peerage and making no sign. Of all men he is still the last who might be supposed to have any influence upon my Lady. Of all women she is still the last who might be supposed to have any dread of him.

One thing has been much on her mind since their late interview in his turret-room at Chesney Wold. She is now decided, and prepared to throw it off.

It is morning in the great world; afternoon according to the little sun. The Mercuries, exhausted by looking out of window, are reposing in the hall; and hang their heavy heads, the gorgeous creatures, like overblown sun-flowers. Like them, too, they seem to run to a deal of seed in their tags and trimmings. Sir Leicester, in the library, has fallen asleep for the good of the country, over the report of a Parliamentary committee. My Lady sits in the room in which she gave audience to the young man of the name of Guppy. Rosa is with her, and has been writing for her and reading to her. Rosa is now at work upon embroidering, or some such pretty thing; and as she bands her head over it, my Lady watches her in silence. Not for the first time to-day.

"Rosa."

The pretty village face looks brightly up. Then, seeing how serious my Lady is, looks puzzled and surprised.

"See to the door. Is it shut?"

Yes. She goes to it and returns, and looks yet more surprised.

"I am about to place confidence in you, child, for I know I may trust your attachment, if not your judgment. In what I am going to do, I will not disguise myself to you at least. But I confide in you. Say nothing to any one of what passes between us."

The timid little beauty promises in all earnestness to be trustworthy.

"Do you know," Lady Dedlock asks her, signing to her to bring her chair nearer; "do you know, Rosa, that I am different to you from what I am to any one?"

"Yes, my Lady. Much kinder. But then I often think I know you as you really are."

"You often think you know me as I really am? Poor child, poor child!"

She says it with a kind of scorn—though not of Rosa—and sits brooding, looking dreamily at her.

"Do you think, Rosa, you are any relief or comfort to me? Do you suppose your being young and natural, and fond of me and grateful to me, makes it any pleasure to me to have you near me?"

"I don't know, my Lady: I can scarcely hope so. But, with all my heart, I wish it was so."

"It is so, little one."

The pretty face is checked in its flush of pleasure, by the dark expression on the handsome face before it. It looks timidly for an explanation.

"And if I were to say to-day, Go! Leave me! I should say what would give me great pain and disquiet, child, and what would leave me very solitary."

"My Lady! Have I offended you?"

"In nothing. Come here."

Rosa bends down on the footstool at my Lady's feet. My Lady, with that motherly touch of the famous Ironmaster night, lays her hand upon her dark hair, and gently keeps it there.

"I told you, Rosa, that I wished you to be happy, and that I would make you so if I could make any body happy on this earth. I can not. There are reasons now known to me, reasons in which you have no part rendering it far better for you that you should not remain here. You must not remain here. I have determined that you shall not. I have written to the father of your lover, and he will be here to-day. All this I have done for your sake."

The weeping girl covers her hand with kisses, and says what shall she do, what shall she do, when they are separated! Her mistress kisses her on the cheek, and makes no other answer.

"Now, be happy, child, under better circumstances. Be beloved, and happy!"

"Ah, my Lady, I have sometimes thought—forgive my being so free—that you are not happy."

"I!"

"Will you be more so, when you have sent me away? Pray, pray, think again. Let me stay a little while!"

"I have said, my child, that what I do, I do for your sake, not my own. It is done. What I am toward you, Rosa, is what I am now—not what I shall be a little while hence. Remember this, and keep my confidence. Do so much for my sake, and so all ends between us!"

She detaches herself from her simple-hearted companion, and leaves the room. Late in the afternoon, when she next appears upon the staircase, she is in her haughtiest and coldest state. As indifferent as if all passion, feeling, and interest, had been worn out in the earlier ages of the world, and had perished from its surface with its other departed monsters.

Mercury has announced Mr. Rouncewell, which is the cause of her appearance. Mr. Rouncewell is not in the library; but she repairs to the library. Sir Leicester is there, and she wishes to speak to him first.

"Sir Leicester, I am desirous—but you are engaged."

"O dear no! Not at all. Only Mr. Tulkinghorn."

Always at hand. Haunting every place. No relief or security from him for a moment.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Dedlock. Will you allow me to retire?"

With a look that plainly says, "you know you have the power to remain if you will," she tells him it is not necessary, and moves toward a chair. Mr. Tulkinghorn brings it a little forward for her with his clumsy bow, and retires into a window opposite. Interposed between her and the fading

light of day in the now quiet street, his shadow falls upon her, and he darkens all before her. Even so does he darken her life.

It is a dull street, under the best circumstances: where the two long rows of houses stare at each other with that severity, that half a dozen of its greatest mansions seem to have been slowly stared into stone, rather than originally built in that material. It is a street of such dismal grandeur, so determined not to condescend to liveliness, that the doors and windows hold a gloomy state of their own in black paint and dust, and the echoing mews behind have a dry and massive appearance, as if they were reserved to stable the stone chargers of noble statues. Complicated garnish of iron-work entwines itself over the flights of steps in this awful street; and, from these petrified howers, extinguishers for obsolete flambeaux gasp at the upstart gas. Here and there a weak little iron hoop, through which bold boys aspire to throw their friends' caps (its only present use), retains its place among the rusty foliage, sacred to the memory of departed oil. Nay, even oil itself, yet lingering at long intervals in a little absurd glass pot, with a knob in the bottom like an oyster, blinks and sulks at newer lights every night, like its high and dry master in the House of Lords.

Therefore there is not much that Lady Dedlock, seated in her chair, could wish to see through the window, in which Mr. Tulkinghorn stands. And yet—and yet—she sends a look in that direction, as if it were her heart's desire to have that figure removed out of the way.

Sir Leicester begs his Lady's pardon. She was about to say?

"Only that Mr. Rouncewell is here (he has called by my appointment), and that we had better make an end of the question of that girl. I am tired to death of the matter."

"What can I do—to—assist?" demands Sir Leicester, in some considerable doubt.

"Let us see him here, and have done with it. Will you tell them to send him up?"

"Mr. Tulkinghorn, he so good as to ring.—Thank you. Request," says Sir Leicester, to Mercury, not immediately remembering the business term, "request the iron gentleman to walk this way."

Mercury departs in search of the iron gentleman, finds, and produces him. Sir Leicester receives that ferruginous person graciously.

"I hope you are well, Mr. Rouncewell. Be seated. (My solicitor, Mr. Tulkinghorn.) My Lady was desirous, Mr. Rouncewell," Sir Leicester skillfully transfers him with a solemn wave of his hand, "was desirous to speak with you. Hem!"

"I shall be very happy," returns the iron gentleman, "to give my best attention to any thing Lady Dedlock does me the honor to say."

As he turns toward her, he finds that the impression she makes upon him is less agreeable than on the former occasion. A distant supercilious air makes a cold atmosphere about her;



and there is nothing in her bearing, as there was before to encourage openness.

"Pray, sir," says Lady Dedlock, listlessly, "may I be allowed to inquire whether any thing has passed between you and your son, respecting your son's fancy?"

It is almost too troublesome to her languid eyes to bestow a look upon him, as she asks this question.

"If my memory serves me, Lady Dedlock, I said, when I had the pleasure of seeing you before, that I should seriously advise my son to conquer that—fancy." The Ironmaster repeats her expression with a little emphasis.

"And did you?"

"O! of course I did."

Sir Leicester gives a nod, approving and confirmatory. Very proper. The iron gentleman having said that he would do it, was bound to do it. No difference in this respect between the base metals and the precious. Highly proper.

"And pray has he done so?"

"Really, Lady Dedlock, I can not make you a definite reply. I fear not. Probably not yet. In our condition of life, we sometimes couple an intention with our—our fancies, which renders them not altogether easy to throw off. I think it is rather our way to be in earnest."

Sir Leicester has a misgiving that there may be a hidden Wat Tylerish meaning in this expression, and fumes a little. Mr. Rouncewell is perfectly good-humored and polite; but, within such limits, evidently adapts his tone to his reception.

"Because," proceeds my Lady, "I have been thinking of the subject—which is tiresome to me."

"I am very sorry, I am sure."

"And also of what Sir Leicester said upon it, in which I quite concur;" Sir Leicester flattered; "and if you can not give us the assurance that this fancy is at an end, I have come to the conclusion that the girl had better leave me."

"I can give no such assurance, Lady Dedlock. Nothing of the kind."

"Then she had better go."

"Excuse me, my Lady," Sir Leicester considerably interposes, "but perhaps this may be doing an injury to the young woman, which she has not merited. Here is a young woman," says Sir Leicester, magnificently laying out the matter with his right hand, like a service of plate, "whose good fortune it is to have attracted the notice and favor of an eminent lady, and to live, under the protection of that eminent lady, surrounded by the various advantages which such a position confers, and which are unquestionably very great—I believe unquestionably very great—for a young woman in that station of life. The question then arises, should that young woman be deprived of these many advantages and that good fortune, simply because she has—" Sir Leicester, with an apologetic but dignified inclination of his head toward the Ironmaster, winds up his sentence—"has attracted the notice of Mr. Rouncewell's son? Now, has she deserved this punish-

ment? Is this just toward her? Is this our previous understanding?"

"I beg your pardon," interposes Mr. Rouncewell's son's father. "Sir Leicester, will you allow me? I think I may shorten the subject. Pray dismiss that from your consideration. If you remembered any thing so unimportant—which is not to be expected—you would recollect that my first thought in the affair was directly opposed to her remaining here."

Dismiss the Dedlock patronage from consideration? O! Sir Leicester is bound to believe a pair of ears that have been handed down to him through such a family, or he really might have mistrusted their report of the iron gentleman's observations.

"It is not necessary," observes my Lady, in her coldest manner, before he can do any thing but breathe amazedly, "to enter into these matters on either side. The girl is a very good girl; I have nothing whatever to say against her; but she is so far insensible to her many advantages and good fortune, that she is in love—or supposes she is, poor little fool—and unable to appreciate them."

Sir Leicester begs to observe, that wholly alters the case. He might have been sure that my Lady had the best grounds and reasons in support of her view. He entirely agrees with my Lady. The young woman had better go.

"As Sir Leicester observed, Mr. Rouncewell, on the last occasion when we were fatigued by this business," Lady Dedlock languidly proceeds, "we can not make conditions with you. Without conditions, and under present circumstances, the girl is quite misplaced here, and had better go. I have told her so. Would you wish to have her sent back to the village, or would you like to take her with you, or what would you prefer?"

"Lady Dedlock, if I may speak plainly—"

"By all means."

"—I should prefer the course which will the soonest relieve you of the incumbrance, and remove her from her present position."

"And to speak as plainly," she returns, with the same studied carelessness, "so should I. Do I understand that you will take her with you?"

The iron gentleman makes an iron bow.

"Sir Leicester, will you ring?" Mr. Tulkingshorn steps forward from his window and pulls the bell. "I had forgotten you. Thank you." He makes his usual bow, and goes quietly back again. Mercury, swift-responsive, appears, receives instructions whom to produce, skims away, produces the aforesaid, and departs.

Rosa has been crying, and is yet in distress. On her coming in, the Ironmaster leaves his chair, takes her arm in his, and remains with her near the door ready to depart.

"You are taken charge of, you see," says my Lady, in her weary manner, "and are going away, well protected. I have mentioned that you are a very good girl, and you have nothing to cry for."

"She seems after all," observes Mr. Tulkinghorn, loitering a little forward with his hands behind him, "as if she were crying at going away."

"Why, she is not well-bred, you see," returns Mr. Rouncewell with some quickness in his manner, as if he were glad to have the lawyer to retort upon; "and she is an inexperienced little thing, and knows no better. If she had remained here, sir, she would have improved, no doubt."

"No doubt," is Mr. Tulkinghorn's composed reply.

Rosa sobs out that she is very sorry to leave my Lady, and that she was happy at Chesney Wold, and has been happy with my Lady, and that she thanks my Lady over and over again. "Out, you silly little puss!" says the Ironmaster, checking her in a low voice, though not angrily; "have a spirit, if you're fond of Wat!" My Lady merely waves her off with indifference, saying, "There, there, child! You are a good girl. Go away!" Sir Leicester has magnificently disengaged himself from the subject, and retired into the sanctuary of his blue coat. Mr. Tulkinghorn, an indistinct form against the dark street now dotted with lamps, looms in my Lady's view bigger and blacker than before.

"Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock," says Mr. Rouncewell, after a pause of a few moments, "I beg to take my leave, with an apology for having again troubled you, though not of my own act, on this tiresome subject. I can very well understand, I assure you, how tiresome so small a matter must have become to Lady Dedlock. If I am doubtful of my dealing with it, it is only because I did not at first quietly exert my influence to take my young friend here away, without troubling you at all. But it appeared to me—I dare say magnifying the importance of the thing—that it was respectful to explain to you how the matter stood, and candid to consult your wishes and convenience. I hope you will excuse my want of acquaintance with the polite world."

Sir Leicester considers himself evoked out of the sanctuary by these remarks. "Mr. Rouncewell," he returns, "do not mention it. Justifications are unnecessary, I hope, on either side."

"I am glad to hear it, Sir Leicester; and if I may, by way of a last word, revert to what I said before of my mother's long connection with the family, and the worth it bespeaks on both sides, I would point out this little instance here on my arm. Who shows herself so affectionate and faithful in parting, and in whom my mother, I dare say, has done something to awaken such feelings—though of course Lady Dedlock, by her heartfelt interest and her genial condescension, has done much more."

If he mean this ironically, it may be truer than he thinks. He points it, however, by no deviation from his straightforward manner of speech, though in saying it he turns toward that part of the dim room where my Lady sits. Sir Leicester stands to return his parting salutation, Mr. Tulkinghorn again rings, Mercury takes another

flight, and Mr. Rouncewell and Rosa leave the house.

Then lights are brought in, discovering Mr. Tulkinghorn still standing in his window with his hands behind him, and my lady still sitting with his figure before her, closing up her view of the night as well as of the day. She is very pale. Mr. Tulkinghorn observing it as she rises to retire, thinks, "Well she may be! The power of this woman is astonishing. She has been acting a part the whole time." But he can act a part too—his one unchanging character—and as he holds the door open for this woman, fifty pairs of eyes, each fifty times sharper than Sir Leicester's pair, should find no flaw in him.

Lady Dedlock dines alone in her own room to-day. Sir Leicester is whipped in to the rescue of the Doodle Party, and the discomfiture of the Coodle Faction. Lady Dedlock asks, on sitting down to dinner, still deadly pale (and quite an illustration of the debilitated cousin's text), whether he is gone out! Yes. Whether Mr. Tulkinghorn is gone yet? No. Presently she asks again, is he gone yet? No. What is he doing? Mercury thinks he is writing letters in the library. Would my lady wish to see him? Any thing but that.

But he wishes to see my Lady. Within a few more minutes, he is reported as sending his respects, and could my Lady please to receive him for a word or two after her dinner? My lady will receive him now. He comes now, apologizing for intruding, even by her permission, while she is at table. When they are alone, my Lady waves her hand to dispense with such mockeries.

"What do you want, sir?"

"Why, Lady Dedlock," says the lawyer, taking a chair at a little distance from her, and slowly rubbing his rusty legs up and down, up and down, up and down; "I am rather surprised by the course you have taken."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, decidedly. I was not prepared for it. I consider it a departure from our agreement and your promise. It puts us in a new position, Lady Dedlock. I feel myself under the necessity of saying that I don't approve of it."

He stops in his rubbing, and looks at her, with his hands on his knees and his head on one side. Imperturbable and unchangeable as he is, there is still an indefinable freedom in his manner, which is new, and which does not escape this woman's observation.

"I do not quite understand you."

"O yes you do, I think. I think you do. Come, come, Lady Dedlock, we must not fence and parry now. You know you like this girl!"

"Well, sir?"

"And you know—and I know—that you have not sent her away for the reasons you have assigned, but for the purpose of separating her as much as possible from—excuse my mentioning it as a matter of business—any reproach and exposure that impend over yourself."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, Lady Dedlock," returns the lawyer, crossing his legs and nursing the uppermost knee, "I object to that. I consider that a dangerous proceeding. I know it to be unnecessary, and calculated to awaken speculation, doubt, rumor, I don't know what, in the house. Besides, it is a violation of our agreement. You were to be exactly what you were before. Whereas, it must be evident to yourself, as it is to me, that you have been this evening very different from what you were before. Why, bless my soul, Lady Dedlock, transparently so!"

"If, sir," she begins, "in my knowledge of my secret—" But he interrupts her.

"Now Lady Dedlock, this is a matter of business, and in a matter of business the ground can not be kept too clear. It is no longer your secret. Excuse me? That is just the mistake. It is my secret, in trust for Sir Leicester and the family. If it were your secret, Lady Dedlock, we should not be here holding this conversation.

"That is very true. If, in my knowledge of the secret, I do what I can to spare an innocent girl (especially, remembering your own reference to her when you told my story to the assembled guests at Chesney Wold) from the taint of my impending shame, I act upon a resolution I have taken. Nothing in the world, and no one in the world, could shake it, or could move me." This she says with great deliberation and distinctness, and with no more outward passion than himself. As for him, he methodically discusses his matter of business, as if she were any insensible instrument used in business.

"Really? Then you see, Lady Dedlock," he returns, "you are not to be trusted. You have put the case in a perfectly plain way, and according to the literal fact; and, that being the case, you are not to be trusted."

"Perhaps you may remember that I expressed some anxiety on this same point, when we spoke at night at Chesney Wold?"

"Yes," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, coolly getting up and standing on the hearth. "Yes. I recollect, Lady Dedlock, that you certainly referred to the girl; but that was before we came to our arrangement, and both the letter and the spirit of our arrangement altogether precluded any action on your part, founded upon my discovery. There can be no doubt about that. As to sparing the girl, of what importance or value is she? Spare! Lady Dedlock, here is a family name compromised. One might have supposed that the course was straight on—over every thing, neither to the right nor to the left, regardless of all considerations in the way, sparing nothing, treading every thing under foot."

She has been looking at the table. She lifts up her eyes, and looks at him. There is a stern expression on her face, and a part of her lower lip is compressed under her teeth. "This woman understands me," Mr. Tulkinghorn thinks, as she lets her glance fall again. "She can not be spared. Why should she spare others?"

For a little while they are silent. Lady Ded-

lock has eaten no dinner, but has twice or thrice poured out water with a steady hand and drank it. She rises from table, takes a lounging-chair, and reclines in it, shading her face. There is nothing in her manner to express weakness or excite compassion. It is thoughtful, gloomy, concentrated. "This woman," thinks Mr. Tulkinghorn, standing on the hearth, again a dark object closing up her view, "is a study."

He studies her at his leisure, not speaking for a time. She, too, studies something at her leisure. She is not the first to speak; appearing, indeed, so unlikely to be so, though he stood there until midnight, that even he is driven upon breaking silence.

"Lady Dedlock, the most disagreeable part of this business interview remains; but it is business. Our agreement is broken. A lady of your sense and strength of character will be prepared for my now declaring it void, and taking my own course."

"I am quite prepared."

Mr. Tulkinghorn inclines his head. "That is all I have to trouble you with, Lady Dedlock."

She stops him as he is moving out of the room, by asking, "This is the notice I was to receive? I wish not to misapprehend you!"

"Not exactly the notice you were to receive, Lady Dedlock, because the contemplated notice supposed the agreement to have been observed. But virtually the same, virtually the same. The difference is merely in a lawyer's mind."

"You intend to give me no other notice?"

"You are right. No."

"Do you contemplate undeceiving Sir Leicester to-night?"

"A home question!" says Mr. Tulkinghorn, with a slight smile, and cautiously shaking his head at the shaded face. "No, not to-night."

"To-morrow?"

"All things considered, I had better decline answering that question, Lady Dedlock. If I were to say I don't know when, exactly, you would not believe me, and it would answer no purpose. It may be to-morrow. I would rather say no more. You are prepared, and I hold out no expectations which circumstances might fail to fulfill. I wish you good evening."

She removes her hand, turns her pale face toward him as he walks silently to the door, and stops him once again as he is about to open it.

"Do you intend to remain in the house any time? I heard you were writing in the library. Are you going to return there?"

"Only for my hat. I am going home."

She bows her eyes rather than her head, the movement is so slight and curious; and he withdraws. Clear of the room, he looks at his watch, but is inclined to doubt it by a minute, or thereabouts. There is a splendid clock upon the staircase, famous, as splendid clocks not often are, for its accuracy. "And what do you say," Mr. Tulkinghorn inquires, referring to it. "What do you say?"

If it said now, "Don't go home!" What a

famous clock, hereafter, if it said to-night of all the nights that it has counted off, to this old man of all the young and old men who have ever stood before it, "Don't go home!" With its sharp clear bell, it strikes three-quarters after seven, and ticks on again. "Why, you are worse than I thought you," says Mr. Tullingham, muttering reproof to his watch. "Two minutes wrong? At this rate you won't last my time." What a watch to return good for evil, if it ticked in answer, "Don't go home!"

He passes out into the streets, and walks on, with his hands behind him, under the shadow of the lofty houses, many of whose mysteries, difficulties, mortgages, delicate affairs of all kinds, are treasured up within his old black satin waistcoat. He is in the confidence of the very bricks and mortar. The high chimney-stacks telegraph family secrets to him. Yet there is not a voice in a mile of them to whisper, "Don't go home!"

Through the stir and motion of the commoner streets; through the roar and jar of many vehicles, many feet, many voices; with the blazing shop-lights lighting him on, the west wind blowing him on, and the crowd pressing him on; he is pitilessly urged upon his way, and nothing meets him, murmuring, "Don't go home!" Arrived at last in his dull room, to light his candles, and look round and up, and see the Roman pointing from the ceiling, there is no new significance in the Roman's hand to-night, or in the flutter of the attendant group, to give him the late warning, "Don't come here!"

It is a moonlight night; but the moon being past the full, is only now rising over the great wilderness of London. The stars are shining as they shone above the turret-leads at Chesney Wold. This woman, as he has of late been so accustomed to call her, looks out upon them. Her soul is turbulent within her; she is sick at heart, and restless. The large rooms are too cramped and close. She can not endure their restraint, and will walk alone in a neighboring garden.

Too capricious and imperious in all she does, to be the cause of much surprise in those about her as to any thing she does, this woman, loosely muffled, goes out into the moonlight. Mercury attends with the key. Having opened the garden-gate, he delivers the key into his Lady's hand at her request, and is bidden to go back. She will walk there some time, to ease her aching head. She may be an hour; she may be more. She needs no further escort. The gate shuts upon its spring with a clash, and he leaves her, passing on into the dark shade of some trees.

A fine night, and a bright large moon, and multitudes of stars. Mr. Tullingham, in repairing to his cellar, and in opening and shutting those resounding doors, has to cross a little prison-like yard; and he looks up casually, thinking what a fine night, what a bright large moon, what multitudes of stars! A quiet night, too.

A very quiet night. When the moon shines very brilliantly, a solitude and stillness seem to

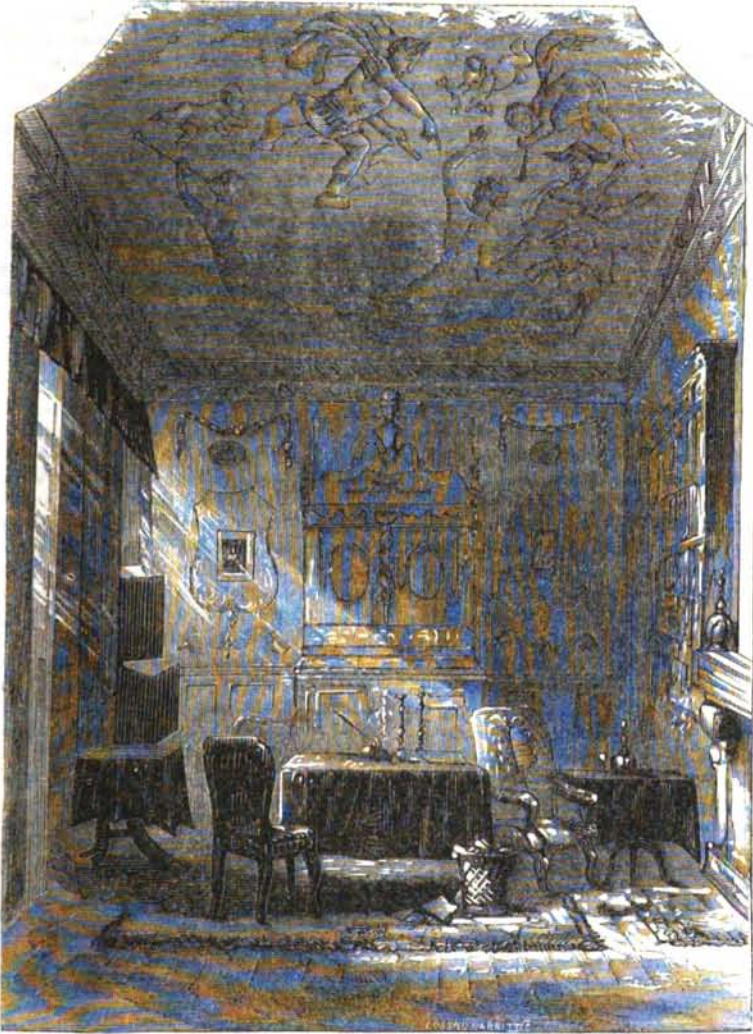
proceed from her, that influence even crowded places full of life. Not only is it a still night on dusty high roads and on hill-summits, whence a wide expanse of country may be seen in repose, quieter and quieter as it spreads away into a fringe of trees against the sky, with the gray ghost of a bloom upon them; not only is it a still night in gardens and in woods, and on the river where the water-meadows are fresh and green, and the streams sparkle on among pleasant islands, murmuring weirs, and whispering rushes; not only does the stillness attend it as it flows where houses cluster thick, where many bridges are reflected in it, where wharves and shipping make it black and awful, where it winds from these difigurements through marshes whose grim beacons stand like skeletons washed ashore, where it expands through the bolder region of rising grounds rich in corn-field, wind-mill, and steeple, and where it mingles with the ever-heaving sea; not only is it a still night on the deep, and on the shore where the watcher stands to see the ship with her spread wings cross the path of light that appears to be presented to only him; but even on this stranger's wilderness of London there is some rest. Its steeples and towers, and its one great dome, grow more ethereal; its smoky house-tops lose their grossness, in the pale effulgence; the noises that arise from the streets are fewer and are softened, and the footsteps on the pavements pass more tranquilly away. In these fields of Mr. Tullingham's inhabiting, where the shopkeepers play on Chancery pipes that have no stop, and keep their sheep in the fold by hook and by crook until they have shorn them exceeding close, every noise is merged this moonlight night into a distant ringing hum, as if the city were a vast glass, vibrating.

What's that? Who fired a gun or pistol? Where was it?

The few foot-passengers start, stop, and stare about them. Some windows and doors are opened, and people come out to look. It was a loud report, and echoed and rattled heavily. It shook one house, or so a man says who was passing. It has aroused all the dogs in the neighborhood, who bark vehemently. Terrified cats scamper across the road. While the dogs are yet harking and howling—there is one dog howling like a demon—the church-clocks, as if they were startled too, begin to strike. The hum from the streets likewise seems to swell into a shout. But it is soon over. Before the last clock begins to strike ten, there is a lull. When it has ceased, the fine night, the bright large moon, and multitudes of stars, are left at peace again.

Has Mr. Tullingham been disturbed? His windows are dark and quiet, and his door is shut. It must be something unusual indeed, to bring him out of his shell. Nothing is heard of him, nothing is seen of him. What power of cannon might it take to shake that rusty old man out of his immovable composure?

For many years, the persistent Roman has been pointing with no particular meaning, from that



A NEW MEANING IN THE ROMAN.

ceiling. It is not likely that he has any new meaning in him to-night. Once pointing, always pointing—like any Roman, or even Briton, with a single idea. There he is, no doubt, in his impossible attitude, pointing, unavailingly, all night long. Moonlight, darkness, dawn, sunrise, day. There he is still, eagerly pointing, and no one minds him.

But, a little after the coming of the day, come people to clean the rooms. And either the Roman has some new meaning in him, not expressed before, or the foremost of them goes wild; for, looking up at his outstretched hand, and looking down at what is below it, that person shrieks and flies. The others, looking in as the first one looked, shriek and fly too, and there is an alarm in the street.

What does it mean? No light is admitted into the darkened chamber, and people, unaccustomed to it, enter, and treading softly, but heavily, carry a weight into the bedroom, and lay it down. There is whispering and wondering all day, strict search of every corner, careful tracing of steps, and careful noting of the disposition of every article of furniture. All eyes look up at the Roman, and all voices murmur, "If he could only tell what he saw!"

He is pointing at a table, with a bottle (nearly full of wine) and a glass upon it, and two candles that were blown out suddenly, soon after being lighted. He is pointing at an empty chair, and at a stain upon the ground before it, that might be almost covered with a hand. These objects lie directly within his range. An excited imag-

ination might suppose that there was something in them so terrific, as to drive the rest of the composition, not only the attendant big-legged boys, but the clouds and flowers and pillars too—in short, the very body and soul of Allegory, and all the brains it has—stark mad. It happens surely that every one that comes into the darkened room and looks at these things, looks up at the Roman, and that he is invested in all eyes with mystery and awe, as if he were a paralyzed dumb witness.

So, it shall happen surely through many years to come, that ghostly stories shall be told of the stain upon the floor, so easy to be covered, so hard to be got out; and that the Roman, pointing from the ceiling, shall point, so long as dust and damp and spiders spare him, with far greater significance than he ever had in Mr. Tulkingshorn's time, and with a deadly meaning. For Mr. Tulkingshorn's time is over for evermore; and the Roman pointed at the murderous hand uplifted against his life, and pointed helplessly at him from night to morning, lying face downward on the floor, shot through the heart.

CHAPTER XLIX.—DUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.

A GREAT annual occasion has come round in the establishment of Mr. Joseph Bagnet, otherwise *Lignum Vitæ*, ex-artilleryman and present bassoon-player. An occasion of feasting and festival. The celebration of a birth-day in the family.

It is not Mr. Bagnet's birth-day. Mr. Bagnet merely distinguishes that epoch in the musical instrument business, by kissing the children with an extra smack before breakfast, smoking an additional pipe after dinner, and wondering toward evening what his poor old mother is thinking about it—a subject of infinite speculation, and rendered so by his mother having departed this life twenty years. Some men rarely revert to their father, but seem, in the bank-books of their remembrance, to have transferred all their stock of filial affection into their mother's name. Mr. Bagnet is one of these. Perhaps his exalted appreciation of the merits of the old girl, causes him usually to make the noun-substantive, Goodness, of the feminine gender.

It is not the birth-day of one of the three children. These occasions are kept with some marks of distinction, but they rarely overleap the bounds of Happy returns and a pudding. On young Woolwich's last birth-day, Mr. Bagnet certainly did, after observing upon his growth and general advancement, proceed, in a moment of profound reflection on the changes wrought by time, to examine him in the catechism; accomplishing with extreme accuracy the questions number one and two, What is your name? and Who gave you that name? but there failing in the exact precision of his memory, and substituting for number three, the question—And how do you like that name? which he propounded with a sense of its importance, in itself so edifying and improving, as to give it quite the air of a Fortieth Article. This, however, was a speci-

ality on that particular birth-day, and not a generic solemnity.

It is the old girl's birth-day; and that is the greatest holiday and reddest-letter day in Mr. Bagnet's calendar. The auspicious event is always commemorated according to certain forms, settled and prescribed by Mr. Bagnet some years since. Mr. Bagnet being deeply convinced that to have a pair of fowls for dinner is to attain the highest pitch of imperial luxury, invariably goes forth himself very early in the morning of this day to buy a pair; he is, as invariably, taken in by the vendor, and installed in the possession of the oldest inhabitants of any coop in Europe. Returning with these triumphs of toughness tied up in a clean blue and white cotton handkerchief (essential to the arrangements), he in a casual manner invites Mrs. Bagnet to declare at breakfast what she would like for dinner. Mrs. Bagnet, by a coincidence never known to fail, replying Fowls, Mr. Bagnet instantly produces his bundle from a place of concealment, amidst general amazement and rejoicing. He further requires that the old girl shall do nothing all day long, but sit in her very best gown, and be served by himself and the young people. As he is not illustrious for his cookery, this may be supposed to be a matter of state rather than enjoyment on the old girl's part; but she keeps her state with all imaginable cheerfulness.

On this present birthday, Mr. Bagnet has accomplished the usual preliminaries. He has bought two specimens of poultry, which, if there be any truth in adage, were certainly not caught with chaff, to be prepared for the spit; he has amazed and rejoiced the family by their unlooked-for production: he is himself directing the roasting of the poultry; and Mrs. Bagnet, with her wholesome brown fingers itching to prevent what she sees going wrong, sits in her gown of ceremony, as honored guest.

Quebec and Malta lay the cloth for dinner, while Woolwich serving, as beacons him, under his father, keeps the fowls revolving. To these young scullions Mrs. Bagnet occasionally imparts a wink, or a shake of the head, or a crooked face, as they make mistakes.

"At half-after-one," Says Mr. Bagnet. "To the minute. They'll be done."

Mrs. Bagnet, with anguish, beholds one of them at a stand-still before the fire, and beginning to burn.

"You shall have a dinner, old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "fit for a queen."

Mrs. Bagnet shows her white teeth cheerfully, but to the perception of her son betrays so much uneasiness of spirit, that he is impelled by the dictates of affection to ask her, with his eyes, what is the matter?—thus standing with his eyes wide open, more oblivious of the fowls than before, and not affording the least hope of a return to consciousness. Fortunately, his elder sister perceives the cause of the agitation in Mrs. Bagnet's breast, and with an admonitory poke recalls him. The stopped fowls going round again,

Mrs. Bagnet closes her eyes, in the intensity of her relief.

"George will look us up," says Mr. Bagnet. "At half-after four. To the moment. How many years, old girl. Has George looked us up. This afternoon."

"Ah, Lignum, Lignum, as many as make an old woman of a young one, I begin to think. Just about that, and no less," returns Mrs. Bagnet laughing, and shaking her head.

"Old girl," says Mr. Bagnet. "Never mind. You'd be as young as ever you was. If you wasn't younger. Which you are. As every body knows."

Quebec and Malta here exclaim, with clapping of hands, that Bluffy is sure to bring mother something, and begin to speculate on what it will be.

"Do you know, Lignum," says Mrs. Bagnet, casting a glance on the table-cloth, and winking "salt!" at Malta with her right eye, and shaking the pepper away from Quebec with her head; "I begin to think George is in the roving way again."

"George," returns Mr. Bagnet, "will never desert. And leave his old comrade. In the lurch. Don't be afraid of it."

"No, Lignum. No. I don't say he will. I don't think he will. But if he could get over this money-trouble of his, I believe he would be off."

Mr. Bagnet asks why?

"Well," returns his wife, considering, "George seems to me to be getting not a little impatient and restless. I don't say but what he's as free as ever. Of course he must be free, or he wouldn't be George; but he smarta, and seems put out."

"He's extra-drilled," says Mr. Bagnet. "By a lawyer. Who would put the devil out."

"There's something in that," his wife assents; "but so it is, Lignum."

Further conversation is prevented, for the time, by the necessity under which Mr. Bagnet finds himself of directing the whole force of his mind to the dinner, which is a little endangered by the dry humor of the fowls in not yielding any gravy, and also by the made-gravy acquiring no flavor, and turning out of a flaxen complexion. With a similar perverseness, the potatoes crumble off forks in the process of peeling, upheaving from their centres in every direction, as if they were subject to earthquakes. The legs of the fowls, too, are longer than could be desired, and extremely scaly. Overcoming these disadvantages to the best of his ability, Mr. Bagnet at last dishes, and they sit down at table; Mrs. Bagnet occupying the guest's place at his right hand.

It is well for the old girl that she has but one birthday in a year, for two such indulgences in poultry might be injurious. Every kind of finer tendon and ligament that it is in the nature of poultry to possess, is developed in these specimens in the singular form of guitar-strings. Their limbs appear to have struck roots into their breasts and bodies, as aged trees strike roots into

the earth. Their legs are so hard, as to encourage the idea that they must have devoted the greater part of their long and arduous lives to pedestrian exercises, and the walking of matches. But Mr. Bagnet, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart on Mrs. Bagnet eating a most severe quantity of the delicacies before her; and as that good old girl would not cause him a moment's disappointment on any day, least of all on such a day, for any consideration, she imperils her digestion fearfully. How young Woolwich cleans the drum-sticks without being of ostrich descent, his anxious mother is at a loss to understand.

The old girl has another trial to undergo after the conclusion of the repast, in sitting in state to see the room cleared, the hearth swept, and the dinner-service washed up and polished in the back yard. The great delight and energy with which the two young ladies apply themselves to these duties, turning up their skirts in imitation of their mother, and skating in and out on little scaffolds of pattens, inspire the highest hopes for the future, but some anxiety for the present. The same causes lead to a confusion of tongues, a clattering of crockery, a rattling of tin mugs, a whisking of brooms, and an expenditure of water, all in excess; while the saturation of the young ladies themselves is almost too moving a spectacle for Mrs. Bagnet to look upon, with the calmness proper to her position. At last the various cleansing processes are triumphantly completed; Quebec and Malta appear in fresh attire, smiling and dry; pipes, tobacco, and something to drink, are placed upon the table; and the old girl enjoys the first peace of mind she ever knows on the day of this delightful entertainment.

When Mr. Bagnet takes his usual seat, the hands of the clock are very near to half-past four; as they mark it accurately, Mr. Bagnet announces, "George! Military time!"

It is George; and he has hearty congratulations for the old girl (whom he kisses on the great occasion), and for the children, and for Mr. Bagnet. "Happy returns to all!" says Mr. George.

"But, George, old man!" says Mrs. Bagnet, looking at him curiously. "What's come to you?"

"Come to me?"

"Ah! you are so white, George—for you—and look so shocked. Now don't be, Lignum?"

"George," says Mr. Bagnet, "tell the old girl what's the matter."

"I didn't know I looked white," says the trooper, passing his hand over his brow, "and I didn't know I looked shocked, and I'm sorry I do. But the truth is, that boy who was taken in at my place died yesterday afternoon, and it has rather knocked me over."

"Poor creature!" says Mrs. Bagnet, with a mother's pity. "Is he gone? Dear, dear!"

"I didn't mean to say any thing about it, for it's not birthday talk, but you have got it out of me, you see, before I sit down. I should have roused up in a minute," says the trooper, making

himself speak more gayly, "but you're so quick, Mrs. Bagnet."

"You're right! The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet. "Is as quick. As powder."

"And what's more, she's the subject of the day, and we'll stick to her," cries Mr. George. "See here, I have brought a little brooch along with me. It's a poor thing, you know, but it's a keepsake. That's all the good it is, Mrs. Bagnet."

Mr. George produces his present, which is greeted with admiring leapings and clappings by the young family, and with a species of reverential admiration by Mrs. Bagnet. "Old girl," says Mr. Bagnet. "Tell him my opinion of it."

"Why, it's a wonder, George!" Mrs. Bagnet exclaims. "It's the beautifullest thing that ever was seen!"

"Good!" says Mr. Bagnet. "My opinion."

"It's so pretty, George," cries Mrs. Bagnet, turning it on all sides, and holding it out at arm's length, "that it seems too choice for me."

"Bad!" says Mr. Bagnet. "Not my opinion."

"But whatever it is, a hundred thousand thanks, old fellow," says Mrs. Bagnet, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and her hand stretched

out to him; "and though I have been a cross-grained soldier's wife to you sometimes, George, we are as strong friends I am sure, in reality, as ever can be. Now you shall fasten it on yourself, for good luck, if you will, George."

The children close up to see it done, and Mr. Bagnet looks over young Woolwich's head to see it done, with an interest so maturely wooden, yet so pleasantly childish, that Mrs. Bagnet can not help laughing in her airy way, and saying, "O Lignum, Lignum, what a precious old chap you are!" But the trooper fails to fasten the brooch. His hand shakes, he is nervous, and it falls off. "Would any one believe this?" says he, catching it as it drops, and looking round. "I am so out of sorts that I bungle at an easy job like this!"

Mrs. Bagnet concludes that for such a case there is no remedy like a pipe; and fastening the brooch herself in a twinkling, causes the trooper to be inducted into his usual snug place, and the pipes to be got into action. "If that don't bring you round, George," says she, "just throw your eye across here at your present now and then, and the two together *must* do it."

"You ought to do it of yourself," George answers; "I know that very well, Mrs. Bagnet.



FRIENDLY BEHAVIOR OF MR. BUCKET.

"I'll tell you how, one way and another, the blues have got to be too many for me. Here was this poor lad. 'Twas dull work to see him dying as he did, and not be able to help him."

"What do you mean, George? You did help him. You took him under your roof."

"I helped him so far, but that's little. I mean, Mrs. Bagnet, there he was, dying without ever having been taught much more than to know his right hand from his left. And he was too far gone to be helped out of that."

"Ah, poor creatur!" says Mrs. Bagnet.

"Then," says the trooper, not yet lighting his pipe, and passing his heavy hand over his hair, "that brought up Gridley in a man's mind. His was a bad case, too. Then the two got mixed up in a man's mind with a flinty old rascal who had to do with both. And to think of that rusty carbine, stock and barrel, standing up on end in his corner, hard, indifferent, taking every thing so easy—it made flesh and blood tingle, I do assure you."

"My advice to you," returns Mrs. Bagnet, "is to light your pipe, and tingle that way. It's wholesomer and comfortabler, and better for the health altogether."

"You're right," says the trooper, "and I'll do it!"

So he does it, though still with an indignant gravity that impresses the young Bagnets, and even causes Mr. Bagnet to defer the ceremony of drinking Mrs. Bagnet's health; always given by himself, on these occasions, in a speech of exemplary terseness. But the young ladies having composed what Mr. Bagnet is in the habit of calling "the mixtur," and George's pipe being now in a glow, Mr. Bagnet considers it his duty to proceed to the toast of the evening. He addresses the assembled company in the following terms:

"George. Woolwich. Quebec. Malta. This is her birth-day. Take a day's march. And you won't find such another. Here's towards her!"

The toast having been drunk with enthusiasm, Mrs. Bagnet returns thanks in a neat address of corresponding brevity. This model composition is limited to the three words, "And wishing yours!" which the old girl follows up with a nod at every body in succession, and a well-regulated swig of the mixture. This she again follows up, on the present occasion, by the wholly unexpected exclamation, "Here's a man!"

Here is a man, much to the astonishment of the little company, looking in at the parlor door. He is a sharp-eyed man—a quick, keen man—and he takes in every body's look at him, all at once, individually and collectively, in a manner that stamps him a remarkable man.

"George," says the man, nodding, "how do you find yourself?"

"Why, it's Bucket!" cries Mr. George.

"Yes," says the man, coming in. "I was going down the street here, when I happened to stop and look in at the musical instruments in the shop window—a friend of mine is in wants

of a second-hand violinceller, of a good tone—and I saw a party enjoying themselves, and I thought it was you in the corner; I thought I couldn't be mistaken. How goes the world with you, George, at the present moment? Pretty smooth? And with you, ma'am? And with your governor? And Lord!" says Mr. Bucket, opening his arms, "here's children, too! You may do any thing with me, if you only show me children. Give us a kiss, my pet. No occasion to inquire who your father and mother is. Never saw such a likeness in my life!"

Mr. Bucket, not unwelcome, has sat himself down next to Mr. George, and taken Quebec and Malta on his knees. "You pretty dears," says Mr. Bucket, "give us another kiss; it's the only thing I'm greedy in. Lord bless you, how healthy you look! And what may be the ages of these two, ma'am? I should put 'em down at the figures of about eight and ten."

"You're very near, sir," says Mrs. Bagnet.

"I generally am near," returns Mr. Bucket, "being so fond of children. A friend of mine has had nineteen of 'em, ma'am, all by one mother, and she's still as fresh and rosy as the morning. Not so much so as yourself, hut, upon my soul, she comes near it! And what do you call these, my darling?" pursues Mr. Bucket, pinching Malta's cheek. "These are peaches, these are. Bless your heart! And what do you think about father? Do you think father could recommend a second-hand violinceller of a good tone for Mr. Bucket's friend, my dear? My name's Bucket. Ain't that a funny name?"

These blandishments have entirely won the family heart. Mrs. Bagnet forgets the day to the extent of filling a pipe and glass for Mr. Bucket, and waiting upon him hospitably. She would be glad to receive so pleasant a character under any circumstances, but she tells him that as a friend of George's she is particularly glad to see him this evening, for George has not been in his usual spirits.

"Not in his usual spirits?" exclaims Mr. Bucket. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! What's the matter, George? You don't intend to tell me you've been out of spirits. What should you be out of spirits for? You haven't got any thing on your mind, you know."

"Nothing particular," returns the trooper.

"I should think not," rejoins Mr. Bucket. "What could you have on your mind, you know! And have these pets got any thing on their minds, eh? Not they; hut they'll be upon the minds of some of the young fellows, some of these days, and make them precious low-spirited. I ain't much of a prophet, but I can tell you that, ma'am."

Mrs. Bagnet, quite charmed, hopes Mr. Bucket has a family of his own.

"There, ma'am!" says Mr. Bucket. "Would you believe it? No, I haven't. My wife, and a lodger, constitute my family. Mrs. Bucket is so fond of children as myself, and as wishful to have 'em; hut no. So it is. Worldly goods are di-

vided unequally, and man must not repine. What a very nice back-yard, ma'am! Any way out of that yard, now?"

There is no way out of that yard.

"Ain't there really?" says Mr. Bucket. "I should have thought there might have been. Well, I don't know as I ever saw a back-yard that took my fancy more. Would you allow me to look at it? Thank you. No, I see there's no way out. But what a very good-proportioned yard it is!"

Having cast his sharp eye all about it, Mr. Bucket returns to his chair next his friend Mr. George, and pats Mr. George affectionately on the shoulder.

"How are your spirits now, George?"

"All right now," returns the trooper.

"That's your sort!" says Mr. Bucket. "Why should you ever have been otherwise? A man of your fine figure and constitution has no right to be out of spirits. That ain't a chest to be out of spirits, is it, ma'am? And you haven't got any thing on your mind, you know, George; what could you have on your mind!"

Somewhat harping on this phrase, considering the extent and variety of his conversational powers, Mr. Bucket twice or thrice repeats it to the pipe he lights, and with a listening face that is particularly his own. But the sun of his sociality soon recovers from this brief eclipse, and shines again.

"And this is brother, is it, my dears?" says Mr. Bucket, referring to Quebec and Malta for information on the subject of young Woolwich. "And a nice brother he is—half-brother I mean to say. For he's too old to be yours, ma'am."

"I can certify, at all events, that he is not any body else's," returns Mrs. Bagnet, laughing.

"Well, you do surprise me! Yet he's like you, there's no denying. Lord, he's wonderfully like you! But about what you may call the hrow, you know, *there* his father comes out!" Mr. Bucket compares the faces with one eye shut up, while Mr. Bagnet smokes in stolid satisfaction.

This is an opportunity for Mrs. Bagnet to inform him, that the boy is George's godson.

"George's godson, is he?" rejoins Mr. Bucket, with extreme cordiality. "I must shake hands over again with George's godson. Godfather and godson do credit to one another. And what do you intend to make of him, ma'am? Does he show any turn for any musical instrument?"

Mr. Bagnet suddenly interposes, "Plays the fife. Beautiful."

"Would you believe it, governor," says Mr. Bucket, struck by the coincidence, "that when I was a boy I played the fife myself? Not in a scientific way, as I expect he does, but by ear. Lord bless you! British Grenadiers—there's a tune to warm an Englishman up! Could you give us British Grenadiers, my fine fellow?"

Nothing could be more acceptable to the little circle than this call upon young Woolwich, who immediately fetches his fife and performs the stirring melody: during which per-

Bucket, much enlivened, beats time, and never fails to come in sharp with the burden, "Brit Ish Gra-a-anadeers!" In short, he shows so much musical taste, that Mr. Bagnet actually takes his pipe from his lips to express his conviction that he is a singer. Mr. Bucket receives the harmonious impeachment so modestly: confessing how that he did once chant a little, for the expression of the feelings of his own bosom, and with no presumptuous idea of entertaining his friends: that he is asked to sing. Not to be behind-hand in the sociality of the evening, he complies, and gives them, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." This ballad, he informs Mrs. Bagnet in confidence, he considers to have been his most powerful ally in moving the heart of Mrs. Bucket when a maiden, and inducing her to approach the altar—Mr. Bucket's own words are, to come up to the scratch.

This sparkling stranger is such a new and agreeable feature in the evening, that Mr. George, who testified no great emotions of pleasure on his entrance, begins, in spite of himself, to be rather proud of him. He is so friendly, is a man of so many resources, and so easy to get on with, that it is something to have made him known there. Mr. Bagnet becomes, after another pipe, so sensible of the value of his acquaintance, that he solicits the honor of his company on the old girl's next birthday. Is any thing can more closely cement and consolidate the esteem which Mr. Bucket has formed for the family, it is the discovery of the nature of the occasion. He drinks to Mrs. Bagnet with a warmth approaching to rapture, engages himself for that day twelvemonth more than thankfully, makes a memorandum of the day in a large black pocket-book with a girdle to it, and breathes a hope that Mrs. Bucket and Mrs. Bagnet may before then become, in a manner, sisters. As he says himself, what is public life without private ties? He is in his humble way a public man; but it is not in that sphere that he finds happiness. No, it must be sought within the confines of domestic bliss.

It is natural, under these circumstances, that he, in his turn, should remember the friend to whom he is indebted for so promising an acquaintance. And he does. He keeps very close to him. Whatever the subject of the conversation, he keeps a tender eye upon him. He waits to walk home with him. He is interested in his very boots; and observes even them attentively, as Mr. George sits smoking, cross-legged, in the chimney-corner.

At length, Mr. George rises to depart. At the same moment Mr. Bucket, with the secret sympathy of friendship, also rises. He dotes upon the children to the last, and remembers the commission he has undertaken for an absent friend.

"Respecting that second-hand violinceller, governor—could you recommend me such a thing?"

"Scores," says Mr. Bagnet.

"I am obliged to you," returns Mr. Bucket, squeezing his hand "You're a friend in need. A good tone, mind you! My friend is a regular

dab at it. Eood, he saws away at Mozart and Handel, and the rest of the big-wigs, like a thorough workman. And you needn't," says Mr. Bucket, in a considerate and private tone, "you needn't commit yourself to too low a figure, governor. I don't want to pay too large a price for my friend; but I want you to have your proper percentage, and be paid for your loss of time. That is but fair. Every man must live, and ought to it."

Mr. Bagnet shakes his head at the old girl, to the effect that they have found a jewel of price.

"Suppose I was to give you a look in, say at half arter ten to-morrow morning. Perhaps you could name the figures of a few violincellers of a good tone?" says Mr. Bucket.

Nothing easier. Mr. and Mrs. Bagnet both engage to have the requisite information ready, and even hint to each other at the practicability of having a small stock collected there for approval.

"Thank you," says Mr. Bucket, "thank you. Good-night, ma'am.—Good-night, governor.—Good-night, darlings. I am much obliged to you for one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent in my life."

They, on the contrary, are much obliged to him for the pleasure he has given them in his company; and so they part with many expressions of goodwill on both sides. "Now, George, old boy," says Mr. Bucket, taking his arm at the shop door, "come along!" As they go down the little street, and the Bagnets pause for a minute looking after them, Mrs. Bagnet remarks to the worthy Lignum that Mr. Bucket "almost sings to George like, and seems to be really fond of him."

The neighboring streets being narrow and ill paved, it is a little inconvenient to walk there two abreast and arm-in-arm. Mr. George, therefore, soon proposes to walk singly. But Mr. Bucket, who can not make up his mind to relinquish his friendly hold, replies, "Wait half a minute, George. I should wish to speak to you first." Immediately afterward, he twists him into a public-house and into a parlor, where he confronts him, and claps his back against the door.

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket. "Duty is duty, and friendship is friendship. I never want the two to clash, if I can help it. I have endeavored to make things pleasant, and I put it to you whether I have done it or not. You must consider yourself in custody, George."

"Custody? What for?" returns the trooper, thunderstruck.

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, urging a sensible view of the case upon him with his fat forefinger, "duty, as you know very well, is one thing, and conversation is another. It's my duty to inform you that any observations you may make will be liable to be used against you. Therefore, George, be careful what you say. You don't happen to have heard of a murder."

"Murder!"

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, keeping his

forefinger in an impressive state of action, "bear in mind what I've said to you. I ask you nothing. You've been in low spirits this afternoon. I say, you don't happen to have heard of a murder."

"No. Where has there been a murder?"

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, "don't you go and commit yourself. I'm a-going to tell you what I want you for. There has been a murder in Lincoln's Inn Fields—gentleman of the name of Tulkington. He was shot last night. I want you for that."

The trooper sinks upon a seat behind him, and great drops start out upon his forehead, and a deadly pallor overspreads his face.

"Bucket! It's not possible that Mr. Tulkington has been killed, and that you suspect me?"

"George," returns Mr. Bucket, keeping his forefinger going, "it is certainly possible, because it's the case. This deed was done last night at ten o'clock. Now, you know where you were last night at ten o'clock, and you'll be able to prove it, no doubt."

"Last night? Last night?" repeats the trooper, thoughtfully. Then it flashes upon him. "Why, great Heaven, I was there last night!"

"So I have understood, George," returns Mr. Bucket, with great deliberation. "So I have understood. Likewise you've been very often there. You've been seen hanging about the place, and you've been heard more than once in a wrangle with him, and it's possible—I don't say it's certainly so, mind you, but it's possible—that he may have been heard to call you a threatening, murdering, dangerous fellow."

The trooper gasps as if he would admit it all, if he could speak.

"Now, George," continues Mr. Bucket, putting his hat upon the table, with an air of business rather in the upholsterer way than otherwise, "My wish is, as it has been all the evening, to make things pleasant. I tell you plainly that there's a reward out, of a hundred guineas, offered by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. You and me have always been pleasant together; but I have got a duty to discharge; and if that hundred guineas is to be made, it may as well be made by me as by another man. On all of which accounts, I should hope it was clear to you that I must have you, and that I'm damned if I don't have you. Am I to call in any assistance, or is the trick done?"

Mr. George has recovered himself, and stands up like a soldier. "Come," he says; "I am ready."

"George," continues Mr. Bucket, "wait a hit!" With his upholsterer manner, as if the trooper were a window to be fitted up, he takes from his pocket a pair of handcuffs. "This is a serious charge, George, and such is my duty."

The trooper flushes angrily, and hesitates a moment; but holds out his two hands, clasped together, and says, "There! Put them on!"

Mr. Bucket adjusts them in a moment. "How do you find them? Are they comfortable? If

not, say so, for I wish to make things as pleasant as is consistent with my duty, and I've got another pair in my pocket. This remark he offers like a most respectable tradesman, anxious to execute an order neatly, and to the perfect satisfaction of his customer. "They'll do as they are? Very well! Now you see, George," he takes a cloak from a corner, and begins adjusting it about the trooper's neck; "I was mindful of your feelings when I came out, and brought this on purpose. There! Who's the wiser?"

"Only I," returns the trooper; "but, as I am, do me one more good turn, and pull my hat over my eyes."

"Really, though! Do you mean it? Ain't it a pity? It looks so."

"I can't look chance men in the face with these things on," Mr. George hurriedly replies. "Do, for God's sake, pull my hat forward."

So strongly entreated, Mr. Bucket complies, puts his own hat on, and conducts his prize into the streets; the trooper marching on as steadily as usual, though with his head less erect; and Mr. Bucket guiding him with his elbow over the crossings and up the turnings.

SCENES AT SEA.

ON a beautiful Sunday evening, after prayers had been said on board the *Hector*, a merchant vessel bound for Jamaica, the crew and passengers continued to lounge upon deck, in order apparently to enjoy the tranquillity, if not the beauty of the scene, which harmonized remarkably well with the character of the day. We were now among the Lesser Antilles; and both for this reason, and the fact that slavers and pirates were then very numerous in the Caribbean Sea, we were obliged always to keep a sharp look-out, more especially at sundown. To take a minute survey of the horizon, was the regular practice of the captain before the expiry of the short twilight; but on this occasion, not a speck of any description whatever was visible. With the daylight the wind also died completely away; but, in case of sudden squalls during the night, our studding, and a great part of the other sails, were clewed up, and all "made snug aloft," to use the technical phrase. It might be about two hours after sunset, but the greater portion of the passengers were still on deck, amused by the efforts of some of the crew to catch a number of those heavy, sluggish birds appropriately termed *boobies*, which had settled on different parts of the rigging, and were there snoozing without the slightest apprehension of danger. One of the men had for this purpose crawled forward, almost to the extremity of the yard-arm, and was in the very act of putting his hand upon a slumbering captive, when we saw him suddenly look up, shade his eyes with his hand for a moment, then heard him exclaim in a loud voice: "A sail on the starboard-quarter!"

"Impossible!" responded the mate, whose watch it was.

"It's true, howsoever, sir," said the man, after another long and steady look: "though I

can not guess what she is, unless the Flying Dutchman!" and he began to descend the rigging with evident symptoms of trepidation, leaving the booby in undisturbed enjoyment of his nap.

All now crowded to the side of the vessel; and true it was, that in a few minutes we could perceive, between us and the sky, the tall spar of a vessel, which, by the night-glass, was made out to be a schooner. She was at about half a mile's distance from us, and by the way in which her royals were set, appeared to be standing right across our fore-foot. The circumstance seemed absolutely incredible. Scarcely one puff of wind had lifted our sails since long before sunset, and by the log it was seen that we could not have been advancing above half a knot an hour: yet there lay the strange vessel, come whence or how she may. Not a whisper was heard among us. Our captain, standing in the *cockpit* in order to bring the strange vessel more clearly betwixt him and the sky, remained silent, gazing anxiously through his night-glass. At last he observed: "She is getting on another course, and must only have now made us out. But it is as well to be prepared—she looks suspicious. Let the guns be shotted, Mr. Clarke, and call up all hands to quarters. Bring her head up to the wind" (to the helmsman): "we'll soon see whether they really want to speak us or not."

These orders, which were not a little appalling to most of us passengers, seemed to diffuse the most unqualified satisfaction among the crew. A cheerful and lively bustle prevailed fore and aft; for it must be remembered, that merchantmen in those days were necessitated to be as well prepared for the battle as for the breeze. The ports were thrown open, and the carronades (then recently introduced) run out; and the men stood in expectation, or at least in evident hopes, of an approaching conflict. The suspicious-looking vessel, however, seemed to have no hostile purpose in view; she disappeared in the gloom of the night as mysteriously as she had approached us, and the respective fears and hopes of those on board the *Hector* were alike disappointed. But the captain appeared far from satisfied; he paced along the deck, silent and thoughtful; and although the men were ordered down to their hammocks, he himself remained on deck, and with five or six of the most vigilant of the crew, kept a continual look-out toward all points of the compass.

And the result proved the prudence of this watchfulness. In less than an hour, the cry was heard: "A sail on the larboard bow!" and all eyes were immediately directed to that quarter. It was at once made out that the vessel was a schooner, and from some peculiarity in her rigging, the captain pronounced her to be the same we had before seen. Strange to tell, she appeared to be bearing right down upon our quarter, although no alteration in the weather had occurred with us! Her royals, as before, seemed filled, and her course was altogether too direct and steady to allow us to suppose that she

was worked by means of sweeps. But her hostile purpose could no longer be mistaken, and there was an immediate piping-up among the crew. Several of the passengers also magnanimously prepared to assist in defense of the vessel, and a suitable supply of muskets, cutlasses, and ammunition was handed up from the hold. While this last operation was going on, the schooner had approached within a few cable-lengths of us, when she suddenly bore up. As she was within hailing distance, our captain bawled out through his trumpet, demanding to know her name, and where she was from. A confused and unintelligible jabbering, but which from the sound seemed to be in a barbarous Portuguese idiom, was the only response. A second and a third time she was hailed with the same result. While this colloquy was going on, by the dexterous management of her sails, she (to use the nautical phrase) walked round our stern, although no increase of wind was perceptible by our own canvas. As she again came round upon our starboard-quarter, our captain ordered one of the stern-guns to be fired across her bows; but no notice was taken of the salute, and our mysterious visitant at length bore away from us, and was speedily lost sight of. There was no doubt as to her being one of the noted piratical vessels which carried on this nefarious traffic between the Spanish main and those islands, chiefly Cuba and St. Domingo, where they had their haunts. They were built expressly for the purpose, with low hulls and immensely long spars, fitted to catch whatever current of wind might be prevailing in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and which the less elevated sails of other vessels might fail to reach. Some of their hulls, I was also told, were so constructed that, by turning certain screws, the sea could be allowed to rush into their false keels or bottoms, by which their speed was accelerated in an amazing degree. All this to me appeared extraordinary at the time, but I afterward had practical reasons for knowing the truth of the information.

As may be imagined, we continued on the alert during the night, but heard no more of the strange schooner. Dawn was fast approaching, when our attention was once more aroused by the flash, followed by the report, of a gun right ahead of us. From the loudness of the explosion, as well as the rapidity with which it followed the flash, it was easy to perceive that the vessel could be at no great distance, as well as that she must be a large man-of-war. After a few minutes' interval, another shot boomed along the deep, rapidly succeeded by several others of the same formidable loudness. At length these were replied to by other guns evidently of a less calibre, and proceeding from a different quarter.

"They are at it!—they are at it!" now for the first time shouted our skipper, who had served his time, and held a lieutenant's commission in the royal navy; "I'll stake my life, some of our cruisers have taken the pirate in tow! Will she do nothing!"—(to the man at the wheel, for

we were still completely becalmed)—"What would I not give, were it but to have a view of them!"

"She minds the helm no more than if she were a brute beast!" responded the helmsman in a tone and key in happy sympathy with our captain's impatient query, while he kept rocking from foot to foot with the rapidity of a stop-watch main-spring.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed among the crew, most of whom were old man-of-war's men. After some time, the sound of the large guns entirely ceased, while that of the smaller ones incessantly continued—implying, as was natural to suppose, that the latter had silenced the others, and that the crew of the supposed pirate were following up their advantage. At this crisis, a deputation of about twenty of our crew came aft, and entreated the captain's permission to hoist out a couple of boats, and allow them to pull to the scene of action. But the skipper understood his duty too well to give way to the enthusiasm of his men, although evidently gratified at their disinterested courage.

Morning at length dawned, and the nature of the conflict became distinctly visible, as also that the island of St. Domingo was about two leagues to leeward of us. A British frigate lay about a mile ahead of us, with the national flag drooping from the main-peak, but without any other rag upon her spars. At about two miles' distance was the identical schooner that had alarmed us so much during the night, her long main-mast being entirely bare excepting her royals, which, however, were now entirely useless, as not a breath of air lifted them. But long sweeps had been put in requisition, and were every moment increasing the distance between her and her assailant. The latter, however, had got out the jolly-boat, which, with a couple of large swivels fixed on her bows, maintained a running-fight with the enemy, who might easily have destroyed her, had not the necessity of escape been so imminent. The shot of the gallant little boat's crew, although obliged to maintain a cautious distance, was evidently telling, as appeared by the shattered rigging of the schooner, which was making desperate exertions to get within influence of the land-breeze.

There has seldom, if ever, been any situation so tantalizing as was that of all parties on this exciting occasion. The pursuers could gain nothing on the fugitives; the latter could make but the most inefficient efforts at escape; and we, the on-lookers, were compelled to witness what passed in still more provoking inactivity. Fortune at last seemed to declare in favor of the cause of humanity and justice. *Cat's-paws*, the forerunners of the trade-wind, began to creep in from the southeast, lifting the sails (which were now invitingly spread out) of the frigate and our own vessel, while the land-breeze proportionally retired; and shortly the former came on slowly and steadily, bearing us toward our prize—as we now regarded her. When this change of

weather became perceptible to the crew of the schooner, a most extraordinary scene took place. In less time than I can take to describe the act, about half-a-dozen canoes, each capable of carrying not more than three persons, were lowered down from the schooner, and all began to pull toward the shore, although in many different directions; the latter being an expedient to distract any attempt to pursue them.

"Saw ever mortal eyes any thing to match that!" cried our captain, after a long pause of astonishment. "The cowardly villains, that would not stand one broadside for that trim piece of craft! But I am cheated if they have left her worth the trouble of boarding. Bear off from her—bear off from her!"—he continued to the helmsman; "there's mischief in her yet, I tell you." And his words were fearfully verified almost as soon as spoken. First a thin blue smoke shot upward from the hold of the schooner, next moment a fierce blood-red fire blazed through between every seam of her hull; the tall mast seemed absolutely to shoot up into the air like an arrow, and an explosion followed so tremendous—so more terribly loud than any thing I had ever listened to, that it seemed as if the ribs of nature herself were rending asunder. Our ship reeled with the shock, and was for a few seconds obstructed in her course, in a manner which I can liken only to what takes place in getting over a coral-reef. When the smoke cleared away, not a vestige of the late schooner was to be seen, excepting a few shattered and blackened planks. But the destruction, unfortunately did not stop here. It was evident that the explosion had taken place sooner than the pirates themselves had expected. Three of the canoes were swamped by the force of the concussion; and the same thing, if not far worse, had happened to the boat which carried the gallant little band of pursuers, who had incautiously pulled hard for the schooner as soon as she had been abandoned, instigated at once by the love of fame and prize-money. Boats were instantly lowered, both from our own ship and the war frigate, in order to save if possible, the lives of the brave fellows; but the whole had probably been stunned, if not killed, by the explosion, and only two corpses out of the eight were found floating about. At this spectacle, as well as at the destruction of the prize, which was looked upon as a most unfair and unwarrantable proceeding, the fury of the men knew no bounds; and although few of them had arms, either offensive or defensive, the whole fleet of boats began to pull after the fugitives with a speed that threatened more accidents than had yet befallen. But the surviving canoes, which skimmed along the ocean like flying-fish, were too speedy for their pursuers; and the latter only succeeded in picking up three captives belonging to the canoes which had sunk, including, as luck would have it, the commander of the late piratical vessel. It was with difficulty that the men were restrained from taking immediate vengeance on the persons of the captive wretches, but they were at length securely lodged

on board the frigate, which, as well as ourselves (who were extremely glad of such a consort), stood away for Port-Royal with all sails set, where, on the second day thereafter, we arrived about noon, the frigate there coming to anchor, while we beat up to Kingston. We afterward learned that we had escaped the menaced attack of the pirates by their perceiving, through their night-glasses, the quantity of muskets and other small-arms handed up from our hold, as they bore down on us the second time, as before mentioned. In a few days after our arrival, the wretched captives were brought to trial, and hung at the yard-arm.

The glee and satisfaction diffused among us at the destruction of the pirate, was damped by a circumstance of a most melancholy nature, which took place almost as soon as we had cast anchor within the palisades. There was among the crew a mulatto boy, about sixteen years of age, a native of Kingston, where his only relative, a sister, resided. He had been absent from her for about three years, and in the impatience of his affection, he came aft and solicited permission to go ashore, were it but for half an hour, promising faithfully to return within that time. But the captain refused to permit him to leave the ship till next morning. The poor little fellow retired with a full heart and overflowing eyes, and I saw him station himself in a disconsolate manner in the forepart of the vessel, looking wistfully toward the town. In the mean time dozens of boats and canoes put off from the wharfs, the former filled with relatives of the passengers, or newsmongers seeking the "latest intelligence" from the mother-country; and the latter with negroes, offering their cargoes of fruit and vegetables for sale. I was seemingly the only uninterested individual on deck, and could not help feeling a melancholy sense of desolation, as an entire stranger, and 5000 miles from home, amidst the scenes of affectionate greetings between friends and relatives that were passing around. While indulging in this mood, I observed the boy I have spoken of suddenly strip off his cap and jacket, spring over the side, and begin to strike out for the shore. The splash attracted the notice of those on board, and two of the crew, by the captain's orders, jumped into a boat, and pulled after him; but their purpose was anticipated by a more deadly pursuer. The poor boy had scarcely got four fathoms from the vessel, when the huge fin of a shark was seen darting after him. A general shout was raised to warn him of his danger, and he wheeled round on his enemy, just as the latter made a rush at him. With the most astonishing courage and presence of mind, the little fellow struck out right and left with his clenched fists at the voracious animal, and with effect sufficient to drive it off, when he again began to make for the shore. A second and a third time the attack was made, and repulsed in a similar manner, and all began to hope his escape from the threatened danger, when, just as the boat got within oars-length of him, he disappeared below the surface with a loud shriek

which was responded to by all who witnessed the scene. He rose in the course of a few seconds, and was pulled into the boat with almost the whole flesh stripped from one of his thighs, and the blood streaming from him in torrents. The sailors pulled instantly for the wharf, but ere the boat reached it, the warm current of life was exhausted; and the poor little fellow was carried to his sister's house a lifeless and mangled corpse!

THE LAST DAYS OF BURNS.

IT is December in 1791. Burns has quitted the pleasant farm of Ellisland for a small house in Dumfries. The exchange is in every point of view undesirable. He begins to live a town life, and the life of a small country town is most unfitted for a man of his habits. There were always idlers and loiterers ready to fasten upon a man who had seen the social circles of Edinburgh, and who could charm away an evening as no other man could. Then there were the country lairds anxious to secure him for some merry-makings, where strangers from the south were to assemble, eager to get a glimpse of the untought genius. The work of an exciseman was not very engrossing. His evenings were generally his own—the taste for tavern parties was strong in Dumfries, and more hours were spent in the society of boon companions than in that of his patient, trusting wife, and her young children.

About this time the excitement of the French revolution was beginning to have most perceptible effect. The same misguiding star which diverted Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth from the beaten track of employment, and filled them with an enthusiasm for what was, after all, but the phantom of liberty, attracted Burns by its wayward and fitful light. He expressed too open a sympathy with the chiefs of the French nation to suit the taste of some of his friends among the higher orders. Alienation follows, and an increased violence in Burns. He despises those who are swayed by such miserable feelings. He pours forth lampoon after lampoon in severe and relentless revenge. The tavern is more frequently sought by him, and the society of those whose opinions agree with his own more assiduously cultivated. It seems strange, too, that during the two first years of his residence at Dumfries, when the political rancor was at the greatest, he should have enriched the language with the choicest of his songs. His engagement to supply his friend Thomson with the proper materials for his collection, is upon the whole rigorously fulfilled; and even when the violence of his politics threatened to draw down the displeasure of the government, he pursues his task, and discharges it most ably. Nothing would tempt him to receive money for these songs. It was a cause, he thought, in which every true-hearted Scot should feel interested. He had no feeling about accepting whatever the sale of his poems brought him. Many persons have expressed wonder at this

determination, but the distinction we hold to be a just one. The songs were the free "outcome" of his mind. They had risen to the heart, and poured themselves forth. They were more the children of his brain than the elaborate and finished productions of his pen. No true man could bear to receive money for his child—Burns could not accept it for his songs.

The professional excursions of Burns brought him into contact with many strange persons and places. Like the ganger in "Guy Mannering," he was often a welcome guest at the tables of country gentlemen; from the acquaintance he enjoyed with several of these, he reaped great benefit. He was reputed merciful in his calling, and there occur many instances of forbearance and gentleness quite unusual. In quiet times there appears to have been great attention given to the education of his sons, and although his frequent aberrations would have lost him the love and approval of many women, it is on record that his wife declares that his conduct to her, though not altogether blameless, was on the whole tender and affectionate. Life must have passed with him pleasantly in "the seasons of fair weather." The day's labor over, he would often wander with his children by the Nith, repeat psalms and fragments of old songs to them, and endeavor as far as possible to direct their minds in the same manner as his own revered parent had done. But there is another side to the picture. The political and masonic reunions would be succeeded by suppers and drinking bouts—there were bitter days of remorse and grief—there were constant failures in the provision for the wants of the family. Many of the letters written during 1793 and '94 display sad traces of the effects of this mode of life. Petulance and impatience at times bursting out into absolute infidelity, disfigure them; and, indeed, it becomes a grave question how far Mr. Chambers was justified in giving so many of these letters to the public. It is true that they give us the whole mind of the remarkable writer, but still there are limits in cases like this, which, it seems to us, have in some few instances been transgressed.

On the 14th of April, 1796, illness, from which he had been for some days suffering, threatened to prevent Burns from giving attendance at a meeting of Freemasons. He made an effort for the sake of his friends; and we have been told by one of the few persons among his intimates who now survive, that he never was in greater force. Soon after this he was compelled to abandon the graver part of his excise duties. Through the remainder of the month he was in the most miserable state. Some fine days in May revived him; and on the 17th of that month he penned the song, "To Jessy," which contains perhaps the sweetest stanza in his works:

"Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
Thy sweetest air thee departing,
Thou' art in the world beside—Jessy!

This song was composed in honor of one who

had aided and soothed many of his darkest hours. The lady still lives, happy in the recollection of the services she was able to render; happier, perhaps, in having inspired the beautiful and now world-famous stanza.

The dreary darkness was coming on. He removed to a farm, commanding a view of the sombre Solway, and there vainly endeavored to recruit his ruined health. His letters abound in tender expressions of his afflicted state. To Mrs. Riddel, a lady of rare endowments, from whom he had been for some short time estranged, he expressed himself as sorrowful for the many wanton attacks he had inflicted upon persons, who had hardly merited so severe a treatment.

We may imagine how drearily the days went by. The poet mourning over "the days that were no more," in sight of the Solway, at all times a gloomy and darksome frith! His children, his faithful and forgiving wife, how often must they have presented themselves before him! And there must have been, too, thoughts of the fame he had acquired, dim presages of his future estimation, of the verdict of posterity, of the applause of Scotland. And, we trust, there were also other thoughts.

We must give, in the words of Mr. Macdiarmid, the following anecdote:

"A night or two before Burns left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs. Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy; and the evening being beautiful, and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Miss Craig—now Mrs. Henry Duncan—was afraid the light might be too much for him, and rose with the view of letting down the window-blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant; and, regarding the young lady with a look of great benignity, said: 'Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but, oh! let him shine; he will not shine long for me.'"

On the 18th of July he returned to Dumfries. His wife, expecting confinement almost hourly, was unable to be with him. But there were not wanting kind friends to assuage his sorrows. On the 21st he sank into delirium. His eldest son has remembrance of an execration passing his lips against the legal agent who had caused him terrible anxiety in his latter days. Would it had been otherwise! With his children near him, he sank into the calm of death, peacefully, and without a groan.

We have availed ourselves liberally of the assistance of Mr. Chambers in putting together this rapid sketch.

The mausoleum of Burns rises high above the spires and houses of Dumfries. The traveler from the south, if he have but one drop of Scotch blood in his veins, can hardly view it without emotion. Thoughts will arise of the peasant-bard in his early struggles and subsequent fame, bursting out into renown and social distinction, conquering many difficulties, overcome by many

temptations, and dying when he must have felt within him consciousness of strong power, and aspiring after fresh endeavor.

The admirers and lovers of Burns, however, are of all countries, and all ages. His strains rise to the heart when more exalted music fails to charm—when the soothing has more power than the sublime—the pathetic than the tragic. To know the real power, and to test the true influence of this great genius, we must make ourselves acquainted with the daily life and conversation of the man—Robert Burns.

THE CHATEAU REGNIER.

I WAS traveling in Germany some eighteen or twenty years ago, when the events which I am going to relate took place. It was my first tour. I was fresh from college, where I had studied with an intensity that had rendered total relaxation as much a necessity as a pleasure.

It was at Coblenz that I met with my early friend Heinrich S.; or, to speak more accurately, it was on the road to Coblenz; for I had sent my servant on with the horses, and was proceeding leisurely along the road, which, at this point, hangs like a suspended gallery above the wooded banks and nestling villages that border the glorious Rhine. The evening was beautiful; and above, in the clear sky, the first solitary star was trembling into light. I should never have recognized Heinrich S. but that he spoke to me, as I stood looking over the landscape, and extended his hand to me. I had some difficulty in believing that it was the same youth who had been my class-fellow at Eton. There Heinrich was the sharpest, the boldest, and the most mischievous boy among us—the idol of the scholars, and the misery of the masters. Now, how changed was his appearance. Though in reality but a few months my senior, he looked ten years older. His cheeks were white and sunken; his lips bloodless; his eyes, surrounded by a dark circle, looked bright and wild; his hair hung in long dark masses about his face, and his dress was soiled and travel-stained. He had left Eton—where he had been placed by his parents, then resident in England—to proceed to the University of Göttingen, in his native Saxony, and I had not seen or heard of him since his departure. Could study have altered him thus? It was strange: his means were ample; his prospects excellent; and it seemed scarcely probable that any great misfortune should have befallen him, that could stamp such an expression of haggard wretchedness upon his countenance.

He took my arm, and we walked slowly on toward Coblenz. He spoke little by the way, and that little hastily and unwillingly: his words were frequently contradictory, and uttered in a wandering, melancholy tone that was most distressing. He lapsed frequently into a moody silence, and then laughed loudly when I had said nothing to provoke it.

I began to fear that he was not perfectly in his right senses, and was glad when we entered

the narrow streets of the town, and reached the inn whither my servant had preceded me. Here Heinrich left me, promising to return in an hour's time to dinner, for he was staying, he told me, at a neighboring hotel. So I sat and waited for him in the wooden gallery outside the windows of my apartment, watching the passers-by in the street, and pondering over my late encounter.

I came back into the room, closed the window, drew the curtains, replenished my meerechaum, and waited, not very patiently, for my dinner and my guest. Both came at last: first the guest, then the dinner. S. seemed to make an effort to shake off his gloom, but the meal was not a social one, and I saw with concern that he ate little, but drank recklessly, pouring out for himself glass after glass of pure cognac brandy.

I no longer fancied that Heinrich was not in his right mind, but I feared that he drank deeply—perhaps to banish the memory of some passion which I felt sure must be the secret care of his life. We smoked, we drank—the former, as all do in Germany, incessantly—the latter on his part deeply, on mine moderately. We talked of old times; of Eton; of our friends and relations (his parents, he told me, were both dead); of college life; of Cambridge; of Göttingen; of learning; and of writers.

By this time the coldness of his manner had quite vanished. A feverish excitement seemed to possess him. I was the listener, he the speaker. He was enthusiastic on the subject of ancient literature—a stream of eloquence flowed from his lips, and with every draught of the burning liquid he grew more and more delightful in his discourse.

"You must be very happy, Heinrich," said I, with a sigh, "to be so young and to have studied with great advantage. I have not succeeded in acquiring half the knowledge which you possess of art, science, and literature."

He made no answer; turned as pale as a corpse, and seemed unable to articulate. I poured out another glass of brandy and gave it into his hand, for his expression alarmed me. He drank it at a draught, laughed hysterically, and burst into tears.

I was inexpressibly shocked. "Heinrich," said I, laying my hand at the same time upon his sleeve, "Heinrich, what has done this!"

For a long time he would not reply to me: at last he yielded to my entreaties, drew his chair nearer to mine, filled another glass and placed it at his elbow, wiped his forehead nervously, and confided to me the following story:

"It is now ten years since I entered the University at Göttingen. I was then eighteen, and my name was entered on the books on the 2d of February, 1822. I was a very wild, happy fellow when you knew me, but somehow I became a very different fellow when I entered on my university life. I had left my parents, my friends, my English home behind me. Germany was no fatherland to me. England was the scene of my youthful education, the land of my first friends, and I felt lonely and a stranger in my native

place. Perhaps it seemed all the lonelier for its being my native place, and my knowing no soul in any part of it. At all events, I lost all my buoyancy of spirit; the noisy extravagancies of my fellow countrymen and students were insupportable to me, and I gave myself up entirely to the acquisition of learning. Night after night I sat up, unsubdued by weariness, till the daylight came creeping through the blinds to pale the glimmer of my lamp. Day after day I refused myself the common enjoyments of exercise and rest; attending the lectures, reading with my tutors, and striving with knowledge in every shape. I lived in an abstract world, apart from the men and things around me. The sight of my fellow students became an annoyance to me; even the lectures, at last, were unwelcome, since they drew me from the solitude of my own rooms, and the company of my books.

"I was a literary fanatic; I dwelt in a world of imagination, and amid an ideal community. In the silent nights, when the passing student looked up with pitying surprise at the steady light from my windows, I walked in thought with the philosophers of old, and held high converse with the spirits of the past. My rooms had almost the appearance of some ancient wizard's retreat. Crucibles, retorts, magnetic apparatus, electrical machines, microscopes, jars, receivers, philosophical instruments, and books, crowded every part. No chemical theory was too wild, no enterprise too difficult for me. I think I was scarcely sane at this time, for I began to hate mankind, and live solely for myself and my own mind. 'When I am of age,' I promised myself, 'I will seek out some lonely solitude where travelers never pass, and there I will build a house and live the life of the soul.' And I did so. My parents died before I left the university, and when I passed out of its gates I stepped forth into the wide world, a creature ignorant of the usages of life; possessed of riches for which I had no value; lonely, learned, and friendless. Yet not utterly friendless: I had contracted a friendship—if friendship that could be called that consisted solely in the interchange of thought, for I believe we had never even shaken hands or broken bread together—with the professor of mathematics under whom I had studied. To him alone I made a farewell; to him confided my plans of retirement; to him promised the knowledge of my retreat as soon as I had established myself in it, and to him offered the hospitality of that roof when I obtained it. It was not long before I found such an one as I desired. I left Germany and crossed over to England. My old friends were all removed, or married, or dead. My parents were no more; you were at college: and the dead and empty aspect of the land in which I no longer found any associations of my youth remaining struck me with sorrow. I felt bitterly the loss of those to whom I owed not only birth and fortune, but reverence and love. All England seemed like a grave, and I hurried from it without even seeking you out at Cambridge.

Had you been living any where alone, I would have traveled day and night to press your hand once more; but I loathed the sight of men, and I dreaded to enter so vast a community to find you. I went on to France, avoiding Paris and all large towns, and made for the remoter provinces. There I hoped to discover some old chateau, where I might seclude myself amid the woods and solitudes, where the people and even the language was unknown to me. I found it.

"It was in Languedoc that I lighted upon the house which was henceforth to be my world. It was a lofty and noble chateau, long deserted, half ruined, and surrounded by woods. The nearest village was six miles away, and save a few solitary huts occupied by the very poorest of the peasants, I had no neighbor nearer than that village. Nothing could be more romantic than the situation, and nothing could better have suited with my frame of mind. The mansion was built on a little eminence, so that the towers and grotesque chimneys peeped above the trees. A noble avenue had, in the old times, led to the great entrance, but was now utterly impassable with weeds and briars. Grass grew on the paths; rabbits borrowed in the gardens; broken statues, green with moss, stood solitary sentinels amid the desolation; and the owl and the bat lodged in the deserted chambers. This was the spot which I had sought for: here I could be happy. I sought out the notary in the nearest post-town, and learned from him that the property had been intrusted to him for sale, and that I was the first who had offered to purchase it. It was the mansion of a noble family who had fallen in the revolution of '93, and now belonged to a descendant of theirs, a rich planter in Jamaica, who had long since wished to dispose of it. I bought it for a trifle, and had one wing repaired and rendered habitable for my use; the rest I allowed to continue in its gradual decay. My solitude was called the 'Chateau Regnier.'

"I sent workmen from Toulouse, and books from Paris and Germany, and in the space of two months found myself in the paradise of my wishes. I had chosen the right wing for my habitation, and had fitted up three rooms for myself alone, and two more at some distance away for my attendant. These rooms opened out of each other; the first was my dining and breakfast-room, the second my bed-chamber, the third and remotest my study. I had a motive in this arrangement. The walls were enormously thick, and the doors I had banded and strengthened. I was a stranger in the country—the place was desolate, and I fortified it like a place of defense, for I might be robbed and murdered and no man the wiser. Again, silence as well as solitude was my luxury, and when all the doors were closed (and the door of the outer apartment, or dining-room, was double) no sound could reach my study from within or without, and none could issue thence. Still further to enhance this pleasure I had the narrow windows of the latter walled up, and lived, when among my books, in perpetual night. The walls were

hung with crimson draperies, and fitted round with book shelves; a table at one end supported my chemical and philosophical instruments; another, near the fire-place, was laden with books and writing materials; an easy chair stood beside it, and a noble cabinet, to the right of the fire-place, contained my more valuable papers, minerals, &c. A silver lamp suspended by delicate chain-work hung from the ceiling and spread a soft light through the chamber, and a powerful spirit-lamp stood on the table beside my reading-desk. Busts of philosophers and poets, showing whitely against the crimson curtains, looked nobly from the top of every bookcase; and from the darkened room, the draped walls, the silent world of knowledge which it held, the passionless sculpture, and the thickly-carpeted floor—which gave back no echo when you trod upon it—a presence of stillness, a solitude 'which might be felt,' came over the room and dwell in it like an invisible soul.

"Here, then, for the first time since I had left Eton, I felt perfectly happy. But for the variety of passing into the outer room twice in the day to take my meals, I should never have known day from night. At twelve and at seven I partook of the necessary means of life; from two in the morning till six I slept; all the rest of my life I spent in my study, in thought, in communion with the souls of the dead. The woman whom I had chosen for my servant was old, deaf, and a German. I had brought her from Toulouse, for it was necessary that we should understand each other's language, and the French I was totally unacquainted with.

"Thus a year passed on. The peasants had ceased to wonder at my habits, the owls and bats had resettled in the uninhabited wing, the rabbits returned to the gardens, and I, a hermit of science, lived to myself, but was dead to the world. One day, however, to my amazement, while seated at dinner, with my old attendant waiting upon me, the door, which on these occasions was left unfastened, was slowly opened, and a head came cautiously through. It was M. Schneider, my old professor of mathematics at Göttingen. I was really glad to see him, more glad than I chose to confess, even to myself. I loved my retreat, but it was a pleasure once more to see a familiar face, once more to listen to a familiar voice, once more to exchange thoughts with a living brain, and read them in a cordial eye. No enjoyment which my study ever had afforded me equaled the delight with which I welcomed that good man. I embraced him, I talked, I laughed, I forced him into a chair, and pressed him to partake of my simple meal. I drank his health; I overwhelmed him with questions without waiting for an answer. I behaved more like a schoolboy than a student, and could have danced for joy. He understood me and joined in my gaiety. We retreated to the study; I showed him with pride my books, my instruments, my silent solitude. I described to him my mode of life, and finally intreated him to come and spend with me the remainder of his

existence. We were so happy that day! I never thought the sight of any human being could give me such delight. M. Schneider did not at once accept all my propositions, but he would remain with me at least for some weeks. I felt as if all my wealth could scarcely purchase sufficient to entertain him. The wines and viands of the neighboring village were not half good enough for him; and I resolved that very night, when he had retired to rest (for I had installed him in my only bedroom), to hire a horse from the neighboring post-house, and gallop down to Toulouse myself to order thence all the luxuries and comforts I could get. We sat in conversation till an advanced hour of the morning;—never had I found conversation so delightful. The clock was striking three when I rose to leave the house. I felt no want of rest, and I anticipated with pleasure the walk to the post-house in the fresh morning air. My friend retired to bed: I wrapped myself closely in my traveling cloak, put a pair of pocket pistols within the breast of my riding coat, opened the outer doors without a sound, closed them, and passed through the hall and the great door into the gray morning. Never, since my residence there, had I taken a walk of so many miles; never had I stirred beyond the precincts of the park and gardens of the Chateau Regnier. It was autumn: the red and yellow leaves lay thick upon the pathway as I strode rapidly through the forest: the morning sun came slowly up in the east and cast bright slanting lights between the stems and branches of the trees: the wild birds woke up one after another in their nests up in the branches, and taking the song from each other filled the air with melody. Sweet scents of distant fields came on the breeze: the hare started at my footfall and darted across my path; a beautiful lizard glided away in the grass;—the sun came up bright and strong—the birds sang louder and louder, and the sunshine and song were in my heart also, and I said joyfully—"The world is lovely, and all that therein is. Solitude is not the only good. Blessed be God, who made the world, so beautiful and so glad!" I awoke on that morning to bathe in the light of a more generous and divine philosophy. The meeting with my old friend had been good for me, and from henceforth I felt that my life promised higher and holier results than the selfish and barrenness of intellectual pursuits. I reached the post-house, mounted a fleet and spirited horse, and rode away at full speed to Toulouse. I had no time to lose, for the town was full fifteen miles away, and I recollected with laughing surprise the habit of many months, when I had turned the key of my outer door into my waistcoat pocket. "I am here," said I gayly, to myself, "and you have locked up the key. I must wait for you before he can get in." The town gave such orders as I required, and the horse, and began retracing his steps by the cathedral clock.

The shops in Toulouse were all open; people were stirring in the streets and on the high road; wagons with country-people were returning home from selling fruit and vegetables in the town-market. Every one gave me a good-morning, and, as I could not reply to them in their own tongue, I answered all with a nod and a smile. Many looked back and pointed after me. They wondered why I galloped along so fast at that early hour. "Nine o'clock, Heinrich," said I; "make haste! The professor is hungry."

"On I went—trees, hedges, cottages flew past me. Suddenly I received a severe shock—a fall—a blow—and I knew no more.

"When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying on a straw bed in a small mean cottage. An old woman was sitting knitting in the doorway. All was silent, and I lay watching her busy fingers for several minutes in a stupid apathy, which neither knew nor sought to know the meaning of my situation. At length I tried languidly to turn in the bed, and felt myself seized with a sharp and terrible agony, that forced a scream from my lips. It seemed as if my feet were being torn off! The old woman ran to me, brought me a cup of water, and said something in French, which was of course, unintelligible to me, put her hand on my lips when I was about to speak, pointed to my feet, and shook her head compassionately as she looked at me.

"I understood her. I remembered the shock—the fall; my leg was broken.

"I groaned aloud—for I now felt great pain; but I lay still, and tried to recall all the circumstances to my mind. I was on horseback: where was I coming from? From Toulouse. I remembered. What did I want at Toulouse? Ah! the Professor Schneider—the key—the locked door—the distance—the day—all flashed upon my memory, and, half-frantic, I tried again to rise, and, I think, fainted with the pain, for when I again became sensible, there were a man and a young girl in the room; the latter was bathing my forehead with vinegar, and the man was feeling my pulse. Oh the misery of that waking! Not one—not one to comprehend my words—not one to tell me how long I had been lying helpless there—not one to send to the rescue of my friend! I wept burning tears; I prayed, I made signs, I addressed the man, who seemed to be a doctor, in German, Latin, and English, but he only shook his head, and whispered with the others. I tried repeatedly to rise; they held me down by force: my blood burned, my limbs trembled, I was going mad.

"I thought of him, my noble friend, dying, starving, in the accursed solitude of the chateau. No sound could penetrate those doors; no human force break through them. The windows—alas! they were high and narrow, and barred like a prison, through my own caution. The chimney—that was not wide enough for a child to climb. The remains of our dinner was left upon the table. He might sustain life for three days upon that, with economy; but how long had I been in this place!—perhaps four, perhaps

six, perhaps eight days already! I dug my nails into the palms of my hands with despair at the idea. Then I thought of Ugo Foscolo—how his body was found with the arm gnawed away by his own teeth in the agony of famine. I raved—I wept—I groaned—my brain seemed a burning coal. I was in a delirious fever! Oh, the terrible visions of a mind disordered and oppressed with such a fearful anguish as mine! Madness was wrought to a despairing fury, passing all ordinary delirium, by the goadings of conscious agony; pain, mental and bodily, acting in terrible concert, surrounded me with torments to which the fabled hell of the Florentine were no more than an uneasy dream. Sometimes I seemed to behold my guest as from a place whence I could not escape to his aid. I saw him shake the bars of the narrow casements with hopeless fury. I saw his pale face—his convulsed limbs. I heard him curse my name; and then, oh, horror! he fixed his dying eyes on mine, and so chained me, without the power of avoiding their fascination. Again, I was walking with him on a narrow shelf beside a burning lake. I fell; I implored him to save me—but to extend his hand to me, or I should perish: and methought the dying look came over him again, and his form dilated as he bade me fall and perish. Again—but these recollections are too fearful! I was mad; and when reason once more returned to me, I found myself utterly weakened, and helpless as a child. I looked at my hands; they were little better than the hands of a skeleton. I made signs to them for a looking-glass; my beard had reached the growth of weeks.

"Then I knew that my friend was dead.

"Dead!—never more to call me by my name—never more to touch my hand, or gladden me with talk of high and wondrous things. Dead! still, cold. Dead, and by my means. Dead and unburied. Could I then have died, so to call him back again to life, I would have rejoiced to do so. Nay, to die were too poor a sacrifice—I would have given my soul to do it. I a murderer! I who had never harmed a fly; who had stepped aside from the snail upon my path;—I who had never choked the sweet songs of the birds in murderous sport. I was now too feeble and too broken-hearted to make even the faintest effort to return to the chateau. I prayed for death; yet day by day, I gradually recovered strength. The village surgeon who attended me was no more than an unlettered quack, and it is surprising that I should have escaped with life; but I did, and the more I loathed to live, the more I felt that death rejected me. Gradually my limb strengthened, and they lifted me occasionally from the bed to a garden seat, where I might breathe the cool fresh air of early winter. They were all kind and gentle to me, but grateful I could not be for care or attention, since to exist was now and henceforward a perpetual misery. Besides, they had found me no ungenerous guest: I had a considerable sum with me when I went to Toulouse, and the residue amply satisfied their claims. By-and-by I could even

walk with difficulty from room to room, and I had no excuse to remain with them longer. But now I dreaded to return; now I shrunk from the thoughts of the rooms where I knew the body of my friend was. . . .

"I went at last. A rude conveyance bore me home. It was mid-day when I left the cottage, and the rapid winter night had closed in before we reached the gates of the chateau. Here I bid my entertainers farewell, and insisted on approaching alone those walls from which I had so long remained absent. The moon was shining bright and chill on every tree and shrub. I am not superstitious, a thrill of dread crept over me when I stood before the house, and saw the bats flitting in the ruins, and beheld the pale light on the windows of the fatal rooms which I had inhabited. I ascended the broken steps—the great door yielded to my touch—a light beneath a distant door evidenced that my old servant was yet faithful to her guardianship. I opened it, and beheld her sleeping soundly in the chimney corner. Yonder, to the right, down that dark corridor, lay the rooms which I had lived in; yonder, the locked and fatal door. The cold dew stood upon my brow; I took a lighted candle from the table, and forced myself to go on. At the door I paused again; even when the key was in and turned I hesitated, and would fain have deferred it; then I pushed it open, walked straight up to the table, and laid the candle down. He was not there. This was a relief to me. I dreaded to find him in the first room, and thanked God that the sight of his corpse had not met my eyes on the first entrance. I closed the door and looked round the chamber in every part. My heart sickened when I beheld the disorder in which it lay. Chairs, books, and cushions were lying on the floor; a thick dust covered every object; the dishes were yet on the table where we had dined together; a few bones, covered, like the rest, with the deposit of months, were scattered on the cloth. A watch was lying beside them; it had stopped long, long ago at twelve o'clock, and lay there blank and speechless. It was Schneider's. I knew it again. Alas! alas! type of its owner; the busy heart was mute and motionless. I wept; tears seemed to ease my heart of the heavy load that was crushing it within my breast. I gathered resolution once more, and opened the door of the second chamber. But he was not there either. The bed was black with dust—he had slept in it when I left him; and there tossed and uncovered, it remained as when he last arose from it. At the window a table was standing, and on the table a chair. Some panes of glass were broken, through which the night air came down upon me and blew the flame of the candle hither and thither. There he had climbed and striven to escape, but the iron bars defied him; he had broken the window, and cried in vain for help; the attendant was deaf and infirm, and no soul ever penetrated the grounds of the chateau. It was plain, that my study was his tomb. The certainty froze my blood, and I trembled in every limb. Now that

it was a certainty I felt unable to move one step in advance. There was the study door not entirely closed, and yet not sufficiently open to reveal sight within. There was his living tomb. It must be done! every breath of air through the shattered panes threatened to extinguish my light. Better to face the worst than be left there in sudden fearful darkness. I groaned involuntarily, and started at the sound of my own voice. I advanced—I extended my hand. Good God! the door resisted me! Yes, there—there across the threshold, lay a dark and shapeless mass. I could only open it by main strength, and all strength on the instant failed me. Terror tied my tongue. I felt a scream of horror rising to my lips, but had not the power to utter it, and, staggering slowly under the burden, the agonising burden of supreme fear, I dragged myself back again through the rooms, locked the doors, along the corridor and hall, and out once more among the trees and the moonlight. On I went and never once looked back; out through the great open gates, on along the high road. Dread and an unnatural strength possessed me. Yesterday I could scarcely walk thirty yards without pain and fatigue; now, I was insensible to mere bodily grievances. I used the fractured limb without attending to the exquisite suffering it must have occasioned me. At last fatigue overpowered me. I sat down by the roadside. A vehicle passed by. The driver saw and assisted me to enter it. At last, after many changes and stages, I reached Paris. I have since then wandered over Europe. Languedoc and the Chateau Regnier I have not beheld since that awful night. I am a pilgrim and an outcast without peace or rest—wandering, a shadow, among men and cities, in some one of which I hope to find a grave."

Heinrich S. I never saw again. From time to time I hear of him as having been seen in some far off land—three years since he was in Russia, and last summer I was told that he had been for a few weeks in Vienna. But I know not; report is ever vague and uncertain. He lives, I fear: perhaps the next news may be of his death. I hope so; for life is terrible with him. May he die in peace!

A FRAGMENT OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

A YOUNG fellow of high connexions, educated at Sandhurst, and having subsequently got his commission in one of the "crack" cavalry regiments (Lancers or Hussars, we decline to say which), became rapidly inaugurated in all the ways of fashionable London life. He cantered in the parks, lounged about the Clubs; the Opera and Almacks were his, with their songs, and dances, and winning smiles. He hunted, he shot, he raced, he gamed, he drank, and "all that," until one morning his father sent for him. He had been allowed five hundred a year, besides his pay, and he had been living at the rate of five thousand—as near as it could be calculated. What his father said was to this effect: "Arthur, you're going to the devil, and I must

stop you. Sell out directly, sir, and leave the country for three years. I'll pay your debts here, and allow you just enough to live. Learn to do something for yourself; and come back in your right senses." So, the young cornet sold his commission, and sailed for Australia.

Not intending to go to the Diggings, and hearing that Sydney was a far nicer place to reside in than dust-driving Melbourne ("which nobody can deny, deny"), he landed at that place, and after a short stay to recover so long a voyage, he rode up into the bush some hundred miles. He was a pretty good judge of a horse, and had something in his head that way. Horses brought high prices in Melbourne, and if he could get them over land there, it might be "doing something for himself," as his father had recommended.

At East Maitland, about a hundred and fifty miles from Sydney, he chanced to fall in with a young fellow about his own age; and, after what they considered "mature deliberation," they agreed to purchase not horses, but four hundred head of bullocks, engage a bullock-driver to help in the work, and drive them over land to Melbourne. The distance by a direct route, and using roads, would not exceed five or six hundred miles; but, as they would have to go winding and zig-zagging and crossing hills and swamps and fields and creeks in order to find constant food and water for the cattle, the distance would not be far short of nine hundred, or a thousand miles. They purchased the bullocks, engaged a regular bullock-driver (the driving of these horned gentry, whether loose or yoked, being a special art, needing considerable practice), and off they started.

Besides the four hundred bullocks, they had nine horses, and a dray. Three of the horses they rode, three were attached to the dray, and the remaining three they drove loose in the rear of the bullocks, on the flank, or as they liked to go. The dray was laden with some bags of oats for the horses, provisions for three men, a change of outer clothing, two changes of under clothing, blankets, spare harness, cordage, hobbles, two double-barreled guns, a rifle, and a few tools—such as wood-axes, knives, a spade, hammer, and nails.

Day after day, through the solitudes of the bush, pleasingly varied at times by miles of bog, or leagues of swamp, amidst which they had to sleep, or get such rest in the night as they could, our two young gentlemen accommodated themselves to studying the uncouth mysteries of "stock-driving;" aiding and assisting their professor elect in all his countless exigencies and requirements. Our cornet, who was the principal proprietor of all these moving horns, was scarcely one-and-twenty, and, moreover, looked still younger than he was. His friend Wentworth was about twenty-five, of fair complexion, and apparently of no great strength. The bullock-driver was a rough, sun-browned, brawny, bearded old colonial and bush-man. He did not conceal his contempt for the capacities of his

gentlemen companions, nor his opinion of the fate that awaited them. He told them, in his abrupt, gruff, jocular way, that they'd never see Melbourne. He should bury them both in the bush, and take on the bullocks. They wished him a good market for them on his arrival, and drank his health on the spot in a "nobbler" of brandy from the keg in the dray.

The most exhausting part of the work was the necessity of the "stock" being watched by night. On one occasion, when it was the bullock-driver's watch, he thought fit, in the greatness of his experience, to consider that it was "all right;" whereupon he rolled himself up in his blanket, and went fast asleep. Some time after, our cornet awoke—saw the watch now lying rolled up—looked about, listened, and became satisfied that a number of bullocks had strayed across the creek, and that more were following them. Finding it impossible to arouse the professional gentleman to any activity, or apparent understanding of the case, he shook Wentworth, and told him what had happened. "What shall we do!" said his friend. "We must swim the creek and go after them," said the cornet. "All right!" answered the other. Up they got, swam the creek—in their clothes, carrying their long boots in their mouths—and went after the bullocks.

The boats were far ahead, and set off, as soon as they found who was upon their track. What with windings and doubles, and some going in one direction, and some in another, the pursuers had to follow the bullocks eighteen miles before they brought them all together (except three, who were lost) back to the creek. Having driven them in, the two amateur drovers were about to follow, when Wentworth said he was too tired to carry his boots over in his teeth, as they filled with water and dragged behind, so he attempted to whirl them over across the creek. They fell short of the bank, and were carried down the stream.

Arrived on the other side, the swimmers rested an hour or two, and then proceeded on their journey. The boggy state of the ground was such that they could scarcely get the dray through it, and continually expected to have to throw every thing away of its load excepting the oats and their little store of provisions. Wentworth could not, therefore, be taken into the dray, and he had to follow barefoot. He did the same all the next day when the ground changed to uneven rocks and stones, and cracks and holes, and his feet were cut and bleeding during twelve hours; but not one word of complaint escaped his lips. The ensuing morning, at daybreak, they "came upon" an old pair of shoes that had been thrown away, and Wentworth was a happy man.

They had now been seven weeks on the road, and soon after the little event of the creek, just recorded, our cornet, who was a masterly horseman, placed himself at the head of the concern: taking the lead on all occasions of difficulty, and continually "ordering coves about," as the bul-

lock-driver morosely complained. Finding his "art" thus distanced, and comparatively taken out of his hands, the latter personage announced his intention of immediately withdrawing his services. The cornet said, Well, he could go. All right, old boy. Good-day! The bullock-driver wanted to be paid. Cornet said he could not easily manage it, as he and Wentworth had only thirteen shillings and sixpence between them at this present. He might take that. The bullock-driver said he couldn't take that. There was no alternative, so he went on, and gradually became more reconciled, and even tried to make himself agreeable.

In this way they journeyed, making as much ground as they could by day, and turning aside toward evening to find pasture for the stock, and such quantity of sleep for themselves, in turn, as the wandering fancies of the beasts would permit. Thus passed days upon days without their meeting a single human being, and sometimes they met no one for weeks. When they did fall in with any body, it would be a shepherd, or squatter, or stock-keeper, perhaps only seen a mile or two distant; or they would meet a party of the Aborigines. On one occasion seven of these advanced with spears (they are fatal marksmen), but the cornet's rifle was up in a trice. He would in all probability have "potted" the foremost of them, if they had not all instantly scurried into the bush.

They were now in the third month of their journey. Their first suit of clothes had been quite worn out, and flung away, and the remaining suit was in rags. As for the cornet, he was reduced to his shirt-sleeves and half a waistcoat: he had ridden the seat off his corduroys, and the legs hung in shreds and tatters.

One morning, about daybreak, being fast asleep, and having had a hard night's work in riding after stragglers, Cornet Arthur was rather disturbed by a strange voice calling out, "I say, young man!" The place where they were, was a shed near a hut belonging to a sheep station, and the cornet being far more comfortable than usual, declined to notice the overture; but the fellow persisted, till the sleeper opened his eyes and yawned at him with no very grateful gesture. This fellow was a butcher on horseback, carrying a long riding whip with a hook at one end. "I say, young man," said he, where's your master!" Our cornet drowsily remarked that he was pretty well his own master out there, and he fancied those bullocks belonged to him. "Now, you be blowed," said the butcher. Cornet told him he could not be blowed (and wouldn't if he could, as he saw no reason for it), and turning his back addressed himself again to sleep. "This won't suit me, young man," shouted the butcher, "I tell you I want to bid for some 'o' these beasts. I want that wide hoop-horn'd 'un—thae three red staggy horns—the strawberry snail-horn. and the dirty-black big 'un a-lying down. Get up, can't you. Don't lay there like a precious naked Ape, but be smart!" So saying, the butcher dismounted, and began to molest the

sleeper in a rude and ridiculous way with the hook end of his whip, using very rough language; whereupon our cornet arose, and "polished him off" in first-rate style, being a fair boxer. The butcher, after a few rounds, deliberately remounted his horse, sat in his saddle looking at his "young man"—then said, "Well, I'm blowed!" and rode away.

They had some very cold weather about this time, especially during the nights, and they lost six of their horses, almost entirely from the cold, as they had no means of sheltering them. After this, the remaining three horses being needed for the dray, they followed the drove of bullocks on foot, for nearly a month. The few clothes that had remained to them were torn piecemeal from their bodies in passing through the low scrub and swampy oster beds, till our cornet's sole personal effects were a pair of stocking-legs and a tooth-brush. This latter very useful article had been found loose in the dray, and was displayed as a trophy.

They lost upward of a hundred bullocks in the bogs and swamps, or by straying away in the night. Following on foot was a great disadvantage, to say nothing of the work. At length they approached a little bush inn, and a hurly old brown-bearded fellow, pleasantly drunk, issued forth to meet them, crying out, "My name's Jem Bowles—glasses round!" He made them all have nobblers of brandy, and plenty to eat, and got them some clothes—enough to ride

in—and three good bush horses in exchange for bullocks. He made them stay there a day and night at his expense. He had taken a great liking to the cornet. But he often took likings, and habitually treated every body. "Glasses round!"

Jem Bowles was a great stock-keeper, and well known on the road. It was his habit to "drink his bullocks" on the way to market, and then to return home. He had been known to drink seventy head, in a few days, at one bush inn. Of course he was robbed, as he kept no 'count of the "glasses round" to which he treated every body all day long. He was now drinking his last ten head of bullocks.

Our cornet and his colleagues being once more horsed, proceeded on their way, uproariously grateful to Jem Bowles, and eventually reached Melbourne, leaving the dray behind them in the bush, where it had at last "given in," wheel and axle. The journey had taken them nearly four months. They had lost, in all, eight horses, and a hundred and three bullocks: the remainder, nevertheless, sold well. After paying all expenses, including every thing, our cornet made, as his share, above one hundred pounds profit. Little enough for such labor; but still very good as the first earnings of a "young man." The very same day, he met in the street the butcher whose hide he had tanned in the bush; and the butcher touched his hat to him. This is a fragment of Australian life.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS not being in session, political interest, during the past month, has been almost entirely concentrated upon the appointments to the various offices within the gift of the Administration. Of the appointments already made, the most important are those of Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania as Minister to England, Mr. Borland of Arkansas to Central America, and Mr. Soulé of Louisiana to Spain. Special significance is attached to the last, from the indication it is supposed to furnish of a desire on the part of the Administration to open negotiations with Spain for the acquisition of Cuba. The seat in the Senate vacated by the appointment of Mr. Soulé, has been filled by the election of Hon. John Slidell. The large amount of patronage at the disposal of the Collectors in the principal Custom Houses, invests these appointments with no small importance. This is especially the case in respect to the Collectors at New York, which after having been declined by Hon. Mr. Dickinson, was bestowed upon Hon. Greene C. Bronson, late Chief Justice of the State of New York.—From New Mexico we have intelligence of national rather than of local interest. It seems that on the frontiers of that Territory is a tract, known as the Mealla Valley, some 175 miles long by 30 or 40 broad, which has been claimed both by the United States and Mexico, under the provisions of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The joint Boundary Commission assigned the valley to Mexico. But on the 13th of March, Governor Lane of New Mexico, "upon his own official responsibility, and without orders from the

Cabinet of Washington," issued a proclamation taking possession "of the disputed territory, to be held provisionally by the United States, until the question of boundary shall be determined between the United States and Mexico." He assigns as reasons for this step, that the territory in question until the year 1851, was always considered to belong to New Mexico; but in that year it was unwarrantably taken possession of by the State of Chihuahua:—that the action of the Boundary Commission in assigning the territory to Mexico was invalid on account of informality, and moreover had not been ratified by the two Governments:—that the State of Chihuahua has signally failed to protect the inhabitants in the exercise of their rights, and against Indian aggression:—and that the present condition of Mexico precludes the hope that it can afford protection to the inhabitants of the territory; so that a large proportion of them "now claim the protection of the United States, and solicit the re-annexation of the territory to New Mexico, from which it was illegally wrested by the State of Chihuahua." Governor Lane demanded the aid of the United States troops to carry this proclamation into effect; but it was refused. In the meanwhile the Mexican Governor of Chihuahua has published a counter proclamation, and taken such measures as lay in his power to resist the proposed action of the Governor of New Mexico. It is also denied that the inhabitants of the valley are in favor of annexation to the United States. The intentions of our Government in the matter have not yet transpired; but the general impression is, that the course of Governor Lane will be disavowed, and that he will

be recalled.—An important decision has been made in respect to the delivery to foreign governments of alleged fugitives from justice. It grew out of the case of Thomas Kaine, charged with an attempt to murder in Ireland. There seemed little doubt as to the guilt of the accused, and his surrender was demanded by the British Government, in accordance with the treaty to that effect. The Court decided that the surrender of foreign criminals was not an ordinary criminal proceeding, but a national act, and that in order to secure it, a demand, accompanied with adequate proof, must be made upon the Executive Department of our Government, which alone could grant authority for the courts to interfere. This not having been done, the prisoner was discharged.

—The constitutionality of the law of South Carolina, directing the imprisonment of foreign colored seamen is about to be tested. It comes up on a suit instituted by George Roberts, a colored British seaman, for damages on account of assault and false imprisonment, against the Sheriff of Charleston. The real plaintiff in the case is the British Government. The alleged facts are all admitted; and the suit is brought to test the constitutionality of the law, which is affirmed to conflict with treaty stipulations. The United States Circuit Court decided it to be constitutional, and an appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court.—The Massachusetts Legislature has again refused, by a small majority, to pass a bill making indemnification for the loss sustained by the burning of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, many years ago.—The Message of Governor Seymour of Connecticut gives a very favorable account of the affairs of that State. The total amount paid into the Treasury during the past year was \$150,650 00, to which is to be added a balance of \$39,130 03, on hand at the commencement of the year. The entire expenditures were \$135,104 09, of which only \$113,822 15 were for ordinary purposes. The sum raised by direct taxation amounts to but \$56,167 88. The School Fund is in a very prosperous condition; it produces an income of \$143,639 69, exceeding all the other expenditures of the State, and affording a dividend of \$1 35 to each scholar. Efficient measures have been taken to institute a State Reform School for juvenile offenders, for which purpose a farm of 164 acres has been purchased.—The number of disasters by steamboat and railroad is unusually large. We can not attempt to enumerate those involving only a slight loss of human life. But a number have occurred of such uncommon magnitude as to force themselves upon public attention. The steamer Independence was lost on the 16th of February on the Island of Margita, off the coast of Lower California. She struck upon a hidden rock, and received so much damage that it was found necessary to run her ashore; in doing this the vessel took fire, and those on board were driven overboard into the furious surf. Out of 418 persons on board 129 were lost. A collision took place, April 23, near Chicago, between the trains of the Central Michigan and Northern Indiana railroads, by which about 20 persons were killed at once, and a large number seriously injured. The lines of the two roads cross each other in the midst of a swamp. The collision took place in a clear night, and was the result of the most inexcusable negligence. The engineers and conductors of both trains have been held to answer to a charge of manslaughter. The steamer Ocean Wave, plying upon Lake Ontario, was burned on the morning of April 20. Of about 50 persons on board, passengers and crew, only 22 were saved. But all previous railroad accidents are eclipsed in horror by one which

took place on the 6th of May, upon the New York and New Haven Railroad. A drawbridge of 60 feet width across the Norwalk River was opened to admit the passage of a vessel. A train advancing, in broad daylight, at unusual speed, rushed into the opening, and was plunged into the water. The loss of life by this wholesale act of murder exceeds 50.—A plan has been formed for consolidating the different railway companies forming the line between Albany and Buffalo. The distance between New York and Buffalo, nearly 500 miles, is now accomplished in from 15 to 18 hours, either by way of the New York and Erie, or the Hudson River and Central lines.—A general and successful effort to increase the price of almost every description of mechanical labor has taken place in our principal cities. The increase effected amounts to from 10 to 15 per cent. In very few cases has resort been had to protracted strikes from labor; and in fewer still to violence or intimidation.—Father Gavazzi, an Italian exile, has been lecturing to crowded audiences in New York. He attacks the Papal system with the most unsparring severity. It is said that the notorious Father Achilli is to leave England for America at no distant date, to join in the crusade against Catholicism.—Mons. Franconi's Hippodrome has opened in New York, with great success.

HON. WILLIAM R. KING, Vice-President of the United States, died at his plantation near Cahawba, Alabama, on the 18th of April, at the age of 68. He was a native of North Carolina; was educated for the bar, but entered public life at an early age. He was elected a Representative in Congress in 1811, just previous to the declaration of war, of which measure he was a warm supporter. In 1816 he went to France as Secretary of Legation. Upon his return he emigrated to Alabama, then a Territory, was chosen a member of the Convention which framed a State Constitution for the Territory, and upon its admission as a State, in 1819, became a member of the United States Senate. He held his seat continuously until 1844, a period of 25 years. He then was sent as Minister to France. Upon his return he was again elected to the Senate, of which body he was presiding officer at the time of his election to the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Some months ago it became evident that a pulmonary disease had made deep inroads upon his constitution, and a tropical sojourn was recommended as the only means of prolonging his life. He accordingly sailed for Havana, where the oath of office was administered to him by the United States Consul, in accordance with a law passed specially for the occasion. It soon became evident that no relief was to be hoped from a residence in Cuba, and Mr. King returned home to die among those friends who had clung so closely to him for so many years. He landed at Mobile on the 11th of April, and reached his home on the 17th, the day preceding his death. By his death the duties of the office to which he was chosen devolve upon the President of the Senate, for the time being. This post is now held by Mr. Atcheson of Missouri.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Santa Anna has returned to Mexico, and resumed the government of that country. He was conveyed from Carthage to Havana by an English steamer; from thence he sailed for Vera Cruz, which he reached on the 1st of April. On the day following he issued an animated proclamation to his countrymen, saying that he had obeyed the summons to return to his country, in the hope of rescuing the State

from the anarchy and confusion into which it had fallen; but that his own exertions would be of no avail unless seconded by their strenuous efforts. He assured those who had heretofore been his enemies that they had no cause of apprehension from him, for he had neither come to avenge old grievances, nor to give power to any party. He draws a mournful picture of the condition of his country, the net result of whose thirty years of independence has been the loss of a large portion of the national territory, an utter failure of credit at home and abroad, abuse in the finances, and the dissolution of that army which had gained the independence of the country, at whose head he had repelled inimical invasions, and with whom he had fought, with but little fortune, but not without honor, when the capital was occupied by the enemy. He exhorts his countrymen to learn from the lessons of experience, and to labor with him that they might have a country, national honor, and a name which they would not be ashamed to own. He exhorts the army to follow their old commander, who bore on his body an honorable mutilation; and though the relations of friendship which now existed with all nations, and which he should cultivate with all care, might render their gallantry at present unnecessary, they ought still to be ready, should national honor require it, to prove in the face of all the world what the Mexican soldiers had always sheltered in their breasts. On the 3d he was entertained by the municipality of Vera Cruz, on which occasion he offered the single toast: "Under the shadow of the Mexican flag, may there be but one cry—Independence or death." Santa Anna forthwith set out for the capital, being every where received with the utmost enthusiasm. He entered the city of Mexico on the 17th of April, amidst great rejoicings. It yet remains to be seen how he will succeed in dealing with the embarrassments which accumulate from every quarter.—Upon the reception of the intelligence of the proceedings of Governor Lane in relation to the Mesilla Valley, a delegation of the authorities waited upon Mr. Conkling, the American Minister, and presented an earnest protest against the whole proceeding.

It is announced from Montevideo, under date of March 12, that the troubles in Buenos Ayres have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It is certain that strenuous efforts for that purpose have been put forth, and commissioners have been appointed to treat of peace. Whether these measures have resulted in a permanent adjustment of the points in dispute, is yet a matter of question. From the remaining South American States there is no intelligence sufficiently definite to be worthy of permanent record.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament assembled, after a short recess, on the 4th of April. The proceedings have been of considerable local interest. The education scheme proposed by the Government was brought forward by Lord John Russell. It assumes that it is the duty of Government to make provision for the education of the people, which can not safely be left to the operation of the voluntary principle. The main feature of the proposed measure is a grant of power to municipal corporations to raise funds by tax in aid of schools partially supported by voluntary contributions; religious instruction was to be afforded, but parents should have full power to withdraw their children from any school to the religious instruction in which they might be opposed. The scheme also contemplates action in respect to the Universities. Leave was granted to introduce a bill.—Some

discussion has taken place upon a proposition to reduce the duties upon wines, with a view to encourage their use instead of that of ardent spirits. Facts were adduced to show that a taste for wines was increasing among the middle classes in society. The Chancellor of the Exchequer asked that a motion on the subject might be postponed, as it would be embraced in the financial project which he was soon to introduce.—A very interesting debate has occurred in relation to "taxes upon knowledge." It was opened by Mr. Gibson, who moved three resolutions, to the effect that: 1. The advertisement duty ought to be repealed. 2. That the stamp duties on newspapers were in a very unsatisfactory condition. 3. That the excise duty on paper was impolitic. He supported the resolutions in a very long and able speech, in which he showed the inequality of the operation of these taxes, and their prejudicial effects upon the diffusion of knowledge, referring to the state of things in the United States, where these taxes were unknown. The resolutions were opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord John Russell, mainly upon financial grounds, though some of the inferences of the supporters of the resolutions were disputed. They protested against the House condemning taxes which it was not prepared to give up; a practice which excited expectations not to be satisfied. But the main consideration urged was, that no decision on taxation should be forced while the Budget was yet to be considered. The first resolution was carried without a division; the remaining resolutions were lost by a majority of more than three to one.—Some sharp remarks were made in the House of Lords in reference to the "Peace Deputation" of the London merchants to the French Emperor, of which we shall speak under the head of France. Lord Campbell asserted that in assuming to represent the British Empire, or to speak in its name on such a subject, the deputation had committed an act which might amount to a high crime and misdemeanor, for which a member of Parliament would be liable to impeachment.—The Jewish Disabilities bill came up for a final reading in the Commons on the 15th of April. The opponents of the bill based their opposition to it on the ground that its passage would unchristianise the Legislature. Sir Robert Peel thought if the bill became a law, it would have a powerful tendency to undermine the loyalty of the people toward the Queen, as "Defender of the Faith." Upon a division, the bill passed, for the fifteenth time, in the Commons. It seems to be the general impression that it will again be rejected in the Peers, although Lord John Russell asserted his confidence that it would now pass that House, and thus the fabric of civil and religious liberty would be completed.—On the 18th of April the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented his financial statement, in a speech of nearly five hours' duration. The revenues for the year which had just expired had been estimated at £51,625,000, and the expenditures at £51,163,000; but the revenue had exceeded the estimate by £1,464,000, while the expenditure had fallen short of the estimate by £381,000, making a difference of £1,845,000, which added to the previous surplus made an actual overplus of £2,460,000, of which, however, two-fifths had already been disposed of by appropriations for the defense of the country and other liabilities. The income for the ensuing year was estimated at £52,990,000, exceeding the estimated expenditure by some £700,000. Certain alterations were proposed in the income tax, looking to its final and entire abolition in 1860; and various other me-

difications of taxes were suggested. Accompanying the statement was a plan for reducing the expenditure by creating a new stock bearing a very low interest, which would of course be sold at a discount. The effect would be to reduce the annual interest, although the nominal debt would be increased. Opinion seems to be divided upon the financial merits of this scheme.—Some questions were put to the Government in relation to the American fisheries, but they were not definitely answered, on the ground that the whole subject was now a matter of negotiation between the two powers.—No little excitement was occasioned by an announcement in the *Times* of April 15, that in consequence of legal information, the house occupied by Kossuth had been searched, and a large store of arms, ammunition, and materials of war had been discovered. The matter was brought up in Parliament the same evening, when it appeared that the report was incorrect in almost every particular. The building searched was not the house of Kossuth, but a manufactory of rockets and similar projectiles owned by a Mr. Hale. The business had been carried on there for a number of years, and the products of the manufactory had been offered for sale to the English Government, and to the various continental powers. Thus far, nothing had appeared to indicate the least connection between Kossuth and the projectiles in question; though there seems to be a suspicion that they may have been finally destined for revolutionary purposes.—The Queen was safely delivered of a prince on the 7th of April. The customary address of congratulation was moved and seconded in both Houses of Parliament by the leaders of the parties, and of course was passed without dissent.—A movement for the increase of wages in almost every department of labor has taken place in England, and has been very generally successful.—The cessation of the Kaffir war has been formally announced.—Mrs. Stowe arrived at Liverpool on the 10th of April, and soon after proceeded to Scotland. She has received attentions quite without parallel. In not a few cases the feeling of curiosity to see her, produced no small inconvenience.—Feargus O' Connor, formerly a member of Parliament, whose eccentricities have excited notice for a year or two, has been pronounced by competent authority, to be hopelessly insane.

THE CONTINENT.

The coronation of the French Emperor has been postponed. It is now said that it will not take place until the 15th of August, the anniversary of the birth of the Great Napoleon, and the 82d day of St. Napoleon. In the mean while the solemn inauguration of the tomb of Napoleon has been set down for the 4th of May. It is said that application is to be made to Austria for permission to remove the remains of Napoleon II. (the Duke of Reichstadt) to France.—Raspail, the democratic leader, has been offered his release from prison, on condition of leaving France.—A sum of 3,000,000 francs has been placed by the Emperor at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior to be distributed among the owners of buildings who will convert them into cheap, commodious, and healthy tenements adapted to the occupancy of the industrial classes.—Some discussion has arisen as to the amount that can be expended in establishing a line of transatlantic steamers. The Emperor and a majority of the Council are in favor of reducing the sum to 8,000,000 francs, one-half the amount originally proposed.—The newspaper press shows some signs of restiveness, notwithstanding the severe restrictions under which it

labors, and the penalties to which it is liable. *La Presse* has come out with the first of a series of articles entitled, "1793 and 1853; the Empire," in which the whole Imperial system is most unsparingly attacked. Under the show of setting forth the defects of the first Napoleon and his system of government, the whole course of his successor is brought into review, and condemned. The paper promises a continuation of the article, in which it will be shown that Napoleon I. deeply injured France, both in her honor and in her interest. Speculation is rife as to whether this covert attack upon the present government will escape the censorship.—On Easter Monday, a deputation of London merchants was admitted to the Tuileries. Their object was to present an address signed by more than 4000 of the merchants, traders, and bankers of London. The Emperor received them graciously, attended by the Ministers of State, of Foreign Affairs, and of the Interior. The address was read by Sir James Duke, Bart., a member of Parliament. It declared that there was no good foundation for the opinion which was prevalent, that the people of England were unfriendly toward France;—that the two nations had a common interest which should lead them to oppose the commission of hostilities between them;—that if the English press sometimes spoke hastily of the governments of other nations, it was by no means to be construed in an offensive sense;—that British subjects had no right to interfere in relation to the mode of government which the French nation might choose to adopt for itself, any further than to desire that it might result in the peace and happiness of all concerned. The address concluded by expressing a fervent hope that the inhabitants of both nations might in future only vie with each other in cultivating the arts of peace, and in extending the sources of improvement for their common benefit. The Emperor replied, in English, that he was extremely touched by this manifestation, which confirmed him in the confidence he had always felt in the English people;—that he had feared that public opinion in England had been misled as to the feelings cherished by France; but that the step now taken was a proof that a great people could not long be deceived. His own efforts, he said, had always been directed toward developing the prosperity of France, whose interests were the same as those of all other civilized nations. Like the deputation, he desired peace, and a closer union between the two countries. It is but fair to add that the London journals profess to discover in this outpouring of philanthropy and brotherhood a scheme to advance some railway project.

From the remainder of Europe there is nothing of special interest that can be at all relied upon.—There have been ministerial changes in Holland and Spain.—The Zollverein negotiation in Germany is apparently making progress.—Italy is paying the penalty of the late ill-advised outbreak in Milan. The *Madiari* have been released from prison, on condition of leaving the country. The husband is said to have lost the use of his reason during his imprisonment.—Switzerland is involved in perplexities with her more powerful neighbors.—Russian victories in the Caucasus are announced.—The Turkish question is by no means settled. Russia presses certain propositions, of the tenor of which the reports are vague and contradictory, and the other powers are looking on with ill-concealed anxiety. Some movements of troops and fleets are remarked, hot of so uncertain a character that no positive inferences can be drawn as to their object.

Editor's Table.

THE TABLES DO MOVE.—There is no doubt of it; and it is fitting, therefore, that our Editor's *Table* should not be immovable or insensible to the surprising progress of things around us. But what moves the tables? Is it a power from the ghostly world? Is it electricity? Is it the odic force? The first solution is one on which we can not waste our time. We are so formed as to love the marvelous, the mysterious, the inexplicable. God has given us this feeling as an evidence of our higher nature. He has accordingly furnished the most ample means for its gratification in the arrangements of our present as well as of our hoped-for future existence. It is the charm of science. If this had no difficult or mysterious problems, whose solutions ever led to others still more mysterious, it would lose all its interest for us as rational and immortal beings. The feeling is one of the main grounds of religious reverence. It was well called by one of old, the parent of philosophy. Its supplies, too, we have reason to believe, can never fail. The mine is inexhaustible in all directions. Every thing around us is wonderful. The life we now live in the flesh is wonderful, perhaps, in itself, the most wonderfully mysterious part of our whole existence. Eternity will be one continual revelation of wonders. It is for this reason that we love the marvelous; we are made to love the marvelous, but we can not long bear with the absurd. That a thing is contrary to our senses or our experience is no sufficient argument for rejecting it. But when it shocks our moral sense, when it is opposed to some of the first truths of our reason, when it presents the spiritual world as actually retrograding in the scale of being, when it is in the face of a revelation we have received on the highest evidence, and about which every one who would be called a rational man should have had his mind made up in the first years of his mental maturity,—it is no longer a case of the marvelous simply, but of the irrational and the absurd. No amount of mere *sensu* evidence should reconcile us to the insult it offers to the higher faculties of the soul, the contempt it pours upon God's higher truth as exhibited both in providence and revelation, or the degradation it imputes to whatever is truly great and noble in our humanity. The grossest materialism is better than such an absurd spiritualism. We might better believe that Bacon, and Shakspeare, and Calvin, and Franklin, and Channing, had forever ceased to exist, than that their ghostly state should have reduced them to such a condition of driveling idiocy as appears through the table-moving communications and Spiritual Telegraphs of the times.

We dismiss this solution, then, without farther remark, except to express our grateful belief that this foolery is evidently on the wane. It will doubtless soon be reckoned among the many past absurdities that have manifested the strength and the weakness of human nature,—the tenacity of its faith in the spiritual, and yet its absolute dependence, if it would know any thing aright of its future destiny, on some positive, unchanging, objective revelation.

But what makes the tables move? The second answer, *electricity*, is only a confession of ignorance. We might as well say, it is some power in nature, and there rest the matter. The odic law or fluid of Reichenbæch is no better. If we must have a name for this unknown quantity, and this is

all that we can at present expect, there is nothing which strikes us as better answering such a purpose than *animal force*. It is a new manifestation of that same mysterious power we exert in every outward act. It is a *marvel*, but no new *mystery*, or rather we might say, it is a new and therefore marvelous form of the same old *mystery*. We make a distinction here between these terms. The first refers to the novelty or strangeness of the outward attending circumstances, the second to the concealment of the principle by which an act or event is to be explained. The one is an astonishment of the *sense*, the other a baffling of the reason. And so we say in this case—herein is a great *marvel* indeed, but the essential *mystery* is no other, and no greater, than that which forces itself upon every thinking man whenever he makes his own doings, whether physical or spiritual, the subjects of his serious contemplation.

We are constantly performing *supernatural* acts—that is, introducing into nature, by the energy of our self moving spirituality, a power which was not in nature before, and formed no link in the chain of her operations. We make a true *beginning* in nature, having no antecedent natural cause. Motion in this sense is as mysterious as creation; as miraculous, too, we might say, if the latter term were not commonly used to denote the strangeness, or rarity, of the event, rather than the *mystery* it involves. When we thus resist nature, or turn her from her track, or convert her inertia into force and motion, or in any way contravene her laws, we perform acts, in our sphere, as supernatural, and in this sense as truly miraculous, as when the Almighty hand stopped the motion of the earth on the prayer of Joshua, or rolled up the waters of the Red Sea for the destruction of Pharaoh and his host. In the human as well as in the divine acts, it is spirit controlling matter, will making itself law, *thought* transmuting itself into *force*, and thus becoming a real, outward, objective entity, not only to itself but to the thoughts of other minds.

We lift the table by our hands in the usual way; or we move it by a direct exertion of the *animal force* without apparent media. The second is the greater *marvel*; the first is, if any thing, the greater *mystery*. *I move the table*, with or without hands. The *I*, the *ego*, to use a little of the Hegelian style, is the *cause*; *table-moving* is the *effect*. The starting power is the same, the result is the same, in both methods of operation. But in the first, or familiar process of our long experience, we actually lift the table and *something moves*, while yet exerting no higher and other power; thus making the *mystery* greater just in proportion to the greater and more complex result produced from the same primitive means;—we say primitive means, for all succeeding, as far as reason can discover, is outward to the spiritual act. Every thing below hangs upon the *ego*, or the power denoted by the personal pronoun. It belong to the effect rather than to the cause, to the thing or things moved rather than to the moving power. It has every appearance of being a limitation rather than an aid to the spiritual energy, or *animal force*. The *ego*, or *vis primitiva* that starts the whole load, has more to do in the one case than in the other. It lifts the table, but at the same time it lifts, or moves, the arm, it bends the bones, it draws cords over pulleys, it presses upon levers, and all this, too, at the worst

disadvantage in respect to mechanical power. We move all this complex and cumbrous machinery along with the table. It is like moving crank, shaft, wheels, and paddles, when after all no other power is employed than that strength of our hands, which, as far as we can see, might have been more easily exerted in propelling the boat directly. When this machinery is only a convenient mode of abstracting a certain power from nature, it is a very intelligible process. And so if the multifold machinery of our bodies were simply a contrivance by which to get the aid of outward physical powers, or powers which have no connection with our wills, there would be an easy solution of the problem. It would present no greater difficulty than that of the pulley or the lever. But the anatomist is compelled to testify that instead of this being the case, it is almost directly the reverse.

There is another aspect of the mystery.

In the use of outward machinery the last resultant effect is in proportion to the strength of all the materials, those nearest the starting power as well as those that are more remote from it. The boiler and the shaft must be at least as strong as the paddles. A machine that is not regulated by this law breaks to pieces through its own action. But how different in the human organization. Let us trace it backward, from its outer to its more interior processes. The muscles move the bone; the cords move the muscles; the nerves move—or if another expression is thought to be a particle less mysterious—communicate motion to the cords. Ever as we go backward toward the primal power, the apparatus seems to grow weaker and weaker, until we find at last this strong machinery all propelled by a force proceeding from, and residing in, and acting through, the least firm, the least cohesive, the least tenacious, the least resisting parts of the human frame. It is very much the same as if the boiler of the steam engine were made of paper, and its piston of lath, while its paddles were of the hardest iron. The last matter in the human frame—we mean the last matter this side of spirit that we can reach by our senses or by our microscopical resistance; and yet it is here we find going on that wonderful exertion of strength that lifts and moves, not only the most outward resisting weight, but all the machinery of flesh and bones that comes between the cause and the remote effect.

But leaving the region of *spirit* for the lower kingdom of *nature*, we may well ask—What is *force* itself in its widest sense? Instead of explaining the mystery of life, or the *animal force*, all the scientific conventions of the age can not define for us the chemical or the mechanical. What to appearance, more cold and inert than a lump of ice? and yet it contains a hidden power that will start the locomotive with its train of a thousand tons. There is an immense strength concealed in the lightest, and, seemingly, the most sluggish matter that comes under the notice of our senses. All things around us are filled with a sleeping energy. The attenuated gas without sensible resistance, or sensible weight, may scatter in fragments the hardest iron. The almost impalpable powder, that a breath might blow away, may have stored up in its frail and narrow chambers a latent deposit whose effects may, without extravagance, be said to rival those of the storm or the earthquake. How are these mighty energies compressed and kept at peace in cells that have less cohesion than the lightest tissue-paper, or even the silk-worm's web. There is a mystery here surpassing all poetic marvels. There is far more of the wonderful in the thought of these hidden powers, than

in Virgil's conception of the struggling winds confined in the rocky cave of Eolus.

"*Quæ indignantes, magno cum murmure montis,
Imperio premit ac vinculis et carcere frenat.*"

Now we may invent as many names as we please. Elasticity, explosive power, electricity, magnetism, &c., are very convenient as descriptive terms; but they do not begin to penetrate the mystery even of natural dynamics. How much less do we know of that most mysterious thing we have called the *animal force*—in other words, the strength of a living body! How inexplicable even those links in the chain that lie wholly within the material region! Now passing all comprehension when we attempt to trace it away back to the realm of spirit, and to climb up to that transcendent height in which the whole process commences—that process through which a *thought* is converted into a *will*, a *will* into a *force*, a *force* into a series of impulses, and these, finally, into an outward action, event, thing, or permanent entity, in the outward world of nature. The mystery becomes only greater in degree when we regard the very existence of matter as thus an expression of some superhuman mind or thought, just as the modifications of natural forces are to a great extent but the outward lithographs of our own spiritual exercises.

Again: what is human *strength* regarded as a *force* different from any thing we find in nature? How far is it spiritual? In what consists the difference in this respect between different men? Is it in the nerves and muscles, or in the will? Or must the strength of both be combined to make the strong man? Does it always depend on volition? Is the bodily organization for the aid, or for the limitation of its energy? Has it a force, now in a great measure veiled and latent, but capable, under other circumstances, of producing effects of which we can at present hardly form a conception? We have now and then, even in the present state, glimpses of phenomena which may well suggest such queries. A fit of delirium has increased the human energies tenfold. Whence comes the new power? or is it the old that has burst some of its shackles? The preternatural strength of the sick, and even of the dying, is a case of not unfrequent experience. Even when the lips have failed to perform their office, and the feeble hand is unable to return the pressure through which love seeks its last sign of recognition, suddenly has there started up a power defying all outward resistance. Through the diseased bones, the flaccid muscles, and the wasted limbs, there has darted an energy unknown in the periods of health, and which the healthiest and strongest vital powers of other men find it difficult to control. These facts are wonderful, very wonderful. They are, too, not only wonderful, but full of mystery. They are unsurpassed, in this respect, by any of the new marvels, whether true or false, that are now challenging our credence and our admiration.

The mysteries of our present being are overlooked in our anxiety to obtain the secrets of other states. Disembodied existence is supposed to be a more difficult conception than that of soul united with a material system. So, too, the action of mind upon matter is regarded as the more mysterious the less we can trace the links of mediate bodily communication. But this is a mere delusion of the sensible experience confounding a *marvel* with a *mystery*. It is said of the eccentric Fichte, that he once commenced one of his lectures by telling his audience to "*think the wall.*" When they had been for a few moments engaged on this most fertile theme of med-

itation, he told them next to "think the man who was thinking the wall." Now, we do not hesitate to say that this last operation proposed by the German metaphysician was easier than the first. It is easiest of all to think pure mind, or pure mind thinking, it is less easy to think mind thinking the table. It is still less easy to think the table itself. It is the most difficult of all to think mind moving the table,—or, in other words, spirit and thought making themselves objective in matter and motion. This, however, we know is constantly taking place within us and around us. All motions are thoughts of mind, finite or infinite. The ultimate conception of matter itself runs out into that of force, and so matter, too, is but the thought of mind. Whether it is ever the product of the finite soul we can not say; but we find it not much more difficult to think this, than to think of thought moving or lifting any thing, or exerting any force whatever out of itself.

The number of links in the chain of impulses makes no difference. All is effect below the first. At one end there is a *stinking*, a pure intellectual act; at the other there is a moving table, or a moving world. The marvel is very different, but the ineffable mystery is as great in the one case as in the other. If there be any difference, the direct or immediate action is more conceivable than the mediate.

Pure thinking mind knowing itself thinking, or, in other words, pure conscious mind, as the primal thing in the universe, is not only the easiest of all conceptions, but one of which we can hardly divest ourselves. It furnishes the ground and conditions of every other thought. Next to this is the conception of pure matter, or pure force; and hardest of all the thought of mind in union with matter, moving matter, affecting matter, and, at the same time, moved and affected by it. But we are doing our readers with a larger portion of metaphysics than we at first intended. Our object, however, is gained if we can incite any one to look for mysteries as well as marvels in every thing around us. The feeling itself is worth more than any scientific attempts to explain the questions to which it gives rise.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE have taken occasion, in our careless way, to speak several times of the growing extravagance of the times: and now we find striking comment upon our observations in the action of the craftsmen and artisans of every calling. Nothing, indeed, was more natural than that the magnificence of the town should create a taste for magnificence, which should by-and-by spread among the cabinet-makers, the carpenters, and the hotel-waiters. High wages has been the cry of the month. Nor has the cry been unavailing. What, indeed, is more reasonable than to expect a symmetrical growth in the various classes of our republican city? If we erect our merchants into princes, and clothe them gorgeously, then we must make our servants equines and men-at-arms. If our bankers lodge to palaces, then our bakers' bakers ought to keep phaetons, and a seat in Grace Church.

If bankers will dress their walls in fresco, their daughters in Mechlin, their lap-dogs in ribbons, and their religion in purple velvet, there is no reason in the world why their carpenters should not strike for silver bell-pulls, and an occasional seat at the Opera.

Peace, and struggle, and raily, as much as the extravagant may and will, yet there is a strong republican element seated in the life of our American nation

which will keep up a decent equilibrium; and which will never permit a man or a woman to ride away in a coach from his duty, and from his fellows. We have entered into a sort of compact from the beginning to play the part of good friend, each to each—neither allowing each other too harshly, or extinguishing our neighbor's rush-light with the extraordinary glitter of our gas-works. Therefore, it is reasonable, and natural, that in view of the splendid trappings of our growing houses, and our metropolitan hotels, that the gas-fitters, and cordwainers, and ladies' shoemakers, and saloon-servants, should hold out their hands for their share of the excess.

In a political view, even, we regard it as a proper and happy augury; an indication, in its way, of that advance of civilization, which will supply, in the end, luxuries to every man, and which will bring out that equalization of properties, upon whose level refinement can only create eminence.

Amid the multitude of strikes, we have not yet heard of any strikes of editors. Are they the only contented men in the community? Are they the only undeserving ones? Or what is better, do they possess an equanimity of purpose, that forbids all clamor, and that leaves them amid all the clamor of agitators, sleek, and well-fed, and quietly reposing in their easy-chairs?

We do sincerely hope that this increased expense of city life may, at least, have the benefit of quickening to a higher tone the taste for country-houses: not merely the fluctuating, amphibious taste, which craves Venetian-blinds and parterres of flowers for three months in the year; but that established liking for flowers, and trees, and sunshine, which will lavish them at the roadside, and make the summer retreat a house in earnest; with the heart clinging to the walls, and the roof, even as the ivy cling; and the children growing up in the warm sunlight, strong and healthful as the native shrubs.

With our new and unformed national character, we have been struggling thus far between the types of the French and of the English life—accepting these two as the best specimens of modern civilization. We have veered to the French disposition in dress, in dinners, and very much in our hotel habits. But the cottage, or home feature in the English life, we have cultivated too much as a special adornment, and have not grown into it with a will. Just now we have hopes of a change. It is visible not only in the improved taste which is consecrating the shores of the Hudson, of the East River, and of Staten Island, but in the increased demand for flowers and trees, the growing interest in landscape study, and in the multiplication of the out-of-town houses for workmen which are springing up in every direction.

In this last connection, however, we have a hint to drop. We wish to suggest a more pleasing outlay of streets, and villages, than at present characterizes the bulk of new suburban towns. What can be thought of that taste which would carve up such a town site as Dearman or Abbotsford, upon the steep slope of a river bank, into rectangular squares, with streets gullied by every rain, and basement-houses tottering upon the meagre patches of grass? Does it never enter the mind of these projectors, or these engineers with their theodolites, that there is such a thing as adaptation of plan to situation? And that the pattern for a flat, commercial town, may not be altogether the most judicious for a picturesque river bank?

A suburban town, where people go for quiet, and for a small measure of rural enjoyment, does not need or want the facilities for quick transportation

through the streets. It is not necessary that you go in a straight line from your door to your grocer's, or from the church to the tavern. Country roads, and roads in country villages *ought to wind*; more especially when (as on river banks), the winding cheapens the ascent, and multiplies views. Irregular-shaped lots increase the devices of ingenuity. Queer, jutting, lozenge-shaped lots tempt all the prettiness of gardening; odd nooks and corners of a town, charm the rural architect.

We can recall now such a town—the old town of Torquay, in the south of England, where a square lot does not exist; where a hill is corkscrewed by the sweetest winding bit of a village road that is to be imagined, and where the views of the bay, and the channel, and the town are multiplied by a hundred changes of position, and each position dignified with some lucky homelet of a cottage. When will our Abbotsfords, and What-nots, steal the guise of such beauty, while they steal their absurdly pretty names? And when will selectmen, and highway owners, and all that (present) abandoned class of Vandals, cease from cutting away the rounded corners of old mossy walls, and from filling up the sloping valleys of our country towns?

We have in our mind now a country place, not two hundred miles away from the city—very charming in its position, with wooded hills and water abounding on every side, with a luxuriance of foliage in its streets that is almost unmatchable; and yet a set of Vandal Common Councilmen are working year after year to fill up every depression of surface—burying strong trees to their necks in gravel, straightening richly-rounded curves—blasting off fragments of hoar old rock, that a street may be straightened—laying out a cemetery upon the only barren flat surface to be found—doing every thing, in short, in utter contradiction to the spirit of the natural scene, and trying, with all the eagerness of vulgar school-boys, to build up a smart and tricky city where they might, by judicious action, have perfected the very *beau-ideal* of a country town.

If, in such a town, and under such auspices, they were to build a home for strangers, we might well expect that it would have the brickly aspect of a shabby-genteel house of the city; it would be located upon a city-corner, equipped with city-appearing stores, and in site and in character be utterly neglectful of all those natural beauties of scenery, which it is determined to ignore.

We know no object quite so pitiable in our streets, as the lubberly country-fellow, with rosy cheeks, and a stalwart figure, who has sought, with a bunch of chains and a gay-printed vest, to equip himself in the toggery of the town. He wears his gewgaws awkwardly, and provokes only a smile at his conceit. If he had minded the advantages which nature gave him, nor sought to be other than what he was—a hale and hearty scion of the country—he might have provoked envy and admiration. We commend the moral to the little country towns who think they are startling the world with five-story brick stores, and magnificent Peddlington Hotels, when they are, in truth, doing very little to disturb the commercial equilibrium of the country, and a very great deal to shock a quiet, modest, and cultivated taste.

Our Broadway—when it is completed—may pass for the three-miles-long nave of a Crystal Palace, for admittance to which no charge is made. There are windows which regularly beguile us of a quarter of an hour in our morning's walk officeward. The latest addition at our favorite lounging-place is an exquisite-

ly drawn and engraved portrait of Prescott the Historian. Happy the Artist who can secure so graceful a subject, and the Sitter who can command so graceful an Artist. We commend the print to those who wish to acquire a true presentment of the Historian of Cortez and Pizarro.

Speaking of lounging-places, a welcome addition to our summer store is promised in a Panorama of Niagara Falls. The artist has for years summered and wintered at Niagara, storing his portfolio with sketches of the Great Cataract in its ever-varying aspects. It is not a little singular that this magnificent subject has never before been seized upon for a "three mile picture."

We have spoken of hotels, and are reminded that our frequent talk of the Parisian lodging-houses, is at length to find illustration in a New York building. How far it will succeed remains to be seen: the doubtful question in regard to the ascent of five or six flights of stairs, and their several bearings upon the reputation or the dignity of a family, is about to be solved. One striking novelty, however, belongs to the New York plan, which may very possibly have its effect upon the arbitration of dignities. It is this: the introduction of a steam elevator, by which an indolent, or fatigued, or aristocratic person may deposit himself in a species of dumb waiter at the hall-door, and by whistle, or the jingling of a bell, be borne up, like so much roast-geese with gravy, to the third, fourth, or fifth floor.

We are not sure to whom we are indebted for this improvement in stairways. If carried into effect, it would give capital occasion to a sort of Punch drollery. Imagine for a moment a very kind-hearted plethoric friend, who has come to endorse our nose, suspended, by some derangement in the machinery, for one or two hours against the back of the lower lodger's chimney, and negotiating in a plaintive way, through the speaking tube, with the engineer in the basement!

We wish well, however, to the project, and to whatever will cheapen a good and clean home. We extract in this connection a short article from the London Times, descriptive of a Model Lodging-House for working people, built under the direction of a London Association for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes. Where could the surplus moneys of city capitalists go with more beneficent intent, and in a way to call down greater blessings on landlord and on tenant, than in some kindred investment?

"The building is five stories in height from the basement. The latter is surrounded by an open area, and contains baths and wash-houses, with all the requisite appurtenances, extensive cellarage, and ample space for workshops. Upon the ground floor the entrance hall is commanded by the superintendent's apartments, which are placed on the left, while the store-room and cook's apartments occupy about the same space on the right. Immediately in front of the entrance are the stairs, of fire-proof construction, which lead to the three stories of sleeping apartments; and opposite the stairs, on the ground floor, is a good sized lavatory for day use. The coffee-room is directly in front of the staircase hall, and extends to the back of the building, communicating on one side with a reading-room and on the other with a kitchen for the use of the inmates. It is a lofty room, divided into aisles by iron columns supporting an open roof of stained timbers, lighted by a large window at the further end, two smaller side windows, and sheets of rough plate glass in the roof.

Boxes are fitted with tables and seats round three sides, and the room is warmed by hot water pipes. A cook's bar opens into the coffee-room, for the supply of coffee, &c. The reading-room, size 60 feet by 21, is warmed by open fires, and intended to be furnished with some of the daily papers and popular periodicals. The kitchen, 42 by 21 feet, for the use of the inmates, contains two ranges, provided with hot water, a sink with cold water, and common apparatus for cooking purposes. From this kitchen a stone staircase leads to a portion of the basement containing 234 meat safes, all under lock and key, raised on brick piers, placed in ranges back to back, with ample space for ventilation. The cook's shop is connected with the men's kitchen by a bar, from which cooked provisions may be obtained at almost every hour of the day. The three upper stories are fitted with sleeping apartments on each side of the corridors. These rooms are all furnished with iron bedsteads and suitable bed furniture. There is also in each a locker for linen and clothes, with a false bottom for the admission of air, so that the sleeping berths can be ventilated at the pleasure of the lodgers. All the doors are secured by spring latches, of which each inmate has his own key. On each floor are lavatories, fitted with cast-iron enamel basins, set in slate fittings. The partitions forming the sleeping apartments are kept below the ceiling, for the purpose of ventilation, and the corridors have windows at each end, to insure a thorough draft when necessary. With respect to ventilation, the principal agent is a shaft, which rises one hundred feet, into which several of the smoke flues are conveyed, and by which means a powerful upper current is maintained. The sleeping apartments and other principal rooms are connected by vitiated air flues with the ventilating shafts, and the current is regulated at pleasure by means of dampers under the control of the superintendent. Large cisterns in the roofs, and smaller ones in other parts of the building, afford an ample supply of water to every part of the premises. Every floor has an opening, secured by an iron door, into a dust shaft, communicating with a dust cellar in the basement. The whole building is well lighted by gas. The terms 3s. per week in advance. Each inmate will have besides his sleeping apartment the use of the coffee-room, reading-room, and the public kitchen, where he may cook his own food, or he can obtain ready cooked provisions from the cook's shop. Every lodger is furnished with a small hanger, under his own lock and key, has free access to the wash-house at certain times of the day, and can by the payment of a small sum have a hot or cold bath."

Apropos of the office-seeking of nowadays, we have been favored with a letter from a suffering correspondent, which shows so much of genuine expression, and is so pervaded with an air of *bonhomie*, so unusual either in letter-writers or in office-seekers, that we print it without any hesitation; and while we commend it to the tender regards of the authorities of Washington, we shall solicit, in our own behalf, a continuance of a correspondence so new and so confiding.

"Mr. Editor," he begins, "you know that in the last campaign I worked like a slave, or if you do not know it, I can bring any number of men in our town to certify to the fact, and get, if necessary, the affidavit (or whatever you call it) of a Justice of the Peace. I swore that Frank Pierce was the charmingest fellow that ever yet allowed his name to be used for any paltry office in the gift of the people; and that

it was with the greatest reluctance, and all that sort of thing, that he would allow his name to be used at all, being wedded, as it were, to a quiet life of great usefulness, up in New Hampshire. As for Mr. King, I spoke of him as a hale and hearty man—none of your Taylors or Harrisons, who would be dying off directly, but likely to live, and do an immense deal of good, as long as the people wished him. I was unfortunate in this last statement, to be sure; but about Pierce, I was nearer right.

"So when Pierce came in, I thought it no more than the fair thing that I should have some sort of office, being not much overstocked with the 'ready,' and having increased the Democratic majority in our county at least three or four per cent. over last year. My first application was, in a quiet way, for the Post Office of our town; but here I found that fourteen prominent members of the party were before me; and each one of them having a longer list of 'backers' than I could hope to obtain, I gave it up.

"My next effort was for a fat Western appointment—either Governor of a Territory, or receiver of public moneys, or something in that way. Our Congressman elect gave me a letter of commendation; but here I found myself forestalled by twenty-seven applications, among whom were seven ex-Governors, five ex-Members of Congress, eleven cousins or brothers-in-law of the Cabinet officers, and one ex-candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

"As there seemed very little hope of such an appointment, I moderated my wishes so far as to think contentedly of a consulate, with good perquisites. On making my intentions known, I was told that I must book my application, and produce my papers, before an answer could be given. Upon the books I found just seventy-eight applicants for the consulate selected, numbering several clergymen, broken-down authors, invalid Members of Congress, and country relatives of the various departments.

"My bills at the National Hotel were running on pretty heavily, sundry bottles of Champagne, drunk at frequent intervals with a young gentleman who seemed very familiar with the authorities, and who promised to be of great service to me, proved after all a very shabby investment.

"A week ago I determined to give up the consulate, and make application for some small place in the Customs, or in one of the Bureaus. But as I grew more modest, I found that the number of rivals was on the increase; so that it is my firm advice to any man, who is really serious in his wish for place, to strike as high as his character will allow of, at the outset. It is the course I shall pursue in the event of our having another Democratic administration, and my becoming candidate for office again—which, however, I am inclined to doubt.

"President Pierce is a gentlemanly enough man, and said he was glad to see me, and asked after my wife and family; all which is very well in its way, but doesn't pay my bill at the National, or help me much toward getting a place.

"I have nearly made up my mind to withdraw altogether from politics, and stick to country business, being satisfied that it pays better in the long run.

"I advise you the same; and remain,

"Your obedient servant."

We are just now in the receipt of a very pleasant letter from an old friend of Tioga County, who has gone on to Washington, to renew a mail contract with the present Government; and his letter unites so much of fair observation with warrantable pleasantry, that

we venture to run the risk of his displeasure in publishing it:

"MY DEAR SIR—You know this is my first visit to the Great Capital; and a very queer place it is. First of all, the town bids fair to be a mammoth town, when the civilization of half a century shall have filled up the gaps between the gaunt skeletons of the public buildings and squares, and put the finishing touch to that monster obelisk, which they call, with a pretty poetic license, the Washington Monument.

"The Mills monument to Jackson (on horseback) has, you know, been the subject of very general eulogium; and considering the comparatively untaught ability of the artist, has received deserved encomium. But I can not say that it altogether pleases me. The metal (bronze) seems of by far too flashy a tint, and though highly creditable as a first specimen of heavy casting in bronze in this country, does still lack very much of that *mellowness of tone* which belongs to a couple of bronze vases on either side of the equestrian statue, and which were purchased in Paris, by the late lamented Mr. Downing. I can well say the lamented Mr. Downing, in view of the public grounds here, which had begun to receive a fashioning from his artistic hand, that I fear greatly no man in the country will have the accomplishment adequately to complete. Yet, even as they stand, I do assure you that the grounds here, of the Capitol and President's Square, give a better idea of the finish, and the artistic grouping, of the true *jardin Anglais*, than any thing else that has ever fallen under my eye in this country.

"But I began to speak of Mills's Jackson. It is not only very bright, but it has the air of a child's toy, from its being perched so adroitly upon two legs. Now, strange as it may seem, I understand that it has been greatly admired, and that the artist greatly plumes himself, by reason of the merely *mechanical* triumph, of balancing a horse upon two legs; and it is urgently suggested by his admirers hereabouts, that no other equestrian statue in the world balances itself upon two legs, without help from the tail!

"Is this not an Americanism? Is it not a palpable and unfortunate evidence of the way in which we graft our every-day mechanism even upon the highest order of Art! A horse balanced upon two legs!

"Well, what if he does balance? Are there not thousands in the toy-shops that do the same? To be sure, it requires a very nice adjustment of material; but the moment an artist leads us to ponder upon his nice measurement of balances, he leads us away from that higher appreciation of his ideal power, which the *expression* of his sculpture ought to command. Therefore it is, that I, simple mail-contractor or from 'up-North,' do characterize the popular feature in this horseback Jackson as its worst feature. And I venture to predict, that Mr. Mills will lose by the faulty which has led him to this mechanic conquest, in future times, as much as he gains by it now.

"Who cares, forsooth, whether Mr. Mills's horse stands firmly on two legs? who will care a hundred years hence?

"But the whole world will care, if Mr. Mills has rendered adequately the fiery and the indomitable spirit of the old General who fought among the cotton-bags, and who won, deservedly, whole harvests of renown. It is a misfortune, that in view of Mr. Mills's statue, we forget Jackson, the resolute, and think of Jackson's horse, the accomplished!

"How shall I tell you any thing of the companies of people who are here on the chase for offices?

There are old men, grown gray in service, struggling with such show of civility as they can furnish up out of their years of toil—very earnest, and very hopeful. Indeed, it is a sad thing to find very many poor fellows, grown old over the cramping desk, and in the latest hours of life—finding their occupation gone. What becomes of them all? I have puzzled my brain overmuch with the inquiry.

"You don't know what a capital place for the study of human nature, in some such hotel as the National, in these first weeks of the new Government. Here and there you will see loitering some laggard member of the House, or of the Senate, very patronizing to the scores who have come up from 'his district'—very recipient of their dinners and juleps—and full to the brim of promises. He prides himself upon the easy *entrée* he possesses to the cabinets of the Ministers and to the selection of the President; he talks with an easy and self-satisfied air of his advice to various members of the Government Council, and clinches his assertions with unmistakable oaths.

"The new appointee to some place of moment is generous to a fault—prodigal of his advice to young members of the office-seeking craft, and a man pointed at in the corridors, as an enviable dog.

"The 'hanger-on' at Washington I have found to be a craftsman of great capacity and much goodness. It seems to be uncertain whether the hanger-on is a candidate for any thing more than stray drinks at the bar, and influential social alliances. He certainly keeps his wishes very much in the dark; and in so far as an extremely judicious fellow. He is also eminent, so far as my observation goes, as an easy and well-informed conversationist, engrossing very much of the talk at private suppers, and a shrewd observer of 'what is in the wind.'

"The correspondent of the New York papers is immensely knowing—wholly above the small-fry of office-seekers—very strong upon his salary—very familiar with officials, whether in the Cabinet or at the bar—and soothing immensely with the tenderness of his brain-preponderance.

"The town-politician, from some far-away parish of the country, and little versed in the ways of such a Babel as this, makes small speeches under the influence of bar-room liquor, and wonders why the Government does not act quicker—in the direction of the town appointments intrusted to his charge. He is sanguine of carrying a few postmasters', and tide-waiters', and surveyors' fate, beneath his blue coat and brass buttons.

"There is to be added to this galaxy, your hopeful, innocent young man, who has 'strong' letters from the member of Congress, and a district judge, and an eminent merchant, and the selection of his town, and who is confident of carrying away in his breeches-pocket a commission for a valuable consulate. It may be that he has set his hopes on one in special, which, on inquiring, he finds is beset by seventeen rival applicants, and is worth something like three hundred dollars a year!

"As for brother contractor, they are of all grades, and very deserving men among them; and having 'settled my own hash' satisfactorily, I shall leave them to squabble it out with the wire-pullers, and shall turn my back upon the capital, with as great good-will as ever I turned my back upon any thing in the world.

Yours to command,

"SARDY."

IN Paris, they tell us, among other novelties, they have revived the old painting habit of rouge; so that

blotting cheeks are again at a discount—only because they are liable to suspicion. A new blanching powder has, it seems, been prepared from vegetable matter, said in nowise to injure the complexion, and not to leave the ugly "next morning" haggardness which followed the chalk. Ricci is the man. And a present kiss of a French lady's cheek, is, the paragraph-makers tell us, no better (and no worse) than a spoonful of "*petage au ris*!"

We dread the extension of this habit to our own side of the water; though it doubtless will come, with the hats and the gloves.

Editor's Drawer.

WE touched upon (but did by no means exhaust) in the last "Drawer," the subject of Spiritual Rappings; and we propose still farther to preserve in these pages, like flies in amber, some of the follies of the day, as exhibited by the devotees of "Spiritualism," as it is called. We have encountered two very amusing incidents connected with this subject, which we shall proceed to relate.

The first is related by a London editor, who had paid a visit to an exhibitor and his "mediums," and who himself performed certain "experiments," which are amusing enough to the public, but could scarcely have been very entertaining to the exhibitor, a Mr. Parcell.

Having been "put in communication" with the Spirits, and instructed in the management of the invisible alphabet, he proceeded to ask divers and sundry questions calculated to test their presence and intelligence. Being a scholar, and reverting to the classics in his thoughts, the visitor called up one of the *Eumenides*, one of that awful troop who "swore" so fearfully in *Æschylus*. The spirit at once assured him of her presence! The result of the interview was, that she died six years ago, aged twenty-five years, leaving seven children. He called her back subsequently, to ask her, mentally, what sect she belonged to in life; and the answer was, a Jew! A Greek ghost embracing Judaism!

To show how completely the answers were made at random, where no clue was given, and only "yes" or "no" is required, here are four questions written by the visitor on a piece of paper, and the answers which he received:

"Had the ghost of Hamlet's father *sworn* since?"

"Yes."

"Had Semiramis?"

"Yes."

"Was Pontius Pilate an American?"

"No."

"Was he a leading tragedian?"

"Yes!"

The exhibitor also called up the spirit of an old family servant, who at an advanced age married an elderly woman, and who subsequently drowned himself. And these were the questions and answers, as written down on the spot:

"Does James miss his children?"

"Yes!"

(He never had any.)

"How many had he?"

"Yes!"

"How many boys?"

"Yes!"

"What did he die of?"

"Water!"

The exhibitor explained that there was only a

mistake in a letter; that the spirits meant to say that the deceased had died of *water* on the chest!

As the visitor had been so very successful in getting correct answers, and was evidently regarded by the spirits with singular partiality, they never declining to answer any questions he chose to put to them, it occurred to him to ask one more question, which he wrote on a piece of paper, and showed to the exhibitor, and, in fact, he did all the others. That question was this:

"Is Mrs. Hayden" (the 'medium' on the occasion) "*an impostor*?"

"Yes!" was the unequivocal answer, which, "to make assurance doubly sure," was twice repeated, and twice answered in the affirmative. This was considered the most "satisfactory" answer of the evening!

Our next incident is so amusingly recorded by a Philadelphia contemporary, that we quote the "undeniable fact" entire:

"Miss Phoebe Barrett does kitchen duty at a respectable mansion on Eleventh-street. The lady of the house, having had melancholy experience in the matrimonial way, resolves that all her female assistants shall be maids in every sense of the word. With this object in view, she forbids the reception of any masculine visitors on her premises. But as a mutual love affair has grown up between Miss Phoebe and a young wheelwright named Reuben McCandlish, the orders were not strictly obeyed. The interviews between them took place in the wash-house. In the midst of an interesting dialogue, at night, they were interrupted by approaching footsteps. No other place of concealment being at hand, the young man was obliged to take sanctuary in a large copper wash-kettle.

"Scarcely had he settled himself before the lady entered. Her husband wished to take a foot-bath, and she directed the horror-stricken Phoebe to fill the kettle, and kindle a fire under it. 'Now,' thought the concealed lover, 'I shall get myself into hot-water for certain.' The perplexed Phoebe stood for a moment irresolute. What could she do? Drawing a pail of water from the hydrant, she poured it slowly into the copper vessel.

"A slight tapping was heard from within.

"What noise is that?" asked the mistress.

"I think," answered Phoebe, "it must be one of the Spirit-Rappers; I hear it often."

"Indeed," cried the lady, "I'll have no Spirit-Rappers in my kettles; dash in the water and drown them out."

"Another pail-full of the cold fluid was poured in, and a profound sigh, not the passionate sigh of an ardent lover, but a sigh of misery and despair, came from the interior.

"That's the spirit," exclaimed Phoebe.

"It seems to be an unhappy one," exclaimed the lady; 'I've heard that sort often cry for cold water. Let him have a little more of it.'

"Another bucket-full was accordingly pitched in. 'Fire-and-fury!' yelled the wheelwright lover, starting up, 'you put too much water on your spirits; I can't stand it.'

"Then, making a dart for the door, he executed a masterly retreat across the yard and out of the back gate; but one of the police-agents, observing his disorderly appearance and hasty exit, very justifiably arrested him on suspicion of burglary. He shivered out the night at the watch-house, and sent for Phoebe in the morning to prove that he was an innocent lover, and not a villainous house-breaker. This fact established, he regained his liberty."

SOMEBODY, on one occasion, annoyed at being advised by one to do this, and by another to do that, burst out with—

"There are societies every where for the suppression of all sorts of vice under the sun, except one; and I wish with all my heart there was one to suppress *that!*"

Being asked what that vice was, he answered:

"Ad-vice; a vice which has not unfrequently done as much harm as any other in the world."

This may have proved true of many kinds of advice; but the following "piece of advice" must recommend itself to the good sense of every reader:

"If any thing in the world will make a man feel badly, even more so than pinching his finger in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever failed to think less of himself after it than he did before. It degrades him in the eyes of others; and what is worse, it blunts his sensibility on the one hand, and increases the power and passion of irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better—the better for us, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care so to live that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he insults you, the wisest way is just to *let him alone*; for there is nothing better, nothing that will sooner "heap coals of fire" upon your enemy's head, than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrong one meets with in this world."

As you walk up Broadway some fine sunny summer's morning, and encounter as you walk the little specimens of dandified humanity which there abound, call to mind the class of which individually they are the representatives, and of which some keen observer and faithful limner has given the following description:

"THE DANDY is the sum-total of coats, hats, boots, vests, neckcloths, gloves, etc. He is the creation of the tailor. His destiny is bound up in broad-cloth and fine linen. His worth can only be estimated by the yard, cloth-measure. One is puzzled to tell whether he is a female gentleman or a male lady. He combines the little weaknesses and foibles of both sexes, but knows nothing of the good qualities of either. He is a human poodle, dandled at home in the lap of effeminacy, but the sport and butt of every sensible dog when he ventures into the street. On pleasant days he exhibits himself upon the fashionable promenades, to the admiration, as he supposes, of every lady who is fortunate enough to cross his path. He *does nothing*—either for himself or others. The severest labor his hands find to do, is to carry a dainty cane along with him in his daily walks. The only "head-work" to which he would stoop, is to twist and curl a reluctant *mustache*, or bathe his glossy locks and ringlets in "odors sweet." He is inconsolable over a soiled boot, and would be driven to distraction were he compelled to appear in tumbled linen. "Original sin," with him, consists in not being born with a full suit, cut and made in the latest Parisian style. In fine, his soul lies in his clothes."

What parent who has ever been called to lay a cherished child in the "dark and narrow house," can read the following without the tenderest emotion? It was suggested to the writer by hearing the remark of one who, passing a grave-yard, was arrested for a moment by a funeral. "'Tis only a child," said he, and passed on

"Oh! had you ever been a mother—had you nightly pillowed that little velvet head upon your breast—had you waited for the first intelligent glance from those blue eyes—had you watched its slumbers, tracing the features of him who stole your girlish heart away—had you wept a widow's tears over its unconscious head—had your desolate, timid heart gained courage from that little piping voice, to wrestle with the jostling crowd for daily bread—had its loving smiles and prattling words been sweet recompense for such sad exposure—had the lonely future been brightened by the hope of that young arm to lean upon, that bright eye for your guiding star—had you never framed a plan, or known a hope or fear, of which that child was not a part. If there was naught else on earth left for you to love—if disease came, and its eye grew dim; and food, and rest, and sleep were forgotten in your anxious fears—if you paced the floor hour by hour with that fragile burden, when your very touch seemed to give comfort and healing to that little quivering frame—had the star of hope set at last—then, had you hung over its dying pillow, when the strong breast you should have wept on was in the grave, where your child was hastening—had you caught *alone*, its last faint cry for the 'help' you could not give—had its last fluttering sigh breathed out on your breast—oh! could you have said—'Tis only a child!'"

Was it "Old Parr," or was it that "old bear," Dr. Johnson?—we think it was the former—who was present on one occasion at an evening party in London, which numbered very many distinguished persons (himself, however, the "king among them"), when a voluble young man, with more assurance than accomplishments, or real intellectual merit, was introduced to the society present, and after a little time managed to monopolize almost the entire conversation, and to cause a cessation in that genial interchange of thought and feeling which constitutes the charm of a social circle. Parr and his friends were silenced, while the "wishy-washy, everlasting flood" of small-talk was spuming out of the one mouth.

"A silence still as death," however, and an utter absence of reply or comment, presently silenced the voluble conversationalist; and finding that he was no longer heeded, and that a "cold shoulder" seemed turned toward him from every corner of the drawing-room, the "conversational bore" arose, asked the servant for his hat, and with ill concealed mortification, took a hasty and awkward farewell of the company upon whom he had so impudently intruded.

When he had at last gone, there was a mingled murmur of approbation and contempt from the persons present; and at length some one asked of "Old Parr" who that wordy and ostentatious gentleman was who had just left the room.

The Doctor drew the questioner's ear close to his mouth, with an air of the utmost mystery, and in a subdued voice, most like a hoarse whisper which, however, could be heard in every part of the room, replied:

"I may be wrong in my impression; and I have made it a rule, in my intercourse with society, never to give way to a suspicion without first ascertaining that I have good grounds for such a suspicion. In this case I may be entirely wrong in my conjecture, but since you have asked me in confidence, I will frankly tell you what—"

(Here he drew his listener's ear closer to his lips as he spoke.)

"I really do suspect—I am afraid he is a—Lawyer!" His suspicions were correct. It was the counterpart of, if not the very man, who had just advertised

in the "Public Advertiser," one hundred and eighty suits at law for sale; adding, as an inducement to his professional brethren, who might be inclined to purchase, that his "clients were rich, and—obstinate!"

PERHAPS the readers of "The Drawer" may laugh, as we could not avoid doing, over the subjoined "Swineological Reminiscence," describing a visit which the writer once paid to a celebrated porcine physician in Missouri, for the purpose of consulting him touching the case of a valuable porker, belonging to his uncle, that had exhibited symptoms of being either mad or bewitched. After hearing the diagnosis, treatment, and last symptoms of the sick swine, the "Doctor" favored his visitor with the following prescription:

"When you go back," said he, "tell your uncle to have the hog ketched agin, and cut off about an inch from the end of his tail, and catch nine drops of blood from outen it. Then pull nine *brustles* from outen his back, and cut each on 'em into nine pieces. Then take nine spoonfuls of molasses and nine spoonfuls of flour, and put the blood and the pieces of brustles into 'em, and work 'em all together; and when you get 'em mixed, divide it out into nine parts, and roll 'em into nine balls: and then you've got to take one of these balls, each day for nine days, and do with it as I'm going to tell you.

"Three folks must go into a dark room at nine o'clock in the evenin', where there's a fire a-burnin', and a skillet a-settin' by the fire. They must go in back'ards, each on 'em with the ball betwix his thumb and fore-finger; and when they git in, they must turn to the right, go up to the skillet, and put the ball into it. Then they must all three on 'em take hold of the skillet together, turn clean round nine times, and put it on the fire. The oldest one of the company must then take a piece of chalk and draw a circle on the floor, and when he's got it draw'd, he must stand up on his head in the middle of it, lettin' the other two hold him up strait, while he says over a psalm, three times backwards. He must then take the ball from the skillet, draw three of the brustles from outen it, and throw 'em in the fire, and then put the ball back in the skillet again. The other two must then go through with the same motions, and when they've got through, all of 'em must take hold of the ball the same way they held it when they come in, and turn around to the right nine times, and throw it into the fire. Mind, now, you're not to speak a word, except sayin' the psalm backwards, while you're doin' what I'm tellin' you; for if you do, the charm will be broke, and you'll have to do it all over agin. Ef you do precisely as I tell you, it 'll knock 'em as cold as krout: but if it don't, I'll tell you what will. Build a log-heap outen nine kinds of wood, nine logs of each kind, and each kind on different days. Ketch the hog, and tie him, and fling him on the log-heap, and set it a-fire, and I guess it 'll make the witches howl! You mustn't say a word while you're gettin' the logs, and puttin' up the log-heap, nor while the hog's a-burnin'!"

There can be little doubt that the bewitched swine was soon placed out of danger by this unique mode of treatment; a mode of treatment, let us add, that had many a precedent in the olden days gone by. Who has not heard of hundreds of such, that have come down to us from tradition? Turning up a stone in a meadow, and spitting under it, and then replacing the stone in its earthy bed, we have heard in our own day prescribed by an old lady, as sovereign specific against that most tantalizing and agonizing of all afflictions, the toothache, so eloquently

and poetically depicted by Burns. Moreover, the mystery of numbers was always a potent worker of miracles in the healing art; of which we have another example—quite as effective as the number nine in the preceding sketch—which we may present in a subsequent number of this desultory *omnium gatherum*.

THE "element of unexpectedness" was never more thoroughly exemplified than in the following lines by one of Connecticut's most genial poets, the lamented J. G. C. Brainard. They are not new, of course; but it is many years since we saw them in print; and the readers of "The Drawer" who may have seen them, will enjoy them equally with those who have not:

Solemn he paced upon that schooner's deck,
And muttered of his hardships:
"I have been where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer; and I have sailed
In the thick night by the wave-washed coast
Of Labrador, and by pitiless fields of ice
In acres; and I have seen the whale and sword-fish
Fight beneath my bows; and when they made the deep
Boil like a pot, have swung into its vortex;
And I know to meet such dangers with a sailor's skill,
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart;
But never yet, or where the river mixes with the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
In all my rough experience of harm,
Met I with—A METRODOR MEETING-HOUSE!
"Cat-head, nor beam, nor davit has it none,
Larboard, nor starboard, gunwale, stem, nor stern;
It comes in such a questionable shape,
You can not even speak it: up jib, Josey,
And put away for Bridgeport; there, where
Fairweather Beach, Rock-Island and the Buoy
Are safe from such encounters, we'll protest;
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
How that a Charleston schooner was beset,
Riding at anchor, by—A METRODOR MEETING-HOUSE."

The lines explain themselves. In a sudden spring freshet the Thames River, running past Norwich, overflowed its banks, and a Methodist meeting-house, standing upon the left bank, floated off into Long Island Sound, and was encountered, as narrated, far from land, by the captain of a Charleston schooner. The mingled sublimity and fun of the lines are truly admirable.

It is Goethe, we believe, who says: "The longer I live in the world the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is *energy*, invincible determination; and honest purpose, once fixed, and then—victory! That quality can do every thing that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a man without it."

Is it not so? Look at the greatest *Self-made Men* that have lived, and see if it be not: The discoverer Columbus was a weaver; Franklin was a journeyman printer; Niebuhr was a peasant; Rollin the historian a cutter's apprentice, Burns a plowman; De Foe was a shoemaker's boy, and afterward a cabin-boy; Virgil was a Roman baker's lad, and Hogarth an engraver's apprentice; Gifford was a shoemaker; Sir Richard Arkwright was a barber; Sir Humphrey Davy was a currier's apprentice; Kirk White was the son of a butcher, and himself a "butcher-boy;" the Empress Catharine of Russia was a peasant, and lived as a servant for many years; and even Shakspeare himself was poor and a menial.

What was it besides "energy," genius, "invincible determination," that made these great personages among the most renowned of the world?

Is there not something very touching, very tender and very true, in the reflections which ensue? They are from an English journal:

"In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements sink into nothing. The WIFE—she who fills so large a sphere in the domestic heaven; she who is busied, so unwearied, in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered over head. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful."

SOME pompous persons have a way of saying the plainest things in the most swelling manner; a manner which is an infallible exemplification of a weak mind. An American writer, of a rare humor, once satirized this species of affectation, by expanding a few plain, every-day maxims into high-sounding phrases. The following are examples:

"He looks two ways for Sunday."

"One who, by reason of the adverse disposition of his optics (squint) is forced to scrutinize in duplicate directions for the Christian Sabbath."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

"Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they come to be oviform."

"Let well enough alone."

"Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude."

"The least said is soonest mended."

"The minimum of an offensive remark is repaired with the greatest promptitude."

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"That gale is truly diseased, which puffeth benefactions to nonentity!"

SOME "Home-Rambler," in the State of Maine, has been visiting, among other places, the town of Augusta, and an ancient cemetery thereof, from which he extracted sundry epitaphs that are as amusing as any that have heretofore appeared in "The Drawer." We present a selection from them. The first is a lesson as well as an epitaph:

"Here, beneath this stone, there lies,

Waiting a summons to the skies,

The body of BARNEY JINKINS:

He was an honest Christian man,

His fault was, that he took and ran

Suddenly to drinking.

Whoever reads this tablet o'er,

Take warning now, and drink no more!"

The next is "short, pithy, sententious":

"After Life's Scarlet Fever,

I sleep well."

The "Home-Rambler" was retouched beyond measure to find in an old New-England grave-yard an advertising epitaph, quite as remarkable as the one so often quoted from a stone in the Père La

Chaise at Paris; an advertisement for a husband, too, by a buxom young widow, on the very monument that commemorated her "loss!" Listen to the veritable record:

"Sacred to the memory of James H. Random, who died August the sixth, 1800. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged only twenty-four, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at — street, in this village!"

We know of nothing in Mrs. S. O. Hall's "Tales and Sketches of the Irish Peasantry" (one of the most natural and characteristic of all the books which describe the peculiarities of the Irish, in the "lower walks" of that unhappy country, that we have ever encountered), that excels the following specimen which some months ago found a place in our receptacle, cut from an American paper printed at the South. It is a striking illustration of "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." A round-faced, curly-haired Hibernian inquires at the post-office for a letter for himself. But the questions and answers are more effective than the story, in detail, would be; so we present it as originally given:

PAT.—"Have ye iver a letter for meself?"

URBANE CLERK.—"What name?"

PAT.—"Why, me own name, av course; whence else?"

CLERK (still urbane).—"Well, what is your name?"

PAT.—"Me name's the same as me father's afore me, and would be yet, only he's dead."

CLERK (not quite so urbane).—"Well, what do you call yourself?"

PAT.—"I calls meself a gentleman; and it's a pity there aren't a couple of us!"

CLERK (with dignity).—"Stand back!"

PAT.—"It's 'back' I'll stand when I gits my letter."

CLERK (sternly).—"How can I give it to you, if you don't tell me who you are, you stupid bog-trotter?"

PAT.—"Thin is that what you're paid for, aburin' honest people that comes for their rights? Give me the letter, or by the whiskers o' Kate Kearney's cut, I'll cast me vote agin ye, when I gots me papers."

CLERK (very nearly angry).—"You blundering blockhead, can't you tell me how your letter is addressed?"

PAT (contemptuously).—"Dressed!" How should it be dressed, barrin' a sheet o' paper, like any other letter?"

CLERK (decidedly angry).—"Confound you! can't you tell me who you are?"

PAT.—"Badad, I'm an Irishman, bred and born, seed, breed, and generation. Me father was cousin to Larry Magra, and me mother belonged to the Moonerys of Killmansairy. You're an ignorant codd spalpeen; and if ye'll creep out o' your dirty hole, I'll welt you like a new shoe; and if you gat any more satisfaction out of me, me name is not BARNEY O'FLYNN!"

CLERK (mollified).—"Oh, that's your name is it?" And in what phrase, he "shuffles" the letters, "deals" one to Barney, who "cuts."

DOUBTLESS many of our readers have often laughed over the somewhat ridiculous titles to the musical pieces which are every day coming before the public; titles oftentimes derived from the first line of the song; such as, "When my Eye," "Be still, my Heart," "Come to me, then," and the like. Some wag has hit off this indefiniteness of nomenclature in the following harmless satire:

"The following pieces of music have been laid on our table during the last three months:

"*Ah, Why? ah, Why?*" Cavatina, from the unpublished opera of 'Oh, Don?! Oh, Don!' Price 25 cents.

"*With Versence clad,*" from the oratorio of 'The Green Countrymen'—36 cents. The andante and allegro movements are very fine throughout this magnificent piece.

"*Dearest, I believe I love you*" Ballad—75 cents.

"*Dearest, I believe I love you,
Yes, my dear, I'm sure I do,
And, like the canopy above you,
I'm always found true-blue.*"

"*My Back is like a broken Bow.*" Ballad—written by a poet; music by an amateur.

"*A. Jackson, Esq.*" A thrilling song—25 cents.

"*When you see their eyes glisten, oh, then, my men, fire,
Were the best dying words of A. Jackson, Esquire!*"

We heard a friend relate the accompanying incident the other day with not a little zest, and to the amusement of a good many by-standers:

"Jumping into an old-fashioned stage-coach last month, in company with nine others, to jostle over ten miles of unfinished road between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question-asking "Down-Easter" and a high-heeled Southerner. We were scarcely seated, before our Yankee began:

"Traveling East, I expect?"

"Yes, sir."

"Goin' to Philadelphia, I reckon?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, ah! to New York, maybe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Calc'latin' to buy goods, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"Never seen there before, I wouldn't wonder?"

"No, sir; never."

"New York is a wonderful place."

"Such is my impression, sir."

"Got letters, I expect?"

"Yes, sir; I am provided with letters of introduction."

"Wouldn't mind showin' you round myself a spell, if you wanted?"

"I thank you, sir; but I shall not require your assistance."

"This last remark of the polite but reserved stranger was a poser; and the 'inquisitor' fell back a moment to take breath, and change his tactics. The half-suppressed smile upon the faces of the other passengers soon aroused the Yankee to still further exertions; and summoning up more resolution, he began again:

"Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how mighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name, and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em; so now won't you just oblige me?"

"This last appeal brought out our Southern friend; who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied:

"My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and I am glad to be able to say, of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and I am now on my way to see it; and if I like it as well as I am led to expect, I intend to—*buy it!*"

"Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter

throughout the stage-coach; and this was the last of the conversation!"

THE following anecdote, said by a London journal to be entirely true, would seem to indicate a high state of intelligence in certain parts of "enlightened England:—"

"The Bishop of Oxford sent round to the church-wardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was the following:

"Does your officiating clergyman preach the Gospel, and are his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?"

"The church-warden near Wallingford replied:

"Our officiating clergyman preaches the Gospel, but he doesn't keep a carriage of any kind!"

Now this reply may have been intended as a joke, to which there was strong temptation in the word "carriage," but that it was intended as such, does not seem to have been the opinion of the London editor who relates it.

By-the-by, we remember a similar joke once perpetrated by an office-holder, in Alabama, if we recollect rightly, which resulted in rather serious consequences to the perpetrator. The Postmaster-General had written him a letter somewhat like the following:

"DEAR SIR—You will please inform this Department how far the Tombigbee River runs up.

"Respectfully, &c., Postmaster-General."

The return mail brought to the Department the annexed curt reply:

"SIR—In answer to yours of the — instant, I have to state that the Tombigbee River doesn't run up at all!"

This brief epistle was followed by one equally terse, and equally effective. It ran as follows:

"SIR—You are hereby informed that this Department has no longer any occasion for your services.

"Respectfully, &c., Postmaster-General."

The "beheaded" officer was often heard to say afterward, that he lost a good office by a poor joke.

THE following anecdote affords an amusing specimen of simplicity and ignorance of common things in two eminent literary men:

Cottle the publisher drove Wordsworth from Bristol to Alfoxden in a gig, calling at Stowey by the way, to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. The Alfoxden pantry was empty—so they carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirsty impatience, took out the horse; but, as he let down the shafts, the theme of his eloquence rolled from the seat, and was dashed to pieces on the ground. Coleridge abashed, gave the horse up to Cottle, who tried to pull off the collar. It proved too much for the worthy citizen's strength, and he called to Wordsworth to assist; Wordsworth retired baffled, and was relieved by the ever-handy Coleridge. There seemed more likelihood of their pulling off the animal's head than his collar, and they marveled by what magic it had ever been got on. "La, master!" said the servant-girl, who was passing by, "you don't go the right way to work;" and turning round the collar, she slipped it off in an instant, to the utter confusion of the three luminaries. How Silas Comberbatch could have gone through his cavalry training, and Wordsworth have spent nine-tenths of his life in the country, and neither of them have witnessed the harnessing or unharnessing of a horse, must remain a problem for our betters.

Literary Notices.

Memorials of the English Martyrs, by the Rev. C. B. TAYLER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This deeply interesting volume is written, not only with the spirit of the antiquarian, but of the Protestant Christian. The author has devoted himself with untiring diligence to the examination of local English antiquities, which preserve the memory of the Protestant martyrs, and here sets forth the fruit of his researches in an eloquent and impressive manner. Among the places to which he has made a pious pilgrimage, Smithfield, Lutterworth, Gloucester, and Oxford, are most conspicuous. The characters of Wycliffe (who though not strictly a martyr, is commemorated as a noble witness for the truth), Hooper, Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, are drawn in vivid colors; and a variety of interesting facts are brought forward in illustration of their lives. In the present state of the Protestant controversy with the Church of Rome, this volume will be regarded as a seasonable publication, and can not fail to attract a numerous class of readers.

Marco Paul in Boston, is the title of the latest volume of JACOB ABBOTT'S popular serial, describing the adventures of his little hero while traveling in pursuit of knowledge. One of the chapters is devoted to State-street, and gives a lively delineation of that famous stronghold of Boston money-dealers. The volume exhibits the sturdy common sense and familiar knowledge of every-day affairs, which never forsake Mr. Abbott when writing for young people. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Speller, Definer, and Reader, by Mrs. VAUGHAN. This is quite an ingenious attempt to pave a royal road to learning with gold and precious stones, by a Southern lady of successful experience as a teacher. It is highly recommended by practical instructors, and deserves the attention of the profession. (Published by Daniel Burgess and Co.)

Harper and Brothers have issued the closing volume of LAMARTINE'S *History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France*, extending from the death of Napoleon to the abdication of Charles X. The period embraces a series of the most interesting events in the modern history of France, and furnishes occasion to numerous admirable portraits in Lamartine's most brilliant style. The sketch of the character and reign of Louis XVIII. is masterly, combining the author's usual felicity of delineation with more than his usual discrimination and accuracy of thought. The student of politics will find ample food for reflection in the history of the negotiations and intrigues which attended the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, while the general reader will be richly rewarded by the charming narratives which profusely abound in this fascinating volume.

Lindsay and Blakiston have published *Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Norfolk, Va.*, by WILLIAM S. FORANER, containing a description of several of the principal objects of interest in Eastern Virginia, copious antiquarian reminiscences, and a variety of personal incidents and anecdotes. The volume displays a good deal of research, an enthusiastic attachment to the Old Dominion, and an easy and unaffected style of narrative. The interest of the work is not confined to the inhabitants of the great State, celebrated as the "mother of statesmen," but it will be eagerly read by all who cherish a taste for the primitive or current annals of distinguished localities.

The fifth and sixth volumes of Harper's edition of

COLERIDGE'S WORKS, edited by Professor SHEDD, contain the *Literary Remains*, *The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, *The Constitution of the Church and State*, *Table Talk*, and other miscellanies. The rich suggestiveness of the *Table Talk*, the originality of its criticisms, and the genial appreciation of the most opposite classes of literary merit, united with its occasional paradox and petulance, will always make it a favorite with readers of taste, although they may find little to attract them in the author's profound, yet fragmentary speculations in philosophy. There is no work which more fully embodies the spirit of modern cultivation than this seeming production. Another volume will complete the edition.

Reason and Faith, and Other Miscellanies, by HENRY ROGERS. (Published by Crosby and Nichols.) In this collection of articles from the Edinburgh Review, we discover less originality and depth of thought than love of literature, refined and agreeable criticism, and polished elegance of expression. The subjects, for the most part, are of a highly attractive character for the scholar, and are not altogether destitute of popular interest. We may refer to the essays on *Thomas Fuller*, *André Marvell*, *Leather*, and *Pascal*, as admirable specimens of literary discussion. The more argumentative pieces, in our opinion, do not display the ability of the author to so great advantage.

The Old Man's Bride, by T. S. ARTHUR. (Published by Charles Scribner.) This is one of Mr. Arthur's most characteristic productions, showing the skill with which he weaves an important moral into a simple, but not ungraceful narrative. It will add to his already honorable reputation.

A Stray Yankee in Texas, by PHILIP PAXTON. (Published by Redfield.) This is a genuine production of the American soil, full of the stirring incident, brisk movement, rough humor, and fresh, unsophisticated nature, which mark our Southwestern frontier. Whoever has a taste for the hearty, free, and jovial life of the backwoodsman, will find a great deal to his mind in this spirited volume.

Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.) The writer of this graphic narrative was a Paisley weaver, who finding himself cornered for want of employment at home, was tempted, with so many thousands of his countrymen, to seek his fortune in the United States. He arrived at New York with sanguine hopes of rapid prosperity, but meeting with little prospect of encouragement in his trade, he took the desperate resolution of enlisting as a private soldier in the American army. Soon after, the Mexican war broke out, and he was ordered to the scene of action, his regiment forming part of the command of General Scott. He was present at the bombardment of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, and Chapultepec, and the occupation of Mexico. Written from personal experience of a nature which is apt to make a deep impression on the memory, and without the slightest appearance of affectation or pretense, the volume certainly presents a lively and natural picture of the soldier's life. The details of battles and sieges, which are given in a free, conversational manner, are not only in a high degree entertaining, but often full of valuable instruction.

Memoirs of Mary L. Ware, by Rev. EDWARD B. HALL. (Published by Crosby and Nichols.) The subject of this memoir was the wife of the late Rev.

Henry Ware, Jr., a well known Boston clergyman, and a professor in the Theological School of Harvard University. Her biography is here related in a tone of affectionate and modest reverence, with no attempt to give an excessive coloring to the beautiful virtues which adorned her character. She was evidently a woman of rare devotion to duty, singularly disinterested, and possessing an uncommon energy of action, without sacrificing the softer graces of her sex. Her life was checkered with many vicissitudes—darkened by severe trials—and loaded with weighty responsibilities—but her admirable nature, and her strength of principle, gave a character of uniform excellence to her course, such as is seldom exhibited by the most gifted individuals. We have scarcely ever read a biography in which so much worth is commemorated with so little pretension.—A work, entitled *Sickness and Health in Blaeburn*, reprinted from the *Household Words*, by Crosby and Nichols, is founded on certain incidents in the life of Mrs. Ware, which occurred during the prevalence of a destructive epidemic in an English country village. It is a narrative of the courage and tenderness with which she devoted herself to the suffering and forsaken, in the midst of a raging pestilence; and though embellished with some imaginary scenes, gives a correct picture of the moral heroism which, among the subjects of her care, almost procured her the reputation of an angelic visitant.

The *Translators Revived*, by A. W. McCLEURE. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Little has hitherto been known of the personal history of King James's Translators of the Bible. The author of this volume has made it the subject of inquiry for more than twenty years. The task of obtaining correct information was one of great difficulty. He has prosecuted it with commendable patience and zeal. In many cases nothing was known but the surname of the translator. Authentic traditions seemed to be confined to the more prominent men included in the royal commission. But ransacking every source of information on this side of the Atlantic, the author has succeeded in rescuing nearly all of these worthies from oblivion, and showing their eminent qualification for the most responsible undertaking in the religious literature of the English language. In the progress of his researches, he has arrived at the conclusion that the first half of the seventeenth century, when the translation was completed, was the golden age of Biblical and Oriental learning in England. At no other period have these studies been pursued by scholars whose vernacular tongue is the English, with so much diligence and success. Hence the author derives presumptive evidence of the strongest kind that the work of those venerable translators is deserving of entire confidence, and should be received as a final settlement of the translation of the Scriptures for popular use. His volume will be found to possess no small interest both for the antiquarian and the Biblical student. It fills a place in sacred literature, which no previous writer has attempted to occupy, and will be welcomed by the lovers of the English Bible on both sides of the Atlantic.

An *Historical Sketch of Robin Hood and Captain Kidd*, by WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The design of this work is to show why the names of Robin Hood and Captain Kidd have excited such general and permanent interest. It maintains that it is the character of Robin Hood as a Saxon yeoman, which has given his name such an ascendancy in England. It was the embodiment of the idea of popular resistance to oppressive

authorities. The Norman barons and monks were regarded with intense hatred by the Saxon yeomanry; and Robin Hood was held in almost romantic honor, as their representative and avenger. The claims of Captain Kidd to distinction rest upon different grounds. At the time when his name became famous, he was a resident of New York city, where he had married and owned considerable property. A follower of the sea from early life, he was distinguished as a gallant and skillful commander in the war between England and France, prior to the questionable enterprise which has given him such extensive notoriety both in Great Britain and America. The principal details concerning this celebrated character are given in an ancient historical tract, which is here reprinted in full. Much curious information is presented in this little volume, which, though so entirely remote from the current interests of the day, is a valuable contribution to historical literature, illustrating the aphorism of Lord Bacon, which forms an appropriate motto on the title-page, "Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records, and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time."

Carlotta and the Sanfedisti, by EDMUND FARRENC. (Published by John S. Taylor.) Another religious and political novel, suggested by the increasing interest of the controversy between Protestants and Catholics. The work is founded on the idea that at the present moment, two powers divide the world—the one, representing the past, with its attendant burden of ignorance, crimes, and miseries, called Catholicism; the other, contending for the present, and foreshadowing the future, known under the name of republicanism. In conducting the plot of his story, the author has shown a very considerable degree of skill; its gradual development constantly grows in interest upon the reader; and several of the incidents which occur in its progress are related with remarkable force of imagination as well as intensity of language. The style often betrays the pen of a foreigner, but, on the whole, is singularly vivid and impressive. Such a contribution to our imaginative literature by a European is entitled to a kind hospitality, though its decided partisan spirit must prove a bar to its favorable reception in many quarters.

Lectures on Life and Health, by WILLIAM A. ALCOTT. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) This is the crowning work of a veteran advocate and apostle of physiological reform. Such writers are often one-sided, petulant, barren, and incredibly tedious. Their expectations that the world will gallop at once into the regions of millennial glory on their lank hobbies are ludicrous in the extreme. Dr. Alcott, though often extravagant in his views, belongs to a better class of teachers. He lays down many excellent precepts for the preservation of health, and usually writes in a manner that pleases for its simplicity and directness.

Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, by AUSTIN H. LAYARD. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This deeply interesting volume describes the results of a second expedition, devoted to exploring the remains of the ruined cities of the East. Our space forbids any account of the discoveries, which are related with so much graphic beauty by the fortunate author, and we will only remark that they are equally striking with those before published, and throw new light on many obscure passages of Holy Writ, as well as on the social and domestic

characteristics of numerous Oriental regions, concerning which we know comparatively little.

The Old Forest Rascal, by Major WALTER CAMPBELL, edited by FRANK FOXESTER. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.) There is no better authority in all matters pertaining to wood-craft than that of the editor of this volume. A gallant and famous Nimrod himself, he has here introduced the work of a brother sportsman, whose adventures among the wild-beasts of Hindostan were second only to those of Col. Gordon Cumming, in Africa. While Cumming is the more insatiable slaughterer, Walter Campbell is as gentle, chivalrous, and kindly a hunter as ever speared a wild-boar, or cracked a tiger between the eyes. His book, which is reprinted from the London edition, is full of wild and romantic incidents, and will form as delightful a volume as can be found in the whole range of the sporting library.

Roland Trevor (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), is an odd narrative of the experiences of the author during the ups and downs of business life. The events to which it is devoted, are entirely of a personal nature, and scarcely of sufficient consequence to bring before the public. Every record of human action, however, must be allowed to possess some value; and in this point of view, the volume must be worth reading.

A new volume of *Poems*, by ALEXANDER SMITH, has recently been issued in London, and is attracting great attention in the English critical journals.

The late London journals contain numerous sketches and notices of American publications, some of which are sufficiently appreciative, while many are contemptibly shallow and prejudiced. WALLIS'S *Spain* is justly treated by the *Examiner*. It says—"Mr. Wallis, an American engaged in the diplomatic service of the Union, wrote formerly a very lively and intelligent book on Spain, to which the present is a fitting sequel. It handles the subject with the greater ease and knowledge of a man who has become more thoroughly familiar with it. It is by far the most favorable account we have had of the existing condition of Spain—of the people, as well as of the country. We think it amusing throughout, always observant and shrewd, and we have read with great interest the notices which are given by Mr. Wallis of the leading politicians and men of letters in Madrid. The book will correct, indeed, much prevailing misapprehension on the various matters of which it treats."

The same journal thus speaks of the American edition of *Shakespeare*, edited by our accomplished countryman, Rev. H. N. HUDSON: "We have now to give a few words of strong commendation to such of the volumes as have been sent to us of the American edition of *Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. Hudson. The editor is an intelligent man, conversant with the *variorum* as with recent editions, able to appreciate and measure what modern taste and research have contributed to the subject, and with sense to discriminate and reject as well as freely to adopt. The introductory notices comprise critical as well as historical accounts of each play, embodying generally the best opinions and judgments; and the notes are never too long. Without offering any thing absolutely new on the subject, Mr. Hudson has made so judicious a selection from what it was desirable to preserve from previous collections

of the plays, that we have nothing but praise to bestow upon his labors."

The *London Athenæum*, in a notice of *Matterings and Murmurs of an Invalid, Fancies of a Whimsical Man, Fies and Earnest*, &c., published by John B. Taylor, in New York, remarks: "These books by one and the same American author, make up about the most dreary triad of volumes which we have met in that domain so thickly over-stocked with heavy goods that is called by bitter courtesy the world of light literature. Our friends across the Atlantic appear to be fond of humorous essays—Charles Lamb being with them a chosen author: but the announcement of "Fourth Edition" affixed to the second of these books, is enough to breed doubts as to their discrimination—or, at least, to suggest the idea that they are about to possess 'a fun and earnest'—as well as a language—of their own, into which the English will find it hard to enter without a dictionary."

Woman and her Needs, by Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH. The same journal says: "This is a vindication of the rights of woman, by an American lady. It is not quite so earnest as the well-known work of Mary Wolstonecraft; but it has in it a dash of transcendentalism, and contains some truth, with a good deal of over-wrought eloquence on the wrongs endured by the other sex. It is hardly by direct appeals, we imagine, to the one side or to the other that the evils complained of will be removed. The most effectual cure for want of harmony in the relations of man and woman, will be found in a wider and deeper culture of the human mind. Our early education is at fault; and the subsequent experience of even the finest class of minds, is incapable of adjusting some of those relations which press very heavily on woman."

White, Red, and Black, by the PULSKYS, says the *Athenæum*, "has a certain freshness of style and novelty of thinking—an absence of snobs and fine-ladyism—a constant reference to national character and the influence under which it is formed, rather than to peculiarities of individual manner—some-what unusual in books about America issuing from the English press. In fact, these oddly-titled volumes are a welcome addition to our stores of recent travel; and will prove acceptable to some for their amusing anecdote and gossip; to others, as an interesting supplement to the thousand and one stories of the Hungarian War."

Dumas is publishing in a journal the memoirs of his life, which, at all events, are decidedly amusing if only as specimens of stupendous Munchausen-like fibbing. Among the other things, they reveal the hitherto unknown fact that the Revolution of July, 1830, was not accomplished by the people of Paris, but by Alexandre Dumas himself; that he and a companion, an artist, captured, unaided, a powder magazine, and took a regiment of artillery prisoners; that he is invulnerable to grape-shot, inasmuch as, in the Revolution, half a dozen cannons blazed away at him, one after the other, at only a few yards' distance, and left him unhurt; that he, though in those days a young man, scarcely known at all, talked grandly about what he would allow to be done, and what he would not allow to be done, to General Lafayette, M. Laffite, and even to Louis Philippe himself, in whose household he was employed in the capacity of clerk.



LADY PRACTICE IN PHYSIC.

Mr. SMITHERS being sick, sends for a Lady Doctress to attend upon him professionally. Being a singularly bashful young man, Mr. SMITHERS' pulse is greatly accelerated on being manipulated by the delicate fingers of the Lady Practitioner, whereupon she naturally imagines him to be in a high fever, and incontinently physics him for the same.



AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

AGGRAVATING BOY.—Man coming! Man coming! Got a big club!
AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.—Which way! Do tell me which way!
AGGRAVATING BOY.—Don't you wish you knew!



PRECAUTION.

PRETTY NURSEMAID—Dear me, Children! How often must I have to tell you how to wear your hats properly! Keep them well on your heads—so, or they'll be blowing off with the wind, and then there will be a pretty job to catch them again!



AN ORGANIC IMPEDIMENT.

SERVANT—There's threepence for you, and Master wants you to move on.
ORGAN-GRINDER—Threepence indeed! I never moves on under sixpence. D'ye think I don't know the wailey o' peace and quietness!

Fashions for June.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—FULL DRESS AND EVENING COSTUMES.

FIGURE 1.—FULL DRESS TOILET.—Head-dress composed of loops of blue ribbon with gold figures, having two long loose ends on the left hand side. Four leaves of gold guipure mounted on wire come out on each side, the other two are higher up on the forehead, and lie on the hair, which is turned up and puffed. Dress of a disposition pattern, the ground moire antique, with flowers in figured terry velvet. The body, pointed both before and behind, is plain, low, and trimmed with a band of velvet embroidered and bordered with gold. This band, resembling a berth, goes quite round, and is about an inch and a half in width. The sleeve, short and puffed, is tightened round the arm by a band of embroidered velvet, three quarters of an inch wide at most.

FIGURE 2.—FULL DRESS FOR EVENING.—Jane Grey coiffure of blonde, gold guipure and feathers. This coiffure is placed very low behind. The guipure consists of bunches of gold grapes, with open intervals between them, it envelops the back hair, and hangs down behind on each side. Dress of terry

velvet, with satin biais and satin ribbon. The body forms a point, it has a satin berth, formed of biais, nearly four inches wide behind and on the shoulder, but gradually diminishing to one and a half or two inches at bottom, where the points meet. Two No. 12 ribbons, folded back, are laid as chevrons on the forepart, and meet under a large bow of ribbon; there is a third bow at the point. The sleeves, short and puffed in ribs, have a bow of No. 12 ribbon, from which hang three long loops, like a page's shoulder-knot. On the front of the skirt there are three chevrons of No. 18 ribbon, folded back: each extremity has a bow, from which hang three long ends of ribbon, each middle has a large bow. These three chevrons are graduated in size. A small agrafe of diamonds in each bow; bracelets; a double necklace on the neck.

We must not omit to mention a novelty in *chaussure* adapted for balls. It consists of a boot, which presents perfectly the effect of a satin shoe and a silk stocking; the upper part being actually covered with a white silk stocking with open-work cloaks.

Boots of silk or satin have long been the favorite *chassure* of ladies who excel in dancing the polka; but the boot we have mentioned possesses the advantage of giving support, without sacrificing the light and elegant effect of the satin slipper. White shoes or boots are, strictly speaking, the only ones admissible for dancing; but ladies who do not dance frequently wear, in full evening dress, shoes of a color corresponding with that of the dress.



FIGURE 3.—VISITING DRESS.

VISITING DRESS.—Bonnet of satin with bows of terry velvet and a blonde ruche, and loops of terry velvet ribbon No 1. This bonnet sits very back, and has a soft crown. On the top there are two very long flat bows, which hang down at the sides, and a horizontal bow between the crown and the curtain, which last is edged with blonde. The ruche which forms what may almost be called a brim, is composed of five or six rows of blonde on tulle, and numerous single bows stitched in. The inside is trimmed toward the bottom with large roses mixed with blonde. The strings are satin, and cut long. Dress of moire and velvet. The moire body is very low, hollow in front, and almost straight behind. It passes under the arm. The edge is trimmed with a flat galloon. The top of the body and the three points that form the epaulette are velvet. This body is sewed under that made of moire about an inch lower than the edge where the galloon is, so that the velvet seems to be separate. Collar and manchettes of Brussels point lace.

Much taste is displayed in some of the new head-dresses intended for full evening costume. Among the new models chosen for artificial flowers, we have observed the *Phytolacca* of the Nile (a pretty white flower, with beautifully tinted leaves), the *Ixia*, and some others. We must not omit to mention, that

the Parisian fleuristes have lately produced the thistle, with good effect, in silver and gold. This is, doubtless, intended as a compliment in reference to the Scottish ancestry of the young Empress of the French. The accompanying illustration is com-



FIGURE 4.—COIFFURE.

posed of the natural hair, ornamented with a wreath of velvet volubilis with foliage, or the same mixed with gold foliage and tendrils. The wreath is composed of tufts of flowers, placed back, and a cordon of foliage forming a point in front. Gold sprigs and balls fall over the tufts. A branch of gold and foliage hangs down the side.

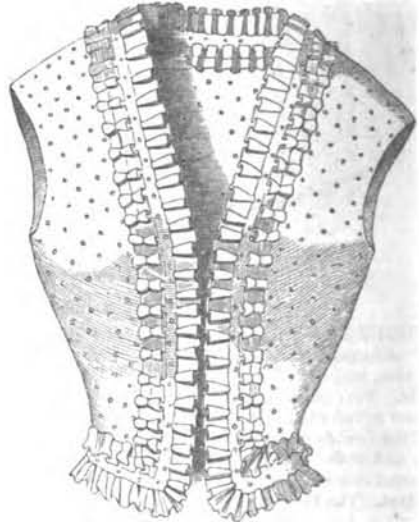


FIGURE 5.—WAISTCOAT

Figure 5 is a waistcoat fichu of tulle, embroidered with the crochet, trimmed with a ruche of white ribbon.