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MEMOIR OF DAMASCUS.

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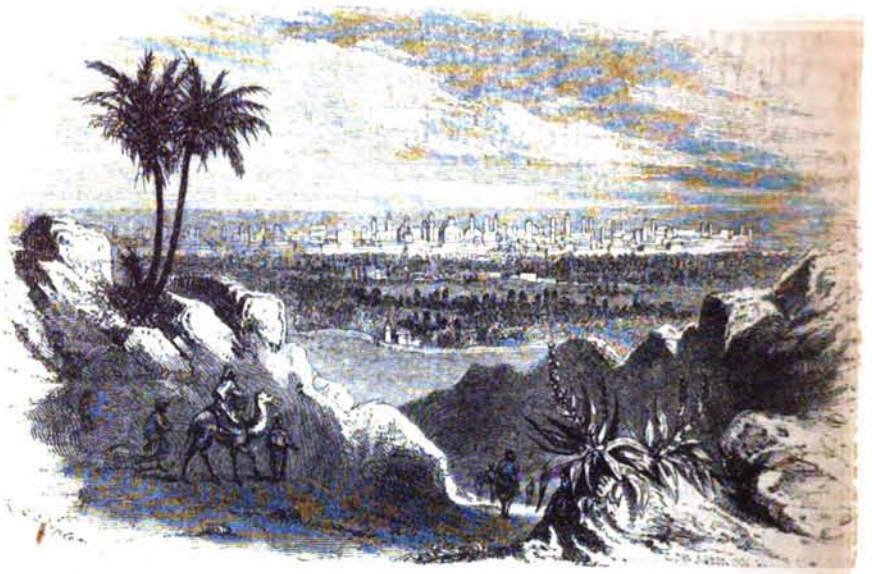
PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CITY.

THE City of Damascus enjoys a grand pre-eminence over all the other ancient cities that are commemorated in the Scripture history, in the fact that its wealth, its populousness, its prosperity, and its splendor continue unimpaired to the present day. Almost all the other ancient Eastern towns, and even the great capitals that for their magnificence and their historical renown were objects of such universal regard two thousand years ago, are now in a state of melancholy dilapidation and decay. Some of them are wholly desolate and in ruins; and in others, where a little life still seems to linger, the feeble vitality is chiefly sustained by the influx of travelers from distant lands, who come to visit the fallen capitals, not for what they are, but from interest in the scenes that transpired in them twenty or thirty centuries ago. Even Jerusalem, at the present day, seems to owe its continued existence almost wholly to the desire of mankind to visit the spot where Jesus Christ was crucified.

The aspect of desolation and ruin which reigns like a lurid and dismal twilight over all the lands which are consecrated in the inspired narratives of our holy religion, gives to the satisfaction with which the Christian pilgrim visits them, in modern times, a very melancholy tinge. The fields, once so luxuriant and fertile, have become waste and barren. The sites of ancient villages, once the abode of industry, happiness and plenty, are now marked by confused and unmeaning ruins, among which the traveler wanders perplexed, or sits in silent dejection, vainly endeavoring by his imagination to reconstruct out of the fallen columns, and broken walls, and grass-covered mounds, that lie before him, the ancient temples, palaces and towers that once stood proudly on the spot. Even those sites which still are tenanted as the abodes of men, present often to the view only groups of den-like dwellings crouching among the grand and imposing ruins around them, and filled by inhabitants so degraded, that the traveler in sojourning among them, carries his own habitation with him, choosing to sleep in exposure in his own tent, pitched without the gates, rather than share the intolerable discomfort and misery that reign within.

The aspect, however, of Damascus and its environs is very different from this. The city stands in the midst of an extended and very beautiful plain, which is fertilized, and was perhaps originally formed, by the waters that descend from the ranges of Mount Lebanon, lying to the westward of it. From one of the southwesternmost peaks of this range—Mount Hermon—the traveler who ascends the summit, obtains a very widely extended view, overlooking the Mediterranean on the west, the Sea of Galilee and the mountainous region around it on the south, and the great plain of Damascus on the east, extending to the borders of the desert. A more near and still more beautiful view of the city and of its environs, is to be obtained from the summit of a hill which lies to the northward of it, a few miles distant from the gates. That portion of the plain on which the city is built, is devoted mainly to the cultivation of fruit, and forms one wide expanse of orchard and gardens—so that the domes and minarets of the Moslem architecture of the city rise from the midst of a sea of

THE TRAVELER AMONG RUINS.



VIEW OF DAMASCUS.

foliage and verdure, the masses of which envelop and conceal all humbler dwellings. The scene as it presents itself to the eye of the traveler who makes an excursion from the city, for the purpose of enjoying it, is inexpressibly beautiful. In fact, the richness and beauty of the orchards of Damascus and its environs, are proverbial throughout the whole eastern world. They have an ancient tradition that Mahomet, the prophet, on surveying the scene when he first approached the city, said that he would not enter it. "Man can enjoy but one Paradise," said he, "and if I enter one on earth, I can not expect to be admitted to one in heaven."

SITUATION OF THE CITY.

Damascus owes the long continued wealth and prosperity which it has enjoyed, to its situation, on the one hand as the agricultural centre of a region of boundless and perpetual fertility, and on the other as the commercial emporium of the traffic of several extended seas. These seas, however, are seas of sand, and the fleets that navigate them are caravans of camels. There are, in fact, two grand commercial systems now in operation among mankind, each of which has its own laws, its own usages, its own ports, its own capitals. The oceans of water are the mediums of transit for the one—for the other the equally trackless and almost equally extended deserts of sand. What London, Liverpool, Canton, and Amsterdam are to the former, Aleppo, Mecca, Damascus, and Bagdad are to the latter. Each system is, in its own way, and according to its own measure, perhaps as thrify and prosperous as the other, and equally conducive to the wealth, the comfort, and the happiness of the communities that partake of its benefits. Damascus is one of the most important and most wealthy of the ports through which the traffic of the Asiatic deserts enters the fertile and cultivated country which lies on their western shores.

The territories of the Turkish government have for many ages been divided into separate districts or provinces, called Pashalics. The fertile region of the eastern slope of the Lebanon ranges, of which Damascus is the centre and capital, forms the Pashalic of Damascus. It contains a population of about five hundred thousand souls. Damascus itself contains, according to the estimate of a late British consul resident there, considerably over one hundred thousand. The relative wealth and influence of the city, and of the province which it represents, in comparison with the other cities and provinces in that quarter of the world, were probably the same in ancient times as now.

PAUL'S JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS.

The chief interest which attaches to Damascus in the mind of the readers of sacred history arises out of the circumstances connected with the conversion of St. Paul, which occurred on his journey to that city. His determination to go to Damascus, and the measures which he proposed to adopt there, in prosecution of the work which he had undertaken of suppressing Christianity, mark the energy and decision of his character. Damascus was remote from Jerusalem. To reach it, required a journey of nearly two hundred miles. A man of less enlarged and comprehensive views would probably not have embraced it within the scope of his vision at all. But Paul, who wished to accomplish what he had undertaken in the most thorough manner, perceived that if the new religion were allowed once to get a footing in such a capital, even if suppressed in Judea, it would still live and spread.

and might become ultimately very formidable. After having therefore adopted the most decisive measures to suppress, what he perhaps honestly considered the pestilent heresy, in Judea, he armed himself with authority from the chief priests, and with a suitable company of attendants to enable him to carry his plans efficiently into execution, and set out on the journey to Damascus, with a view of extinguishing at once the kindling flame which was rising there.

It was in the course of this journey, when the traveler was drawing near to the gates of the city, that he was suddenly arrested in his career, and changed at once, by the interposition of a power supernatural and divine, from a bitter and determined enemy, to a very warm and faithful friend, of the cause of Jesus Christ. The account given us of his conversion in the Scripture history is of such a character as makes it, as it were, a *test case* of testimony to the supernatural origin and divine character of Christianity—one of the most direct and strongest test cases too, which the New Testament contains. Let us pause a little to analyze it.

ANALYSIS OF THE ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF PAUL.

In the first place, the general facts in respect to the apostle's previous and subsequent history are well established on the ordinary historical evidence by which the transactions of those times are made known to us, and so far as we are aware have never been called in question. That he was an able and accomplished man, born a Roman citizen at Tarsus, and trained subsequently at Jerusalem to the highest legal and professional attainments known to the Jewish community in those days—that when the Christian faith began at first to be openly professed by the disciples and followers of Christ, after his crucifixion, he cherished an apparently implacable hostility to it, and engaged in a system of measures of the most determined and merciless character for its suppression—that he afterward stopped suddenly in the midst of this course, and from being the worst persecutor of the new faith, became at once, without any natural cause to account for the change, its most devoted champion and friend—and that at the same time his moral cast of character underwent also a total change, so that from being morose, stern and cruel, he became in a most eminent degree gentle, forbearing, submissive in spirit and forgiving—and that he continued to exemplify this new character until at length he gave up his life in attestation of the sincerity of his faith; all these things are established in the convictions of mankind by precisely the same kind of evidence as that which proves to us the leading facts in the history of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon.

The only question is, what was the cause of this most extraordinary moral revolution. We call it a moral revolution, for the nature of the case is such that we see at once very clearly that the change which took place was not a mere change of purpose and plan, but a radical change of character. In all the latter portions of the apostle's life, there beams out from every manifestation of his moral nature the mild radiance of such virtues as patience, gentleness, charity, long-suffering and love—while in the former, we see only the stern and merciless resolution of a despot, in his doings. Men often change their purposes and plans in a very sudden manner, while yet on close examination we find that they act from the same motives afterward as before, though aiming at different ends. But in the case of the apostle, the very motives—the whole frame of mind, as it were, was changed. The only question is, we repeat, what was the cause of this sudden revolution.

We have two accounts of the transaction. One of these is the narrative of the circumstances by Paul himself, given in his celebrated speech to the Jewish populace on the stairs of the castle of St. Antonia, at the time when the soldiers had rescued him from the mob, and were conveying him into the castle for safety.*

The other account, which is the same in substance though varying in form, is given by Luke in his general history of the Acts of the Apostles. The fact that Luke incorporates the story in his history is a very important one, inasmuch as it shows that the statements of Paul were made openly and publicly at the time, and were generally known and believed, by his contemporaries. If Paul had withheld his narrative for a considerable period of time, and then had only related the story in some private way, to persons who had no means of testing its truth, the force of the testimony would have been far less conclusive than it is now. But he did not do this. He took a very early opportunity to state the facts in the most open and public manner possible—to do this too in precisely the place, and before precisely the audience, that would have been chosen if the object had been to put his statements to the test. The audience was an audience of enemies, predisposed not to believe his statements. The place was Jerusalem, where the men lived who had gone with him to Damascus and were witnesses of the miracle. Then the general historian of the Church, writing very soon after these transactions occurred, gives the account in his narrative, with details not mentioned by Paul in his speech, showing that he derived his knowledge of the facts from other and previous communications. In a word, Paul proclaimed the facts in relation to his conversion in the most public and open manner, to all mankind, immediately after they occurred, and under such circumstances as to challenge an easy disproof if the statements were not true.

The occurrence, as Paul describes it, was of such a character that he could not possibly have been deceived in it. The effects of a disordered imagination, upon persons especially of a sanguine and impulsive temperament, are often very great. But the vision which appeared to Paul can not be disposed of on any such supposition as this. The occurrence took place at mid-day.

* Acts xxii. 4–16.

it was in the presence of several witnesses. A permanent physical effect remained too, in the blindness from which Paul suffered for three days after the phenomenon occurred. All the circumstances of the case show that it could not have been a case of mental hallucination. Paul must have known whether the statements that he made were or were not literally true.

There are certain curious evidences to be drawn from the nature and character of the vision itself, and of the dialogue which took place between Paul and the supernatural voice which addressed him in it, which show very conclusively that the vision was no phantom of his own mind. The voice calls out first in a tone of expostulation, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Now we must admit that it is possible that a man engaged in such a work as that to which Paul had devoted himself, feeling perhaps some misgivings about it, might, under certain circumstances, especially if he were a man of excitable imagination, fancy himself appealed to in this way by a vision from the supernatural world, representing the departed spirit whose cause he was opposing. But in the very supposition that this were the case, it is implied that the mind creating the illusion should at once refer the vision which it had thus conjured up to the being which had been the object of its hostility. In other words, to suppose that feelings of misgiving and remorse awakened by his persecutions of the Christians, had conjured up in Paul's mind a phantom to say to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" involves of course, very directly, the supposition that in imagining the words, he should imagine them as coming from the being whose cause he was persecuting. Instead of this, however, the feeling that was awakened by the question was simple astonishment. He did not refer the words at first to *any* origin, real or imaginary. He did not understand what they meant. His rejoinder was, "Who art thou, Lord?"—the word Lord being used doubtless, as was customary in those days, simply as a respectful mode of address proper to be adopted in accosting any superior. It was not until he heard the reply, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest," that the preternatural words which he had heard were referred to any origin. This circumstance does not prove the actual reality of the vision—but it seems to show very conclusively that the vision could not have been a mental illusion conjured up by an uneasy conscience, and appearing like a reality only to the excited imagination of the subject of it.

Besides this, the supposition that Paul was deluded in this case by a phantom of the imagination seems to be precluded by the character of the man. He was eminently a man of very cool, calculating, and unimaginative cast of mind. His speeches, his writings, and the whole course of his conduct indicate a temperament exactly the reverse of that which is subject to morbid nervous excitement. He was severe in his judgments, cautious and deliberate in all his actions; and his writings indicate every where a mind in which the reflecting and reasoning powers predominate so decidedly, that it would, perhaps, be difficult to name any historical personage of ancient or modern times less likely to be deceived by images produced by the power of a morbid fancy than he. We are thus constrained to believe that he must have known what the actual facts were in respect to the extraordinary statement that he made. Unless he wholly invented the story, knowing it to be entirely false, it must have been strictly and literally true.

He could not have fabricated the story, for not only was there no possible motive to account for his doing so, but there was every conceivable inducement to prevent it. His position and his prospects before he embraced Christianity were bright and promising in the highest degree. By the change he made himself a fugitive and an outcast, lost forever the good opinion of all those whose friendship and favor he had prized, sacrificed his ambition, deprived himself of every worldly advantage, and subjected himself to a life of toil, privation, danger, and suffering, and in the end to a violent death. It is inconceivable that a man should invent a lie for the sake of procuring for himself such rewards as these.

Then, moreover, if a man under the circumstances in which Paul was placed, had intended to invent a story of this kind, unless he were actually insane, he would have arranged the details of it in a totally different manner. He would have chosen a time when he was alone; some dark hour of the night, perhaps, when no witnesses were near to be appealed to for the falsification of his statements. Or if any witnesses had been supposed to be present, they would not have been such witnesses as were with him on this journey. The men who accompanied Paul on his way to Damascus were all enemies of the new religion. They were his confederates in the persecution of the Christians. They must have been under the strongest possible inducement to declare the story false, if it really were so—especially considering that they were involved in the transaction, as Paul relates it. It was at mid-day when it occurred, while they were all together on the road, and drawing near to Damascus. They saw the bright light, he says, as well as he—a light so vivid as wholly to overpower the brightness of the sun. The men all heard the voice, too, though they did not, like Paul, understand the words that were spoken. They were all overwhelmed with astonishment at the wonderful phenomenon, and yielded themselves, as well as he, to the authority of the vision, by conducting Paul by the hand into Damascus, in obedience to the directions that were given to them by the voice. By stating all these facts so openly and publicly, and so soon after they occurred, the narrator seems to appeal in the most full and decided manner to witnesses predisposed to go against him, and puts himself entirely in their power, on the supposition that his statements were not true.

SUMMARY OF THE CASE.

The summary of the whole case then stands thus.

1. A statement of facts is made by an eye-witness, which, if true, establishes incontestably the supernatural origin, and the divine character of Christianity.

2. The witness is a man of very extraordinary calmness and steadiness of character, and the facts which he declares to have occurred are of such a nature that he could not possibly have been deceived in them.

3. He designates other witnesses who were present when the transactions occurred—and who can not possibly be suspected of collusion with him—and he alleges that they were all convinced of the reality of the phenomena which took place and that they governed their conduct accordingly.

4. He proclaimed the facts, as soon as they occurred, in the most open and public manner to all the world.

5. He attested the sincerity of his belief in the reality of the communication from the spiritual world which he professed to have received, by changing the whole course of his life in consequence of it; relinquishing every possible source of earthly honor and enjoyment, and devoting himself to a life of uninterrupted ignominy, toil, privation, and suffering, which he persevered in, without faltering, to the end of his days.

It would seem as if the force of human testimony, as evidence of fact, could not possibly go farther than in such an instance as this. The circumstances which are combined in the case are so striking and peculiar, as to make it one of the most marked and decided that the New Testament contains. It is in fact a test case, and brings the question of the truth or falsity of Christianity as a supernatural revelation, into a very narrow compass indeed.

PAUL'S ENTRANCE INTO DAMASCUS.

The attendants who accompanied the apostle on his journey, when they found that he had been struck with blindness by the supernatural light, took him by the hand and led him along through the region of gardens and orchards for which the environs of Damascus have been famed in every age, to the gates of the city.

On entering the city Paul was conducted by

PAUL LED INTO DAMASCUS.

his attendants to lodgings in a house kept by a man named Judas, who lived in a street called the Straight Street, and there remained three days, in a state of great suspense and agitation. At length a disciple of Damascus, named Ananias, was sent to him, to recognize him as a Christian brother, and to welcome him to the communion and fellowship of the Church. Paul remained at Damascus for some time, preaching the faith which he had before so bitterly opposed, until at length, plots were formed against his life by the Jews of Damascus, who were incensed against him for having, as they considered it, betrayed the cause which had been intrusted to his charge. The danger at length became so imminent, and he was so closely watched and beset by those who had conspired against him, that the only way by which he could evade them was to be let down by his friends from the wall in a basket by night. In this way he made his escape from the city, and proceeding to Jerusalem he joined himself to the disciples there.*

The street where Paul lodged in Damascus, or rather the one which ancient tradition designates as the same, and even the house of Judas,

* Acts ix.

still exist, and awaken great interest in all Christian travelers who visit the city at the present day. This, however, we shall have occasion to show more fully in the sequel.

EARLIEST NOTICES OF DAMASCUS.

The city of Damascus, and the rich and populous province of which it forms the capital, are frequently alluded to, and in some instances figure as the scenes of very important occurrences and events, in the Old Testament history. These allusions date back from the very earliest periods. The city is spoken of in the book of Genesis as a place even then well known. The chief officer of Abraham's household—the general agent and manager of his affairs—was a Damascene, as appears from the complaint of the patriarch, when lamenting his childless condition, that there was no one to be his heir but his steward, Eliezer of Damascus. (Gen. xv. 2.) During the reign of David, Damascus, including the broad and fruitful territory that pertained to it, figures as a very wealthy and powerful kingdom. It was called *Syria of Damascus*—a phrase reversed in its form from the customary mode of speaking of a country and its capital at the present day, but still very obviously proper to denote the meaning which was intended to be conveyed by it, namely that part of Syria which pertained to and was represented by Damascus. The kingdom of Damascus must have enjoyed at this time a high degree of wealth and prosperity, as appears from the fact that the government of it volunteered to aid some of the Canaanitish nations in resisting the progress of David's conquests, by sending an army so large that more than *twenty thousand* men from it were slain in the battles that followed. The design of the Damascenes in this interposition was to put a check to David's victorious progress, before he should reach their own frontiers. They supposed, doubtless, that after completing the conquest of all the southern territory, he would turn his steps northward, and traversing the mountains of Galilee, begin to make war upon them. Their efforts, however, to avert this danger operated only to bring it more suddenly upon them. David, having defeated the army which they sent against him, advanced into their territory, seized and garrisoned all the principal towns, and annexed the whole country to his own dominions. (2 Sam. vii. 6. 1 Chron. xvii. 6.)

STORY OF NAAMAN OF DAMASCUS, THE SYRIAN GENERAL.

In the time of Solomon, the Syrians revolted against the Hebrew government under an adventurer named Rezon, and re-established their independence; and thenceforward there were frequent wars between the Syrians of Damascus and the princes of the Hebrew line. From time to time there were intervals of peace, and it was during one of these periods, when a friendly intercourse was prevailing between the two kingdoms that Naaman, a Syrian general, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Syrian king, went to Elisha, the Hebrew prophet, to be cured of the leprosy. The circumstances connected with this transaction are very curious, and strikingly illustrative of the manners and habits of the times. They were as follows:

Naaman had in his family a captive maiden, who had been taken prisoner from some one of the Hebrew villages, in former wars, and according to the custom of the times, had been made a slave. She served in the family as waiting

NAAMAN AND THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

maid to Naaman's wife. Although a slave, she seems to have felt a strong interest in the welfare of her master, and having heard, while in her native land, of the wonderful powers which had sometimes been exercised there by the prophet Elisha, she said one day to her mistress, "Would God, my Lord were with the prophet which is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." Some one reported this story of the maiden to Naaman. Naaman was greatly interested in it. At length it came to the knowledge of Benhadad, the king, and the king determined immediately to send the distinguished patient to the land of Israel to be healed.

Kings in making communications with foreign kingdoms, always act through kings, and thus Naaman was sent by the Syrian monarch, not directly to Elisha, but to Joram, who was then the King of Israel. He took with him from Damascus, for presents to the King of Israel, large sums of money both in gold and silver coin, and various other valuable gifts; and bore also a letter to him from Benhadad of the following purport.

"Benhadad, King of Syria, to Joram, King of Israel. With this letter I send my servant Naaman to thee, that thou mayest heal him of his leprosy."

Whether in addressing the king himself, as the one by whom he expected the leper was to be healed, Benhadad meant merely to compliment the monarch by assuming that it was through his power, and not through that of any of his subjects, that so great a boon was to be obtained, or whether he had not taken pains to understand precisely what the captive maiden had said, does not fully appear. However this may be, Joram was greatly alarmed when he read the letter. He uttered loud exclamations of astonishment and indignation. "Am I God," said he, "to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me." His apprehensions were, however, soon quieted by a message from the prophet Elisha, who on being informed what had occurred, sent word to the king requesting that the Syrian stranger might come to him. Naaman proceeded accordingly to the house of Elisha with his chariot, his horses, and his retinue, and stood there in great state before the door.

NAAMAN AT ELISHA'S DOOR.

Elisha sent out a message to him, directing him to go and wash seven times in the river Jordan, saying, that by this means he should be healed.

We have already stated that the city of Damascus is situated upon a very rich and fertile plain, which is watered, and was perhaps originally formed, or at least covered with its fertile soil, by streams descending from the Lebanon Mountains. These streams in meandering across the plain form a complicated net-work of channels, irrigating the land in every part as they traverse it, and losing themselves finally in a large lake lying to the eastward of the city. The

lake has no outlet, so that the waters which descend from the mountains are all absorbed by the land on their passage across the plain, or are evaporated from the surface of the lake where they finally repose. Of these streams, the two principal, in the days of Naaman, were called Abana and Pharpar, and the people of Damascus like all other inhabitants of alluvial plains that owe their fertility to the inundations of rivers, entertained very high ideas of the virtues and the dignity of the streams on which they saw that their wealth and prosperity so plainly depended. Naaman was accordingly indignant to find that he had made a journey of hundreds of miles away from such magnificent and salubrious streams as those by which Damascus was encircled and adorned, only to be told at last, to bathe in such a river as the Jordan.

"Behold I thought," said he, "he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage.

His anger, however, soon subsided, and on being expostulated with by some of his attendants, he allowed himself to be appeased. Finally, he concluded to follow the prophet's directions and was healed.*

ELISHA'S VISIT TO DAMASCUS.

The history of the kingdom of Damascus, under the name of Syria, during the period of which we are writing, is closely involved with that of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel for several successive reigns, and the international intercourse with these powers—sometimes warlike and sometimes peaceful—gives rise to some of the most dramatic and striking incidents and narratives which occur in the Old Testament history. On one occasion in the course of this period, during an interval of peace, the prophet Elisha made a visit to Damascus, and resided for some time in that city; and the house where he is said to have lived, forms, as we shall see in the sequel, one of the special objects of attraction and interest to modern travelers who visit the city. It seems that Elisha's power and authority as a prophet were fully recognized by the people of Damascus while he remained in the city. This might have been owing, perhaps, in part to the fame of the healing of Naaman, an occurrence which must have been extensively known throughout the whole kingdom of Damascus, and must have awakened among the people a sentiment of wonder and awe. Besides, the pagan nations of the earth were in those days far less exclusive in their religious ideas than they are now. The gods which each man believed in, were national gods, as it were, not divinities of supreme and universal sway; so that the people of one country having one set of deities and one established mode of worship of their own, could still entertain a high veneration and respect for the apostles and prophets of other systems pertaining to other lands. A great many incidents might be adduced from ancient history, both sacred and profane, illustrating this fact. For example, when, on a former occasion, Benhadad the King of Syria had invaded the land of Israel, and had been defeated in a great battle in the hill country of Samaria, by numbers far inferior to his own, his counselors in attempting to account for the fact, alleged that the gods of the Hebrews were gods of *the hills*, and that thus so long as the war was waged among the hills, the cause of the Hebrews was effectually sustained by the Divine protection. They proposed, therefore, that in the next campaign the seat of war should be transferred to the valleys and plains, where, as they maintained, the Hebrew deities would be comparatively powerless. This shows that, notwithstanding that they were pagans, they were in a sense believers in the Hebrew religion, though they conceived the object of the Hebrew worship to be a set of local divinities whose power, though supernatural and real, was confined by physical limits and restrictions, so that it might be circumvented and evaded by the ingenuity and the stratagems of men.

Thus Elisha on his visit to Damascus, although the prophet and the minister of a foreign religion, was looked upon with great respect and veneration. Benhadad the king was sick. He was anxious in respect to the issue of his sickness, and he sent Hazael, one of his ministers of state, to Elisha, to inquire of him what the result of it was to be. The light in which Elisha's character and claims as a divine prophet were regarded in Damascus, is shown by the fact that Hazael took with him, when he came to consult him on the part of the king, *forty camels' burden* of costly presents, products, probably, of the arts and manufactures of Damascus, and commenced the announciation of his errand in the language, "*Thy son Benhadad*, King of Syria, hath sent me to thee." It was at this interview that Elisha uttered the remarkable prophecy in respect to the subsequent career of Hazael, which was afterward so signally fulfilled.*

The account of the forty camels' loads of presents, and other similar allusions continually occurring in the histories of those times, indicate very clearly the high rank which Damascus had attained in arts and manufactures, even at that distant day. The genius of the people displayed itself too, apparently in the ornamental as well as in the useful arts. It is mentioned on one occasion that a king of Israel when on a visit to Damascus, was so much pleased with the richness and beauty of an altar which he saw there, that he sent a model and pattern of it to Jerusalem, in order that one similar to it might be constructed in that city.† This was a very strong testimonial in favor of the taste and skill of the Damascene designers, especially

* For the full account of these transactions, see 2 Kings, chap. v.

* 2 Kings, viii. 7–15. † 2 Kings, xvi. 7–18.

considering the peculiar circumstances under which the King of Israel was then visiting Damascus. Wearied out with his long and hopeless contests with Hazael, he had sent to Tiglath-Pileser, King of Assyria, to come to his rescue. Tiglath-Pileser had accordingly advanced at the head of an army, and after defeating Hazael in various battles, had finally made himself master of Damascus, and Ahaz, rejoicing in the subjugation of his enemy, had gone to Damascus to join him in triumphing there over the conquered city. If he had sent the altar itself to Jerusalem, it might, perhaps, be supposed that he regarded it in the light of a trophy of victory. But as he sent only the pattern of it, the act stands simply as a strong and disinterested testimonial to the beauty of the structure as a work of art.

DAMASCUS IN THE TIME OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

After passing through various revolutions and being held in succession by various powers, the Damascene territory became at length a Roman province, and remained in that condition during the time of Christ and his apostles. It was in this condition, at the period of Paul's celebrated expedition to the city, which has already been described. During the interval which elapsed between the era of the ancient Hebrew monarchs and the time of Christ, the country passed through many changes, having been possessed successively by the Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, the city becoming, of course, at each change of mastership the scene of an exciting revolution. As it was, however, a city of arts, industry, and commerce, and was devoted wholly to peaceful pursuits, and inasmuch as from the exposed position which it occupied in the midst of a plain, with the sources of its wealth spread very widely over the fertile region which surrounded it, it was almost impossible to hope to defend it against any powerful invading force, it generally made little resistance to these changes, and, accordingly, suffered much less from the devastating influence of wars than such great strongholds as Acre, Tyre, and Jerusalem, which being strongly fortified, garrisoned, and armed, usually resisted their conquerors to the last extremity, and were in consequence besieged, stormed, sacked, burned, and devastated again and again, under an endless succession of calamities. Damascus, however, seldom made any very vigorous resistance to the power of the various conquerors that in turn made themselves masters of Asia; and thus the thrift and prosperity for which it was always so greatly famed was subject to very little interruption or change.

THE SURRENDER OF DARIUS'S TREASURES.

Sometimes, however, these revolutions made the city the scene of very stirring and exciting events. When Alexander, with his small but terrible force of Macedonians and Greeks, commenced his march into Asia, to invade the immense empire of Darius, Damascus was a province of that empire, and was ruled by a governor whom Darius had placed in command there. As soon as Darius was informed of the Macedonian invasion, he assembled an immense army—an army which formed one of the most enormous military organizations which the world has ever seen. Pomp and parade were the characteristics of the Persian monarchy in those days, and Darius, besides fitting out his troops with the most magnificent and costly equipments and trappings, so as to give the immense column more the air of a triumphal procession than of an army of fighting men, determined also to take with him his whole court, and a vast store, likewise, of the treasures of his palaces. Whether it was because he did not dare to leave these riches in his capital, for fear of some insurrectionary or rebellious movement there during his absence, or whether he took them with him purely for the purpose of ostentation and display, is, perhaps, uncertain. However this may be, he determined to leave nothing behind, and the vast cavalcade, when the march commenced, exhibited the spectacle of a court and capital, as it were, as well as an army, in motion.

All the nobles of the Persian court were in the train of the army, with queens, princesses, and ladies of honor without number. Great stores of food were carried too, comprising every possible luxury, together with utensils of every name, and cooks in great numbers, and services of plate both of gold and silver for the tables, and every thing else necessary for the most sumptuous feasts. There were also large companies of men and women connected with the public entertainments of the court—singers, dancers, actors, stage-managers, harlequins, and over three hundred singing-girls, personal companions and favorites of the monarch. The train contained also immense treasures, consisting of costly equipages, vases of gold and silver, rich clothing, and sumptuous trappings and paraphernalia of every description—together with immense sums of gold and silver coin for the pay of the army. The treasures were laden in wagons and upon beasts of burden, and they followed in the train of the army, protected by a powerful guard. When at length this immense host reached the confines of Asia Minor, where the small but compact body of Greeks and Macedonians were advancing to meet it, Darius chose Damascus as the place of rendezvous and deposit for his court and his treasures, while he went forward with his troops to meet the invader. The ladies of the court, accordingly, the young princesses, the dancing-girls, and the whole train of treasures, were sent to Damascus, and intrusted to the charge of the governor of the city there. That they could be in any possible danger by being so placed was an idea that no one for a moment entertained; for so great and overwhelming, as they supposed, was the force that Darius commanded, and so contemptible was the opinion which they had formed of the power of the youthful Alexander, and of the small band of Greeks which he led, that they did not conceive of the possibility even of a battle. Darius

was going forward, they thought, rather to arrest a prisoner than to conquer a foe.

It was not long, however, before the gay and careless throngs that were assembled at Damascus were thunderstruck with the tidings that a general battle had been fought at Issus, that the Persian army had been entirely overthrown, that Darius himself had barely escaped with his life, having fled from the field of battle and made his escape to the mountains, almost alone, and that Alexander was preparing to advance into the heart of Asia, with nothing to oppose his progress. Under these circumstances the governor of Damascus, either knowing that resistance on his part would be hopeless, or else acting on the general principle that the policy of non-resistance was the true policy for a city so exclusively industrial in its pursuits, sent a letter to Alexander, informing him that the treasures of Darius were under his charge at Damascus, and that he was ready to surrender them at any time to whomsoever Alexander might appoint to receive them.

Still, however, the governor of Damascus did not dare to act quite openly in thus betraying the trust which had been committed to his charge: so he stipulated in his letter to Alexander that he should surrender the treasures in a covert manner, as if against his will. He could not be sure that Darius would not regain his lost ascendency, and conquer the invaders after all; in which case he knew full well that any voluntary agency which might be proved against him of having betrayed his trust would have brought

DARIUS'S TREASURES.

upon him all the awful penalties which in those days were the customary reward of treason. So he agreed that Parmenio, one of the chief generals of Alexander's army, should come to Damascus on a designated day, and that in the mean time he would pretend that he was going to remove the treasures to some place of safety, and would accordingly issue with them from the gates, on the day of Parmenio's arrival, so that he might appear to be surprised by the sudden onset of the Greek detachment, and thus seem to lose the treasures by the unavoidable fortune of war, and not by any open and designed betrayal.

This plan was carried into full execution. On the appointed day the governor issued from the gate of the city with all the treasures in his train. The treasures were borne on the backs of men and of beasts of burden, and were accompanied by a guard—all the arrangements being, however, hurried and confused, as if the governor had been induced by some alarming information which he had received, to determine on a sudden flight. The escort had reached but a short distance from the city, when Parmenio and his troop came suddenly upon them. The guard, perceiving at once that resistance would be vain, took to flight. The porters who were bearing the treasures threw down their burdens and followed them. The roads being bordered by gardens and orchards were inclosed with walls, over which the fugitives leaped with disorder and confusion, abandoning every thing that could impede their flight. The roadsides were covered in every direction with the rich spoils thus thrown aside. Bags of gold and silver coin, rich caparisons and trappings, costly and highly ornamented arms and accoutrements, vases, utensils, goblets, embroidered dresses, caskets of jewels, and every other imaginable symbol of wealth and luxury, strewed the ground in every direction, and were overturned and trampled upon by the pressure of horses and men that were rushing hither and thither, regardless of every thing but safety, in the wild precipitancy of their flight. Parmenio and his troop gathered up the spoils, and carried them back to the city. They took captive the princesses, the nobles, the ladies of the court, and all the innumerable members and attendants of the royal household, and placed a garrison in charge of the city. Thus Damascus, with all its wealth and industry, its commerce, its arts, its manufactures, its orchards, and gardens, and its broad and fertile fields and plains, became an integral portion of the great Macedonian empire.

Two or three centuries later, in the year sixty-five before Christ, Damascus fell into the hands of the Romans more easily still, having yielded at once to the summons of a Roman general, whom Pompey, then in command of the Roman forces in that quarter of the world, sent to invest it. It remained a Roman dependency until the time of Paul.

THE SARACENS.

After the period of the Christian era, years and centuries rolled on, and many revolutions both political and social, occurred in the Eastern world, until at length a nominal Christianity prevailed over almost the whole of the vast territory which was comprised within the limits of the Roman Empire. After a considerable period of comparative peace and prosperity, there at length suddenly arose a power that was destined to a long career of conquest, and a very widely extended dominion—that of the Saracens, a dynasty of chieftains, half soldiers and half priests, who, by mingling the most sublime religious enthusiasm with the fiercest military daring in the character of their troops, soon raised up a power which nothing could withstand. The Prophet Mohammed was the founder of the line. Mohammed himself, however, did not commence the career of military conquest. He prepared the way for what was afterward accomplished by his successors. His immediate successor was Abubeker, who at once organized a military force, and after establishing his authority in Arabia by suppressing every appearance of oppesition to his power which manifested itself there, and enlarging his dominion in the east by making considerable conquests in Persia, resolved on moving westward, and spreading the Moslem faith and power over the Christian countries of Syria and Palestine. Jesus Christ had strictly enjoined upon his followers the policy of peace. Mohammed, on the other hand, had directed his disciples to spread his religion by force of arms. In obedience to this injunction, therefore, Abubeker, when his government was established and settled at home, sent a proclamation to the various Arabian tribes, summoning all who were disposed to obey the injunction of the Prophet, to come to Medina, and join his standard with a view of entering at once upon the solemn duty of compelling mankind to receive the true religion.

This celebrated proclamation was expressed substantially as follows:

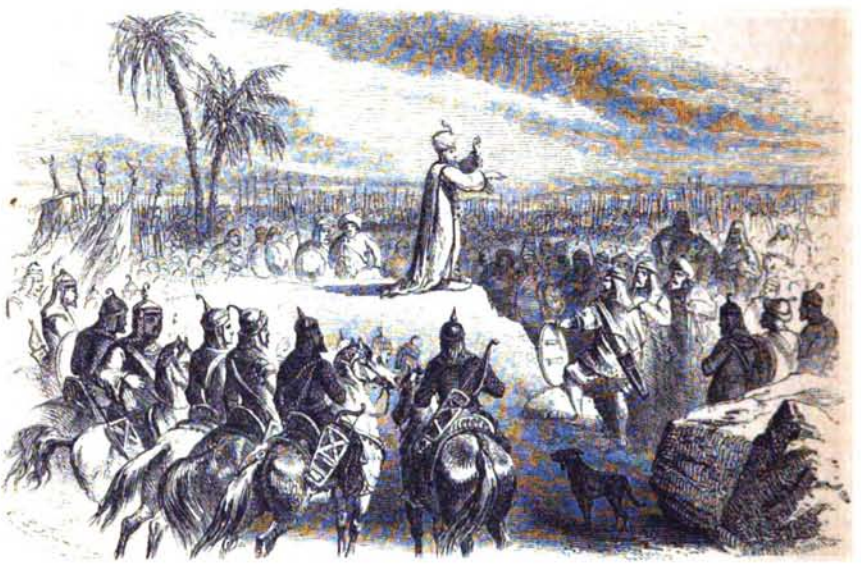
"In the name of the most merciful God, to all true believers.

Health and happiness and the mercy and blessing of God be upon you. I praise the most high God, and pray for the prosperity of the cause of his prophet Mohammed. This is to inform you that I am about to lead the true believers into Syria to wrest that land from the hands of the infidels, and I trust you will remember that fighting for the spread of religion is obedience to the command of God."

This proclamation awakened the utmost enthusiasm and ardor among all the wild tribes to whom it was sent. Men came in great numbers from every quarter, and assembled in a vast concourse, pitching their tents around the gates of Medina. An army was soon organized. It was placed under the command of Kaled, the lieutenant of Abubeker, a soldier of great personal strength and bravery, and of the most exalted devotion. He assumed the command of the army, with the loftiest ideas of the solemnity

and religious grandeur of the work which he was commissioned to perform.

"When the army was ready to commence its march, the Kaliph Abubeker came out to the summit of a hill overlooking the plain where the forces were encamped, to review the troops, the horses, and the arms; and there, in connection with other appropriate religious services, he offered a long and fervent prayer to God for his blessing on the enterprise which they were about to undertake in his name. When at length the order to march was given, Abubeker accompanied the army for the first day, in person, traveling on foot in token of his humility and of his reverence for the holy cause in which the expedition was engaged. Some of the officers of the army who rode on horseback were embarrassed at seeing their supreme ruler on foot, and would have dismounted to accompany him, but he forbade them, saying that in serving the Almighty God they who rode and they who walked were all on the same level. When at length he was about to leave the army and return, he gave the officers who commanded it their parting instructions in the following extraordinary terms:



ABUBEKER GIVING HIS PARTING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Remember soldiers, that whatever you do, and wherever you go, you are always in the presence of God, on the verge of death, in certainty of judgment, and in hope of heaven. Never be guilty of any injustice or oppression. Confer with one another, and agree together in respect to all your measures, and study to deserve and retain the love and confidence of your troops. When you fight the battles of the Lord, acquit yourselves like men, and never turn your backs upon the enemy. Be humane, and never let your victories be stained by the blood of helpless women and children. Destroy no palm-trees nor burn any fields of corn. Cut down no fruit trees, nor do any injury to flocks or herds, except so far as you actually require them for food. When you make any compact or covenant, stand firmly to it, and be as good as your word. If you find religious people living alone in retirement, in hermitages or monasteries, choosing to serve God by thus secluding themselves from the world, do not molest them; but wherever you encounter Christian priests with shaven crowns, cut them down. They are of the synagogue of Satan. Be sure that you give them no quarter unless they will become tributaries or converts to the Mohammedan faith."

The army marched on, governed apparently by the spirit and principles which these instructions enjoined. All profane and frivolous conversation was forbidden. The services and duties of religion, as enjoined by the Prophet, were regularly observed in the camp. The intervals of active duty were employed in prayer, in meditation, and in the study of the Koran. In a word, the vast army went forward to its work with the zeal, the resolution, and the solemn and sublime exaltation of spirit that animated the souls of Joshua, and Gideon and David, in going into battle with the conviction upon their minds that they were commanding the armies and sustaining the cause of Almighty God, against his human foes.

THE SARACENS AT THE SYRIAN FRONTIER.

The Saracen army advanced to the northward by the great caravan route which led to the northward and westward, over the sands of the desert, toward Syria. They at length reached the borders of the cultivated land. The first town was Bostra. Bostra was situated nearly one hun-

dred miles to the southward from Damascus, and being near the borders of the desert toward Arabia, and thus much exposed to the incursions of the Arabs, was strongly fortified. Still the governor of Bostra, whose name was Romanus, was not disposed to resist the invaders. Whether he considered the town not strong enough to resist them, or whether he was secretly inclined to favor the Saracen cause, or whatever other motive may have actuated him, he proposed to surrender. The people of the town, however, refused to accede to this proposal. They were exasperated against their governor for counseling such a course. They deposed him immediately from his office, and appointing another commander in his stead, prepared vigorously for defense. They considered themselves, equally with the Saracens, the champions of the cause of God. They hung out crosses and consecrated banners from the walls, instituted grand religious services to invoke the blessing of heaven upon their cause, and prepared for the onset.

In the course of the several succeeding days, many assaults upon the city from the besiegers without, and sallies from the garrison within, took place, without any very decided advantage on either side; when at length one night as the Saracen sentinels were going their rounds in their camp, they saw a man coming out of the city toward them. His dress indicated that he was a man of distinction, as he wore a camlet coat, embroidered and wrought with gold. The sentinel that first met him challenged him, setting his lance at the same time, and pointing it at the stranger's breast.

"Hold!" said the stranger, "I am Romanus, the governor of Bostra. Bring me before Kaled the general."

ROMANUS AND THE SENTINELS.

The sentinel accordingly conveyed the stranger to the general's tent. Here Romanus informed the Saracen commander that he had been the governor of Bostra; that he had urged the people of the city to surrender, but that they had rejected his counsel and deposed him from office; that in revenge for this injury, he was determined to admit the Saracens to the city at all hazards, and had accordingly caused a passage to be dug under the wall of the city from beneath his house, which he said stood close to the wall, and that if Kaled would send a hundred men with him he would admit them to the city through this subterranean opening. They, once admitted, could easily surprise and overpower the guards, and open the gates to the remainder of the army.

This plot was carried into successful execution. The one hundred men were admitted into the house of Romanus within the city, by the passage beneath the wall. They then issued forth into the streets, and as it was night, and as they were moreover disguised as Christians, by dresses which Romanus had provided for them in his house, they could traverse the city without suspicion. They were divided into four bands of twenty-five men each, and proceeding to the several principal gates, they killed the guards and admitted Kaled and his whole army. Thus Bostra fell into the hands of the Saracens, and a few days afterward, Kaled leaving a garrison in the place, commenced his march northwardly toward Damascus.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

It was four days' journey from Bostra to Damascus. As the Saracen army advanced, the people of all the towns and villages on the plain of Damascus abandoned their houses and fled within the walls of the city for safety. Great preparations were made for defending the place. The army was strongly reinforced; new supplies of arms and ammunition were provided; the citadel, the towers, the battlements, and the gates were all garrisoned by bodies of guards; and military engines, constructed to hurl ponderous missiles upon the invaders' heads, were set up every where along the walls. In a word, the whole population of the city was engaged in the most vigorous preparations for defense.

In the mean time, the Saracen army continued to advance through the fertile country, and at length entered the region of gardens and orchards that surrounded the city. The wild sons of the desert were enchanted with the fertility and beauty of the

scene. They advanced to the city and encamped on the open grounds which surrounded the walls. They invested the place closely on every side, stationing strong detachments of troops near to every gate, so as to hold all the avenues of communication with the city under their control. They then sent in a summons to surrender, giving the people their choice, either to become Mussulmans themselves, or else to submit themselves as subjects and tributaries to the Mussulman power. The Damascenes indignantly rejected those proposals, and the contest began.

For several weeks the struggle continued without leading to any decisive or permanent advantage on either hand. There were furious assaults made upon the walls by the besiegers from without, and equally furious and desperate sallies from the gates, both by day and by night, on the part of the garrison within. Single combats, according to the custom of the times, were fought in the presence of the contending armies on the plain, and on one occasion the Saracen champions, in one of the affrays that occurred, having killed two of the Greek generals, carried their heads on the tips of lances up to the walls, and threw them over into the city as a token of their hatred and defiance. The Saracens proved themselves in general, the strongest in these combats, and thus the Christian troops were soon compelled to confine themselves altogether to the city walls, and were closely hemmed in on every side.

They contrived, however, one night to let down a man from the wall in a basket, at a place less securely guarded than the rest, with orders to proceed to the capital and call for succor. This messenger succeeded in making his way through the Saracen lines, and then, traveling with all speed, delivered his message. The emperor immediately sent forward a powerful army under the command of Werden, to save Damascus if possible from its impending fate. The Saracens, when they heard that this army was drawing near, went to meet it, leaving a small portion of their force to watch and guard the city. They encountered Werden and his force at a place called Ajnadin. A furious combat ensued, in which the Greek troops were entirely routed and driven from the field, and the Saracens then returned to the walls of Damascus, laden with spoils and flushed with victory.

THE TAKING OF THE CITY.

The siege was now prosecuted with new vigor, and after a long and protracted contest, during which the most desperate assaults on the one side were repelled by the most determined and obstinate resistance on the other, it finally fell. The circumstances under which the Saracens at last succeeded in gaining admission to the walls, were, if the tales of the ancient Arabian historians are true, of a very extraordinary character. The people of the city, as they say, became at length wearied out with the contest, and finding that they must finally be overpowered, induced the governor to consent to surrender while it was yet in their power to make some terms with their conquerors. The governor, accordingly, sent a messenger to Kaled to ask for an armistice, that they might have time to prepare proposals for a surrender. Kaled refused to grant this request. He did not wish to make any terms with his enemy, for he now felt sure of his prey, and chose therefore rather to carry the city by assault than to receive it on capitulation, in order that he might be under no restrictions in respect to slaughter and pillage, in the hour of final victory.

Kaled himself had command of the besieging army on one side of the city, while on the other side, there was a force led by another general, named Abu Obeidah, a man of a more mild and humane disposition than Kaled. Kaled himself was of a very rugged, stern, and merciless character. Being baffled in his attempts to negotiate with Kaled, the governor now determined to see what could be done with Obeidah. One night, therefore, he sent out a messenger who understood the Arabic language, through the gate where Obeidah was posted. On issuing from the gate, the messenger called out to the sentinels asking for a safe-conduct for some of the people of Damascus to come out to the tent of Obeidah in order to confer with him on the terms of a capitulation. When the sentinels had communicated this request to Obeidah, he was very much pleased, and immediately sent the safe-conduct desired. Under the protection of the guarantee thus obtained, a commission of about one hundred of the chief citizens of Damascus, including magistrates, officers, and dignitaries of the church, came forth from the gates, and being received by the sentinels at the Saracen lines, were conducted in safety to Obeidah's tent. They asked Obeidah whether his rank and authority among the Saracens was such that he was authorized to make stipulations. He said that he was not—but that still whatever he should agree to, would be sacredly observed by the army, as the solemn fulfillment of all covenants was made the imperious duty of the Mohammedan soldiers, by a fundamental article of their religion. The two parties then entered into a negotiation for the surrender of the city, and it was finally agreed on the part of the Christians, that the gates should be opened to Obeidah, and on Obeidah's part, that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared. Obeidah moreover promised certain other privileges and immunities, among the rest that the churches of Damascus should be allowed to stand, after the capture of the city.

In accordance with this stipulation, the gates on that side of the city were opened, and Obeidah intended, after thus getting possession of the city at night, to send word in the morning to Kaled, informing him what he had done.

He had not proceeded far, however, in his progress through the streets, before he began to hear shouts and outcries, and to see lights gleaming to and fro, on the opposite side of the city. It seems that while the transactions which we have been describing were taking place in Obeidah's quarter, a somewhat similar scene had been

enacting in the tent of Kaled. A Damascene named Josias had come out secretly from the city to Kaled, and had offered to betray one of the gates on that side to the besiegers. He had always been a Christian, he said, but he had been reading the book of the prophet Daniel, and had found there such clear and decided predictions of the rise and future greatness of the Saracenic power, that he was convinced of its heavenly origin. He proposed, therefore, that Kaled should send a body of one hundred men with him, whom he said he could secretly admit to the city, and then with their assistance open the gates to the whole Saracenic army. This plan was immediately carried into effect. The one hundred men, as soon as they found themselves within the walls, opened the gates to admit their comrades, and then ran in every direction through the streets, uttering loud shouts, and outcries of Allah Achbar!—the Saracen cry of triumph—thus awakening the inhabitants from their sleep, and throwing them into a state of the utmost consternation and terror. A strong column of Kaled's troops immediately rushed in, with arms in their hands, and began to massacre all who came in their way. Thus while Obeidah was advancing to take peaceable possession of the town, under articles of stipulation, on one side, Kaled was carrying it by assault on the other. The two bands met in the streets near the centre of the city, and each immediately began to upbraid and remonstrate with the other. Obeidah strongly protested against any violence to the inhabitants, saying that he had given them a solemn guarantee for their safety, and he begged and entreated the soldiers to stop the work of slaughter, and to sheathe their swords. Kaled, on the other hand, denied that Obeidah had any authority to make such a compact, and refused to be governed by it. After a long and earnest altercation between the contending generals, it was finally concluded that the city should be spared, at least until the generals could send a report of the case to Medina and learn the Kaliph's will. Thus Damascus fell into the hands of the Saracens, and although many vigorous efforts were subsequently made by the Christian powers of Europe to recover possession of it, they were all in vain. It remained after the conquest of it by Kaled, for several centuries, in the hands of the Mohammedans, until at length, in 1400, it was taken from them by the great Tartar chieftain Tamerlane.*

CONQUEST OF DAMASCUS BY TAMERLANE.

Tamerlane, after having made many conquests in the central parts of Asia, and established a very extended and powerful dominion there, turned his course toward the west, and invaded Syria, about the year 1400 of the Christian era. He advanced to the gates of Damascus. The people of the city did not dare to resist him, and the municipal officers immediately opened the gates to him, and agreed to pay a tax or ransom as the price of their lives. There was, however, a very strong castle or citadel within the city, the governor of which refused to surrender. This citadel was at that time one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It was built of massive stones, firmly compacted together, and was encompassed with a ditch about sixty feet wide. This ditch was filled with water drawn from the rivers which flowed into the neighborhood of Damascus—the water being admitted to the ditches when the rivers were high, and retained there by suitable embankments and gates. At the corners of the citadel were vast bastions and towers, all constructed in the strongest manner. On these bastions there were placed immense military engines constructed for throwing great stones, gigantic darts and javelins, and other ponderous missiles. There were contrivances also, the precise nature of which is not now known, for pouring down upon the assailants below streams of a sort of liquid fire, dreadful and wholly irresistible in its effects. Even water would not extinguish it.

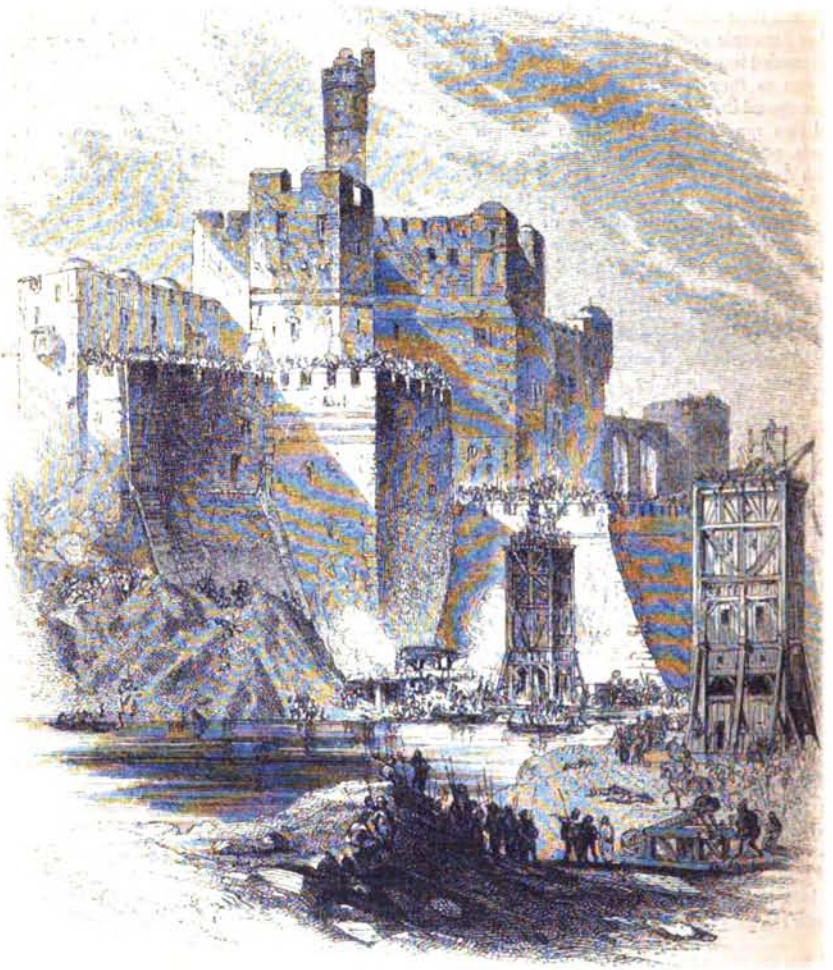
The troops of Tamerlane advanced to attack this citadel. They first drew off the water from the ditch, so as to give access to the foot of the wall. They commenced their operations under one of the principal bastions, by shoring up the wall with immense props, to support the superincumbent mass while they undermined it below. They broke out the lower stones, it is said, by building great fires against them and then pouring vinegar upon them, by which means they were so cracked and opened that they could loosen them with bars. This work was of course carried on in the midst of great danger, and with an enormous destruction of life; for the besieged in the bastion above, hurled down incessant showers of missiles and of fire upon the laborers below. In fact, the resistance which the garison within thus made would have entirely defeated the efforts of the assailants, had it not been in some degree counteracted by the mea-

* This personage is known in history by the various names of Timour Bek, Timour the Tartar, Timour Leuk, Tambourlan, and Tamerlane. The two last named appellations seem to be derived from Timour Leuk, which means Timour the Cripple, or the Lame. His historians say that he was originally a shepherd, and that he commenced his career as a conqueror by robbing the other shepherds in the mountains around him, and was lamed by an arrow which was shot at him by a man whose sheep he was stealing. However this may be, it is known that he was marked through life by a lameness which gave rise to the designation by which he has since been most commonly known throughout the Christian world. His true official title, at the time when he was at the height of his power, was the Sultan Kiamram Cothb-Eddin Timour Kour-Khan Saheb-Keran. The words Cothb-Eddin and Saheb-Keran are honorary titles signifying, as nearly as they can be translated, Defender of the Faith and Master of the World. The word Kiamram means great, powerful, happy, and Kour-Khan, descendant of the Khans or of the royal line of Tartar princes. From these lofty appellations, forming the grand and imposing title by which the conqueror was known to his courtiers and his armies while he lived, the descent is very great to the humble designation of Timour the Cripple, which was destined to be his name on the page of history.

The injury, whatever may have caused it, from which Timour suffered, was quite an extensive one, affecting, as it would seem, the whole side of his body. The arm, as well as the leg, was disabled on that side.

ures adopted by the besiegers to protect the sappers and miners in their work. For this purpose they built, at a short distance from the walls of the bastion which they were attacking, an immense platform, or rather series of platforms, for the structure was three stories high. The several floors of this staging they protected by parapets, and they filled them with armed men, and planted military engines upon them, like those that were mounted on the walls of the bastion. Thus they could attack their enemies on the ramparts of the citaadel, and from nearly the same level with them; and so were enabled in a great measure to keep them back, and thus allow the work of undermining to be continued below.

When an opening was made beneath the walls, sufficient to remove the support of the bastion on the foundation, and cause the whole mass to rest on the wooden props which had been set up to support it, the men piled up a great mass of fuel against the walls and against the wooden



THE CITADEL OF DAMASCUS.

beams which formed the props, and then set the whole on fire. Of course, as soon as the props were burnt away, the whole bastion, with all the towers and engines and other military structures which it sustained, came down with a terrific crash, burying every thing beneath the ruins. The besieged made a last and desperate effort to repair the breach and to resist the ingress of their foes, but they soon found it would be of no avail, and they determined to surrender. The governor accordingly opened the gates and came forth in token of submission, with the keys of the citadel in his hands. Tamerlane ordered him to be beheaded for not having surrendered before.

It might perhaps be supposed that since the inhabitants of the city had made no resistance to the army of Tamerlane, they would escape suffering any serious injury in consequence of his obtaining possession of it. But it was not

so. The triumph of the Tartar chieftain was the means of overwhelming the city with the most terrible calamities, the greatest probably that Damascus ever suffered during the whole period of its history. In the first place the troops of Tamerlane, without any positive orders from him, though doubtless presuming on his concurrence, broke into the city soon after it was surrendered to him, and pillaged it—slaughtering at the same time an immense number of the inhabitants. The next day after this the city took fire, by accident as was said, and though every effort was made to extinguish the flames, they spread in all directions, until a very large portion of it was consumed. The mode of building which prevailed at that time in the city, was to construct the upper stories of the house of wood, though the lower one was built of stone. The flames consequently spread with great rapidity, and all attempts to arrest the progress of them were unavailing.

When Tamerlane returned to the seat of his empire in the East, he took with him an immense amount of treasure from Damascus, consisting not merely of gold and silver, but of the rich manufactures of Damascus, the fabrics of linen and of silk, and the costly arms and implements which were produced so abundantly there. He took with him moreover, as was said, many of the most skillful artisans, with a view of transplanting the skill itself which produced such treasures to his own dominions. The consequence was that some of the arts which had flourished in Damascus up to that time, were lost to the city, by this transaction, and were never recovered.

In 1516, a little more than a hundred years after the capture of Damascus by Tamerlane, the city was taken by the Turks, and it has continued to form a part of the Turkish dominion—excepting that it was a few years since for a short period in the hands of Ibrahim Pasha—to the present day.

MANUFACTURES AND ARTS OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus has been greatly celebrated, during the whole period of its history, for the beautiful products of industry and art, which have in all ages issued from the workshops and manufactories of the city. In the middle ages, the silks, the dyes, the arms, and the ornaments which came from Damascus were renowned throughout the world. These fabrics, together with the endless varieties of fruit for which the gardens and orchards that surround the place were so famed, were conveyed away from the city in all directions by the long caravans, which, at stated periods, were sent out across the sandy deserts on every side, some to the interior cities of Asia, and others to Beirut, to Acre, to Antioch, and to other ports on the Mediterranean, where they were transported by sea to every part of the civilized world.

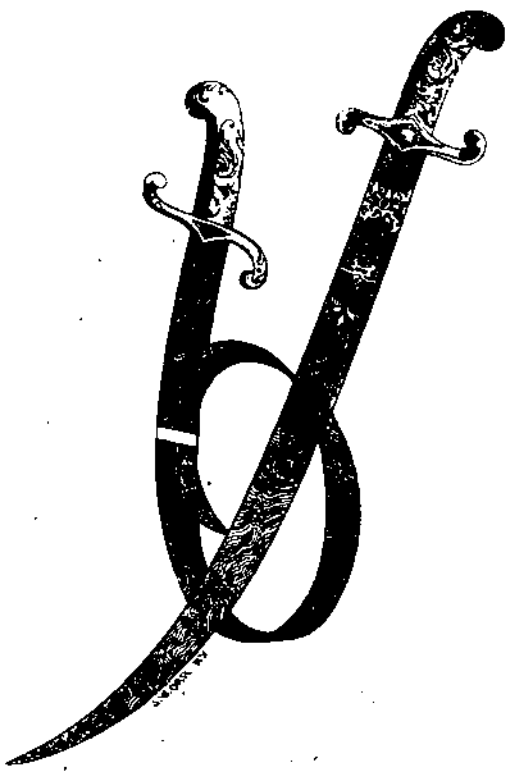
DAMASK.

One of the most celebrated of the arts of the ancient Damascenes, was that of weaving silk and linen with ornamental figures, formed in the substance of the web, by means of a peculiar mode of manufacture. The art was for a long time confined to the weavers of Damascus, and the texture was accordingly known by the name of *damask*; and although similar textures are now produced by the artisans of various manufacturing countries, they still retain the name derived from the city in which the art of weaving them first had its origin.

THE SWORD-BLADES OF DAMASCUS.

Perhaps the most famous of all the manufactures for which the city of Damascus has been in every age so renowned, were the sword-blades and sabres which were produced there in the early centuries of the Christian era, and which became celebrated throughout the world for their beauty, the hardness and keenness of their edge, and the very extraordinary strength and elasticity of their temper. A Damascene blade became, in fact, a proverbial expression. The praises of these weapons were sung by bards, celebrated

by princes and warriors, and were immortalized in history. In the romantic accounts given in



DAMASCENE SWORD-BLADES.

those days, of the deeds of knights and crusaders, most extraordinary tales were told of the feats performed with these magical blades; of the cutting off of heads and limbs, and the cleaving down of skulls, and even of the sundering of bars of iron. They could be bent into a circle and retained in that condition at pleasure, and then, on being released, they would restore themselves by their elasticity to perfect straightness as before. They would stand the roughest usage, moreover, without becoming blunted, or indented, or otherwise in any way marred. The art of manufacturing this famous steel was supposed to be lost from Damascus when Tamerlane carried the captive artisans away with him to the East; and though the fabrication of swords was afterward continued there, and is carried on still, the modern weapons do not at all enjoy the fame which tradition assigns to those of ancient manufacture. The most extravagant value was attached to the possession of one of these ancient swords by the soldiers of the middle ages. They were sometimes sold at a price nearly equal to a thousand dollars of our currency.

The interest which was attached to these famous weapons, was increased by a peculiar appearance which characterized the steel of which the blades were composed. The surface of the steel was marked by waving lines, extending parallel to each other in curious spiral convolutions, from the hilt to the point of the sword. These mysterious lines were objects of great curiosity and wonder to all who examined them, and many fruitless attempts were made to discover by what means they were produced. Grinding the blade would remove them, for the time being; but on applying an acid to the fresh surface thus produced, the variegation would immediately re-appear—showing that the effect was not superficial, but that it depended upon some cause pervading the substance of the steel.

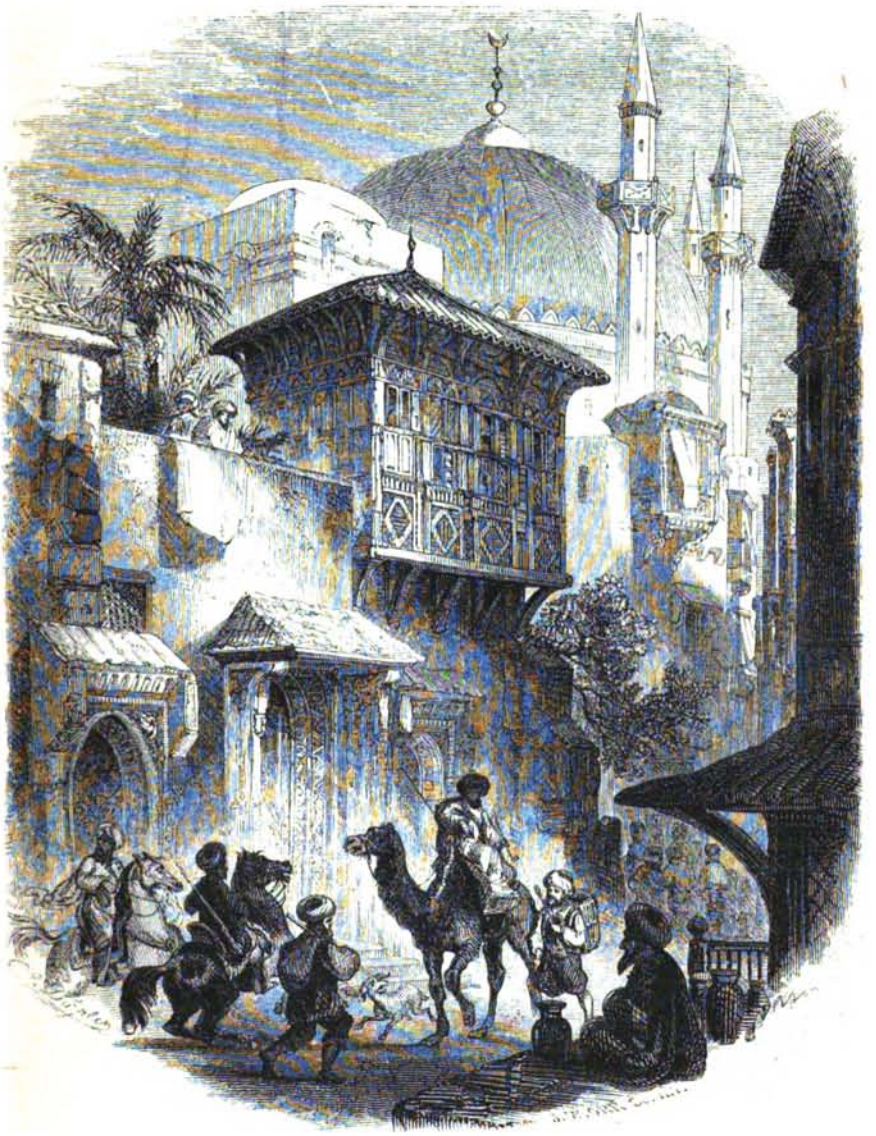
A great many attempts were made, from time to time, in different parts of Europe, to discover by what means this peculiar metal was formed, and to manufacture sword-blades in other places in imitation of it; but these attempts were never entirely successful. Some supposed that the effect was due to original peculiarities in the grain of the steel used at Damascus, while others imagined that it was produced by combining alternate plates or bars of iron and steel, and welding them together, and then *twisting* the compound bar when hot. Some imitations of the Damascene blades were made in a tolerably successful manner during the last century, by French armorers, under the direction of an officer of artillery in that country. His method was to take a number of bars of steel of two kinds, differing from each other in color and lustre, and laying them, side by side in alternation, to weld them all together, so as to form one compound rod or bar. This bar was then heated to a red heat and twisted into a spiral form, by fixing one end into a vice and then turning the other by means of strong pincers. Three of these twisted rods were then laid side by side and welded together, and the sword-blade was then forged out of the doubly-compounded bar thus formed. On grinding and polishing the weapon thus produced, the surface was found to be marked by waving variegations similar to those of the Damascus blades; but the manufacture never attained any great celebrity. The Damascus steel thus retains, and will probably always retain, its traditional preeminence; though it is doubtful, after all, whether the very lofty reputation which it has enjoyed, is not due more to the spirit of exaggeration and extravagance in respect to every thing connected with feats of arms, which prevailed in the age in

which it was fabricated, than to any real superiority of the metal over that produced by the artisans of modern times.

PRESENT CONDITION OF DAMASCUS.

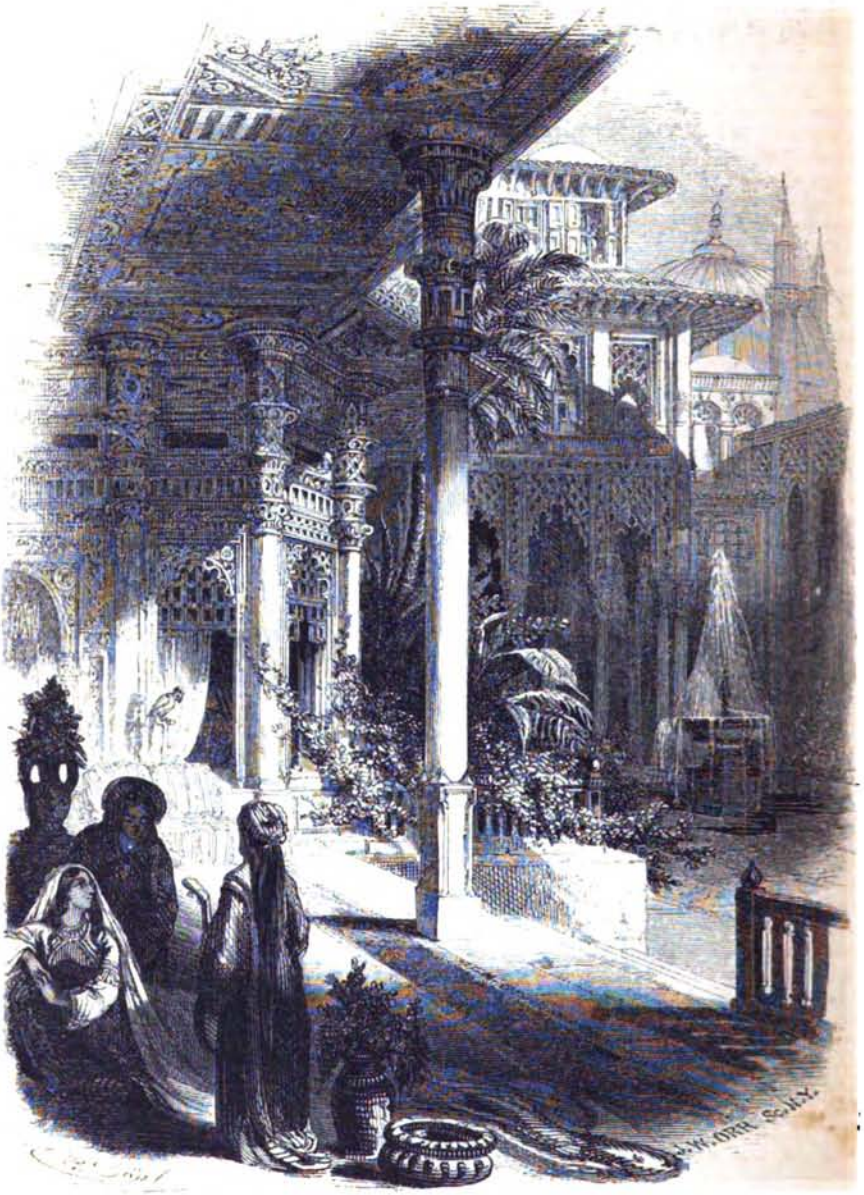
Damascus continues to enjoy to the present day a condition of great prosperity. The gardens and orchards that environ it, and the immense expanse of fertile land which extends on every side around, in broad plains and green and fertile valleys, are as rich, as beautiful, and as populous as they were in ancient days. The traveler in traversing this region, is struck with wonder at the luxuriant verdure of the landscape, the density of the population, and the general aspect of thrift and prosperity which reigns on every side, as he journeys toward the city.

On entering within the gates he finds the same air of wealth and prosperity reigning within; although the style of architecture adopted, as in all the ancient Oriental cities, is of an entirely different character from that which prevails in the West. The houses of the wealthy classes are very spacious and magnificent. They cover a great extent of ground, being built so as to inclose open spaces, called courts, within. The wall toward the street is plain and unpretending. Through this wall a broad portal opens, leading to the courts and apartments



EXTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

within. It is only on entering these courts that the visitor sees the true frontings of the edifice, which face the open spaces in the interior, and are enriched with porticoes, piazzas, balconies, columns, and all the other adornments of the most imposing and costly architecture. The court itself is a sort of garden, having a fountain in the centre, with groups of fig trees, orange trees, and the rich flowering shrubs of tropical climes, blooming near it, and with walks and porticoes, paved with rich mosaics, all around. There are sometimes two courts, an outer and an inner one, and from both of them richly ornamented alcoves open, leading to the apartments of the house. These apartments are adorned in the most sumptuous manner with carvings and gildings, and are furnished with rich carpets, sumptuous divans, and other household appliances of Oriental life, all together forming a scene of romantic enchantment which excites the astonishment and quite bewilders the mind of the beholders. In fact every scene and every



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

object which strikes the eye of the European traveler in the city, fills him with wonder, and makes him fancy that he is looking upon the visions of a dream. The streets, with the strange figures and costumes witnessed there, the bazaars, the coffee-rooms, the bathing-houses —the arrivals and departures of the immense caravans, consisting sometimes of several thousand camels—these and other similar scenes which meet his eye on every side, have the effect upon his mind of a bright and romantic vision. All that his youthful fancy pictured to him on reading the tales of the Arabian Nights, as baseless but fascinating illusions, he now finds full before him in living and acting reality.

And yet, notwithstanding the elegance and grandeur that reign in the interior compartments of the palaces of Damascus, nothing can be less attractive than the view which is presented by the exterior of them, to the passing traveler, as he walks through the streets of the city. The streets themselves, it is true, are tolerably well paved, and they have raised sidewalks on either hand, according to the European fashion; while the caravanseries, the shops, and the bazaars, present an open and in some respects an inviting appearance. But the exterior aspect of the dwellings, as has already been intimated, is gloomy and repulsive in the highest degree. In the first place, it is the true and habitual policy of men of wealth, in all despotic countries, to conceal the amount of their riches, in order to avoid the exactions of the government. This leads to a style and fashion of building which avoids all outward display, and reserves its resources for decorations which can be in some measure concealed. Then the Mohammedan custom of secluding the inmates of a family, and especially females, as much as possible, from the public view, forbids entirely the placing of domestic apartments upon a public street. Finally, the material used in building in these Eastern cities consists of bricks indurated only by being dried in the sun. Such bricks are far more durable, it is true, than would be at first supposed possible. In fact, many such bricks remain perfectly preserved among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, to the present day, with the written characters originally impressed upon them, all distinct and well defined. Still the bricks used in Damascus for the construction of ordinary dwellings are soon disintegrated and worn away by exposure to the weather, and the inferior houses require constant watchfulness and many repairs to keep them inhabitable. At one time, about twenty years ago, on the occasion of a great rain, three thousand houses were very seriously damaged by the water, and three hundred, it is said, actually fell.

From all these causes the result is, that the dwellings of the wealthy classes in Damascus present to the street a dark and repulsive aspect. There are but few windows opening upon the street, and those are placed very high; so that the front of the edifice is in the main a dead wall, with a plain and unpretending portal in the centre of it—a façade which conveys to the spectator no idea whatever of the wealth and splendor that reign within.

The bazaars and khans are more open and more attractive. In passing through them the interest and curiosity of the Western traveler is strongly excited by the strange scenes that he witnesses, and the unwonted phases of social life which are presented to his view on every hand. Here is a blacksmith's shop—the workman *seated* at his forge, and his bellows-man blowing a bellows of a form and structure never seen before. There a carpenter is at work on an Oriental bench and with Oriental tools. In another place are stalls filled with every variety of Eastern merchandise, while the articles themselves that are offered for sale, in their style and fashion, and the groups of buyers and sellers, in their attitudes, their costume, and their whole demeanor, present the most striking contrasts to their several representatives on the hither side of the Ægean. The traveler, as he walks along among these scenes, gazes at the ever-shifting pictures which present themselves to view with continual curiosity and wonder.

Among the most striking of the establishments which attract the visitor's attention in walking through Damascus are the Khans. The Khan is a neat edifice which answers the double purpose of a warehouse and a hotel. The visitor enters by a portal, and finds himself in the interior of a spacious court, surrounded by a splendid range of buildings. The lower story of these buildings is finished in arcades, in each of which are piled up boxes and bales of merchandise, with the salesman who has charge of them at hand, on a raised platform, to attend to the customers. The upper stories are occupied as lodging rooms. Here the merchants and travelers visiting the city lodge—their meals being brought to them from the coffee-houses and restaurants in the neighboring bazaars. The access to these rooms is by staircases from the court, which land upon a gallery that extends all around the buildings on the second story. This gallery forms not only the vestibule or corridor from which the lodging rooms are entered, but serves likewise the purpose of a promenade. Here, too, the merchants, when their day's work is done, come out and sit, to smoke their pipes and drink their coffee—conversing the while with one another about the business and the news of the day, or looking down upon the scenes that are passing in the court below.

The interior of the Khan below, on the floor of the court, presents always a very animated scene. Mules and camels loaded with goods are coming and going, or are standing in groups in the centre, waiting for their turns to drink at the fountain.

The only strictly *public* buildings in Damascus, are the mosques. Of these there are several hundreds scattered throughout the city, some larger than the rest for public worship, others smaller, for prayer. These, however, no Christian, known to be such, is under any circumstances ever allowed to enter, under penalty of death.

SACRED LOCALITIES OF DAMASCUS.

The *Via Recta*, as it is called in modern times—which, as is supposed, is the "street called Straight," of the Scripture history, is an imposing and busy street which extends in a direct line through the heart of the city, from west to east. It is lined with hazaars, caravanserais, coffee-houses and other similar edifices pertaining to Oriental commerce, and is filled with merchandise, comprising all the products and manufactures of Europe and Asia. The house of Judas, or rather the building which tradition designates as the house of Judas, is still shown. All that remains of it is a sort of vault below the ground, which has been converted, by the Latin convent that now has possession of it, into a small chapel or oratory. A short distance beyond the house of Judas, is the place where Ananias lived, but the spot is now covered by a mosque—which of course no Christian can enter. Passing along the street still farther toward the east, we come at length to the gate of the city, and here in the parapet of a lofty wall, near the gate, has long been shown an opening, said to be the one through which Paul was let down in the basket. A little beyond the gate, outside the wall, is a spring where tradition says that Paul was baptized. The Christian pilgrims and travelers who visit Damascus approach this spring with a sentiment of solemn awe, and drink a portion of the water in a very reverent manner in honor of the memory of the great apostle.

The place where Paul was arrested by the vision on his approach to Damascus is likewise shown, and this spot, as well as the fountain where he was baptized, lies on the eastern side of the city. The ancient road from Jerusalem approaches the city on this side. The spot is about half a mile from the gate. There is also a small cave in this part of the environs of the city, where it is said that the apostle lay concealed for a short period, at the time when he made his escape from his enemies by being let down from the wall. There is also in a cemetery near by, a tomb, which is shown to visitors as the tomb of Gorgias, a soldier who connived at Paul's escape, and was afterward executed for it by the military authorities of the place. In addition to these localities, there are many others, in and near the city, of great celebrity in ancient tradition. In one place are the ruins of the tomb of Nimrod, in another the spot where Abel was murdered; and in a certain meadow, a place where the soil is of a peculiar reddish hue is pointed out as the spot from which the earth was taken to form the body of Adam! In the immediate environs of the city there are the remains of a sort of cave or grotto, where Elijah was fed by ravens. The place where Elisha anointed Hazael king of Syria, and the house where Naaman the leper lived, are still shown. This last, however, is now a hospital for lepers, and visitors, in fear of the contagion, generally decline to pay it a visit.

It might seem, from what has been said of the extreme luxuriance and beauty of the fruitful groves among which Damascus reposes, and of the brilliancy and splendor, and the Oriental novelty of the scenes which present themselves to view within the walls, that the Syrian capital would possess the strongest attractions for every Eastern traveler, and that like Paris, Vienna, and Rome, it would become a place of resort and of residence for those rambling and restless spirits of the Western world, who roam about the earth, thinking that by incessantly changing the scene of existence, they vary and heighten its pleasures. But this is very far from being the case. It is only here and there that a solitary traveler from the West enters within the precincts of this paradise, and they who do so find their paths beset by so many intolerable restrictions, and themselves the objects of such universal hatred and contempt, that they are soon glad to retrace their footsteps, and return within the confines of Christendom. The fact is, that Damascus seems to be the spot where, above almost all places upon the earth, that most extraordinary instinct of man, the only one as it would seem of all human instincts which is wholly and only evil—the insane and unaccountable propensity which impels him to hate those who differ from him in opinion—is most developed, and bears the fullest and most universal sway. There are, it is true, about ten thousand nominal Christians among the permanent inhabitants of Damascus—members chiefly of the Greek and Maronite Churches. This class of the population is *tolerated* by the Mohammedan majority, but is still regarded with feelings of great contempt and scorn; while foreign Christians, who come from the European countries of the West, clothed in Frank costume, and *wearing hats*, are the objects of universal detestation. Until within a very recent period, no Frank dared to enter Damascus except in the disguise of a Mussulman. A traveler entering the city dressed in the English costume, and wearing a hat, would be hooted at, pelted with stones, and assaulted with every other conceivable indignity, and would scarcely be able to reach the caravanserai alive. Since the conquest of the city by Ibraham Pacha, this has been changed, so far as outward acts of molestation are concerned. The feeling, however, remains. It is only to a very small portion of the city that the traveler can by any possibility gain access, and in traversing this small portion, he carries with him wherever he goes, the feeling that of the whole hundred thousand inhabitants of the city, almost every one who looks upon him, hates and despises him.

Before we condemn too strongly the intolerance of these secluded and unenlightened Mohammedans, let us look carefully into our own hearts and see whether we are not ourselves actuated in some degree by a spirit analogous to it, in the feelings which we cherish toward those who, through an education different from ours, have been led to differ from us in theological opinion.

THE PRISONS AND PRISONERS OF PARIS.

NO one fails to visit the palaces of France. The pyramids of Egypt are not more identified with the history of the world, than are the Louvre, Versailles, Tuileries, Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud. Each has played an important part in the annals of this empire, and they now embody its long series of triumphs of art and civilization. To comprehend its history, it is necessary to explore its palaces. The associations of long and troublesome centuries cluster densely about them. To enter their halls is to lose sight of the present in the resurrection of the past. It is like retracing the track of time, step by step; recalling generation after generation of kings, courtiers, and subjects, until we see once more the legions of Gaul forcing the imperial sway upon the gifted but apostate Julian. But were we, as is usual, to confine our researches only to the palaces, we should obtain but an imperfect view of the glory and shame of France. To complete the picture it is requisite to visit its prisons. They have played an equally interesting rôle in its annals; and rich as the palaces undoubtedly are in all that makes history attractive and instructive, the prisons are no less rife in warnings and example. Indeed they are inseparably connected, for, as times were, no palace could exist without its prison, and there have been but few of the builders of the former that have not, at some interval or other of their career, tasted themselves of the bitterness of the chains and confinement they prepared for others. Louis XVI., as if embued with the presentiment that he one day would become the most wretched of prisoners, was the first monarch who deigned seriously to interest himself in the improvement of the prisons. At that time Paris alone contained thirty-two prisons of State. Its historians have represented it as being a nest of jails, a truth unfortunately but too evident, arising from the despotic nature of its feudal institutions, with their numerous civil and religious communities, each possessing distinct jurisdictions and rights of high and low justice, with edifices destined to receive into their gloomy cells alike the innocent and guilty, so that aristocratic interest or priestly intolerance justified their captivity.

The excesses of the Revolution of 1789 have well-nigh obliterated the remembrance of its benefits. Humanity, however, is indebted to it for many reforms and concessions to natural right and justice. The *right to labor* was formerly a manorial right, granted by the king to those who *purchased* it. A decree of 1791, for the first time since France was a kingdom, restored to Frenchmen the privileges of the primeval curse, and they now all possess the general right to wring the sweat from their brows, though each species of labor is still girt about with a net-work of restrictions.

I know not how others may feel, but as for myself, in visiting the nucleus of a nation's civilization, I am not content with noting only its external glitter. Palaces, parks, galleries, and all the outer show of luxury and refinement, form a pleasing exhibition, but—if the view extend no further—a delusive picture of the actual condition of the people. We study history to ascertain the true progress of man, and our hopes of the future are modified by the lessons of the past. It is not enough that we see history only in the garb of rank, or splendor of its palaces. We must equally seek it under the humble raiment of the laborer, in his hut or home; and in the prisons, which, from being mere citadels of private revenge, have at last become places of detention of criminals of every rank.

The prisons of Paris are now reduced to eight, under humane and enlightened supervision. These, with the military jails, are the sole survivors of the numerous array of prisons that were at once the disgrace of Paris and the scourge of humanity. To walk its streets with history in hand, is to stumble momentarily over rings of iron, chains, instruments of torture, and tumulary stones, the cruel *débris* of cells and prisons. All who ruled—whether kings, lords, bishops, prevosts, or corporations, even the holy church, bishops and monks; all who in any way had by fraud, violence, or even talent, raised themselves above the then low standard of humanity—built dungeons, and stored them with instruments of torture, ostensibly to repress crime, but in reality to conserve power or inflict revenge.

The predecessor of the present chateau of the Louvre was a political dungeon. Its tower was called by Louis XI., "Le plus beau fleuron de la couronne de France;" Le Cloître Nôtre Dame of the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois has succeeded to the prisons of the "Bishop" and "Officialité." The Place du Châtelet echoed often to the groans and complaints of the prisoners of the prevosts of Paris and of the merchants; while there is scarcely a religious edifice raised upon the ruins of a monastery that has not its foundations in an ecclesiastical dungeon. Saint Martin des Champs was a prison; the Sainte Chapelle, a prison—Sainte Geneviève, a prison—Saint Germain des Près, a prison—Saint Benoît, a prison—The Temple, a prison—Saint Gervais, a prison—Saint Méry, a prison; indeed, wander where you will in old Paris, and your footsteps are upon the remains of civil or religious tyranny, the catacombs of sectarian or political hate, but now exhibiting only temples of the Prince of Peace. The *prison* has disappeared, the *church* remains. Humanity has made such an advance, that we can now scarcely credit the fact that in the fourteenth century every convent and monastery had a subterranean stone cell, ironically called "*vade in pace*," into which the victim was let down, never to reappear alive. Sometimes they were immediately starved to death, but generally they were supplied with coarse food, by means of a basket and rope. An abbé of Tulle was accustomed to mutilate his prisoners. He cut off the

left hand of a man who had appealed to the parliament against him for having cut off his right hand. Such was the justice and humanity of the church of that age.

Vincennes, from a palace, was converted by Louis XI. into a prison of State, and has continued ever since to retain its mongrel character of fortress and dungeon. It is the legitimate successor of the Bastile, and far more formidable as a means of offense to the citizens of Paris than ever was that fortification; yet under the superior moral power of modern civilization, reduced to an innocent dépôt of munitions of war. In its "donjon" Charles IX. expired in torments of conscience far more terrible than those of the rack. Gladly would he have exchanged his downy bed for the hole in the stone-wall—in the "Salle de la Question"—with the heavy iron chains that confined the limbs of the prisoner while he was subjected to the agonies of the "Question," could he by so doing have expiated by suffering of body the sins of his soul. But no. The night of St. Barthelémi was vividly before him. He wept, he shrieked, he tore himself, he groaned and sweated in his agony, but no relief came. He knelt humbly at the feet of the queen-mother, the partner and stimulater of his crimes. He asked pardon of the King of Navarre, and, with clasped hands, exclaimed, "O! my nurse, my nurse! how much blood, how many murders! Ah! I have followed bad counsel. O! my God, pardon me—forgive—grant me mercy, if it please Thee! O! nurse—help—draw me from this. I do not know where I am, I am so agitated, so confused—what will become of all this? What shall I do? I am lost—I know it well. O! nurse, nurse—I strangle—I strangle!" It was the blood of Coligny and forty thousand of his murdered subjects that suffocated him.

LOUIS XI. VISITING HIS PRISONERS AT VINCENNES.

His ancestor, Louis XI., the friend of the bourgeoisie, but the tyrant of the nobles, took a peculiar pleasure in torturing his victims of rank. He shut them up in iron cages, and came often to interrogate, accuse, or insult them. But with all his ingenuity of cruelty, he never arrived at that refinement of inhumanity which in the eighteenth century doomed the prisoner of State, who had become dangerous by his courage, patience, or resignation, to the treatment of a maniac. Such were conducted to the hospitals, thrown into close cells, clad in strait jackets, or the "camisole de force," bled, and subjected to the regimen of the insane, until their minds were extinguished in raging despair or pitiful imbecility.

The chapel windows of Vincennes contain a full-length portrait of Diana of Poitiers, the beautiful mistress of Henry II., painted by his order, entirely *naked*, amid a crowd of celestial beings. The royal ciphers are interlaced with her silver crescent. It is called a good likeness, and is readily known by the blue ribbons with which her hair is bound.

Sainte Pelagie still exists as a prison, the most ancient of Paris, and, singularly enough, retains upon its front the same appellation by which it was formerly known as an asylum for pious women—the spouses of Christ. It was here that Madame Roland expiated her vain theories of political liberty, that led both herself and Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. Here Madame du Barry shriekingly resisted her executioners, having incessantly besought heaven, during her imprisonment of two months, to prolong a life still covetous of the pleasures of the world. Within its walls the Empress Josephine received her first lesson in the vicissitudes of fortune, sustained by the prediction that promised her a throne; consoling her companions in misfortune with the same grace that won for her in power the homage of all hearts. Later it became a prison for debtors. An American of the name of Swan has attached a souvenir to its dreary wall worthy of perpetual remembrance. He was a colonel in the revolutionary army, the friend and compatriot of Washington, and had served with Lafayette in our War of Independence. Frequently did the latter bow his white hairs beneath the wicket of the jail as he passed through to visit his old brother-in-arms. But it

MADAME DU BARRY LED TO EXECUTION.

was in vain that he or rich friends sought to prevail upon him to escape from this retreat. He had had a long lawsuit with a Frenchman, and having lost his cause, preferred to give his body as a hostage to paying a sum which he believed not to be justly due. He was arrested, and remained twenty years in confinement, lodging in a little cell, modestly furnished, upon the second floor. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, said to resemble in his countenance Benjamin Franklin. The prisoners treated him with great respect, yielding him as much space as possible for air and exercise, clearing a path for him, and even putting aside their little furnaces upon which they cooked their meals, at his approach, for fear that the smell of charcoal should be unpleasant to him.

He had won their love by his considerate and uniform benevolence. Not a day passed without some kind act on his part, often mysterious and unknown in its source to the recipient. Frequently a poor debtor knocked at his door for bread, and in addition obtained his liberty. Colonel Swan had means, but he applied them to the release of others and not of himself. Once a fellow-prisoner, the father of a numerous family, imprisoned for a debt of a few hundred francs, applied to be received into his service, at six francs a month. Colonel Swan had lost his servant, and inquired into the history of the new candidate. Upon learning it, he replied, "I consent;" and, opening his trunk, counted out a pile of crowns, saying, "Here are your wages for five years in advance; should your work prevent you from coming to see me, you can send your wife." Such deeds were often renewed.

One creditor only retained the venerable captive, hoping each year to see his resolution give way, and each year calling upon him with a proposal for an accommodation. The director of the prison, the friends of Colonel Swan, even the jailers urged him to accept the proposed terms, and be restored to his country and family. Politely saluting his creditor, he would turn toward the jailer, and simply say, "My friend, return me to my chamber." Toward the end of the year 1829, his physician had obtained for him the privilege of a daily promenade in one of the galleries of the prison, where he could breathe a purer atmosphere than that to which he had long been subjected. At first he was grateful for the favor, but soon said to the doctor, "The inspiriting air of liberty will kill my body, so long accustomed to the heavy atmosphere of the prison."

The revolution of July, 1830, threw open his prison doors, in the very last hour of his twentieth year of captivity. After the triumph of the people, he desired to embrace once more his old friend Lafayette. He had that satisfation, upon the steps of the Hotel de Ville. The next morning he was dead.

Clichy has succeeded Sainte Pelagie as a debtors' prison. To the rich debtor it has but few terrors, though the law of France places his personal freedom at the disposition of his creditors. Some may, like Colonel Swan, refuse to pay from principle, others from whim or obstinacy. Of the latter was a noble Persian, Nadir Mirza Shah. Rich, young, and dissipated, he plunged into every species of folly, and finally flogged his coachman, who summoned him before the civil tribunal, which sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and damages. Re-

fusing to pay, he was confined in the debtors' jail, where he passed some time carousing with his friends and voluntary companions in captivity and surrounding himself with Oriental luxury. Mattresses served for tables and divans; they sat *à la Turque*, ate with their fingers, and, forgetting the Koran, drank wine like Christians.—Nadir Mirza Shah was as intractable in requiring of his companions the rigid observance of Persian etiquette, as he was in refusing to pay the damages due the unlucky coachman, who in his eyes was simply a dog of an infidel.

COLONEL SWAN AT THE SAINTE PELAGIE.

Clichy possesses a rich fund of individual eccentricities, and curious anecdotes, such as only Parisian life can develop. In 1838, a tailor of the Rue de Helder caused the Count de B——, a noble Dalmatian, to be confined for a debt of six thousand francs. He remained five years in prison, passing the entire time in his chamber. Not once did he descend into the garden, nor did he ever walk in the corridors. Whenever spoken to he replied with great court-

NADIR MIRZA SHAH IN THE DEBTORS' PRISON.

easy, but he never entered the cells of his companions, or invited them to visit him. During the five years of his imprisonment he was not once seen to open a book, to read a newspaper, or to do any work whatever. He passed entire days standing before his window, in full dress, with his coat buttoned to his throat. His linen had given out, but his boots were scrupulously polished each morning by a fellow-prisoner. He never bathed, but his handsome black beard was always as carefully combed and perfumed as if he was going to a ball. Two letters only reached him, and two visitors only called during these five years.

The first time, about two years after his incarceration, his creditor appeared at the wicket, and the following conversation ensued:

"Monsieur Count, you have done me the honor to send for me; what can I do for you?"

"Sir, I have exhausted my personal resources; a gentleman like myself can not live on the prison allowance of sixteen sous per day. Since you believe me good for six thousand francs, I will pay you a greater sum when I have sold my estates in Dalmatia."

"That appears just, Monsieur Count; how much do you desire?"

"I wish fifty francs a month."

"You shall have them. I am too happy to be useful to you. Is that all you desire?"

"Absolutely all; and I am very grateful to you."

"Do not speak of that, I beg of you; I am your servant, my dear Monsieur Count."

During three years the fifty francs a month were regularly supplied by the tailor.

In 1843 the tailor reappeared, followed by two porters carrying a heavy trunk.

"Monsieur Count," said he, "I have received the letter with which you honored me, and I accept your propositions. I place you at liberty, and I have brought you effects suitable to your rank. You will find, also, a watch, chain, pins, rings, eye-glass—every thing of the best description. Here is a purse of five hundred francs in gold for the fifteen days that you desire to pass in Paris for relaxation. These five hundred francs are for your petty expenses, for I have taken the liberty to pay in advance for an apartment and domestic at your orders in the Hôtel des Princes. My notary is coming, and we will arrange the security for all my advances, now amounting to eighteen thousand francs, to which it will be necessary to add three thousand francs that I shall give my clerk, who, at the expiration of the fortnight, will post to Dalmatia with you, paying your joint expenses, and bringing me back my money."

The contract was duly signed, and the release given. The Count faithfully amused himself during his carnival of fifteen days, according to his stipulation. On the sixteenth he left with the clerk, who never had made a more agreeable journey. But on his return, he was obliged to announce to the munificent tailor, that owing to previous incumbrances on the estates of the Count, it was extremely doubtful whether he would ever receive a hundred crowns for his twenty-one thousand francs.

Imprisonment for debt, like most cruel remedies for social misfortunes, seldom attains the desired end. An honest man will pay if he can; a dishonest one can evade justice even within prison walls; and for the unfortunate it becomes a double evil. It was powerless to open Colonel Swan's purse, because its strings were tied by principle. It was equally futile in contact with the obstinacy of Nadir Mirza Shah, who preferred his prejudices to his freedom, and chose rather to carouse in the cell of a jail, than to wound his pride by paying a fine which would have transferred his festivity to a palace. The tailor shut up the count in close confinement for five years for six thousand francs; and at the end of the time was swindled by him out of twenty-one thousand. These cases are characteristic of a large class. But the pains and penalties of incarceration fall heaviest on the poor debtors whom misfortune has pursued with a heavy hand until they are left powerless for exertion in the grasp of avarice, or withered in heart and mind by the exactions of inflexible severity. The race of Shylocks will never expire except with the razing of dungeons for debtors. The thoroughly vicious are seldom caught. To the unfortunate it becomes a living tomb. Respectability is blighted, enterprise chained, the mind paralyzed, and the poor debtor is reduced to a chrysalis state. He is fortunate if his better qualities and intelligence are not extinguished in the heavy atmosphere of his cell, or transformed into mischievous tendencies or reckless desires, while his destitute family are left a prey to vice or want. Clichy from its first days has been stained with the blood of suicides, and haunted with the ravings of maniacs. One poor workman, who had seen sold for a debt of three hundred francs his humble furniture, and even the clothes of himself and his wife and infants, was here confined, after being divested of every thing but his naked arms wherewith he could gain a subsistence for his family. By what process these were to supply them with food, and to pay his debt when confined between the stone-walls of a cell, none but a bowelless creditor could conceive. Despair overcame his reason. He was found the next morning covered with gore, and the name of his creditor traced with a bloody hand on the walls of his cell.

Confinement for debt is bad enough of itself, but in France it is aggravated by unnecessary restrictions and a penurious aliment. The law allows eighteen cents a day for the debtor's subsistence, or thirty francs a month, which he is obliged to divide daily as follows:

	Cents.
Hire of furniture	5
The right to warm his feet at a common fire	1
Barber	1
Washing	2
Light	1
Food	8
	18

Such are the resources of the *poor* debtors. What proportion of these can be withdrawn for families it would puzzle the wants of even a Lilliputian to decide. The number annually confined in Clichy is 580 to 600; of whom about one-fourth are single persons, and over two-thirds have children. Wives are separated from husbands by being confined in a separate building. They are allowed no intercourse, except in a common parlor, in the presence of a guardian.

Another anomalous feature of this system is, that the director of the prison becomes pecuniarily responsible in case of the escape of one of his prisoners. This is rarely attempted, as the chances of final escape are very limited in a city like Paris. Mr. G., one of the directors, said to the Prefect of the Police, who had reminded him of his pecuniary responsibility: "I am able to respond for a few thousand francs, and I should satisfy the obligation if the debt was small. But if, notwithstanding my vigilance, a debtor of an hundred thousand francs should escape, I should open immediately the gates to all others. It is as well to be responsible for several millions as for a hundred thousand francs, if one can no more pay the lesser sum than the greater."

It is a significant fact in the annals of imprisonment for debt in the Department of the Seine, that of 2566 debtors discharged during six years, 307 only owe their enlargement to the payment of their debts.

The souvenirs of the prisons of Paris include the history of France. It were well if, with the disappearance of the walls of La Force, all its deplorable associations could have been as readily erased. Not one stone of the Bastile has been left upon another. A column of liberty announces the site of that fortress of tyranny; yet no existing prison of stone and mortar, with its iron gates and gloomy cells in all their dreadful reality, stands half so conspicuous to the eye as that which is palpable to the imagination. It will exist as the emblem of tyranny through all ages, and yet its history is not worse than that of numerous others. Indeed democracy owes it some gratitude as the instrument by which aristocracy, in accomplishing its selfish designs, often avenged upon kindred blood the wrongs of the people.

The dungeons of the Abbaye were the handicraft of monks. The architect, Gomard, in 1635, completed the abbey, but refused to build the prison. He carried his opposition so far as to prevent any laborers from engaging in the work. "My brothers," cried the Superior, "it is necessary to finish what the obstinacy of the architect refuses to achieve. Let us put our own hands to the work, build the jail, and complete our *sacred* edifice." The brothers obeyed.

In those days every spiritual and temporal power had the privilege of placing in the pillory those declared culpable by its special laws. There was not a corporation but had its distinct code, judges, executioners, racks, and

THE MONKS BUILDING THE ABBAYE PRISON.

MADEMOISELLE DE SOMBREUIL SAVING HER FATHER.

prisons. The old historian, Sauval, has left a list of twenty-four distinct jurisdictions which possessed the right to condemn men to the gallows, and the city of Paris to-day, divided into numerous municipal divisions, had then for the limits of its sub-divisions as many gibbets. The discipline of the Holy Catholic Church of that century required a dungeon, or a "*vade in pace*," no less than its faith the emblem of the cross. If they ever abused their power by the persecution of the innocent, fearfully did they expiate their want of charity in the slaughter of their brethren on this very spot, on the 2d of September, 1792. Externally and internally, it is the most gloomy of all the prisons of Paris. It contains several subterranean dungeons, the same, perhaps, on which the old monks worked.

It was here that Mademoiselle de Sombreuil won from the murderers of September the life of her father, at the price of drinking a glass of warm blood fresh from their still writhing victims.

The most touching souvenir of this prison is that of the venerable Cazotte, who was also saved by his daughter under circumstances more grateful to humanity on either side. The evening before, she had obtained leave to remain with him, and had, by her beauty and eloquence, interested several of his guards in his fate. Condemned, at the expiration of thirty hours of unremitting slaughter, he stepped forth to meet his fate. As he appeared in the midst of his assassins, his daughter, pale and disheveled, threw her arms about him, exclaiming, "You shall not reach my father, except through my heart!" A cry of pardon was heard, and repeated by a hundred voices. The murderers allowed her to lead away her father, and then coolly turned to recommence their work of slaughter on less fortunate prisoners.

A little later, Cazotte separated from his daughter, became the victim of the revolution, whose excesses he had so faithfully predicted. The sketch by La Harpe of the dinner scene, in which his prophecy is made to appear, is one of the most remarkable and graphic scenes in French literature.

"It seems to me but yesterday," says La Harpe, "and notwithstanding, it was the commencement of 1788. We were at dinner at one of our fellow-members of the Academy, a great lord and wit. The company was numerous, and of every class—courtiers, lawyers, men of letters, academicians, &c. The fare was rich, according to custom. At the dessert, the wines of Malvoisie and Constance added to the gayety of the company that sort of freedom in which one does not always guard a perfectly correct tone; for it was then allowable to do or say any thing that would call forth a laugh. Chamfort had read to us his impious and libertine tales, and the grand ladies had listened, without even having recourse to a fan. Then there arose a deluge of pleasantries and jokes upon religion

one cited a tirade of the Pucelle; another recalled the philosophic verses of Diderot. The conversation became more serious. They spoke with admiration of the revolution which Voltaire had made, and all agreed that it was his first title to glory. 'He has given a hook to his century, which is read as well in the antechamber as the salon.' One of the company related to us, choking with laughter, that his barber had said to him, as he was powdering him, 'Do you see, sir, although I am only a miserable hair-dresser, I have no more religion than any one else.' They all concluded that the revolution would not be slow to perfect its work; that it was absolutely necessary that superstition and fanaticism should yield to philosophy, and that all they had to do was to calculate the epoch when they would see the *reign of reason*.

"One only of the company had not taken part in the levity of the conversation, and had even let drop quietly some pleasantries upon our fine enthusiasm. It was Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but, unhappily, infatuated with reveries of the future. He took up the conversation in a serious tone. 'Messieurs,' said he, 'be content; you will all see *this grand and sublime revolution that you desire so much!* You know that I am somewhat of a prophet: I repeat it to you, you will all see it!'

"Here the company shouted; they joked Cazotte; they teased him; they forced him to foretell of each what he knew in this coming Revolution. Condorcet was the first that provoked him; he received this mortal answer.

'"Ah! we will see,' said Condorcet, with his saturnine, mocking air; 'a philosopher is not sorry to encounter a prophet'—'You, Monsieur de Condorcet,' replied Cazotte, 'you will expire extended upon the pavement of a cell; you will die by poison, which you have taken to cheat the executioner; the poison which the *happiness* of that time will force you always to carry about you.'"

They were somewhat astonished at this species of pleasantry, spoken in so serious a tone, but soon began to reassure themselves, knowing that the good man Cazotte was subject to dreams. This time it was Chamfort that returned to the charge with a laugh of sarcasm. He received an answer in his turn.

"You, Monsieur Chamfort, you will cut your veins with twenty-two strokes of the razor, and notwithstanding you will not die until some months after."

Then it was the turn of Vicq d'Azir, M. de Nicolai, de Bailly, de Malesherbes, de Roucher, all of whom were present. Each who touched Cazotte received a shock in return, and each shock was a thunder-stroke that killed him. The word scaffold was the perpetual refrain.

"Oh! it's a wager," cried they on all sides; "he has sworn to exterminate us all."—"No, it is not I that have sworn it."—"But shall we then be subjected by the Turks or Tartars?"—"Not at all, I have already told you. You will then be governed by the only *philosophy*, by the only *reason*."

The turn of La Harpe arrived, although he had purposely kept himself somewhat apart.

"Plenty of miracles," said he, at length, "and you put nothing down to me."—"You will see there" (replied Cazotte to him) "a miracle, not the least extraordinary: you will then become a *Christian*."

At this word Christian, in such an assembly of scoffers, one can imagine the exclamations of laughter, mockery, and derision.

"Ah!" replied Chamfort, "I am reassured: if we are not to perish until La Harpe becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal."

Then came the turn of the ladies. The Duchess of Grammont took up the conversation.

"As for that," said she, "we are very happy, we women, to pass for nothing in the revolutions. When I say nothing, it is not that we do not mix a little in them: but it is understood that they do not take notice of us and our sex."—"Your sex, Madame" (it was Cazotte who spoke), "will be no defense this time. It will be in vain that you do not mingle in them, you will be treated as men, without any distinction whatever."

One can readily conceive the finale of this dialogue. Here it became more and more dramatic and terrible. Cazotte arrived by steps to cause greater ladies than duchesses to feel that they would go to the scaffold—princesses of the blood and even more exalted rank than the princesses themselves. This passed being a play. All pleasantry ceased.

"You will see"—another essay of irony by the Duchess of Grammont—"that he will not leave me even a confessor."—"No, Madame, you will not have one; neither you nor any person. The last victim who, by an act of grace, will have one, will be—"

He stopped a moment. "Indeed! who then is the happy mortal that will enjoy this prerogative?" Cazotte slowly replied, "It is the last that will remain to him, and this person will be the *King of France*."

The master of the house arose brusquely, and every one with him; but not before Cazotte had predicted his own death by the executioner.

What a subject for a painter! The assemblage of these master-wits of France at the festive board, unconsciously scoffing at the fate then ripe to swallow them in its inexorable jaws; a modern Belshazzar-feast, mocking at the Daniel that foretold the coming tempest, and awakening only from their dream of philosophy and reign of reason to find themselves in prison or on a scaffold. The prophecy was true. La Harpe has, in his narrative, given it strength and effect; but, as he justly remarks, their several destinies were more marvelous than the prophecy. La Harpe became a Christian, and survived the reign of terror and the dynasty of reason.

Of all the prisons of Paris, the Conciergerie is the most interesting, from its antiquity, asso-

ciations, and mixed style of architecture, uniting as it were the horrors of the dungeons of the Middle Ages with the more humane system of confinement of the present century. It exhibits in its mongrel outline the progressive ameliorations of humanity toward criminals and offenders, forming as it were a connecting link between feudal barbarity and modern civilization. As a historical monument it is unsurpassed in interest by any other of this capital. Situated in the heart of old Paris, upon the Ile de la Cité, separated from the Seine by the Quai de l'Horologe, it is one of a cluster of edifices pregnant with souvenirs of sufficient importance in the annals of France, for each to supply a volume. These buildings are the "Sainte Chapelle," the Préfecture de Police, and the Palais de Justice, formerly the residence of the French monarchs. The Conciergerie, which derives its name from *concierge*, or keeper, was anciently the prison of the palace. It is now used chiefly as a place of detention for persons during their trial. The recent alterations have greatly diminished the gloomy and forbidding effect of its exterior, but sufficient of its old character remains to perpetuate the associations connected with its former uses, and to preserve for it its interest as a relic of feudalism. The names of the two turrets flanking the gateway, Tour de César and Tour Boubec, smack of antiquity. Compared with Cæsar, however, its age is quite juvenile, being under nine hundred years. At the east corner, there is a tall square tower, containing a remarkable clock, the first seen in Paris, the movements of which were made in 1370, by Henry de Vic, a German. It has been recently restored, and is one of the most curious bijoux of sculpture which have been bequeathed to us by the revival of the arts.

In this same tower hung the bell, known as the "tocsin du Palais," which repeated the signal for the massacre of St. Barthelémi, given

THE CONCIERGERIE.

from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The low grated gateway through which passed those condemned to die upon the Place de Grève still exists. The Bridge of Sighs has not been witness to more anguish of mind and physical torture than this same ominous dungeon door. The aspect of this portion of this ancient prison, its dark corridors, with their low ponderous vaulted roofs and arched staircases, is peculiarly sinister, suggesting the mysterious horrors of a political inquisition, unexcelled in this respect by the entrances to the subterranean dungeons of the Doges of Venice.

The *people* of Paris, through all time, will bear the reproach of the massacres of September, 1792, the horrors of which are indelibly affixed to this jail. But impartial justice will recall the fact that five centuries previous a Duke of Burgundy perpetrated within its walls a still more fearful slaughter of his unarmed and unresisting countrymen, destroying by smoke and fire those that he could not reach by the sword.

There is a retributive justice to be traced in the history of every institution resulting from the inhumanity of man to his fellow man that carries with it a warning as legible as the "*Mene, Mene, Tekel. Upharsin*," on the palace walls of Babylon. The Conciergerie was for centuries the stronghold and prison of feudalism, and the repository of its *criminal* justice. It was stored with its diabolical inventions to rack human nerves and to excruciate human flesh, agonizing the body so that the soul should disown truth, or that shrinking humanity should be forced to confess crimes which otherwise would have slumbered unrevealed until the day when all secrets will be disclosed. It faithfully served its aristocratic builders, but when Louis XI. and later, the Cardinal Richelieu, succeeded in erecting a Kingdom of France upon the ruins of feudal power, the Conciergerie received into its cells its late lords, and avenged in their fall the blood that they had so often spilt.

A description of the various instruments of torture which were employed even as late as the latter part of the reign of Louis XVI., scarcely sixty years since, by the judiciary of France, would now be received with incredulity. Yet this species of human butchery is so recent and was so long sanctioned by the highest civil and religious authorities, that one may readily be pardoned for a shudder at its recollection, not without a fear that human nature might in one of its avenging paroxysms recall so terrible an auxiliary of hate.

By a singular freak of time, the oldest legible entry in the archives of the Conciergerie is that of the incarceration of the regicide Ravaillac, dated 16th May, 1610. His sentence, pronounced by Parliament, on the 27th of May, was as follows: "To be conducted to the Place de Grève, and there upon a scaffold to have his breasts, arms, thighs, and calves of his legs lacerated with red hot pincers, his right hand, which had held the knife with which he committed the said 'parricide,' to be burned off in a fire of sulphur, and into all his wounds to be thrown melted lead, boiling oil, burning pitch, and wax and sulphur mingled. This done, his body to be drawn and dismembered by four horses, and afterward consumed by fire, and his ashes thrown to the winds." Such were the tender mercies of the Parliament of France in 1610, repeated with aggravated horrors more than a century later upon Damiens, by the Bourbon "*Bien Aimé*." It is necessary to recall to mind the judicial barbarities perpetrated in the name of justice in this country, that we may rightly appreciate the services rendered humanity in their abolition by the philosophy that gave birth to the revolution; in this instance the more conspicuous, when we reflect that religion had long lent to them additional terror by its perverted sanction. The iron collar of Ravaillac and the tower of Damiens, at present the warming-room of the prison, still serve to transmit to posterity the double recollection of their crimes and the appalling tortures to which they were subjected previous to their final execution. Their diabolical ingenuity has failed to stay a single attempt on "sacred majesty," as almost every ruler of France has since repeatedly borne witness; so that now the inheritors of the "divine right" content themselves by simply bestowing upon their assassins the sudden death which is the just penalty of their crime.

The Conciergerie has repeatedly borne witness to the lofty resolution and unshaken firmness of woman; the result, it must in sorrow be confessed, as often of hardened guilt as of conscious innocence. It is strange that virtue and vice in the extremity of death, should so nearly resemble each other. I am tempted to give a few examples, leaving to the reader his own inferences upon the strange problem of human nature.

In 1617, Eléonore Galigai, the wily and ambitious confidante of Marie de Médicis, fell a victim to stronger arts than her own. Corruption, treachery, prostitution of honors, treasure, and employments, were all practices too common with the accusing courtiers and great lords, for them to venture to condemn her upon such grounds. Not one was to be found to cast the first stone of a just condemnation. The parliament accused her of Judaism and sorcery. In the chamber of torture they asked her if she were really possessed. She replied, that she had never been possessed, except with the desire to do good. She was then asked if she had sorcery in her eyes. "The only sorcery," said she, laughing, "that I am guilty of, is the sorcery of wit and intelligence."

Certain books having been found at her hotel, they questioned her in regard to their character. "They serve to teach me that I know nothing." Next they sought to discover by what sacrilegious means she had acquired her influence over the queen. She replied, "That she had subdued a weak soul by the strength of her own."

Such replies being little edifying to her successors in intrigue and chicanery, they destroy-

EXECUTION OF ELEONORE GALIGAI.

ed the tongue they could not subdue, by giving her head to the ax.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, political hate, or private interest and revenge, had taken the more subtle and less conspicuous shape of impoisonment. The crime was aristocratic, and so were its victims. The person who affrighted Paris with the first pinch of the "*poudre de succession*," was a lady and a "marquise." In 1680, the common talk of Paris and Versailles was of poisons and their effects. Deaths were frequent and mysterious; the causes so subtle as to elude detection. It was finally discovered that the vender of the poison was a woman known by the name of La Voisine. She had succeeded to the fatal secrets of the laboratory of Madame de Brinvilliers, the "marquise," who four years before, after being subjected to torture, had expiated her crimes on the scaffold. It was now the turn of La Voisine. Unlike the marquise, who was beautiful, spirituelle, and accomplished, she was gross, ugly, and brutal. The marquise feared the torture, and confessed all and perhaps more crimes than she had committed. La Voisine, on the contrary, scoffed at the instruments of torture, and mocked alike the judges and executioners. She seemed exalted above fear or suffering, by the very enthusiasm of wickedness. No martyr to religion ever showed more firmness, and indifference to all that is most appalling to human nerves. She even accused herself of impossible crimes, in the excitement of her depraved pride, glorifying herself by the intensity of her abominable passions. She joked with the lieutenant of police; she laughed at her keepers; she drank with the soldiers that watched her; she spat in contempt upon the engines of torment; she parodied modesty by an indecent arrangement of her dress; she sang, for fear that they would pity her; she insulted the tribunal when interrogated; she blasphemed if they spoke of God; she cursed when she feared that she should faint under the torture; she did all that it was possible for human depravity to do, exhausting in its folly and crime the very dregs of sin.

When the officers entered the chamber of torture of the Conciergerie to read her sentence, she bowed herself as indecently as possible, almost touching the earth, and coolly said, "Gentlemen, I salute you;" and then proceeded to interrupt the recital with songs, blasphemies, and insults.

"You are condemned," said the president—"for impieties, poisonings, artifices, misdeeds, thefts, and complots against the lives of persons, for sacrilege, and other crimes without number, such as homicide in fact and intention, as culpable of diabolical practices and treason—to make honorable amends at the door of Nôtre Dame—"

"A wonder!" cried La Voisine; "we shall see the devil in the holy water—"

"And to be conducted to the Place de Grève, to be burned, and your ashes thrown to the wind."

"Which will waft them to hell, I hope," exclaimed the incorrigible woman.

"You are also condemned to submit to renewed torture, to extract from you the names of accomplices not yet given."

"You have only to choose them among your great lords and noble ladies. Have they not prevented me by their folly from continuing my own profession of an accoucheur. They commenced by asking of me secrets of the future, and I have drawn their cards and given them the most brilliant horoscopes; they then demanded of me "*fioles de jeunesse*," and I have sold them pure water under the guise of water of youth. They have asked of me some grains of that powder of succession which succeeded so well with Madame de Brinvilliers, and I have given them my strongest poisons. You now know all my accomplices."

"And, finally," continued the judge, "you are condemned to submit to the torture extraordinary."

"I shall answer the best I can, Monsieur Judge. Bind me, with my hands behind my back, lash my legs with cords, lay me down upon the wooden horse" (an instrument of torture); "torture me at your leisure; I will continue to laugh, to blaspheme, to sing, regretting all the while that you do not put a little wine in your water." (The species of torture was to cause the prisoner to swallow several quarts of water by means of a little stream trickling slowly into the mouth.) "Go on! courage! Judge and executioner, I am ready!"

"First pot of water for the torture ordinary," said the judge, making a sign to the executioner.

"To your health!" replied La Voisine.

The "question" was begun by two large pints of cold water turned, drop by drop, into the mouth of the criminal. When the jug was emptied they turned three spokes of the wooden horse, elongating the limbs until the tendons were ready to snap.

"You are right, my friends; one should grow at all ages. I always grumbled at being too small. I wish to be as large as my sister Brinvilliers."

"Second pot of the ordinary," ordered the judge.

"May God render it back to you," exclaimed the poisoner.

They emptied the second jug. The horse was stretched anew. The bones of the old woman cracked and snapped under the torture. Seven jugs of water were successively emptied down her throat, drop by drop—one continuous strangulation—a hundred deaths condensed into a few hours. Upon the advice of the physician La Voisine was resuscitated. They placed her upon a mattress near the fire. If the gradual insensibility of the criminal had been protracted torture, the slow revival was a greater agony.

Returned to her cell at midnight, La Voisine sought daily to pass her time in riotous indulgences. She had swallowed fourteen pints of water: she demanded to drink fourteen bottles of wine.

It is to Madame de Sévigné that we are indebted for a narrative of her last moments. True to her fanaticism of wickedness, she feasted with her guards, sang drinking songs, and mangled as she was in every limb, spared not herself from the most scandalous excesses of debauchery. It was in vain that they attempted to recall her to serious thoughts, and recommended that she should chant an *Ave* or a *Salve*; she chanted both in derision, and then slept. Neither force nor torture could wring from her the required confession; even when chained to the fatal pile, she swore constantly, and contrived five or six times to throw off from her the burning straw with which she was enveloped; but, at last, the fire prevailed: she was lost to sight, and her cinders borne aloft by the eddying current of air, where Madame de Sévigné, with a levity that does no credit to her heart, says they still are.

The life of Cartouche, the grand robber, par *excellence*, suggests many a striking parallel with that of the "Grand Monarch." It would be a curious and instructive history, if my space permitted, to show the congeniality of principles and actions between Louis XIV. and the most dexterous and munificent of bandits. Versailles lodged the one, and the Conciergerie the other. Which was the greater criminal, when weighed in the balance of the King of kings, it is not for a fellow-sinner to decide. Each admirably acted his part in the estimation of the world. The evil done by the one perished with him; the vanity, lust, pride, and bigotry of the other still weighs upon the energies and industry of France. The king died peacefully in his bed, in the comfortable belief of passing from his temporal kingdom to a brighter inheritance above. The robber perished on the wheel, amid the jeers of the populace and the curiosity of fine ladies. It is devoutly to be hoped that the breed of each is extinguished.

To visit the Conciergerie and not recall the image of the most illustrious and innocent sufferer of all that have hallowed its walls by examples of piety and resignation, would be to refuse a tribute to those sentiments which most dignify human nature, and reconcile us to its mingled weakness and grandeur. The dungeon of Marie Antoinette is now an expiatory chapel, with nothing to recall its original condition except the souvenirs connected with the sufferings by which she so dearly expiated the frivolities and thoughtlessness of her early career. To add the bitterness of contrast, and the contact of vice with virtue, to her end, she was dragged to the scaffold in an open cart, in company with a prostitute, guilty of having cried in a cabaret, "*Vive la reine.*" The poor girl, still capable in her abasement of appreciating the intended insult to the Queen of France, knelt at her feet, and humbly said to her, as they drove to their joint death, "Madame, madame, forgive me for dying with your Majesty."

MARIE ANTOINETTE BORNE TO EXECUTION.

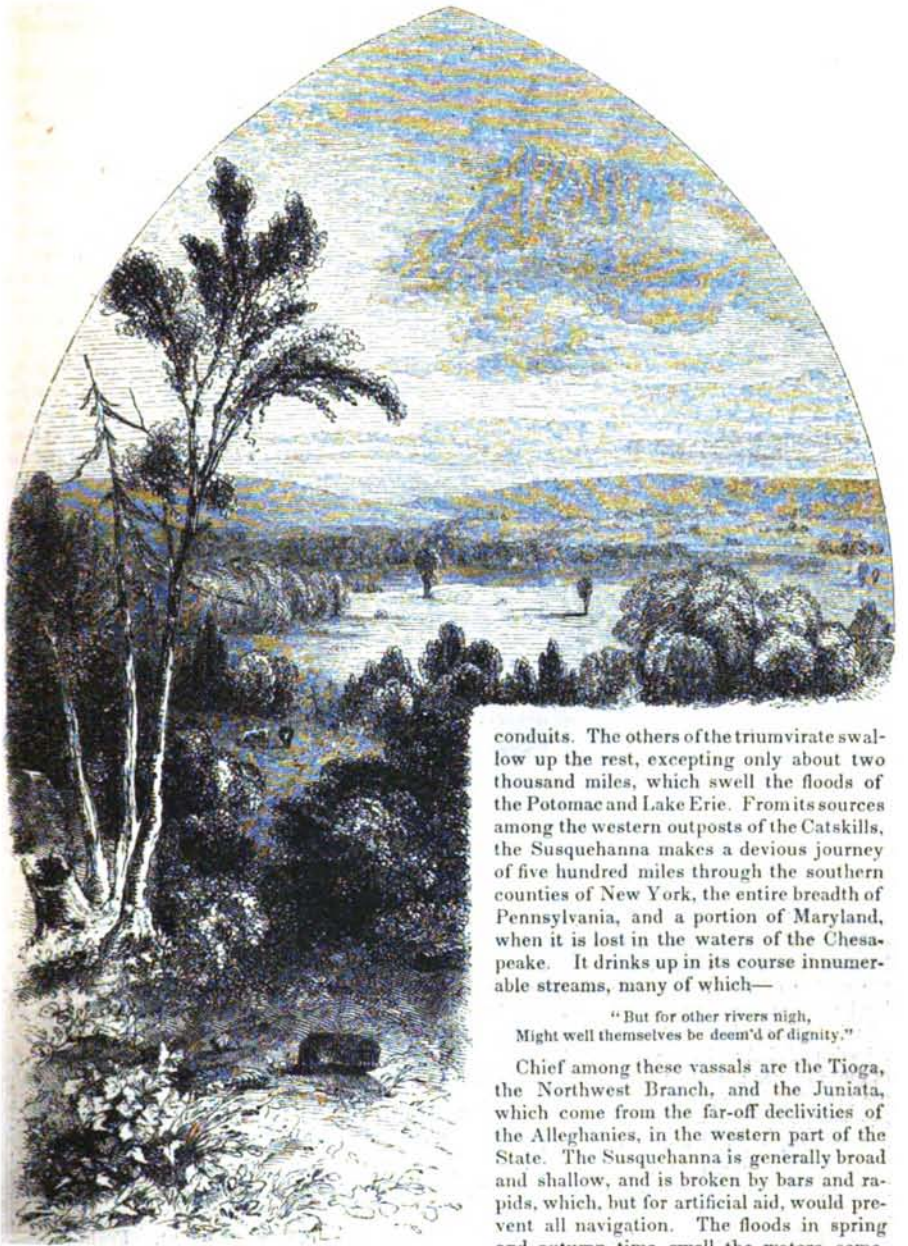
I believe there is but one species of natural or artificial violence to which mankind do not in time become, if not reconciled, at least reckless or indifferent. Famine, pestilence, war, and civil calamities in time cease to affright or warn. Human nature with its versatility of powers, for good or evil, soon reconciles itself under one aspect or the other to any inevitable condition, however terrible its first appearance. The exception is the earthquake. The first shock is the least fearful; every succeeding one increases trepidation and destroys self-possession. The prisoners of the Conciergerie were almost daily decimated by the guillotine during the reign of terror; yet their daily *amusement* was to play at charades and the—*guillotine*. Both sexes and all ranks assembled in one of the halls. They formed a revolutionary tribunal—choosing accusers and judges, and parodizing the gestures and voice of Fouquier Tinville and his coadjutors. Defenders were named; the accused were taken at hazard. The sentence of death followed close on the heels of the accusation. They simulated the toilet of the condemned, preparing the neck for the knife, by feigning to cut the hair and collar. The sentenced were attached to a chair reversed, to represent the guillotine. The knife was of wood, and as it fell, the individual, male or female, thus sporting with their approaching fate, tumbled down as if actually struck by the iron blade. Often, while engaged in this *play*, they were interrupted by the terrible voice of the public crier, calling over the "names of the brigands who to-day have gained the lottery of the holy guillotine."

Imperfect as are these souvenirs of this celebrated jail, I should be doing injustice to the most interesting of all, were I to omit the last night of the Girondists, that antique festivity, the greatest triumph of philosophy ever witnessed by palace or prison walls. Those fierce, theoretical deputies who had so recently sent to the scaffold the King and Queen of France, were now on their way thither. Christianity teaches men to live in peaceful humility, and to die with

hopeful resignation. The last hour of a true believer is calmly joyous. Here was an opportunity for infidelity to assert its superiority in death, as it had claimed for itself the greatest good in life. Let us be just to even these deluded men. They had played a terrible rôle in the history of their country, and they resigned themselves to die with the same intrepidity with which they had staked their existence upon the success of their policy. They made it a death fête, each smiling, as he awaited the dread message, and devoting his latest moments to those displays of intellectual rivalry, which had so long united them in life. Mainvielle, Ducos, Gensonné, and Boyer Fonfréde, abandoned themselves to gayety, wit, and revelry, repeating their own verses with friendly rivalry, stimulating their companions to every species of infidel folly. Viger sang amorous songs; Duprat related a tale; Gensonné repeated the Marsellaise; while Vergniaud alternately electrified them with his eloquence, or discoursed philosophically of their past history and the unknown future upon which they were about to enter. The discussion on poetry, literature, and general topics was animated and brilliant: on God, religion, the immortality of the soul, grave, eloquent, calm, and poetic. The walls of their prison echoed to a late hour in the morning to their patriotic cries, and were witness to their paternal embraces. The corpse of Valazé, the only one of their number who by a voluntary death eluded the scaffold, remained in the cell with them.

The whole scene was certainly the greatest, wildest, and most dramatic ever born of courage and reason. Yet throughout their enthusiasms their appears a chill of uncertainty, and an intellectual coldness that appalls the conscience. We feel that for the Girondists it was a consistent sacrifice to their theories and lives; but for a Christian and patriot, a sad and unedifying spectacle. While history can not refuse her tribute of admiration to high qualities, even when misdirected, she is equally bound to record the errors and repeat the warnings to be derived from those who claim for themselves a space in her pages. The lives of the Girondists as well as their deaths, were a confused drama of lofty aspirations, generous sentiments, and noble sacrifices, mingled with error, passion, and folly. Their character possesses all the cold brilliancy of fireworks, which excite our admiration but to be chilled with disappointment at their speedy eclipse. Their death scene was emphatically a *spectacle*. It possessed neither the simple grandeur of the death of Socrates, nor the calm and trustful spirit that characterized the dying moments of Washington; the one yielding up his spirit as a heathen philosopher; the other dying as a Christian statesman.

LAST NIGHT OF THE GIRONDISTS.



WYOMING, FROM THE SOUTH.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE great State of Pennsylvania is drained by the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and the Ohio rivers. More than one-half of its wide area of forty-seven thousand square miles is tributary to the first and noblest of these grand conduits. The others of the triumvirate swallow up the rest, excepting only about two thousand miles, which swell the floods of the Potomac and Lake Erie. From its sources among the western outposts of the Catskills, the Susquehanna makes a devious journey of five hundred miles through the southern counties of New York, the entire breadth of Pennsylvania, and a portion of Maryland, when it is lost in the waters of the Chesapeake. It drinks up in its course innumerable streams, many of which—

> "But for other rivers nigh,
> Might well themselves be deem'd of dignity."

Chief among these vassals are the Tioga, the Northwest Branch, and the Juniata, which come from the far-off declivities of the Alleghanies, in the western part of the State. The Susquehanna is generally broad and shallow, and is broken by bars and rapids, which, but for artificial aid, would prevent all navigation. The floods in spring and autumn time swell the waters sometimes to an extra elevation of twenty feet or more. It is at these seasons that the great rafts of lumber which the intervals have accumulated, are floated off to market.

The passage of these rafts down the angry stream, and their brave battles with the opposing shoals is a gallant and stirring sight. The lifting of the waters is a gala event with the hardy dwellers "on Susquehanna's side;" but the joke is sometimes—as the best of jokes may

IN THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

be—carried too far. Now and then, not the rafts only, but the unfelled forests, the inhabitants, houses, farms, and shores, are swept away. In the spring of 1784, a terrible disaster of this kind nearly filled the adventurous settlers' cup of misfortune, already deeply mixed with the miseries of civil and foreign war. The horrors of these scenes are not unfrequently relieved by the most ludicrous incidents and positions. On one such occasion, an entire family of several generations, with the whole stock of cattle, horses, pigs, dogs, cats, and rats were found huddled together on the extreme point of a small island elevation.

From the top of yonder tall tree, a curious voyager is gazing in wonderment upon the nautical achievements of astonished chairs and tables, bedsteads and beds, whose occupants have, like the sluggard in the song, been awakened too soon, but not to "slumber again." So summary and arbitrary are the freshet's writs of ejectment, that the laziest must, perforce, obey, and that, too, right speedily.

But to return to our topography. Pennsylvania, though much inferior to many other States in landscape charms, yet offers rich rewards for the labors of the tourist. The rivers and the mountain-passes which they traverse, are the chief dispensers of these rewards. The Delaware and its tributaries, the Lackawaxan, the Lehigh, and the Schuylkill, unfold fresh pages of interest at every turn. The West-Branch and the Juniata are richly-laden portfolios, crowded with novel and varied pictures; but above all, the Susquehanna is the Alpha and the Omega of Nature's gifts to the Keystone State—the first and noblest in beauty, as it is in extent and position. Hither the artist, who scents the beautiful by instinct, as infallibly as the bee detects the fragrant flower, flies and settles, and is content. From its rippling mountain-springs to its vast and swelling *débouche*, every step of this noble river is amidst the picturesque, whether flowing in broad and placid expanse through the great sun-lit valleys, or gliding in ghostly shade at the base of lofty hills, or wildly disputing the way with obstructing rock and precipice.

Upon the banks of the Susquehanna may be found an epitome of the scenery of the State: and in like manner the Susquehanna may be justly studied in the region of Wyoming. At

least this famous valley is, for many reasons, a capital point at which to rendezvous for the lovers of the river; and thither, therefore, we will hasten without longer delay.

Wyoming is a classic and a household name. At our earliest intelligence, it takes its place in our hearts as the label of a treasured packet of absorbing history and winning romance. It is the key which unlocks the thrilling recollection of some of the most tragical scenes in our national history, and some of the sweetest imaginations of the poet. Every fancy makes a Mecca of Wyoming.

Thus sings Halleck:

"When life was in its bud and blosoming,
And waters gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimm'd my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies."

The pen of Campbell and the pencil of Turner have taken their loftiest and most unbridled flights in praise of Wyoming, and though they have changed, they have not flattered its beauties.

"Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured—"

Again, Halleck says of the mythical Gertrude, the fair spirit of Wyoming, and of the real maidens of the land:

"But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here; for woman's eye,
In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'erpraised, even by her worshiper—Poesy."

Such a "heart-spell" unreachable, has the smile and gladness of Nature; the sunny sky, the rustling trees, the dancing waters, and the frowning hills—a heart-spell which the feebleness of Art is powerless to approach, and for which its most boasted tricks of form and light, shade, effect, and color, are but wretched substitutes. Who indeed can paint like Nature!

The Valley of Wyoming (Large Plains) covers a magnificent stretch of twenty miles, and spreads out on either side of the river, in flats and bottoms of unsurpassed richness and fertility. Mr. Minor, a resident, and the author of a valuable history of Wyoming, says of the *physique* of the valley: "Though now generally cleared and cultivated, to protect the soil from floods a fringe of trees is left along each bank of the river—the sycamore, the elm, and more especially the black walnut; while here and there scattered through the fields, a huge shell-bark yields its summer shade to the weary laborers, and its autumn fruit to the black and gray squirrel, or the rival plow-boys. Pure streams of water come leaping from the mountains, imparting health and pleasure in their course, all of them abounding with the delicious trout. Along these brooks, and in the swales scattered through the uplands, grow the wild plum and the butternut; while, wherever the hand of the white man has spared it, the native grape may be gathered in unlimited profusion."

The valley of Wyoming, with its accumulated attractions of luxuriant soil, delicious climate, and picturesque scenery, is of course thickly and happily settled. Homestead and cot send up their curling smoke from every bosquet and dell; and numerous thriving villages within

RIVER WALK ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

ENTRANCE TO A COAL MINE, SUSQUEHANNA.

its borders afford all the material comforts of life, and all desired social advantages to the people.

Wilkesbarre, the principal town, is a populous and busy place, near the centre of the valley, and in the immediate vicinage of the sites of the most memorable scenes in the early history of Wyoming. Wilkesbarre is the portal which all tourists enter upon the delights of this region. It is speedily, cheaply, and agreeably reached from all points: whether from below, *via* Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and the canal, which follows the whole course of the Susquehanna; from the eastward, through New Jersey; or from the north, by the Erie Railway. Three miles east of Wilkesbarre, Prospect Rock commands a fine panorama of the entire area of Wyoming, with its cottages, towns, and its grand western amphitheatre of hills. Near the little village of Troy in the distance is detected the tall granite shafts erected by the ladies of the valley, to the memory of the victims of the terrible conflict fitly known in history as the Massacre of Wyoming.

We are reminded here that it is time we made some brief reference to the deeply interesting historic associations of our theme. From the first settlement of the valley, in 1762, through a long period of twenty years, the afflicted people were everlastingly in hot water. Wars, or rumors of wars, clung to them inexorably. Internal or external trouble and quarrel, was the never ending fear of one day, and the realization of the next. Their daily bread was concocted of forts and barricades and redoubts, negotiations, truces, stratagems, besiegings, and capitulations. First came a long-protracted civil contest, famous in the ancient chronicle as the Pennymite and Yankee war. This struggle, which endured twice the length of the siege of Troy, was made up of the alternate successes and defeats of the original Yankee settlers, under the claims and auspices of Connecticut, and the opposing Pennsylvanians, who sought to dislodge and oust them. Battles, negotiations, and commissions, failed to restore peace, until the greater struggle of the Revolution smoothed the way for the burial of lesser animosities. The Pennymite war, distressing enough as it doubtless was at the time, and to the unhappy parties concerned, comes to us now, in all its ups and downs, in rather a droll light.

In 1763, one year after the first settlement, the Pennymite contest, and the colony itself, were stunned, and for a season prostrated, by an incursion of the Indian neighbors, who killed or scattered all the inhabitants.

The vicissitudes of the Pennymite war may well be forgotten in the fearful memory of that one great event which will make Wyoming ever memorable in history—the fated battle of 1778, "in which," to use the words of the inscription upon the monument which commemorates the misfortunes of the day, "a small band of patriot Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared by inefficiency from distant ranks of the Republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Denison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory, and Indian force, of thrice their number." This

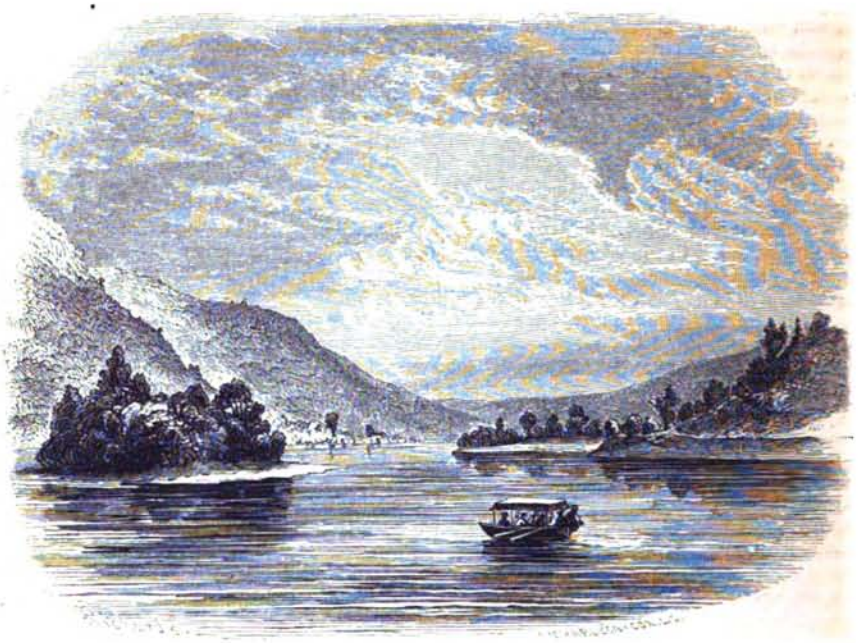
memorable battle was fearfully disastrous to the colony. The patriots were slain without mercy, and with revolting cruelty. Friends and brothers, in the bestial temper of the hour, fiendishly betrayed and slew each other. Large circles of prisoners were gathered around isolated stones, pinioned and held fast, while some murderous hand deliberately dispatched them one by one, in rotation. One of these stones, called Queen Esther's Rock, on the old battle-field, and within sight of the monument, is still an object of interest to the curious visitor. Sixteen captives were circled around it, while Queen Esther, the famous Catharine Montour, brandishing her tomahawk, and chanting the death-song, murderously destroyed them one after the other, in the order in which they were placed. Neither youth, age, nor sex was protection against the horrid fury of the Indians on this awful day. All were slain but the few who escaped to the mountains, and of these many died a scarcely less fearful death from fatigue, or cold, or famine.

Before continuing our voyage down the river, let us take a hasty peep at the Coal Mines, which form a prominent feature in the *physique* of the valley. All the world is familiar with the vast mineral resources of Pennsylvania, and particularly the abundance and richness of its coal beds. "Lehigh" and "Schuylkill" are grateful names to us as we gather round our winter fires. The black Cyclopean mouths of the coal pits, in the mountain sides of Wyoming, continually arrest the eye, and the ear is ever and anon assailed, on the hill-tops, by the stifled thunders of the blasts in the bowels of the earth beneath. The even and moderate temperature of the mines makes them an agreeable resort on a sweltering summer's day. The mines here, for the most part, ascend into the flanks of the hills, instead of being reached by shafts, deep down, as in other parts of the State. The coal is excavated by blasting, and is drawn out by mules or horses on narrow wooden railways. They are lighted only by small lamps attached to the caps of the miners. On the occasion of our first visit, our guide left us for a moment, lightless, in the narrow ghostly passage. We quickly detected the rumbling sound of an approaching car, and vainly cast about us for a side nook in which to shelter us. To deepen our alarm, there came at this critical moment the many echoes of a mighty blast, the thunders of which were heightened by the quickly following flash of sulphurous light, revealing the whole sweep of the mystic cave in dreadful distinctness. Altogether, we experienced a singularly unpleasant sensation, which made us feel that we were a long way from home, and without a friend in the world. Happily we escaped the accumulated dangers, and subsequently learned to look upon the mines as very comfortable nooks, and upon the miners, despite their terrible visages, as very clever and Christian people.

Entering our inn one evening after a hard day's work, we sat us down for a moment, with our sketch-box over our shoulder. Our travel-stained and generally forlorn aspect attracted the inquisitive notice of a gaunt native.

"What are yer peddling?" he at length ventured, after most wistful scrutiny.

INTERIOR OF A COAL MINE, SUSQUEHANNA.



THE SUSQUEHANNA AT NANTICOKE.

"Peddling!" we echoed, half-awakened from our reverie.

"Yes; what have yer got to sell?"

"O! ah! yes! we are peddling—coal mines!"

"Coal mines! where is they!"

"In the Rocky Mountains," we answered; and thereupon displayed the pages of our sketch-book, showing him the two views, which we have included in the illustrations of this paper. "This," said we, "is the outside, and that is the inside of the beds; that is the way they are to look—when we find them!"

"O, ye-es! I see!" said our friend, with a chuckle of dawning comprehension. "He, he, he! I guess you're one of them chaps what's going 'round making picters! I've seen three or four on 'em 'bout here lately. Didn't mean no offense—"

"Oh, no, not at—"

"Only I seed yer have a box, and I thought yer might have something to sell: and I guess yer *did* sell *me*—didn't yer?"

We acquiesced; and by way of making the amende to our wounded dignity, were requested to "step up and take something." As we were at length departing, our new friend called out:

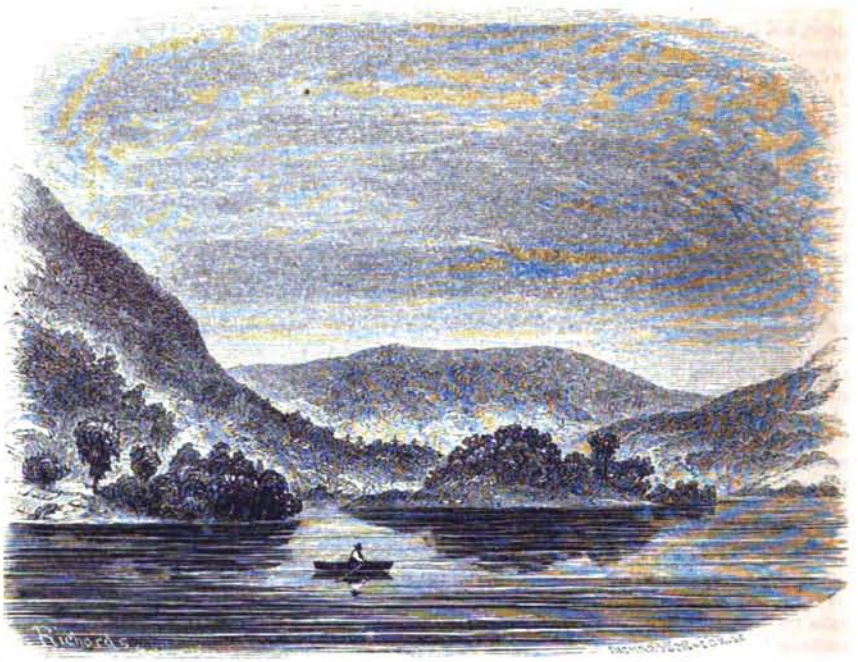
"I say you there, mister! Guess if you don't sell all them coal mines afore you get back, I'd like to take a few on 'em! he, he, he!"

The humbler and less educated dwellers on the Susquehanna, as in the ruder portions of all our new and matter-of-fact land, look upon the earnest labors of the artist with wondering curiosity; and when made fully aware of their nature, they still think some ulterior purpose must be involved—being quite incompetent to understand how sturdy young men, and grave old men can so devotedly pursue a toil, which to them seems so idle. Of the vast moral effect, and of the great intellectual blessings of art, they have never dreamed; and scarcely less could they be made to comprehend their indebtedness to its lesser results, in the world of comforts and conveniences, which make up the sunshine of their simple lives. They pay all proper reverence to the ingenious implements by which their daily labors are so simplified and accelerated; to the grace of design and charm of color displayed in the fabrics with which they deck their persons; to the elegance and convenience of the furniture and ornaments which endear their homes to their hearts; even to the rude pictures of "Martha Jane," the "Belle of the Village;" the "Soldier's Farewell," and other affecting or inspiriting subjects which cover their simple walls; but of the connection between all this and art—the great source of all the comforts, and refinements, and delights of life—of the progression and perfection of life, they have no conception whatever. It is related of the immortal Audubon, that in his devoted forest wanderings, he was sagely regarded with suspicion or pity. An eminent painter once amused us with a narrative of the summary manner in which the burly lord of a little brook-side ordered him away, as a lazy, good-for-nothing vagabond! Another artist, after explaining to a curious observer that he was

sketching his homestead, that yonder was his house and his barn, and the fence and the poplar-tree, and the old white horse down there in the meadow, thought he had let a little ray of the divine light of art into the benighted mind of his audience—when the audience turned abruptly away, with only a contemptuous "pshaw!" They will scarcely believe that man can have no loftier end than merely to "make pictures." They raise you, *nolens volens*, at least, to the eminence of a peddler; and express their respect for, and interest in ouncepins, combs, needles, and kindred solemnities. In a region where gold veins have been newly found, a strolling sketcher was eagerly besought to reveal some little knowledge of the valuable secrets of old Mother Earth: and failed utterly to convince the good people that his mysterious note-book was *bonâ fide* nothing more than a budget of sketches of trees and rocks, and water-falls. On the Susquehanna, the inhabitants were greatly interested during the visit of our party in the various surveys then going on for new railroad routes: consequently, we were universally mistaken for engineers; and much were we amused at the efforts, adroit or awkward, made to "pump" us respecting the direction of "the road" at this and that point. Of course we humored the determined error, by occasionally alarming a worthy farmer with the intimation of an incursion into his garden, or of a whistle and dash through his parlor-windows. An amusing chapter might be made of the various characters assigned to artists, while professionally engaged in the country; but perhaps we have exceeded the scope of our theme in venturing even thus far upon the ground.

Our particular business in this paper is to explore that portion of the Susquehanna, or "Crooked River," according to the Indian signification of the name, extending from the Valley of Wyoming, one hundred miles south to the mouth of the Juniata. Within these limits lie the main points of attraction, and a just example of the general character of the whole river. North of Wyoming, the mountainous feature is preserved for some considerable distance; then comes a fine pastoral country of great fertility of soil and luxuriance of vegetation. Below the Juniata, the broken and rugged character of the shores, continues at intervals and in degrees almost to the Chesapeake. Leaving the valley at the south end, we now come again into the mountain-passes, and for several miles traverse the most beautiful portion of the river: a succession of noble scenes, which bear the same relation to the Susquehanna that the famous Highlands do to the great Hudson. The general voyager may not tarry long here for want of sufficient hotel privileges; but the artist, with whom material comforts are the smallest consideration, will pitch his tent intuitively, and in matter of bed and board, thankfully accept the smallest favors. This southern exit of the great valley is known as Nanticoke. One of the finest series of the rapids of the Susquehanna, is found here at the Nanticoke Dam. Hard by is Nanticoke Mountain and the hamlet of West Nanticoke; and across the river on the eastern side is East Nanticoke, or "Nanticoke,"

SUSQUEHANNA BELOW NANTICOKE.



SUSQUEHANNA AT SHICKSHINNEY.

briefly, and *par excellence*—as we say, "Napoleon," and "Napoleon III."

From all the high grounds around Nanticoke, delicious vistas of the plains of Wyoming feast the eye. Hereabouts we selected our frontispiece. Mining and boating make up the sum of human avocation at Nanticoke—as indeed they do to a greater or less extent through all the course of the river. Beautifully-formed and densely-wooded islands contribute greatly to the charms of this part of the Susquehanna. Harvey's Creek and other little mountain-streams, full of picturesque falls and fine rocks, drop into the river here.

A beautiful mountain-picture, near the mouth of Harvey's Creek, has the unusual foreground, in American views, of a ruined bridge, whose venerable stone arches would grace the landscape of the olden time of any country. When the afternoon shades cool the river-walks on the eastern shore at Nanticoke, it is delightful to ramble on the richly-wooded and rock-dotted lawns; and to gaze far out upon the quiet river indolent in the sunshine. Our "view at Nanticoke" is from the beach, looking down the river, which here spreads out into noble lake-like expanse. The canal winds along under the hills on the right. The next picture is found some mile or two below, looking back upon the broad face of the Nanticoke Mountain. The tow-path lying between the canal and the river affords a noble walk for many miles; and is of especial interest in the neighborhood of Nanticoke. It affords exquisite glimpses both of river and canal scenery. The post-road on the other side of the canal reveals in its progress yet another set of charming views.

The frequent recurrence of shoals here affords abundant facilities for the vigorous prosecution of trade in that great Susquehanna staple—eels.

By the compelling aid of slight stone inclosures, the descending current and its finny freight are drawn into an apex, where the slippery gentry are easily secured.

The angular architecture of these weirs, or traps, adds nothing to the beauty of the waters, though we never introduced them into our sketches without exciting the highest admiration of the rural populations bending over our easel. Submitting our portfolio, "by particular request," to the inspection of a native amateur in Nanticoke, he expressed his gratification at the opportunity of seeing pictures "in the rough." We said something about the "stuff that dreams are made of;" but our classicism was not appreciated.

Living over again our hours at Nanticoke, we are reminded mournfully of the fate of one* of the merriest of our merry party there, in the summer of 1852, whom we left ardently pursuing his happy studies by the mountain and brook side—only to hear of him again when we returned soon after to our city home, as having gone to that brighter land, where art is perfected. He was a true, humble, and devoted worshiper of nature—never wearied in watching

* John Irvine Glasgow—a young landscape painter of bright promise and earnest effort.

the changeful expression of her lovely face; in scaling the mountain-paths, or in exploring the tortuous brooks; he was always the hopeful and eager pioneer; his pleasant companionship lighted up for us the dark chambers of the coal-beds, or guided our skiff gayly over the threatening rapids. In our hours of rest, or in our evening strolls, he scented out the most luscious peach-tree, as by instinct, and he alighted upon melon-patches with the celerity and certainty of genius. Alas! that his facile hand will never more express the imaginings and emotions of his bright fancy and his truthful heart!

Four miles below the Nanticoke rapids is a way-side station, known to boatmen as "Jessup's." Mr. Jessup is a kind and courteous host, well becoming the best inn of all the region round. A noble glimpse up the river is commanded by the site of Mr. Jessup's house; and from the hills near by, you follow its graceful windings for miles below, through a landscape of gratefully alternating hill and vale.

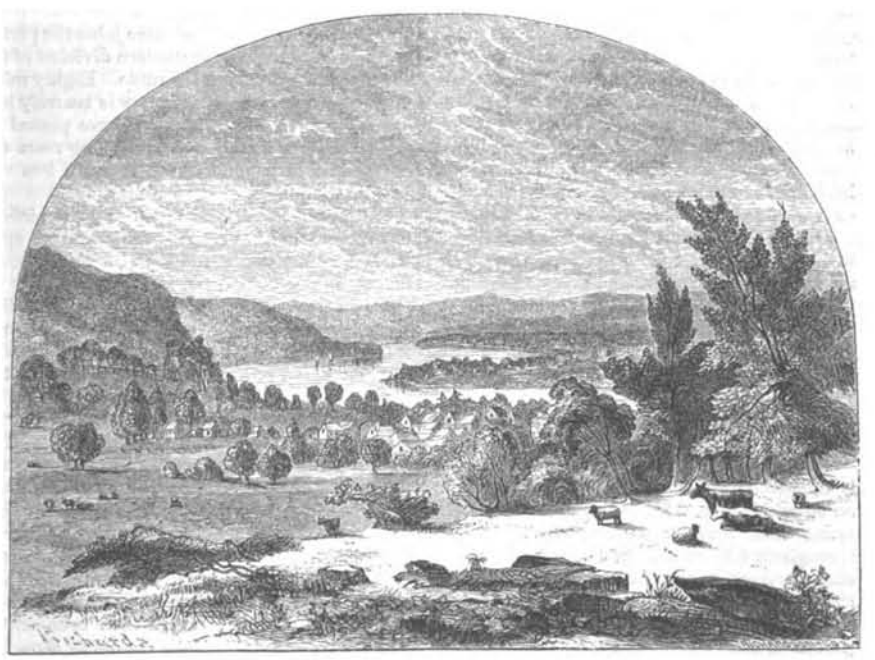
At the terminus of the next four miles' travel, in the whole extent of which the highland beauties of the Susquehanna continue in the finest and most varied development, we reach the village of Shickshinney—a small hamlet of no very winsome features, apart from the natural beauties around it. Here, as above, the eye will delightedly follow the river both up and down in its windings amidst the green isles, and reflecting the wooded or rocky banks and walls.

The imposing mountain-ridge which continually terminates this view in our passage down the river after leaving Shickshinney, is the great Wapwallopen hill, protecting the village which bears its name, and which lies hidden at its base. This noble peak is best seen on the southern approach, where its summit presents a vigorous and grand rocky front.

The Wapwallopen Creek comes in here, contributing a new chapter of rugged charms to the riches of the Susquehanna. A double bend in the "Crooked" river places the Wapwallopen ferry in the centre of a charmingly framed and quiet little lakelet.

For some miles hence, old Susquehanna may be said (in contrast with his late wakeful mood) to nod a little: doubtless, however, only in wise preparation for the watch and vigil he always keeps down among the mountains and cliffs of Cattawissa.

Cattawissa unfolds well at all points. The white spires of the little town, buried in the hills, seem to give you a hospitable beckon onward, as on your departure they suggest moistened cambrics, waving a last, distant, and loving adieu. The evening occupation which we found in the society of the few dainty books, which female taste had collected in the parlor of our inn at Cattawissa, no doubt heightened the pleasure of our strolls on the river banks; and of our long days in the woods and on the hill tops. A genial book, with your evening cigar, is a piquant sauce to a rough day's adventures. We usually endeavor to insure ourself this *sine quâ non* of comfort, by carrying plentiful stores with us; but though our trunks are ponderous enough to be had in everlasting remembrance by all porters, we often, on extended tours, find



CATTAWISSA.

THE SUSQUEHANNA ABOVE THE JUNIATA.

our supply inadequate. In such dilemmas it is pleasant to be greeted in strange lands by the welcoming pages either of old favorites, or to meet the proffered friendship of new volumes. You get wearied, in time, of antique almanacs, Domestic Medicines, or even the Life of Washington, and the History of the Mexican War. Why do not our country hotels provide their guests with the luxury of a moderate library of books suitable for after dinner and evening hours—books of travel, poetry, and romance? A pleasant book would often detain the traveler as long as will a good table.

Some admirable rocky bluffs and well-wooded hill-sides, and much good material for the study of the artist in the nature of loose, moss-grown stone and tree-trunks, is to be found about Cattawissa. On the road and on the tow-path, above and below the village, many nicely composed pictures may be got, as also from all the panoramic sites. In our sketch down the river, overlooking the village, the waters sweep away in exceedingly graceful outlines.

From Cattawissa down to Northumberland, we meet with no points claiming extraordinary attention. The road here drops off from the water; occasionally, however, touching or nearly approaching it, and every where traversing an agreeably diversified country of intermingled forest and meadow land—well besprinkled throughout with villages and farms. The canal still accompanies the river; and the tow-path—as also the shores—often present graceful scenes, with an occasional vista of marked beauty. Fine groups of trees abound every where.

Northumberland, if it had fulfilled its ancient promise, and made good use of its eligible business position, and whilome prestige of success, would now be one of the most thriving towns in the State. But when called to account for its "time misspent and its fair occasions gone forever by," like the idle steward, it brings back only its one buried talent. Here the great west branch of the Susquehanna joins the parent river; and here, too, the western division of the canal unites with the main route. Eighty miles up the west branch, the scenery is scarcely less attractive than that which we have passed in the vicinage of Nanticoke; yet being more out of the way of general travel, is much less visited by the hunter of the picturesque.

Northumberland is as much favored pictorially as geographically. Its position, in the apex formed by the two great arms of the Susquehanna, is admirably seen in the noble view up the river from the bold hills on the opposite side. Upon the summit of these bluffs a grotesque fancy has perched certain ungainly looking wooden summer-houses, which lean over the precipice, *à la* Pisa and Saragossa.

Several immense bridges connect the cape of Northumberland with the opposite shores. The Susquehanna bridges are, from the usual great width of the river, always of such leviathan length, as to compel especial notice. It is a journey for a lazy man to traverse one of them: *par exemple*, the Columbia bridge, which is a mile and a half from one extremity to the other. These bridges, being made of wood, and generally roofed, are more useful than ornamental. They not unfrequently hide charming stretches of hill and river with their uncouth bulk.

In the present culinary condition of the land, we can not conscientiously advise our dainty readers to tarry long any where in the next forty miles, between Northumberland and the meeting of the river with the Juniata. The artist, however, and all others who look up to the bright sky and abroad upon the smiling face of Nature, before they poke their noses into the kitchens, may halt here and there with advantage.

The lake form of the river, seen below from Liverpool, with its far-off distance of interlacing hills, broken by nearer headlands and varied island groups, makes, if not a very striking, at least a most pleasing picture. The canal, from this point onward, winds through a particularly interesting region. At one moment it is hurled in the dense shadow of over-arching leafage; and anon, huge rocky cliffs tower up in the foreground —a narrow ravine lets in a dash of sunshine across the balustrade of the little bridge at the bend of the water in the middle-distance; while far off, on the opposite side, sweep the gallant floods and the smiling islands of the great river.

The last picture of this series is a peep up the Susquehanna, from the tow-path near the mouth of the Juniata. The great width of the waters here and onwards, produces that high delight in the contemplation of Nature—the grateful sensation of distance and space—the secret of the universal pleasure afforded in the wide-reaching views commanded by mountain-tops. To many hearts the thousand variations in the picturesque, yet more confined, defiles and passes presented in the upper waters of the river, offer no compensation for the absence of this quality of expanse and freedom. The waters here are so shallow as to expose long capes of sand bar, often covered with cattle; and indeed the cows, in their search for relief from the summer heat, wander far out into the river, where they seem like little groups of islands; a singular appearance, which would be odd enough in a picture, which is never received with that unquestioning faith given to Nature herself, however surprising her eccentricities.

We ought not, perhaps, to omit cautioning the tourist against certain dregs which may lie at the bottom of the cup of pleasure he may dip from the waters of the Susquehanna. While inhaling the soft airs of brightening morn, or the zephyrs of gloaming eve, he must have a care of the miasmas with which they are mingled—the dews and fogs, so productive of the much-feared agues and fevers. This ill is one to which all the river shores of Pennsylvania are more or less exposed. Few of the inhabitants but have experiences to relate thereof, and the stranger must maintain a proper vigilance, or he will certainly come away a wiser if not a better man.

At the junction of the Juniata with the Susquehanna, we touch the grand lines of railway and canal from the Atlantic to the far West. One hour's journey will transport us, if we please, to the State capital, from whence we may readily plunge again into the stream of busy life.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

WAGRAM.

NAPOLEON had now, in Vienna, nearly 90,000 men. The Archduke Charles having recruited his forces in Bohemia, had marched down the left bank of the Danube, and was entrenched opposite the metropolis, with an army 100,000 strong. From all parts of the widely-extended dominions of Austria, powerful divisions were rapidly marching to join him. The Danube, opposite Vienna, is a majestic stream, one thousand yards in width. The river was swollen by the melting of the snow among the mountains. How could it be possible to transport an army across such a flood, with such formidable hosts on the opposite banks, prepared with all the tremendous enginery of war to dispute the passage! This was the great problem for Napoleon to solve.

A short distance below Vienna, the Danube expanded into a bay, interspersed with many islands, where the water was more shallow and the current less rapid. One of these islands, that of Lobau, divided the river into two branches. It was situated six miles below Vienna, and was about four and a half miles long, and three miles wide. The two channels, which separated Lobau from the banks of the river were of very unequal width. One or two small creeks, which in times of inundation were swollen into torrents, ran through the island. To reach the island from the right bank of the river, where Napoleon's troops were encamped, it was necessary to cross an arm of water about twelve hundred yards wide. Having arrived upon the island, and traversed it, there was another narrow channel to be crossed, but about one hundred and eighty feet in width, which separated it from the main land. Though the swollen torrent poured impetuously through these channels, it was not very difficult to throw a bridge from the right bank to the island, since the island, wide and overgrown with forest, afforded protection, not only from the balls, but also from the view of the enemy. The bridge, however, from the island to the left bank of the river, was to be constructed while the works were exposed to the batteries of the Austrians. For these important operations a large number of boats was needed, and many thousand planks, and powerful cables. But the Austrians had destroyed most of the boats, and, though there was an abundance of wood, ropes were very scarce. It was impossible to drive piles for fastening the boats, since it would occupy too much time, and would attract the attention of the enemy. No heavy anchors, to moor the boats, could be obtained in Vienna, as they were not used in that part of the Danube. By great efforts Napoleon succeeded in obtaining about ninety boats, some of which he raised from the river, where the Austrians had sunk them, and others were brought from a distance. A substitute for anchors was found by sinking

heavy cannon, and chests filled with cannon balls. These were all carefully arranged so that, at the last moment there should be nothing to do, but to throw them into the river.

At ten o'clock at night on the 19th of May, the operation of passing to the island of Lobau commenced. With such secrecy had all the preparations been conducted, that the Austrians anticipated no danger from that quarter. Concealed by the darkness, the first boat pulled off from the shore, at some distance above the contemplated spot for the bridge, and, steering around the intermediate islands, landed upon Lobau. The services of the sailors, whom Napoleon had brought from Boulogne, were now found to be of inestimable value. Seventy large boats were immediately brought into place, to support the planks for a floating bridge. This was a work of great difficulty, as the impetuous torrent swept them continually down the stream. The boats, however, were finally moored, and a spacious wooden bridge extended across the channel. Along this single pass the French army began to defile. A few Austrian troops occupied the island, but they were speedily dispersed. The divisions which first crossed the bridge traversed the island, and promptly erected batteries to sweep the opposite shore. By means of pontoons, the well-trained engineers, in a few hours, constructed a bridge across the narrow channel which separated the island from the left bank of the river. With so much energy were these works executed that by noon of the next day the bridges were completed, and a road cut across the island. During the afternoon, and the whole of the succeeding night, the troops defiled without intermission. The solicitude of the Emperor was so great that he stationed himself at the point of passage, minutely examining every thing, superintending all the movements, and addressing a word of encouragement to almost every individual man.

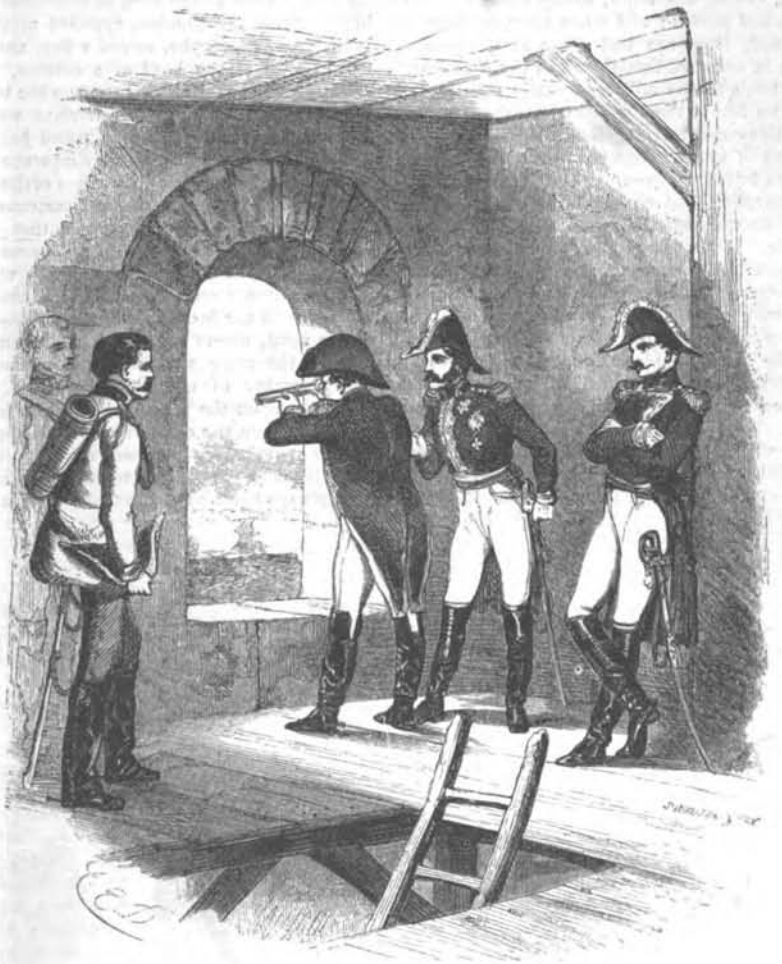
For such a host to cross so narrow a pass, with horse, artillery, ammunition-wagons, and baggage-wagons, was a long and tedious operation. The earliest dawn of the 21st, found, however, twenty thousand men drawn up in battle array upon the northern banks of the Danube. Still not one half of the army had passed, and Napoleon's position was full of peril. The Archduke Charles, with an army 100,000 strong, was but a few miles distant. The danger was imminent that the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, might fall upon these divisions and cut them in pieces before others could come to their rescue. Recent rains were causing an appalling rise of the water. In the middle of the afternoon several of the boats, composing the great bridge, were swept away by the current. A division of cavalry which was at the time crossing, was cut in two, one part drifting to the island, and the other part being left upon the opposite bank. During the night the bridge was repaired and the passage resumed.

The troops which had crossed the Danube took possession of the villages of Aspern and Essling, situated about a mile from each other, on the edge of the great plain of Marchfield. Napoleon, surrounded by his guard, bivouacked in front of the forest which skirted the river between the two villages. Several officers were sent out during the night to reconnoitre. The whole northern horizon was illumined by the fires of the Austrian army, which was encamped upon the heights of Bisamberg. About noon of the next day, Napoleon from the steeple of Essling discerned with his telescope a cloud of dust in the distance. At intervals the wind would sweep the dust away, and the glitter of helmets and bayonets glanced in the sun's rays. It was the army of the archduke, marching down in proud array upon the plain of Marchfield. Instead of being alarmed, Napoleon expressed his satisfaction, saying, "We shall now have once more the opportunity of beating the Austrian army, and of having done with it."

Just then the tidings came that there was a fresh rupture of the great bridge, caused by the hourly increasing flood, and that all the moorings were giving way to the force of the current. This was indeed appalling news. But twenty-three thousand men had crossed. They were but poorly supplied with artillery and ammunition. Nearly one hundred thousand men, in five heavy columns, were marching down upon them. While Napoleon was hesitating whether to retreat back to the island of Lobau, or to give battle behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, word was brought that the bridge was repaired, and that the ammunition-wagons were rapidly crossing. About three o'clock in the afternoon the conflict began, and three hundred pieces of Austrian artillery thundered upon the little band. Thirty-six thousand men came rushing upon Aspern. Seven thousand Frenchmen defended it. For five hours the desperate conflict raged unabated, and the Austrians and the French, alternately victors and vanquished, in horrid tumult swept up and down the long street of the village. More than half of the French were now either killed or wounded. At that moment Massena appeared at the head of a fresh division which had just crossed the bridge, and drove the Austrians again from Aspern.

While this terrific strife was going on, a similar one, with similar inequality of numbers, took place at Essling, which Lannes defended with his heroic and invincible obstinacy. Both villages were now but heaps of smouldering ruins, in the midst of which the combatants were still furiously fighting. At the same time a desperate battle was raging between the cavalry of the two armies, in equally disproportionate force, upon the plain of Marchfield.

Napoleon was confident that could he but sustain his position until 20,000 more men had crossed the bridge, he should have nothing to fear. Aware that the salvation of the army depended upon the issues of those dreadful hours, he was every where present, entirely exposed to



THE CHURCH-TOWER AT ESSLING.

the fire of the infantry and artillery, which was covering the ground with the dying and the dead. The waters of the Danube were still rising. The flood swept with fearful velocity against the frail bridges, threatening every moment to tear them away. To break down these structures the Austrians set adrift large boats loaded with stones; and mills, which were loosed by the unwonted flood, and which they set on fire. These large buildings, filled with combustibles and with explosive engines, were hurled by the torrent against the bridges, making frequent breaches. At times, the enormous load of men and artillery-wagons sank the boats, so that the soldiers were compelled to wade over the submerged planks. The sailors struck out in boats to tow the floating masses to the shore, fearlessly encountering in this service a storm of bullets and grape-shot, which swept the water.

Darkness, at length, put an end to the bloody conflict. But the flashes of ten thousand bivouac fires, and of the floating masses blazing upon the river, illumined the scene, far and wide, with portentous light. The dead were left unburied. The surgeons were busy with knife and saw cutting from the wounded their mangled limbs. The shrieks of the sufferers pierced the midnight air, but did not disturb the slumbers of the veteran soldiers, who slept soundly in the midst of smouldering ruins and upon the blood-stained sod. Napoleon sought no repose. All the night long he was urging the passage of the troops and of ammunition. The elements seemed to conspire against him. The flood rose seven additional feet during the day, making the enormous rise of fourteen feet above the usual level of the river. Notwithstanding the Herculean exertions of the sailors, who vied with each other, under the eye of their Emperor, to protect the bridges, frequent breaches were

made, and the passage was as often interrupted. Still, during the night, nearly thirty thousand men had passed; and when the next morning dawned, Napoleon had about sixty thousand men in order of battle. With these and with the fresh troops still continually crossing, he had no fear of the 100,000 whom the Archduke Charles could bring against him. Still but 144 pieces of artillery had crossed, while the Austrians had 300 pieces. But a small supply of ammunition had as yet been conveyed over. The first dawn of the morning renewed the battle. Both parties fought with the utmost desperation. Massena was directed to defend Aspern. To General Baudet was assigned the task of holding Essling. The impetuous Lannes, animated by the most enthusiastic love of the Emperor, placed himself at the head of 20,000 infantry and 6000 horse, and with resistless vigor charged the centre of the enemy's line. Napoleon stood upon an eminence calmly regarding the awful spectacle. The movements he had ordered were perfectly successful. Both of his wings retained their position. The central charge swept every thing before it. The Austrians were driven back in confusion. The heroic Archduke Charles, appalled at the approaching catastrophe, seized a flag, and placing himself at the head of a column, in the midst of the fire, attempted to stem the torrent. It was all in vain. The Austrians were defeated, and in refluent waves rolled back over the plain. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" rang like thunder peals above the clangor of the battle.

At that critical moment the disastrous intelligence was brought to Napoleon that at last the flood had swept the great bridge completely away. A column of cuirassiers who were on it at the time, were severed in two, and were carried with the boats down the stream—some to the right, others to the left. The ammunition of the army was nearly exhausted. A large number of ammunition-wagons which were just upon the point of being passed over, were left upon the other side. More appalling tidings could hardly have been communicated to mortal ears. The resistless torrent of the Danube had split the French army in two. The Emperor,

MASSENA HOLDING THE POSITION

NAPOLEON AND LANNES.

with but one half of his troops, and without ammunition, was left on one side of the river, with an army of 100.000 Austrians before him.

Still Napoleon did not indicate, by the slightest gesture, that he felt any alarm. His wonderfully trained spirit received the intelligence with perfect composure, as if it were merely one of the ordinary casualties of war. He immediately dispatched an aid to Lannes, directing him to suspend his movements, to spare his ammunition, and to fall back so gradually as not to embolden the enemy. With almost insupportable grief, Lannes found himself thus suddenly arrested in the midst of victory. The Austrians now heard of the destruction of the bridge, and in the slackened fire and the sudden hesitation of their victors, they interpreted the defenseless state of the French. A shout of exultation burst from the lips of the vanquished, and the pursued became pursuers. Slowly, sullenly, and with lion-like obstinacy, the division of Lannes retraced their steps across the plain of Marchfield. Two hundred pieces of artillery plowed their ranks. Incessant charges of cavalry broke upon their serried squares. The ranks continually thinned by the missiles of death, closed up, and reserving their fire that every shot might tell, retired in as perfect order as if on a field of parade.

Just at that moment a fresh disaster came, by which the Emperor was for a moment entirely unmanned. Lannes was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried away both of his legs. Napoleon had but just heard this heart-rending intelligence, when he saw the litter approaching bearing the heroic marshal extended in the agonies of death. Forgetting every thing in that overwhelming grief, the Emperor rushed to the litter, threw himself upon his knees before it, and with his eyes flooded with tears, clasped the hand of Lannes, and exclaimed:

"Lannes! do you not know me! It is the Emperor. It is Bonaparte. It is your friend. Lannes! you will yet be preserved to us."

The dying warrior languidly raised his eyes to the Emperor, and pressing his hand said, "I wish to live to serve you and my country. But in an hour you will have lost your most faithful companion in arms, and your best friend. May you live and save the army."

Napoleon was quite overcome with emotion. To Massena he said, "Nothing but so terrible a stroke could have withdrawn me for a moment from the care of the army." But there was no time to indulge in grief in the midst of the thunders of the battle, the shock of rushing squadrons, and the unintermitted carnage. Napoleon silently pressed the hand of his dying friend, and turned again to the stern duties of the hour.*

After the amputation of both limbs, Lannes lingered for a few days, and died. "He would hear," said Napoleon when at St. Helena, "of none but me. Undoubtedly he loved his wife and children better; yet he spoke not of them. He was their protector, I his. I was to him something vague and undefined, a superior being, a Providence whom he implored. He was a man on whom I could implicity rely. Sometimes, from the impetuosity of his disposition, he suffered a hasty expression against me to escape from him; but he would have blown out the brains of any one who had ventured to repeat it. Originally his physical courage predominated over his judgment, but the latter was every day improving; and at the period of his death he had reached the highest point of his profession, and was a most able commander. I found him a dwarf, but I lost him a giant. Had he lived to witness our reverses, it would have been impossible for him to have swerved from the path of duty and honor; and he was capable, by his own weight and influence, of changing the whole aspect of affairs."

Massena, in the midst of a scene of horrible slaughter, still held Aspern. The Archduke directed an overwhelming force upon Essling. The salvation of the French army depended upon retaining that post. Napoleon sent to the aid of the exhausted division struggling there, in the midst of blood, smoke, and flame, the fusiliers of his Guard, as perfect a body of soldiers as military discipline could create. To their commander Napoleon said, "Brave Mouton, make one more effort to save the army. Let it be decisive; for after these fusiliers, I have

* To Josephine he wrote: "The loss of the Duke of Montebello, who died this morning, deeply afflicts me. Thus all things end. Adieu, my love. If you can contribute to the consolation of the poor marchioness, do it." Subsequently Napoleon paid the highest tribute in his power to the memory of his friend, by appointing the widowed Duchess of Montebello a lady of honor to the Empress.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

NAPOLEON AT WAGRAM.

nothing left but the grenadiers and chasseurs of the Old Guard, a last resource to be expended only in case of disaster."

Five times had the Austrian columns been hurled upon Essling. Five times had they been driven back by the indomitable defenders. The French were fighting one against four, and were rapidly falling before their assailants, when General Rapp and General Mouton, heading two divisions of the fusiliers, came to their rescue. They saw the desperate state of affairs, and grasping each other's hands, in token of a death-defying support, rushed headlong, with fixed bayonets, through a tempest of balls and shells, and grape and bullets, upon the Austrians, and swept them from the village. A battery from the isle of Lobau poured a raking fire of grape on the repulsed masses, and Essling was again saved.

The conflict had now raged almost without interruption for thirty hours. Fifty thousand mangled bodies, the dead and the dying, were spread over the plain. During the whole day Napoleon had been exposed to every peril, and had been deaf to all entreaties to shelter a life on which the safety of all depended. In the midst of the action, General Walther, appalled by the danger which threatened the Emperor, as bullets swept away the officers and the privates who were near him, exclaimed, "Retire, Sire, or I will order my grenadiers forcibly to remove you."

The evening twilight was now approaching. Napoleon decided to retreat during the night into the island of Lobau. So long as the two posts of Aspern and Essling were secure, the retreat of the army was insured. The Austrians still kept up a tremendous cannonading, to which the French could make no reply. Napoleon sent to Massena to inquire if he could still hold Aspern. The staff-officer found the indomitable general, harassed with fatigue, blackened with smoke, and with blood-shot eyes, seated upon a heap of smoking ruins, with the mutilated bodies of the dead strewn all around him. In emphatic tones, characteristic of his iron will, he replied, "Go tell the Emperor that I will hold out two hours—six—twenty-four—so long as it is necessary for the safely of the army."

Satisfied upon this point, Napoleon crossed the bridge to the island, to select a site for the encampment of his troops. The spectacle which the banks of the river presented was indeed heart-rending. He pressed along through the wounded and the dying, painfully affected by their piteous moans, which filled his ear. After exploring the island on horseback, in all directions, he satisfied himself that the army could find in it an entrenched camp which would be unassailable, and where it might take shelter for a few days, until the great bridge could be repaired.

It was now night. Heavy clouds darkened the sky, and a cold and dismal rain drenched the exhausted armies. Napoleon crossed the island and looked out upon the wild and surging flood which had swept away his bridge, and which seemed hopelessly to separate him from one half of his troops. He immediately con-

vened his general officers in a council of war. It was not, however, his object to ask advice, but to give it, and thus to infuse his own undying energy into the spirit of the desponding. He sat down, in the darkness and the rain, under a tree, upon the banks of the black and rushing flood, and waited for Massena, Davoust, Bessieres, and Berthier to join him. The flame of a camp fire illumined the sombre scene. "Let the reader," says Savary, who was present on this occasion, "picture to himself the Emperor, sitting between Massena and Berthier, on the banks of the Danube, with the bridge in front, of which there scarcely remained a vestige, Marshal Davoust's corps on the other side of the broad river, and behind, in the island of Lobau, the whole army, separated from the enemy by a mere arm of the Danube, and deprived of all means of extricating itself from this position—and he will admit that the lofty and powerful mind of the Emperor could alone be proof against discouragement."

The Emperor was perfectly calm and confident, displaying as much of fortitude in the endurance of disaster as he had exhibited of heroism in braving death. Some of his generals were entirely disheartened, and proposed an immediate retreat across the island of Lobau, and then, by means of boats, across the broad arm of the Danube to the opposite shore, where they

NAPOLEON AND THE DYING OFFICER.

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUTHFUL ASSASSIN.

could be joined by the rest of the army, and could defend themselves in Vienna. Napoleon listened patiently to all the arguments, and then said:

"The day has been a severe one. But it can not be considered a defeat, since we remain masters of the field of battle. It is doing wonders to retire safe after such a conflict, with a huge river at our back and our bridges destroyed. Our loss, in killed and wounded, is great. But that of the enemy must be a third greater. It may therefore be assumed that the Austrians will be quiet for a time, and leave us at leisure to wait the arrival of the army in Italy, which is approaching victoriously through Styria; to bring back to the ranks three-fourths of the wounded; to receive numerous reinforcements which are on the march from France; to build substantial bridges over the Danube, which will make the passage of the river an ordinary operation. When the wounded shall have returned to the ranks, it will be but ten thousand men less on our side, to be set off against fifteen thousand on the adversary's. The campaign will be merely prolonged two months. When fifteen hundred miles from Paris, maintaining war in the heart of a conquered monarchy, in its very capital, there is nothing in an accident to astound men of courage. Indeed in what has happened we must consider ourselves as very fortunate, if we take into account the difficulties of the enterprise, which was no less than crossing, in the teeth of a hostile army, the largest river in Europe, to go and give battle beyond it. We have no cause for discouragement. It is necessary to cross the small arm of the Danube into the island of Lobau, there to wait for the subsidence of the waters, and the reconstruction of the bridge over the large branch. This retreat can be performed during the night, without losing a single man, a single horse, a single cannon, and, more than all, without losing honor."

"But there is another retrograde movement both dishonoring and disastrous. It is to repass not only the small, but the great arm of the Danube, scrambling over the latter as we can, with boats which can carry only sound men, without one cannon, one horse, one wounded man, and abandoning the island of Lobau, which is a precious conquest, and which offers the true ground for ultimately effecting the passage. If we do this, instead of retiring with 60,000 men, which we numbered at our departure, we shall go back with 40,000 men, without artillery or horses, leaving behind us ten thousand of the wounded, who in a month might be capable of service. Under such circumstances we should do well not to show ourselves to the Viennese. They would overwhelm their vanquishers with scorn, and would soon summon the Archduke Charles to expel us from a capital where we should no longer be worthy to remain. And in that case it is not a retreat to Vienna but to Strasbourg for which we are to prepare. Prince Eugene, now on his march to Vienna, would find the enemy there instead of the French, and would perish in the trap. Our allies, dismayed and made treacherous by weakness, would turn against us. The fortune of the

empire would be annihilated, and the grandeur of France destroyed. Massena and Davoust," said he, turning to them, "you live. You will save the army. Show yourselves worthy of what you have already done."

Every man felt his energies invigorated by these words. In the ardor of the moment the impetuous Massena grasped the hand of the Emperor, exclaiming, "You are a man of courage, Sire! You are worthy to command us. No! we will not fly like cravens who have been beaten. Fortune has not been kind to us, but we are victorious nevertheless; for the enemy, who ought to have driven us into the Danube, has bitten the dust before our positions. Let us not lose our victorious attitude. Let us only cross the small arm of the Danube, and I pledge myself to drown in it every enemy who shall endeavor to cross in pursuit of us." Davoust, on his part, promised to defend Vienna from any attack, during the renovation of the bridges.

Massena immediately returned to Essling and Aspern. The cannonade of the Austrians was still sullenly continued, though the soldiers sank in exhaustion at their guns. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night Napoleon with Savary, in a frail skiff, crossed the rushing torrent of the Danube to the right bank. It was a night of Egyptian darkness. The rain fell in floods. Enormous floating masses were continually swept down by the swollen current, and the passage was attended with imminent danger. Having safely arrived at the little town of Ebersdorf, upon the right bank of the Danube, he ordered every attainable barge to be collected, and sent immediately across to Lobau, freighted with biscuit, wine, brandy, and every comfort for the wounded, and also with ammunition for the army. The boats which had composed the floating bridge were used for this purpose. The corps of sailors, whom his foresight had provided, were found invaluable in this trying hour.

At midnight Massena commenced the retreat, aided by the darkness, the rush of the tempest, and the utter exhaustion of the enemy. Division after division defiled by the small bridge, carrying with them all the wounded, and all the material of war. It was not till the lurid morning dawned that the Austrians perceived the retrograde movement of the French. They immediately commenced the pursuit, and opened a brisk fire upon the crowded bridge. Massena remained upon the left bank amidst the storm of balls, resolved to be the last man to cross. Defiantly he looked about in all directions, to satisfy himself that not one wounded man, one cannon, or any object of value, was left behind to fall into the hands of the enemy. All the struggling horses he caused to be driven into the river, and forced them to swim across it. At last, when every duty was performed, and the bullets of the Austrian sharp-shooters were whistling around him, he stepped upon the bridge. The cables were then cut, and the floating mass was swept to the island shore, to which the other end of the bridge was attached. Thus terminated this horrid conflict of two days. It is impossible to estimate with accuracy the numbers of the slain. As the French, behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, and by the configuration of the ground, fought much of the time under cover, while their foes were in the open field, the loss of the Austrians was much the most severe. It is generally stated that 26,000 Austrians and 15,000 Frenchmen perished on that bloody field. Of the wounded, also, multitudes lingered through joyless years, in the military hospitals of Austria and of France. "It was the height of insanity," say the critics who write by the peaceful fireside, "for Napoleon, under such circumstances, to attempt to cross the river in the face of so powerful a foe." "And it would have been still more insane," Napoleon calmly replied, "for me to have remained in Vienna, while five hundred thousand men were rushing from all quarters to cut off my communications, and to envelop my comparatively feeble army in ruin."

Napoleon in the mean time threw himself upon a bundle of straw, and for a few moments soundly slept. But before the dawn of the morning he was again on horseback, superintending the movements of the troops. He foresaw that a month at least would be requisite to await the subsidence of the flood, and to prepare for the passage of the Danube in a manner which would bid defiance to accident. He immediately commenced works of the most gigantic description. They still remain, an enduring monument of the energy of Napoleon, and of the skill of his engineers. The resources of the whole army were called into requisition. In three weeks one large bridge was constructed across the stream, upon piles which reared themselves above the highest flood-mark. The bridge was twelve hundred feet long, formed of sixty arches, and on which three carriages could pass abreast. Upon the broad platform of this magnificent structure any quantity of artillery and cavalry could pass. About a hundred feet below this another bridge, on piles, was reared, and intended for the passage of the infantry. Both of these bridges were protected by strong works above them, to break the force of the current. Added to this there was a bridge of boats; so that the French could pass to the islands in three columns. The whole island of Lobau was converted into an intrenched camp of impregnable strength. Batteries were reared, mounting howitzers and mortars capable of throwing projectiles to a great distance.

To deceive the Archduke, he took all possible pains to convince the enemy that he would cross where he had effected a passage before. He consequently erected here numerous and magnificent works to command the opposite shore. But the most important preparations were secretly made to cross a few miles further down the river. He had every thing so admirably arranged that in a few minutes several thousand men could cross the small branch, and take the Austrian advance-posts; that in two hours fifty

thousand others could deploy on the enemy's side of the river; and that in four or five hours one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, forty thousand horses, and six hundred guns could pass over to decide the fate of the campaign.

In crossing the river under such circumstances, it is necessary, first, to send some resolute men to the opposite side in boats, while exposed to the fire of the enemy. They disarm or kill the advance-post, and fix the moorings to which the boats are to be attached which float the bridge. Planks are promptly spread upon the floats. The army then rushes along the narrow defile as rapidly as possible. To facilitate the operation, Napoleon had large flat-bottomed boats constructed, capable of carrying three hundred each, and having a movable gunwale of thick plank to protect the men from musketry, and which being let down upon hinges would greatly facilitate the landing. Each corps of the army was provided with five of these boats. Thus fifteen hundred men could be carried over almost instantaneously at each point of passage. A hawser was to be immediately attached to a tree, and the boats were to ply along it to and fro. The construction of the bridges was immediately to begin. Every thing being precisely arranged, and each individual man knowing exactly what he had to do, and with formidable batteries beating off the enemy, Napoleon was satisfied that in two hours he could have four bridges completed, and fifty or sixty thousand men on the opposite side of the river in battle array. To enable a column of infantry to debouch on the instant the advanced guards had crossed in the flat boats, Napoleon invented a bridge of a novel description. The common way of making a bridge is to moor a series of boats side by side, and then cover them with planks. Napoleon conceived the idea of having a bridge in one single piece, composed of boats bound together beforehand, in one long line capable of spanning the stream. One end was then to be made fast to the shore, the other pushed out into the river would be carried by the force of the current to the opposite bank, to which it was to be attached by men who were to run along it for the purpose. It was calculated, and rightly, as the result proved, that a few moments would be sufficient for this beautiful operation. To guard against any possible disappointment, timber, rafts, and pontoons were arranged that four or five additional bridges might very speedily be thrown across the stream. Napoleon was incessantly employed galloping from point to point, watching the progress of the works, and continually suggesting new ideas. His genius inspired the engineers. At the same time he took infinite pains to guard against any revolt from the inhabitants of Vienna. Discipline was rigorously observed. Not one offensive act or expression was permitted. Every breach of good conduct on the part of his soldiers was punished upon the spot.

In the mean time, the Archduke Charles was constructing formidable works to arrest the passage of the French, and accumulating from all quarters fresh troops. Napoleon, busily employed behind the screen of woods on the Island of Lobau, had packed together in that circumscribed place, but about three miles in diameter, one hundred and fifty thousand men, five hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and forty thousand horses.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, said, "When I had caused my army to go over to the Isle of Lobau, there was, for some weeks, by common and tacit consent, on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment on the edge of the island, which was about eighty yards distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and gray coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder; but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the comfort of his soldiers. Walking one day with one of his marshals on the shore of the Isle of Lobau, he passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner. "Well, my friends," said Napoleon, "I hope you find the wine good." "It will not make us drunk," replied one of their number; "there is our cellar," pointing to the Danube. The Emperor, who had ordered a distribution of a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and promised an immediate inquiry. It was found that forty thousand bottles, sent by the Emperor, a few days before, for the army, had been purloined, and sold by the commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial, and condemned to be shot.

The fourth of July, 1809, was dark and gloomy. As night came on, the wind rose to a tempest. Heavy clouds blackened the sky, and the rain fell in torrents. The lightning gleamed vividly, and heavy peals of thunder shook the encampment of the armies. It was a favorable hour for the gigantic enterprise. At the voice of Napoleon the whole army was in motion. To bewilder the Austrians, simultaneous attacks were made on all points. At once, nine hundred guns of the largest bore, rent the air with their detonations. The glare of bombs and shells, blended with the flashes of the lightning; and the thunder of Napoleon's artillery, mingled with the thunder of the heavens. Never has war exhibited a spectacle more sublime and awful. Napoleon rode up and down the bank with perfect calmness. His officers and men seemed to imbibe his spirit, and all performed their allotted task without confusion or embar-

rassment, regardless of the rain, the bullets, the exploding shells, the rolling of the thunder and the terrific cannonade. All Vienna was roused from its slumber by this awful outburst of war. The enterprise was highly successful.

At the earliest dawn of the morning, a most imposing spectacle was presented to the eyes of both armies. The storm had passed away. The sky was cloudless. One of the most serene and lovely of summer mornings smiled upon the scene. The rising sun glittered on thousands of bayonets, and helmets, and plumes, and gilded banners, and gayly caparisoned horses prancing over the plain. Seventy thousand men had already passed the river, and were in line of battle, and the bridges were still thronged with horse, infantry, and artillery, crowding over to the field of conflict. The French soldiers, admiring the genius of their commander, who had so safely transported them across the Danube, greeted him as he rode along their lines, with the most enthusiastic shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*. The Archduke Charles was by no means aware of the peril with which he was threatened. He supposed that it would take at least four-and-twenty hours for the French to cross the river, and that he should have ample time to destroy one half of the army before the other half could come to its rescue. He stood upon the heights of Wagram, by the side of his brother Francis, the Emperor, who was questioning him as to the state of affairs.

"The French have indeed," said the Archduke Charles, "forced the Danube, and I am letting a portion of them pass over, that I may throw them into the river." "*Very good*," rejoined the Emperor. "But do not let too many of them come across."*

Napoleon had now seven bridges completed, and he had crossed in such a way as to take the enemy in flank, and to deprive him of all advantage from his intrenchments. During the day the two mighty armies passed through an incessant series of skirmishes, as they took their positions on the field of Wagram. Night came. A cold dense fog settled down over the unsheltered troops. There was no wood on the plain for fires. Each man threw himself down on the wet ground, shivering with cold, and slept as he could.

Napoleon, however, did not sleep. He rode in the darkness to all points of the widely extended field, that he might with his own eyes see the position of his troops. At midnight he sent for all the marshals and gave them the most minute directions for the proceedings of the ensuing day. It was his principle to give his directions not merely so that they *might* be understood, but so plainly that by no possibility could they be misunderstood. For three days and three nights he had allowed himself no repose whatever. At the earliest dawn of the next morning the battle was renewed. For twelve long hours, three hundred thousand men, extending in dense masses of infantry and cavalry, along an undulating line nine miles in length, fired into each others' bosoms with bullets, grape-shot, cannon-balls, and shells. Sabre crossed sabre, and bayonet clashed against bayonet, as squadrons of horse and columns of infantry were hurled against each other. Whole battalions melted away before the discharge of eleven hundred pieces of artillery. No man in either army seemed to pay any more regard to the missiles of death, than if they had been snow flakes. Napoleon was every where present, encouraging his men, and sharing with them every peril. The ground was covered with the bodies of the wounded and the dead in every conceivable form of mutilation. The iron hoof of the war-horse trampled the marred visage, and the splintered bones of shrieking sufferers, into the dust. Thousands in either army who were in search of *glory* on that bloody field, found only protracted agony, a horrid death, and utter oblivion.

Massena, though very severely wounded by a recent fall from his horse, was present, giving his orders from an open carriage, in which he lay swathed in bandages. In the heat of the battle, Napoleon, upon his snow-white charger, galloped to the spot where Massena, from his chariot, was urging on his men. A perfect storm of cannon-balls plowed the ground around him. When Napoleon saw his impetuous marshal in the midst of the conflict, his unyielding soul triumphing over excruciating bodily pain, he exclaimed, "Who ought to fear death when he sees how the brave are prepared to meet it!" The Emperor immediately alighted from his horse, and took a seat by the side of the marshal. He informed him of a movement then in progress, which he hoped would be decisive. Pointing to the distant towers of Neusiedel, he indicated that Davoust, with his veteran division, was to fall upon the left wing of the Austrian army there, while an immense reserve of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, were to pierce the enemy's centre. Just then, there came up at a gallop, a hundred pieces of artillery, making the very earth to tremble beneath their ponderous wheels. Behind this battery, in solid column, followed the infantry of Macdonald, with their fixed bayonets. Then came fourteen regiments of cuirassiers of the Guard, with sabres long accustomed to be bathed in blood. The hundred guns instantly commenced the most tremendous cannonade upon the enemy's lines, and the indomitable column moved sternly on. The Austrians slowly retiring in front, but closing in on either side, opened a cross fire upon the advancing column, while the Archduke in person hastened to meet the terrible crisis which was approaching. At every step, huge chasms were made in the ranks.

"Nothing," says Headley, "could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of the cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Mar-

* This remark became subsequently quite a byword in the army.

donald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and a half from where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and a centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field and into the devouring cross-fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible. At every discharge the head of that column disappeared, as if it sank into the earth; while the outer ranks on either side melted like snow-wreaths on the river's brink. Still Macdonald towered unhurt amid his falling guard; and with his eye fixed steadily upon the enemy's centre, moved sternly on. At the close and fierce discharge of these cross batteries at its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald would ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the same desperate valor which filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines, like two walls of fire, on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward. Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or to die, to his devoted followers. But now he halts, and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stand all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back upon his path, and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his heroes, by the black swarth of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. *Out of the sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen.* And here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the 'Old Guard' in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. 'Forward,' breaks from his iron lips. The rolling of drums and the pealing of trumpets answers the volley that smites the exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won, the Empire saved, and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat."

"In the height of the danger," says Savary, "Napoleon rode in front of the line upon a horse as white as snow. He proceeded from one extremity of the line to the other, and returned at a slow pace. Shots were flying about him in every direction. I kept behind with my eyes riveted upon him, expecting every moment to see him drop from his horse. The Emperor had ordered that as soon as the opening which he intended to make in the enemy's centre should have been effected, the whole cavalry should charge, and wheel round upon the right wing of the Austrians."

As Napoleon with his glass earnestly watched the advance of Macdonald through this terrific storm of grape-shot and bullets, he exclaimed several times, "What a brave man!" For three miles Macdonald forced his bloody way, piercing, like a wedge, the masses of the Austrians. Anxiously Napoleon kept his eye upon the tower of Neusiedel, where Davoust, with a powerful force, was to attack in flank the wing of the Austrian army cut off by Macdonald. At length the cannon of Davoust was seen to pass the tower, and the slopes of the plateau beyond were enveloped in the smoke of his fire. "The battle is gained!" exclaimed Napoleon. Bessieres was immediately ordered to charge with the cavalry of the Guard. Riding through a tempest of cannon-balls at the head of his men, he was spurring furiously forward when a heavy shot in full sweep struck his horse, and hurled it, torn and shattered, from under him. Bessieres was pitched headlong to the ground, covered with blood and dust, and apparently dead. Napoleon, in anguish, averted his eyes, and, turning his horse, said, "Let us go, I have no time to weep." A cry of grief rose from the whole battalion of the Guard.

The Emperor sent Savary to see if the Marshal were still alive. Most singularly, Bessieres, though stunned, was but slightly wounded. When Napoleon next saw him after the battle, he said, "The ball which struck you, Marshal, drew tears from all my Guard. Return thanks to it. It ought to be very dear to you."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Archduke Charles, leaving twenty-four thousand men, wounded or dead, stretched upon the plain, and twelve thousand prisoners in the hands of the French, gave orders for a general but cautious retreat. The Emperor Francis, from the towers of the imperial residence of Wolkersdorf, had watched the progress of this disastrous battle. In the deepest dejection he mounted his horse, and sought the protection of the retreating army.

Napoleon had performed a feat which, more than any other he ever performed, astonished the world. He had crossed the broadest river in Europe, in the face of an army one hundred and fifty thousand strong, supplied with all the most destructive enginery of war. He had accomplished this with such precision, rapidity, and security, as to meet the enemy, on their own ground, with equal numbers. The Austrians could no longer keep the field, and Austria was at the mercy of the conqueror.

As soon as the conflict had terminated, Napoleon, according to his custom, rode over the

field of battle. The plain was covered with the wounded and the dead. Twenty-four thousand Austrians, and eighteen thousand of the French army were weltering in blood. The march of Macdonald's column was specially distinguishable by the train of dead bodies which lay along its course. The multitude of the wounded was so great that four days after the battle the mutilated bodies of those still living were found in the ravines and beneath the trampled grain. The vast battle-field of Wagram extended over a space nearly nine miles long and three or four miles wide. The weather was intensely hot. A blazing sun glared fiercely upon them. Flies in swarms lighted upon their festering wounds. And thus these mangled victims of war lingered through hours and days of inconceivable agony. The Emperor frequently alighted, and with his own hand administered relief to the wounded. The love of these poor men for the Emperor was so strong that tears of gratitude filled their eyes as he approached them with words of sympathy and deeds of kindness. Napoleon alighted from his horse to minister to a young officer whose skull had been fractured by a shot. He knelt beside him, felt of his pulse, and with his own handkerchief wiped the blood and dust from his brow and lips. The dying man slightly revived, and recognized his Emperor kneeling as a nurse by his side. Tears gushed into his eyes. But he was too weak to weep, and soon breathed his last. After having traversed the field, Napoleon inspected the soldiers who were to march in pursuit of the enemy. He met Macdonald. A coldness had for some time existed between them which had been increased by malevolence and misrepresentation. Napoleon stopped, and offered his hand, saying, "Accept it, Macdonald. Let there be no more animosity between us. From this day we will be friends. I will send you, as a pledge of my sincerity, your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned." Macdonald cordially grasped the proffered hand, exclaiming, as his eyes filled with tears, and his voice choked with emotion, "Ah, sire, we are now united for life and for death!" *

Napoleon recognized among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He stopped and gazed for a moment, sadly, upon his mutilated body stretched upon the gory field, and said, with emotions which every generous heart will understand, "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten every thing." *

Napoleon, having taken the utmost care of the wounded, was seized with a burning fever, the effect of long-continued exposure and exhaustion. He, however, indulged himself in but a few hours of rest, and then mounted his horse to overtake and guide the columns which were pursuing the enemy.† A violent storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. Napoleon, though sick and weary, sought no shelter from the drenching flood. He soon overtook the troops, and found that Marmont had received from the Austrians proposals for an armistice. With the utmost reluctance Napoleon had been forced into this conflict. He had nothing to gain by it, and every thing to fear. Promptly he acceded to the first overtures for peace. "It

* Macdonald was the son of a Scotch gentleman, who joined the Pretender, and after the battle of Culloden escaped to France. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, Macdonald embraced its principles, and joined the army. Upon Napoleon's return from Egypt, he warmly espoused his cause. In consequence of remarks he was reported to have made in reference to the conspiracy of Moreau, the Emperor had for some time regarded him with coldness. At Wagram he won his marshal's staff. He continued the faithful friend of the Emperor until the abdication at Fontainebleau. After the fall of Napoleon, the new government made him a peer of France and Chancellor of the Legion of Honor. He died in Paris in 1840, leaving daughters, but no son.

* "There was no injury," says Savary, "Napoleon was so well disposed to forgive as that which was personal to himself. A single good action had the effect of removing from his mind the unfavorable impression created by ten bad ones. But a breach of the laws of honor, or a breach of courage, would forever ruin, in his mind, the person guilty of either."

† "Napoleon's attention," says Savary, "was particularly directed to the hospitals, and he had them regularly visited by his aids-de-camp. After the battle he made them the bearers of a gratuity of sixty francs, in crown pieces, to each wounded soldier, and from one hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred francs to each of the officers, according to their respective ranks. He sent still larger sums to the wounded generals. The Emperor's aids-de-camp had for several days no other occupation to attend to. I can assert, as far as concerned myself, that I was constantly engaged during forty-eight hours in making the distribution to three of the hospitals. The Emperor had given orders that this should be done in the manner most calculated to soothe the feelings of the wounded. The visits to the hospitals, for example, were made by the aids-de-camp in full uniform, accompanied by the war-commissary, the officers of health, and the director. The secretary of the hospital went before them, with the register of the sick in hand, and named the men as well as the regiment to which they belonged; after which twelve five-franc pieces were placed at the head of the bed of each wounded soldier; this sum being taken out of baskets full of money, carried by four men dressed in the Emperor's livery. These gratuities were not drawn from the military chest, but entirely supplied out of the Emperor's private purse.

"A collection might have been made, no less valuable as materials for the Emperor's history than as redundant to his glory, of the many expressions of gratitude uttered by these gallant fellows, as well as of the language in which they gave vent to their love and attachment to his person. Some of the men could not hope to spend these twelve crown-pieces; but, at the very brink of death, the tears running down their cheeks, strongly indicated how feelingly alive they were to this mark of their general's remembrance. At no time did I feel so enthusiastic an admiration of the Emperor as when he was attending to the wants of his soldiers. His heart expanded at hearing of any service rendered to them, or of his being the object of their affection. He has been accused of being unsparing of their lives. But they never encountered any danger without having him at their head. He was *every* thing at once. Nothing but the basest malevolence can calumniate the sentiment which was nearest his heart, and which is one of the numberless claims which his immense labors have given him to the homage of posterity. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he loved them in return. It is impossible that they could have for him a greater attachment than he entertained for them."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, written by himself*, vol. iii. pp. 96–97.

has been the fashion," says Savary, "to represent Napoleon as a man who could not exist without going to war. And yet throughout his career he has ever been the first to make pacific overtures. And I have often and often seen indications of the deep regret he felt whenever he had to embark in a new contest." All the marshals were assembled in the Emperor's tent, and the question of the proposed armistice was earnestly discussed. "Austria," said one party, "is the irreconcilable enemy of the popular government in France. Unless deprived of the power of again injuring us, she will never cease to violate the most solemn treaties whenever there is the prospect of advantage from any violation, however flagrant, of the public faith. It is indispensable to put an end to these coalitions perpetually springing up, by dividing Austria, which is the centre of them all." The other party contended: "Should Prince Charles retreat to the Bohemian mountains, there is danger of an open declaration from Prussia; and Russia may join the coalition. In anticipation of the great and final conflict evidently approaching between the South and the North, it is of the utmost importance to conciliate Austria, and to terminate the war in Spain, so as to secure the rear in France, and liberate the two hundred thousand veteran soldiers engaged in an inglorious warfare there."

Napoleon listened patiently and in silence to the arguments on both sides, and then broke up the conference with the decisive words: "Gentlemen, enough blood has been shed; I accept the armistice." *

Immediately after exchanging friendly messages with the Archduke Charles, Napoleon set off for Schonbrunn, there to use all his exertions to secure peace, or to terminate the war by a decisive effort. By most extraordinary exertions he raised his army to 300,000 men, encamped in brilliant order in the heart of Austria. He replenished the exhausted cavalry horses, and augmented his artillery to 700 guns. While thus preparing for any emergency, he did every thing in his power to promote the speedy termination of the war. The French and Austrian plenipotentiaries met to arrange the treaty of peace. Austria endeavored to prolong the negotiations, hoping that the English expedition against Antwerp would prove so successful as to compel Napoleon to withdraw a portion of his troops, and enable Austria to renew hostilities. The whole month of August thus passed away.

The English on the 31st of July landed upon the island of Walcheren, at the mouth of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham was in command of the expedition. Eighty thousand of the National Guard immediately marched to expel the invaders from the soil of France. Although Napoleon entertained a deep aversion for the vanity, the ambition, and the petty jealousy of Bernadotte, he fully appreciated his military abilities, and intrusted to him the chief command of this force. Napoleon was neither surprised nor alarmed by this formidable descent upon the coasts. He wrote: "Make no attempt to come to action with the English. *A man is not a soldier.* Your National Guards, your young conscripts, led pell-mell, almost without officers, with an artillery scarcely formed, opposed to Moore's soldiers, who have met the troops of the Grand Army, would certainly be beaten. The English must be opposed only with the fever of the marshes, with inundations, and with soldiers behind entrenchments. In a month, the English, decimated by fever, will return in confusion." He enjoined it upon the French to defend Flushing—a fortification at the mouth of the river—to the last extremity, so as to keep the English as long as possible in the fever district; immediately to break the dikes, and thus lay the whole island of Walcheren under water; to remove the fleet above Antwerp; but by no means to sink hulls of vessels in the channel of the river, as he did not wish to destroy the Scheldt by way of defending it. In ten days fifteen thousand of the English troops were attacked by fever. They were dying by thousands. Seventeen days had been employed in forcing their vast armament of fifteen hundred vessels a few leagues up the crooked channel of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham became discouraged. Four thousand had died of the fever. Twelve thousand of the sick had been shipped for England, many of whom died by the way; and the number on the sick-list was daily increasing. A council of war was called, and it was determined to abandon the expedition. The English retired, covered with confusion.

Napoleon was exceedingly rejoiced at this result. He said that his lucky star, which for a time had seemed to be waning, was now shining with fresh lustre. He wrote: "It is a piece of the good fortune attached to present circumstances that this same expedition, which reduces to nothing the greatest efforts of England, procures us an army of 80,000 men, which we could not otherwise have obtained."

The Austrians now saw that it was necessary to come to terms. The perfidious monarchy was at Napoleon's disposal. He was at the head of

* Bernadotte ventured to arrogate to himself the privilege of issuing an independent bulletin, in which he claimed for the Saxon troops under his command a principal share in the victory. Napoleon, justly displeased, caused the following private order to be distributed to each marshal of his army: "His Imperial Majesty expresses his disapprobation of Marshal the Prince of Ponte Corvo's order, which was inserted in the public journals of the 7th of July. As his Majesty commands his army in person, to him belongs the exclusive right of assigning to all their respective degrees of glory. His Majesty owes the success of his arms to *French* troops, and not to others. The Prince of Ponte Corvo's order of the day, tending to give false pretensions to troops of secondary merit, is contrary to truth, to discipline, and to national honor. To Marshal Macdonald belongs the praise which the Prince of Ponte Corvo arrogates to himself. His Majesty desires that this testimony of his displeasure may operate as a caution to every marshal not to attribute to himself more glory than is due to him. That the Saxon army, however, may not be affected, his Majesty desires that this order may be kept secret."

an army which could not be resisted, and he had all the strong places of the empire under his control. And yet he treated Francis with a degree of generosity and magnanimity which should have elicited an honest acknowledgment even from the pens of his most envenomed historians. Francis, finding it in vain any longer to protract negotiations, resolved to send his aid, M. Bubna, as a confidential agent to Napoleon, "who should," says Thiers, "address himself to certain qualities in Napoleon's character, his good nature, and kindly spirit—qualities which were easily awakened when he was approached in the right way." Napoleon received the emissary with cordiality, threw off all reserve, and, in the language of ingenuousness and sincerity, said:

"If you will deal honestly with me we will bring matters to a conclusion in forty-eight hours. I desire nothing from Austria. I have no great interest in procuring a million more inhabitants for Saxony or for Bavaria. You know very well that it is for my true interest either to destroy the Austrian monarchy, by separating the three crowns of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, or to attach Austria to me by a close alliance. To separate the three crowns will require more bloodshed. Though I ought, perhaps, to settle the matter in that way, I give you my word that I have no wish to do so.*

The second plan suits me. But how can a friendly alliance be expected of your Emperor? He has good qualities, but he is swayed by the violence and animosity of those about him. There would be one way of bringing about a sincere and firm alliance. It is reported that the Emperor Francis is weary of his crown. Let him abdicate in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke of Würzburg, who likes me, and whom I like. He is an enlightened prince, with no prejudices against France, and will not be led by his ministry or by the English. Let this be done, and I will withdraw from Austria, without demanding a province or a farthing, notwithstanding all the war has cost me. I shall consider the repose of the world as secured by that event. Perhaps I will do still more, and give back to Austria the Tyrol which the Bavarians know not how to govern."

As Napoleon uttered these words he fixed his eyes with a penetrating gaze upon M. Bubna. The Austrian minister hesitatingly replied: "If the Emperor Francis thought this possible, he would abdicate immediately. He would rather insure the integrity of the empire for his successors than retain the crown upon his own head."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "if that be so, I authorize you to say that I will give up the whole empire on the instant, with something more, if your master, who often declares himself disgusted with the throne, will cede it to his brother. The regards mutually due between sovereigns forbid me to propose any thing on this subject. But you may hold me as pledged should the supposition I make be realized. Nevertheless I do not believe that this sacrifice will be made. In that case, not wishing to separate the three crowns at the cost of prolonged hostilities, and not being able to secure to myself the reliable alliance of Austria by the transfer of the crown to the Archduke of Würzburg, I am forced to consider what is the interest which France may preserve in this negotiation. Territories in Gallicia interest me little; in Bohemia not more; in Austria rather more, for they would serve to remove your frontiers farther from ours. In Italy, France has a great interest to open a broad route toward Turkey by the coasts of the Adriatic. Influence over the Mediterranean depends upon influence with the Porte. I can not have that influence but by becoming the neighbor of the Turkish Empire. By hindering me from crushing the English, as often as I have been upon the point of doing so, and obliging me to withdraw my resources from the ocean to the Continent, your master has constrained me to seek the land instead of the sea route in order to extend my influence to Constantinople. Let us meet halfway. I will consent to fresh sacrifices. I renounce the '*uti possidetis*.'* I claimed three provinces in Bohemia; I will say no more about them. I insisted upon upper Austria to the Ems; I give up the Ems, and even Traun, and restore Lintz. In Italy I will forego a part of Carinthia. I will retain Villach, and give you back Klagenfurth. But I will keep Carniola, and the right bank of the Save as far as Bosnia. I demanded of you 2,600,000 subjects in Germany. I will not require of you more than 1,600,000. If you will come back in two days, we will settle all in a few hours; while our diplomatists, if we leave them alone, will never have done, and will set us on a game to cut each other's throats."†

"After this long and amicable interview," says Thiers, "in which Napoleon treated M. Bubna so familiarly as to pull him by the mustaches, he made the latter a superb present, and sent him away fascinated and grateful." On the 21st of September, M. Bubna appeared again at Schönbrunn with a letter from the Emperor Francis, stating that the concessions which Napoleon had made amounted to nothing, and that

* "To separate the three crowns would be to destroy the House of Austria; and to do that required two or three more great victories, which Napoleon was very likely to gain, but which would, probably, make Europe desperate, alarm Russia, and disgust her with our alliance, and cause a general rising of the nations."—THIERS, *Consulate and Empire*, Book xxxvii. p. 816.

* "*Uti possidetis*," a basis of settlement by which each party retains the territories which their respective armies occupy, subject to such exchanges as may be mutually convenient. Napoleon was in possession of Vienna and of nearly the whole valley of the Danube, including a population of nine millions of inhabitants, which amounted to one-third of the Austrian empire. Upon this basis, Austria would be compelled to cede, from other portions of her dominions, as much territory and population as might be restored to her in the centre of her monarchy.

† Accounts of this interview, drawn up both by Napoleon himself and by M. Bubna, are deposited in the Imperial archives.

greater ones must still be proposed in order to render peace possible. On receiving this letter, Napoleon could not restrain a burst of impatience. "Your ministers," he exclaimed, "do not even understand the geography of their own country. I have renounced the basis of *uti possidetis*. I relinquish my claim to a population of more than a million of subjects. I have retained only what is necessary to keep the enemy from the Passau and the Inn, and what is necessary to establish a contiguity of territory between Italy and Dalmatia. And yet the Emperor is told that I have abated none of my claims! It is thus they represent every thing to the Emperor Francis. By deceiving him in this way they have led him to war. Finally they will lead him to ruin." Under the influence of these feelings, he dictated a bitter letter to the Emperor of Austria. Upon becoming more calm, however, he abstained from sending it, remarking to M. Bubna, "It is not becoming in one sovereign to tell another, in writing, *You do not know what you say*."

In all this delay and these subterfuges, Napoleon saw but continued evidence of the implacable hostility of Austria, which no magnanimity on his part had been able to appease. He immediately gave orders that the army should be prepared for the resumption of hostilities. Earnestly as he desired peace, he did not fear the issues of war. Negotiations having been for a few days suspended, Napoleon sent for his embassador, M. Champagny, and said to him, "I wish negotiations to be resumed immediately. I wish for peace. Do not hesitate about a few millions more or less in the indemnity demanded of Austria. Yield on that point. I wish to come to a conclusion. I leave it all to you." Time wore away until the middle of October in disputes of the diplomatists over the maps. At length, on the 14th of October, the treaty was signed. This was the fourth treaty which Austria had made with France within sixteen years. She soon, however, violated this pledge as perfidiously as she had broken all the rest.

Napoleon was full of satisfaction. With the utmost cordiality and freedom he expressed his joy. By the ringing of the bells of the metropolis, and the firing of cannon in all the encampments of the army, the happy event was celebrated. In twenty-four hours he had made his arrangements for his departure from Vienna. But a few days before this, on the 12th of October, Napoleon was holding a grand review at Schönbrunn. A young man, about 19 years of age, named Staps, presented himself, saying that he had a petition to offer to the Emperor. He was repulsed by the officers. The obstinacy with which he returned again and again excited suspicion. He was arrested and searched, and a sharp knife was found concealed in his bosom, evidently secreted for a criminal purpose. With perfect composure he declared that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor. The affair was made known to Napoleon. He sent for the lad. The prisoner entered the private cabinet of the Emperor. His mild and handsome countenance, and bright eye, beaming with intelligence, interested Napoleon. "Why," said he, kindly, "did you wish to kill me? Have I ever harmed you?"

"No!" Staps replied; "but you are the enemy of my country, and have ruined it by the war."

"But the Emperor Francis was the aggressor," Napoleon replied, "not I. There would have been less injustice in killing him."

"I admit, Sire," the boy replied, "that your Majesty is not the author of the war. But if the Emperor Francis were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne. But if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another."

The Emperor was anxious to save his life, and, "with a magnanimity," says Alison, "which formed at times a remarkable feature in his character," inquired, "If I were to pardon you, would you relinquish the idea of assassinating me?"

"Yes!" the young fanatic replied, "if we have peace; no! if we have war."

The Emperor requested the physician Corvisart to examine him, and ascertain if he were of sound mind. Corvisart reported that he was perfectly sane. He was conducted to prison. Though Napoleon contemplated pardoning him, he was forgotten in the pressure of events, and after the departure of the Emperor for Paris, he was brought before a military commission, condemned, and executed. He remained unrelenting to the last.*

One day General Rapp was soliciting for the promotion of two officers. "I can not make so many promotions," said Napoleon, "Berthier has already made me do too much in that way." Then turning to Lauriston, he continued, "We did not get on so fast in our time, did we? I continued for many years in the rank of lieutenant."—"That may be, Sire," General Rapp replied, "but you have since made up famously for your lost time." Napoleon laughed at the repartee, and granted the request.

As he left Vienna, he gave orders for the springing of the mines which had been constructed under the ramparts of the capital. He knew that Austria would embrace the first opportunity to enter into another coalition against him. The magistrates of Vienna, in a body, implored him to spare the fortifications of the city. The Emperor refused to comply with the request. "It is for your advantage," said he,

* "An adventure of a different character," says Alison, "befell Napoleon at Schönbrunn during this period. A young Austrian lady, of attractive person and noble family, fell so desperately in love with the renown of the Emperor, that she became willing to sacrifice to him her person, and was, by her own desire, introduced, at night, into his apartment. Napoleon was so much struck with the artless simplicity of this poor girl's mind, and the devoted character of her passion, that, after some conversation, he had her reconducted, untouched, to her own house."

"that they should be destroyed. It will prevent any one from again exposing the city to the horrors of bombardment to gratify private ambition. It was my intention to have destroyed them in 1805. On the present occasion, I have been under the painful necessity of bombarding the city. If the enemy had not opened the gates, I must either have destroyed the city entirely or have exposed myself to fearful risks. I can not expose myself to the encounter of such an alternative again."

Alison thus eloquently describes the destruction of the fortifications, and his opinion of the act. "Mines had previously been constructed under the principal bastions, and the successive explosions of one after another presented one of the most sublime and moving spectacles of the whole revolutionary war. The ramparts slowly raised in the air, suddenly swelled, and bursting, like so many volcanoes, scattered volumes of flame and smoke into the air. Showers of stones and fragments of masonry fell on all sides. The subterraneous fire ran along the lines with a smothered roar, which froze every heart with terror. One after another the bastions were heaved up and exploded, till the city was enveloped on all sides by ruins, and the rattle of the falling masses broke the awful stillness of the capital. This cruel devastation produced the most profound impression at Vienna. It exasperated the people more than could have been done by the loss of half the monarchy. These ramparts were the glory of the citizens; shaded by trees, they formed delightful public walks; they were associated with the most heart-stirring eras of their history. They had withstood all the assaults of the Turks, and been witness to the heroism of Maria Theresa. To destroy these venerable monuments of former glory, not in the fury of assault, not under the pressure of necessity, but in cold blood, after peace had been signed, and when the invaders were preparing to withdraw, was justly felt as a wanton and unjustifiable act of military oppression. It brought the bitterness of conquest home to every man's breast; the iron had pierced into the soul of the nation. As a measure of military precaution it seemed unnecessary, when these walls had twice proved unable to arrest the invader; as a preliminary to the cordial alliance which Napoleon desired, it was in the highest degree impolitic."

By the treaty of Vienna, Napoleon extended and strengthened the frontiers of *Bavaria*, that his ally might not be again so defenselessly exposed to Austrian invasion. He added fifteen hundred thousand souls to the Kingdom of *Saxony*. Thus he enabled the portion of enfranchised and regenerated Poland, rescued from Prussia, more effectually to guard against being again ravaged by Austrian troops.* The infant kingdom of *Italy*, Austrian hoofs had trampled in the dust. Napoleon enlarged its territory, that it might be able to present a more formidable front to its despotic and gigantic neighbor. His only object seemed to be so to strengthen his allies as to protect them and France from future aggression. Had Napoleon done less than this, the world might justly have reproached him with weakness and folly. In doing no more than this, he signally developed his native generosity of his character. His moderation astonished his enemies. Unwilling to recognize any magnanimity in Napoleon, they allowed themselves to accuse him of the most unworthy motives. "When compared," says Lockhart, "with the signal triumphs of the campaign at Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation.—Bonaparte soon after, by one of the most extraordinary steps of his personal history, *furnished abundant explanation of the motives which had guided his diplomacy at Schönbrunn.*" According to such representations, Napoleon was indeed a wayward lover; making his first addresses to Maria Louisa in the bombardment of Vienna, prosecuting his suit by the bribe of a magnanimous treaty, and putting a seal to his proposals by blowing up the ramparts of the metropolis!*

Alison, on the other hand, following Bourrienne, ventures to suggest that Napoleon was frightened into peace by the sharp knife of Staps. The historian is safe when he records what Napoleon *did* and what he *said*. Upon such facts the verdict of posterity will be formed. In this case, friend and foe admit that he was dragged into the war, and that he made peace, upon the most magnanimous terms, as soon as he possibly could.

Alexander was much displeased that Napoleon had strengthened the Polish kingdom of Saxony, and thus rendered it more probable that the restoration of Poland might finally be effected. But Napoleon, aware that even the attempt to wrest from the iron grasp of Russia and Austria the provinces of dismembered Poland, would but extend more widely the flames of war, resolved not to embark in the enterprise, which still enlisted all his sympathies. Alexander, however, complained bitterly that Prussian Poland had been restored, and that thus the danger of the final restoration of the whole kingdom was increased. The coldness of Alexander, and the daily growing hostility of the haughty empress-mother and of the nobles, rendered it more and more evident that France

* The Duchy of Warsaw, organized by Napoleon from Prussian Poland, was independent, though placed under the protection of the King of Saxony.

* Napoleon signed the treaty with but little confidence in the honor of Austria. "He could not forget," says the Baron Meneval, "that twelve years before Austria had implored peace when the French were at Loeben, and that as soon as he was in Egypt she had again grasped arms; that she had again signed the treaty of Luneville, after the defeat of Hohenlinden, which she violated when she saw us seriously occupied in preparing for the descent upon England; that she had signed again a treaty of peace after the battle of Austerlitz, which she again violated when she hoped to surprise Napoleon while pursuing the English in the heart of Spain; and that now she reluctantly sheathed the sword, only because Napoleon was in possession of Vienna."

would soon be involved again in difficulties with that mighty despotism, which overshadowed with its gloom the boundless regions of the north.*

Alison, in the following terms, condemns Napoleon for his moderation in not wresting from Austria and Russia the Polish provinces: "He more than once touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and by a word might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standards; but he did not venture upon the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland." It is with such unparalleled injustice that history has treated Napoleon. His efforts to defend France from her multitudinous foes, are alleged as proofs of insatiable ambition and a blood-thirsty spirit. His generosity to his vanquished foes, and his readiness to make almost any sacrifice for the sake of peace, were stigmatized as weakness and folly.

A deputation from one of the provinces of Austria had called upon Napoleon just before the treaty, soliciting relief from some of the burdens imposed upon them by the presence of the French army. "Gentlemen," the Emperor replied, "I am aware of your sufferings. I join with you in lamenting the evils entailed upon the people by the conduct of your government. But I can afford you no relief. Scarcely four years have elapsed since your sovereign pledged his word, after the battle of Austerlitz, that he would never again take up arms against me. I trusted that a perpetual peace was cemented between us; and I have not to reproach myself with having violated its conditions. Had I not firmly relied upon the protestations of sincerity which were then made to me, rest assured that I should not have retired, as I did, from the Austrian territories. Monarchs forfeit the rights which have been vested in them by the public confidence, from the moment that they abuse such rights and draw down such heavy calamities upon nations."

One of the members of the deputation began to defend the Emperor of Austria, and ended his reply in these words, "Nothing shall detach us from our good Francis."

"You have not rightly understood me," the Emperor rejoined, "or you have formed a wrong interpretation of what I laid down as a general axiom. Did I speak of your relaxing in your affection for the Emperor Francis? Far from it. Be true to him under any circumstances of good or bad fortune. But at the same time you should suffer without murmuring. By acting otherwise you reproach him as the author of your sufferings."

While negotiations were pending, Napoleon received the untoward tidings of the defeat of the French, by Wellington, at the battle of Talavera. He was much displeased by the conduct of his generals in Spain. "Those men," said he, "are very self-confident. I am allowed to possess some superiority of talent, and yet I never think that I can have an army sufficiently numerous to fight a battle even with an enemy I have been accustomed to defeat. I collect about me all the troops I can bring together. They, on the contrary, advance boldly to attack an enemy with whom they are scarcely acquainted, and yet they only bring one half of their troops to the contest. Is it possible to manœuvre more awkwardly. I can not be present every where."

A deputation of Hungarians called upon Napoleon to implore him to take Hungary under his protection, and to aid the Hungarians in their efforts to break from the thralldom of Austria.* Napoleon had reflected upon this, and had thought of placing upon the throne of Hungary the Archduke of Würzburg, brother of the Emperor Francis. This young prince admired Napoleon, and was much influenced by his lofty principles. When Austria was striving to rouse the whole Hungarian nation against France, Napoleon issued the following proclamation:

"Hungarians!—The moment is come to revive your independence. I offer you peace, the integrity of your territory, the inviolability of your constitutions, whether of such as are in actual existence, or of those which the spirit of the time may require. I ask nothing of you. I desire only to see your nation free and independent. Your union with Austria has made your misfortune. Your blood has flowed for her in distant regions. Your dearest interests have always been sacrificed to those of the Austrian hereditary estates. You form the finest part of the empire of Austria, yet you are treated as a province. You have national manners, a national language; you boast an ancient and illustrious origin. Resume, then, your existence as a nation. Have a king of your own choice, who will reside among you and reign for you alone."

Napoleon, in departing, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Vienna, in which he thanked them for the attentions they had bestowed upon the wounded of his army, and expressed

* Alexander felt much solicitude about this treaty. He wrote to Napoleon, "My interests are entirely in the hands of your Majesty. You may give me a certain pledge, in repeating what you said at Tilsit and Erfurth, on the interests of Russia in connection with *the late kingdom of Poland.*" Napoleon replied, "Poland may give rise to some embarrassment between us. But the world is large enough to afford us room to arrange ourselves. Alexander promptly and energetically responded, "*If the re-establishment of Poland is to be agitated, 'the world is not large enough,'* for I desire nothing further in it." The ferment in St. Petersburg was so intense, that a national outbreak was contemplated, and even the assassination of the Emperor was openly spoken of if he should yield. Napoleon was not ignorant of this state of the Russian mind. He has been severely blamed for his *insatiable ambition*, in restoring Prussian Poland by establishing the Duchy of Warsaw. He has been as severely blamed, and by the same historians, for not liberating the Austrian and Prussian provinces of dismembered Poland, though he could only have done this by involving Europe in the most destructive war.—See Bigxon, viii. 351, 354.

* Souvenirs Historiques de M. Le Baron Meneval, vol. i. p. 303.

how deeply he had lamented his inability to lighten the burdens which had pressed upon them. "It was the Emperor's intention," says Savary, "to have had pavements laid in the suburbs of the metropolis, which stand much in need of them. He was desirous, he said, of leaving that token of remembrance to the inhabitants of Vienna. But he did not find time to accomplish this object."

"If I had not conquered at Austerlitz," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I should have had all Prussia on me. If I had not proved victorious at Jena, Austria and Spain would have assailed me in my rear. If I had not triumphed at Wagram—which, by-the-by, was a less decisive victory—I had to fear that Russia would abandon me, that Prussia would rise against me; and, meanwhile, the English were already before Antwerp.

"Yet what was my conduct after the victory? At Austerlitz I gave Alexander his liberty, though I might have made him my prisoner. After Jena, I left the House of Prussia in possession of a throne which I had conquered. After Wagram, I neglected to parcel out the Austrian monarchy. If all this be attributed merely to magnanimity, cold and calculating politicians will doubtless blame me. But, without rejecting that sentiment, to which I am not a stranger, I had higher aims in view. I wished to bring about the amalgamation of the great European interests in the same manner as I had effected the union of parties in France. My ambition was one day to become the arbiter in the great cause of nations and kings. It was therefore necessary that I should secure to myself claims on their gratitude, and seek to render myself popular among them. This I could not do without losing something in the estimation of others. I was aware of this. But I was powerful and fearless. I concerned myself but little about transient popular murmurs, being very sure that the result would infallibly bring the people over to my side.

"I committed a great fault after the battle of Wagram in not reducing the power of Austria still more. She remained too strong for our safety, and to her we must attribute our ruin. The day after the battle I should have made known by proclamation that I would treat with Austria only on condition of the preliminary separation of the three crowns of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia."

While these scenes were transpiring in Austria, the war in Spain was raging with renewed fierceness. The English and the Spanish insurgents had their hopes revived by the absence of Napoleon, and believing that he would be compelled soon also to withdraw his troops to meet his exigencies upon the Danube, they with alacrity returned to the conflict. Joseph Bonaparte was one of the most amiable and excellent of men; but he was no soldier. The generals of Napoleon were fully conscious of this, and had no confidence in his military operations. Having no recognized leader, they quarreled among themselves. It was difficult for Napoleon, in the midst of the all-absorbing scenes of Essling, and Lobau, and Wagram, to guide the movements of armies six hundred leagues distant upon the banks of the Tagus and the Douro. The Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed with 30,000 British troops in Portugal, and rallied around his banner 70,000 Portuguese soldiers, inspired by the most frantic energies of religious fanaticism. Marshal Soult had in Portugal 26,000 men under arms to oppose them. The most horrible scenes of demoniac war ensued. Retaliation provoked retaliation. No imagination can conceive the revolting scenes of misery, cruelty, and blood which desolated the land. The wounded French soldiers were seized even by women, and tortured and torn to pieces, and their mutilated remains polluted the road; villages were burned; shrieking women hunted and outraged; children, trampled by merciless cavalry, and torn by grape-shot, moaned and died, while the drenching storm alone sighed their requiem. It was no longer man contending against his brother man, but demon struggling with demon. The French and English officers exerted themselves to the utmost to repress these horrible outrages. But they found that easy as it is to rouse the degraded and the vicious to fight, it is not so easy again to soothe their depraved passions to humanity. The Duke of Wellington wrote to his government the most bitter complaints of the total insubordination of his troops. "I have long been of opinion," he wrote, "that a British army could bear neither success nor failure. And I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion in the first of its branches in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern."

Again he wrote to Lord Castlereagh on the 31st of May, 1809: "The army behave terribly ill. They are a rabble who can not bear success any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavoring to tame them; but if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps home in disgrace. They plunder in all directions."

Again on the 17th of June he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of State: "I can not with propriety omit to draw your attention again to the state of discipline of the army, which is a subject of serious concern to me, and well deserves the consideration of his Majesty's ministers. It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. Notwithstanding the pains which I take, not a post or a courier comes in, not an officer arrives from the rear of the army that does not bring me accounts of outrages committed by the soldiers who have been left behind on the march. There is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who have never yet, for

for one moment, suffered the slightest want or the smallest privation."

The French army, by universal admission, was under far better discipline than the English. The English soldiers were drawn from the most degraded portion of the populace. The French army, levied by the conscription, was composed of men of much higher intelligence and education. The violent populace of Portugal, rioting unrestrained, rendered existence insupportable by the order-loving portion of the community. They were regarded with horror by those of their own countrymen whose easy circumstances induced a love of peace and quietness. They saw clearly that the zeal the English affected in behalf of Portugal, was mainly intended to secure English commerce and their own aggrandizement. They complained bitterly that England had turned loose upon their doomed land all the reckless and ferocious spirits of Great Britain and of Portugal. "So, without liking the French," says Thiers, "who in their eyes were still foreigners, they were ready, if compelled to choose between them and the English, to prefer them as a lesser evil, as a means of ending the war and as holding out the hope of a more liberal rule than that under which Portugal had lived for ages. As for the house of Braganza, the classes in question were inclined, since the Regent's flight to Brazil, to consider it as an empty name which the English made use of to upset the land from top to bottom."

BERTHA'S LOVE.

PART II.

IT was a strange sensation, the awakening from what seemed to me a long sleep. I had never had a severe illness in my life before, and when I opened my eyes languidly, and became feebly conscious of myself, I felt a vague wonderment whether I was reviving to the same existence, or to a new one. I tried to remember what I had been—what had happened before the long sleep came, but the mere effort of memory dizzied me, and I closed my eyes again, and lay passive, till a stir in the room aroused me.

I felt some one draw near me. I looked, and saw Mary bending over my bed.

The innocent face, the soft eyes, brought all back to my mind. I could not suppress a low cry, as I hid my face, and turned from her—*remembering!*

She, poor child! uttered fond, soothing words to me, while her tears fell on my hands—my shrunken, pallid hands—which she clasped in her own, and ever and anon pressed lovingly to her lips. Then she gently raised my head, and supported it on her bosom. I had no strength to move away. I was constrained to lie still, and bear her caresses, only closing my eyes, that they might not meet the tender, steadfast gaze of hers.

"My darling, my darling Bertha," she kept saying, "you are better, you will be well now, thank heaven!"

And she, with her soft, cool hands, smoothed the hair from my forehead, and then kissed it.

"You know me, don't you, dear?" she asked, presently. "You will say one word to me!"

"What has been the matter?" I said, startled by a sudden fear. "Have I been ill—delirious?"

"Hush, darling! Keep quite still and quiet. No, you have not been so ill as that; and now I trust there is no danger of it. But we were afraid."

I sighed—a deep sigh of relief. I heard her saying more, and I gathered from her words, interrupted as they were by tears and sobs, that I had broken a blood-vessel, and that they had for some hours despaired of my recovery.

"And it was for me, for me," she went on; "it was in saving me you nearly lost your life. Oh, Bertha! if you had died."

A passionate burst of weeping choked her voice. I repeated softly to myself—

"If I had died!—ah, if I had died!"

"It would have broken our hearts," sobbed Mary—"mine and—and Geoffrey's. We should never have been happy again. Poor Geoffrey!" she repeated, arousing herself suddenly, "I am forgetting him in my own gladness. He has been waiting and watching in such terrible anxiety. I must run and tell him. Let him come and speak to you at the door."

"No, no!" I cried, clutching her dress, to detain her. "You must not. I can not—I can not bear it."

I was too feeble to assume the faintest semblance of composure. Even when I caught her look of innocent surprise, I could not dissemble any the more. I fell back, closing my eyes, and hardly caring whether she suspected or not. But hers was too transparent a nature to suspect. She smoothed my pillow, and kissed my hot brows with her fresh lips—blaming herself the while, in low murmurs, for her thoughtlessness in exciting me. Then she stole softly out of the room.

Geoffrey must have been waiting in the next chamber. I heard his voice, uplifted in a rapturous thanksgiving—*his* voice, blessing God that I was saved! Somehow, it fell on my heart with a strange pang, which yet was not all pain; and, like a thick cloud breaking and dissolving into rain, a heavy choking sob burst from me; and I wept blessed, gentle tears, such as I had never yet known. And then, exhausted, like a troubled child, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I heard subdued voices in the room. I distinguished Doctor Ledby's grave tones pronouncing that I was now out of all danger; that I should recover—slowly, perhaps, but surely. Then I felt some one come and hang over me as I lay, and, languidly opening my eyes, I saw my father gazing on me, with more affection expressed in his face than I had ever dreamed he cherished for me. It sent a thrill to my heart, half-pleasure, half-remorseful pain, for the bitter things I had sometimes thought of his want of love for me.

"I am awake, father," said I; and he kissed me tenderly, and with great emotion.

"We have been in much trouble about you, child," said he, hoarsely. "We thought—we thought—"

He broke off, and turned hastily away. Then my step-mother came. Even she, cold and impassive as was her disposition, showed kindness, almost tenderness toward me now. She busied herself in settling my pillows, brought me a cooling draught, and in various ways testified her interest and solicitude. And she was habitually so indolent and indifferent, that such trifling offices assumed quite a new importance in her.

"Now, then," said she, sinking down in a chair, when her labors were concluded, "I will sit by you for awhile. Your nurse is taking a walk in the shrubbery, by Doctor Ledby's desire. Poor child! she was quite pale and worn with watching so anxiously; and Geoffrey fairly dragged her out of the house."

"I can see them now walking together in the laurel-path," said my father, who was standing at the window. "They are talking earnestly enough. They make a pretty pair of lovers."

I could see them, too. I kept silence.

"Bertha, my dear," added he, walking to my bedside again, and assuming something of his old manner, "are you prepared to be a heroine in these parts?—to have your name immortalized in guide-books, and mis-pronounced by garrulous old women? I hear they already call that creek, 'Bertha's,' and that rock, 'The Escape.' And you may expect an ode and two or three sonnets in the next *Cornish Luminary*."

I smiled. It may have been a very sickly smile, for my father again turned away, and again grew unwontedly grave.

"We must not talk too much to our invalid," considerately said he.

And he, with great caution, quitted the room. My remaining companion sat mute, and sorted her wools; while I lay, with clenched hands, and head buried in the pillow, and had time to think, and to remember, and to look forward. But I could do neither. Mentally, as well as physically, I was so weak that I was unable to penetrate the confused haze which enshrouded my thoughts. And in the vain endeavor to cleave through this chaos, consciousness partly floated from me, and, without being asleep, I lay as if in a dream, knowing where I was, and all that was passing around me, but in utter abeyance of all thought. In this state I heard Mary enter the room. I felt her come and look at me. Then followed a whispered conversation with some one else. Then—then—Geoffrey stood at my bedside. I felt him there—his gaze fixed on my face. Once he touched my hand—he pressed his lips on it. Emotion seemed frozen within me. I lay passive the while—conscious of all, but still and quiet. It was as if I were dead, and he bending over my corpse.

"Bless her—God bless her!" said he, presently, in a strangely broken and suppressed voice. "But for her, oh, Mary! what had been my life now?"

"Hush, darling!" came in the timid tones of Mary; "you will awaken her."

He turned to her. In my strange waking trance I seemed to see how he took her in his arms, and looked into her face. For a little time there was silence.

"God is very good," said he, at length, "to have given two such dear ones to me, Mary, and to have preserved them both through the peril that threatened them. If even after you were saved, Bertha had died—"

"Oh, terrible, terrible!" murmured Mary, shuddering. "Ah, dear Geoffrey! that would have been worse than all; far, far worse than if I—"

"No, darling—there could be no worse than that."

Very quietly they talked with a subdued and solemn cadence in their voices. Like tones heard in a dream, it all fell on my ears—to become afterward a remembrance more distinct than the reality.

"How pale and still she is!" whispered Mary. "And how altered since this illness. She was so full of life and energy when I first saw her. Only a few short weeks ago, Geoffrey, do you remember?"

"Yes, dear, I remember well."

"How different her face is now. Oh, Geoffrey!" She stopped weeping. He soothed her tenderly, as a mother might a petted child.

"To think that but for me all this sorrow had never been," faltered she. "Bertha would have been spared this suffering had I never come to Cliffe."

"Do you wish you had never come to Cliffe, Mary?" asked his low, fervent voice.

"Ah, no—no! If you do not."

"I! Heaven forgive me, darling! but a whole world of misery would seem to me a cheap purchase of what I have won."

He spoke passionately, impetuously, and she was quick to calm him.

"Hush," she said, gently, "you will waken poor Bertha."

But I did not wake. I lay still and placid—soulless, as it seemed, and pangless, long after they had left me.

My memory of the next few days is vague and uncertain. I was kept very quiet, rarely spoke, and remained, for the most part, motionless and with closed eyes, so that they often thought me asleep when I was only thinking.

Mary was constantly with me. Her love was devoted, untiring. It would not be discouraged by coldness, and it seemed content to be unreturned. She was the tenderest, the most watchful of nurses. And every one was very kind to me. My father, my step-mother; all those of whom I had thought so hardly that they did not care for me. Sometimes now I reflected remorsefully, that if they had not hitherto shown me much affection it might have been my own fault.

I had no right to quarrel with natures for being over reticent.

Geoffrey sent me the freshest flowers every morning, and scoured the country for fruits and delicacies to tempt my appetite. And once or twice he came in to see me. These interviews were very brief—very silent. No one wondered—I was still so feeble.

I regained strength but slowly. It was long before I left my bed. And the autumn was far advanced when, for the first time, my father carried me down stairs into the cheerful sitting-room, and laid me on the sofa near the window.

I looked out into the garden; saw the trees wearing their golden tints; the laurels in the shrubbery waving about in the wind; the little wicket-gate; beyond that, the cliff; beyond still, the great sea, flashing in the noon sunlight. I remembered the last time I had passed out at that gate on to the cliff.

Mary was beside me, busied in some tender cares for my comfort. With a sudden impulse I passed my arm round her. It was the first expression of the new and softer feeling rising in my heart for her.

Poor child! she nestled her head in my bosom, weeping in a torrent of gratitude and joy. She must have been often cruelly wounded by the kind of sullen endurance with which hitherto I had received all her tenderness. For it was long before her patient love won its way and softened my rebellious heart. But she could not tell—she could not guess. It must have been a mystery to her always—the strange fitful humor of my love for her, which one minute would make me clasp her in a passionate embrace, and the next gently, but irresistibly, put her from me.

As I did now. I had struggled—God knows I had!—I had battled with the fierce tides of feeling that ever and anon surged within me, convulsing my whole being, feeble as I was, till the little vitality I had remaining seemed to leave me. I had learned the new lesson of striving against myself—against the strongest, wildest part of my nature. But I was young yet, and the instincts of youth are so passionate, so uncontrollable. They rebel so fiercely against suffering—they will shriek out, and dash themselves impotently against the strong despair, even until it stuns them into silence.

And I untwined Mary's clinging arms, and turned my head away from her. She sat contentedly beside me, playing with my hands, which she kept possession of.

How thin they were and pallid! When I looked at them, after a while, and then at Mary's, what a contrast! She was amusing herself by taking the rings from her own fingers and placing them on mine. There was one—an opal set among diamonds—which sparkled brightly.

"A pretty ring," said I, languidly, taking it to look more nearly at it; "I never noticed it before."

"No," said Mary, drooping her head, shyly, "I—I never had it till last evening."

I gave it back to her. She tried to put it on one of my fingers, but they were all too shrunken, and it slipped off.

"'Tis of no use," said I, and I drew my hand away; "it is a faithful ring, and will only be worn by its mistress." And again I turned my face and gazed out.

"Don't look away from me," said Mary, pleadingly, "because—because I want to tell you—this ring—Geoffrey gave me."

"I know," I answered, quickly; "I understand—all. You need tell me nothing."

She seemed relieved, and scarcely surprised. For a moment she looked in my face, her own cheeks all flushing, and her eyes only half-raised from the shadow of the lashes. Then she fell weeping on my neck.

"Tell me—tell me you are not sorry," she said, brokenly; "he is so good, and I—oh, I am so unworthy. You knew him long before I did, and you must know how noble he is, and how little I deserve him. But—but I love him, Bertha!"

She raised her head, and looked up straight into my eyes, as she uttered the last words. I pressed the tearful face down again upon my bosom hastily but gently.

"I love him," she again murmured, in a kind of childish dalliance with the words; "I love him dearly!"

I said, after a little while, "Then, Mary, is there no need to fear your worthiness:" and I mechanically repeated the lines:

"Behold me, I am worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am worthy as a king."

"Is that true—is it really so?" she asked, earnestly; "loving much, do we merit much? Because"—and again her cheek crimsoned, and her voice sank timidly—"*then* I know I should deserve him. Who could love him so well as I!"

She had crept closely to me. It was almost more than I could bear. I moved uneasily upon my pillow, disengaging myself from her embrace.

"I am tired," was all I could say: "I should like to sleep."

But her sweet look of innocent self-reproach for having wearied me smote on my heart. When, after carefully arranging my cushions and coverings, she stole quietly away, I called her back. She knelt down at my side, and unsuspectingly the clear, untroubled eyes were raised to mine. I parted the hair on her brow, and twisted the fair tresses listlessly in my fingers.

"I am weak still, dear," I said, the while, "and peevish and capricious often. But you are very patient; you will forgive me."

She was eager with deprecatory words; but I would not heed them. I kissed her tenderly, solemnly; bending over her, as I whispered the words:

"God look on you, and love you always!—you and Geoffrey!"

And when I was alone I prayed the same prayer.

Very gradually I regained strength. I do not care to dwell upon the time of my early convalescence. When I was well enough to need no nursing, Mary returned home; but she came to see me every day, and she was almost more at Cliffe than at F——. Geoffrey would go to fetch her in the morning, and escort her home in the evening: when he returned, I had always retired to my room, so that I saw but little of him, though he was still, nominally, my father's guest.

He had never spoken to me of his engagement with Mary, till one evening, in the dusky twilight, they both came together to my sofa from the window, where they had been for some time talking in low whispers, and Geoffrey, pressing my hand in both of his, told me that he had that day arranged with Mr. Lester—that they were to be married early in the New Year, and that in a day or two he was going to London to see his lawyers.

Mary hid her tearful face in my bosom the while he told me this. I was glad it was so dark.

"And next week I shall go," repeated Geoffrey; "and then—I shall leave Mary in *your* charge, Bertha; and you in hers," he added, as an after-thought. "Poor little invalid! she can not take care of herself yet," he went on, half playfully, half in tender earnest. "I must not burden her with the keeping of my treasure. But I am glad I leave you together."

"And you will not be long away," said Mary, pleadingly; "you will come back very soon! And then Bertha will be quite well—won't you, dear!"

"Yes," said Geoffrey, answering for me; "and able to go with us to Italy. That is what we have planned, dear friend—dear sister. Does it please you!"

I was more than half prepared for some such proposal. I did not attempt to combat it then, and my murmured answer, unintelligible as it was, satisfied him. He went on gayly—

"Do you remember how we used to talk of Rome, and Venice, and Naples, and long to see them—to visit them together, Bertha? Who would have thought our dreams so near realization! Ah!" he continued, with a deep sigh of content, "the world is a better world than I thought it, and life has a great deal of happiness—more than I ever dreamed!"

He paused for a moment. Mary's little hand stole into his.

"I am very happy, too," whispered she; "but not *quite* content—till Bertha is well."

"But Bertha will be well—shall be, *must* be," he cried, in a tone almost of defiance. "My darling's heaven must be cloudless. There shall not be a speck upon it."

"Hush—hush, dear!" she said, timidly; "don't talk so—it is not right. And besides, Bertha is weak, remember." She was always so thoughtful over me! I felt that, and was grateful, even then.

"Dear Bertha," he said, in compunction, "you know my old sins of feverish thoughtlessness. Do I tire you? Shall I go away?"

"No; I am stronger—stronger than I was. Stay."

The words came forth very faintly and gaspingly, though I tried hard to steady them. He was silent for awhile.

"Doctor Ledby says you will recover fast now," he presently said, as if reassuring himself; "and Naples is the place, of all others, for you to winter in. Think of Naples, and Vesuvius, Bertha! Think of the Bay, at which your beloved F—— Bay will have to hide its diminished head for evermore. You will never dare sing its praises again—obstinate patriot though you are."

"And at Naples," added Mary, "we shall meet my brother."

"Ay—there's the grand crisis of delight in *her* mind," cried he, in assumed peevishness; "it's always that brother Arthur, to whom I take exception from the beginning. I know I shall hate him. You have no business to have a brother—nor any thing—but *me*."

Mary laughed merrily. She never noticed the shade of earnestness which I could trace through all his jesting.

"Ah, Bertha," she said, "*you* will like Arthur, I know. *You* are not unreasonable and prejudiced. And he is so good—so clever, too, and—"

"Oh, you inscrutable little schemer!" interrupted Geoffrey; "do you always make a rule of showing your plans beforehand! This dangerously artful person—this terribly manœuvering match-maker—don't you see, Bertha—can't you guess? Ah, you won't answer; but I wish it was light enough to see you smile."

"Be quiet, Geoffrey," urged Mary.

"Oh, I promise you infinite amusement in this young lady's budding diplomatic talents," he persisted. "As for me, I know the programme of her plot by heart—as I ought, having heard it so often. She is quite a female Macchiavelli. I only wish I were going out on a mission: what an invaluable secretary she would be to my embassadorship!"

"I will give you a mission," said she, laughingly—"go and get Bertha some grapes. Her hands are quite hot, and I know your talking is too much for her. Go away, and ask Mrs. Warburton for a bunch."

She pushed him playfully toward the door, through which at length he departed, grumbling, and appealing to me against her tyranny.

I did not see him again that night. Before he returned with the grapes, I had gained my own room, where I was glad to be quiet and at rest.

After that day, I noticed that a certain shade of pensiveness appeared to hang over both the lovers, as the time of their first separation drew

nigh. Geoffrey grew thoughtful often, while watching Mary as she worked, or read, or lay on an ottoman by my sofa, one of her fair arms thrown around me, as she loved to remain, her head half raised, and her loving face peering forth from the midst of her curls. So we were sitting, the very evening before Geoffrey's departure, and I remember how he looked at her, as he stepped into the room from the garden, where he had been pacing the terrace with quick, firm strides for more than an hour. He stopped for a moment on the threshold, gazing on her with eyes whose deep, wild love it seemed to me must have thrilled her—all unconscious as she sat. Then, as I furtively watched his face from under my trembling hand, I saw a changed expression come upon it—an expression of keen, vivid anguish. I had never seen such a look on *his* face before, and it appalled me—smote me out of my forced, stony self-possession. I started up, with a suppressed cry.

"Geoffrey—Geoffrey! what ails you!"

He glanced rebukingly at me, as Mary rose hastily to her feet, and looked alternately at me and at her lover, her whole frame shaking with alarm.

"Bertha, have you wakened out of a bad dream!" he said, while he drew her to his side, and soothed away her fright, "that you horrify this poor child thus!"

I sank back again on my cushions, and closed my eyes.

The poor frightened child hung sobbing on his breast. For a few minutes they did not heed me, and I had time to restore myself to my habitual composure before Mary, breaking from his arms, came to me again.

"Darling Bertha, you terrified me so! Tell me, of what were you dreaming!—that some harm had come to Geoffrey!"

"I hope so, fervently," he broke in, with his old vivacious manner. "I have great faith in the proverb about dreams being fulfilled contrariwise. There could not be a better omen for my approaching journey than that you or Bertha should dream I had broken my neck."

Mary shuddered.

"Oh, don't talk so!" she murmured; "and don't wish us to have such dreams. Think, when you are gone, how dreadful—"

Her voice died utterly away, and she buried her face in my bosom. Again Geoffrey looked on her with that same look which I had scarce strength to endure. Then he turned away, and strode to the window. There he remained, looking out on the wintry, stormy world of sea, and cliff, and snow-covered moor—until Mary rose from beside me, and trying to laugh at her own foolishness, ran from the room to hide her freshly gathering tears.

Geoffrey approached me hastily, even as the door closed upon her. He seized my hand with almost fierce earnestness, and looked down upon me, his face quite wild with agitation.

"Bertha, Bertha! I always feared this happiness could not last. I believe each human soul has its portion allotted from the beginning of its existence—and I—I have drank mine to the dregs already."

I suppose the expression of my face struck him then, for he stopped suddenly, then resumed—

"I am a thoughtless brute, I feel, in talking to you thus—poor, weak, and ill as you are. But, Heaven help me! I feel such a yearning to give vent to this dismal feeling—this sense of foreboding that has come upon me! And Mary—it would kill her if she guessed! I must needs practice hypocrisy with *her*."

"But you must not with me," I said, rising with a sudden effort. "Tell me all that is troubling you. It will do you good to talk unrestrainedly. And you need not fear for me; I am quite strong, and very calm. Now, speak!"

"Blessings on you, my Bertha—my sister!" he said, with a grateful tenderness that for a moment overset my boasted calmness. "Ever since I knew you, you have always been the refuge for my cares—my fits of depression; and you have always done me good. What should I do without you, Bertha!"

"Go on," I said; "tell me what you have to tell, for we may be interrupted. Mary will return."

At the name, his face again grew darkened with a strange gloom.

"How shall I tell you!" he said, hoarsely; "you will not laugh at my weakness—you will understand and pity it. Bertha, do you believe in presentiments!"

He looked fixedly at me, but without waiting my reply, proceeded in a lower, yet more distinct tone—

"For two days I have been conscious of a strange burden on my mind—a mysterious prescience of some ill to come, I don't know of what nature. Whether any ill is pending to me, or—No! not to Mary—not to *her*—but—"

He paused abruptly, and sat as if thinking for awhile. I tried to speak; I could not—I could only remain still, looking at him.

"Did I ever tell you," he suddenly resumed, "about my poor friend Sinclair? He was about to be married, and a week before, he caught a fever, and died on the very day fixed for his wedding."

Still I said nothing. But the glance he gave me taught me something of the look that my own face wore.

"Don't, Bertha—don't think too much of these foolish fancies. I am worse than foolish to infect you with my dismal ideas. Come, let us talk; you will do me good, and make me all right again. Let us be cheerful!"

Looking back upon it now, I can hardly tell how I restrained the agony in my own heart to minister unto him. But I did so. In the gathering twilight we sat, until I had soothed him into a comparative serenity. It was strange, how his reason yet fought against

his sensations. When I urged him to delay his journey for a time, he laughed, and, with something of his old pleasant banter, deprecated such a weakness, and derided himself for yielding to it as much as he had done. And his was always such a mercurial nature, that I felt no surprise at seeing him suddenly shake off all his gloom, and when Mary joined us, become even more than ordinarily vivacious. When the rest of the family joined us, he and my father began arguing in their usual style of quaint warring of wits. Mary sat silent, her fingers busily engaged with some light work; my step-mother, equally speechless, at her unfailing wools; and I—I could lie quite unthought of and unobserved on my sofa in the dark corner, out of the glare of the firelight and the lamp.

Oh, miserable—miserable evening! It was surely not unnatural that I, spite of what seemed my better reason, should be deeply impressed by what Geoffrey had told me. I had carefully avoided letting him see how much I was affected by it; but I could not conceal from myself the feeling of undefined terror and yearning anguish with which I watched him that last evening. I shivered as I gazed on his laughing face, and marveled and doubted within myself whether his mirth were real or assumed. Well as I knew him, in the confusion and pain I had to battle against in my own mind I could not satisfy myself with respect to what was passing in his.

Mary was to stay with me that night, and Geoffrey was to depart early the next morning. When we prepared to separate for the night, he bade adieu to my father and Mrs. Warburton, then he came to me. No one could see his face but I, as he advanced to my sofa. I turned hastily aside, saying I should see him in the morning before he went. I could not bear it—to lie quiet there, bidding him a formal farewell, while my poor faint heart yearned over him in his trouble—his trouble, that I only knew to exist.

And so we dispersed to our several rooms. Directly we were in ours, poor Mary gave vent to the sadness she had been feebly striving to suppress the whole evening. I think I was more selfish than usual that night; I felt more of my old, wicked self stirring within me, than I had for many weeks. As I looked on her lying on the bed, as she had thrown herself in a childlike abandonment, her head buried in her outstretched arms, and her sobs sounding wildly and frequently, I clenched my hands, and bit my lips hard.

"You think you know what grief is," I muttered within myself. "You believe you suffer! You! Can children love, or feel as we do—we, whom God has created women, but planted in our natures all the desperate earnestness of man, together with that unchanging, patient constancy, the fatal and exclusive birthright of every true woman since the world began?"

These thoughts were stirring within me as Mary raised her head, and looked on me with an expression of appealing helplessness.

"Dear Bertha!" she faltered, extending her arms to me—"come to me—take me to your bosom: I am so wretched!" And again her tears burst forth.

> "Thank God—bless God, all ye who suffer not
> More grief than ye can weep for!"

These words passed my lips, coldly and bitterly, almost before I was aware. She turned her sad face reproachfully upon me, with a vague sense of my meaning.

"Ah, you don't know—you don't know!" she said, slowly, and with an effort to subdue her own emotion. "It is childish, I feel, to be miserable because he is going from me for awhile. But ah, Bertha!—though the cause may be foolish, sorrow *is* sorrow, and you should pity me, for I have never known it till now."

I had need to be more than humanly cold and stony to resist her supplicating voice. My heart melted within me, and I clasped her in my arms where she lay, troubled and restless, through the night—only sinking into slumber a little time before the late dawn appeared.

Then we both arose, and descended into the room where Geoffrey's breakfast awaited him. She seated herself at the table, busying herself with the cups, striving very hard to maintain a cheerful look. So fresh, and young, and girlish she appeared, in the cold light of the January morning—trying to smile upon Geoffrey when he came in, and, seeing only her, seated himself beside her.

I was content to be disregarded. It was gladness enough for me to see on his countenance no trace of the fitful agitation of the day before; in his manner neither the heavy gloom, nor the wild vivacity that had then disquieted me so much. He looked quiet, composed, more serious than usual—and, ah! so tenderly loving to the little clinging creature at his side!

We heard gradually drawing near, the tramp of his horse which was coming to take him to meet the coach. Then he rose, and Mary, too.

He had embraced her—had turned away—was leaving the room—when I, in a kind of reckless impulse, tottered forward from my quiet corner, silently holding forth my hand.

"Bertha! is it you?" he exclaimed, astonished—moved even, I thought—and he sprang back to me, and carefully led me again to my seat. "Dear Bertha! And I was going away without seeing you."

"Never mind," I whispered; "only tell me—are you more content?"

"I am quite content," he answered, assuredly. "I only think happily of the time when I shall return."

He was interrupted by Mary, who, seeing him still linger in the room, stole to his side again. He caught her in his embrace, bending over her with love—unutterable—unlimited dilating in his eyes. And then he placed her in my arms, and said:

"I leave my darling in your charge, Bertha! Keep her safely for me till I come. Always love her dearly—(ah! you could not do else!)—be gentle—be tender with her!"

He leaned over me, and kissed my brow. It was the first kiss he ever gave me.

When I opened my eyes, and knew myself again, Mary was lying, pale and still, where he had placed her, and I heard the sound of a horse's gallop dying away in the distance.

The days passed on. Mary was very much with me. She soon recovered, or almost recovered her usual serenity—that true contentment we so seldom see out of childhood. Geoffrey's letters were great aids to this re-establishment of her cheerfulness. The first she received from him; what a delight it was to her! She came running to me, holding it fast to her bosom the while, and began to read it in a transport of eager joyfulness. It was such a new pleasure to her; I believe it well-nigh compensated for the grief of separation. A week before, I should have thought so with some bitterness toward her light, girlish nature. But now my feeling toward her was changed. Geoffrey himself could not have been more tender, more gentle than I was in thought and word, and deed, toward her whom he had so solemnly confided to my care. The echo of his words ever rang in my memory. *Always love her dearly, and be tender with her.*

The days when his letters came were always brighter days to me. I hardly knew the burden of anxiety that constantly rested on my mind, till it was partially relieved by the sight of his familiar hand-writing—the large closely-written pages—exact transcripts, too, his letters ever were of himself—that Mary regularly received. She used to read them to me—part of them, at least—crouching beside my sofa—her face flushed with gladness, her voice becoming broken ever and anon, and dying away into whispers; then bursting forth again in a blithe laugh at some piece of Geoffrey's gayety. Well, I remember them—those clear, cold, winter mornings, when the world looked so dreary without, and the wind wailed, piercing even through the silver joyousness of Mary's laughter.

I had always intended to leave Cliffe before the marriage. I had even arranged my plans so that I could leave without suspicion, and without giving them time to remonstrate. But ever since the night before Geoffrey's departure, the plan—the very idea even, had floated from my mind. All my own pains were merged into the one dim, undefined anxiety I felt for him. All my own sickening wishes to be away—to be alone—yielded now to the passionate yearning I had for his safe return. Day by day the uneasy longing grew more intense; till, to have seen him back again, married to Mary, and happy, I would—ah, it is nothing to say I would have died—I would have lived, and looked forward to living long, long years—tranquil, and at peace!

At length a letter came, announcing the day he proposed to leave London. Three days after that day he would arrive at Cliffe. The marriage would then be arranged, and would certainly follow speedily. Mary's mother, half tears and half smiles at her darling's approaching bridal, had already been busy preparing for it. The wedding-dress had come from London, and the vail, and the orange-flowers. All would be in readiness by the time Geoffrey returned.

And the day fixed for that drew nigh. It came. It had snowed incessantly for three days previously; but that morning shone cloudless, and the sunshine was awaking the redbreasts into joyous warblings, as Mary triumphantly remarked to me, when she drew aside my window-curtains, and urged me to hasten my toilet and come down-stairs.

"Every thing unites to give him welcome back," she said. "Look at the sea, how blue and sparkling it is! We have not seen such a sea for weeks, have we? And even the flowers! I have been into the green-house, and gathered an exquisite bouquet. The obstinate little tea-rose, that has refused to blossom for so long, has positively deigned to unclose a bud this very morning for Geoffrey."

She went on, half-singing to herself, as she arranged two or three geraniums and a spray of myrtle together. When they were fixed to her satisfaction, she came and fastened them in my dress.

"For," she observed, laughing, "we will all look festal—even you, dear, with your plain, high frock, and Quakerish little collar, will condescend to ornament *to-day*. You tremble!" she cried, suddenly. "You are not well, Bertha. What ails you?"

I could not tell her. I did not know myself. I said I was cold. And she hurried me down-stairs to the warm drawing-room—remarking, at the same time, that my face was glowing, and that my hands felt dry and feverish.

"Mamma is coming this morning," she went on, as soon as we were established at the fire-side; "and, do you know, Bertha, I am to try on my wedding-dress. Mamma is to dress me, to see if it is all right. And there is a dress for you, which I have chosen. And you will wear it, won't you, darling? although it isn't made quite in that peculiar, half-puritanical fashion of yours, which I have learned quite to love, because it *is* peculiar to you."

She caressed me fondly. I tried hard to shake off the unaccountable oppression that I labored under. In vain. The while she flitted about the room, laughing, and talking, and carolling snatches of merry songs, I remained mute, as though perforce, with the mysterious, terrible burden weighing heavy on my heart.

Then Mrs. Lester came; and my step-mother and she talked long together, while Mary was appealed to by one or the other, every now and then. Once or twice they spoke to me, and I essayed to answer; but the words came thick and stifled; and, moreover, I failed to catch

the sense of what I said, though I heard distinctly.

"Miss Warburton does not seem quite so well this morning," observed Mrs. Lester, with concern.

"She is sleepy," said Mary, as she hovered about me, and tried to find some little office, in which to busy herself for me. "Let her keep quiet till—" She kissed my closed eyes, and whispered the rest of her sentence.

"Bertha is no authority in matters of this kind," my step-mother placidly remarked. "I never knew a girl who thought so little about dress. Really, it almost becomes a fault, such extreme negligence. But, as we were saying—whether a *ruche* or an edge of blonde will look best," &c., &c.

Presently the door opened, and a servant announced the arrival of Mrs. Lester's maid, with the dresses.

"It's a pity Miss Warburton should have fallen asleep," said Mrs. Lester. "However—"

"Oh, she mustn't be disturbed," cried Mary. "Let her sleep quietly. And," she added, in a lower tone, "I will go and put on my dress, and come in and astonish her when she wakes."

The two elder ladies laughed, assented, and withdrew; and Mary, after once more arranging my plaids and cushions, followed them from the room.

I raised myself when they were gone, and pressing my head with my two hands, I tried to analyze the strange, inscrutable feeling which overpowered me. But even while I sat thus, its nature changed. My heart began to throb, wildly, loudly, so that I could hear its passionate pulsations; and an imperious instinct seemed to turn me toward the door of the room, which opened into the entrance hall.

"Geoffrey is coming already," I said to myself. I repeated it aloud—all the while *feeling* that it was not so—that Geoffrey was *not* near. Yet, at that moment I distinguished a horse's gallop, growing louder, till it ceased at our gate. And then quick footsteps along the gravel path—and then the peal of the outer-door bell, resounding in the house.

"It *is* Geoffrey," I said again, resolutely. "I will go and call Mary."

I knew it to be false. The throbbing at my heart stopped suddenly. I was quite calm, quite prepared for what I saw, when, opening the door, I found a servant listening, with a horror-struck face, to the quick, agitated words of the man who had just dismounted from his horse, and whose disordered appearance told of a hasty journey.

"Who is that?" he whispered to the servant, when he saw me, stopping suddenly in his recital, with a kind of shrinking.

"It is Miss Bertha—Miss Warburton," replied the other.

"*Not* the young lady that—"

"Come in here," said I, steadily. "Tell me all you have to say, and do not alarm any one else in the house. Come in."

He entered, and I closed the door.

"What has happened to Mr. Latimer?"

"Do not be too much—there may be hope—the doctor says," he began, with a clumsy effort at preparation.

"Tell me in as few words as you can," I said; "and tell me the *whole truth*."

"Mr. Latimer arrived by the coach at P—— last night late—or, rather, early this morning. He seemed anxious to get on here at once, and would not be advised against taking horse, and going the remaining thirty miles. The roads, they told him, were in some parts dangerous from the heavy snows; but he said he knew them well, and thought nothing of the risk. About seven miles this side P—— the road runs close beside an old stone quarry. You may know it, Miss!"

"Go on—go on."

"The snow deceived him, we suppose, and he got out of the track. His horse fell with him. He was found there about two hours ago by some laborers. They took him into a little inn near. He was quite insensible; but the people knew who he was, and asked me—"

He was interrupted. The door opened, and there came in, with a buoyant step, a little figure, arrayed in rustling, glancing, dazzling white silk. The delicate lace vail fell cloudily over her head, shading the blushing cheeks—the laughing eyes. And Mary's blithe voice sounded clear and ringing:

"Enter—the bride!"

I had felt calm, as I have said. Heaven knows what she read in my face which struck the smile from her mouth, and sent her flying to my bosom with a terrible cry. There she hung, vainly trying to give speech to the dread that overcame her; while Mrs. Lester, who had followed her into the room, stood transfixed, gazing first at me, and then at the strange messenger.

"For mercy's sake, tell me what has happened?" cried the mother. At length, hurrying to her child—"Mary, my darling, look up—come to me!"

But she kept clinging to me, till I unwound her fragile hold, and laid her—poor, pale child, in her shining bridal robes, on the sofa near.

I do not well know what followed. When at length Mary understood what had happened, her senses gave way, and she fell from one fit into another continuously. It was vain to hope she would recover sufficiently to go to her lover. Geoffrey would not have the blessedness of dying in her arms. But I knew how, if he ever regained consciousness, he would yearn to see her; and I waited long, in an eternity, as it seemed, of torture, in the hope of bearing her with me.

In vain. I set forth alone, leaving her with a tribe of weeping women around her. I sprang on my horse, and in a moment was on my way across the moor.

In the midst of the chaos of my mind, I yet clearly remembered the last time I rode there

with Geoffrey a little while ago; but oh! what a chasm yawned between then and now! I remembered, too, how stormy the day was then, and how serene my own heart! Now the sunshine seemed to float like a visible joy through the transparent air, and the low murmur of the sea sounded in the distance like a hymn of peace. The birds in a little grove that the road skirted were singing loudly—shrilly.

Merciful heaven! how mockingly it all blended with the dead quick fall of my horse's hoofs, as I pressed him on toward Geoffrey and death!

I heard his voice before I entered the room where he lay. It sounded strange, yet fearfully familiar. His wild loud call was for Mary—always Mary! The doctor, who came gravely and sadly to meet me, asked with anxiety if I were she? And as I, not quite able to speak then, stood very quiet leaning against the wall, I heard the man who had returned with me answer in a low tone, "Bless you, no, sir! That other poor young lady was struck like dead when she heard; this one was as calm the whole time as could be. I don't think she is any thing at all to him."

"I am his old friend," said I, answering the questioning glance of the doctor, "and the daughter of his host, Mr. Warburton. Let me see him."

They did not hinder me, and I went in. . . . . He thought I was Mary. When I drew near to him, he fixed his wild eyes on me, with a terrible likeness of look in them to what I had so often watched when he gazed on *her*. He clasped my hands in his scorching fingers, and pressed them with a kind of fierce fondness to his lips.

"Ah, my darling, my darling! I knew you would come," he said, in a subdued tone; "I have been waiting so long; but now I am happy!"

"It seems to compose him, the sight of you," observed the doctor, after a pause of comparative quietude in his patient. "I suppose he mistakes you for some one else!"

Ah! God be merciful to our weak human nature, how bitter that thought was even then!

I remained still, my hands pressed in his hot clasp, till he sank into an uneasy slumber. I could better bear to look at him then, when his eyes—the bright, frank eyes, now all glazed, and dry, and fiery—were closed. And I looked at him. From amid the wreck before me of tangled hair, and haggard cheeks, and lips parched and blood-stained, I gathered up and treasured in my soul the likeness of his olden self, that was ever to remain with me till I should see him restored to it again—in heaven.

. . . . . By and by the doctor came in; then after looking at him, turned to me with mouth close set. "Would you wish other advice sent for?" he whispered.

I shook my head, saying, what I then first remembered, that my father and Dr. Ledby were to have followed me.

"Nothing more can be done, I apprehend," he muttered again. He was a man eminent in the district, and having, indeed, a fearful experience of similar cases among the miners and stone-cutters.

"How long—?"

"He can not possibly exist many hours," he said, adding some professional remarks which I but imperfectly comprehended; "about—perhaps toward night."

He paused considerately, imagining, perhaps, that there *might* be some feeling hidden underneath the blank calm he doubtless thought so strange. Then he silently took his leave.

I remained alone with Geoffrey. Occasionally the woman of the house came in with offers of service; but she never staid long, and her intrusions grew less frequent as the day advanced. My father and Dr. Ledby did not appear. I do not know why—I never knew.

I did not think of their absence. My whole world of thought, of feeling, was bounded by the rude walls of that little room. There I sat and watched his fitful sleep, or listened to the terrible ravings of his troubled waking. He would slumber for a few minutes, and then awake, each time to a new form of delirium. Sometimes he pushed me from him, shrieking out that the sight of me was a torture to him, and bidding me leave him—leave him! Again he fancied I was Mary, and spoke tenderly, in low murmurs, telling how dear I was, how fondly he loved me, clasping my hands, and looking up into my eyes, till I too had well nigh shrieked out in my agony and despair.

And so passed the day.

The day! his last of earth—my last of him! And the noon sun faded quietly away, the red sunset glowed into the little room, and the dull twilight came on.

He had fallen into a sleep—deeper and more protracted than any former one—leaning his head upon my arm as I crouched down at his bedside. And while he slept the twilight deepened into night, and through an opening in the window-curtain I could see stars shining.

The firelight flickered on the wall, and played upon my face, as I could feel. And when I turned my eyes from the stars, by the coal-flame I saw that Geoffrey was awake, and looking on me with a changed look—with his own look. And he uttered my name in a low, faint voice, trying the while to lift his head.

I raised it silently, and we looked at one another. The doctor had foretold this change. I knew what it portended. It was not *that*, though, but it was the familiar sound of his voice calling on my name in the old, old tone, that smote upon me, moistening my burning eyes with a great gush of tears. Perceiving them, he smiled up at me with a quiet smile, that made his face look divine for the moment. But it passed quickly.

"Mary—where is Mary?" he asked, uneasily. "Why is she not here?"

I told him. A look of intense anguish came over his features, and then again they took an expression of ineffable tenderness, while he murmured, as to himself—

"Poor child! poor innocent darling! God comfort her!"

He closed his eyes, and said no more. I watched him, and was silent—my tears all spent. Presently he turned toward me, and, with a gesture, caused me to kneel down close beside him, so that I could hear his faintest utterance.

"It is hard," he faltered, "not to see her once more. But you, dear Bertha, my true sister! you will stay with me to the end. You do not fear."

"No—ah no! Yet—O Geoffrey, Geoffrey!"

The strong agony—the wild love—would not be repressed. It all burst forth in that long wailing cry which he heard, but did not understand. O woeful, woeful love, that must be thrust back, trampled down, hidden out of sight, even in such an hour as this!

"Kind Bertha! dear, loving friend!" he kept saying, feebly stroking my head as it lay crushed down between my hands. Then there was a silence till again he spoke.

"Bertha! you will take care of Mary! You will never forsake the child! Look up, and promise me."

I tried to speak. But my strength failed me when I met his eyes, and again the cry escaped my lips:

"Oh, Geoffrey!—*My* Geoffrey! Let me die!"

He scarce heeded; only looking steadfastly at me he repeated, in a troubled tone, "Promise me!"

I lifted my eyes once more to his face, where the indescribable change was growing fast—fast. And the sight froze me into quietness again.

I promised—and the anxious look faded away into a beautiful calm.

"You will love her. You will watch over her happiness. You will never leave her, Bertha?"

"Never—till I die!"

"Good, dear sister!" he murmured. "Tell her, tell her," he went on, his voice gradually weakening—"tell her I bless her; tell her—"

He moved restlessly on his pillow. I gently raised his head and rested it on my shoulder. He lay there quite content, and once again smiled up in my face, pressing my hand, which he still held. Then his lips moved in prayer. I could distinguish my own name and *hers* repeated many times, while the brightness of that last smile yet lingered on his face.

Then his hold of my hand was loosened, and the lips stirred no longer.

I knew that my arms held only Geoffrey's corse.

And he knew *then* I loved him!

A long time has passed since that night.

I have kept my promise. Mary and I have never been long separated. I was with her through all the time of deep, desperate woe that followed upon Geoffrey's death. I was her nurse, her helper, her comforter—even *I!* I prayed with her, and for her, as I had learned to pray only since I had seen *him* die. And from that time until now I have been her constant friend, her tender, watchful sister—as he would have wished. And as I felt myself gradually drawing nearer to the rest I so long prayed for, my only care was the thought of leaving her before my work was done and I no longer needed.

That trouble is removed. Mary's grief, so terrible at first, so wild and so despairing, has yielded to the influence of changed scene and lapse of time. Renewed health brought fresh feelings—new hopes. She was so young—life was as yet almost an unread page to her. Gradually the one sad memory assumed a new shape in her mind, till at last it became as it will be, I believe, ever more, a kind of sacred, solemn presence, too sacred and too solemn to be mixed up with the common daily existence, but shedding its influence continually around her purer, inner life.

And I was scarcely surprised, for I had long watched the progress of this change in the girl's soul, and been happy at it, when Mrs. Lester told me, but a few weeks since that she thought, she hoped, Mary being worthily wooed, might again be won.

And it was so. It seemed strange at first—as she herself must have felt—so much she blushed and trembled when she next saw me.

But I am of a humbler spirit than I was. I do not dare to judge a nature made by God. I have learned too bitterly my own weakness—my own wickedness—to feel otherwise than indulgent to the imperfections of others, though they take a different shape to mine.

So I struggled against the rebellious feeling that for a little while made me turn from Mary—thinking of the love for her which had shone out of Geoffrey's dying eyes. I re-assured the timid, clinging little creature, whose whole life was wound up in the grand necessity of loving and being loved—and I folded her to my breast, saying:

"Be happy, my innocent child!" while to myself I said in a solemn contentment, "My duty is fulfilled; there is no further need of me, and I may go."

And I pray forgiveness for the selfish thought that sometimes stirs unbidden in my mind, as I lie quietly apart, while Mary and her lover are talking low together—the thought that, in the home to which I draw nigh, when we shall all meet, we who have loved one another upon earth, Mary will be surrounded by her husband and her children, but I—I, with outstretched arms, may greet my Geoffrey, crying—

"I alone have loved thee always!"

LIGHTEN THE BOAT.

SHAKE hands, pledge hearts, bid fond adieus,
Speak with your brimming eyes;
To-morrow—and the dark deep sea
Will echo with your sighs.

To-morrow and yon stately ship
Will bear to other lands
The kindred whom ye love so well:
Breathe hopes, pledge hearts, shake hands!

The Fairy Queen stands out to sea,
Each stitch of canvas spread,
Breasting the pearly laughing waves
With high and gallant head.

Her freight consists of human souls;
Her destiny, a land
Where scarce a human foot has trod
Upon the forest strand.

Five hundred souls she bears away,
To find a distant home
Where toil will give them daily bread,
And not a living tomb.

The ship speeds on; her sanguine freight,
A motley little world,
Reveling in the thousand scenes
By future hopes unfurled.

She creeps along 'mid cloudless calms,
Or dashes through the blast,
Till cheerless days and nights and weeks,
And weary months are passed.

At length the Captain shouts, "Stand by!"
The boatswain sounds his call;
"Trice up the yards and clear the decks
Secure against the squall."

Shipwreck and death! The doom is sealed,
A bolt has riven the mast;
"We will not die—we must be saved,
The ship shall brave the blast!"

Pallor is on the strong man's cheek,
Woe in the mother's heart,
For round her throb those kindred ties
No power but death shall part.

A rending peal, a shuddering crash,
A wail of agony;
The shattered bark, with many a soul,
Sinks headlong in the sea.

Morning breaks o'er the world of waves,
But finds no Fairy Queen.
One single, tiny boat is all
To tell that she has been.

A crowded remnant of the wreck
With naked life escape,
No land for twenty souls—all sea,
Relentless, vast, agape.

Lighten the boat! or every soul
Will perish suddenly;
Inquiring eyes and throbbing hearts
Ask all, "Will it be I?"

A boy sits silent in the bows,
Bereft of earthly tie;
He must be told: "Say, friendless boy,
Are you afraid to die?"

"Why should *I* die! My father's dead,
Mother and sister too;
O! let me not be drowned alone,
But live or die with you."

He pleads in vain. "A moment then,
A moment longer spare!"
With fervent heart and lifted eyes,
He breathes his simple prayer.

Awe, deep and silent, struck each heart
As on that trembling tongue,
"Father in Heaven thy will be done!"
In trustful accents hung.

He lightly steps upon the prow,
And, gathering up his strength,
Unblenchéd scans his yawning grave,
To feel its depth and length.

Who seals the doom? No hand is raised,
None hear the spirit knell;
A sudden plunge, a thrilling cry
Breaks in upon the spell.

They search the boat, they search the sea;
The noble boy is gone,
Gone, let us hope, where angels are,
Self-martyred and alone.

AN INCIDENT OF MY CHILDHOOD.

"MABEL," said my aunt, facing me sternly, and speaking with solemn emphasis:—"you are lowered forever in my eyes! When Mr. Ellison comes, he shall assuredly know of this. Go!" she added, with a gesture as if the sight of me were intolerable: "I shall never have confidence in you again."

I ran out of the room into the garden through the side-door, which always stood open in hot weather; but my cousins were at play on the lawn; so I flew on in the bitterness of my wounded spirit, until I found the shade and quiet I wanted under a large hoary apple-tree, which stood in the neighboring orchard. Under its spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and "feel" of that summer afternoon. The heat was intense; even the ground on which I lay seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath my humble head. I knew there was not a grateful cloud in the radiant sky above me; I felt there was not a breath of wind stirring, not enough even to rustle the thick leaves of the orchard trees. The garish brilliancy, the sultry stillness, oppressed me almost more than I could bear. If I could have hidden myself from the sight of the sun, if I could have cheated my own consciousness, I would have gladly done so. I will not believe the world held at that moment a more wretched being than I was—that any grown-up man or woman, with developed faculties, ever suffered more keenly from the pangs of self-contempt.

For, let me at once tell the reader, I was no victim of injustice or misconstruction; the words with which I had been driven from the house were justified by what I had done. I was fourteen years of age, I had been carefully and kindly educated, none knew better than I

the differences between right and wrong; yet in spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's enlightenment, I had just been guilty of a gross moral transgression: I had been convicted of a falsehood; and, more than that, it was no impulsive lie escaping me in some exigency, but a deliberate one, and calculated to do another hurt. The whole house knew of it—servants, cousins, and all; the coming guest was to know of it too. My shame was complete. "What shall I do? what will become of me?" I cried aloud. "I shall never be happy again!"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position in the house where I had been so favored and happy; I had compromised my character from that day henceforward. I, who had meant to do such good in the world, had lost my chance; for that sin clinging to my conscience, the remembrance of which I should read in every body's face and altered manner, would make effort impossible. My aunt had lost all confidence in me—that was terrible; but what was worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I saw myself mean, ungenerous, a liar! I had no more self-respect. When my cousins whispered together about me, or the servants nodded and smiled significantly, I should have nothing to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought me; I could not defy their contempt, but must take it as my due. I might get angry, but who would mind my anger? A thousand thoughts exasperated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine principles always awoke a passionate enthusiasm in my mind, caused strong throbs of ambition, and very often my aunt had lent a kind ear to the outpouring of such emotions. The case would be altered now. I might read, indeed, but such feelings I must henceforth keep to myself; who would have patience to hear me thus expatiate? I was cut off from fellowship with the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the village Sunday-school, which I had been so proud to undertake. How could I, despised at home, go among the children as before? I could never talk to them as I used to venture to do. They would know it, as all the world would know; they would mock me in their hearts—each feeling she was better than I. I rose up from the grass; for my state of mind would bear the prone attitude no longer, and leaning against the tree, looked around me. Oh! the merry games I had had in this orchard. The recollection brought a flood of bitter tears to my eyes—I had not cried before—for I was sure that time was past; I should never have another. "Never, never!" I cried, wringing my hands; "I shall never have the heart to play again, even if they would play with me. I am another girl now!"

In truth, my brief experience seemed to have oldened me, to have matured my faculties. I saw myself in a kind of vague confused vision, as I might have been, as I could never now become. No; life was an altered thing from what it had appeared yesterday: I had marred its capabilities on the threshold. I could get a glimpse of the house through the trees; I could see the parlor windows where, within the shady room, tea was even now being prepared for the expected visitor. Ah! that visitor, with whom I used to be a favorite, who had always been so kind—he was now on his way with the same heart toward me, little knowing what had happened, little knowing I was lost and ruined!

Does this description of my state of mind, of my sense of guilt, seem overstrained? It is just possible I give a little more coherence to my reflections than they had at the time, but I can not color too highly the anguish of humiliation they produced: it was all but intolerable. "I suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction was commencing: "I suppose I shan't always feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get used to it presently—used to being miserable!"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one of my cousins, but I had not the heart to shout in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might be come, but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called, and ran on toward the spot where I stood till he caught sight of me. He was hot with the search, and angry that I had not answered; moreover, what boy about his age, in the lustihood of a dozen summers, knoweth aught of tenderness or consideration! "There you are, miss," he said, savagely, "and a pretty hunt I've had! You're to come in to tea; and another time don't give better people the trouble of fetching you: they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just off again, eager for his meal, but I stopped him. "Bob, is Mr. Ellison come?" I cried.

"Hours ago; and he and mother have been shut up ever so long talking about you, I know; and don't 'Bob' me, please, Miss Mabel; I don't like it!"

My spirit swelled. Was this to be the way? One touch of rough boyish kindness, and I could almost have kissed his feet; now I walked back to the house with a bitter "I won't care" swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely necessary to the moral of my story, that I was an adopted child in the large family of my aunt. She was a widow, and had been so ever since I had lived with her; and I, as will be supposed, was an orphan. She had in her own right a good income, though she only held in trust for her eldest son the substantial manor-farm on which we resided. I was not poor; indeed, I was in some sort an heiress; and Mr. Ellison, my aunt's honored friend and her husband's executor, was joint-guardian over me with herself. I had been brought up to fear and reverence him; he had taught me to love him. My degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall, my aunt came out to meet me, and took me with her into another room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your place at the table with us as usual for the present. I have spoken to your guardian about you, but I scarcely know what we may finally decide upon in the matter. You are too old to be whipped or sent to bed; but though you are to be suffered to come among us, I need not say we shall never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem to do so, it will be because we forget. Your sin justifies a constant mistrust; for my part, I can never think of you as before under any circumstances, I am afraid. I don't think I ought, even if it were possible. But now, come in to tea."

"I want no tea," said I bitterly. "I can't see Mr. Ellison. Oh! need he have known it?"

"Mabel," was the answer, "it would have been better had you feared the lie as you fear its discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on a table near. I had not a word to say for myself, or against the treatment adopted. My aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and had brought us all up with deep solicitude, and, I believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon it as a proof of nearly hopeless moral depravity; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one. Many, with a less strict sense of my delinquency, might have been more severe. I could not blame her. "At least," I said, "you won't make me come in?"

"No," she returned, and went back to the parlor.

I went up-stairs to my bedroom, where I spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries were made after me. When it grew dark, I undressed and threw myself into bed. I offered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine was not so much penitence as remorse. Had I been a man who had blasted his prospects in life by the commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about the future. My aunt had represented my sin in appalling colors, and my whole previous education and turn of mind made me feel its turpitude strongly: the possibility of repairing it had not been urged upon me, but rather denied. I thought it would color and prejudice my whole after-life, that I had lost caste forever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally sick, physically worn out. I dared not stay away from the breakfast-table, so I made haste to be first down stairs. The windows of our pleasant morning-room were open; there had been rain during the night, and it was one of those fresh laughing mornings which I felt I should have so enjoyed once. Once! yes, it was a long time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment within, of refreshed nature without, had an eminently pleasant effect; or, rather, I thought it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in the shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not whether it were hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might come in before the others; but he did not. He and my aunt came in together, and they were closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a figure and countenance which, in youth, might have been handsome, but which had suffered too severely from what I suppose were the effects of time to be so now. He had, too, an air of gravity and reticence, which rather oppressed a stranger unacquainted with the minute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence it vailed.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and humbled, and held out his hand. To my surprise, and, I may say, to my exquisite pain, he spoke to me much as usual—I could almost have thought more tenderly than usual. I dared not look up as I murmured my inaudible answer. My aunt gave me a chilling "good-morning;" my young cousins looked at me shyly, but did not speak. No one spoke to me during breakfast except my guardian, and he only in connection with the courtesies of the table; and not being able to bear this, I crept out of the room as soon as I dared. It was the same at every other meal; and all the intervals between I spent alone, unsought, unquestioned, suffering a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details of my experience that day; I have suffered much since, but, God knows, never more. However, as may be supposed, I slept a little that night, for nature would bear up no longer.

The next day came; breakfast had passed as before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the room, when my guardian called me back.

"If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt, "I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she consented. I felt now there would be no hope for me. He then placed a chair for me, and coming up to where I stood sinking with shame near the door, led me gently to it. "You are too forbearing, my dear sir," urged my aunt: "she is not any longer entitled to such kindness."

"Is she not!" he returned with a bitter sigh; and then addressing me: "Mabel, are you truly sorry for this sin of yours!"

The accent of generous sympathy with which the words were spoken wrought upon me. "Sorry!" I cried in an agony; "I'm miserable; I shall always be miserable! Every one will despise me all my life long—and oh, I meant to be so good!"

My guardian took a seat beside me. "And now," he asked, "you will give up trying?"

I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the use?" I said. "A liar"—the word seemed to burn my lips, but I would say it, for I half feared he did not know the worst—"loses her character once and forever. No one will trust me again, no one can respect me. Oh, it's dreadful!" I shuddered instinctively.

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison. "Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot to spread till it infects your whole character?

Are all duties to be neglected because you have failed in one! and are you to live on, perhaps to fourscore, incapacitated by this selfish remorse? Not so, Mabel—"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison," interposed my aunt; "but this is scarcely the way to treat my niece. You will make her think lightly of the dreadful sin she has committed; she will fancy her compunction extreme, whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don't try to soften her present impression. I would have her carry with her to the grave the salutary sense she seems to have of what she has done."

"I, too," said my guardian fervently, "would teach her a lesson she should never forget, but it would be differently put from yours. Before God, I grant you, no amount of penitence would suffice to procure that atonement which is freely given on wider grounds; but as regards her relations to her fellow-beings, to her future life, Mabel argues wrong: men in general, the world at large, you yourself, my dear madam, appear to me to argue wrong on this subject."

My aunt colored. "Pardon me," she said stiffly; "I think we can not understand each other."

"Perhaps," said my guardian, "I have misunderstood you; but if you will suffer a direct question, it will settle the point. Suppose that, in the future, Mabel's conduct should be exemplary, would you fully restore her to the place she once held in your esteem?"

I looked anxiously toward my aunt; the question was a momentous one to me. She seemed to reflect.

"It is painful to say it," she replied at length; "but I must be conscientious. In such a case, Mabel would in a great measure regain my esteem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did before she had so deeply injured her moral nature, seems unreasonable. She can never be exactly to me what she was before."

"And you think, doubtless, that she is right in considering that this youthful sin will impair her future capacity for good?"

"I think," answered my aunt, "that it is the penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep us low and humble through life. The comparatively clear conscience will be better fitted for good deeds than the burdened."

There was a pause; my heart had sunk again. Mr. Ellison rose and began to walk up and down the floor.

"Suppose a case, madam," he said presently, and in a constrained tone—"where an honorable man, under strong temptation, has committed a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a cruel: have they marred life, and must they go softly all the rest of their days? Must they leave to other men the fulfillment of high duties, the pursuit and achievement of moral excellence? Would you think it unseemly if, at any after-period, you heard the one urging on some conscience the necessity of rectitude, or the other advocating the beauty of benevolence? or must they, conscious that their transgression has lowered them forever, never presume to hold themselves erect again!"

"My dear Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, looking with surprise at my guardian, who had certainly warmed into unusual energy—"I think we are wandering from the point. Such a discussion as this will not do Mabel any good, but rather harm, if I understand you to mean that we are not materially affected by our transgressions. It is a strange doctrine, sir, and a very dangerous one."

"My dear friend," returned my guardian gently, "far be it from me to say that our transgressions do not materially affect us! I do not want to gainsay your view of the life-long humility which a human being should feel for a criminal act, but I would introduce hope, and not despair, into his mind. I don't think the plan on which society goes of judging the character of a man from individual acts or single aberrations is just; very often such acts are not fair representations of the life or even the nature of the man. They show, indeed, what he was at that moment; but it may be that never before or since in his existence did he or will he experience such another. Yet perhaps he is condemned by the world, and shunned as a lost character. How bitterly hard for that man to do his duty in life!"

"No doubt," said my aunt, "it does bear hard in particular cases; but it is the arrangement of Providence that the way of transgressors is hard."

"I am not speaking," returned my guardian, "of the habitual transgressor, but of one who, like Mabel here, thinks life spoiled by a single act of moral evil, and is treated as if it were so. You speak of Providence," he continued with a smile: "an instance rises to my mind where an aggravated sin was committed, and yet the sinner, far from being doomed to obscurity and life-long remorse, was spared all reproof save that of his agonized conscience, was distinguished above others, called to God's most sacred service, elected to the glory of martyrdom. If remorse were in any case justifiable, if any sin should unfit man for rising above it or for doing good in his generation, surely it would have been in Peter's case. But we know that story. My dear madam"—and Mr. Ellison, laying his hand on my head, looked appealingly toward my aunt—"I desire to speak reverently; but think you, after Christ's charge, even John, Abdiel-like disciple as he was, ever presumed to say or feel that he could never esteem or look upon Peter as he once did? This is what is forbidden us—to look upon men as fallen below their chance of recovery."—My aunt was silent, but I could see that she was impressed. As for me, I felt as if a load were being slowly lifted off my heart, and it swelled with a passionate aspiration to recover, with God's help, my former standing, and press on in the upward way. And would I not, through life, be tender and merciful to the penitent wrong-doer?—"If I speak warmly on this subject," continued my

guardian, "it is because my own experience furnishes me with a proof of how low an honorable man may fall, and how far the magnanimity, or rather justice, I have been advocating may enable him to rise again, and try and work out toward his fellow-men—I know he can not do so toward God—reparation for his offense. May I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly," said my aunt; but she looked uneasily toward me.

"Let Mabel stay and hear me," said Mr. Ellison; "the lesson is for her to learn, and my story will do her no harm."

He took a few turns through the room, as if collecting his thoughts, and then began. If my readers wonder that, at fourteen, my memory retained the details of such a conversation, let me explain that many times since then has this subject been renewed and discussed by my guardian and me.

"Many years back," said Mr. Ellison, "I knew two friends. They were young men of very different character, but, for aught I know, that might have been the secret of their attachment. The elder, whom, for distinction's sake, I will call Paul, was of a thoughtful, reserved turn of mind. He was given a good deal to speculations about the moral capacities and infirmities of his own nature and that of his race, and had a deep inward enthusiasm for what he conceived to be goodness and virtue; and I will do him the justice to say, he strove, so far as in him lay, to act up to his convictions. The younger—we will call him Clement—was of a lighter temper. Generous, frank, and vivacious, he was a far more general favorite than his friend; but yet, when men of experience spoke on the subject, they said, the one was, no doubt, the most lovable, but the other the most trustworthy. Well—for I do not wish to make a long story of it—Clement, who had no secrecies from his friend, had made him long ago the confidant of a strong but unfortunate attachment of his. Unfortunate, I say; not but that the lady was eminently worthy, but, alas, she was rich, and he but a brief-hunting barrister. Clement had a chivalrous sense of honor, and had never shown sign or uttered word of love, though he confessed he had a vague, secret hope that the girl returned his feeling. He blushed, however, like a woman, when he made this admission, and would fain have gainsaid it as presumption the moment after. He rather unwisely, but most naturally, still visited at the house, where the parents, suspecting nothing, received him cordially; and at length he ventured to introduce Paul there, too, in order that his friend might judge for himself of the perfections of his mistress.

"It is not necessary to describe the daughter; suffice it to say, Paul found in her person and character not only enough to justify Clement's choice, but to excite in his own mind a passion of a strength corresponding with the silent energy of his character. He kept his secret, and heard Clement talk of his love with the patience of a friend, while secretly he had to contend with the jealousy of a lover. But he did contend against it, and strove to master himself; for, apart from what honor and friendship enjoined, he saw plainly that Eleanor favored the unexpressed, but with a woman's keenness, half-guessed love of Clement. He forbore to visit at the house, in spite of the double welcome his relation to Clement and his own social position—for Paul was rich—had obtained for him there. Time passed, and Paul was still at war with an unconquered weakness, when Clement got an appointment in India. 'Before you go,' said Paul to him, 'you will speak to Eleanor?'

"'No,' said Clement, after painful deliberation; 'the chances of my success are still doubtful: when I have proved them, and can satisfy her parents, I will write.'

"'You may lose her through your over-scrupulousness.'

"'I may,' said Clement; 'but if she loves me, she has read my heart, and I can trust her.'

"Clement, therefore, took his secret to India with him, and Paul was left at home to fight with a gigantic temptation. I need not go into the subtleties it assumed; but for a long time he was proof against them. He would not sacrifice honor and friendship, the strength of a good conscience, and the principles he revered, to selfish passion and inclination. One evening, however, he yielded to a weakness he had several times overcome, and went to the house. He said to himself he would see how she bore Clement's absence. Eleanor received him with a kindness she had never shown before. Her parents politely hoped, when he rose to leave, that they were not to lose his society as well as Clement's. That night cast the die. 'I love her,' said Paul to himself; 'Clement does no more. I have the same right as he to be happy.' Madam," added Mr. Ellison, abruptly, "you guess what followed. Paul, with his keen sense of rectitude, his ambitious aspirations, yielded, and fell."

My guardian paused. My whole girl's heart was in his story: I forgot my humbled position, and exclaimed, eagerly, "But did Eleanor love him?"

Mr. Ellison looked at me quickly, and then half-smiled. The smile was a relief to me, for it brought back the usual expression which he had lost during the telling of this story. "You shall hear, he resumed, presently. "Paul having decided to act a fraudulent and unworthy part, used all his powers to gain his object. 'Honor and self-respect I have lost,' he said; 'love and gratification I must have.' It was a terrible period that followed. The suit he urged with such untiring zeal seemed to gain slow favor with Eleanor. Her parents were already his supporters; and with the irritating hopes and fears of an ardent but baffled lover, were mixed the stinging agonies of remorse and shame. Clement's periodical letters, long since unanswered, were now unread; to him, such as he now was, they were not addressed—that

sweet friendship was buried along with his youth's integrity. I will not linger," said my guardian, hurriedly. "Paul won the prize which he had sought at such a cost; Eleanor's consent was gained, and the marriage-day was appointed. I don't think even then he so deceived himself as to think he was happy. Moments of tumultuous emotion, of feverish excitement, that he misnamed joy, he had, but his blessedness had escaped him. Not only his conscience told him was Clement defrauded, but Eleanor was deceived. To hear her express at any time indignant scorn of what was base or mean, was a moral torture so exquisitely acute that only those can conceive it who have stooped to a like degradation. A night or two before the day fixed for the wedding, Paul went as usual to her house. Just before he took his leave, Eleanor left the room, and returned with a letter. There was a glow on her cheek as she gave it him. 'I have long determined,' she said, 'to have no momentous secrets from him who is to be my husband: it will be better for you to know this.'

"He took the letter. I see you guess the sequel: it was from Clement. It told the story of his long silent love, for he was now in a position to satisfy his own scruples and tell it. With the fear upon his mind that even now his treasure might escape him, Paul clung to it more tenaciously than ever; passion smothered remorse. 'Well,' he asked, looking at her almost fiercely, 'does the secret go no further?'

"'Very little further, Paul,' said Eleanor, gravely. 'I loved Clement once, but I thought he trifled with me; were it not now honorably too late—I love you now.'

"Paul felt a sudden impulse to confess the whole truth, but it was transient. He had felt many such an impulse before, but had conquered it; should he, on the eve of possession, with that assurance in his ears, yield now?"

"But, Mr. Ellison," I cried, interrupting him, with the matter-of-fact sagacity of a child, "didn't it seem strange to Eleanor that Paul had told Clement nothing about his engagement?"

"Ah, Mabel," sighed my guardian, "no great sin but has its lesser ones. Long since, Paul had found it necessary to tell Eleanor a false story concerning his present suspension of intercourse with Clement."

I think this absolute lie of Paul's touched my aunt as sensibly as any point in the history, for she broke silence. "And what," she said, "was the end of this wretched young man's history? Are you going to tell us we must not despise him?"

"One moment longer," urged my guardian, "and you shall pass your judgment. Paul married Eleanor: you are surprised? Alas! poetical justice is not the rule of this life. Yet why do I say alas?—has it not a higher rule? He married her then, each loved the other, but Paul was a miserable man. His friends noticed it; naturally then his wife; but he kept his secret: no wonder months wrought upon him the effect of years. Nevertheless, he neglected his duties—he had no heart for them: self-contempt, a bitter remorse, cankered every aspiration, enfeebled effort, sapped and destroyed his capabilities. Life slipped wasted through his fingers. I could not," said Mr. Ellison, "give you an idea what he suffered, but I believe he was at this time deeply mistaken, increasingly criminal. If a man's sin be black as hell—and his was black—remorse can not mend it: so long as he lives, life requires duties and effort from him: let him not think he is free to spend it in this selfish absorption."

"True," said my aunt; "but let him not expect, even though he strive to rise and partially succeed, that he is to be respected as a worthier man."

"A year passed," resumed my guardian, without heeding the remark, "and Clement returned to England. Originally, he had a noble soul; sanctifying sorrow had made him great. He inquired after his former friend, wrote to him, assuring him he could meet Eleanor now with the calmness of friendship; and forced himself upon him. I say forced, for, naturally, Clement was to Paul an accusing angel. An agonized retribution was at hand for the latter: Eleanor died in her first confinement, after but a few hours' illness; her infant even died before her. In this extremity, well was it for Paul that Clement was at hand: in his overwhelming grief the past seemed canceled; he could claim and endure his friend's magnanimous tenderness. When he recovered from this stroke, he roused himself to a new existence. Clement had succeeded in convincing him of his forgiveness, of his continued friendship even. 'After the first shock of feeling,' he said, 'the thought of what a nature like yours must suffer, which had been tempted to such an act, changed, slowly, I grant, but still changed, resentment into sympathy. For my own consolation, I studied the New Testament; it has taught me lessons which I think, Paul, you as well as I have missed. I won't insult you by dwelling on my free pardon: if it is worthy of acknowledgment, put your hand once more to the plow, labor for the welfare of others, and so work out your own.' He argued against remorse, and urged the considerations which I have brought more feebly forward, with such effect, that Paul laid them to heart, and strove to test their truth. With God's forgiveness sought and obtained, and that of the man he had injured—with principles drawn from a deeper and diviner source than he had known before—with a spirit humbled but not crushed, he proved that life still lay before him as a field for honorable and remunerative labor. I believe his friend respected him more in this second stage of his experience than before; I know he did not respect him less. Will any other presume to do so?" asked Mr. Ellison, approaching my aunt. "My dear friend, wonder not at my tenderness to Mabel; that is the salutary result of so severe an experience: it is my own story I have told."

I think my aunt must have guessed the truth

ere this, for she made no immediate answer. I was silent with astonishment. My guardian turned and looked at me. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "let me not have humbled myself before you in vain. God preserve you from sinning against your own nature and Him; but where you fall, God give you grace and strength to rise and strive again. And grant me this too, my child: in after-life you may have much influence; for my sake, for your own experience of suffering and shame, be merciful to the wrong-doer! Make it one of your duties to help the fallen, even though she be a woman, and convince her that all is not lost in one false step. God provides against his creature's remorse—shall man be less merciful to his brother!"

"Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, "the life of effort and self-denial you have led condemns my severity. I have been too harsh; but I must seriously review this argument. Mabel come here!"—I approached her timidly; she drew me nearer.—"One must still repent before they can be pardoned," she said; "but I think you do repent, Mabel!"

My tears flowed. "Aunt, forgive me," I whispered; "I am sorry indeed. I don't like to say it, but I think I shall never tell a lie again!"

She kissed me, and rose up; there were tears in her eyes. "Let it be, then, as though it had never been, except to teach you Mr. Ellison's lesson," she said. She then approached my guardian. "I knew not," she added in a softened tone, and holding out her hand with an air of respect, "how much you lost some years ago by Clement's death. Henceforth, you and I will be better friends."

Mr. Ellison pressed her hand in silence; I saw he could not speak; I had an instinct that he would wish to be alone, so I followed my aunt quickly out of the room.

She turned kindly round, and dispatched me on some message as of old: I felt I was forgiven! Before fulfilling it, I ran into my room and shut the door; then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed as I had not before done, with softened heart and contrite tears, for God's forgiveness.

Those few hours have influenced a lifetime.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LX.—PERSPECTIVE.

I PROCEED to other passages of my narrative. The goodness of all about me. I derived such sympathy and consolation as I can never think of with dry eyes. I have already said so much of myself, and so much still remains, that I will not dwell upon my sorrows. I had an illness, but it was not a long one, and I would avoid even this mention of it if I could quite keep down the recollection of their tenderness and love.

I proceed to other passages of my narrative.

During the time of my illness we were still in London, where Mrs. Woodcourt had come, on my Guardian's invitation, to stay with us. When my Guardian thought me well and cheerful enough to talk with him in our old way—though I could have done that, sooner, if he would have believed me—I resumed my work and my chair beside his. He had appointed the time himself, and we were alone.

"Dame Trot," said he, receiving me with a kiss, "welcome to the Growlery again, my dear. I have a scheme to develop, little woman. I propose to remain here, perhaps for six months, perhaps for a longer time—as it may be—quite to settle here for a while, in short."

"And in the mean while leave Bleak House?" said I.

"Ay, my dear! Bleak House," he returned, "must learn to take care of itself."

I thought his tone sounded sorrowful, but looking at him I saw his kind face lighted up by its pleasantest smile.

"Bleak House," he repeated, and his tone did *not* sound sorrowful I found, "must learn to take care of itself. It is a long way from Ada, my dear, and Ada stands much in need of you."

"It is like you, Guardian," said I, "to have been taking that into consideration, for a happy surprise to both of us."

"Not so disinterested either, my dear, if you mean to extol me for that virtue, since, if you were generally on the road, you could be seldom with me. And besides; I wish to hear as much and as often of Ada as I can, in this condition of estrangement from poor Rick. Not of her, but of him too, poor fellow."

"Have you seen Mr. Woodcourt this morning, Guardian?"

"I see Mr. Woodcourt every morning, Dame Durden."

"Does he still say the same of Richard?"

"Just the same. He knows of no direct bodily illness that he has; on the contrary, he believes that he has none. Yet he is not easy about him; who can be?"

My dear girl had been to see us lately, every day; sometimes twice in a day. But we had foreseen all along that this would only last until I was quite myself. We knew full well that her fervent heart was as full of affection and gratitude toward her cousin John as it had ever been, and we acquitted Richard of laying any injunctions upon her to stay away; but we knew on the other hand that she felt it a part of her duty to him to be sparing of her visits at our house. My Guardian's delicacy had soon perceived this, and had tried to convey to her that he thought she was right.

"Dear, unfortunate, mistaken Richard," said I. "When will he wake from his delusion?"

"He is not in the way to do so now, dear," replied my Guardian. "The more he suffers, the more averse he will be to me, by having made me the previous representative of the great occasion of his suffering."

I could not help adding, "So unreasonably!"

* Concluded from the September Number.

"Ah, Dame Trot, Dame Trot!" returned my Guardian, shaking his head, "shall we find reasonable in Jarndyce and Jarndyce! Unreason and injustice at the top, unreason and injustice at the heart and at the bottom; unreason and injustice from beginning to end, if it ever has an end; how should poor Rick, always hovering near it, pluck reason out of it? He no more gathers grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, than older men did, in old times."

His gentleness and consideration for Richard, whenever we spoke of him, touched me so, that I was always silent on this subject very soon.

"I suppose the Lord Chancellor and Vice Chancellors, and the whole Chancery battery of great guns, would be infinitely astonished by such unreasonableness and injustice in one of their suitors," pursued my Guardian. "When those learned gentlemen begin to raise moss roses from the powder they sow in their wigs, I shall begin to be astonished too!"

He checked himself in glancing toward the window to look where the wind was, and leaned on the back of my chair instead.

"Well, well, little woman! To go on, my dear. This rock we must leave to time, chance, and hopeful circumstance. We must not shipwreck Ada upon it. She can not afford, and he can not afford, the remotest chance of another separation from a friend. Therefore, I have particularly begged of Woodcourt, and I now particularly beg of you, my dear, not to move this subject with him. Let it rest. Next week, next month, next year, sooner or later, he will see me with clearer eyes; I can wait."

But I had already discussed it with him, I confessed; and so I thought had Mr. Woodcourt.

"So he tells me," returned my Guardian. "Very good. He has made his protest, and Dame Durden has made hers, and there is nothing more to be said about it. Now, I come to Mrs. Woodcourt. How do you like her, my dear?"

In answer to this question, which was oddly abrupt, I said I liked her very much, and thought she was more agreeable than she used to be.

"I think so too," said my Guardian. "Less pedigree? Not so much of Morgan-ap—what's his name?"

That was what I meant, I acknowledged, though he was a very harmless person, even when we had had more of him.

"Still, upon the whole, he is as well in his native mountains," said my Guardian, laughing. "I agree with you. Then, little woman, can I do better for a time than retain Mrs. Woodcourt here?"

No. And yet—

My Guardian looked at me, waiting for what I had to say.

I had nothing to say. At least I had nothing in my mind that I could say. I had an undefined impression then that it might have been better if he had had some other inmate, but I could hardly have explained why even to myself. Or, if to myself, certainly not to any body else."

"You see," said my Guardian, "our neighborhood is in Woodcourt's way, and he can come here to see her as often as he likes, which is agreeable to them both; and she is familiar to us, and fond of you."

Yes. That was all undeniable. I had nothing to say against it. I could not have suggested a better arrangement; but I was not quite easy in my mind. "Esther, Esther, why not? Esther, think!"

"It is a very good plan indeed, dear Guardian, and we could not do better."

"Sure, little woman?"

"Quite sure. I had had a moment's time to think, since I had urged that duty on myself, and I was quite sure.

"Good," said my Guardian. "It shall be done. Carried unanimously."

"Carried unanimously," I repeated, going on with my work.

It was a cover for his book-table that I happened to be ornamenting. It had been laid by on the night preceding my sad journey, and never resumed since. I showed it to him now, and he admired it highly. After I had explained the pattern to him, and all the great effects that were to come out by-and-by, I thought I would go back to our last theme.

"You said, dear Guardian, when we spoke of Mr. Woodcourt before Ada left us, that you thought he would give a long trial to another country. Have you been advising him since?"

"Yes, little woman; pretty often."

"Has he decided to do so?"

"I rather think not."

"Some other prospect has opened to him, perhaps?" said I.

"Why—yes—perhaps," returned my Guardian, beginning his answer in a very deliberate manner; "about half a year hence or so, there is a medical attendant for the poor to be appointed at a certain place in Yorkshire. It is a thriving place, pleasantly situated; streams and streets, town and country, mill and moor, and seems to present an opening for such a man. I mean, a man whose hopes and aims may sometimes lie (as most men's sometimes do, I dare say) above the ordinary level, but to whom the ordinary level will be high enough after all, if it should prove to be a way of usefulness and good service, leading to no other. All generous spirits are ambitious, I suppose; but the ambition that calmly trusts itself to such a road, instead of spasmodically trying to fly over it, is of the kind I care for. It is Woodcourt's kind, I am well assured."

"And will he get this appointment?" I asked.

"Why, little woman," returned my Guardian, smiling, "not being an oracle, I can not confidently say; but I think so. His reputation stands very high; there are people from that part of the country in the wreck, and, strange to say, I believe the best man has the best chance. You must not suppose it to be a fine endowment.

It is a very, very common-place affair, my dear; an appointment of a great amount of work, and a small amount of pay; but better things will gather about it, it may be fairly hoped."

"The poor of that place will have reason to bless the choice, if it falls on Mr. Woodcourt, Guardian."

"You are right, little woman; that I am sure they will."

We said no more about it, nor did he say a word about the future of Bleak House. But it was the first time I had taken my seat at his side in my mourning dress, and that accounted for it, I considered.

I now began to visit my dear girl every day in the dull dark corner where she lived. The morning was my usual time; but whenever I found I had an hour or so to spare, I put on my bonnet and bustled off to Chancery Lane. They were both so glad to see me at all hours, and used to brighten up so when they heard me opening the door and coming in (being quite at home, I never knocked), that I had no fear of becoming troublesome just yet.

On these occasions I frequently found Richard absent. At other times he would be writing, or reading papers in the corner, at that table of his, so covered with papers, which was never disturbed. Sometimes I would come upon him lingering at the door of Mr. Vholes's office. Sometimes I would meet him in the neighborhood, lounging about, and biting his nails. I often met him wandering in Lincoln's Inn, near the place where I had first seen him. O how different, O how different!

That the money Ada brought him was melting away with the candles I used to see burning after dark in Mr. Vholes's office, I knew very well. It was not a large amount in the beginning; he had married in debt; and I could not fail to understand by this time what was meant by Mr. Vholes's shoulder being at the wheel—as I still heard it was. My pet made the best of housekeepers, and tried hard to save; but I knew that they were getting poorer and poorer every day.

She shone in the miserable corner like a beautiful star. She adorned and graced it so, that it seemed another place. Paler than she had been at home, and a little quieter than I had thought natural when she was yet so cheerful and hopeful, and her face was so overshadowed, that I half-believed she was blinded by her love for Richard to his ruinous career.

I went one day to dine with them, while I was under this impression. As I turned into Symond's Inn, I met little Miss Flite coming out. She had been to make a stately call upon the wards in Jarndyce, as she still called them; and had derived the highest gratification from that ceremony. My pet had already told me that she called every Monday at five o'clock, with one little extra white bow in her bonnet, which never appeared there at any other time, and with her largest reticule of documents on her arm.

"My dear Fitz Jarndyce!" she began. "So delighted! How *do* you do! Glad to see you. And you are going to visit our interesting Jarndyce wards? To be sure! Our beauty is at home, my dear, and will be charmed to see you."

"Then Richard is not come in yet?" said I. "I am glad of that, for I was afraid of being a little late."

"My dear Fitz Jarndyce, no, he is not come in," returned Miss Flite. "He has had a long day in court. I left him there, with Vholes. You don't like Vholes, I hope? *Don't* like Vholes. Dan-gerous man!"

"I am afraid you see Richard oftener than ever now?" said I.

"My dearest Fitz Jarndyce," returned Miss Flite. "Daily and hourly. You know what I told you of the attraction on the Chancellor's table? My dear, next to myself he is the most constant suitor in court. He begins quite to amuse our little party. Ve-ry friendly little party, are we not?"

It was miserable to hear this from her poor mad lips, though it was no surprise.

"In short, my valued friend," pursued Miss Flite, advancing her lips to my ear, with an air of equal patronage and mystery, "I must tell you a secret. I have made him my executor. Nominated, constituted, and appointed him. In my will. Ye-es."

"Indeed?" said I.

"Ye-es," repeated Miss Flite, in her most genteel accents, "my executor, administrator, and assign. (Our Chancery phrases, my love.) I have reflected that if I should wear out, he will be able to watch that judgment; being so very regular in his attendance."

It made me sigh to think of him, and it brought the tears into my eyes.

"I did at one time mean," said Miss Flite, echoing the sigh, "to nominate, constitute, and appoint poor Gridley. Also very regular, Fitz Jarndyce. I assure you, most exemplary! But he wore out, poor man, so I have appointed his successor. Don't mention it. This is in confidence."

She carefully opened her reticule a little way, and showed me a folded piece of paper inside, as the appointment of which she spoke.

"Another secret, my dear. I have added to my collection of birds."

"Really, Miss Flite?" said I, knowing how it pleased her to have her confidence received with an appearance of interest.

She nodded several times, and her face became overcast and gloomy. "Two more. I call them the Wards in Jarndyce. They are caged up now, with all the others. With Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach!"

The poor soul kissed me with the most troubled look I had ever seen in her, and went her way. Her manner of running over the names of her

birds, as if she were afraid of hearing them even from her own lips, chilled me.

This was not a cheering preparation for my visit, and I could have dispensed with the company of Mr. Vholes, when Richard (who arrived within a minute or two after me) brought him to share our dinner, although it was a very plain one. Ada and Richard were for some minutes both out of the room together, helping to get ready what we were to eat and drink, and Mr. Vholes took that opportunity of holding a little conversation in a low voice with me. He came to the window where I was sitting, and began upon Symond's Inn.

"A dull place, Miss Summerson, for a life that is not an official one," said Mr. Vholes, smearing the glass with his black glove to make it clearer for me.

"There is not much to see here," said I.

"Nor to hear, miss," returned Mr. Vholes. "A little music does occasionally stray in, but we are not musical in the law, and soon eject it. I hope Mr. Jarndyce is as well as his friends could wish him?"

I thanked Mr. Vholes, and said he was quite well.

"I have not the pleasure to be admitted among the number of his friends myself," said Mr. Vholes, "and I am aware that the gentlemen of our profession are sometimes regarded in such quarters with an unfavorable eye. Our plain course, however, under good report and evil report, and all kinds of prejudice (we are the victims of prejudice), is to have every thing openly carried on. How do you find Mr. C. looking, Miss Summerson?"

"He looks very ill. Dreadfully anxious."

"Just so," said Mr. Vholes.

He stood behind me with his long black figure reaching nearly to the ceiling of those low rooms; feeling the pimples on his face as if they were ornaments, and speaking inwardly and evenly as though there were not a human passion or motion in his nature.

"Mr. Woodcourt is in attendance upon Mr. C., I believe?" he resumed.

"Mr. Woodcourt is his disinterested friend," I answered.

"But I mean in professional attendance: medical attendance."

"That can do little for an unhappy mind," said I.

"Quite so," said Mr. Vholes.

So slow, so eager, so bloodless, and gaunt, I felt as if Richard were wasting away beneath the eyes of this adviser, and there were something of the Vampire in him.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Vholes, very slowly rubbing his gloved hands, as if, to his cold sense of touch, they were much the same in black kid or out of it, "this was an ill-advised marriage of Mr. C.'s."

I begged he would excuse me for discussing it. They had been engaged when they were both very young, I told him a little indignantly, and when the prospect before them was much fairer and brighter, when Richard had not yielded himself to the unhappy influence which now darkened his life.

"Quite so," assented Mr. Vholes again. "But still with a view to every thing being openly carried on, I will, with your permission, Miss Summerson, observe to you that I consider this a very ill-advised marriage indeed. I owe the opinion, not only to Mr. C.'s connections, against whom I should naturally wish to protect myself, but also to my own reputation—dear to myself as a professional man aiming to keep respectable; dear to my three girls at home, for whom I am striving to realize some little independence; and dear, I will ever say, to my aged father, whom it is my privilege to support."

"It would become a very different marriage, a much happier and better marriage, another marriage altogether, Mr. Vholes," said I, "if Richard were persuaded to turn his back on the fatal pursuit in which you are engaged with him."

Mr. Vholes with a noiseless cough—or rather gasp—into one of his black gloves, inclined his head as if he did not wholly dispute even that.

"Miss Summerson," he said, "it may be so, and I freely admit that the young lady who has taken Mr. C.'s name upon herself in so ill-advised a manner—you will, I am sure, not quarrel with me for throwing out that remark again as a duty I owe to Mr. C.'s connections—is a highly genteel young lady. Business has prevented me from mixing much with general society in any but a professional character, still I trust I am competent to perceive that she is a highly genteel young lady. As to beauty, I am not a judge of that myself, and I never did give much attention to it from a boy; but I dare say the young lady is equally eligible in that point of view. It is considered so (I have heard) among the clerks in the Inn, and it is more in their way than in mine. In reference to Mr. C.'s pursuit of his interests?"

"O! His interests, Mr. Vholes!"

"Pardon me, returned Mr. Vholes, going on in exactly the same inward and dispassionate manner, "Mr. C. takes certain interests under certain wills disputed in the suit. It is a term we use. In reference to Mr. C.'s pursuit of his interests, I mentioned to you, Miss Summerson, the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you, in my desire that every thing should be openly carried on—I used those words—for I happened afterward to note them in my Diary, which is producible at any trial—I mentioned to you that Mr. C. had laid down the principle of watching his own interests; and that when a client of mine laid down a principle which was not of an immoral (that is to say, unlawful) nature, it devolved upon me to carry it out. I *have* carried it out; I *do* carry it out. But I will not smooth things over, to any connection of Mr. C.'s, on any account. As open as I was to Mr. Jarndyce, I am to you. I regard it in the light of a professional duty to be so, though it can be charged to no one. I open-

ly say, unpalatable as it may be, that I consider Mr. C.'s affairs in a very bad way, that I consider Mr. C. himself in a very bad way, and that I regard this as an exceedingly ill-advised marriage. Am I here, sir? Yes, I thank you; I am here, Mr. C., and enjoying the pleasure of some agreeable conversation with Miss Summerson, for which I have to thank you very much, sir!"

He broke off thus, in answer to Richard, who addressed him cheerfully as he came into the room. By this time I too well understood Mr. Vholes's scrupulous way of saving himself and his respectability, not to feel that our worst fears did not keep pace with his client's progress.

We sat down to dinner, and I had an opportunity of observing Richard, anxiously. I was not disturbed by Mr. Vholes (who took off his gloves to dine), though he sat opposite to me at the small table, for I doubt if, looking up at all, he once removed his eyes from his host's face. I found Richard thin and languid, slovenly in his dress, abstracted in his manner, forcing his spirits now and then, and at other intervals relapsing into a dull thoughtfulness. About his large bright eyes, that used to be so merry, there was a wanness and a restlessness that changed them altogether. I can not use the expression that he looked old. There is a ruin of youth which is not like age; and into such a ruin Richard's youth and youthful beauty had all fallen away.

He ate very little, and seemed indifferent what it was; showed himself to be much more impatient than he used to be; and was quick even with Ada. I thought at first that his old light-hearted manner was all gone, but it shone out of him sometimes, as I had occasionally known little momentary glimpses of my own old face to look out upon me from the glass. His laugh had not quite left him either; but it was like the echo of a joyful sound, and that is always sorrowful.

Yet he was as glad as ever, in his old affectionate way, to have me there; and we talked of the old times pleasantly. They did not appear to be interesting to Mr. Vholes, though he occasionally made a gasp, which I believe was his smile. He rose shortly after dinner, and said that with the permission of the ladies he would retire to his office.

"Always devoted to business, Vholes!" cried Richard.

"Yes, Mr. C.," he returned, "the interests of clients are never to be neglected, sir. They are paramount in the thoughts of a professional man like myself who wishes to preserve a good name among his fellow-practitioners and society at large. My denying myself of the pleasure of the present agreeable conversation may not be wholly irrespective of your own interests, Mr. C."

Richard expressed himself quite sure of that, and lighted Mr. Vholes out. On his return he told us, more than once, that Vholes was "A good fellow, a safe fellow, a man who did what he pretended to do, a very good fellow, indeed!" He was so defiant about it, that it struck me he had begun to doubt Mr. Vholes.

Then he threw himself on the sofa, tired out; and Ada and I put things to rights, for they had no other servant than the woman who attended to the chambers. Ada, my dear girl, had a cottage piano there, and quietly sat down to sing some of Richard's favorites; the lamp being first moved into the next room, as he complained of its hurting his eyes.

I sat between them at my dear girl's side, and felt very melancholy listening to her sweet voice. I think Richard did, too; I think he darkened the room for that reason. She had been singing some time, rising between whiles to bend over him, and speak to him, when Mr. Woodcourt came in. Then he sat down by Richard, and half-playfully, half-earnestly, quite naturally and easily found out how he felt, and where he had been all day. Presently he proposed to accompany him in a short walk on one of the bridges as it was a moonlight airy night; and Richard readily consenting, they went out together.

They left my dear girl still sitting at the piano, and me still sitting beside her. When they were gone out, I drew my arm round her waist. She put her left hand in mine (I was sitting on that side), but kept her right upon the keys—going over and over them without striking any note.

"Listen, my dearest," she said, breaking silence. "Richard is never so well, and I am never so easy about him, as when he is with Allan Woodcourt. We have to thank you for that."

I pointed out to my darling how this could scarcely be, because Mr. Woodcourt had come to her cousin John's house, and had known us all there; and because he had always liked Richard, and Richard had always liked him, and—and so forth.

"All true," said Ada; "but that he is such a devoted friend to us, we owe to you."

I thought it best to let my dear girl have her way, and to say no more about it. So I said as much. I said it lightly, because I felt her trembling.

"Esther, my dearest, I want to be a good wife, a very, very good wife indeed. You shall teach me."

I teach! I said no more, for I noticed the hand that was fluttering over the keys, and I knew that it was not I who ought to speak; that it was she who had something to say to me.

"When I married Richard I was not insensible to what was before him. I had been perfectly happy for a long time with you, and I had never known any trouble or anxiety, so loved and cared for; but I understood the danger he was in, dear Esther."

"I know, I know, darling."

"When we were married I had some little hope that I might be able to convince him of his mistake; that he might come to regard it in a new way as my husband, and not pursue it all the more desperately for my sake—as he does. But if I had not had that hope, I would have married him just the same, Esther. Just the same!"

In the momentary firmness of the hand that was never still—a firmness inspired by the utterance of these last words, and dying away with them—I saw the confirmation of her earnest tones.

"You are not to think, my dearest Esther, that I fail to see what you see, and fear what you fear. No one can understand him better than I do. The greatest wisdom that ever lived in the world could not know Richard better than my love does."

She spoke so modestly and softly, and her trembling hand expressed such agitation, as it moved to and fro upon the silent notes! My dear, dear girl!

"I see him at his worst every day. I watch him in his sleep. I know every change of his face. But when I married Richard I was quite determined, Esther, if Heaven would help me, never to show him that I grieved for what he did, and so to make him more unhappy. I want him when he comes home to find no trouble in my face. I want him when he looks at me to see what he loved in me. I married him to do this, and this supports me."

I felt her trembling more. I waited for what was yet to come, and I now thought I began to know what it was.

"And something else supports me, Esther."

She stopped a minute. Stopped speaking only; her hand was still in motion.

"I look forward a little while, and I don't know what great aid may come to me. When Richard turns his eyes upon me then, there may be something lying on my breast more eloquent than I have been, with greater power than mine to show him his true course, and win him back."

Her hand stopped now. She clasped me in her arms, and I clasped her in mine.

"If that little creature should fail too, Esther, I still look forward. I look forward a long while, through years and years, and think that then, when I am growing old, or when I am dead, perhaps, a beautiful woman, his daughter, happily married, may be proud of him and a blessing to him. Or that a generous, brave man, as handsome as he used to be, as hopeful, and far more happy, may walk in the sunshine with him, honoring his gray head, and saying to himself, 'I thank God this is my father!' ruined by a fatal inheritance, and restored through me!"

O, my sweet girl, what a heart was that which beat so fast against me!

"These hopes uphold me, my dear Esther, and I know they will. Though sometimes even they depart from me before a dread that arises when I look at Richard!"

I tried to cheer my darling, and asked her what it was? Sobbing and weeping, she replied,

"That he may not live to see his child—the child who is to do so much!"

CHAPTER LXI.—A DISCOVERY.

THE days when I frequented that miserable corner, which my dear girl brightened, can never fade in my remembrance. I never see it, and I never wish to see it now; I have been there only once since, but in my memory there is a mournful glory shining on the place, which will shine forever.

Not a day passed, without my going there, of course. At first I found Mr. Skimpole there, on two or three occasions, idly playing the piano, and talking in his usual vivacious strain. Now, besides my very much mistrusting the probability of his being there without making Richard poorer, I felt as if there were something in his careless gayety, too inconsistent with what I knew of the depths of Ada's life. I clearly perceived too that Ada shared my feelings. I therefore resolved, after much thinking of it, to make a private visit to Mr. Skimpole, and try delicately to explain myself. My dear girl was the great consideration that made me bold.

I set off one morning, accompanied by Charley, for Somers Town. As I approached the house, I was strongly inclined to turn back, for I felt what a desperate attempt it was to make any impression on Mr. Skimpole, and how extremely likely it was that he would signally defeat me. However, I thought that being there, I would go through with it. So I knocked with a trembling hand at Mr. Skimpole's door—literally with a hand, for the knocker was gone—and after a long parley gained admission from an Irishwoman, who was in the area when I knocked, breaking up the lid of a water-butt with a poker, to light the fire with.

Mr. Skimpole, lying on the sofa in his room, playing the flute a little, was enchanted to see me. Now who should receive me, he asked? Who would I prefer for mistress of the ceremonies? Would I have his Comedy Daughter, his Beauty Daughter, or his Sentiment Daughter? Or would I have all the daughters at once in a perfect nosegay?

I replied, half defeated already, that I wished to speak to himself only, if he would give me leave.

"My dear Miss Summerson, most joyfully! Of course," he said, bringing his chair near mine, and breaking into his fascinating smile, "of course it's not business—then it's pleasure!"

I said it certainly was not business that I came upon, but it was not quite a pleasant matter.

"Then, my dear Miss Summerson," said he, with the frankest gayety, "don't allude to it. Why should you allude to any thing that is *not* a pleasant matter? *I* never do. And you are a much pleasanter creature in every point of view than I! You are perfectly pleasant, I am imperfectly pleasant; then if I never allude to an unpleasant matter, how much less should you! So that's disposed of, and we will talk of something else."

Although I was embarrassed, I took courage to intimate that I still wished to pursue the subject.

"I should think it a mistake," said Mr. Skim-

pole, with his airy laugh, "if I thought Miss Summerson capable of making one. But I don't!"

"Mr. Skimpole," said I, raising my eyes to his, "I have so often heard you say that you are unacquainted with the common affairs of life—meaning our three banking-house friends, L., S., and who's the junior partner?"

"D.," said Mr. Skimpole, brightly. "Not an idea of them!"

"That, perhaps," I went on, "you will excuse my boldness on that account. I think you ought most seriously to know that Richard is poorer than he was."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Skimpole. "So am I, they tell me."

"And in very embarrassed circumstances."

"Parallel case, exactly," said Mr. Skimpole, with a delighted countenance.

"This at present naturally causes Ada much secret anxiety; and as I think she is less anxious when no claims are made upon her visitors, and as Richard has one uneasiness always heavy on his mind, it has occurred to me to take the liberty of saying that—if you would—not—"

I was coming to the point with great difficulty, when he took me by both hands, and, with a radiant face and in the liveliest way, anticipated it.

"Not go there? Certainly not, my dear Miss Summerson, most assuredly not. Why *should* I go there? When I go any where, I go for pleasure. I don't go any where for pain, because I was made for pleasure. Pain comes to *me* when it wants me. Now I have had very little pleasure at our dear Richard's lately, and your practical sagacity demonstrates why. Our young friends, losing the youthful poetry which was once so captivating in them, begin to think, 'this is a man who wants pounds.' So I am, I always want pounds, not for myself, but because tradespeople always want them of me. Next, our young friends begin to think of becoming mercenary, 'this is the man who *had* pounds,'—who borrowed them; which I did. I always borrow pounds. So our young friends reduced to prose (which is much to be regretted), degenerate in their power of imparting pleasure to me. Why should I go to see them therefore? Absurd!"

Through the beaming smiles with which he regarded me, as he reasoned thus: there now broke forth a look of disinterested benevolence quite astonishing.

"Besides," he said, pursuing his argument, in his tone of light-hearted conviction, "If I don't go any where for pain—which would be a perversion of the intention of my being, and a monstrous thing to do—why should I go any where to be the cause of pain? If I went to see our young friends in their present ill-regulated state of mind, I should give them pain. The associations with me would be disagreeable. They might say, 'This is the man who had pounds, and can't pay pounds,' which I can't, of course; nothing could be more out of the question! Then kindness requires that I shouldn't go near them, and I won't."

He finished by genially kissing my hand, and thanking me. Nothing but Miss Summerson's fine tact, he said, would have found this out for him.

I was very much disconcerted, but I reflected that if the main point were gained, it mattered little how strangely he perverted every thing leading to it. I had determined to mention something else, however, and I thought I was not to be put off in that.

"Mr. Skimpole," said I, "I must take the liberty of saying, before I conclude my visit, that I was much surprised to learn, on the best authority, some little time ago, that you knew, at the time with whom that poor boy left Bleak House, and that you accepted a present on that occasion. I have not mentioned it to my Guardian, for I fear it would hurt him unnecessarily, but I may say to you that I was much surprised."

"No! Really surprised, my dear Miss Summerson?" he returned, inquiringly, raising his pleasant eyebrows.

"Greatly surprised."

He thought about it for a little while, with a highly agreeable and whimsical expression of face; then quite gave it up and said, in his most engaging manner:

"You know what a child I am. Why surprised?"

I was reluctant to enter minutely into that question; but as he begged I would, for he was really curious to know, I gave him to understand in the gentlest words I could use, that his conduct seemed to involve a disregard of several moral obligations. He was much amused and interested when he heard this, and said, "No, really?" with ingenuous simplicity.

"You know I don't pretend to be responsible. I never could do it. Responsibility is a thing that has always been above me—or below me," said Mr. Skimpole, "I don't even know which; but, as I understand the way in which my dear Miss Summerson (always remarkable for her practical good sense and clearness) puts this case, I should imagine it was chiefly a question of money, do you know?"

I incautiously gave a qualified assent to this.

"Ah! Then you see," said Mr. Skimpole, shaking his head, "I am hopeless of understanding it."

I suggested, as I rose to go, that it was not right to betray my Guardian's confidence for a bribe.

"My dear Miss Summerson," he returned, with a candid hilarity that was all his own, "I can't be bribed."

"Not by Mr. Bucket?" said I.

"No," said he. "Not by any body. I don't attach any value to money. I don't care about it, I don't know about it, I don't want it, I don't keep it—it goes away from me directly. How can *I* be bribed?"

I showed that I was of a different opinion, though I had not the capacity for arguing the question.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Skimpole. "I am

exactly the man to be placed in a superior position in such a case as that. I am above the rest of mankind in such a case as that. I can act with philosophy in such a case as that; I am not warped by prejudices as an Italian boy is by bandages. I am as free as the air. I feel myself as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife."

Any thing to equal the lightness of his manner, and the playful impartiality with which he seemed to convince himself, as he tossed the matter about like a ball of feathers, was surely never seen in any body else!

"Observe the case, my dear Miss Summerson. Here is a boy received into the house and put to bed, in a state that I strongly object to. The boy being in bed, a man arrives—like the house that Jack built. Here is the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Here is a bank-note produced by the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Here is the Skimpole who accepts the bank-note produced by the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Those are the facts. Very well. Should the Skimpole have refused the note? *Why* should the Skimpole have refused the note? Skimpole protests to Bucket, 'What's this for? I don't understand it, it is of no use to me, take it away.' Bucket still entreats Skimpole to accept it. Are there reasons why Skimpole, not being warped by prejudices, should accept it? Yes, Skimpole perceives them. What are they? Skimpole reasons with himself, this is a tamed lynx, an active police officer, an intelligent man, a person of a peculiarly directed energy and great subtlety both of conception and execution, who discovers our friends and enemies for us when they run away, recovers our property for us when we are robbed, avenges us comfortably when we are murdered. This active police officer and intelligent man has acquired, in the exercise of his art, a strong faith in money; he finds it very useful to him, and he makes it very useful to society. Shall I shake that faith in Bucket because I want it myself; shall I deliberately blunt one of Bucket's weapons; shall I possibly paralyze Bucket in his next detective operation?' And again. If it is blamable in Skimpole to take the note, it is blamable in Bucket to offer the note—much more blamable in Bucket, because he is the knowing man. Now Skimpole wishes to think well of Bucket; Skimpole deems it essential, in its little place, to the general cohesion of things, that he *should* think well of Bucket. The State expressly asks him to trust to Bucket. And he does. And that's all he does!"

I had nothing to offer in reply to this exposition, and therefore took leave. Mr. Skimpole, however, who was in excellent spirits, would not hear of my returning home attended only by "Little Coavinses," and accompanied me himself. He entertained me on the way with a variety of delightful conversation, and assured me at parting that he should never forget the fine tact with which I had found that out for him about our young friends.

As it so happened that I never saw Mr. Skimpole again, I may at once finish what I know of his history. A coolness arose between him and my Guardian, based chiefly on the foregoing grounds, and on his having very heartlessly disregarded my Guardian's entreaties (as we afterward learned from Ada) in reference to Richard. His being heavily in my Guardian's debt had nothing to do with their separation. He died some five years afterward, and left a diary behind him, with letters and other materials toward his Life, which was published, and which showed him to have been the victim of a combination on the part of mankind against an amiable child. It was considered very pleasant reading, but I never read more of it myself than the sentence on which I chanced to light on opening the book. It was this. "Jarndyce, in common with most other men I have known, is the Incarnation of Selfishness."

And now I come to a part of my story, touching myself very nearly indeed, and for which I was quite unprepared when the circumstance occurred. I am sure of that. Whatever little lingerings may have now and then revived in my mind, associated with my poor old face, had only revived as belonging to a part of my life that was gone—gone like my infancy or my childhood. I have suppressed none of my many weaknesses on that subject, but have written them as faithfully as my memory has recalled them. And I hope to do, and mean to do, the same down to the last words of these pages; which I see now, not so very very far before me.

The months were gliding away, and my dear girl, sustained by the hopes she had confided to me, was the same beautiful star in the miserable corner. Richard, more worn and haggard, haunted the court day after day; listlessly sat there the whole day long, when he knew there was no remote chance of the suit being mentioned: and became one of the stock sights of the place. I wonder whether any of the gentlemen remembered him as he was when he first went there.

So completely was he absorbed in his fixed idea that he used to avow himself, in his cheerful moments, that he should never have breathed the fresh air now "but for Woodcourt." It was only Mr. Woodcourt who could occasionally divert his attention for a few hours at a time, and rouse him even when he sunk into a lethargy of mind and body, that alarmed us greatly, and the returns of which became more frequent as the months went on. My dear girl was right in saying that he only pursued his errors the more desperately for her sake. I have no doubt that his desire to retrieve what he had lost, was rendered the more intense by his grief for his young wife, and became like the madness of a gamester.

I was there, as I have mentioned, at all hours. When I was there at night I generally went home

with Charley in a coach; sometimes my Guardian would meet me in the neighborhood, and we would walk home together. One evening he had arranged to meet me at eight o'clock. I could not leave, as I usually did, quite punctually to the time, for I was working for my dear girl, and had a few stitches more to do, to finish what I was about, but it was within a few minutes of the hour when I bundled up my little work-basket, gave my darling my last kiss for the night, and hurried down-stairs. Mr. Woodcourt went with me, as it was dusk.

When we came to the usual place of meeting —it was close by, and Mr. Woodcourt had often accompanied me before—my Guardian was not there. We waited half an hour, walking up and down; but there were no signs of him. We agreed that he was either prevented from coming, or that he had come and gone away; and Mr. Woodcourt proposed to walk home with me.

It was the first walk we had ever taken together, except that very short one to the usual place of meeting. We spoke of Richard and Ada the whole way. I did not thank him in words for what he had done—my appreciation of it had risen above all words then—but I hoped he might not be without some understanding of what I felt so strongly!

Arriving at home and going up-stairs, we found that my Guardian was out, and that Mrs. Woodcourt was out too. We were in the very same room into which I had brought my blushing girl, when her youthful lover, now her so altered husband, was the choice of her young heart; the very same room from which my Guardian and I had watched them going away through the sunlight, in the fresh bloom of their hope and promise.

We were standing by the opened window, looking down into the street, when Mr. Woodcourt spoke to me. I learned in a moment that he loved me. I learned in a moment that my scarred face was all unchanged to him. I learned in a moment that what I had thought was pity and compassion was devoted, generous, faithful love. O, too late to know it now, too late, too late. That was the first ungrateful thought I had. Too late!

"When I returned," he told me, "when I came back no richer than I went away, and found you newly risen from a sick bed, yet so inspired by sweet consideration for others, and so free from a selfish thought—"

"O, Mr. Woodcourt, forbear, forbear!" I entreated him. "I do not deserve your high praise. I had many selfish thoughts at that time, many!"

"Heaven knows, beloved of my life," said he, "that my praise is not a lover's praise, but the unadorned truth. You do not know what all around you see in Esther Summerson, how many hearts she touches and awakens. What sacred admiration and what love she wins."

"O Mr. Woodcourt," cried I, "it is a great thing to win love, it is a great thing to win love! I am proud of it, and honored by it, and the hearing of it causes me to shed these tears of mingled joy and sorrow—joy that I have won it, sorrow that I have not deserved it better—but so I am not free to think of yours."

I said it with a strong heart, for when he praised me thus, and when I heard his voice thrill with this belief that what he said was true, I aspired to be more worthy of it. It was not too late for that, although I closed this unforeseen page in my life to-night, I could be worthier of it all through my life. And it was a comfort to me, and an impulse to me, and I felt a dignity rise up within me that was derived from him, when I thought so.

He broke the silence.

"I should poorly show the trust that I have in the dear one who will evermore be as dear to me as now," and the deep earnestness with which he said it, at once strengthened me, and made me weep, "if, after her assurance that she is not free to think of my love, I urged it. Dear Esther, let me only tell you that the fond idea of you which I took abroad was exalted to the Heavens when I came home. I have always hoped, in the first hour when I seemed to stand in any ray of good fortune, to tell you this. I have always feared that I should tell it you in vain. My hopes and fears are both fulfilled to-night. I distress you. I have said enough."

Something seemed to pass into my place that was like the Angel he thought me, and I felt so sorrowful for the loss he had sustained! I wished to help him in his trouble, as I had asked to do when he showed that first commiseration for me.

"Dear Mr. Woodcourt," said I, "before we part to-night, something is left for me to say. I never could say it as I wish—I never shall—but—"

I had to think again of being more deserving of his love and his affliction before I could go on.

"—I am deeply sensible of your generosity, and I shall treasure its remembrance to my dying hour. I know full well how changed I am, I know you are not unacquainted with my history, and I know what a noble love that is which is so faithful. What you have said to me could have affected me so much from no other lips, for there are none that could give it such a value to me. It shall not be lost. It shall make me better."

He covered his eyes with his hand, and turned away his head. How could I ever be worthy of those tears?

"If, in the unchanged intercourse we shall have together—in tending Richard and Ada—and I hope in many happier scenes of life—you ever find any thing in me which you can honestly think is better than it used to be, believe that it will have sprung up from to-night, and that I shall owe it to you. And never believe, dear, dear Mr. Woodcourt, never believe that I forget this night, or that while my heart beats it can be insensible to the pride and joy of having been beloved by you."

He took my hand and kissed it. He was like himself again, and I felt still more encouraged.

"I am inclined, by what you said just now," said I, "to hope that you have succeeded in your endeavor."

"I have," he answered. "With such help from Mr. Jarndyce as you who know him so well can imagine him to have rendered me, I have succeeded."

"Heaven bless him for it," said I, giving him my hand; "and Heaven bless you in all you do!"

"I shall do it better for the wish," he answered; "it will make enter on those new duties as on another sacred trust from you."

"Ah, Richard!" I exclaimed involuntarily, "what will he do when you are gone?"

"I am not required to go yet; I would not desert him, dear Miss Summerson, even if I were."

One other thing I felt it needful to touch upon before he left me. I knew that I should not be worthier of the love I could not take, if I reserved it.

"Mr. Woodcourt," said I, "you will be glad to know from my lips before I say 'Good-night,' that in the future, which is clear and bright before me, I am most happy, most fortunate, have nothing to regret or to desire."

It was indeed a glad hearing to him, he replied.

"From my childhood I have been," said I, "the object of the untiring goodness of the best of human beings, to whom I am so bound by every tie of attachment, gratitude, and love, that nothing I could do in the compass of a life could express the feelings of a single day."

"I share those feelings," he returned; "you speak of Mr. Jarndyce."

"You know his virtues well," said I, "but no one can know the greatness of his character as I know it. All its highest and best qualities have been revealed to me in nothing more brightly than in the shaping out of that future in which I am so eminently happy. And if your highest homage and respect had not been his already—which I know they are—they would have been his, I think, on this assurance, and the feeling it would have awakened in you toward him for my sake."

He fervently replied, that indeed, indeed they would have been. I gave him my hand again.

"Good-night," I said; "good-by."

"The first until we meet to-morrow; the second as a farewell to this theme between us for ever."

"Yes, good-night—good-by!"

He left me, and I stood at the dark window watching the street. His love in all its constancy and generosity had come so suddenly upon me, that he had not left me a minute when my fortitude gave way again, and the street was blotted out by my rushing tears.

But they were not tears of regret and sorrow. No. He had called me the beloved of his life, and had said I would be evermore as dear to him as I was then; and my heart would not hold the triumph of having heard those words. My first wild thought had died away. It was not too late to hear them, for it was not too late to be animated by them to be good, truly grateful, and contented. How easy my path; how much easier than his!

CHAPTER LXII.—Another Discovery.

I had not the courage to see any one that night. I had not even the courage to see myself, for I was afraid that my tears might a little reproach me. I went up to my room in the dark and prayed in the dark, and laid down in the dark to sleep. I had no need of any light to read my Guardian's letter by, for I knew it by heart every word. I took it from the place where I kept it, and repeated its contents by its own clear light of integrity and tenderness, and went to sleep with it on my pillow.

I was up very early in the morning, and called Charley to come for a walk. We bought flowers for the breakfast-table, and came back and arranged them, and were as busy as bees, if not as useful. We were so early that I had good time still for Charley's lesson, before breakfast; Charley (who was not in the least improved in the old defective article of grammar) came through it with great applause, and we were altogether very notable. When my Guardian appeared, he said, "My little woman, you look fresher than your flowers!" And Mrs. Woodcourt repeated and translated a passage from the Menlinivillinwodd, expressive of my being like a mountain with the sun upon it.

This was all so pleasant, that I hope it made me still more like the mountain than I had been before. After breakfast, I waited my opportunity, and peeped about a little, until I saw my Guardian in his own room—the room of last night—by himself. Then I made an excuse to go in with my housekeeping keys, shutting the door after me.

"Well, Dame Durden?" said my Guardian; the post had brought him several letters, and he was writing. "You want money?"

"No, indeed, I have plenty in hand."

"There never was such a Dame Durden," said my Guardian, "for making money last!"

He had laid down his pen, and leaned back in his chair looking at me. I have often spoken of his bright benevolent face, but I thought I had never seen it look so bright and good. There was a high happiness upon it, which made me think, "He has been doing some great kindness this morning."

"There never was," said my Guardian, musing as he smiled upon me, "such a Dame Durden for making money last!"

He had never yet altered his old manner. I loved it, and him, so much that when I now went up to him and took my usual chair, which was always put at his side—for sometimes I read to him, and sometimes I talked to him, and sometimes I silently worked by him—I hardly liked to disturb it by laying my hand on his breast. But I found that did not disturb it at all.

"Dear Guardian," said I, "I want to speak to you. Have I been remiss in any thing?"

"Remiss in any thing, my dear?"

"Have I not been what I meant to be, since —I brought the answer to your letter, Guardian?"

"You have been every thing I could desire, my love!"

"I am very glad indeed to hear that," I returned. "You know, you said to me, was this the mistress of Bleak House? And I said, yes."

"Yes," said my Guardian, nodding his head. He had put his arm about me, as if there were something to protect me from, and looked in my face, smiling.

"Since then," said I, "we have never spoken on the subject except once.

"And then I said Bleak House was thinning fast; and so it was, my dear."

"And *I* said," I timidly reminded him, "but its mistress remained."

He still held me in the same protecting manner, and with the same bright goodness in his face.

"Dear Guardian," said I, "I know how you have felt all that has happened, and how considerate you have been. As so much time has passed, and as you spoke only this morning of my being so well again; perhaps you expect me to renew the subject. Perhaps I ought to do so. I will be the mistress of Bleak House when you please."

"See," he returned gayly, "what a sympathy there must be between us! I have had nothing else, poor Rick excepted—it's a large exception —in my mind. When you came in, I was full of it. When shall we give Bleak House its mistress, little woman?"

"When you please."

"Next month?"

"Next month, dear Guardian."

"The day on which I take the happiest and best step of my life—the day on which I shall be a man more exulting and more enviable than any other man in the world—the day on which I give Bleak House its best mistress—shall be next month then!" said my Guardian.

I put my arms round his neck and kissed him, just as I had done on the day when I brought my answer; just as on that day, it would have made no difference in a minute, even supposing that no one had come to the room-door.

It was a servant to announce Mr. Bucket, which was quite unnecessary, for Mr. Bucket was already looking in over the servant's shoulder. "Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Summerson," said he, rather out of breath, "with all apologies for intruding, *will* you allow me to order up a person that's on the stairs, and that objects to being left there in case of becoming the subject of observations in his absence? Thank you. Be so good as chair that there Member in this direction, will you?" said Mr. Bucket, beckoning over the bannisters.

This singular request produced an old man in a black skull-cap, unable to walk, who was carried up by a couple of bearers, and deposited in the room near the door. Mr. Bucket immediately got rid of the bearers, mysteriously shut the door, and bolted it.

"Now you see, Mr. Jarndyce," he then began, putting down his hat, and opening his subject with a flourish of his well-remembered finger, "you know me, and Miss Summerson knows me. This gentleman likewise knows me, and his name is Smallweed. The discounting line is his line principally, and he's what you may call a dealer in bills. That's what you are, you know, ain't you?" said Mr. Bucket, stooping a little to address the gentleman in question, who was exceedingly suspicious of him.

He seemed about to dispute this designation of himself, when he was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

"Moral, you know!" said Mr. Bucket, improving the accident. "Don't you contradict when there ain't no occasion, and you won't be took in that way. Now, Mr. Jarndyce, I address myself to you. I've been negotiating with this gentleman on behalf of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, one way and another; and I've been in and out and about his premises a good deal. His premises are the premises formerly occupied by Krook, a Marine Store Dealer—a relation of this gentleman's, that you saw in his life-time, if I don't mistake?"

My Guardian replied "Yes."

"Well! You are to understand," said Mr. Bucket, "that this gentleman he come into Krook's property, and a good deal of Magpie property there was. Vast lots of waste paper among the rest. Lord bless you, of no use to nobody!"

The cunning of Mr. Bucket's eye, and the masterly manner in which he contrived, without a look or a word against which his watchful auditor could protest, to let us know that he stated the case according to previous agreement between them, and could say much more of Mr. Smallweed if he thought it advisable, deprived us of any merit in quite understanding him. His difficulty was increased by Mr. Smallweed's being deaf as well as suspicious, and watching his face with the closest attention.

"Among the odd heaps of old papers, this gentleman, when he comes into the property, naturally begins to rummage, don't you see?" said Mr. Bucket.

"To which? Say that again," cried Mr. Smallweed, in a shrill, sharp voice.

"To rummage," repeated Mr Bucket. "Being a prudent man and accustomed to take care of your own affairs, you begin to rummage among the papers as you have come into; don't you?"

"Of course I do," cried Mr. Smallweed.

"Of course you do," said Mr. Bucket, conversationally, "and much to blame you would be if you didn't. And so you chance to find, you know," Mr. Bucket went on, stooping over him with an air of cheerful raillery which Mr. Smallweed by no means reciprocated, "and so you chance to find, you know, a paper, with the signature of Jarndyce to it. Don't you?"

Mr. Smallweed glanced with a troubled eye at us, and grudgingly nodded assent.

"And coming to look at that paper at your full leisure and convenience—all in good time, for you're not curious to read it, and why should you be! What do you find it to be but a Will, you see. That's the drollery of it," said Mr. Bucket, with the same lively air of recalling a joke for the enjoyment of Mr. Smallweed, who still had the same crest-fallen appearance of not enjoying it at all; "what do you find it to be but a Will?"

"I don't know that it's good as a Will, or as any thing else," snarled Mr. Smallweed.

Mr. Bucket eyed the old man for a moment—he had slipped and shrunk down in his chair into a mere bundle—as if he were much disposed to pounce upon him; nevertheless, he continued to bend over him with the same agreeable air, keeping the corner of one of his eyes upon us.

"Notwithstanding which," said Mr. Bucket, "you get a little doubtful and uncomfortable in your mind about it, having a very tender mind of your own."

"Eh? What do you say I have got of my own?" asked Mr. Smallweed, with his hand to his ear.

"A very tender mind."

"Ho! Well, go on," said Mr. Smallweed.

"And as you've heard a good deal mentioned regarding a celebrated Chancery will case of the same name; and as you know what a card Krook was for buying all manner of old pieces of furniture, and books, and papers, and what not, and never liking to part with 'em, and always a-going to teach himself to read—you begin to think, and you never was more correct in your born days, "Ecod, if I don't look about me, I may get into trouble regarding this will."

"Oh, now, mind how you put it, Bucket," cried the old man anxiously, with his hand at his ear. "Speak up; none of your brimstone tricks. Pick me up; I want to hear better. O Lord, I am shaken to bits!"

Mr. Bucket had certainly picked him up at a dart. However, as soon as he could be heard through Mr. Smallweed's coughing and his vicious ejaculations of "O my bones! O dear! I've no breath in my body! I'm worse than the chattering, clattering, brimstone pig at home!" Mr. Bucket proceeded in the same convivial manner as before.

"So as I happen to be in the habit of coming about your premises, you take me into your confidence, don't you?"

I think it would be impossible to make an admission with more ill-will and a worse grace than Mr. Smallweed displayed when he admitted this; rendering it perfectly evident that Mr. Bucket was the very last person he would have thought of taking into his confidence if he could by any possibility have kept him out of it.

"And I go into the business with you—very pleasant we are over it; and I confirm you in your well-founded fears, that you will-get-yourself-in-to-a-most precious line if you don't come out with that there will," said Mr. Bucket, emphatically; "and accordingly you arrange with me that it shall be delivered up to this present Mr. Jarndyce on no conditions, if it should prove to be valuable, you trusting yourself to him for your reward; that's about where it is, ain't it?"

"That's what was agreed," Mr. Smallweed assented, with the same bad grace.

"In consequence of which," said Mr. Bucket, dismissing his agreeable manner all at once, and becoming strictly business-like; "you've got that Will upon your person at the present time; and the only thing that remains for you to do is, just to—Out with it!"

Having given us one glance out of the watching corner of his eye, and having given his nose one triumphant rub with his fore-finger, Mr. Bucket stood with his eyes fastened on his confidential friend, and his hand stretched forth ready to take the paper and hand it to my Guardian. It was not produced without much reluctance, and many declarations on the part of Mr. Smallweed that he was a poor industrious man, and that he left it to Mr. Jarndyce's honor not to let him lose by his honesty. Little by little he very slowly took from a breast-pocket a stained, discolored paper, which was much singed upon the outside, and a little burnt at the edges, as if it had long ago been thrown upon a fire, and hastily snatched off again. Mr. Bucket lost no time in transferring this paper, with the dexterity of a conjuror, from Mr. Smallweed to Mr. Jarndyce. As he gave it to my Guardian, he whispered behind his fingers:

"Hadn't settled how to make their market of it. Quarreled and hinted about. I laid on twenty pound upon it. First, the avaricious grandchildren split upon him, on account of their objections to his living so unreasonably long, and then they split on one another. Lord, there ain't one of the family that wouldn't sell the other for a pound or two, except the old lady, and she's only out of it because she's too weak in her mind to drive a bargain."

"Mr. Bucket," said my Guardian aloud, "whatever the worth of this paper may be to any one, my obligations are great to you; and if it be of any worth, I hold myself bound in honor to see Mr. Smallweed remunerated accordingly."

"Not according to your merits, you know," said Mr. Bucket, in friendly explanation to Mr. Smallweed. "Don't you be afraid of that. According to its value."

"That is what I mean," said my Guardian. "you may observe, Mr. Bucket, that I abstain from examining this paper myself. The plain truth is, I have foresworn and abjured the whole business these many years, and my soul is sick of it. But Miss Summerson and I will immediately place the paper in the hands of my solicitor in the cause, and its existence shall be made known without delay to all other parties interested."

"Mr. Jarndyce can't say fairer than that, you understand," observed Mr. Bucket, to his fellow visitor. "And it now being made clear to you that nobody's a-going to be wronged—which must be a great relief to *your* mind—we may proceed with the ceremony of chairing you home again."

He unbolted the door, called in the bearers, wished us good-morning—and with a look full of meaning, and a crook of his finger at parting, went his way.

We went our way too, which was to Lincoln's Inn, as quickly as possible. Mr. Kenge was disengaged, and we found him at his table in his dusty room, with the inexpressive-looking books, and the piles of papers. Chairs having been placed for us by Mr. Guppy, Mr. Kenge expressed the surprise and gratification he felt at the unusual sight of Mr. Jarndyce in his office. He turned over his double eye-glass as he spoke, and was more Conversation Kenge than ever.

"I hope," said Mr. Kenge, "that the genial influence of Miss Summerson," he bowed to me, "may have induced Mr. Jarndyce," he bowed to him, "to forego some little of his animosity toward a Cause and toward a Court which are—shall I say, which take their place in the stately vista of the pillars of our profession?"

"I am inclined to think," returned my Guardian, "that Miss Summerson has seen too much of the effects of the court and the cause to exert any influence in their favor. Nevertheless, they are a part of the occasion of my being here. Mr. Kenge, before I lay this paper on your desk, and have done with it, let me tell you how it has come into *my* hands."

He did so shortly and distinctly.

"It could not, sir," said Mr. Kenge, "have been stated more plainly and to the purpose, if it had been a Case at Law."

"Did you ever know English law, or equity either, plain and to the purpose?" said my Guardian.

"O fie!" said Mr. Kenge. At first he had not seemed to attach much importance to the paper, but when he saw it he appeared more interested, and when he had opened, and read a little of it through his eye-glass, he became amazed. "Mr. Jarndyce," he said, looking off it, "you have perused this?"

"Not I!" returned my Guardian.

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Kenge, "it is a will of later date than any in the suit. It appears to be all in the Testator's handwriting. It is duly executed and attested. And even if intended to be canceled, as might possibly be supposed to be denoted by these marks of fire, it is not canceled. Here it is, a perfect instrument!"

"Well?" said my Guardian. "What is that to me?"

"Mr. Guppy!" cried Mr. Kenge, raising his voice.—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jarndyce."

"Sir."

"Mr. Vholes of Symond's Inn. My compliments. Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Glad to speak with him."

Mr. Guppy disappeared.

"You ask me what is this to you, Mr. Jarndyce. If you had perused this document, you would have seen that it reduces your interest considerably, still leaving it a very handsome one, still leaving it a very handsome one," said Mr. Kenge waving his hand persuasively and blandly. "You would further have seen that the interests of Mr. Richard Carstone, and of Miss Ada Clare, now Mrs. Richard Carstone, are very materially advanced by it."

"Kenge," said my Guardian, "if all the flourishing wealth that the suit brought into this vile court of Chancery could fall to my two young cousins, I should be well contented. But do you ask *me* to believe that any good is to come of Jarndyce and Jarndyce?"

"O really, Mr. Jarndyce! Prejudice—prejudice. My dear sir, this is a very great country, a very great country. Its system of equity is a very great system, a very great system, really, really!"

My Guardian said no more, and Mr. Vholes arrived. He was modestly impressed by Mr. Kenge's professional eminence.

"How do you do, Mr. Vholes? Will you be so good as to take a chair here by me, and look over this paper."

Mr. Vholes did as he was asked, and seemed to read it every word. He was not excited by it, but he was not excited by any thing. When he had well examined it, he retired with Mr. Kenge into a window, and shading his mouth with his black glove, spoke to him at some length. I was not surprised to observe Mr. Kenge inclined to dispute what he said before he had said much, for I know that no two people ever did agree about any thing in Jarndyce and Jarndyce. But he seemed to get the better of Mr. Kenge too, in a conversation that sounded as if it were almost composed of the words, "Receiver-General," "Accountant-General," "Report," "Estate, and Costs." When they had finished, they came back to Mr. Kenge's table, and spoke aloud.

"Well! But this is a very remarkable document, Mr. Vholes?" said Mr. Kenge.

Mr. Vholes said, "Very much so."

"And a very important document, Mr. Vholes?" said Mr. Kenge.

Again Mr. Vholes said, "Very much so."

"And as you say, Mr. Vholes, when the cause is in the paper next term, this document will be an unexpected and interesting feature in it," said Mr. Kenge, looking loftily at my Guardian.

Mr. Vholes was gratified, as a smaller practitioner striving to keep respectable, to be confirmed in any opinion of his by such an authority.

"And when," asked my Guardian, rising after a pause, during which Mr. Kenge had rattled his money, and Mr. Vholes had picked his pimples. "When is next term?"

"Next term, Mr. Jarndyce, will be next

month," said Mr. Kenge. "Of course we shall at once proceed to do what is necessary with this document, and to collect the necessary evidence concerning it; and of course you will receive our usual notification of the cause being in the paper."

"To which I shall pay, of course, my usual attention."

"Still bent, my dear sir," said Mr. Kenge, showing us through the outer office to the door, "still bent, even with your enlarged mind, on echoing a popular prejudice. We are a prosperous community, Mr. Jarndyce, a very prosperous community. We are a great country, Mr. Jarndyce, we are a very great country. This is a great system, Mr. Jarndyce, and would you wish a great country to have a little system? Now, really, really!"

He said this at the stair-head, gently moving his right hand as if it were a silver trowel, with which to spread the cement of his words on the structure of the system, and consolidate it for a thousand ages.

CHAPTER LXIII.—Steel and Iron.

George's shooting-gallery is to let, and the stock is sold off, and George himself is at Chesney Wold, attending on Sir Leicester in his rides, and riding very near his bridle-rein, because of the uncertain hand with which he guides his horse. But not to-day is George so occupied. He is journeying to-day into the iron country farther north, to look about him.

As he comes into the iron country farther north, such green woods as those of Chesney Wold are left behind; and coalpits and ashes, high chimneys and red bricks, blighted verdure, scorching fires, and a heavy never-lightening cloud of smoke, become the features of the scenery. Among such objects rides the trooper, looking about him, and always looking for something he has come to find.

At last on the black canal bridge of a busy town, with a clang of iron in it, and more fires and more smoke than he has seen yet, the trooper, swart with the dust of the coal roads, checks his horse, and asks a workman does he know the name of Rouncewell thereabouts?

"Why, master," quoth the workman, "do I know my own name?"

"'Tis so well known here, is it, comrade?" asks the trooper.

"Rouncewell's? Ah! you're right."

"And where might it be now?" asks the trooper, with a glance before him.

"The bank, the factory, or the house?" the workman wants to know.

"Hum! Rouncewell's is so great apparently," mutters the trooper, stroking his chin, "that I have as good as half a mind to go back again. Why, I don't know which I want. Should I find Mr. Rouncewell at the factory, do you think?"

"'Tain't easy to say where you'd find him; you might at this time of the day—you might find either him or his son there, if he's in town; but his contracts take him away."

And which is the factory? Why, he sees those chimneys—the tallest ones! Yes, he sees *them*. Well! let him keep his eye on those chimneys, going on as straight as ever he can, and presently he'll see 'em down a turning on the left, shut in by a great brick wall which forms one side of the street. That's Rouncewell's.

The trooper thanks his informant, and rides slowly on, looking about him. He does not turn back, but puts up his horse (and is much disposed to groom him too) at a public-house where some of Rouncewell's hands are dining, as the hostler tells him. Some of Rouncewell's hands have just knocked off for dinner-time, and seem to be invading the whole town. They are very sinewy and strong are Rouncewell's hands—a little sooty too.

He comes to a gateway in the brick wall, looks in, and sees a great perplexity of iron lying about, in every stage, and in a vast variety of shapes; in bars, in wedges, in sheets; in tanks, in boilers, in axles, in wheels, in cogs, in cranks, in rails, twisted and wrenched into eccentric and perverse forms, as separate parts of machinery; mountains of it broken-up, and rusty in its age; distant furnaces of it glowing and bubbling in its youth; bright fireworks of it showering about under the blows of the steam hammer; red-hot iron, white-hot iron, coal-black iron; an iron taste, an iron smell, and a Babel of iron sounds.

"This is a place to make a man's head ache, too!" says the trooper, looking about him for a counting-house. "Who comes here? This is very like me before I was set up. This ought to be my nephew, if likenesses run in families. Your servant, sir."

"Yours, sir. Are you looking for any one?"

"Excuse me. Young Mr. Rouncewell, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I was looking for your father, sir. I wished to have a word with him."

The young man telling him he is fortunate in his choice of a time, for his father is there, leads the way to the office where he is to be found. "Very like me before I was set up—devilish like me!" thinks the trooper, as he follows. They come to a building in the yard with an office on an upper floor. At sight of the gentleman in the office Mr. George turns very red.

"What name shall I say to my father?" asks the young man.

George, full of the idea of iron, in desperation, answers "Steel," and is so presented. He is left alone with the gentleman in the office, who sits at a table with account-books before him and some sheets of paper, blotted with hosts of figures and drawings, of cunning shapes. It is a bare office, with bare windows, looking on the iron view below. Tumbled together on the table are some pieces of iron, purposely broken, to be tested at various periods of their service in vari-

ous capacities. There is iron-dust on every thing, and the smoke is seen through the windows rolling heavily out of the tall chimneys to mingle with the smoke from a vaporous Babylon of other chimneys.

"I am at your service, Mr. Steel," says the gentleman, when his visitor has taken a rusty chair.

"Well, Mr. Rouncewell," George replies, leaning forward, with his left arm on his knee, and his hat in his hand; and very chary of meeting his brother's eye; "I am not without my expectations that in the present visit I may prove to be more free than welcome. I have served as a dragoon in my day; and a comrade of mine that I was once rather partial to, was, if I don't deceive myself, a brother of yours. I believe you had a brother who gave his family some trouble, and ran away, and never did any good but in keeping away?"

"Are you sure," returns the ironmaster, in an altered voice, "that your name is Steel?"

The trooper falters, and looks at him. His brother starts up, calls him by his name, and grasps him by both hands.

"You are too quick for me!" cries the trooper, with the tears springing out of his eyes. "How do you do, my dear old fellow. I never could have thought you would have been half so glad to see me as all this. How do you do, my dear old fellow, how do you do!"

They shake hands and embrace each other over and over again, the trooper still coupling his "How do you do, dear old fellow!" with his protestation that he never thought his brother would have been half so glad to see him as all this!

"So far *from* it," he declares, at the end of a full account of what has preceded his arrival there, "I had very little idea of making myself known. I thought if you took by any means forgivingly to my name, I might gradually get myself up to the point of writing a letter. But I could not have been surprised, brother, if you had considered it any thing but welcome news to hear of me."

"We will show you at home what kind of news we think it, George," returns his brother. "This is a great day at home, and you could not have arrived, you bronzed old soldier, on a better. I made an agreement with my son Wall to-day, that on this day twelvemonth he shall marry as pretty and as good a girl as you have seen in your travels. She goes to Germany to-morrow with one of your nieces for a little polishing up in her education. We make a feast of the event, and you will be made the hero of it."

Mr. George is so entirely overcome at first by this prospect, that he resists the proposed honor with great earnestness. Being overborne, however, by his brother and his nephew—concerning whom he renews his protestations that he never could have thought they would have been half so glad to see him—he is taken home to an elegant house, in all the arrangements of which there is to be observed a pleasant mixture of the original simple habits of the father and mother, with such as are suited to their altered station and the higher fortunes of their children. Here, Mr. George is much dismayed by the graces and accomplishments of his nieces that are, and by the beauty of Rosa his niece that is to be, and by the affectionate salutations of those young ladies, which he receives in a sort of dream. He is sorely taken aback too by the dutiful behavior of his nephew, and has a woeful consciousness upon him of being a scapegrace. However, there is a great rejoicing, and a very hearty company, and infinite enjoyment, and Mr. George comes bluff and martial through it all, and his pledge to be present at the marriage, and give away the bride, is received with universal favor. A whirling head has Mr. George that night when he lies down in the state bed of his brother's house, to think of all these things and to see the images of his nieces (awful all the evening in their floating muslins), walking, after the German manner, over his counterpane.

The brothers are closeted next morning in the iron-master's room; where the elder is proceeding in his clear, sensible way to show how he thinks he may best dispose of George in his business, when George squeezes his hand and stops him.

"Brother, I thank you a million times for your more than brotherly welcome, and a million times more to that for your more than brotherly intentions. But my plans, such as they are, are made. Before I say a word as to them, I wish to consult you upon one family point. How," says the trooper, folding his arms, and looking with indomitable firmness at his brother; "how is my mother to be got to scratch me?"

"I am not sure that I understand you, George," replies the ironmaster.

"I say, brother, how is my mother to be got to scratch me? She must be got to do it, somehow."

"Scratch you out of her will, I think you mean?"

"Of course I do. In short," says the trooper, folding his arms more resolutely yet, "I mean—*to* scratch me?"

"My dear George," returns his brother. "Is it so indispensable that you should undergo that process?"

"Quite absolutely! I couldn't be guilty of the manners of coming back without it. I should never be safe not to be off again. I have not sneaked home to rob your children, if not yourself, brother, of your rights. I, who forfeited mine long ago! If I am to remain and hold up my head, I must be scratched. Come! You are a man of celebrated penetration and intelligence, and you can tell me how it's to be brought about."

"I can tell you, George," replies the ironmaster, deliberately, "how it is not to be brought about, which I hope will answer the purpose as well. Look at your mother, think of her, recall

her emotion when she received you. Do you believe there is a consideration in the world that would induce her to take such a step against her favorite son? Do you believe there is any chance of her consent, to balance against the outrage it would be to her (loving dear old body!) to propose it? If you do, you are wrong. No, George! You must make up your mind to remain unscratched. I think"—there is an amused smile on the ironmaster's face, as he watches his brother, who is pondering, deeply disappointed—"I think you may manage almost as well as if the thing were done, though."

"How, brother?"

"Being bent upon it, you can dispose by will of any thing you have the misfortune to inherit, in any way you like, you know."

"That's true!" says the trooper, pondering again. Then he wistfully asks, with his hand on his brother's, "Would you mind mentioning that, brother, to your wife and family?"

"Not at all."

"Thank you. You wouldn't object to say, perhaps, that although an uneducated vagabond I am a vagabond of the harum-scarum order, and not of the mean sort?"

The ironmaster, repressing his amused smiles, assents.

"Thank you. Thank you. It's a considerable weight off my mind," says the trooper, with a heave of his chest as he unfolds his arms, and puts a hand on each leg: "though I had set my heart on being scratched, too!"

The brothers are very like each other, sitting face to face; but a certain massive simplicity and absence of usage in the way of the world, is all on the trooper's side.

"Well," he proceeds, throwing off his disappointment, "next and last, those plans of mine. You have been so brotherly as to propose to me to fall in here, and take my place among the products of your perseverance and sense. I thank you heartily. It's more than brotherly, as I said before, and I thank you heartily for it," shaking him a long time by the hand. "But the truth is, brother, I am a—I am a kind of a Weed, and it's too late to plant me in a regular garden."

"My dear George," returns the elder, concentrating his strong steady brow upon him, and smiling confidently: "leave that to me, and let me try."

George shakes his head. "You could do it. I have not a doubt, if any body could; but it's not to be done. Not to be done, sir! Whereas it so falls out, on the other hand, that I am able to be of some trifle of use to Sir Leicester Dedlock since his illness—brought on by family sorrows—and that he would rather have that help from our mother's son than from any body else."

"Well, my dear George," returns the other, with a very slight shade upon his open face, if you prefer to serve in Sir Leicester Dedlock's household brigade—"

"There it is, brother!" cries the trooper, checking him, with his hand upon his knee again: "there it is! You don't take kindly to that idea. I don't mind it. You are not used to being officered. I am sure every thing about you is in perfect order and discipline; every thing about me requires to be kept so. We are not accustomed to carry things with the same hand, or to work at 'em from the same point. I don't say much about my garrison manners, because I found myself pretty well at my ease last night, and they wouldn't be noticed here, I dare say, once and away. But I shall get on best at Chesney Wold—where there's more room for a Wold than there is here—and the dear old lady will be made happy besides. Therefore I accept of Sir Leicester Dedlock's proposals. When I come over next year to give away the bride, or whenever I come, I shall have the sense to keep the household brigade in ambuscade, and not to manœuvre it on your ground. I thank you heartily again, and am proud to think of the Rouncewells as they'll be founded by you."

"You know yourself, George," says the elder brother, returning the grip of his hand, "and perhaps you know me better than I know myself. Take your way. So that we don't quite lose one another again, take your own way."

"No fear of that!" returns the trooper. "Now, before I turn my horse's head horse'ards, brother, I will ask you—if you'll be so good—to look over a letter for me. I brought it with me to send from these parts, as Chesney Wold might be a painful name to the person it's written to. I am not much accustomed to correspondence myself, and I am particular respecting this present letter, because I want it to be both straightforward and delicate."

Herewith he hands a letter, closely written in somewhat pale ink, but in a neat round hand, to the ironmaster, who read as follows:

"Miss Esther Summerson—A communication having been made to me by Inspector Bucket of a letter to yourself being found among the papers of a certain person, I take the liberty to make known to you that it was but a few lines of instruction from abroad, when, where, and how to deliver an inclosed letter to a young and beautiful lady then unmarried in England. I duly observed the same.

"I further take the liberty to make known to you that it was got from me as a proof of handwriting only, and that otherwise I would not have given it up, as appearing to be the most harmless in my possession, without being shot through the heart.

"I further take the liberty to mention that if I could have supposed a certain unfortunate gentleman to have been in existence, I never could and never would have rested until I had discovered his retreat, and shared my last farthing with him, as my duty and my inclination would have equally been. But he was (officially) reported drowned, and assuredly went over the side of a transport-ship at night in an Irish harbor, within a few hours of her arrival from the West Indies,

as I have myself heard both from officers and men on board, and know to have been (officially) confirmed.

"I further take the liberty to state that in my humble quality, one of the rank and file, I am, and shall ever continue to be your thoroughly devoted servant, and that I esteem the qualities you possess above all others, far beyond the limits of the present dispatch. I have the honor to be,

"GEORGE."

"A little formal," observes the elder brother, refolding it with a puzzled face.

"But nothing that might not be sent to a pattern young lady?" asks the younger.

"Nothing at all."

Therefore it is sealed, and deposited for posting among their own correspondence of the day. This done, Mr. George takes a hearty farewell of the family party, and prepares to saddle and mount. His brother, however, unwilling to part with him so soon, proposes to ride with him in a light open carriage to the place where he will bait for the night, and there remain with him until morning, a servant riding for so much of the journey on the thorough-bred old gray from Chesney Wold. The offer being gladly accepted, is followed by a pleasant ride, a pleasant dinner, and a pleasant breakfast, all in brotherly communion. Then they once more shake hands long and heartily, and part; the ironmaster turning his face to the smoke and fires, and the trooper to the green country. Early in the afternoon the subdued sound of his heavy military trot is heard on the turf in the avenue as he rides on with imaginary clank and jingle of accoutrements under the old elm trees.

CHAPTER LXIV.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

Soon after I had had that conversation with my Guardian, he put a sealed paper in my hand one morning, and said, "This is for next month, my dear." I found in it two hundred pounds.

I now began very quietly to make such preparations as I thought were necessary. Regulating my purchases by my Guardian's taste, which I knew very well of course, I arranged my wardrobe to please him, and hoped I should be highly successful. I did it all so quietly, because I was not quite free from my old apprehensions that Ada would be rather sorry, and because my Guardian was so quiet himself. I had no doubt that under all the circumstances we should be married in the most private and simple manner. Perhaps I should only have to say to Ada, "Would you like to come and see me married to-morrow, my pet?" Perhaps our wedding might even be as unpretending as her own, and I might not find it necessary to say any thing about it until it was over. I thought that if I were to choose, I would like this best.

The only exception I made was Mrs. Woodcourt. I told her that I was going to be married to my Guardian, and that we had been engaged some time. She highly approved. She could never do enough for me, and was remarkably softened now in comparison with what she had been when we first knew her. There was no trouble she would not have taken to have been of use to me; but I need hardly say that I only allowed her to take as little as gratified her kindness without tasking it.

Of course this was not a time to neglect my Guardian; and of course it was not a time for neglecting my darling. So I had plenty of occupation—which I was glad of—and as to Charley, she was absolutely not to be seen for needlework. To surround herself with great heaps of it—baskets full and tables full—and do a little, and stand a great deal of time in staring with her round eyes at what there was to do, and persuade herself that she was going to do it—were Charley's great dignities and delights.

Meanwhile, I must say, I could not agree with my Guardian on the subject of the will, and I had some deceiving hopes of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Which of us was right will soon appear, but I certainly did encourage expectations. In Richard the discovery gave occasion for a burst of business and agitation that buoyed him up for a little time; but he had lost the elasticity even of hope now, and seemed to me to retain only its feverish anxieties. From something my Guardian said one day when we were talking about this, I understood that my marriage would not take place until after the term-time we had been told to look forward to; and I thought the more for that, how rejoiced I should be if I could be married when Richard and Ada were a little more prosperous.

The term was very near indeed when my Guardian was called out of town, and went down into Yorkshire on Mr. Woodcourt's business. He had told me beforehand that his presence there would be necessary. I had just come in one night from my dear girl's, and was sitting in the midst of all my new clothes, looking at them all around me, and thinking, when a letter from my Guardian was brought to me. It asked me to join him in the country, and mentioned by what stage-coach my place was taken, and at what time in the morning I should have to leave town. It added in a postscript that I should not be many hours from Ada.

I expected few things less than a journey at that time, but I was ready for it in half an hour, and set off as appointed early next morning. I trembled all day, wondered all day, what I could be wanted for at such a distance; now I thought it might be for this purpose, and now I thought it might be for that purpose; but I was never, never, never near the truth.

It was night when I came to my journey's end, and found my Guardian waiting for me. This was one great relief, for toward evening I had begun to fear (the more so as his letter was a very short one) that he might be ill. However, there he was, as well as it was possible to be, and when I saw his genial face again at its brightest and best, I said to myself, he has been doing some other great kindness. Not that it

required much penetration to say that, because I knew that his being there at all was an act of kindness in itself.

Supper was ready at the hotel, and when we were alone at table he said:

"Full of curiosity, no doubt, little woman, to know why I have brought you here?"

"Well, Guardian," said I, "without thinking myself a Fatima or you a Blue-Beard, I am a little curious about it."

"Then to secure your night's rest, my love," he returned, gayly, "I won't wait until to-morrow to tell you. I have very much wished to express to Woodcourt, somehow, my sense of his humanity to poor unfortunate Jo, his inestimable services to my young cousins, and his value to us all. When it was decided that he should settle here, it came into my head that I might ask his acceptance of some unpretending and suitable little place to lay his own head in. I therefore caused such a place to be looked out for, and such a place was found on very easy terms, and I have been touching it up for him and making it habitable. However, when I walked over it the day before yesterday, and it was reported to me ready, I found that I was not housekeeper enough to know whether things were all as they ought to be. So I sent off for the best little housekeeper that could possibly be got to come and give me her advice and opinion. And here she is," said my Guardian, "laughing and crying both together!"

Because he was so dear, so good, so admirable, I tried to tell him what I thought of him, but I could not articulate a word

"Tut, tut!" said my Guardian. "You make too much of it, little woman. Why, how you sob! Dame Durden, how you sob!"

"It is with exquisite pleasure, my Guardian—with a heart full of thanks."

"Well, well," said he. "I am delighted that you approve. I thought you would. I meant it as a pleasant surprise for the little mistress of Bleak House."

I kissed him and dried my eyes. "I know now!" said I. "I have seen this in your face a long while."

"No; have you really, my dear?" said he. "What a Dame Durden it is to read a face!"

He was so quaint and cheerful that I could not long be otherwise, and was almost ashamed of having been otherwise at all. When I went to bed, I cried, I am bound to confess that I cried; but I hope it was with pleasure, though I am not quite satisfied it was with pleasure. I repeated every word of the letter twice over.

A most beautiful summer morning succeeded, and after breakfast we went out arm-in-arm, to see the house of which I was to give my mighty housekeeping opinion. We entered a flower-garden by a gate in a side-wall, of which he had the key; and the first thing I saw, was that the beds and flowers were all laid out according to the manner of my beds and flowers at home.

"You see, my dear," observed my Guardian, standing still, with a delighted face, to watch my looks, "knowing there could be no better plan, I borrowed yours."

We went on by a pretty little orchard, where the cherries were nestling among the green leaves, and the shadows of the apple-trees were sporting on the grass, to the house itself—a cottage, quite a rustic cottage of dolls rooms, but such a lovely place, so tranquil and so beautiful, with such a rich and smiling country spread around it; with water sparkling away into the distance, here all overhung with summer-growth, there turning a humming-mill; at its nearest point glancing through a meadow by the cheerful town, where cricket-players were assembling in bright groups, and a flag was flying from a white tent that rippled in the sweet west wind. And still, as we went through the pretty rooms, out at the little rustic verandah doors, and underneath the tiny wooden colonnades, garlanded with woodbine, jasmine, and honeysuckle, I saw, in the papering on the walls, in the colors of the furniture, in the arrangement of all the pretty objects, my little tastes and fancies, my little methods and inventions which they used to laugh at while they praised them, my odd things every where.

I could not say enough in admiration of what was all so beautiful, but one secret doubt arose in my mind, as I saw this; I thought, O would he be the happier for it? Would it not have been better for his peace that I should not have been so brought before him? Because, although I was not what he thought me, still he loved me very dearly, and it might remind him mournfully of what he believed he had lost. I did not wish him to forget me—perhaps he might not have done so, even without these aids to his memory—but my way was easier than his, and I could have reconciled myself to that, so that he had been the happier for it.

"And now, little woman," said my Guardian, whom I had never seen so proud and joyful as in showing me these things, and watching my appreciation of them, "now, last of all, for the name of this house."

"What is it called, dear Guardian?"

"My child," said he, "come and see."

He took me to the porch, which he had hitherto avoided, and said, pausing, before he went out:

"My dear child, don't you guess the name?"

"No!" said I.

We went out of the porch, and he showed me written over it—BLEAK HOUSE.

He led me to a seat among the leaves close by, and sitting down beside me, and taking my hand in his, spoke to me thus:

"My darling girl, in what there has been between us, I have, I hope, been really solicitous for your happiness. When I wrote you the letter to which you brought the answer," smiling as he referred to it, "I had my own too much in view; but I had yours too. Whether, under different circumstances, I might ever have renewed the old dream I sometimes dreamed when

you were very young, of making you my wife one day, I need not ask myself. I did renew it, and I wrote my letter, and you brought your answer. You are following what I say, my child!"

I was cold, and I trembled violently; but not a word he uttered was lost. As I sat looking fixedly at him, and the sun's rays descended, softly shining through the leaves upon his bare head, I felt as if the brightness on him must be like the brightness of the Angels.

"Hear me, my love, but do not speak. It is for me to speak now. When it was that I began to doubt whether what I had done would really make you happy, is no matter. Woodcourt came home, and I soon had no doubt at all."

I clasped him round the neck, and hung my head upon his breast and wept. "Lie lightly, confidently, here, my child," said he, pressing me gently to him. "I am your Guardian and your father now. Rest confidently here."

Soothingly, like the gentle rustling of the leaves; and genially, like the ripening weather; and radiantly and beneficently, like the sunshine; he went on.

"Understand me, my dear girl; I had no doubt of your being contented and happy with me, being so dutiful and so devoted; but I saw with whom you would be happier. That I penetrated his secret when Dame Durden was blind to it is no wonder; for I knew the good that would never change in her, better far than she did. Well! I have long been in Allan Woodcourt's confidence, although he was not, until yesterday, a few hours before you came here, in mine. But I would not have my Esther's bright example lost; I would not have a jot of my dear girl's virtues unobserved and unhonored; I would not have her admitted on sufferance into the line of Morgan ap Kerrig, no, not for the weight in gold of all the mountains in Wales!"

He stopped to kiss me on the forehead, and I sobbed and wept afresh. For I felt as if I could not bear the painful delight of his praise.

"Hush, little woman! Don't cry; this is to be a day of joy. I have looked forward to it," he said, exultingly, "for months on months! A few words more, Dame Trot, and I have said my say. Determined not to throw away one atom of my Esther's worth, I took Mrs. Woodcourt into a separate confidence. 'Now madam,' said I, 'I clearly perceive—and indeed I know, to boot—that your son loves my ward. I am further very sure that my ward loves your son, but will sacrifice her love to a sense of duty and affection, and will sacrifice it so completely, so entirely, so religiously, that you should never suspect it, though you watched her night and day.' Then I told her all our story—ours—yours and mine. 'Now, madam,' said I, 'come you, knowing this, and live with us. Come you and see my child from hour to hour; set what you see against her pedigree, which is this and this'—for I scorned to mince it—'and tell me what is the true legitimacy, when you shall have quite made up your mind on that subject.' Why, honor to her old Welsh blood, my dear!" cried my Guardian, with enthusiasm, "I believe the heart it animates beats no less warmly, no less admiringly, no less lovingly, toward Dame Durden, than my own!"

He tenderly raised my head, and as I clung to him, kissed me in his old fatherly way again and again. What a light now on the protecting manner I had thought about!

"One more last word. When Allan Woodcourt spoke to you, my dear, he spoke with my knowledge and consent, but I gave him no encouragement. Not I. For these surprises were my great reward, I was too miserly to part with a scrap of it. He was to come and tell me all that passed, and he did. I have no more to say. My dear, Allan Woodcourt stood beside your father when he lay dead—stood beside your mother. This is Bleak House. This day I give this house its little mistress, and before God, it is the brightest day in all my life!"

He rose, and raised me with him. We were no longer alone. My husband—I have called him by that name full seven happy years now—stood at my side.

"Allan," said my Guardian, "take from me—a willing gift—the best wife that ever a man had.—What more can I say for you than that I know you deserve her. Take with her the little home she brings you. You know what she will make it, Allan; you know what she has made its namesake. Let me share its felicity sometimes, and what do I sacrifice? Nothing, nothing."

He kissed me once again, and now the tears were in his eyes, as he said more softly:

"Esther, my dearest, after so many years, there is a kind of parting in this too. I know that my mistake has caused you some distress. Forgive your old Guardian in restoring him to his old place, and blot it out of your memory. Allan, take my dear!"

He moved away from under the green roof of leaves, and stopping in the sunlight outside, and turning cheerfully toward us, he said—

"I shall be found about here somewhere. It's a west wind, little woman, due west! Let no one thank me any more, for I am going to resort to my bachelor habits, and if anybody disregards this warning, I'll run away, and never come back!"

What happiness was ours that day, what joy, what rest, what hope, what gratitude, what bliss! We were to be married before the month was out; but when we were to come and take possession of our own house, was to depend on Richard and Ada.

We all three went home together next day. As soon as we arrived in town, Allan went straight to see Richard, and to carry our joyful news to my darling. Late as it was, I meant to go to her for a few minutes before lying down to sleep; but I went home with my Guardian first, to make his tea for him, and to occupy the

old chair by his side; for I did not like to think of its being empty so soon.

When we came home, we found that a young man had called three times in the course of that one day, to see me; and, that having been told, on the occasion of his third call, that I was not expected to return before ten o'clock at night, had left word, "that he would call about then." He had left his card three times. MR. GUPPY.

As I naturally speculated on the object of these visits, and as I always associated something ludicrous with the visitor, it naturally fell out that in laughing about Mr. Guppy, I told my Guardian of his old proposal, and his subsequent retraction. "After that," said my Guardian, "we will certainly receive this hero." So instructions were given that Mr. Guppy should be shown in when he came again; and they were scarcely given when he did come again.

He was embarrassed when he found my Guardian with me, but recovered himself, and said, "How do you do, sir?"

"How do you do, sir?" returned my Guardian.

"Thank you, sir, I am tolerable," returned Mr. Guppy. "Will you allow me to introduce my mother, Mrs. Guppy, of the Old Street Road, and my particular friend, Mr. Weevle. That is to say, my friend has gone by the name of Weevle, but his name is really and truly Jobling."

My Guardian begged them to be seated, and they all sat down.

"Tony," said Mr. Guppy to his friend, after an awkward silence. "Will you open the case?"

"Do it yourself," returned the friend, rather tartly.

"Well, Mr. Jarndyce, sir," Mr. Guppy, after a moment's consideration, began, to the great diversion of his mother, which she displayed by nudging Mr. Jobling with her elbow, and winking at me in a most remarkable manner. "I had an idea that I should see Miss Summerson by herself, and was not quite prepared for your esteemed presence. But Miss Summerson has mentioned to you, perhaps, that something has passed between us on former occasions?"

"Miss Summerson," returned my Guardian smiling, "has made a communication to that effect to me."

"That," said Mr. Guppy, "makes matters easier, sir. I have come out of my articles at Kenge and Carboy's, and I believe with satisfaction to all parties. I am now admitted (after undergoing an examination that's enough to badger a man blue, touching a pack of nonsense that he don't want to know) on the roll of attorneys, and have taken out my certificate, if it would be any satisfaction to you to see it."

"Thank you, Mr. Guppy," returned my Guardian. "I am quite willing—I believe I use a legal phrase—to admit the certificate."

Mr. Guppy therefore desisted from taking something out of his pocket, and proceeded without it.

"I have no capital myself, but my mother has a little property which takes the form of an annuity;" here Mr. Guppy's mother rolled her head as if she never could sufficiently enjoy the observation, and put her handkerchief to her mouth, and again winked at me; "and a few pounds expenses out of pocket in conducting business will never be wanting, free of interest. Which is an advantage, you know," said Mr. Guppy, feelingly.

"Certainly an advantage," returned my Guardian.

"I have some connection," pursued Mr. Guppy, "and it lays in the direction of Walcot Square, Lambeth. I have therefore taken a ouse in that locality, which, in the opinion of my friends, is a hollow bargain (taxes ridiculous, and use of fixtures included in the rent), and intend setting up professionally for myself there, forthwith."

Here Mr. Guppy's mother fell into an extraordinary passion of rolling her head and smiling waggishly at any body who would look at her.

"It's a six roomer, exclusive of kitchens," said Mr. Guppy, "and, in the opinion of my friends, a commodious tenement. When I mention my friends, I refer principally to my friend Jobling, who has known me"—Mr. Guppy looked at him with a sentimental air, "from boyhood's hour."

Mr. Jobling confirmed this, with a sliding movement of his legs.

"My friend Jobling will render me his assistance in the capacity of clerk, and will live in the ouse," said Mr. Guppy. "My mother will likewise live in the ouse when her present quarter in the Old Street Road shall have ceased and expired; and consequently there will be no want of society. My friend Jobling is naturally aristocratic by taste, and besides being acquainted with the movements of the upper circles, fully backs me in the intentions I am now developing."

Mr. Jobling said "Certainly," and withdrew a little from the elbow of Mr. Guppy's mother.

"Now, I have no occasion to mention to you, sir, you being in the confidence of Miss Summerson," said Mr. Guppy, "(mother, I wish you'd be so good as to keep still), that Miss Summerson's image was formerly imprinted on my art, and that I made her a proposal of marriage."

"That I have heard," returned my Guardian.

"Circumstances," pursued Mr. Guppy, "over which I had no control, but quite the contrary, weakened the impression of that image for a time. At which time Miss Summerson's conduct was highly genteel; I will add magnanimous."

My Guardian patted me on the shoulder, and seemed much amused.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Guppy, "I have got into that state of mind myself, that I wish for a reciprocity of magnanimous behavior. I wish to prove to Miss Summerson that I can rise to a height of which perhaps she hardly thought me capable. I find that the image which I did suppose had been eradicated from my art, is not eradicated. Its influence over me is still tremendous, and yielding to it I am willing to overlook the circumstances over which none of us had any control, and to renew those proposals to Miss Summerson which I had the honor to make

at a former period. I beg to lay the cause in Walcot Square, the business, and myself, before Miss Summerson, for her acceptance."

"Very magnanimous, indeed, sir," observed my Guardian.

"Well, sir," returned Mr. Guppy, with candor, "my wish is to be magnanimous. I do not consider that in making this offer to Miss Summerson I am by any means throwing myself away, neither is that the opinion of my friends. Still there are circumstances which I submit may be taken into account as a set-off against any little drawbacks of mine, and so a fair and equitable balance arrived at."

"I take upon myself, sir," said my Guardian, laughing as he rang the bell, "to reply to your proposals on behalf of Miss Summerson. She is very sensible of your handsome intentions, and wishes you good-evening, and wishes you well."

"Oh!" said Mr. Guppy, with a blank look. "Is that tantamount, sir, to acceptance, or rejection, or consideration?"

"To decided rejection, if you please," returned my Guardian.

Mr. Guppy looked incredulously at his friend, and at his mother, who suddenly turned very angry, and at the floor, and at the ceiling.

"Indeed?" said he. "Then Jobling, if you was the friend you represent yourself, I should think you might hand my mother out of the gangway instead of allowing her to remain where she ain't wanted."

But Mrs. Guppy positively refused to come out of the gangway. She wouldn't hear of it. "Why, get along with you," said she to my Guardian, "what do you mean? Ain't my son good enough for you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Get out with you!"

"My good lady," returned my Guardian, "it's hardly reasonable to ask me to get out of my own room."

"I don't care for that," said Mrs. Guppy. "Get out with you. If we ain't good enough for you, go and procure somebody that is good enough. Go along and find 'em."

I was quite unprepared for the rapid manner in which Mrs. Guppy's power of jocularity merged into a power of taking the profoundest offense.

"Go along and find somebody that's good enough for you," repeated Mrs. Guppy. "Get out." Nothing seemed to astonish Mr. Guppy's mother so much, and to make her so very indignant, as our not getting out. "Why don't you get out?" said Mrs. Guppy. "What are you stopping here for?"

"Mother," interposed her son, always getting before her, and pushing her back with one shoulder, as she sidled at my Guardian, "*will* you hold your tongue?"

"No, William," she returned; "I won't! Not unless he gets out, I won't!"

However, Mr. Guppy and Mr. Jobling together closed on Mr. Guppy's mother (who began to be quite abusive), and took her, very much against her will, down-stairs; her voice rising a stair higher every time her figure got a stair lower, and insisting that we should immediately go and find somebody who was good enough for us, and above all things that we should get out.

CHAPTER LXV.—Beginning the World.

The term had commenced, and my Guardian found an intimation from Mr. Kenge that the cause would come on in two days. As I had sufficient hopes of the will to be in a flutter about it, Allan and I agreed to go down to the court that morning. Richard was extremely agitated, and was so weak and low, though his illness was still of the mind, that my dear girl indeed had sore occasion to be supported. But she looked forward—a very little way now—to the help that was to come to her, and never drooped.

It was at Westminster that the cause was to come on. It had come on there, I dare say, a hundred times before, but I could not divest myself of an idea that it *might* lead to some result now. We left home directly after breakfast to be at Westminster Hall in good time, and walked down there through the lively streets—so happily and strangely it seemed!—together.

As we were going along, planning what we should do for Richard and Ada, I heard somebody calling "Esther! my dear Esther! Esther!" And there was Caddy Jellyby with her head out of the window of a little carriage, which she hired now to go about in to her pupils (she had so many), as if she wanted to embrace me at a hundred yards' distance. I had written her a note to tell her of all that my Guardian had done, but he'd not a moment to go and see her. Of course we turned back, and the affectionate girl was in that state of rapture, and was so overjoyed to talk about the night when she brought me the flowers, and was so determined to squeeze my face (bonnet and all) between her hands, and go on in a wild manner altogether, calling me all kinds of precious names, and telling Allan I had done I don't know what for her, that I was first obliged to get into the little carriage and calm her down, by letting her say and do exactly what she liked. Allan, standing at the window, was as pleased as Caddy, and I was as pleased as either of them; and I wonder that I got away as I did, rather than that I came off laughing, and red, and any thing but tidy, and looking after Caddy who looked after us out of the coach-window as long as ever she could see us.

This made us some quarter of an hour late, and when we came to Westminster Hall we found that the day's business was begun. Worse than that, we found such an unusual crowd in the court of Chancery that it was full to the door, and we could neither see nor hear what was passing within. It appeared to be something droll, for occasionally there was a laugh, and a cry of "Silence!" It appeared to be something interesting, for every one was pushing and striving to get nearer. It appeared to be something that

made the professional gentlemen very merry, for there were several young counselors in wigs and whiskers on the outside of the crowd, and when one of them told the others about it, they put their hands in their pockets, and quite doubled themselves up with laughter, and went stamping about the pavement of the hall.

We asked a gentleman by us, if he knew what cause was on? He told us Jarndyce and Jarndyce. We asked him if he knew what was doing in it? He said, really no he did not, nobody ever did, but as well as he could make out, it was over. Over for the day? we asked him. No, he said; over for good.

Over for good!

When we heard this unaccountable answer, we looked at one another quite lost in amazement. Could it be possible that the will had set things right at last, and that Richard and Ada were going to be rich? It seemed too good to be true. Alas it was!

Our suspense was short, for a break-up soon took place in the crowd, and the people came streaming out, looking flushed and hot, and bringing a quantity of bad air with them. Still they were all exceedingly amused, and were more like people coming out from a Farce or a Juggler than from a court of Justice. We stood aside, watching for any countenance we knew, and presently great bundles of papers began to be carried out—bundles in bags, bundles too large to be got into any bags, immense masses of papers of all shapes and no shapes, which the bearers staggered under, and threw down for the time being, any how, on the Hall pavement, while they went back to bring out more. Even these clerks were laughing. We glanced at the papers, and seeing Jarndyce and Jarndyce every where, asked an official-looking person who was standing in the midst of them, whether the cause was over. "Yes," he said. "It was all up with it at last!" and burst out laughing too.

At this juncture we perceived Mr. Kenge coming out of court with an affable dignity upon him, listening to Mr. Vholes, who was deferential, and carried his own bag, Mr. Vholes was the first to see us. "Here is Miss Summerson, sir," he said. "And Mr. Woodcourt."

"O indeed! Yes, truly!" said Mr. Kenge, raising his hat to me with polished politeness. "How do you do? Glad to see you. Mr. Jarndyce is not here?"

No. He never came there, I reminded him.

"Really," returned Mr. Kenge, "it is as well that he is *not* here to-day, for his—shall I say, in my good friend's absence, his indomitable singularity of openness?—might have been strengthened, perhaps; not reasonably, but might have been strengthened!"

"Pray what has been done to-day?" asked Allan.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Kenge, with excessive urbanity.

"What has been done to-day?"

"What has been done," repeated Mr. Kenge. "Quite so. Yes. Why, not much has been done; not much. We have been checked—brought up suddenly, I would say—upon the—shall I term it threshold?"

"Is this will considered a genuine document, sir?" said Allan; "will you tell us that?"

"Most willingly, if I could," said Mr. Kenge; "but we have not gone into that, we have not gone into that."

"We have not gone into that," repeated Mr. Vholes, as if his low inward voice were an echo.

"You are to reflect, Mr. Woodcourt," observed Mr. Kenge, using his silver trowel, perseveringly and smoothingly, "that this has been a great cause, that this has been a protracted cause, that this has been a complex cause. Jarndyce and Jarndyce has been termed, not inaptly, a Monument of Chancery practice."

"And Patience has sat upon it a long time," said Allan.

"Very well indeed, sir," returned Mr. Kenge, with a certain condescending laugh he had. "Very well! You are further to reflect, Mr. Woodcourt," becoming dignified to severity, "that on the numerous difficulties, contingencies, masterly fictions, and forms of procedure in this great cause: there has been expended study, ability, eloquence, knowledge, intellect, Mr. Woodcourt, high intellect. For many years, the—a—I would say the power of the Bar, and the—a—I would presume to add the matured autumnal fruits of the Woolsack—have been lavished upon Jarndyce and Jarndyce. If the public have the benefit, and if the country have the adornment of this great Grasp, it must be paid for, in money or money's worth, sir."

"Mr. Kenge," said Allan, appearing enlightened all in a moment. "Excuse me, our time presses. Do I understand that the whole estate is found to have been absorbed in costs?"

"Hem! I believe so," returned Mr. Kenge. "Mr. Vholes?"

"I believe so," said Mr. Vholes.

"And that thus the suit lapses and melts away."

"Probably," returned Mr. Kenge. "Mr. Vholes?"

"Probably," said Mr. Vholes.

"My dearest life," whispered Allan, "this will break Richard's heart!"

There was such a shock of apprehension in his face, and he knew Richard so perfectly, and I too had seen so much of his gradual decay, that what my dear girl had said to me in the fullness of her foreboding love, sounded like a knell in my ears.

"In case you should be wanting Mr. C., sir," said Mr. Vholes, coming after us, "you'll find him in court. I left him there resting himself a little. Good-day, sir; good-day, Miss Summerson." As he gave me that long devouring look of his, while twisting up the strings of his bag, before he hastened with it after Mr. Kenge, the benignant shadow of whose conversational presence he seemed afraid to leave, he gave one gasp as if he had swallowed the last morsel of his di-

ent, and his black buttoned-up unwholesome figure glided away to the low door at the end of the hall.

"My dear love," said Allan, "leave to me for a little while the charge you gave me. Go home with this intelligence, and come to Ada's by-and-by!"

I would not let him take me to a coach, but entreated him to go to Richard without a moment's delay, and leave me to do as he wished. Hurrying home, I found my Guardian, and told him gradually with what news I had returned. "Little woman," said he, quite unmoved for himself, "to have done with the suit on any terms is a greater blessing than I had looked for. But my poor young cousins!"

We talked about them all the morning, and discussed what it was possible to do. In the afternoon my Guardian walked with me to Symond's Inn, and left me at the door. I went up-stairs. When my darling heard my footsteps, she came out into the small passage and threw her arms round my neck; but she composed herself directly, and said that Richard had asked for me several times. Allan had found him sitting in a corner of the court, she told me, like a stone figure. On being roused, he had broken away, and made as if he would have spoken in a fierce voice to the judge. He was stopped by his mouth being full of blood, and Allan had brought him home.

He was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed when I went in. The room was made as airy as possible, and was darkened, and was very orderly and quiet. Allan stood behind him, watching him gravely. His face appeared to me to be quite destitute of color, and, now that I saw him without his seeing me, I fully saw, for the first time, how worn away he was. But he looked handsomer than I had seen him look for many a day.

I sat down by his side in silence. Opening his eyes by-and-by, he said in a weak voice, but with his old smile, "Dame Durden, kiss me, my dear!"

It was a great comfort and surprise to me, to find him in his low state cheerful and looking forward. He was happier, he said, in our intended marriage than he could find words to tell me. My husband had been a guardian angel to him and Ada, and he blessed us both, and wished us all the joy that life could yield us. I almost felt as if my own heart would have broken when I saw him take my husband's hand and hold it to his breast.

We spoke of the future as much as possible, and he said several times that he must be present at our marriage if he could stand upon his feet. Ada would contrive to take him somehow, he said. "Yes, surely, dearest Richard!" But as my darling answered thus hopefully—so serene and beautiful, with the help that was to come to her so near—I knew—I knew!

It was not good for him to talk too much; and when he was silent, we were silent too. Sitting beside him, I made a pretense of working for my dear, as he had always been used to joke about my being busy. Ada leaned upon his pillow, holding his head upon her arm. He dozed often; and whenever he awoke without seeing him, said, first of all, "Where is Woodcourt?"

Evening had come on, when I lifted up my eyes, and saw my Guardian standing in the little hall. "Who is that, Dame Durden?" Richard asked me. The door was behind him, but he had observed in my face that some one was there.

I looked to Allan for advice, and as he nodded "Yes," bent over Richard and told him. My Guardian saw what passed, came softly by me in a moment, and laid his hand on Richard's. "Oh, sir," said Richard, "you are a good man, you are a good man!" and burst into tears for the first time.

My Guardian, the picture of a good man, sat down in my place, keeping his hand on Richard's.

"My dear Rick," said he, "the clouds have cleared away, and it's bright now. We can see now. We were all bewildered, Rick, more or less. What matters! And how are you, my dear boy?"

"I am very weak, sir, but I hope I shall be stronger. I have to begin the world."

"Ay, truly; well said," cried my Guardian.

"I will not begin it in the old way now," said Richard with a sad smile. "I have learned a lesson now, sir. It was a hard one; but you shall be assured, indeed, that I have learned it."

"Well, well," said my Guardian, comforting him; "well, well, well, my dear boy!"

"I was thinking, sir," resumed Richard, "that there is nothing on earth I should so much like to see as their house—Dame Durden's and Woodcourt's house. If I could be moved there when I begin to recover my strength, I feel as if I should get well there sooner than any where."

"Why, so have I been thinking too, Rick," said my Guardian, "and our little woman likewise; she and I have been talking of it this very day. I dare say her husband won't object. What do you think?"

Richard smiled, and lifted up his arm to touch him as he stood behind his bed's head.

"I say nothing of Ada," said Richard, "but I think of her, and have thought of her very much. Look at her! see her here, sir, bending over this pillow when she has so much need to rest upon it herself, my dear love, my poor girl!"

He clasped her in his arms, and none of us spoke. He gradually released her, and she looked upon us, and looked up to heaven, and moved her lips.

"When I get down to Bleak House," said Richard, "I shall have much to tell you, sir, and you will have much to show me. You will go, won't you?"

"Undoubtedly, dear Rick."

"Thank you; like you, like you," said Richard. "But it's all like you. They have been telling me how you planned it, and how you remembered all Esther's familiar tastes and ways. It will be like coming to the old Bleak House again."

"And you will come there too, I hope Rick. I am a solitary man now, you know, and it will be a charity to come to me. A charity to come to me, my love!" he repeated to Ada, as he gently passed his hand over her golden hair, and put a lock of it to his lips. I think he vowed within himself to cherish her if she were left alone.

"It was all a troubled dream," said Richard, clasping both his hands eagerly.

"Nothing more, Rick; nothing more."

"And you, being a good man, can pass it as such, and forgive and pity the dreamer, and be lenient and encouraging when he wakes?"

"Indeed I can. What am I but another dreamer, Rick?"

"I will begin the world," said Richard, with a light in his eyes.

My husband drew a little nearer toward Ada, and I saw him solemnly lift up his hand to warn my Guardian.

"When shall I go from this place to that pleasant country where the old times are, where I shall have strength to tell what Ada has been to me, where I shall be able to recall my many faults and blindnesses, where I shall prepare myself to be a guide to my unborn child?" said Richard, "When shall I go?"

"Dear Rick, when you are strong enough," returned my Guardian.

"Ada, my darling!"

He sought to raise himself a little. Allan raised him so that she could hold him on her bosom; which was what he wanted.

"I have done you many wrongs, my own. I have fallen like a poor stray shadow on your way, I have married you to poverty and trouble, I have scattered your means to the winds. You will forgive me all this, my Ada, before I begin the world!"

A smile irradiated his face as she bent to kiss him. He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arms closer round her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world, O not this! The world that sets this right.

When all was still, at a late hour, poor crazed Miss Flite came weeping to me, and told me that she had given her birds their liberty.

CHAPTER LXVI.—Down in Lincolnshire.

There is a hush upon Chesney Wold in these altered days, as there is upon a portion of the family history. The story goes that Sir Leicester paid some who could have spoken out to hold their peace; but it is a lame story, feebly whispering and creeping about, and any brighter spark of life it shows soon dies away. It is known for certain that the handsome Lady Dedlock lies in the mausoleum in the park, where the trees arch darkly overhead, and the owl is heard at night making the woods ring, but whence she was brought home, to be laid among the echoes of that solitary place, or how she died, is all vague mystery. Some of her old friends, principally to be found among the peachy-cheeked charmers with the skeleton throats, did once occasionally say, as they toyed in a ghastly manner with large fans, like charmers reduced to flirting with grim Death, after losing all their other beaux—did once occasionally say when the Wold assembled together, that they wondered the ashes of the Dedlocks, entombed in the mausoleum, never rose against the profanation of her company. But the dead-and-gone Dedlocks take it very calmly, and never have been known to object.

Up from among the fern in the hollow, and winding by the bridle-road among the trees, comes sometimes to this lonely spot the sound of horses' hoofs. Then may be seen Sir Leicester—invalided, bent, and almost blind, but of a worthy presence yet—riding with a stalwart man beside him, constant to his bridle-rein. When they come to a certain spot before the mausoleum door, Sir Leicester's accustomed horse stops of his own accord, and Sir Leicester, pulling off his hat, is still for a few moments before they ride away.

War rages yet with the audacious Boythorn, though at uncertain intervals, and now hotly, and now coolly; flickering like an unsteady fire. The truth is said to be that when Sir Leicester came down to Lincolnshire for good, Mr. Boythorn showed a manifest desire to abandon his right of way, and do whatever Sir Leicester would: which Sir Leicester conceiving to be a concession to his illness or misfortune, took in such high dudgeon, and was so magnificently aggrieved by, that Mr. Boythorn found himself under the necessity of committing a trespass to restore his neighbor to himself. Similarly Mr. Boythorn continues to post tremendous placards on the disputed thoroughfare, and (with his bird upon his head) to hold forth vehemently against Sir Leicester in the sanctuary of his own home; similarly, also, he defies him, as of old, in the little church, by testifying a bland unconsciousness of his existence. But it is whispered that when he is most ferocious toward his old foe, he is really most considerate; and that Sir Leicester, in the dignity of being implacable, little supposes how much he is humored. As little does he think how near together he and his antagonist have suffered in the fortunes of two sisters; and his antagonist, who knows it now, is not the man to tell him. So the quarrel goes on, to the satisfaction of both.

In one of the lodges of the Park, that lodge within sight of the house where, once upon a time, when the waters were out down in Lincolnshire, my Lady used to see the Keeper's child, the stalwart man, the trooper formerly, is housed. Some relics of his old calling hang upon the walls, and these it is the chosen recreation of a little lame man about the stable-yard to keep gleaming bright. A very little man he always is, in the polishing at harness-house doors, at stirrup-irons, bits, curb-chains, harness-bosses, any thing in the way of a stable-yard that will take a polish, leading a life of friction. A shaggy little damaged man, withal, not unlike an old

dog of some mongrel breed, who has been considerably knocked about. He answers to the name of Phil.

A goodly sight it is to see the grand old housekeeper (hard of hearing now) going to church on the arm of her son, and to observe—which few do, for the house is scanty of company in these times—the relations of both toward Sir Leicester, and his toward them. They have visitors in the high summer weather, when a gray cloak and umbrella, unknown to Chesney Wold at other periods, are seen among the leaves, when two young ladies are occasionally found gamboling in sequestered saw-pits, and such nooks of the Park, and when the smoke of two pipes wreathes away into the fragrant evening air from the trooper's door. Then is a fife heard trilling within the lodge on the inspiring topic of the British Grenadiers; and as the evening closes in, a gentle inflexible voice is heard to say, as the two men pace together up and down, "But I never own to it before the old girl. Discipline must be maintained."

The greater part of the house is shut up, and it is a show-house no longer, yet Sir Leicester holds his shrunken state in the long drawing-room for all that, and reposes in his old place before my Lady's picture. Closed in by night with broad screens and illumined only in that part, the light of the drawing room seems gradually contracting and perishing out until it shall be no more. A little more, in truth, and it will be all extinguished for Sir Leicester, and the damp door in the mausoleum which shuts so tight and obdurate, shall have opened and relieved him.

Volumnia, growing with the flight of time, pinker as to the red in her face, and yellower as to the white, reads to Sir Leicester in the long evenings, and is driven to curious artifices to conceal her yawns, of which the chief and most efficacious is the insertion of the pearl necklace between her rosy lips. Long-winded critics on treatises on Buffy and Boodle question, showing how Buffy is immaculate and Boodle villainous, and how the country is lost by being all Boodle and no Buffy, or saved by being all Buffy and no Boodle (it must be one of the two, and can not be any thing else) are the staple of her reading. Sir Leicester is not particular what it is, and does not appear to follow it very closely, further than that he always comes broad awake the moment Volumnia ventures to leave off, and sonorously repeating her last word, begs with some displeasure to know if she finds herself fatigued? However, Volumnia, in the course of her bird-like hopping about and pecking at papers, has lighted on a memorandum concerning herself, in the event of any thing happening to her kinsman, which is a handsome compensation for an extensive course of reading, and holds even the dragon Boredom at bay.

The cousins generally are rather shy of Chesney Wold in its dullness, but take to it a little in the shooting season, when guns are heard in the plantations, and a few scattered beaters and keepers wait at the old places of appointment, for low spirited twos and threes of cousins. The debilitated cousin, more debilitated by the dreariness of the place, gets into a fearful state of depression, groaning under penitential sofa-pillows in his guiltless hours, and protesting that such fernal old jails nough t'new fler up frever.

The only great occasions for Volumnia, in this changed aspect of the place in Lincolnshire, are those occasions, rare and widely-separated, when something is to be done for the county or the country in the way of gracing a public ball. Then, indeed, does the tuckered sylph come out in fairy form, and proceed with joy under cousinly escort to the exhausted old assembly-room, fourteen heavy miles off, which during three hundred and sixty-four days and nights of every ordinary year is a kind of lumber-room, full of old chairs and tables, upside down. Then, indeed, does she captivate all hearts by her condescension, by her girlish vivacity, and by her skipping about as in the days when the hideous old general, with the mouth too full of teeth, had not cut one of them at two guineas each. Then does she twirl and twine, a pastoral nymph, of good family, through the mazes of the dance. Then do the swains appear with tea, with lemonade, with sandwiches, with homage. Then is she kind and comely, stately, and unassuming, various, beautifully willful. Then is there a singular kind of parallel between her and the little glass chandeliers of another age, embellishing that assembly-room; which, with their meagre stems, their spare little drops, their disappointing knobs where no drops are, their bare little stalks, from which knobs and drops have both departed, and their little feeble prismatic twinkling, all seem Volumnias.

For the rest, Lincolnshire life to Volumnia is a vast blank of overgrown house looking upon the sighing trees, wringing their hands, bowing their heads, and casting their tears upon the window-panes in monotonous depression. A labyrinth of grandeur, less the property of an old family of human beings and their ghostly likenesses, than of an old family of echoings and thunderings which start out of their hundred graves at every sound, and go resounding through the building. A waste of unused passages and staircases in which to drop a comb upon the bedroom floor at night is to send a stealthy footfall on an errand through the house. A place where few people care to go about alone; where a maid screams if an ash drops from the fire, takes to crying at all times and seasons, becomes the victim of a low disorder of the spirits, and gives warning and departs.

Thus Chesney Wold. With so much of itself abandoned to darkness and vacancy; with so little change under the summer shining or the wintry lowering; so sombre and motionless always—no flag flying now by days, no rows of lights sparkling by night; with no family to come and go, no visitors to be the souls of pale cold shapes of rooms, no stir of life about it; passion and pride even to the stranger's eye have died away

from the place in Lincolnshire, and yielded it to dull repose.

CHAPTER LXVII.—The Close of Esther's Narrative.

Full seven happy years I have been the mistress of Bleak House. The few words that I have to add to what I have written, are soon penned; then I and the unknown friend to whom I write, will part forever. Not without much dear remembrance on my side. Not without some, I hope, on his or hers.

They gave my darling into my arms, and through many weeks I never left her. The little child who was to have done so much, was come before the turf was planted on its father's grave. It was a boy; and I, my husband, and my Guardian, gave him his father's name.

The help that my dear counted on, did come to her through it, in the Eternal wisdom, for another purpose. Though to bless and restore his mother, not his father, was the errand of this baby, its power was mighty to do it. When I saw the strength of the weak little hand, and how its touch could heal my darling's heart, and raise up hope within her, I felt a new sense of the goodness and the tenderness of God.

They throve, and by degrees I saw my dear girl pass into my country garden, and walk there with her infant in her arms. I was married then, I was the happiest of the happy.

It was at this time that my Guardian joined us, and asked Ada when she would come home?

"Both houses are your home, my dear," said he, "but the older Bleak House claims priority. When you and my boy are strong enough to do it, come and take possession of your own."

Ada called him "her dearest cousin John." But he said, No, it must be Guardian now. He was her Guardian henceforth, and the boy's, and he had an old association in the name. So she called him Guardian, and has called him Guardian ever since. The children know him by no other name.—I say the children. I have two little daughters.

It is difficult to believe Aunt Charley (round-eyed still, and not at all grammatical) is married to a miller in our neighborhood; yet so it is, and even now, looking up from my desk as I write early in the morning at my summer window, I see the very mill beginning to go round. I hope the miller will not spoil Charley; but he is very fond of her, and Charley is rather vain of such a match—for he is well to do, and was in great request. So far as my small maid is concerned, I might suppose Time to have stood for seven years as still as the mill did half an hour ago; since little Emma, Charley's sister, is exactly what Charley used to be. As to Tom, Charley's brother, I am really afraid to say what he did at school in ciphering, but I think it was Decimals. He is apprenticed to the miller, whatever it was, and is a good-looking bashful fellow always falling in love with somebody, and being ashamed of it.

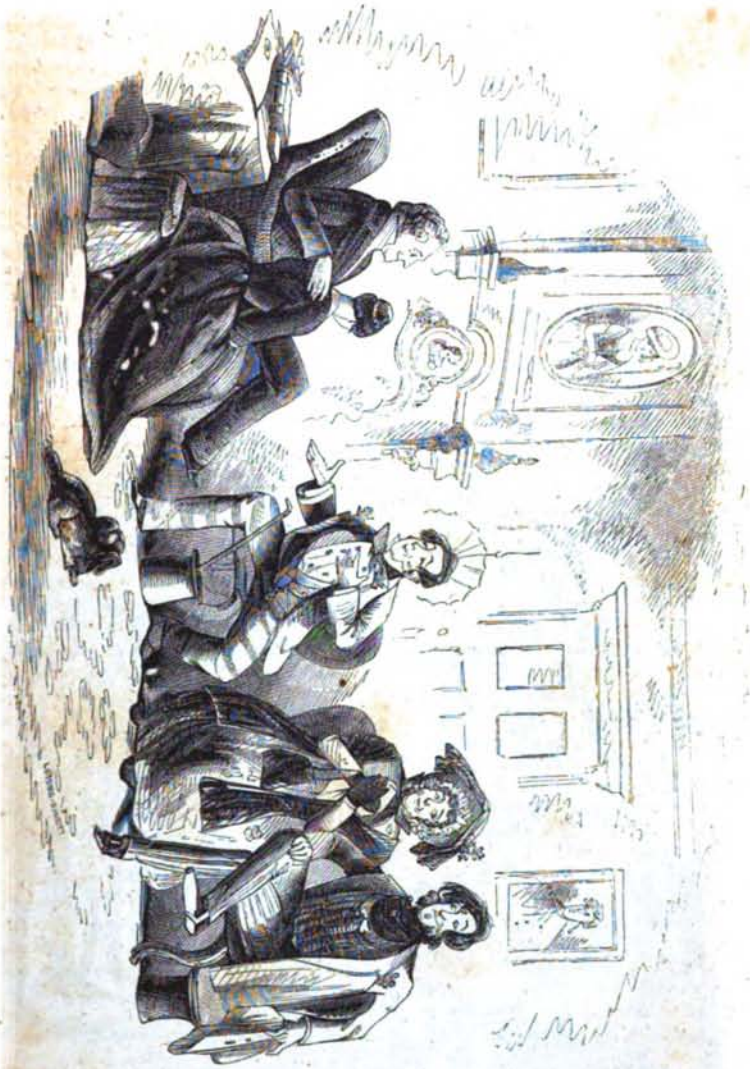
Caddy Jellyby passed her very last holidays with us, and was a dearer creature than ever, perpetually dancing in and out of the house with the children, as if she had never given a dancing-lesson in her life. Caddy keeps her own little carriage now, instead of hiring one, and lives full two miles further westward than Newman-street. She works very hard, Prince (an excellent husband to her), being lame, and able to do very little. Still, she is more than contented, and does all she has to do with all her heart. Mr. Jellyby spends his evenings at her new house with his head against the wall as he used to do in her old one. I have heard that Mrs. Jellyby was understood to suffer great mortification from her daughter's ignoble marriage and pursuits; but I hope she got over it in time. She has been disappointed in Borrioboola Gha, which turned out a failure in consequence of the King of Borrioboola wanting to sell every body who survived the climate for Rum, but she has taken up with the rights of women, and Caddy tells me it is a mission involving more correspondence than the old one. I had almost forgotten Caddy's poor little girl. She is not such a mite now; but she is deaf and dumb, and I believe there never was a better mother than Caddy, who learns in her scanty intervals of leisure, innumerable deaf and dumb arts, to soften the affliction of her child.

As if I never were to have done with Caddy, I am reminded here of Peepy and old Mr. Turveydrop. Peepy is in the Custom-house and doing very well. Old Mr. Turveydrop, very apoplectic, still exhibits his Deportment about town, still enjoys himself in the old manner, is still believed in, in the old way. He is constant in his patronage of Peepy, and is understood to have left him a favorite French clock in his dressing-room—which is not his property.

With the first money we saved at home, we added to our pretty house by throwing out a little Growlery expressly for my Guardian, which we inaugurated with great splendor the next time he came down to see us. I try to write all this lightly, because my heart is full, in drawing to an end; but when I write of him, my tears will have their way.

"I never look at him, but I hear our poor dear Richard calling him a good man. To Ada and her pretty boy, he is the fondest father; to me, what he has ever been, and what name can I give to that? He is my husband's best and dearest friend, he is our children's darling, he is the object of our deepest love and veneration. Yet while you feel toward him as if he were a superior being, I am so familiar with him, and so easy with him that I almost wonder at myself. I have never lost my old names, nor has he lost his, nor do I ever when he is with us, sit in any other place but in my old chair at his side. Dame Trot, Dame Durden, little Woman!—all just the same as ever; and I answer, Yes, dear Guardian!—just the same.

I have never known the wind to be in the east for a single moment, since the day when he



MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF MR. GUPPY.

took me to the porch to read the name. I remarked to him once that the wind seemed never in the east now; and he said, No, truly; it had finally departed from that quarter on that very day.

I think my darling girl is more beautiful than ever. The sorrow that has been in her face—for it is not there now—seems to have purified even its innocent expresson, and to have given it a Diviner quality. Sometimes when I raise my eyes and see her, in the black dress that she still wears, teaching my Richard, I feel it is difficult to express—as if I were so glad to know that she remembers her dear Esther in her prayers.

I call him Richard! But he says that he has two mammas, and I am one.

We are not at all rich, but we have always prospered, and we have quite enough. I never walk out with my husband, but I know the people bless him. I never go into a house of any degree but I hear his praises, or see them in grateful eyes. I never lie down at night but I know that in the course of that day he has alleviated pain, and soothed some fellow creature in the time of need: I know that from the beds of those who were past recovery, thanks have often gone up, in the last hour, for his gentle ministration. Is not this to be rich?

The people even praise Me as the Doctor's wife. The people even like Me as I go about, and make so much of me that I am quite abashed: I owe it all to him, my love, my pride! They

like me for his sake, as I do every thing in life for his sake.

A night or two ago, after bustling about preparing for my darling and my Guardian and little Richard, who are coming to-morrow, I was sitting out in the porch, of all places, that dearly memorable porch, when Allan came home. So he said, "My precious little woman, what are you doing here? And I said, "The moon is shining so brightly, Allan, and the night is so delicious, that I have been sitting here, thinking."

"What have you been thinking about, my dear?" said Allan then.

"How curious you are!" said I; "I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I will. I have been thinking about my old looks—such as they were."

"And what have you been thinking about *them*, my busy bee?" said Allan.

"I have been thinking that I thought it was impossible that you *could* have loved me any better, even if I had retained them."

"Such as they were?" said Allan, laughing.

"Such as they were, of course."

"My dear Dame Durden," said Allan, drawing my arm through his, "do you ever look in the glass?"

"You know I do; you see me do it?"

"And don't you know that you are prettier than you ever were?"

I *did not* know that; I am not certain that I know it now. But I know that my dearest little pets are very pretty, and that my darling is very beautiful, and that my husband is very handsome, and that my Guardian has the brightest and most benevolent face that ever was seen, and that they can very well do without much beauty in me—even supposing—

THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHESNEY WOLD.

MAKING OUR WILLS.

SOME time ago I had occasion to go to Doctors' Commons to look at the will of a dead man. The hand that signed it was in the grave long before—dust, perhaps; but the record of the will which animated that hand was there among those dusty folios, engrossed in an almost undecipherable hand, which tell how all the real property in the country has been disposed of over and over again. I had no difficulty in finding it, for I had a note of the precise day the deceased died on. It is not necessary to say any thing about the contents of that will, however, for they have no relation to what I am writing. It is only the date which I have any business with. The will was dated the day before the man died. I had, of course, often heard of men making their wills when they were just at death's door, without any particular thought being excited; but this time I was surprised, as a single fact very often does surprise us, when we have passed by a host of similar ones unnoticed. I knew the man who had made that will. He was a shrewd, prudent, sharp lawyer, who had risen from nothing to be a man of immense wealth. If he was distinguished for any qualities in particular, it was for punctuality and promptitude. None of the clerks of his office were ever five minutes late. That was an offense not to be forgiven. No one ever knew him to be behind at an appointment, or to let business go undone. His housekeeper, who managed his bachelor home for many years, only kept her place by being exact to time. Yet this man had not made his will till a few hours before his death; and therefore the possession of his property formed the subject of a very flourishing lawsuit.

When I went out of that dark, dismal catacomb of dead men's wills, I went on thinking of all the similar cases of procrastination which I knew or had heard of—and they were not a few—for this is a piece of the experience of one who was a law-clerk before he quarreled with red-tape. What a curious catalogue they were! There was an old lady, a toothless old dowager, who had a reprobate and discarded son, and a pretty gentle niece, who lived with her. We used to manage all her affairs, and it was pretty well known in the office that the "nice girl with the long curls" was to be the old lady's heir. Our head-clerk, a red-whiskered dandy, who had no mean opinion of himself, built, I could see, certain speculations on that basis. The old lady never came without Eliza; and when a visit was expected, Mr. Catchpole brushed his fiery hair into the most killing curls, and changed the out-at-elbows coat for the smart one he wore out of doors, and beautified himself as far as that was practicable. Well, a message came one day that the old lady was ill, very ill, with an urgent request that some one should go at once and make her will. Off went our Adonis as fast as a promise of something liberal over the fare could urge the cabman. When he arrived, the old lady was alive—just alive enough to tell him that all her property was to be left to Eliza. She told him that in the hissing whisper which supplied the place of the cracked voice; but when she came to the word "all," so full was the poor old creature of love for the niece, or, perhaps, of determination—let us hope not hate against her son—that she half rose up in her bed and clenched her withered hand, and shrieked out that word again. It must have been a terrible sight—that of life struggling with death for a will! It was a short matter to write that will down; and Catchpole's pen flew over the paper, and the old eyes that were glazing so fast stared anxiously the while, and the thin fingers actually held the pen she had asked for beforehand ready to sign the paper. In a few minutes all was ready; but what a difference that few minutes made! The clerk had risen from his seat and approached the couch, when the surgeon, who stood on the other side, said, with that coolness which medical practice brings, "It is too late;" and it was too late. The dead fingers clenched the unused pen so tightly that they had to be unclasped from it. The son was heir of all, and Eliza a beggar! Death had translated that screamed-out "all" into none. The sequel is soon told. The property was wasted by the son, and has long since passed into other hands, and Eliza, instead of possessing some thousands a year, and being wooed by Mr. Catchpole, is a faded daily governess.

Every lawyer's office has plenty of such stories as this. One I remember of a miser who had ruined more than one family, and in his last moments wished to make such reparation as bequeathed gold could compass. Poor wretch, when the will was brought, catalepsy had seized him, and he lay there a living corpse—dead in all but mind. He could not move his hand; his tongue refused its office; only his eyes were free to move: and of those eyes I have been told a terrible tale. He was, as misers often are, a man of strong mind and iron nerve. Passive as he was in every other part, the eyes told all that was passing within. You could have seen in them intelligence when the will was read to him; the powerful volition brought to bear, and persevered in, when the written word which was to make it a testament was required; the terror and horror which came over him when he found the right hand, which had so often aided him for evil, would not help him for good; the despair which burst the unseen bonds around him, and, with a convulsive motion let out the last of life. It must have been a spectacle of horror, when punishment came in the shape of a prohibition of the one act of mercy, which might have made some amends for a lifetime of wrong.

Then there was another legend of a man whose daughter married against his will. He lived somewhere in a retired country-house, far off from any town. This man was subject to a disease of the heart, and one night, feeling

the symptoms of an approaching attack, and that strange presentiment which so often comes before death, he roused his household, and sent off a messenger on horseback, not for a surgeon, but for a lawyer. He wanted his will made instantly. The messenger could not be expected back for at least two hours, and long before that the spasmodic attack had come on, but still in the intervals of his paroxysms, that determined man wrote as though against time. When the lawyer did arrive, all that was left of the living will which had been so active and energetic a few hours before was that last piece of writing. It expressed the deceased's intention, in the strongest terms, utterly to disinherit his rebellious child, and to give his property to some charitable institutions. It was complete, even to the signature; only the flourish usually added to the name was wanting, as though there the hand had failed. But that writing was not a will; it was not in proper form, nor attested. In the eye of the law it was but an invalid piece of paper, and the daughter took that which her birthright entitled her to.

Wills generally afford a frightful temptation to the worse part of our nature. I believe that more cunning, more falsehood, more worldly anxiety, and more moral wrong are blended with the subject of "wills" than with the whole mass of law parchments extant. A will should not only be properly made, but properly *placed*, and more than one should be cognizant of its whereabouts. I have known many cases of gross turpitude in the shape of destroying wills, and can record one rather curious anecdote, affording a vivid illustration of unprincipled greed defeating itself. Two gentlemen in the city, close friends from their school-days, were in the decline of life. Mr. Edmonds had a large family, with comparatively small means, while Mr. Raymond was worth two hundred thousand pounds, with no living relative but a nephew of the most profligate and hopeless character. This nephew had been expensively educated, and had spent unlimited money for the worst of purposes, and the uncle at length became wearied and disgusted with the young man's utter depravity. "Edmonds," said Raymond, one day to his friend, as he handed him a roll of paper, "here is my will. I have left my nephew ten thousand pounds, and the rest of my property to you, who, I know, will make good use of it." Edmonds remonstrated, and implored, but was eventually compelled to take the will, and lock it up in his private desk. Within a few months, however, by dint of constant entreaty, Edmonds prevailed upon his friend to make another will, and just reverse the bequests, leaving the nephew the bulk of the property, and Edmonds the ten thousand pounds. This will Edmonds read, and saw safely deposited in Raymond's iron chest at his private residence. Within the following year Raymond died. The nephew found the will, and, as it afterward appeared, such was his baseness, that, to secure in addition to the rest the ten thousand pounds left to Edmonds, he immediately burnt the document, knowing that, if his uncle died intestate, he himself was heir-at-law. On this villainous announcement, Edmonds, sinking his conscientious scruples, produced the first will made by Raymond, and claimed the chief of the property; and the unprincipled nephew, after making full confession during a fit of *delirium tremens*, killed himself.

AUTUMN LOVE.

IN an early season of life I saw Rachael: when my eyes first fell upon her countenance, its beauty seemed a daylight dream. She was as a Grace in her father's home. In my memory she is still pictured: slight, delicate, fair, but flushed with flitting tints of carnation. Her figure was moulded to realize the soft dignity of her demeanor; her head, classical in shape, wore, with its dawn-bright tresses in Grecian braids, an air of gentle pride; and in her eyes—mild as the eyes of a young saint wishing for heaven—all her maidenly emotions were expressed.

I loved Rachael soon: it was to me the best joy of life to be with her—sweeter to hear her voice than to listen to the saddest music, for it came to my ear charged with holier melody. In her there was not alone the beauty of the sculptured Eve. The painter's glory was truly on her face—the faith of Guido's *Mary*, the meekness of Salvi's nun. I would have Titian's golden pencil to fix her fleeting smile, and Carlo Dolci to immortalize her tears. But, studious and thoughtful, she had searched the wisdom of many days: she knew books, and gathered their worth in her mind: she was no light, fanciful beauty, blown like a May blossom along the banks of time, but a possessor of that second providence of thought, which is docile to the greater providence of Nature.

When I knew that I loved Rachael, I was candid to myself. I looked through a long future, and confided in my own faith. Hope laid many seeds in the ground, and I expected them all to flower. But I long hid these thoughts. Alone I counted over my visionary joys. Without willing it, I was more apparently indifferent to Rachael than to most other friends. I seldom spoke, except on common topics, to her: she, however, conversed much with me, and we were often together. I knew she was kindly disposed toward me, for her manners were friendly, and for a time she rather sought than avoided my society. Gradually, however, as I began to find expression for my affection, I saw that at first it was misunderstood, then it was doubted, then it was thought an illusion, and then it was repelled. When she discovered my fondness, her first feeling was one of anger: but anger softened into perplexed pity, and that saddened into sorrow. What I never with plain words desired, she could not in words deny; but as my love was known without being told, so her rejection of it was kindly but unequivocally clear.

Still, buoyant as I was in heart, free in spirit,

with an imagination coloring all things brilliantly, I was not beggared in hope. I sorrowed, but desponded never. I vainly, indeed, repined over the past, but I vaguely counted on the future. At last, without a confession in form, I expressed the sentiments which ruled me. Rachael, whose thoughts all moved on the high level of virtue, desired to spare me more grief, but scarcely knew how. No one knew of my love for her. The intercourse of our families was so constant that they almost seemed combined into one. She could not go from me, and I would not stay from her. When she spoke of parting as the best, I begged her so sorrowfully to let me remain among her common friends, that she consented. She even believed that this would be my cure; for such a youthful fervency, so impetuous and so sudden, would undoubtedly waste itself away. Time, variety, the interests of the world, would, she confidently thought —as she sincerely desired—wear out an affection which was never tempted by her, never beckoned to be forbidden, but wandered ever in a desert, shelterless, without a place to lay its head.

Yet I loved her with an increasing love. Many I saw with beauty, and youth, and brightness of demeanor, and many with innocence and gentle wisdom—but none like Rachael, who was alone in her shrine, and sacred still. I was unhappy. I secluded myself in the darkness of my own thoughts. I made a desolation, and dwelt in it. Unreasoning and bitter were the complaints of my despair. The flowers of many summers, the plunder of many springs, lay at my feet; but one snowdrop, one violet, one valley-lily, was all I wanted; and that one I could not have.

What was the use of laying out gardens of hope if Rachael was not to be the sweetest blossom there? What was the glory of a whole Corinth of palaces if Rachael would not be their queen! What was the delight of prosperity if it rose like a harvest in an unpeopled isle? What was the promise of fame if its prophecies sounded hollow to a desolate heart? Rachael knew this now. With her kindliness and gracious sisterly affection, sweetly offered, but refused by my famished love, she again asked me earnestly to leave her. I wished, for a moment, that she would then peremptorily forbid me to see her, but I would not, could not, go uncompelled. I might then have bent my head upon my hands, and gone blind from her sight. But her entreaty was not a command; and as it was, she said, for my sake, not for hers, that she desired it, I felt no power to obey. From that time she was studiously guarded in her manners. Sometimes an impulse of grateful fondness rose in her heart; but she checked it, lest she might mistake an evanescent tenderness for the kindling of the true lamp, which alone, she knew, ought to burn and mingle its light with mine. When I spoke to her in words half-uttered and enigmatic phrases, she besought me not to indulge in hopes that would make me wretched. She said I should change; but then I replied, that she might change too, which grieved her, for she saw that I would fondle my hopes, careless of the sorrow they might bring. A mortal melancholy came over me, and I thought life would refuse me all its joys.

And the days passed, and the months and years. And still I loved, and Rachael owned no love for me. When in society, she was to me, as to others, frank and friendly; but when alone, she was serious and cold. But I saw that she was not unmoved by my devout affection. I troubled her repose. I saw her sometimes looking at me with an earnest, wondering look, as though her own heart were questioning itself, and I felt, with exulting delight, that after these moments she was more freely affectionate. Her manners softened, though whenever I expressed any thought of this change, the gravity of her face returned, and her beauty seemed to retire from my love. Still I was more reconciled to hope deferred, and still the time went on.

At last she was parted from her home for awhile. She went to a distance. I yearned for her return. But as her absence was prolonged, it was less painful. I felt a more patient passion. She came back. By her first inquiring look I knew she sought to discover what influence our separation had produced on me. And when I looked back love into her eyes, I saw she smiled. Soon after, we seriously conversed. I wrote her a letter; she replied, and once more begged me, besought me, once more to consider whether it would not be better to leave her, for my own sake; she did not say for hers. Had she said for hers, I would have gone; but she said for mine. I answered, life might be happy or miserable, but her presence was like that Arabian amulet, which made all wounds harmless while it was worn. Once taken away, the heart would bleed mortally, and I should perish. I waited a little time, and then went to seek her.

I saw her in her father's garden; she was alone. A purple autumn evening hushed all the world. It was a scene of poetry, perfumed with the last sweets of the flowering season. Long alleys and Italian slopes were shaded by bosquets and groves from the cherry-red deepening light which poured, warm and mellow, from the west. A soft wind, moist with dew, wandered among the murmurous leaves, still fragrant with the farewell breath of the summer. I met Rachael on a lawn, such as fancy might picture, bright with Boccaccio's vigils—of virgins fair as moonlight, dancing amid the lilies and the dew, floating their blond locks in the clear air, and wavering in a fairy line to the music of golden flutes. In Rachael's soft smile there was a welcome. She gave me her hand, but spoke nothing. I looked into her conscious face. I said, "I have come to you, Rachael." "Then you *will* stay with me," she replied, in a very low tone. I answered, "I must stay with you, if I live. Rachael, I will stay with you forever." I gazed again into her countenance.

A light—deeper, richer, more rosy than a

July sunset—glowed through delicate flushes on her cheek; it played in a golden smile on her lip; it passed like an angelic dream over her brow; it came like morning into the blue orbs that now were suffused with no sorrowful tears. Her face, till then colorless as a snowdrop, flushed as a snowdrop might flush in the red evening, still pale, but with paleness seen through rosy air I saw that her bosom rose and fell, and I looked once more into her eyes, and through their deep violet serenity, I saw the young love born like a new star just trembling into heaven; and she fell upon my neck; I embraced her to my bosom, and without a spoken word the bond of betrothal was between us. We looked toward the western sky; little vermilion clouds were still glowing like islands in the liquid blue, and the sighing breath of the evening passed over my heart, and all the blossoms of its hope expanded in a moment into flowers. Like morning melting into day—like two stars blending their light—like the Rhone in Leman Lake, we *should* have been from the unspoken pledges of that hour.

For that was the hour to which my expectations had been turned. Tears had watered my heart in desire for it; sorrow had borne me down in despair of it; all the prayers of my affection, all my prophecies of hope, all my fancy's pictures were realized now, and Rachael, whom I so treasured, was mine; she was mine in undiminished beauty; she was mine in surrendered love. The increase of her youth's wisdom, and knowledge, and virtue—the garnery of many years—was the dowry of her ripened tenderness to me. She gave me all in placing her hand in mine. As the nightingale, wounding its breast against a thorn, sorrows while it drinks sweetness from the flower, to sing it forth again in the night, so my heart, wounded by loving unloved, had pained itself by eternally repeating its musical *miserere* to Rachael.

> As a young, unripened rose—
> A rose unripened yet, but red,
> Blushes from its damasked bed,
> And with odorous petal glows,
> While the light, reflected through,
> Purples in its purple hue,
> So thy beauty blushed to me,
> And my bosom glowed to thee

Strange wantonings of human nature! Surprise and fear started in my feelings when I found that, clasping Rachael to my breast, I was not stirred by those stormy emotions which moved me when, in days past, she sat far from my side. I was conscious of a cold mood; I tried to think I was happy; I assured myself of my own delight. But, doubt as I might—wonder as I might—sorrow as I might—I could not but confess to myself that I had won this maiden's love when my own had begun to wane. It was all gone—all the passionate affection which grew with each hour, and increased with every look; all the abounding and burning love which had been my moving impulse for years was gone. It was gone—the devoted faith which counted a day too long to be absent from Rachael, and a life too short to offer its sacrifice of tender ministries for her.

For during her absence I had, at first as a mere refuge and then as a pleasure, sought the society of the golden-locked lily, whose curls had fluttered against my cheek at a ball. She was no more like Rachael than a firefly is like a star which melts its liquid silver into the night, throwing off ripples of lustre to glance and flash along the mellow blue. She was only a graceful, fairy-footed creature, innocent, simple, glad in her own trustfulness, who mistook fancies for thoughts, and would live on love like a bee clinging to the honeyed bosom of a rose. No one had taught her any thing, and if they had it would have fixed in her mind only two ideas—that the good were lovable, and the bad hateful; and that people ought to be kind to each other, and think more of morals than money. Her talk was tender prattle; she seldom expressed even these thoughts, but they were her own, and when I sometimes spoke with her, and met her in her own pathetic mood, and chatted in a low tone about the sufferings of the heart, and seemed passionately to urge the virtue and the power of love, all those expressions which then were meant for my absent Rachael sounded to Lily as an interpretation of my feelings for her. While I thought of Rachael, Lily thought of me; gradually, however, her entire reliance on my words, her frank utterance of her gladness in seeing me, her soft, winsome way, her sweet voice, her exquisite sensitiveness, her purity of sentiment, and the child-like beauty of her aspirations, influenced me; all that was dear in her was higher and dearer in Rachael, yet when I pressed Rachael to my heart my thoughts wandered back to Lily. I was startled by the consciousness. I refused to believe it. Surely I was unchanged; I would not admit the thought; yet my emotions would move in their own sphere; I pleased myself with the memory of the golden-locked one, while I forbade myself to dwell on the idea of her. I *resolved* to be faithful to Rachael, but I knew my heart was already false because it needed a resolve.

This for awhile went on. I saw Rachael often; I knew more of her goodness; I measured more proudly the worth of her noble mind; I saw more than ever that she was created to be loved, and yet I loved her less. I said, indeed, not a word of my change, and I was sincere in my determination *not* to change. I *would* love Rachael. But I delighted to meet Lily, persuading myself, by the casuistry of self-justification, that she was no more than a Platonic friend—most fatal term, which covers a multitude of sins! I dared to be jealous of her. I claimed privileges with her; and gradually all her acquaintance conceded them to me. And yet, even to myself, I pretended not to know that I was doing wrong. Lily belonged to entirely another circle to that which Rachael formed the grace; and thus my folly was favored. I was

loving Lily without intending to win her. I had won Rachael without continuing to love her.

Whispers, however, came to the Golden-Locked One, as I called her; and in her simplicity she asked me, without reserve, whether I was affianced. Sad Lily! Her namesake flower, bruised and trodden, never hung on its stem and wept away its beauty in pearls of dew more mournfully than she bowed her head and let fall her humble tears. Her countenance, which had shone as the young moon, now paled as the moon pales when triumphant sunlight flushes the sky all around. But that light was darkness to her; and I saw that I had injured a good heart. I had done a double wrong; for I *had* loved her, and, loving her, would not accept the love she gave to me. Rachael I had wooed while I loved her, and won when I loved her no more.

As the sole atonement I could make, I told this to Rachael. She listened, and I knew from her face—at first surprised into anguish, but then shaded by a proud, indignant calm—that a sickness had fallen on her heart. The paleness spread even into her eyes; dejection drooped in her lashes, quivering with tears too piteous to fall. No reproach passed through her cold lips; but in their pallor—in one upward look—in her countenance, in her form—what a winter of reproaches came rigorous and chill about me! The whole current of my former love poured out afresh. I implored, and spared no plea, that Rachael would forgive me, and forget the past. She owed it to me, she said, to pardon me, but she owed it to me also, as to herself, to remember my broken faith. I was forbidden to think of her more. Never, she vowed, would her heart desert its own; never should another hand clasp hers as mine had done. But from the unerring testimony of actions by which I had deceived her and duped myself, I could not now trust myself any more than she could trust me. It was better, then, that we should part.

So we parted. Rachael had few words to say, for she *could* not soothe, and *would* not upbraid me. And I lost Rachael, and did not gain Lily. Worse than all other reflection was the consciousness, that I had invoked this treble sorrow into the world. A virtuous will has almost the power of a fate; but they who would be happy in the enjoyment of an intense, exalted, supreme desire, must never for a moment fail in truth. One false act made a desert for me, and I am condemned to live in it alone. I hear that Rachael is still the one whom I loved; and if my memory is ever revived to her, kindly I know will she think of me. Lily is blithe again; for her heart, free from its regrets, wakes always with the spring, and all the leaves of autumn are swept away when June flowers again in the valleys.

But I sit in the shade of a willow—and perhaps it is not only in dreams that I imagine myself once more restored to happiness in the redeemed love of Rachael. In autumn she gave it to me: in autumn I lost it. Perhaps on some coming autumn eve it may be restored to me.

HOW STEEL-PENS ARE MADE.

IT is but a few minutes' walk to Mr. Gillott's pen manufactory. The substantial and handsome building in which the business is carried on gives token of the order and cleanliness we shall find within. We are given at once in charge of an intelligent guide, who, having pointed out the manner in which the metal—a fine steel—is rolled to the required thinness in a rolling-mill, conducts us up-stairs, where we are introduced to a long gallery, clean, lofty, and airy, furnished with long rows of presses, each one in charge of young persons, as pleasing looking, healthy, and happy as we could wish them to be. They are all making pens, and we must see what they are about. The first to whom we are introduced has a long ribbon of the rolled metal in her left hand, from which she is cutting blanks, each of which is to become a pen, at the rate of twenty to thirty thousand a day. The ribbon of metal is something less than three inches in width. Having cut as many pens from one side of it as the whole length—about six feet—will furnish, she turns it over and cuts her way back again, so managing it that the points of the pens cut in going down the second side shall fall in the interstices between the points cut in traversing the first side. By this means nearly the whole of the metal is cut into pens, and but a very insignificant remnant is left. The next operator receives these flat blanks, and subjecting each one separately to a similar press, armed with a different cutting implement, pierces the central hole and cuts the two side slits. Our attention is now drawn to a beautiful machine, which, under the management of a young man, performs at once both the operations above described, cutting the pen from the metal, and piercing the hole, and giving the side slits all at one pressure, with astonishing rapidity and regularity—though not producing pens equal in quality to those made by separate processes.

The pens are as yet but flat pieces of metal, and that of a very hard and unmanageable temper; they have to be bent into cylinders and semi-cylinders, and to induce them to submit to that, they are now heated and considerably softened in an oven. On emerging from the oven, they are stamped with the maker's name on the back; this is accomplished very rapidly by means of a die, which the operator works with his foot. Now comes the most important transformation they undergo; a young girl pops them consecutively into another of the omni-performing presses, from which they come forth as semi-cylinders, or if being *magnum bonums*, or of a kind perfectly cylindrical, an additional pressure in another press finishes the barrel. We have now to follow the pens down stairs to the mouth of a small furnace, or oven, where a man is piling them together in small iron-boxes with loose covers, and arranging them in the

fire, where they are heated to a white heat, and then suddenly withdrawn and plunged into a pan of oil. This ordeal renders them so extremely brittle that they may be crumbled to pieces between the fingers. They are now placed in cylinders, not unlike coffee-roasters, made to revolve over a fire, by which they are in a great measure freed from the oil. After this they are consigned to the care of men whose business it is to temper them by a process of gradual heating over a coke fire until the metal is thoroughly elastic. The next process is one conducted on a rather large scale; the object of it is to rub down the roughness resulting from the various treatment they have undergone, and to impart a perfect smoothness to every portion of their surface. For this purpose they are packed in large quantities in tin-cans, together with a considerable amount of sawdust; these cans are made to revolve horizontally at a great rate, by means of steam; the pens triturate each other, owing to the rapid motion, and the sawdust takes up the impurities which they disengage. They come forth from those cans thoroughly scoured and semi-polished, and are now taken to the grinding-room. This is a large apartment, where a number of small grinding-wheels, or "bobs," are whizzing round under the impetus of steam, each one of them in charge of a young man or woman, and each projecting a stream of sparkling fire as the pens are momentarily applied to their surfaces. This grinding is a most essential process, inasmuch as the pliability of the pen depends upon its proper performance; the object is to increase the flexibility of the metal of the pen at a point just above the central slit, by reducing its substance. The operator seizes the pen with a pair of nippers, not unlike a small pair of curling-irons in shape, applies the back of it to the wheel for one moment, and the affair is over. Previous to the process of grinding, however, most, if not all, the pens manufactured at this establishment are slightly coated with varnish, diluted with a volatile spirit; it is this which gives them the rich brown hue that so much improves their appearance, and at the same time preserves them from rust. After the grinding, they are subjected, for the last time, to the operation of the press, at which a young girl completes the manufacture of the pen by giving it the central slit, without which it would never be in a condition to rival the goose-quill. The operation of slitting, precise and delicate as it is, is so simplified by the ingenious contrivance with which the press is armed, that it is performed with a rapidity almost rivaling that of the simplest operation—a single hand slitting nearly a hundred gross a day. Nothing further now remains to be done, save a trifling cleansing process, which frees the pens from the stain of the hand, after which they are packed in boxes for sale.

It is impossible to walk through this establishment without receiving most agreeable impressions. The work-rooms, spacious, lofty, and airy, clean as a private residence, and bathed in a flood of light, offer a remarkable contrast to the foul and unwholesome dens into which it is the shameful custom of too many employers to cram their unfortunate dependents. The main element regarded in the construction of the building has evidently been the health and comfort of the immense number of young people of both sexes there congregated for the purpose of labor. Neither have moral considerations been lost sight of: the females are, for the most part, secluded from the males; and where this can not be entirely effected, a constant supervision insures the preservation of decorum. The result of these excellent arrangements is apparent in the healthy, cheerful aspect and unexceptionable demeanor of the operatives of both sexes; and there is little doubt but that it is equally apparent in the balance-sheet of the spirited proprietor, who is aware that humanity is a cheap article, on the whole, and one that is pretty sure to pay in the long run.

Of the amount of business done on these premises, we can not give the reader a better idea than by stating the fact, that above one hundred millions of pens are here produced annually, which gives an average of between thirty and forty thousand for every working day.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR domestic record for the current month will be necessarily meagre, no events worthy of special mention having occurred in any part of the country. Public attention in every section of the Union has been directed to the dreadful ravages of the yellow fever at New Orleans, and large collections of money in aid of the destitute have been made in all the principal Northern cities. The fever made its appearance on the 28th of May, and between that date and the 27th of August, the total number of deaths from that disease was 6442—the mortality having reached 250 in a single day. At the date of our latest intelligence the epidemic was subsiding in New Orleans, but had made its appearance in a form of great virulence at Mobile.

A deputation of Cuban exiles waited upon Hon. Mr. Soulé, the newly-appointed Minister to Spain, while in New York, on his way to Europe. In a brief address they presented their congratulations on his appointment, and their wishes for his prosperity. Mr. Soulé replied by referring to the sentiments he had expressed in public life. He said he could never believe that this Republic was to be eternally circumscribed by its early limits, nor could he be with those who would have entombed the hopes of the future in their reverence for the past. With regard to the special mission to which he had been appointed, delicacy would require him to say but little. He could not forbear to remind them, however, that the American Minister ceases not to be an American citizen; and as such he has a right to

carry wherever he goes the throbbings of that people that speak out such tremendous truths to the tyrants of the old continent. At the present moment, when the world is in suspense as to the future of Eastern Europe, perhaps a whisper from this country may decide the question, and show that American sentiments weigh in the scale of the destinies of the nations more than all others that can be wielded by czars, emperors, or kings. So far as his own conduct was concerned he could only say, that if rights are to be vindicated, they shall be vindicated with the freedom and energy that becomes a freeman; and if wrongs are perpetrated, they shall be denounced with the energy that behoves a good citizen, and redress asked, however redress shall be attainable.

The letter of Mr. Everett, while Secretary of State, declining the proposal that the United States should enter into a treaty with England and France guaranteeing to Spain the continued possession of Cuba, will probably be remembered by our readers. A letter from Lord John Russell in reply, dated February 18, 1853, has since been published. It is addressed to Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, and begins by saying that the object of the arguments introduced by Mr. Everett with so much preparation, and urged with so much ability, is clearly to procure the admission of a doctrine that the United States have an interest in Cuba, to which Great Britain and France can not pretend. If the object of the United States is simply to prevent Cuba from falling into the hands of any European power, the convention proposed would secure that end. But if it is intended to maintain that Great Britain and France have no interest in the maintenance of the present *status* of Cuba, and that the United States alone have a right to a voice in that matter, the British Government at once refuses to admit such a claim. Her possessions in the West Indies, to say nothing of the interests of Mexico and other friendly states, give Great Britain an interest in the question which she can not forego: and France has similar interests which she will doubtless urge at the proper time. Nor is this right invalidated by the argument of Mr. Everett that Cuba is to the United States as an island at the mouth of the Thames or of the Seine would be to England or France. Cuba is 110 miles distant from the nearest part of the territory of the United States: an island at an equal distance from the mouth of the Thames would be placed about ten miles north of Antwerp in Belgium; while an island at the same distance from Jamaica would be placed at Manzanilla in Cuba. The possession of Cuba by the United States, therefore, would be more menacing to Great Britain than its possession by Great Britain would be to the United States. Another argument used by Mr. Everett—that such a treaty would give a new and powerful impulse to the lawless invasions of Cuba, is regarded by the British Government as not only unfounded but disquieting. The statement thus made by the President, that a Convention, duly signed and legally ratified, engaging to respect the present state of possession in all future time, would excite these bands of pirates to more violent breaches of all the laws of honesty and good neighborhood, is characterized as a melancholy avowal for the chief of a great State. Without disputing its truth, the hope is expressed that such a state of things will not endure, but that the citizens of the United States, while they justly boast of their institutions, will not be insensible to the value of those eternal laws of right and wrong, of peace and friendship, and of duty to their neighbors, which ought to guide every Christian nation: nor can a people so enlightened fail to perceive the utility of those rules for the observance of international relations, which for centuries have been known to Europe by the name of the laws of nations. It can not be said that such a Convention would have prevented the people of Cuba from asserting their independence: with regard to internal troubles the proposed Convention was altogether silent. But a pretended declaration of independence, with a view of immediately seeking refuge from revolt on the part of the blacks, under the shelter of the United States, would be looked upon as the same in effect as a formal annexation. Lord John closes his dispatch by saying that while fully admitting the right of the United States to reject the proposal, Great Britain must at once resume her entire liberty, and upon any occasion that may call for it, be free to act singly, or in conjunction with other powers, as to her may seem fit.—On the 16th of April this dispatch with a similar one from the French Government was read to Mr. Marcy, who promised to lay them before the President, though he intimated that probably no answer would be deemed necessary.

A decision of some interest in a case arising under the Fugitive Slave Law, was given on the 17th of August, by Judge McLean of the U. S. Supreme Court, at Cincinnati. The principal points decided were, that the law was entirely constitutional—that the right of Congress to legislate upon the subject had been expressly affirmed by the Supreme Court, and that this law, like every other, must be executed in good faith. The fugitive was therefore remanded to his master.

A letter of some importance concerning the rights of American citizens resident in Cuba, written by Mr. Webster while Secretary of State, has recently been published. Mr. W. refers to a Spanish proclamation of 1817 as defining the Spanish law upon this subject. That proclamation was issued for the purpose of increasing the white population of Cuba, and granted various privileges, such as exemption from taxation for fifteen years, liberty to return home within five years, &c., to those who should take up their residence in Cuba. These clauses show clearly that it was no part of the intent of the government to force foreign residents to become Spanish subjects. The domiciliatory letter which they were required to take out simply authorized residence, and did not work any forfeiture of their rights of citizenship in their respective countries. Under these circumstances the American residents in Cuba can not be regarded as having ever changed their allegiance by taking out letters of domiciliation; these letters were regarded as mere formal requisites to an undisturbed temporary residence for commercial or other business purposes. Mr. Webster acknowledges that these views differ somewhat from those expressed in his letter to the American Minister at Madrid; but says that they are formed upon information subsequently received.

From the Far West intelligence has been received of a renewal of the old hostilities between the Pawnee and Sioux tribes of Indians, which were supposed to have been put at rest by the treaty made at Fort Kearney in 1851. The Pawnees occupy a small district near the fort, while the Sioux are sub-divided into eighteen bands, which are scattered over an immense district, extending from the western border of Minnesota to the south fork of the great Platte River. A battle recently took place between several bands of these opposing forces, which was waged with great fury, and resulted in the defeat of the Sioux, with a loss of thirty or forty of their number.

From *California* our intelligence is to the 1st of August. Serious difficulties have arisen from the claims of squatters upon unoccupied lands to their permanent possession. In many cases the most flagrant outrages have been committed in connection with them. The wheat crops are, it is said, likely to be injured by rust. The political canvass for Governor was proceeding with animation. The mining operations of the season were exceedingly successful, and it was confidently believed that the total production of gold for the six months commencing with the first of June, would be larger than during any similar period since the opening of the mines. Indian depredations had excited some alarm. A decision has been rendered in the Supreme Court of California, that the mines of gold and other metals in California are the exclusive property of the State; that the United States have no interest in them, and can not exercise any jurisdiction over them. This decision does not include the lands containing minerals, but only the minerals themselves. The number of passengers arrived at San Francisco, from the 1st of January, to the 27th of July, was 25,287: of departures, 16,151—making a total increase of 9136. A cave has been discovered in Tuolume County containing bones of an antediluvian race of animals, apparently of the Mastodon species.

From *Oregon* we have news to the 23d of July. The emigration of the season was arriving much earlier than usual. A new and important bay has been discovered about ten miles north of the mouth of Coquille river; and a heavy deposit of coal, which burns freely, and emits no disagreeable odor, has been found in its immediate vicinity. Preparations were making to work the coal-mines recently discovered near St. Helena. J. M. Garrison, Indian agent, had left Salem on an official expedition to all the tribes between the head-waters of the Willamette and Fort Boise. His object is to acquire reliable information concerning that part of the Territory. The small-pox was raging fearfully among the Indian tribes at Spaulding's Mission.

MEXICO.

No important change has taken place in the political prospects of Mexico. The financial embarrassments of the country and the difficulty of arousing the people to any efficient interest in public affairs, are represented as having discouraged Santa Anna in the projects of hostility toward the United States, which he was understood to have brought into office, and he has been compelled to modify his policy essentially in these respects. Judge Conkling, the American Minister, in presenting his letters of recall, addressed the President at considerable length upon the recent history of Mexico. He said the example of the United States, in achieving their independence and in establishing free institutions, had not been without its influence upon the people of Mexico. It was natural for them to covet like blessings for themselves and to seek their attainment by the same means; and it was equally natural for us to wish them full success in the endeavor. For these reasons, Judge Conkling said, he had felt a lively interest in Mexican affairs, and had not felt it to be his duty to abstain from such friendly offices as might, without compromising the rights and dignity of his own country, tend to the preservation of peace and mutual friendship. During the last nine months Mexico had passed through one of the most gloomy periods of its history. Those who despaired of its fortunes, however, as the event proved, were lacking in just confidence. The tendency toward disorganization had been checked by the distinguished jurist who preceded Santa Anna in office; and the work had been completed by Santa Anna himself. If, in the exercise of the momentous responsibility devolved upon him, he had seen fit temporarily to resort to strong measures, Judge Conkling said it was because he knew that the suppression of the spirit of insubordination to lawful authority, so long prevalent in the country, was indispensable to the attainment of the ends at which he aimed. Government, however severe, is a less evil than anarchy; and the extent to which it is necessary that individual freedom should be abridged and the civil ruler armed with coercive power, depends upon the circumstances of each individual case. But to whatever extent this necessity may exist, it is the part of wisdom voluntarily to submit to it. It was this conviction which had reconciled the people of France to the arbitrary rule recently established in that country. It is only on account of its liability to abuse that we regard despotic power as so great an evil; when its exercise is guided by wisdom, humanity and disinterestedness, it ceases to be such. Unhappily, experience proves that its possession tends to obscure the judgment and pervert the moral sensibilities of its possessor. That Santa Anna, while adhering from necessity to the same sound principles by which he has hitherto been guided, would strive to guard against so great a misfortune, Judge Conkling said he well knew; and he hoped he would be successful. Santa Anna, in reply to this flattering address, acknowledged the friendly spirit with which the departing Minister had discharged the duties of his office, and said that the success which had attended his efforts in adjusting differences between the two countries, afforded ground to hope for an equally favorable result to those which still remain for consideration. He begged him to assure the Government of the United States of the wishes which that of Mexico entertains to bind still more closely the friendly relations of the two countries. The approbation expressed of his administration was specially grateful to him, as coming from one of the most respectable citizens of the freest republic in the world. In the expression of those sentiments, he said Judge Conkling had only paid him a tribute of justice, for he cherished no other aspirations or principles than those which he had described with such skill and exactitude, and which constitute the hope of the Mexican nation. The desire of the people now was to establish public order on the basis of respect for authority and a perfect submission to law, without which supports the best political institutions are unavailing and the well being of the people impossible. He closed by expressing the warmest estimate of the character and abilities of the retiring Minister.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Buenos Ayres* we learn that the war has been substantially closed, by the desertion to the other party of Urquiza's squadron, which had been blockading the city under command of Commodore Coe, an American officer. This took place on the 21st of June, and is said to have been the result of bribery. Commodore Coe was compelled to flee for safety from his mutinous crew, and took refuge on board the U. S. sloop-of-war Jamestown. Urquiza still maintained the siege, but with daily diminishing chances of success. A revolt had broken out in his own province, which would require his attention. General Pinto, President of the Chamber of Representatives, and Governor of Buenos Ayres, died on the 28th of June: he was a man of marked ability and high character. The government remained in

the hands of the Ministers until a new election should take place.——*In Venezuela* the revolution, which had for its object the overthrow of the government of Monegas, was brought to a premature close on the 15th of July by a terrible earthquake, which destroyed the city of Cumana, where the revolutionary troops had their head-quarters, about 600 of whom are said to have perished. The whole force immediately made their submission, and asked for succor. All the public buildings and nearly all the private houses in Cumana were destroyed.——From the other South American States there is no intelligence of interest.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament was prorogued on the 20th of August: the session thus closed has been protracted and laborious. It commenced on the 4th of November, 1852, under the Derby and Disraeli administration. The Queen's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, congratulated Parliament on the remission and reduction of taxes which tended to cramp the operations of trade and industry, and upon the fresh extension thus given to a system of beneficent legislation. The buoyant state of the revenue and the steady progress of foreign trade are cited as proofs of the wisdom of the commercial policy now firmly established, while the prosperity which pervades the great trading and producing classes is referred to as showing increased evidence of the enlarged comforts of the people. The bill passed for the future government of India is spoken of as being well calculated to promote the improvement and welfare of that country. With regard to the serious misunderstanding which has recently arisen between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, it is said that, "acting in concert with her allies, and relying on the exertions of the Conference now assembled at Vienna, her Majesty has good reason to hope that an honorable arrangement will speedily be accomplished." The termination of the war at the Cape of Good Hope, and also of the war in Burmah, is announced as a subject of congratulation; and her Majesty closes by saying that she contemplates with grateful satisfaction and thankfulness to Almighty God the tranquillity which prevails throughout her dominions, together with that peaceful industry and obedience to the laws which ensure the welfare of all classes of her subjects. Upon the close of the speech, Parliament was prorogued until the 27th of October. In reply to a question as to the confidence entertained by the government concerning the evacuation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian armies, Lord Palmerston said it was believed that the Emperor, having that due regard for his honor and character which every sovereign of a great country must always be inspired by, would take the earliest opportunity, after the settlement with Turkey, and of his own accord would make a merit of evacuating the principalities without the slightest delay.

The Eastern question was made the subject of remark in both Houses of Parliament several times before the adjournment; but the ministry steadily declined giving any information as to the actual state of the negotiations in regard to it. In the House of Lords on the 8th of August, in reply to questions from Lord Clanricarde, the Earl of Clarendon stated that the immediate and complete evacuation of the provinces by the Russian armies would be regarded as the *sine qud non* of any negotiations whatever. On the 13th Lord Malmsbury made a long speech upon the general subject, the object of which was to elicit from the Ministry a statement of the answer which had been made to the circular letters of the Russian government. He urged strenuously the necessity of checking the encroachments of Russia, and of maintaining the integrity of the Turkish Empire, which he did not by any means consider as being in the decayed condition frequently ascribed to it. He regarded the crossing of the Pruth as an invasion of Turkey by Russia, and said that was the time when England ought to have acted, in order to show the Sultan that he was not without allies. The Earl of Clarendon, in reply, still declined to state the steps taken while negotiations were still in progress. He said, however, that the crossing of the Pruth was unquestionably a violation of treaties, which the Porte might justly regard as a *casus belli;* but the English and French governments had not advised the Sultan so to consider it, inasmuch as they were anxious to exhaust all possible efforts for the preservation of peace. Austria, moreover, had just at that point offered her mediation, which was accepted, and the representatives of the principal Powers were called together at Vienna. Austria then proposed to adopt as a basis a note which had originated with France, but with certain modifications which were approved in London and Paris. This note thus modified was sent to St. Petersburg and Constantinople on the 2d of August; and assurances had been received that it was acceptable to the Emperor, as it would probably be also to the Porte. These statements elicited congratulations from various quarters upon the prospects of peace. On the 16th, an interesting discussion of the subject took place in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell gave a detailed exposition of the progress of the controversy between Russia and Turkey, closing by repeating substantially the statements of the Earl of Clarendon as to the present position of the question. The Emperor of Russia, he said, had given his adhesion to the note agreed upon by the four Powers acting under the mediation of Austria. Supposing Turkey also to give her assent, there would still remain the evacuation of the principalities to be adjusted, as it was quite evident that no settlement could be satisfactory which did not include the immediate withdrawal of the Russian armies. He thought there was a fair prospect that, without involving Europe in hostilities, the independence and integrity of Turkey, which he had always said was a main object with the British government, would be secured. Mr. Layard, following in reply, thought there had been a great lack of energy and decision in these transactions. Russia had now gained all she desired, by showing that she could take possession of the Danubian principalities whenever she desired with impunity. The note prepared by Austria had, of course, been eagerly acceded to by Russia; and now if Turkey should decline it, England must join Russia against her. Mr. Cobden made a speech, justifying the ministry for not having plunged England into a war for the maintenance of Turkish independence, which, he said, had become an empty phrase. He thought the opinion was gaining ground that the Turks were intruders in Europe, and that a Mohammedan Power could no longer be maintained there. The Christians were already three times as numerous as the Turks in that country, and they would prefer any Christian government to that of a Mohammedan. He ridiculed the idea of going to war for the preservation of Turkish trade, all of which, he said, was owing to Russian encroachments. Lord Palmerston was not inclined to accept a defense of the Ministry urged on such grounds, and made a sharp reply to Mr. Cobden, whose speech he characterised as a budget of incon-

sistencies. He regarded the preservation of Turkey as not only desirable, but as worth contending for, and did not at all believe in the theory of her internal decay. So far from having gone backward within the last thirty years, Turkey had made more improvements in social and moral concerns, and in religious tolerance, than any other country. He hoped that Mr. Cobden's views would not be any where regarded as those on which the Government had acted.

A report has recently been made in Parliament by a select committee upon the treaties for the suppression of the slave trade. It states that in 1850 Great Britain had twenty-four treaties with civilized powers for the suppression of the traffic: of these ten give her the right of search and mixed courts, twelve give the right of search and national tribunals, and two, the United States and France, refuse the right of search, but agree to maintain a squadron on the African coast. Great Britain had also forty-two treaties with African chiefs and princes. Since 1850 she has closed two more with civilized governments, and twenty-three with Africans, making an aggregate of eighty-nine treaties to suppress the trade. The Committee report that the trade would soon be extinguished if the Cuban market was closed, and think the present a good opportunity for a joint effort of Great Britain, France, and the United States, to put a stop to it. The report declares that history does not record a more decided breach of national honor than has been established in this case against Spain. The Spanish Government had not only made the most solemn promises and engagements upon this subject, but had received since 1815 sums of money in aid of it from the British Government amounting to not less than £400,000. And still the traffic has been continued, and that, too, directly and solely on account of the connivance and aid of the Spanish authorities. In Brazil it has been almost wholly discontinued—the importation of slaves, which exceeded 50,000 per annum previous to 1849, having fallen to 790 in 1850, and of these the greater part were seized by the government. In Cuba it is notorious that slave-trading vessels are fitted out under the guns of Spanish men-of-war: that great facilities are afforded for the landing of negroes, and that, when once landed, all attempts to trace them are defeated: and that these abuses have increased just in proportion to the bribes accepted by the Cuban government, and shared by high official personages in Spain. The report suggests that from the abuse of the American flag trading to Havana, a more cordial co-operation on the part of the United States would materially aid the efforts made to abolish the trade in that quarter. Another Committee in the House of Commons has reported in favor of adopting the decimal system in the currency of the country.

A suit was recently brought by the Secretary of the late Baroness von Beck, against George Dawson, Esq., for false imprisonment. It may be recollected that the Baroness arrived in England as a Hungarian refugee—that she published an interesting book on Hungary, and received a good deal of attention in England on account of her alleged adventures. Mr. Dawson, who had been conspicuous as one of her patrons, supposing he had reason to distrust her statements, procured her arrest on charge of obtaining subscriptions to her book on false pretenses—an allegation subsequently disproved. But her arrest and committal to a police cell, had such an effect upon her system, that she died the next day. Her Secretary, who was implicated in the charges and arrest, has since brought this suit for damages, and received an award of £800.—Among the recent deaths in England is that of Sir George Cockburn, who bore a prominent part in the last war between Great Britain and the United States, and who can claim the undivided honor of having ordered the destruction of public property upon the capture of the city of Washington. It is recorded to his praise by English journalists that in this "splendid achievment" he destroyed buildings and other property worth between two and three millions of pounds sterling. He died on the 19th of August, aged 82.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has addressed to the various courts a protest against the action of Captain Ingraham, of the U. S. corvette *St. Louis*, in the Bay of Smyrna. The protest states that Captain Ingraham threatened an Austrian brig with a hostile attack, leveling his guns against her and announcing that, if a certain individual, detained on board, were not surrendered to him at a certain hour, he would take him by force: and that this act of hostility was committed in a neutral port, the friend of the two nations. Citations are then made from Vattel and from the Constitution of the United States to show that the right to make war is necessarily, and by the very nature of that right, inherent in the sovereign power. By the Constitution of the United States, Congress alone has the right of declaring war, and in this respect the Constitution is in perfect harmony with the public law of Europe. And this right, reserved for the supreme power of each state, would be illusory if the commanders of naval forces or others were authorized to undertake acts of hostility against the ships or troops of another nation, without a special order from the supreme authority of their country, notified in the terms prescribed by the law of nations. Quotations from Wheaton's work on International Law, are also given to show that hostilities can not be fairly exercised within the territorial juriadiction of a neutral state, and that Captain Ingraham was thus also guilty of a violation of international law, in having made his hostile demonstration in the Bay of Smyrna. No mention is made in this document of any steps taken by Austria to obtain redress for her alleged wrongs, nor is any vindication attempted of the forcible seizure of M. Kossta, who had in his possession evidence of the protection of the American Government, by a band of men in a netural port, acting under the orders of the Austrian Consul.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Up to the time of closing this record no decisive intelligence had been received concerning the settlement of the difficulties pending between the Sultan and the Czar. The debates in the English Parliament, which are sketched under the appropriate head, embody the state of the question at the latest dates. The Four Powers had joined in a note, designed as the basis of a definitive settlement, and providing for the concession by the Ottoman Porte of all the demands of Russia, but making no provision for the evacuation by the troops of the latter of the Danubian principalities. The Czar is said to have promptly signified his acceptance of these terms; but the reply of the Sultan had not been received. It is hardly possible for him to refuse them, inasmuch as he would thereby expose himself to the hostility of the Four Powers which have prepared them for his acceptance. The issue of the whole affair seems likely to afford renewed evidence of the decay and imbecility of the Turkish empire, and to involve the permanent loss of the Danubian provinces.

Editor's Table.

WHAT IS SCIENCE? We have waited in vain to find this question discussed in some of those scientific conventions and teachers' associations which are beginning to be the order of the day. The inquiry is an eminently practical one, although its thorough examination may involve some theoretical reasoning. It is directly connected with the subject of right education, and that order of thought which education should ever set forth as the highest aim of human life.

The topic is suggested to us in reading the proceedings of the late annual gathering of savans in a neighboring city, with whose most interesting discussions our newspapers were so largely occupied. Notwithstanding the apparent tone of our introductory remarks, nothing is farther from our intention than to disparage the real merits of such conventions. What a contrast do they present to the political caucus, the fanatical gatherings for radical reform, the conventions for reviling the Church and the Scriptures, and for clamorously demanding all sorts of male and female rights? It is indeed refreshing to turn from them to these assemblages of thoughtful minds calmly yet earnestly engaged in examining some of the most interesting problems presented to us in the natural world. It is a redeeming trait in the character of our bustling, money-making, utilitarian age. There is, too, something admirable in the spirit that generally characterizes such bodies. The calm spectator of their proceedings does indeed discover some manifestations of the lower human nature. There is the appearance of scientific rivalry; there is a jealous magnifying of individual pursuits; there now and then disclose themselves symptoms of sect or party feeling connected with those highest questions of morals and theology into which natural science inevitably runs. But along with all this, and above all this, appear that delightful courtesy, that high refinement of thought, that pure brotherhood of feeling, which come especially from such pursuits, and manifest themselves among men just in proportion as the objects of their inquiry are removed from the immediate selfish interests of common life, or the still lower motives of common political ambition. There is emulation; there is personal rivalry; but it is of a far nobler kind than that which appears in the political arena. There is zeal; there is excitement; there is that intense interest in scientific questions which none but scientific men can rightly appreciate; but there is no fanaticism, none of that strange feeling through which the most intense selfishness of opinion (and no selfishness is ever more intense) often imposes upon itself under the name of philanthropy, and with a vehemence of expression as diabolonian in its spirit as it is professedly angelic in its aims.

By such meetings for the investigation and discussion of scientific questions, human nature is ennobled. It is elevated to a higher region, and seems to breathe, for a season, a clearer and a purer atmosphere. Success to these conventions, we say, and may the increasing numbers, and growing interest, at every recurring annual period bear testimony to the fact, that there is springing up among us a feeling and a life of a higher order than the political, and a higher interest in the universe than ever comes alone from the commercial or the merely economical.

And yet we have a few charges to exhibit against them. They are not as broad or catholic as they ought to be. They confine themselves to too narrow a line of thought. In other words, they unnecessarily and illogically restrict the term science to a very small share of its true meaning, if they do not altogether pervert it.

Every thoughtful man who carefully examines these very interesting debates, as they have been so faithfully given in the reports of the press, must have observed how almost exclusively physical are the questions presented, and not merely physical, but in a very great measure confined to that lower department of physics to which we justly give the name of *natural history*. Nor is this a mere verbal distinction. It has come down to us from the earliest days of philosophy—having been established, if not first given, by Aristotle, than whom no thinker was ever more unerring in determining the boundaries of ideas, and the true limits of different departments of knowledge.

Facts alone can never make science. Neither can that which is somewhat higher, or the mere classification of facts, ever of itself rise to this dignity; although it may be a necessary preparation for it in some respects, and therefore entitled to be enrolled among the lower yet useful auxiliaries to the scientific family. The most accurate description of a plant, of a bird, of a fish, or a mineral, is not science. It is only an enumeration of facts. It is yet only *historia* and not *scientia*. So also the most ingenious classification, or arrangement, of such facts, is not science, because it has not yet risen to the dignity of a law. It may be only the most convenient order under which we group the notices of the senses, like the order of books in a library, or of minerals in a cabinet, yet still suggestive of no living formative power, nor linking itself with any idea which, whether previously brought out or not, the soul recognizes as belonging to its own stores, and connected, in its elementary roots, with all necessary truth.

Thus may we say by way of illustration—the number, shape, and position of the fins in a fish, the varieties and orders of its scales, the arrangement of stamens in a plant, the shape of its leaves, the number and position of the bones of an animal, the observed phenomena of aerolites, the varieties in the appearances of clouds, the direction of winds, the annual appearance of birds, &c.—all these may be very useful preparations for science, but they are not science itself. As facts they no more constitute science than the order and number of paving stones in the streets, or of tiles upon the house-tops. Neither do they become science by being classified, or by being observed in a certain order of sequence. This may be done to some extent with almost any kind of external things which no one thinks of making the subjects of scientific analysis. Such arrangement, or such order of sequences, may be the mind's own artificial if not arbitrary arrangement, or the mind's own order of sequence, rejecting certain facts while adopting others, and thus bringing all that are so grouped together under the appearance of law. And yet there may be nothing in all this that unites itself with the soul's own necessary thinking, so as to suggest that conception of the necessary and the universal which is inseparable from the idea of science, and without which knowledge can never rise above sense and memory. With many scientific men, so called, law is but an-

other name for generalization. It is not the cause but the effect of phenomena. It is not the expression of the thought of mind, finite or infinite, and thus a living energy distinct from the facts, but merely an order of events. By the same dead process, they might just as well make language a generalization from letters and syllables, and the thought which speech conveys, but the summation of series of aerial undulations.

But again—laws themselves may be regarded as facts, and thus grouped into higher classifications suggestive of higher laws, and so on until the mind reaches out to some great principle or law of laws, uniting not only all facts, but all departments of science, all philosophy, in short, all thinking, into a catholic unity, which is fully believed and acted upon as an article of scientific and philosophical faith, even though never reached, or expected to be reached, by any scientific induction. It is a faith which goes beyond sense, or any knowledge which is but a generalizing and classifying of the facts of sense. It is to this unity all true science tends; and it is alone as it has this direction and this spirit that it deserves the name. The thought is not the result of experiment or induction, although there is an exquisite delight as we find it ever confirmed by these collateral testimonies. It is in the soul itself, and all genuine science is but the effort to realize this pure spiritual idea. In other words, all *laws*, truly such, are *ideas*—yea, our own ideas, expressed in nature. It is with exceeding joy we find them written there. But this, instead of showing that they come alone from the inductions of sense, proves just the contrary. They must have somehow been in our own souls before we read them in the book, or it would have forever remained to us the dead letter of a foreign tongue.

There is something higher, then, than even the study of laws, which may be regarded as being themselves but a higher order of facts. There are three degrees, and the science that would tarry in the second must be pronounced spurious as well as that trivial knowledge which finds its satisfaction in the first. There are facts, laws, principles. By the latter are meant those *thoughts* of the universal mind of which the second may be regarded as the *words*, and the first the letters through which they are articulated. There is an intense interest in the question —*What* is it?—its class, its order, its outward description, and hence its scientific name? There is a higher interest in the question—*How* is it?—its law, its cause, its effect, its outward energizing life? There is a still higher interest in the inquiry—*Why* is it?—why is it so in itself? *Why* is it so in its relations to other things? *Why* is it so in its relation to the Great Whole, of which, however minute it may be, it forms a necessary part? Above all, *Why* is that Great Whole itself whose ground, end, or destiny is the ultimate inquiry which makes the real value of every lower question?

It may be thought that we have indulged in too abstract a vein of speculation for our present theme; but it was necessary for the practical uses to which we proceed to apply it. It is this mode of thinking, we have so imperfectly sketched, that brings in the moral and theological as those upper departments of scientific inquiry which give interest and value to all below. Cut off from this, natural science is but a valley of dead bones, such as the prophet saw in vision, "very many and exceeding dry." We may see how one bone fits to another, but without the flesh and sinews of a higher life, the meaning of the whole, and of the parts in their relation to the whole, is an insolvable enigma. Science resting here is absolutely darker than ignorance, inasmuch as its light serves only to show us its own horror. Its vast and stupendous revelations become actually terrific in their awful unmeaningness.

The charge, then, we have to make against our scientific conventions is, that they confine themselves too much to the mere physical aspect of things, and to merely physical questions. Whether this is from designed arrangement, or has resulted from the fact that physical queries present the first, and, in most respects, the easiest objects of inquiry, it would be difficult to decide. In reading their proceedings, however, one would justly conclude that they regarded the term Science as wholly confined to the physical, and even to that lower department of it, which we have styled natural history. Moral, theological, and political science are treated as though they hardly deserved the name. Now, there is certainly something remarkable in the fact that this very department of natural history was the one to which the master-thinker of the ancient world, the mind from whom has been derived almost all our scientific and philosophical technology, refused to give the name at all. Although it was a field of knowledge in which he himself greatly excelled, and in which he has given the outlines that have been filled up by subsequent inquirers, yet he would not call it science. Nothing with him was truly such but that which in some way connected itself with the universally, the necessarily true. The same logical definition was maintained by all philosophic minds until the modern perversions. Physics was not indeed excluded, but it came in only by virtue of such connection as could be shown between it and higher or more catholic truth.

There are departments of science, with all reverence be it said, that God himself can not change. As we have hinted in a previous number of our Editor's Table on the subject of Education, and would express here more in full, there may be in each inhabited world a different botany—different not only in its individual species, but in its laws and classifications; there may be a different geology, a different ichthyology, in which all the science of an Agassiz would be out of date, and all its laws a dead letter; there may be a different mineralogy, a different conchology, a different entomology, a different chemistry even, having different elements, different affinities, different molecular and atomic combinations. But we affirm, with all confidence, we know it of a certainty, we can not be mistaken, for it is the voice of the universal reason speaking in us, as in every man, when we say, that in all worlds of rational beings, in all worlds ever seen by the telescope, or imagined by the mind, in all worlds that have been, or shall, or can exist, there *must* be the same geometry, and that, too, in its fundamental order of truths, the same unchangeable science of numbers, the same doctrine of force, the same axioms of universal physics, the same psychology, the same laws of thinking, the same principles of its manifestation in language, whatever be the modes of outward physical expression, the same logic, with the same figures and modes, the same grammar, with substantially the same parts of speech, the same music wherever there are ears to perceive its tones or souls to feel the harmony of its mathematical ratios, the same principles of art, the same ideas of the beautiful, the just, the good, the same ethics, the same true religion, the same theology, and, in a word, the same absolute, universal, and necessary philosophy of all being. In the first of these two

classes of sciences, we hold communion with all who possess like faculties of sense, and dwell in the same accessible localities; in the second, our fellowship is with all thinking rationality throughout the possible or conceivable universe.

But even as regards the physical world—our physical world—we may fairly say that there is not in these conventions a sufficiency of what may be styled the *cosmical view*, or such a consideration of universal nature as is presented by Humboldt, who stands almost alone among moderns in his noble attempt to impart to physical science more of this catholic character. Is it that there is something in the minute subdivision of knowledge unfavorable to such an aspect? Is it that the mind is so led to regard every thing in parts and fragments, and to be so taken up with the fitting and adaptation of particular links, as to be incapable of taking those views which connect themselves with the whole chain? And is not this too much the case with a great deal of what is now called science? Each naturalist has his bone, his fungus, his mineral, his shell, his fin, or his scale; some can do nothing but peer into strata; some rake among fossils until their very souls become fossilized, and the mere dead classification contents them without a thought of any thing beyond. Even astronomical investigations are often pursued in the same spirit, and the discovery of some worthless comet, or worthless comet's tail, has more charms for a certain order of minds than even the realization of the Pythagorean music of the spheres. By such narrowing influences the soul is kept from those cosmical views, even of the world's physical origin and destiny which have had so deep an interest for men of far less science—if we employ the term in reference to the number and extent of its details rather than the wide range of its aims and principles.

It is certainly a striking fact, that no times were ever more noted for cosmical questions than the earliest ages of philosophy. In their ignorance of scientific minutiæ, the mind seemed actually to have more freedom for thinking upon the universe as a whole; and hence some of those far-reaching *a priori* views of the old schools to which the most striking theories of modern science are but making an approximation. They called the world *Kosmos*—the *order*, the beauty, the harmony. They were ever asking, *Whence* came it? *How* came it? *Why* was it? Had it a beginning? *Would* it ever have an end? What were its *principia*, or elementary substances? Were they one or many? Were the worlds infinite? Was the universe an everlasting flux and reflux, in which all forms were but manifestations of one eternal, material substance? or was its beginning, its continuance, and its termination, dependent on a spirituality older than the birth of nature, and which should survive its dissolution? The thoughtful souls, from Abraham down to Plato, had far more interest in such inquiries than they would have felt in the discovery of an eighth or ninth planet, or in calculating the exact eccentricities of the orbits of its satellites.

Far be it from us to underrate the exceeding accuracy of modern science, or detract from its true value. It may be all the better as preparatory to more universal views in some future stage of scientific inquiry, to which all this collection of accurate material is the necessary introduction. But at present we have great reason to fear the effect on very many students of natural science is to narrow and contract, rather than expand the mind. In these piece-meal views of nature, this disintegration of the universe, as it were, or the giving it out, like some public work, to thousands of jobbers, contractors and sub-contractors in every department, where the minute inquiry compels the use of microscopic glasses which shut out all other objects of vision—in all this, we say, there is danger that such devotees may lose sight of the greater relations, not only of the parts to each other, but of the parts to the whole in respect to its origin, continuance, and destiny. We feel the stronger in this position, because it is the very danger apprehended by one of the greatest naturalists of the day. Even Auguste Comte expresses a fear lest the exceeding detail of modern experimental inquiry, or the lauded Baconianism of our period, may blind the mind to what he would call the philosophy of science in distinction from science itself.

Comte has reference in this solely to the physical world—for he acknowledges no other—and its physical unity. But when we take it in connection with the moral and the theological, there is a still greater absurdity, and a still greater defect. There are men whose mental vision has become so exceedingly narrow in what they call their scientific pursuits, that they can not even conceive of there being any such thing as science in the departments we have just named. That is the region of dogmas, of moral and theological dogmas, and they wish to meddle with nothing so unscientific as all that. They talk very much in the style of the theologians of the Westminster Review. With these a crucified Redeemer, so loving mankind as to pour out his heart's blood as an expiation for human sins, is a sapless and fossil dogma; the belief, on the other hand, that Christ and Christianity are the "fusion of the Hebrew personality and the Hellenic impersonality," this is no dogma at all, but a fresh and vigorous faith, possessed of wondrous vitality, and a wondrous power to move and melt the hardened souls of men. So is it with the naturalist of a certain order. The dread disclosures of revelation respecting the moral destiny of man, and the connection therewith of all the subordinate physical creations of our world, is a theological tenet, forsooth; and that, in his estimation, is enough to shut it out from the whole field of philosophical inquiry. He has something far higher and better. He reads us a long paper on the discovery of a fish without any ventral fins; and that, he says, is science; that is philosophy; that is truth worth knowing, and in comparison with which all the dogmas of a fossil theology are fit only for the Sunday school or the nursery.

Even in what is called the study of "final causes," where there is supposed to be some patronizing acknowledgment of theological truth, there is manifested the same narrow naturalizing spirit. Much is sometimes said about proofs of divine wisdom, for which, it is supposed, the clergyman and the theologian ought to be very grateful to the scientific savan. But examine these discoveries, and it will be found that they almost invariably terminate, *just as they arose*—in the natural. It is only, as we have said, the fitting of link to link, without any light that may lead to the disclosure either of that to which the physical chain is fastened, or of that which it is meant to uphold. It shows us how admirably the ventral and dorsal articulations of the reptile are adapted to crawling; nature has indeed exhibited a wondrous wisdom here; but why the reptile with its venomed fang? It shows us that by such a process of physical causes the vegetable and the animal arrive at their physical perfection, and by such a process they decay and die. Every thing seems adapted

to produce the result apparently intended. But why intended? What is the design of these designs? Why is there so much evil, so much death? Why is there any evil, or any death in our world? Strange that they who ignore all such questions under the foolish charge of their being unscientific dogmas, can not see how unsatisfactory without them is all their science, and how egregiously they themselves are trifling. They are, in fact, the dogmatists. They are the men who make ultimate truths of no scientific value, while they rest on dead facts, or dead laws, having no seen connection with man's spiritual destiny, and, therefore, for the human soul possessed of no real vitality.

Such science is as heartless as it is unphilosophical. It is equally destitute of social as of moral and theological affinities. The bowed back of the heavy-burdened laborer may furnish an admirable subject for a physiological lecturer. Here is indeed a rich storehouse of physical adaptations. What artistic skill is exhibited in that spinal marrow! How admirably is that spinal bone, with all its vertebræ, contrived for the support and carrying of burdens! But *why* the burden, *why* the toil? Physiology will tell us *why* the bone, *why* the muscle, *why* the joint and socket—but *why* the man himself, and why his heavy load? and above all, why are such immense numbers of the race doomed to bear such heavy loads during the whole period of their earthly existence? Some dogma is wanting here which physics alone can never furnish, but without which natural science has neither interest nor meaning.

It may, perhaps, be said that we do not rightly discriminate. They are not insensible to the importance of higher views, and the existence of higher science; but their business is with the natural. There would be justice in the defense, if so many did not write and speak as though the name science embraced only their own physical inquiries, to the ignoring of so many other departments of knowledge. This one-sided estimate has also an injurious and narrowing effect on the cause of education; and this furnishes the main reason why we have chosen it for our present theme. A right view of the whole field of knowledge is the only means of estimating aright the comparative value of different departments of truth, and is of more importance in a system of mental culture than any accumulation of facts in which there is more regard to the quantity than to the quality of the science acquired.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OUR Easy-Chair has one advantage which you may not have remarked. Sitting in it quietly and surveying the world, we make observations upon life and society that can not get into print and to your eyes until some time after the occasion is past. Thus we sit here chewing the cud of experience. This tropical summer day, for instance, when we avoid dogs and seek the shade, will be discussed with you under an October sun. In the great whirl of life which carries us all forward so rapidly, it will be to you, remembering reader, when your eye falls upon this page, as far away as some sunny isle of the equator to a mariner who has already reached the cooler latitudes. The summer will shine again for you in this chance record. A lounge in our Chair will be a moment of the Indian summer—the summer of St. Martin, as the French peasants call it, for some reason which we should be glad if you would impart. In so swift a life as ours, this is an inestimable advantage. For if we lost something of the charm in the moment of its passing, we shall renew it, and more richly, in these pages of reminiscence. It surely would be a pleasant reward of our labor, if you should look forward to your monthly rest in our Chair, as to a vivid reproduction of the most interesting topics of two months since. So would that rest be no Lethean sleep, but the retouching of a picture which had just begun to fade.

As, for instance:

We are in town, and you are at the sea-side, inday, or among the hills: somewhere, at least, in sight of woods and waters. The weather is, as the Parisians say, "of a hear." The city in summer is a region as unknown to you as the summit of Chimborazo.

We wedge our way wearily through the crowds that swarm Broadway. It is the same street; at least our eyes assure us that it is so. But we do not feel it. There are the houses, the shops, the omnibuses. Here is Stewart's, there is the St. Nicholas, beyond is Grace Church. The Metropolitan has not gone out of town, and a St. Denis is too aristocratic for any republican watering-place. Our longing is mocked by this patch of a park, and the plashing fountains torture us with their elfish laughter. The same old objects are here. Would that it rained, that music might cease in Barnum's balcony! Why is it not the same Broadway? Because, although the houses have not gone away, the people have. We are almost overborne by the press of the throng, but "nobody is in town."

—"My dear Frank, where are you from?"

"Just from Newport—winging up to West Point for a day—then on for a dash at Lake George, and a taste of Niagara—Good-by—great hurry—nobody is town."

And a mighty stream separates us; and Frank's figure is instantly lost in the undulating crowd.

"No," we muse sorrowfully, knocked, in our reverie, by a hundred elbows a minute, "it's too true, there's nobody in town," and our reflections suddenly end by our being bumped against some substantial dame proceeding like a Dutch East Indiaman under full sail, and—meanwhile, begging a pardon, which is indignantly granted, for a collision made unavoidable by the crowd—

—It is an old club man who nods at us surprised.

"You in town?" he says, "*en route* from Saratoga, I suppose—off this afternoon? Sorry the rules of the 'Union' don't allow me to ask you to dinner. Must be so very stupid for you, for nobody's in town."

And we are incontinently jostled against each other by the rude passers-by.

—Here in the door of the New York Hotel stands brilliant Jem, of old College days, now a staid family man in the country. We are glad to see him; sorry however, that he should have come to the city at this moment, since nobody's in town.

"By the *oi polloi*," answers the once brilliant Jem, his classical oaths refreshed in memory by our sudden apparition, "look at this swarm of pedestrians, and horses, and chariots. If this is nobody, when, in the name of John Rogers,* is there somebody in town?"

It is impossible to explain to Jem. He can not tell whether there is any body in town, or not. He comes from the country, and to country eyes a man

* Smithfield Martyr, and father of many children.—*Vide Fox's Book of Martyrs.*

is a man and a woman a woman, in Broadway as well as on the turnpike. It is only the eye sharpened by much sly city-practice that can at once determine whether a given anybody is somebody or nobody.

Let us pause a moment at Stewart's. Probably we want some silk gloves; at least the once brilliant Jem would like to see so famous a lion. He has no longer the vanity of covering his red knobs with dove-colored and ashes-of-roses kid, but he would like to see a field-day of fashionable shopping. The great palace is deserted. Positively the cloths are spread over the goods in many of the departments, as if it were night or Sunday. An air of languor pervades the domain of muslin and of lace; and the idle clerks hang listlessly upon stools, dreaming of "Ocean-halls" and other realms of fairy.

"Where is the business done?" demands the once brilliant Jem, with indignant animation.

"At these very counters, Jem; but it is the moment of low-tide. All the business has ebbed away with the buyers. Stewart's is desolate, for there's nobody in town."

He glances incredulously through the ample doors and windows at the ceaseless stream of people that pours along the walks, and at the inextricable snarls of carriages between. To our country friend, New York is fuller than he has ever seen it. But he begins to feel that there is some truth in our mysterious remark that there's nobody in town.

And yet of the seven (?) hundred thousand inhabitants of the city how many thousands are probably away? How inappreciable the number compared with the great mass; and how much more than supplied by the throng of strangers that pours along every railway and watery avenue to this great reservoir of human life. Notwithstanding which we use words very intelligible when we say that there is nobody in town.

In truth, it is the town itself which has gone out of town. It is that mysterious circle within the circle, of which we read so much in the old English novels and plays—that class for which the others seemed to exist; that class which came to the playhouse and went to court in laced coats and bag-wigs, that gamed and drank in the taverns, and carried small-swords, to let out upon the pavement, with expedition and ease, whatever caitiff plebeian blood might chance to come between the wind and its nobility. In fact, by a singular perversion of terms, "the town," which means distinctively the aggregation of enterprise and industry, grew in those days to mean that part of the town which was neither enterprising nor industrious! *Lucus a non lucendo.*

But this was, of course, the promenading part and the shopping part. These were they who drive in stately carriages with pompous liveries. These were they who haunted the Stewart's of those old times; and departed, not as with us in June, but in August and September, to the country and the sea-shore. Moderate people, who could not go, whom the stern necessities of life held fast in London, could at least *play* go. They could solemnly close the front shutters, and let the door-knob go rusty, and spiders spin undisturbed among the front blinds, while the family found their Brighton and Leamington, their German Spas and Continental relaxation and seclusion—in the back-yard. Vainly the importunate stranger in town thundered at the front door. The unheeding family in a suppositious rural retreat, could fancy that civic roar the cooing of pigeons or the bleating of lambs in green pastures. The servant could be dispatched to open the door, and reply, with ill-concealed surprise at the suspicion of the family's presence in town, that the house had been closed for weeks, and the family away—he believes "upon the Continent"—the admirable servant!—while some too curious daughter of the house surreptitiously surveyed, through the half-opened blinds of an upper chamber, the retiring footsteps of the abashed stranger, who withdrew, grieved to have touched the finer feelings of a flunkey by implying that "his family" could be nearer town than the Pyrenees or the Baths of Lucca!

This was "the town" of the old English days; and its character and influence may be inferred from the shabby imitations of it, which are the constant butt of the English humorists for the last two centuries. When certain faces faded from the Park, from the Mall, and from the Club-windows, then it was understood that the game of life had shifted for a season from the city—Parliament had adjourned—lords and ladies had retired to their country seats and shooting: there was nobody in town. Yet London was as crammed and criminal as ever.

We shall not draw any parallel; only, as to-day we saunter idly along Broadway, looking in vain for the faces which are so familiar upon these walks—among which your own, dear sir, is most distinctly remembered—we are reminded of those old stories. And as we say to Jem, that notwithstanding the crowd which constantly buffets and impedes us, "there's nobody in town," we are glad to know that if we retain the same old term, its significance is different; that with us "the town," although it does comprise the promenaders and those who drive in pretty carriages with gentle liveries, does yet signify not merely a class inheriting luxury and sloth, but one which may well claim to be, in the best sense, "the town," by virtue of representing the prosperous results of enterprise and industry.

Therefore it is that we are not angry at the last flash of the once brilliant Jem, who steps up to the office of the "New York," and announces his departure for Newport, then turns to us with an unpleasant sneer, and says:

"It's probably very true that there *is* nobody in town, but"—(and he glances at the crowds of busy people constantly passing)—"but the city can easily spare *nobody*, since all the *somebodies* remain."

We take affectionate leave of Jem, convinced that the fresh salt air will do him great good.

THERE is one subject of summer contemplation in the social sphere which you may have disregarded at the time, and be glad to have now recalled to you. It is the summer toilet of our young male friends, both in the city and at all the pleasant resorts. In the proportion that the *physique* of Young America diminishes, its clothes enlarge. The spindles, which have so long done laborious duty in the dance and promenade as legs, are now more amply draped. The youths who returned from Paris in the spring startled "the town" by the looseness of their trowsers; "the town" being more agitated by such looseness than by that of morals. The recipe for a proper summer coat prescribes as much cloth for the sleeves as was lately required for the whole garment. The beaux are emulous of the hanging sleeves of the belles. Cynical Jem says, he wonders they have so long delayed following such a fascinating lead. He declares that he awaits the moment when a subtle sense of propriety shall teach them that they are effeminate enough to assume the skirts also! It will be a singular exposure when, some day, one of the small men in large coats is caught and submitted

to the microscope of philosophical analysis. If the eye of any such falls here, will he not heed a word of warning?

Sit down in our Chair for a moment, young man, and review your career during the last summer. Figure yourself to yourself as you have appeared at breakfast, at dinner, and in the dance. Have you pleased those whom you truly wish to gratify? or have you been content to dazzle the eye and fancy of a girl, giddy as yourself? Do you really suppose that men, manly men, solid and sensible men, think you the more manly because you have slipped off here and there, into places that may not be named, for the purpose of gaming, or drinking, or for any other purpose? It is the most fatal of your many mistakes. Older men who are weak enough to go with you, are strong enough to laugh at you: and they who do not despise you, pity you.

This, you think, has nothing to do with your dress; and yet it has much to do with it, if you should chance to observe that change of dress often corresponds with that of morals and manners. No man who is not a dandy at heart, dresses like a dandy. And you may be sure whenever you pass a fop in Broadway, or encounter him at Saratoga, Cape May, or Newport, that he is not a gentleman nor a nobleman. It is a melancholy fact that the young American depends more, for social effect, upon his dress, than upon his address—more upon the cents in his pocket than the sense in his head. Thomas Carlyle once wrote a book called Sartor Resartus, or the Tailor Sewed Over, in which he lays down the doctrine that dress is the manifestation of the man. Show me a man's dress, says this philosopher, and I will show you the man. Would you submit to the scrutiny? For, you understand, the last coat-pattern, though it were the very "loudest," would not impose upon him. If the dress spelt *f-o-p*, to his critical eye, his mouth would proclaim *fop*.

You are not afraid of Mr. Thomas Carlyle? Of course you are not. But, if you remember that whenever and wherever you appear there are many Mr. Carlyles watching you—that every manly mind is observing you with sorrow, entirely undazzled by the elegant *negligé* of your costume and manner, you will, perhaps, be as willing to cultivate the esteem of sensible men, as you are now anxious to secure the astonishment of foolish ones.

Sit a moment this cool autumn day, and reconsider this matter of the toilet. Cravats, after all, are temporal, and the fashion of coats passes away.

Now that the first shock of delighted surprise at our neighborhood to Europe which steam has created, is past, we do not so curiously observe the results of that neighborhood and intimacy. One of the pleasantest that falls under our observation in the days when the city is in the country, is the greater number of little street-bands of music. There is a Puritan prejudice against hand-organs, which seems to us very unphilosophical, and which—in regard to the muses—is strictly treasonable. For those instruments refresh the forms of popular melody in the mind, and do more than any other ten combined causes for the fame of the musical composer. When Auber produces an opera in Paris, it is heard by two or three thousand persons the first night, possibly—and by seven or eight thousand, during the first week. But by that time it is brought home to the ears and hearts of all Paris, by the melodious messengers that cling to the necks of itinerant Italians; and by the third week, Paris hums and sings the opera on the Boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, in all the gardens and the theatres; and when an old song in the vaudeville is sung to a new tune, every body knows that the tune is from Auber's last—thanks to the hand-organ!

So, also, in Naples. You lie (half-dreaming, we should say, if life were not all dreamy in Naples) and along the *Chiaja*, and *sulla Marinella*, that is, upon the shore of the bay, and by the harbor, you hear the hand-organs playing all night long; and the lazzaroni singing with them the barcaroles which seem to be born of the wave's melody and motion. There is a romantic friend of ours who was many years in Naples, and is enamored of Italian life. He relates that often as he sits in his office—a dull, dim, dusty room, in the attic of one of the old Nassau-street houses—he sometimes hears afar off the sound of a hand-organ, playing some tune once familiar to him in Italy, and which draws him as irresistibly as a siren, so that he must leave his books and dreary chamber, and run until he finds the organ and the grinder, to whom he gives an Italian greeting, and a two-shilling-piece. "Poor pay," he says, "for bringing Italy into Nassau-street."

There is no Italian city more silent and retired than Mantua. It is not often visited by the American tourist who puts a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but it is singularly characteristic of the luxurious torpor of modern Italian life. We saw it first one warm autumnal morning. There was no spectacle of business as in other cities, no hurrying along of a crowd with fixed brows and solemn faces, no sense of occupation nor hum of trade, but the handsome, lazy-eyed men sat indolently along the streets and in the cafés, smoking, chatting, grimacing, reading in the little Journal—from which all important political news was excluded—the report of the highest note touched by the voice, or the highest point by the foot, of the last most famous singer and dancer. Before each café, and in many streets, little bands were standing playing the melodies from the operas and collecting coppers. The luxurious audience listened or talked, half-hummed a strain, or united in a chorus; and the simple spectator could have fancied that he had entered a city of Arcadia. The graceful indolence and leisurely life of Mantua are indissolubly associated with the warm, still morning, and the street bands. And in the hot August mornings when we have heard similar music in our deserted streets uptown, it was impossible not to feel that we were again in Mantua, and to acknowledge that steam had already plucked for us some of the precious pearls of foreign life.

—You think that street-musicians are vagabonds? So was Homer.

—Being a man of strict civic morals, you think that they ought to be sent to the Penitentiary.

So thought the incorruptible Justice of Shakspeare.

Is our daily life so surfeited with little amenities and graces, so richly ornamented by all the arts, that we can afford to silence the singers and break their instruments? He who hath "music in his soul" will smile upon the street-musicians; and for him who hath it not there is a woe denounced.

THE visit of the Earl of Ellesmere was not a success. There seems to have been great misunderstanding in England as to the character of the Crystal Palace undertaking. It is strictly a private enterprise; but the English Commissioner evidently supposed it to be a national affair, and hence came

in a national vessel. That vessel lay for a long time in the harbor of New York, and then sailed for Halifax, without any public demonstration upon the part of the city. Under the circumstances, we think the civic silence was uncourteous. Lord Ellesmere was understood to have declined a banquet from the resident Englishmen, upon the ground that it would not be right for him, as a public Commissioner, to accept a private invitation before he had heard from the public authorities. Unhappily the Palace was far from ready—the Earl had arrived under a false impression—most of those who would have received him and his party in the most agreeable manner were out of town—the Earl's gout and the extreme heat of the unprecedented summer began at once and together—the noble party moved as far south as Philadelphia where the dog-star shone so furiously that they were compelled to return—they darted westward as far as Utica, where the retainers were overpowered with the torrid air, and the Commissioner was again conquered by his hereditary and aristocratic enemy—they escaped into Canada, where, as we read in the papers, they barely escaped a railroad accident—they saw Niagara, and returned to town just in time for the opening of the Palace. But true to his unhappy destiny in America, the Earl of Ellesmere was received by the gout instead of the President of the United States, and passed the day of the opening ceremonies in bed. Then came the banquet at the Metropolitan, from attendance upon which the same old gout urged the Chief English Commissioner to abstain. The banquet was a failure; nobody made a tolerable speech; political differences were unwisely introduced, and the President left at an early hour for the Opera—upon whose bills appeared in flaring capitals the names of "SONTAG," "ROBERT LE DIABLE," "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES." A few days after, the Earl slipped quietly on to Boston. There he made a sensible speech, and was undoubtedly pleased, for Boston *loves* England; but after a visit of only three or four days, he sailed for Halifax in a mail steamer—and so ended his American visit. Had the London *Times* been aware of all these circumstances its leader of a month since ridiculing the opening ceremonies of the Palace would have been much more pointed. To Lord Ellesmere himself we must all be sorry that his visit was such a series of *contretemps*. A gentleman, and, by character and position, the representative of gentlemen, coming across the ocean to honor the dignity and triumph of labor and skill—thereby particularly acknowledging, what would never have been possible in any previous age,—that in this world productive genius is chiefly worthy of honor—it is infinitely to be regretted that the result was so untoward, that misconceptions and confusions destroyed all the *prestige*, and probably much of the satisfaction of the visit. Meanwhile it is a curious speculation what kind of report will be made by the Earl concerning the New York Industrial Exhibition. The details of observation must be furnished by his companions in the Commission; for the visits of the Chief Commissioner to the Palace were very few. Upon occasion of those visits, we understand, he dispensed with the coronet and ermine train, which, to judge from the tone of newspaper reports, are supposed to be his usual street dress in London. It is a great pity that a gentleman is not safe from newspaper gossip among us, if he happens to be an Earl. Our theoretical contempt for a titled aristocracy, and our actual curiosity about it, play singular pranks with our manners.

We are glad to learn that the Earl of Ellesmere, who is the master of the famous Bridgewater Gallery—one of the finest of the English collection of paintings—wishing to enrich it with some characteristic American works, commissioned Mr. Kensett to paint two pictures of subjects drawn from American scenery. He expressed a desire to possess some memorial of Niagara; and those who have seen in some recent works of Kensett the singular success with which he has treated the subject, will acknowledge the discriminating taste of the English Commissioner.

Now that the summer and the summering have tripped lovingly by, we propose to overlook the means and methods of making a summer pass gayly, and descant in our easy way upon the fashions and the direction of summer travel, promising, in so doing, to give such information about inconveniences, and costs, and fresh breezes, as our own tossing about, and our cognizance of the tossing about of others may make serviceable.

And first of all, this *fashion* of summer travel is becoming a part of the American character: it is too late to subdue it now, if it were even worth while to subdue it; and our only hope is in giving it sensible direction.

Your small towns-man, and your large towns-man, whether their homes rate as city or village, conceives it to be absolutely requisite for the subjugation, or at any rate for the softening of his wife's humors, that some summer change should be determined on and pursued. No matter what stock of green fields or rural cottages may lie about the home-paths, Mistress Abigail must have her summer quits of the kitchen and maids, and either show her checkered silk at the sea-shore, or flourish it upon the brink of Niagara. Meantime the children—if children there be—flourish under the reign of trusty servants, or, what is worse, catch an early longing for watering-place walks, and spice their summer's vacation with childish coquetries in the corridors of the United States or the Ocean House.

And it is curious in this connection to estimate what sort of manly calibre will grow and perfect itself out of the boyish wearing of velvet-tunics and Honiton-lace upon the green award which is sheltered by Marvin's yellow walls. We have a fear that, whatever elegancies may ripen under such habit, that the vigor to cope with difficulty—such difficulty as is very apt to follow in the wake of Saratoga extravagancies—will be sadly wanting, and that the lapse of years will find watering-place boys adorned with very thread-bare velvets and very nerveless minds. We have a fear that this velvety race is on the increase, and another fear that, without the proppings of primogenital prerogatives (as Dr. Johnson would say), that the velvet will prove, in the end, very cottony velvet.

But beside this influence upon such youngsters as partake of these Mecca pilgrimages to the shrine of our American prophets of Mammon, there is growing out of it, and even with it, a neglect of those home ties which, when strong-kept, are the surest guarantees of a beautiful, to say nothing of a happy home. An out-of-door domestication is gratifying itself upon we know not how many families; and their most loved altars of fireside are set up in hotel-grates on rainy mornings of summer.

We make no question of the virtue of forsaking the heated streets of New York when the sun is at its hot solstice, and of relieving a business-burdened mind by trees, and flowers, and such sound of rivers as is not our own; but for your man, who has his

green fields in some town which has been ed city—to fleece his conscience with the that something greener and wider is to be ght for every summer for the sustenance of his nk, or for the supply of his wife's tittle-tattle, it is great absurdity; and he had much better spend his summer energies and his surplus coin in redeeming his green acres from their vacant green stare into some smile of picturesque landscape, by planting and pruning, and by setting up such corner arbors as will shorten the evenings, and make his home a place loved for itself, and a pleasant monitor of kindred beauties to all beside him and around him.

We can recall now the names of some score of rural towns whose chief occupants quit them each July and August, for the sake of thronging with the herd, and losing baggage, and patience, and money; who, if they were to spend one-half of this summer energy and of this summer extravagance in making beautiful what Nature has laid at their door, would soon have watering-places of their own, which strangers would loiter to look upon, and catch health, both moral and stomachic, from the mingling of art and nature.

If a body is, indeed, in need of such salient matter as bubbles up at Saratoga, or as flecks the beach at Newport, let them go and get it by all means; but let them not stay after the *quantum sufficit* is pouched to measure money-pouches with adventurous neighbors, and to kill in wife and children whatever old leaning toward their own homestead was born in them, and still clings, by ever so frail tendrils, to the door and the porch!

Another bad thing which the excess of summer vagabondage is breeding, is the over-crowded and over-worked thoroughfare, by which even ordinary business is almost overset and compelled to stand back for *Messieurs les voyageurs de plaisir*. But perhaps a worse issue of this lies in the fact that pleasure-seekers themselves are pushed, jammed, herded together, made hot, discontented, bad-tempered—all which, however, go with many toward the sum of the summer's enjoyment. Half of this discontent, bad temper, *et cetera*, grow out of the ridiculous American excess of baggage; we say American excess, since (we speak advisedly in saying it) no people in the world do so utterly stultify themselves in multiplying band-boxes, dress-cases, and all sorts of traveling paraphernalia, as the Americans. We do not know the average that can safely be set down for a party of man, woman, and child traveling to Saratoga from a point not two hundred miles distant; but we think it might safely be reckoned at two dress-cases, two band-boxes, four trunks, and three carpet-bags. If the distance were increased to a thousand miles, there would naturally be an increase of luggage. We venture to say that a French lady would perfect the same visit with an air of greater neatness throughout (because of greater propriety in dress), with one-third the amount of material. We are safely assured, in confirmation of this truth, that a Parisian lady will go to Baden-Baden for a stay of two months, and make conquest while there of two Russian nobles, six English cockneys, three Americans in black satin vests, and seventeen German princes, armed and equipped only with one dressing-case measuring twenty-eight by eighteen inches, and one *sac de nuit!*

Let our Mistress Abigail remember, and blush.

In talking in this strain of summer travel, let it not be imagined for a moment that we lose sight of that information which every rational man and woman ought to pick up from a mingling with half a thousand of new people gathered from far away places. This intermingling of visitors we count upon as one of the happiest ways of settling all vexed questions of inter-state politics; and we consider it as good a system of compromise as Mr. Clay's—beside being very much better than Mrs. Stowe's.

So far as this goes—and it may be made to go very far—we speak a hearty God-speed to summer-hotels; but, unfortunately, the race of summer-goers are not always the best media of such information as gains by diffusion, and are rather to be counted on as the advisers and adepts in only such small interchange of opinion as finds its basis in scandal and its polish in French. Even this much, however, may create a sort of social leaven which serves to quicken spontaneity of action and of thought.

In old times—and we do not know that they are yet wholly gone by—people used to steal a month or two away from home cares to extend their knowledge of other people and manners as well as of other places. This cause of travel, hardly, however, belongs to those who make a periodic sojourn year after year at the Springs of Saratoga. Surely much more might be gained in this way, and is being gained, year by year, along the Rhine and in the valleys of Switzerland.

We know there is a class of political economists who cry out against spending money away from home; but it appears to us one of the very best investments that can be made of American depletion to pass it off in such countries as will quicken new ideas about architecture, gardening, art, and (if the traveler wear such soul as he ought to wear) enlarge the bounds of that just pride which he feels in the freedom and largeness of his own Republican institutions. We have a sincere pity for such Americans as always associate this pride with absurd boastings and a braggart air, and who, therefore, smother it altogether, and cherish instead a weak admiration and emulation for just those things under English rule which create and foster exclusiveness and the distinction of classes, and who become slavish toadyists of whatever is British. We have had the misfortune to meet with such. Pity is a charitable term by which to express the feeling we entertain for them.

We are running, we find, too much into the manner and the method of a sermon; so we will relieve our talk by a little plain chit-chat on this text: A man can summer as cheaply in rambling over the Continent of Europe as at the watering-places of the United States.

Every body knows, or ought to know, what he can get to Europe for, whether by steamship or sailing-packet. For the sake of illustrating our text we will suppose a man, or a woman, or both, worn out with the business or the idleness of a New York winter, and fairly through the terrors of a sea-sick passage (the only terrors of ocean nowadays) to the port of Havre-de-Grace.

His hotel bills at that point will be less than those of a New York hotel—added to the fact, that there is no dictum of fashion to prescribe just what dinners he shall eat, or what number of dishes shall measure his breakfast capacity. He will see a quaint old sea-port, with very quaint houses—all sorts of queer dresses, military, civil, work-day, and cottage-y. He will see an infinite deal of good-humor upon all sorts of faces—commissioners and others. He will specially delight in making an effective defensive weapon of his own drawing-room knowledge of French, and remain for a long time delightedly ignorant of the small protection which it affords him.

He will go to Paris in a railway-carriage as easy as this Chair of ours upon Franklin-square; and he will feel a kind of reliance upon the fact that no Norwalk draw-bridges are to be crossed over, and that no engineer will mistake a church-steeple for a signal to "go ahead." He will feel satisfied that the superintendent has done *all* his duty, and that he has not suffered trains to be driven daily at a speed of twenty miles an hour over ground that, by law, is to be crossed at half that rate of speed. He will not be pushed and jostled in a narrow, dark dépôt, like that of Canal-street; but will have light glass-roofing over him that will remind him of Crystal Palaces; and suggest to him, if he be a reflective man, the question—Why dépôts are not so constructed at home?

Chewing the cud of this reflection, he will glide along the valley of a charming river toward Rouen, where, if he chooses to stop, he will find a city as unlike as possible to any city his eyes have rested upon before, and prices (even with the pleasant-addnd cheating of hotel landladies) very much below the average of Albany prices; and porters and cabmen infinitely more civil and obliging than any belonging to the New York capital. We admit that this is saying the least for a cabman that could be said; since among all cabmen we have ever heard of, or read of, or met with, or imagined, the Albany cabmen are, by large odds, the very worst. We congratulate our neighbors, the Albanians, upon the preservation of their equanimity, to say nothing of their necks and fortunes.

It is an old story that one can live altogether as he chooses; and it is certain that one entirely ignorant of either the language or the customs can avail himself of the first hotels in the city at a price much below that of the first New York hotels. The promptitude and good-breeding of the Paris hackdrivers is almost a proverb.

Thus in fourteen days' time, our traveler may, in place of furthering his familiarity with Saratoga routine, be driving through the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne, or rambling under the shady avenues of Versailles.

After Paris, the summer loiterer may see the Rhine; and by the journals, we perceive that one can take a through ticket, good for forty days—to visit Lille, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, every town on the Rhine as far as Basle, Strasbourg, and return to Paris—all in first-class carriages, for the small sum of twenty-one dollars!

This, considering the permission given to stop upon the way, may be counted even as an advance upon American cheapness of transportation. Supposing now that thirty days were occupied by this trip, we may safely estimate the incidental expenses of a single person along the route, at not more than ten francs a day: making a sum total of less than three dollars a day for a visit to every considerable place along the Rhine. A Frenchman would accomplish the same for one-third less. Is not this more remunerative to the untraveled, than an August lounge at Cape May?

There are those indeed who affect to sneer at the beauties of the Rhine, and who count its charms very inferior to those of the Hudson. But if we are not greatly misinformed there is very much worth seeing in the old Rhine towns, even if the vineyard banks are neglected: and on this point, we beg to quote again from our letter-writer of the last month. "Perhaps" he says, "there is no single point along the Rhine, from whose banks I date my letter, which is wholly equal to the view from the *plateau* at West Point: indeed I think upon comparison with Scotch and English lakes, that the view looking toward Newburgh on a sunshiny afternoon, with fifty odd sail in sight, is unmatchable. But on the other hand, the continuity of hills along the Rhine, the careful cultivation creeping up in crevices, and hanging upon the narrow fastnesses of rock, the Sunday quiet of the quaint Rhine towns, the broken castles leaning over from crags and stretching dark shadows upon the water, are all of them features so strange to American eyes, that the man must be fastidious indeed, who does not yield himself to the enchantment of the scene, and partake of that enthusiasm which is so fresh in the spirit of every German.

"Nor is it all, or even half, to sail up and down the Rhine; to appreciate to the full its beauties, one must stop for days together upon the banks; he must clamber up the jutting crags, and catch the views which break upon him through far-away gaps of mountain; or he must plant himself at some old broken casement of a ruin, and put aside the ivy with his hand, that he may peep below, upon the dots of steamers, and upon the white ribbon of a river. He must lounge through the vineyards upon the hill-side, with the Rhine sun beating on him, and lighting up the brown faces of the Rhenish girls who pluck the grape leaves; he must watch the play of light and shadow upon the slated roofs, and quaint toppling spires of the valley towns; he must float in the ungainly Rhenish oar-boats with the eddies, and touch at islands where the wreck of convents lies moulddering; he must listen idly to the sound of bells, striking loud from the tall belfries of Rhenish towns; he must climb to the very forests which skirt the vineyards, above the ruins and the crags, and look down upon the mixed scene of glistening water, and tufted vineyards, and streaks of road, and gray houses grouped in towns, and lordly fragments of ruin. Lastly, he must drink a flask of the Rhenish wine, as he sits at evening under the arbor of his Rhenish host, and catch the hearing of some Rhenish song, as it floats to his ear over the Rhenish river, dappled with the Rhenish moon.

"It is a misfortune," continues our correspondent, "that the Rhine boats are not better arranged for giving good views of the shores. The decks are very low; the vessels themselves being scarcely so large as the little boats which ply between New York, and Astoria, or Flushing. They have no upper or promenade deck; beside being without the projecting deck, so peculiar to American steamers. You have to suppose, then, a craft, of the size of a small schooner, with flush deck, the after quarter shielded by an awning, some six or seven feet high, and the view astern interrupted by a clumsy steering apparatus, with a raised platform, which furnishes the only desirable look-out to be found on board.

"The fore-deck is a 'second-place,' and is cumbered with luggage, and such people, as one of cleanly prejudices has no strong desire to mingle with. The average number of first class, or after deck passengers upon a genial summer's day, may be reckoned safely at fifty; and it is needless to say that this number crowd rather uncomfortably the narrow quarters. Dinner is served upon the upper deck; a *table d'hôte* of true German character. Some hour or two before the approach of this meal (which along the Rhine is usually at half past one) the steward presents a list of wines, from which you are desired to select such as you may choose for dinner: and it may be worth while to say, that it is never for a moment supposed, that any one would sit down to a German dinner, without drinking German wine.

No bill of fare is shown; but from recollection, I will try and put you in possession of a *catalogue raisonné* of a Rhine steamer's dinner.

"First, a very poor barley soup (all German soups are poor).

"Next, dishes of boiled beef are passed around; which beef has already done service in giving a meaty flavor to the barley soup. It is accompanied with potatoes, and with either sour kraut, or pickled beets. The meat and potatoes are quite relishable. I can not say as much for the others.

"Following the beef, come mutton chops, with some vegetable, which from its disguise in German cookery, I could not venture to name. Next, appears stewed venison and sausages; the first very palatable. After this, comes a fricandeau of veal, with cauliflower. Then, a German pudding, with cherry sauce. After the pudding a very capital bit of roast mutton; and following the mutton, roast chicken, with a salad, which lacks only good oil to be highly relishable. This closes the dinner; with the exception of cakes, tarts, fruits, &c. All this (as I am in a practical vein to-day) is served at a cost so inconsiderable, as to be almost ridiculous.

"The mingling of people upon the Rhine boats, is a curious matter of study, and of speculation. I should say that one half of the quarter-deck passengers upon any fine day of summer might be safely reckoned English; not perhaps fresh come from Great Britain; for a large number of families are residing hereabout, both by reason of economical living, and for the advantages offering in way of a cheap, continental education. It is moreover a very noticeable fact that the officers, and stewards of the Rhine boats, as well as the hotel runners, are applying themselves nowadays, much more to English, than to the French tongue. So that I have no doubt, that in five or ten years time, a man will travel better upon the Rhine, with English, than with French on his tongue.

"I may mention further in this connection, that the authorities who preside over the realms hereabout, to wit, the King of Prussia, the Dukes of Nassau, Baden, *et ceteri*, are making strong efforts to forestall the further progress of French in this neighborhood, even for salon uses.

It is somewhat amusing to note the important bearing of the officials of such small authorities as the Duke of Nassau; making true the old notion, that what a man lacks in character, he will make up in bluster. It reminds me of the parade of whistles, and bells, and orders, and counter-orders, which you frequently observe about the depôt of some inconsiderable railroad in the country. The stoppages are very important; there is great punctiliousness about tickets, and immense ado about trifles generally.

"The old bug-bear of passports is kept in full force; and the King of Prussia has latterly enjoined upon his agents along the Rhine a much stricter scrutiny. These agents are all of them military agents, and wear the best part of their character upon their backs. Beyond compliance with certain established formulas, they have no idea, either of duty, or of propriety. The consequence is, a sort of automaton magistracy and police, which is as fearful, and pitiful to behold, as the driveling dependence into which the English have reduced their whole population of serving-men.

"The summer residence in the Rhine neighborhood of the Prince of Prussia (brother to the King, and presumptive heir to the throne) is as pretty a bit of old-time *castellation*, as one would wish to see. It is made up of an old-time ruin, repaired in careful keeping with the first feudal look; and stands boldly upon a crag that seems to promise a plunge into the waters of the Bingen Loch that lie below it. It is not large, but tall; and the walls are of feudal thickness. You wind to it through woods, and catch no glimpse of its portal, until at the turning of a step, you find yourself upon the drawbridge and the portcullis frowning on you. The furniture is admirably bestowed in keeping with the ancient knightly habits; the iron wicker swings from the topmost tower to kindle the alarm fire; Holbein's paintings hang in the hall, among hoary antlers, and rusty suits of mail; cutlasses, and German broadswords are festooned over the oaken doors; every hinge is heavily wrought of iron; and the library even, is stocked with manuscripts in vellum, and antique bound missals.

"Altogether, you seem to float back on the tide of the Rhine-tide, some four or five hundred years; and fancy the swart boar-hunters, and bearded barons presiding again over the valley and the forests; nor do you wake from the feudal dose until the puff and clatter of a blue-painted Rhine steamer, with a strip of red and white bunting at the peak, drives out your dream, and forces on you the steam-story of Progress and of Civilization.

"I asked after the bold baron of the castle, who is the Prince of Prussia, but he was not in his halls; he had gone to eat fried eels with the Duke of Nassau. And I daresay he made a very good dinner of it, and came home in a steam-boat.

"It is odd enough to find, after you have clambered for hours to the summit of the Rhine banks, that you meet upon their verge the edges of another culture, which sweeps back over broad lats of table-land, in yellow wheat-fields. That is *to say*, the Rhine hills are not so much hills, as they are precipitous edges of waving fields. The steeps are covered with vineyards; and the softer slopes, which lean landward, are rich in all manner of grain and in potatoes. Sometimes, a bit of old, craggy boar forest as on the Niederwald—lies between the two; and you stroll under mossy limbs, with never a thought of the low-lying landscape which is presently to break on your eye, and which is to show you the winding Rhine a thousand feet below you; and yet so near, that it seems as if you might toss the bowl of your pipe in its eddies.

"If ever you come to the Niederwald on a summer's day, and are heated with a half-day's climb toward the heights I have told you of, take a lounge (when you have traversed the boar forest), under the arbor of a Gasthof, which you will find in the lee of the woods, and call for a bottle of the red wine of Asmanhausen. I need not tell you what is to be done with the wine.

"They prize it hereabout; and the prizing of it does great honor to their taste. It is not so acid as the Bordeaux you are familiar with, nor so tame as the Hock. It has a spice in it, and a mellowness, and a glow, with an unctuous grape-taste, and smell of vine-leaves, that does one good to snuff, and quaff, and quaff again. Nor does it go to the head unpleasantly: but quickens the eye for valley views, making it keener to trace the tortuous river, and readier in its grasp of those glimmering and indistinct belfries and spires, which hover mistily on the far-away horizon.

"As for legends, I could stuff my letter full of them; but like the wines, they lose by transportation. You must hold them—like the wine—to your eye, and watch the river through them.

"Under my eye just now, across the river, only a boat's length from the further side, rises a rude-

shaped triangular bit of rock, a few feet above the surface, on which is sculptured a cross. It is a mark of burial; and within the rock lie entombed, in accordance with his dying wish, the heart and brain of a certain Herr Vogt, who was the chronicler of the Rhine Stories. This is no legend, to be sure; but a strange glimpse of poetic fervor outstretching our lifetime, and clinging to the mountain idols in death. It is certainly a pretty thought, that the waves, whose beauties the poor man doated on, and recorded, should be now paying him back in their own way, with an everlasting lullaby.

"—The word reminds me that the night is waning toward the small hours; though still the 'untired moon' is pouring a silver day upon the river. I wet my wafer in the Rhenish wine, and say,—Adieu."

In England, the public ear has been full of the Eastern alarm, and of the reviews at Chobham, and at Portsmouth. Nor have these last been without their interest even for stranger lookers-on.

The Queen, with her bustling propensities, has recovered from a fit of the measles, in time for two or three reviews at Chobham—for dinner-parties at Windsor, for the naval affair of Portsmouth, and for her *quasi* quietude of Osborne House. There are those who speak disparagingly of the Queen's gadding habit of life, and of the needless public expenditure which it entails; and, if one may judge from the lesser journals, this disposition of talk is on the gain. It is certain that she is determined to exercise all the prerogatives of kingly pleasure which the Lords and Commons have left her; and it is equally certain that she will find, like every other monarch, crowds to flatter and approve her action.

Nearer home the Exhibition is the thing betalked of: and the various critiques upon statuary and painting are, to say the least, vastly amusing. The "*Times*" (London) has, as might have been expected, made itself clumsily merry upon the matter of our hasty opening; and drawn parallels, very self-laudatory, with the opening of the great Exhibition of London. Meantime, however, it is quite consolatory to think that the British farmers are taking present advantage of McCormick's reaper to gather in their belated harvest: and we may hope, in all compassion, that such grain as may thereby be saved from the weather, will go to feed in better way the hungry mouths of English laborers—if it do not choke the captious grumbling of the journalists.

With Julien's jeweled baton waving in triumph at Castle Garden, we, for the time, scarcely regret that Sontag, and Alboni, and Thillon, and the other operatic warblers are, for us, "mute as the lark ere morning's birth." The theatres, meanwhile, rejoice in fresh paint and marvelous delineators of impossible Irish, Yankee, and Negro character.

For those who seek entertainment through the eye rather than the ear, the "Bryan," the "Rhenish," and the "Düsseldorf" Galleries afford something to study and admire. Panoramas, moreover, stretch their gay length along more walls than one. Foremost among these is that of Niagara, to whose conscientious faithfulness to nature we have more than once borne testimony; the abundant success of which we are glad to chronicle; and for which we venture to predict still wider appreciation, when, some months since, the dwellers by the Thames, the Loire, and the Rhine have opportunity to behold this admirable presentment of our great American cataract.

Editor's Drawer.

We were a good deal amused the other day, at a circumstance which occurred in one of the cars of the New York and Erie Railroad. It was witnessed by a friend whom no "good thing" ever escapes, and who thus describes it:

"On a seat two or three 'removes' from me, sat a smart Yankee-looking woman, with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet, set jauntily upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man, of a somewhat foreign air and manner.

"The woman watched him with every appearance of interest, and at last said to him:

"'Do you see that hand-bill there, telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car-windows?'

"The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes; and presently out went his head again, and half his body, from the car-window.

"'Do you understand English?' asked the woman.

"'Yaw!' was the reply.

"'Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?'

"There was no reply, of any kind, to this appeal.

"At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a long wooden bridge. The lady started back, and once more exclaimed:

"'Do you understand English?'

"'Yaw—yaw!'

"'Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?'

"No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped 'collusion' with some passing object.

"The woman could 'stand it' no longer: '*Why don't you keep your head out of the window?* The next thing you know, your head will be smashed into a jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is, if you've *got any*—and I don't much believe you have!'

"We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude; which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her fellow-passenger; but when the true motive 'leaked out,' coupled with so very equivocal a compliment to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the car that drowned the roaring of the wheels."

Moral lessons, fairy tales, allegories, and other forms of composition have been resorted to, to illustrate the unpeaceful influence of suddenly-acquired wealth upon its "fortunate" possessor; but we never heard the fact more strikingly enforced, than in an account recently published in an English journal, describing the manner in which a gold "nugget," worth some thirty thousand pounds, and now exhibiting in London, was obtained, and the effect that its discovery had upon the finder. After relating how hard they had labored, night and day, to sink a shaft, often interrupted by "caving-in," and rising water from the bottom, the gold-digger proceeds:

"One day 'twas my turn to go down; and in the tunnel, about thirty inches high, and a yard wide, I found some very good 'nuggets;' and when I came up, I said to Jack, in a joke:

"'*This* is the way to get gold: you don't know how to get it.'

"'I shall find some some day,' says he.

"And, sure enough, he hadn't been down long before I heard him laughing like mad, and calling me. I leaned over the shaft, and could hardly speak.

"'What is it, Jack?' I said.

"'I've found it!' says he, and it's a big 'un!'

"'Softly!' I said; 'for God's sake, keep quiet! How big is it?'

"'Three or four hundred weight,' says he, laughing hysterically again.

"I begged him not to make a noise; and went to call L——, and took him away from all the tents, and told him Jack had found a big nugget, and we must all keep it dark. So I got an old sack, and sent it down the hole; and Jack soon sent it up the hole, with the big lump in it. I slung it over my shoulder, and walked very quiet-like through all the diggers, till I came to our tent, and then I threw it down, on the outside, on the dirt-heap, and went inside, to consider what was best to be done.

"Leaving L—— to watch, I went off to the agent's, a distance of two miles, to ask for protection.

"'What do you want protection for?' says he.

"'We've found a large nugget, sir,' said I.

"'How big?' said he—'forty pounds?'

"'*Twice* forty, I think,' said I.

"'O, you're romancing!' said he.

"But he sent three policemen and a horseman; and just at sunset they slung the sack on a pole, and carried it off to the government-station.

"It was soon all over the 'diggings,' and one man bid two hundred and fifty pounds for the hole out of which we had taken it. But we wanted three hundred. The next morning we went to the Commissioners' to get the gold washed, and weighed; but it was license-day; and there was such a crowd of people that we left off washing it; and when they all went away, we weighed it in an old pair of potato-scales, and found that it weighed *one hundred and thirty-four pounds, eight ounces, avoirdupois!*

"The Commissioners advised us to leave the place as soon as we could—there was so great an excitement about it: and as we went through the 'diggings,' they told us our mates had found another big nugget; but we didn't believe 'em, there's always so many romances flying about there. But we found it was true *this* time."

What fears, what precautions, what anxiety, the moment this "nugget" was secured! Afraid to take it in, as a treasure; afraid to speak of it—almost afraid to have it in possession! An "enchanted ring," giving to its possessor the power of securing the fruition of every wish, could hardly have been more troublesome than this "lump" of good fortune.

VERY few readers of "The Drawer" but will remember "Professor" Anderson, the adroit trickist, and the skill with which he managed to blind his audiences to the *modus operandi* of his operations, some of which, to say the least, were very remarkable, and past finding out, by the shrewdest and most watchful looker-on. When the "Professor" said, in his peculiar way,

"Would an-ny gentleman aw lady lend me a po'ket-enghkerchief?—Thenk-ye!" there was mischief; for thereby hung a "trick" that has hitherto defied solution by the most acute and penetrating observer. But this apart.

There are other "professors," it would seem; and in Europe they abound. Of one of them, a celebrated flute-player, the following amusing anecdote is recorded:

"He advertised a concert for his benefit in a country-town; and in order to attract those who had no music in their souls, and were not moved by concord of sweet sounds, he announced that between the acts he would exhibit an extraordinary feat, and one never before heard of in Europe. He would "hold in his *left* hand a glass of wine, and would allow six of the strongest men in the town to hold his arm; and notwithstanding all their efforts to prevent him, he would drink the wine!"

So novel and surprising a display of strength, as it was of course naturally enough regarded, attracted a very crowded house. Expectation was on tip-toe, when the "Professor" appeared upon the stage, with a wine-glass, full of wine, in his hand, and in very polite and courteous phrase, invited any half dozen men to come forward, and put his prowess to the test.

Several gentlemen, among whom was the Mayor of the place, immediately advanced to the stage, and grasped the left arm of the "Professor," apparently rendering the performance of his promised feat out of the question.

There was an awful pause for a moment, when the manacled "Professor," eying the gentlemen who had pinioned him, said in broken English:

"Genteel-mens, are you all ready?"

"We are ready!" was the reply, as they grasped still more tightly his left arm.

"Are you quite sure you have got a fast holds?"

The answer having been given in the affirmative, by a very confident nod by those to whom it was addressed, the "Professor," to the infinite amusement of the spectators, and to the no small surprise of the group around him, advancing his *right* arm, which was of course entirely free, very coolly took the wine-glass from his left hand, and bowing very politely to the half-dozen gentlemen who were exhausting their strength upon his left arm, said:

"Genteel-mens, I have the honor to drink all your goot healts!"

At the same moment he quaffed off the wine, amid a general roar of laughter, and universal cries of, "Well done!—well done!"

This is almost equal to the Yankee expedient for "raising the wind" some years ago, in one of our far-western States. The exhibitor had tried various ways of "getting an honest living," as he called it, without hard work. He had toiled for many years on a farm, that yielded a scanty return for the labor bestowed upon it, and all "for the old man;" but becoming heartily tired of this kind of exercise, he determined, as he expressed it, to "leave the old homestead, and *shirk for himself.*"

He first tried clock-peddling; but his instruments—not the best made in the world, probably—were returned back upon his hands, having been only "warranted;" he next essayed school-keeping; but with a praiseworthy frankness, he said he failed in *that*, "'cause he didn't know enough;" then he tried phrenology, which he explained as a "dreadful risky business," bumps was so different on different folks; and (last-but-*one*-ly) he essayed dentistry; but his "travels" in that humane avocation yielding him but small remuneration, he went into another line. He mingled Phrenology with Zoology!

He gave out that on a certain evening, after his phrenological lecture had been concluded, he would exhibit to the audience two of the most remarkable creatures that had ever been publicly exhibited in any country. They had been caught among the sublime fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains; and were:

First, an animal, known in that remote and seldom-visited region as the "*Prock*;" a creature that was only caught (and caught always with the greatest difficulty) on the side of a mountain, along which, and nowhere else, could he graze. He had a short

hind-leg, and a short fore-leg also, for the convenience of browsing on the mountain side, the discrepancy being intended to keep him erect; and the only way in which he could be caught was to "head him" on the side of the mountain, when he would turn suddenly round, and his long legs coming on the up-hill side, he would fall down, from lack of underpinning on the lower side, when he at once became an easy prey to the hunter!

The other animal was called the *Guyanosa;* a terrific monster, and very dangerous, caught in one of the wildest passes of the Rocky Mountains, by some forty hunters, who secured him by lassos, after he had been chased for four days. Dangerous as he was, however, the lecturer said, he had been strongly secured with chains, and could be seen without any apprehension on the part of the audience.

The eventful night at length arrived; the phrenological lecture was delivered to a crowded house; and all the spectators were awaiting with breathless expectation the rising of a green baize curtain which had been suspended behind the lecturer, and from whence had come, at different times during the intellectual performance, the most hideous sounds.

Before proceeding to exhibit the animals, the lecturer dwelt at some length upon the characteristics of each; and describing, especially, the ravenous nature of the *Guyanosa*, and his enormous strength. He then retired behind the curtain, to arrange the animals for immediate exhibition.

There was an interval of some five or six minutes, when a great clanking of chains was heard, and a roar, half animal, half human, which shook the whole house. In a moment a shriek, as of one "smit with sudden pain," was heard, and out rushed the exhibitor, his hair erect, his eyes staring from their sockets, and dire terror depicted in every feature:

"Save yourselves! ladies and gentlemen!—save yourselves!" he exclaimed: "the *Guyanosa* has broken loose, and has already killed the *Prock!*"

The house was cleared in two minutes; and, what is remarkable, neither the lecturer, the "Prock," nor the "Guyanosa" was ever seen in the village afterward.

There were some who doubted whether the strange animals were present at all; but such incredulous persons were answered by hundreds:

"Why, we heard 'em howl, as plain as we hear you speak!"

Of course that settled the question entirely!

We find this exposition of the value, the merit, almost the piety of "*A Cheerful Heart*," in one of the compartments of "The Drawer," and regret that we are not enabled to assign to some noble heart the honor of so true a sentiment:

"I once heard a young lady say to an individual:

"'Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a *cheerful look*.'

"A cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Every thing is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look on the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for fear of the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man *will* be happy, in spite of himself.

"The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its road, but goes buzzing on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about, and to find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard, uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace."

There seems to be good reason for supposing that the man who wrote the following must have experienced "bad luck" in his choice of a wife:

"A man who marries nowadays, marries a great deal more than he bargained for. He not only weds himself to a woman, but to a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whale-bone, eight coffee-bags (for skirts), four baskets of cheap novels, one poodle-dog, and a set of weak nerves, which will keep four servant-girls busy flying round the house the whole blessed time.

"Whether 'the fun pays for the powder' is a matter of debate."

One would think it was!

We put the following on record, that when the next steamboat is blown up in our waters, *some* portion of the blame may light upon the shoulders of those who ought at least to assist in bearing it:

"An old lady in Cincinnati had a large quantity of bacon to ship to New Orleans, where she herself was going for supplies. She stipulated with the captain of the steamer that he should have her freight, provided he would not race during the trip. The captain consented, and the old lady came on board.

"After the second day out, another steamboat was seen close a-stern (with which, by-the-by, the captain had been racing all the time), and would every now and then come up to the old lady's boat, and then fall back again. The highest excitement prevailed among the passengers, as the two boats continued, for nearly a day, almost side by side. At length the old lady, partaking herself of the excitement, called the captain, and said:

"'Captain, you *ain't* going to let that thar old boat pass us, are you?'

"'Why, I shall have to, madam, as I agreed not to race.'

"'Well, you can just *try* it a little; *that* won't hurt.'

"'But, madam, to tell you the truth, I *did*.'

"'Gracious! but do try a little more: see, the old boat is even with us!'

"A loud cheer now arose from the old boat, and the exultations of the passengers made the old lady more anxious than ever.

"'I can't *raise* any more steam, madam,' said the captain, in reply to the old lady's continued urgings, 'all the tar and pine-knots are burnt up.'

"'Good gracious!' she exclaimed, 'what shall we do? The old boat is going by us! Isn't there any thing *else* on board that will make steam?'

"'Nothing, madam,' replied the captain, 'except—except'—(as if a new idea had struck him)—'except your bacon! But, of course, you want to save your bacon.'

"'No,' exclaimed the old lady, 'throw in the bacon!—throw in the bacon, captain!—and beat the old boat!'"

The captain did not, as we gather, comply with the generous suggestion; and the "old boat" went puffing its way ahead, much to the mortification and discomfiture of the old lady.

This may be exaggerated; but there is a great deal of human nature in it nevertheless; and it illustrates, moreover, that kind of silent contempt with which passengers in a large boat look down upon those who happen to be in a small one!

THAT was rather a singular wedding party that met at the Nevada Hotel, in California, some year or so ago; and it is well worth a description in the "Drawer."

A marriage took place at the hotel in question of a lady who had previously had *four* husbands, three of whom were then living. The last happy bridegroom was a gentleman from Kentucky, well known in the States, and at that time an opulent citizen of the "Golden Republic."

By a strange concatenation of circumstances, her last two husbands, between whom and herself all marital duties had ceased to exist, by the operation of the divorce-law, had "put up" at the "Nevada House" on the same evening, both ignorant of the fact that their former *caro sposa* had rested under the same roof with themselves, and also that they had both, in former years, been wedded to the same lady.

Next morning they occupied seats at the breakfast table directly opposite the bridal party! Their eyes met, with mute but expressive astonishment. The bride did not faint, as perhaps might have been expected, but at once informed her new "liege lord" of her singular situation, and who the guests were that were regarding them with so much attention.

Influenced by the natural nobleness of his nature, and the happy impulses of his heart, he summoned his predecessors to his bridal-chamber, and the warmest congretulations were interchanged between the four "parties" of the "first" "second" and "third part," in the most unreserved and friendly manner. The two ex-husbands frankly and freely declared that they had ever found the lady an excellent and faithful companion, and that they themselves were the authors of the difficulties which had conspired to produce their separation; the cause being traceable, in each case, to a too-frequent indulgence in intoxicating drinks.

The legal "lord and master" declared that his affection for his bride was strengthened by the circumstances narrated, and the extraordinary coincidence, and that, if possible, his happiness was even increased by the occurrence.

After a few presents from their well-filled purses of rich "specimens," the parties separated; the two ex-husbands for the Atlantic States, with the kindest regards of the lady for the welfare of her former husbands!

There is so much of real romance in this incident, that it may seem problemetical; but it is recorded as "true in every particular."

HOOD somewhere speaks of a sailor badly off for food and drink in the Desert, who "went in ballast with old shoes for victuals," and for drink was obliged to content himself with a "second-hand swig at the cistern" of a dead camel. An Oregon emigrant, who took the overland route to that far-distant region, does not seem to have fared much better. He says that food was so scarce in the beginning of winter that he boiled his boots and made soup of them, and did all this with so much success, that the proceeds gave him the fee-simple of one of the very finest farms in the territory. For the last week of the "tramp," he writes, he "lived on a pickled headstall, and a pair of rope-traces, made into a salad with some green shavings, which they obtained at a deserted saw-mill!"

With pepper, salt, and vinegar, he might have made a good meal, he adds, but those condiments had unfortunately been forgotten!

"MRS. PARTINGTON" is an original creation; and the *true* one can be detected from her numerous imitators in a moment. The Rev. Sydney Smith first introduced this notable lady to the public; but the *Boston Post* is the only journal which records her original sayings and doings, which are only excelled—if indeed they *are* excelled at all—by Mrs. LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM, the illustrious *protégé* of the witty Theodore Hook. Here are two of her late "utterances" which are quite as good in their way as any thing in Madame Ramsbottom's letters from Rome or Paris:

"Diseases is very various—very. The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles upon her lungs! It's dreadful to think of—'tis really. The diseases is *so* various! One day we hear of peoples' dying of 'hermitage of the lungs,' another of 'brown-creatures:' here they tell us of the 'elementary canal' being out of order, and there about the 'tear of the throat;' here we hear of the 'newrology in the head,' and there of an 'embargo' in the back. On one side of us we hear of a man getting killed by getting a piece of beef in his 'sarcoisagus,' and there another kills himself by dinkevering his 'jocular vein.' Things change so that I don't know how to subscribe for any thing nowadays. New names and 'rostrums' take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old yerb-bag away."

Again she speaks of the various cures for the pest of "rats and mice, and such small deer:"

"As for rats, it ain't no use to try to get rid of 'em. They rather *like* the 'vermin anecdote,' and even 'chlorosive supplement" they don't make up a face at!"

THERE was a good deal of "mother wit" in the remark made by a Western squatter, when encountering one of the more common dangers of traveling in the "Far West." He was fording a stream, wild and turbulent, grasping the tail of a stout mare, followed, at her side by a colt of some three or four years old. Before he reached the farther bank, however, his horse began to flounder, and give evident symptoms of sinking. Seeing his situation, a man on the bank called out:

"Change! change! Drop the mare and take the colt. The mare's tired out!"

"Shan't do it!" exclaimed the other. This ain't no time for *swoppin' horses!*"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before down he went, and the horse with him. Both, however, after floating down the stream, borne by the rapid current, were landed upon a small island, the *débris* of the river, and were at last extricated from their perilous predicament.

Wit, under such circumstances must have been a "ruling passion" almost "strong in death."

THE subjoined beautiful thoughts are from Sir Humphrey Davy's '*Salmonia*:'

"I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe what would be most useful to me, I should prefer a

firm religious belief to every other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all other hopes vanish: and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of ill-fortune, and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the Gardens of the Blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

You may take up a paper, or you may take up a book, at the house of a friend, where you may be waiting to see some one whom you have called to see, or some one who is waiting, by appointment, to see you. He does not come. Time hangs heavily upon your hands. You are in the room where he sees his friends; it is his sanctum-sanctorum—his library; and every thing around will speak of him; the pictures, the books, and the many nameless little things that you see around you, shall almost bring him before you.

By-and-by he will come in, and *then* you will associate, ever after, that room, and all its furniture and adornments, with himself.

But how inconceivably painful, to memory and reflection, when he leaves that room vacant forever! when, in the beautiful language of the Bible, he "goes hence, and is no more seen;" when the places that knew him once shall know him no more forever!

> "The church-yard shows an added stone,
> The fire-side shows a vacant chair."

Think, when you casually meet a friend in the street, and exchange with him a few words of pleasant greeting, think, as you part in the busy thoroughfare, and he goes on his way of pleasure or of business ("for every man," as Shakspeare says, "has business or pleasure, such as 'tis,") and you depart on yours, that you *may* never look upon his face again; that among the foot-falls, like drops of autumnal rain in the crowded street, *his* will be heard no more. Think so for a moment, and you will love him all the more.

Spiritual Rappings are still in the ascendant in very many parts of the country, not to speak of our own goodly city of Gotham. *Punch* thinks he has discovered the secret: he says it has become reduced almost to a demonstration that the rappings are produced by phantom post-men, delivering "dead letters." We surrender the argument to that sage philosopher.

But in the meantime we desire to present, from a "*Spiritual Harbinger*," the following clear account of what may be expected when spiritualism has reached its acme:

"In the twelfth hour, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosive illustration. Then shall the Creator in effulgence, above the Divine Seraphimal, arise into the Dome of the Disclosure, in one comprehensive, revolving galaxy of supreme Beatitudes."

A wag of a country editor, whether through a "medium" or no, is not stated, has imagined quite a different state of things, which he thus discloses:

"Then shall Blockheads, in the Asinine Dome of Disclosive Procedure rise into the Dome of the Disclosure, until co-equal and co-extensive and conglomerated Lumaxes, in one comprehensive Mix, shall assimilate into Nothing, and revolve, like a bob-tailed pussy-cat after the space where the tail was!"

It seems difficult to assume which of these two exhibitions of the mysteries born of the "spiritual manifestations" is the true one; but we confess that the last is the most sensible, and certainly the most easy of comprehension.

One of the best illustrations we have ever seen of the great power of overweening *vanity*, is contained in the following anecdote from a late Parisian journal:

Two gentlemen were walking together through one of the most crowded streets of the "Gay Capital," when one remarked to the other:

"You see that man before us?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"Nothing but this: I will leave you, and go immediately up to him and kick him!"

"For what purpose? Has he offended you?"

"Not at all; I shall do it to illustrate a principle. I shall kick him, and what is more, he will neither resent it, nor be at all angry at the act."

He immediately left the side of his friend, walked up to the man of whom he had been speaking, and administered to him a tremendous *coup de pied*.

Astonished and indignant, the man turned upon the aggressor, who met his ferocious gaze with a face beaming with regret and sorrow:

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," he said; "I have mistaken you for the Duke de la Tremouille, who has grievously wronged me!"

The duke was the handsomest man in Paris, and the envy of all the beaux in town; whereas the man who was thus unceremoniously kicked, was a miracle of ugliness. But instead of being offended, he was flattered and gratified by the *mistake* under which he believed he had suffered; so he simply smiled, bowed, and went on his way!

That this world is not all flowers and sunshine, even to the happiest, is forcibly set forth in the following passage which, when, or how, or whence, we know not, has found its way into our receptacle:

"Ah! this beautiful world! Indeed I scarcely know what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and Heaven itself seems not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and lowering, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days, like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts, nor on our hearths. Believe me, every heart has its own secret sorrows, which the world knows not."

We scarcely know why, but in reading the above, there came to mind those beautiful lines of Shelley's, written at Naples, on one of the most glorious days, and under the most beautiful sky that hangs over any part of the great universe of the Almighty:

> "The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
> The waves are dancing fast and bright,
> Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
> The sunny noon's transparent light."

But amid all this brightness, this carnival of nature, look in upon the poor poet's *heart*:

> "I could lie down like a tired child,
> And weep away this life of care,
> Which I have borne, and still must bear,
> Till Death, like sleep, should steal o'er me,
> *And I could feel in the warm air,*
> *My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea,*
> *Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.*

"Some might lament, when I was gone,
As I, when this sweet day is done,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan!"

Inexpressibly sad, and sweet, and touching! "Some days will be dark and dreary," as Longfellow sings, how brightly and sweetly soever Nature may smile around. "We make the weather in our *hearts*," says a French writer, "whether the sun shines out, or the heavens are black with storms."

It is a curious thing sometimes to notice the effect of a word, and the different meanings given to it, by a simple "turn of the expression," as Sydney Smith terms it. There is a new anecdote of Charles Lamb, which exemplifies this very pleasantly:

On a wet, miserable, foggy, "London" day, in the autumn, he was accosted by a beggar-woman with:

"Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute widow-woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have *seen better days!*"

"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling: "so have I; it's a miserable day! Good-by! good-by!"

Two similar things arise to recollection as we jot this down. One is this:

A gentleman espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without leave or license, bawled out very lustily:

"What are you about there, you rascals, you?"

"About going," said one of them, with his hand gyrating at his nose, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at double-quick time.

And the second is like unto it:

A mother always insisted that her children should append "ma'am" to every answer, in the negative or affirmative, which they gave her.

One day they had pork-and-beans for dinner (properly cooked, a dinner for a king, or the President of the United States), and after one of the little boys had twice emptied his plate, his mother, with the "serving-spoon" in the dish, said:

"Freddy, do you want some more?"

"No," said he.

"*No!*" exclaimed his mother: "no! What else? No *what?*"

"*No beans!*" said the little fellow—don't want none."

Now that "little rascal" knew perfectly well that he was expected to say "No, *ma'am;*" but sometimes children are *such* wags!

"Old Uncle Spraker," well-known up in the valley of the Mohawk, once related a misfortune which had happened to his son in this wise:

"Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a raddle-snake, und vash sick into his bed, speechless, for six waks in der mont' of Augoost; and all his cry vash, 'Vater! vater!' Und he couldn't eat noding, except a leedle dea, midout no sugar into it."

The following specimen of original criticism, from a country journal, evinces a knowledge of logical disputation that would do credit to the most rabid controversialist:

"A discussion had arisen in a stage-coach upon the apparent impossibility that a perfect man like Adam could commit sin.

"'But he *wasn't* perfect,' said one of the company.

"'Wasn't *perfect?*' ejaculated the other, in great amazement.

"'No, sir; he *wasn't* perfect,' repeated the commentator.

"'What do you mean?' asked his interlocutor.

"'I mean what I *say*,' was the reply. 'He was *made* perfect, I admit; but he didn't *stay* perfect.'

"'How so?'

"'Why, didn't his Maker take out one of his ribs? He wasn't perfect after losing one of his ribs, was he?'

"His antagonist was silent; and candidly confessed that 'Woman was the cause of man's original imperfection!'"

There is a good deal of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard" style about the ensuing paragraph, upon "*Making Auger-holes with a Gimlet*:"

"My boy, what are you doing with that gimlet?" I asked of a little flaxen-headed urchin, who was laboring with all his might at a piece of board before him.

'Trying to make an auger-hole," said he, without raising his eyes.

Now this is precisely the way with two-thirds of the world—"making auger-holes with a gimlet."

There, for example, is young A——, who has escaped from the clerk's desk, behind the counter. He sports a mustache and imperial, carries a rattan, drinks champagne, and talks largely about the profits of banking, shaving notes, &c. He fancies he is really a great man: but every body around him sees that he is only "making auger-holes with a gimlet."

Miss C—— is a "nice," pretty girl: she might be very useful, too, for she has intelligence enough: but she must be the "ton." She goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines she is a belle, disdains all labor, forgets (or tries to forget) that her father was an honest mechanic; and all for what? Why, she is endeavoring to work herself into the belief that an auger-hole can be made with a gimlet.

Saint Paul, when preaching the kingdom of God and His righteousness, "ministered unto his own necessities, and was "chargeable to no man." Some such service, and similarly performed, is described in a letter before us, from a Western missionary:

"We live on less than two hundred dollars per annum, including horse-keeping and traveling expenses; and my traveling in a year is not less than three thousand miles. I have to go to a neighboring wood and fell down the trees, chop them into ten or twelve feet logs, hitch my horse to them, drag them to the house, chop, saw, and split them for stove-fuel; and then, after preaching two sermons a week, riding most weeks fifty or sixty miles, teaching Sabbath-schools, riding three miles to the post-office, store, &c.; and even then I am told by my brethren that I 'don't do anything but ride about and read my books,' and they wonder why 'I couldn't work a little, now and then, and try to *earn* a part of my living!'"

A correspondent has clipped the following from an old newspaper, which he sends to us as a "companion-piece" to the "cool" on board a Long Island Sound steamer, mentioned in an anecdote of Matthews the actor, in a previous number of "The Drawer:"

"An 'exquisite' of the first water, reeking with scented hair-oil and Cologne, was 'demming' the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs. A raw Jonathan sat by his side, dressed in a very plain suit of homespun.

"Turning to his 'vulgah' friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger toward a plate, and said:

"'Butter, sah!'

"'I see it is,' said Jonathan; 'it's pooty good, tew, I guess.'

"'Butter, sah, I say!' repeated the dandy.

"'*I* know it—very good—a first-rate article, and *no* mistake,' provokingly reiterated Homespun.

"'BUTTER! I tell you!' thundered the exquisite, in still louder tones, pointing with slow, unmoving finger again toward the plate, and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him.

"'Wal, Gosh-all-Jerewsalem! *what of it?*' now yelled the down-easter, getting *his* dander up, in turn; 'yeou didn't think *I* took it for *lard*, did ye?'

"The discomfited exquisite now reached over and helped himself; attributing that to 'greenness' which was, and was *intended* to be, no doubt, a rebuke of his ill-manners and haughty, overbearing tone. He might have learned politeness in this 'one easy lesson.'"

SOME idea of the ignorance which prevails abroad in relation to the growth and progress of this country, may be gathered from the following authentic anecdote:

"When Count Pulszky was visiting Lamartine, soon after that fine poet and poor statesman had retired from the Presidency of the French Republic, the ex-President observed to his guest that it was 'impossible to maintain a Democratic form of government in France.'

"'Why not?' said the Hungarian; 'they can do it in the United States.'

"'True,' replied Lamartine; 'but then they have no *Paris* there.'

"'I know,' said the Count; 'but they have New York.'

"'And what of New York?' inquired the Frenchman.

"'Why *this*,' said Pulszky, 'that it is a city with a population of seven hundred thousand souls.'

"'Ah, *fanfaronade Americaine!*' replied Lamartine, shaking his head, and smiling incredulously; 'Ah, my dear sir, that is American bragging; don't you believe a word of it!'

"Count Pulszky, being a civil man, only laughed in his sleeve, and dropped the subject."

This was in Paris; but Americans in England meet almost every day with ignorance as remarkable, and incredulity even stranger.

Literary Notices.

Men and Things as I Saw them in Europe, by KIRWAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this lively volume never forgets that he is a Protestant and a Presbyterian, never loses his good-humor and vivacity, never shuts his eyes where objects of curiosity are to be seen, never misses an opportunity through scruples of diffidence or delicacy, and never is mealy-mouthed in the expression of his opinions. He is an acute observer—knows the world like a book—every where makes himself at home—is never taken by surprise—is never at a loss for words—and is always well satisfied with himself. His remarks on European society, especially in its religious aspects, will be read with interest. For a professed partisan, he is not uncandid. Many of his personal experiences are amusing. And he is always ready to do justice to the ludicrous side of things. His tour embraces England, France, Italy, Switzerland, on each of which countries he presents many striking views, tinctured, for the most part, with a smack of originality. The following general remarks on European character are suggestive as well as characteristic:

"There is nothing which strikes an American traveler in Europe more strongly than the attachment to old habits, fashions, and forms every where visible. The guides through the Tower of London are dressed as harlequins. The Lord Chancellor of England is buried in an enormous wig, with sleeves. The advocates pleading in court must wear their gown and wig. Welsh-women wear hats like men. The people in many of the departments of France are distinguished by their dresses. They will tell you in Rome to what village the people from the country belong by the fashion of their garments. Mountains, and rivers, and often imaginary lines, divide kingdoms, nations, and tongues. On one side of a river you find one set of customs; on the other, a very different set. On one side of a mountain you hear the Italian; on the other, the German, or the French, or a patois peculiar to the people. The British Channel is some twenty miles wide, and how different the people, the language, the religion, on either side of it. In a few hours you may fly from Liverpool to Wales and to the Isle of Man, and these hours bring you among a people who speak the English, the Welsh, the Manx languages. This all seems singular to us, who can travel from east to west, and from north to south, over a country thousands of miles in extent, and find among all our people the same language, customs, and habits. These distinctions tend to keep up old jealousies, to foster prejudices, to retain the dividing lines of races and religions, and thus to obstruct the march of civilization and Christianity. They form strings upon which kings, princes, and priests can play so as to suit their own purposes. The people of Europe need to be shaken together, and to be kept together long enough, as it were in some chemical retort, in which they would lose their peculiarities, and from which they would come forth one people. The great peculiarity of our country is, that we take all the varying people from all the varying nations of Europe, and cast them into our mill, and they come out in the grist, speaking our language, Americans and Protestants."

"Kirwan's" sturdy Protestantism stands out in his description of

THE POPE AND CARDINALS AT THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

"The Sistine Chapel is, of course, an object of great curiosity at Rome. It is connected with the palace of the Vatican, which is adjoining St. Peter's, and is the private chapel of the Pope. You ascend the famous staircase of Bernini, which is guarded at the foot by 'the Swiss Guards,' the most fantastical-looking soldiers imaginable, and enter the Sala Regia, a large audience-chamber, adorned with fine frescoes, and, among others, with that commemorating the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Papists would deny any responsibility for that horrible massacre, and yet its blessed memory is perpetuated in the Vatican by a splendid fresco! From this chamber you enter the Sistine, and the fresco of the Judgment, by Angelo, sixty feet high and thirty broad, is before you. This is universally admitted to be the most extraordinary picture in the history of the art of painting. The conception is such as the genius alone of Angelo could embody, and the result is grand and sublime. Although faded by the triple effect of damp, time, and the incense so often burned on the altar beneath it, it is difficult to weary in gazing upon it.

"This spot we frequently visited; and it was here, at vespers and mathes, on feast-days, we had our views of the Pope and his cardinals. The cardinals enter by the same door as do strangers—walk along the aisle, with a servant untwisting their robes, to the inner of the three apartments into which it is divided—there they kneel and pray toward the altar, their attendants fixing their robes all the while—then they rise, and, after bowing to the

their brethren on the right and left, take
, with their servants at their feet.
en all is in preparation, there is a bustle, and
the Pope enters by the opposite door, bows to the
r, and goes up to his chair. Then one after the other
e cardinals leave their seats, their scarlet robes trailing
behind them; and after saluting the Pope by kissing his
hand covered by his vestments, they return to them.
When this ceremony, which fills you with disgust for the
actors, is over, the services commence, which are mostly
conducted by a choir made up of men and eunuchs.
Twice did I witness these ceremonies in the Sistine; on
the first occasion there were sixteen, on the second twen-
ty three cardinals in attendance. The Pope is a man of
fine proportions, six feet two or three inches high, with a
pleasing, pensive aspect, not very Italian in a visage
which is more expressive of good nature than of talent or
firmness. He might do very well to govern a convent;
but he is utterly unqualified for his double position as the
head of a church and of a state. Personally he is amiable
and well-meaning; in morals he stands higher than his
predecessors or cardinals; and that is all. While in his
presence I thought of an anecdote told of the good Dr.
Miller of Princeton. When in the Seminary there, I had
a fellow-student of far more beauty than brains, and who,
like all such, was quite a pretender. An elder from a
country church went to the professor to inquire for a pas-
tor, and he named to him several young gentlemen. 'I
have heard,' said the elder, 'of Mr. ——,' naming the
pretty student; 'what do you think of him, Dr. Miller?'
Not wishing to say any thing against, nor yet willing to
commit himself as strongly recommending the student,
he hesitated, but finally replied, '*He is a confoundedly
good-looking fellow.*' This is about my estimate of Pio
Nono. Yet I confess that while gazing upon him, dressed
so gorgeously, and receiving so coldly the profound hom-
age of the cardinals, I could not help asking, Is that the
man who retired under the pretense of going to pray,
dressed himself in the livery of a servant, jumped upon
the box of a carriage, and was off to Gaeta? Is that the
vicar of Jesus Christ in our world—the head of the visible
Church—without a belief in whose claims, and an abject
submission to them, I can not enter heaven!

"And what shall I say of the cardinals? Some of them
were very old, bending under the weight of years; some
of them were very plethoric, and quite in danger of apo-
plexy; and some of them quite young for their position,
and good-looking. But none of them so impressed me as
did Antonelli, the cardinal Secretary of State. Young, say
forty-five—thin, tall, with penetrating eye, and a face
strongly expressive of intellect, passion, and will, you
would single him from the rest as a real spirit. And such,
by all accounts, he is. He is the soul of the College of
Cardinals; he is the real Pope, while Pio Nono is a mere
puppet in his hands, used simply to give validity and le-
gality to his acts. And he is all his looks indicate;
shrewd, far-seeing, vindictive, tyrannical, of an iron will,
profuse, and profligate in his morals. Such is his repu-
tation; such is the portrait of him given me by one who
knew him well, and for years. There was a crowd in
the Sistine on each of the occasions to which I allude; nor
was there a person there of any mark that escaped the
notice of Antonelli. When the Pope was reading the mis-
sal this cardinal was reading the audience, and I was
striving to read the cardinals."

The author's sketches of Geneva form an interesting portion of the volume, though, it seems, he did not find all that he expected in one of the literary lions of the city, Merle d'Aubigné. He gives his impressions of the celebrated historian, as well as of some other distinguished men, in the following account of

A MISSIONARY SOIREE.

"We returned from this scene to one of a very different character, but yet equally gratifying to our feelings and tastes—a soirée, got up by the Missionary Society whose anniversary we attended in the afternoon. It was held in a hall provided for the purpose, and was fully attended. There was Dr. Malan, thin, of medium height, brisk in appearance, frank, and social, with hair white as Alpine snows flowing over his shoulders. And there was Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, large and full in stature, with heavy countenance, reserved, rather patronizing in his air, more English than French in his whole appearance, and seemingly impressed with the idea that he is rather a lion than otherwise. And there was Professor Gaussen, of middle stature, full habit, pleasant manners, silver gray, with a round French face. And there was Professor La Harpe, youthful, manly in all his developments, with a plump red and white cheek, more suggestive of 'the sweetest isle of the ocean,' than of the loveliest lake in the world. And there was Count de Saint George, tall, thin, youthful in appearance, bland in his manners, with rather a weakly and aristocratic air, but by no means up to the off-mark point. These were among the notables present. Ladies were there, ministering spirits, in large numbers. After the process of serving tea was ended, a psalm was sung with much spirit, the Scriptures were read, and prayer was offered, during which all stood. The plan was to have a brief address from some one from each of the countries there represented; and when the Americans were called on they were so kind, or unkind, as to send me forth as their representative. I made a talk for about ten minutes, and was interpreted by a gentleman of the company—the first time I ever spoke to an assembly through an interpreter, nor shall I be sorry should it be my last. Although I knew not what I had said when I sat down, I was soon brought to my feet again by an address from the chair, thanking me in behalf of the meeting for my interesting and eloquent address on the occasion. Half suspecting that it might be a bit of French politeness, which sometimes induces to put the more abundant honor on the part that lacketh, I utterly declined to accept of their thanks on the grounds on which they were offered, stating that if any thing eloquent or worthy of their attention was uttered, it was interlarded by my interpreter, and that I would therefore hand over the thanks to him. If making fun at my expense, I determined that they should not have it all to themselves.

"Soon after this passage at small arms the assembly dissolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, when we were introduced to gentlemen and ladies from the different cantons of Switzerland, from Germany, France, Italy, and Britain. Captain Packenham, the true-hearted Christian, exiled from Rome, where he was once a banker for the circulation of the Scriptures, was there, and gave a most interesting account of the good work of reformation in progress in Florence. On the whole, I was greatly gratified with this evening's entertainment. It was pleasant, social, cheerful, and yet pervaded by a truly religious spirit. They have a way of doing things in this manner in Britain, and here and there on the Continent, which might be introduced into our own country with happy effect. Their 'breakfasts' in London, Edinburgh, Belfast, and Dublin accomplish much good. Meeting at a tea-table for an hour before a religious anniversary, where the speakers are introduced, compare notes, imbibe each other's spirit, so as to go out on the platform with a common feeling, and an acquaintance formed at a social repast, would relieve the dullness of many a May meeting in New York, and would greatly tend to cement Christians of various names together. These are 'love-feasts' that might be safely and profitably introduced among us. The tea-drinking in a room in Exeter Hall, which preceded the meeting of the London Tract Society, where noble men representing the different branches of the Church spent an hour in pleasant social intercourse, I will never forget—as I can never forget the soirée in Geneva.

"We returned to our lodgings at about eleven o'clock in the evening, greatly gratified with our first day spent in Geneva. We all regretted that D'Aubigné did not sustain the impressions made on us by his noble History of the Reformation. If we act toward him, when he visits America, as he did toward the company of American clergy at that soirée, he will write us down as boors. He is getting up some fame for his incivilities, especially toward Americans. His History of the Reformation has given him a wide reputation, and, to save himself from the annoyances which are the tax of fame, he should not turn clown."

Mr. RUFUS CHOATE'S *Discourse at Dartmouth College, Commemorative of* DANIEL WEBSTER (published by James Munroe and Co.), is the most bril-

ian specimen of funeral eloquence that has been called forth by the death of the illustrious American statesman. Singularly affluent in thought, replete with the suggestions of ripened wisdom, and blending a rich variety of picturesque description with a vein of pensive and solemn reflection, suited to the occasion, it rehearses the incidents in the biography of its great subject in a style of profuse and elaborate eloquence that reminds us of the stately periods of Milton and Jeremy Taylor. Its sonorous sentences, piled upon each other, in massive grandeur, are masterpieces of accumulative rhetoric, set off with a copious splendor of illustration, and at last reaching the crisis of expression in sweet cadences that charm the ear as much as they touch the heart. Mr. Choate dwells upon the boyhood and youth of Daniel Webster with peculiar feeling. He traces the elements of his greatness to their source, and points out the early indications of his future eminence. An acute analysis is given of his character as a jurist and a statesman, defending the honored dead from the charges brought against him as he lay cold in his coffin. The discourse abounds in passages of melting pathos, of which the following is by no means a solitary example:

"Equally beautiful was his love of all his kindred, and of all his friends. When I hear him accused of selfishness, and a cold, bad nature, I recall him lying sleepless all night, not without tears of boyhood, conferring with Ezekiel how the darling desire of both hearts should be compassed, and he too admitted to the precious privileges of education; courageously pleading the cause of both brothers in the morning; prevailing by the wise and discerning affection of the mother; suspending his studies of the law, and registering deeds and teaching school to earn the means, for both, of availing themselves of the opportunity which the parental self-sacrifice had placed within their reach—loving him through life, mourning him when dead, with a love and a sorrow very wonderful—passing the sorrow of woman: I recall the husband, the father of the living and of the early departed, the friend, the counselor of many years, and my heart grows too full and liquid for the refutation of words."

The latest "Franconia Story," entitled *Stuyvesant*, by JACOB ABBOTT, can not fail to be a prime favorite with young readers, especially those who live in the country, or are familiar with rural scenes. It is minute and graphic in its descriptions of common affairs, eminently true to nature, and pervaded with a wholesome moral influence, though free from didactic or prosy comment. The lessons sought to be conveyed, are enforced by lively incidents and examples, and not by formal moralizing. But no young person, we are sure, can read this attractive story without receiving a life-long impression of the value of order, industry, considerateness, and self-reliance. (Harper and Brothers.)

Among Redfield's most recent publications are JOMINI'S *Campaign of Waterloo*, translated from the French by S. V. BENET, containing a critical examination of the military plans and manœuvres of 1815; and SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S *Personal Sketches of his Own Times*, a gay, rollicking collection of Irish reminiscences, which afforded an infinite fund of amusement to the readers of a past generation. We are not sorry to see the jovial old story-teller unearthed, and doubt not he will prove as acceptable to modern lovers of fun as he was to their side-shaking predecessors.

Harper and Brothers have issued a new edition of WHATELY'S *Elements of Rhetoric*, in an elegant large duodecimo, equally adapted to the library and the class-room. The value of this work as a college text-book is too universally admitted to authorize remark—it having long been in use in the highest American seminaries—but it can not be too earnestly commended to the increasing class of self-taught writers, who are in the habit of favoring the public with their productions through the press. There can be no better discipline for composition than a faithful mastery of its principles. They are death to all affectation, pretense, vagueness, and obscurity. The whole work is marked by such clearness and precision of statement, such masculine good sense, such soundness of taste, and such lucid, direct, and earnest expression, that one can scarcely read it without receiving a healthy and bracing influence from its perusal.

Six Months in Italy, by GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) A record of travels which can not fail to take the highest classical rank in the class of literary productions to which it belongs. Its author, a distinguished member of the Boston bar, is eminently qualified by natural ability, cultivation, and taste, to do justice to the subject which he has selected for his vigorous and graceful pen. His remarks on Italian Art, which fill a large portion of the volumes, are critical and discriminating, showing a delicate sense of beauty, in combination with a rigid severity of judgment, though wholly free from the pretensions of connoisseurship. Mr. Hillard occasionally indulges in personal descriptions, which are marked by great decorum and reserve, but, relating to eminent individuals, will be found to possess uncommon interest. Among them, is a singularly refined and appreciative tribute to Robert and Elizabeth Browning. A valuable feature of the work is a comprehensive survey of previous writers on Italy, furnishing the occasion for much admirable discussion of a literary and æsthetic character. Mr. Hillard's style is a model of pure and forcible English. It shows a variety and refinement of culture which is certainly rare among the busy professional men of this country. We are gratified in announcing a work which unites such thoroughness and accuracy of preparation with such beauty and sweetness of expression, and such manly vigor and sense in the utterance of opinion.

A. S. Barnes and Co. have issued a valuable work on education, by CHARLES NORTHEND, entitled *The Teacher and the Parent*, presenting the results of the experience of a veteran instructor, and strongly marked by soundness of counsel and utility of suggestion. It forms a welcome offering to the cause of common schools.

Crosby, Nichols, and Co. have issued a reprint of *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*, by WILLIAM STIRLING, a historical monograph of considerable interest. It is drawn from original sources of undisputed authority, and corrects several important errors in the romantic delineations of Robertson. The Emperor is described as a tyrant, a devotee, a bigot, and a glutton; but, at the same time, his robust traits of character awaken a certain sympathy, and clothe this singular episode of his life with a good deal of interest.

The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament, by FREDERIC D. MAURICE, is reprinted by the same house, and has already made its mark on the religious world. It is an original and eloquent exposition of the mutual relation of the Jewish monarchs and prophets, accompanied with a practical application to the circumstances of our own times.

A literary curiosity has lately appeared in London, apparently one of the last effusions of the maudlin dealers in Carlyle-and-water. It is called *Ossa; or, the Spirit of Froust*, and is character-

flows in the *Athenæum*: "It is so long had one of those imitations of Mr. Carlyle's and substance so common a few years ago, a book like 'Ossié' comes on us with a sort of surprise. What 'Ossié' means, or what the 'Spirit of Froust' means—as this author abuses the first and uses the second term of his title—we will not venture to say, further than that he describes it as 'a want of ventilation and clearance.' Dr. Johnson is said to be 'the king of Froust'—and in still nicer definition it is said, that 'a man with a pocket-comb, or round shirt-collars, or a black satin waistcoat, black lace on his cravat, or broad braid on his coat,' is a member of the Froust fraternity, and the born enemy of this writer. For the rest, this is an effusion as poor in style as it is silly in sense:—just the sort of thing to end a literary mania like that which once followed the promulgated oracles of Mr. Carlyle."

A work has been brought out by Mr. LEOPOLD HARTLEY GRINDON, author of "Figurative Language," called *The Sexuality of Nature: an Essay proposing to show that Sex and the Marriage Union are Universal Principles, fundamental alike in Physics, Physiology, and Psychology.* The book exhibits reading and scholarship; but it is written in a fanciful—not to say a flimsy—style, which wearies the reader without offering him the compensation of solid instruction. Mr. Grindon's speculations on the duality of sex in the divine Nature—and his poetic authorities for considering the sea a male and the earth his wedded wife—will make many a reader smile, presuming, of course, that he should be fortunate enough to obtain many a reader.

Of *Home Life in Germany*, by CHARLES LORING BRACE, the *Leader* says: "Mr. Brace is an American, who has already proved his ability as a writer of travels by his *Hungary in* 1851, and who now presents us with the results of his experience of German life as seen under its more familiar domestic aspects. Those who have lived in Germany will testify to the general fidelity of the picture, and will not be sorry to have their own impressions recalled. Those who have never been there will get a tolerably distinct idea of the forms of life peculiar to Germany as they present themselves to a sensible Englishman or American. Mr. Brace speaks kindly, heartily, yet discriminately, and we have enjoyed his book almost as much as a rapid trip into the old localities dear to memory."

The *Athenæum* has the following discriminating critique on *Christina von Amberg*. By the Countess D'ARBOURVILLE, translated from the French by MAUNSELL B. FIELD, and published by Harper and Brothers.—"Some short time ago, the Countess d'Arbourville was classed among the select few who have written because they have something to say, and whose works (no matter what the scale) are almost certain, sooner or later, to make and to keep friends every where by reason of their genuine force and feeling. That which has happened to Auerbach, to Stifter, to Topffer, to Andersen, and to Hawthorne, in England, is happening to the French Lady also—and 'Christine von Amberg' will increase the desire for 'more' which 'The Village Doctor' had already excited. The story is of the simplest invention and the most melancholy meaning:—being merely the tale of the death of a maiden's loving heart, and its burial in that life-shroud, a nun's robes. In 'Lady-Bird,' some may recollect, Lady Georgiana Fullerton showed the bright side of life in a convent, exhibiting the holy house as a retreat from storms for the weary and heavy laden. Here we see the grave for the warm, and the young, and the hopeful;—and the death of its quietude is fathomed without a single angry or exaggerating word—the acquiescence of the victim (and this, not consequent on coercion and cruelty, but simply as result of time) being the most painful part of the fatal discipline. In gloom of tone—as distinct from the morbid hue which inevitably belongs to class-fictions—'Christine von Amberg' exceeds even certain scenes by Madame Charles Reybaud in her 'Old Convents of Paris,' and is calculated to beguile compassionate persons into tears. The story seems to be delicately and nicely rendered into English—as such a tale, indeed, deserved to be."

The *London Examiner*, usually accurate and intelligent in its literary judgments, pronounces rather snappishly on the merits of *Queechey*, the popular novel of Miss WARNER, which has had even a greater run in England than in this country.

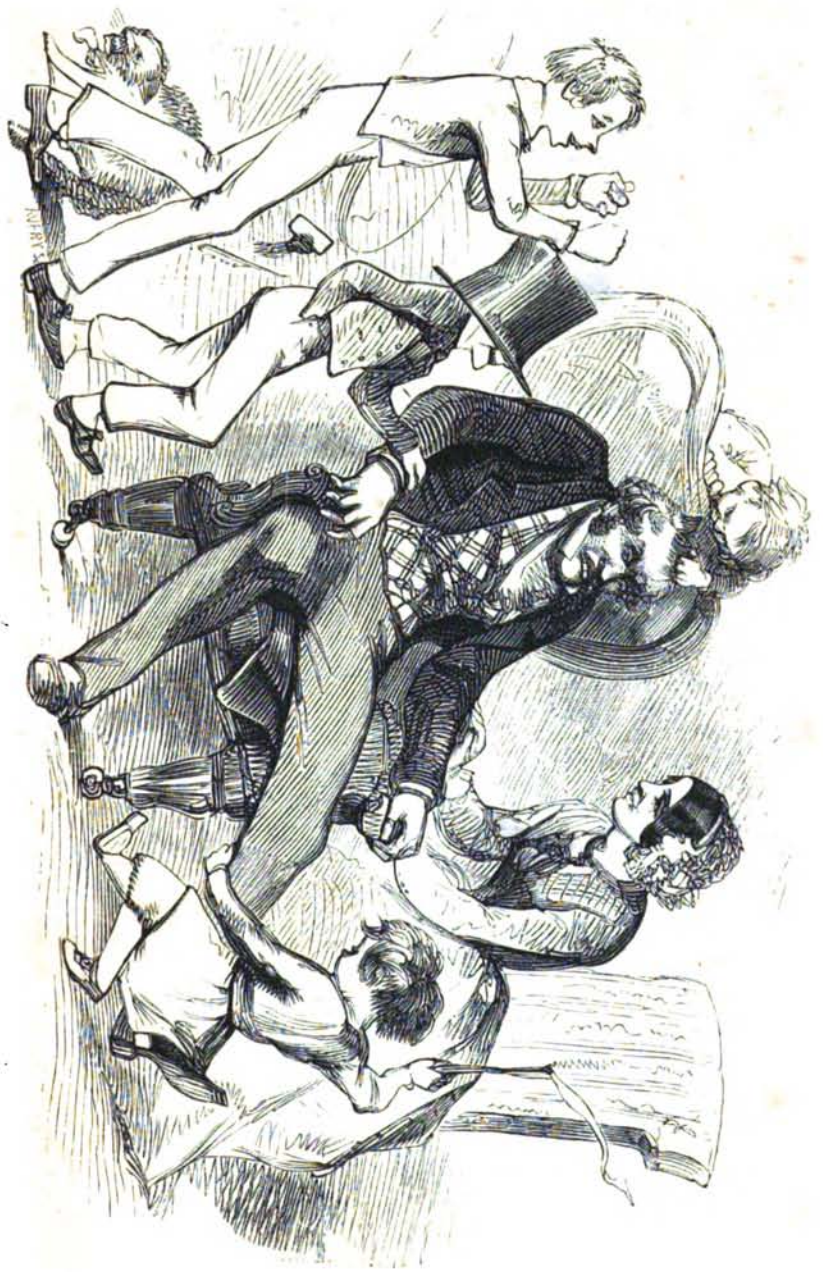
"*Queechey* is so called from the name of an American village, the residence of its heroine. The burden of the story is the simplicity, the virtue, the genius, the resources in adversity, and the equanimity in prosperity of this young lady, who in the last chapter is married (at least we are led to suppose so, for the fact is not formally mentioned) to a very rich English gentleman with a very fine English park. Many a good novel has been written on the same foundation. Pamela established the fame of Richardson; and Jeanie Deans, though wanting in the matter of the park, has shown us how enchanting may be a young woman's heroism, how attractive her simple virtue. It is not therefore the subject of which we complain in *Queechey*. But to make such a subject agreeable, the lady's virtue should be natural, not prodigious; the circumstances of her life should at any rate be possible; and the relative bearing of each fact to others, and of every person to another, in her history, should be such as nature requires, though the material accidents be left as improbable as the author will.

"Perhaps the most remarkable feature in *Queechey* is the constant reference to the good things of this world. This is to a certain degree the case in most American tales of the present day; but if it be the taste of the country, that taste must have been glutted by *Queechey*. The family to which Fleda belongs is, as respects food, in a 'parlous' case. It would, in fact, starve, were it not for the cooking and pie-crust propensities of our heroine. But though as a rule these poor people have little enough to eat, we should gather from page after page that feeding was their only employment. This is so absurdly true, that any accidental reference to the book will verify it.

"The references to religion are almost equally numerous. Indeed the two, religion and cookery, are as a rule the subjects discussed. It would not suit us to refer, as we have done in the matter of the eatables, to the manner in which Fleda's piety is introduced; but as a general rule we object much to the mixture.

"We have given no quotation, for the book is one of which no quotation will give a fair sample—there are, however, some few instances of sprightly conversation, even of approaches to wit (small green islands in a deluge of water); and the loves and likings of Miss Constance Evelyn, a not very devoted friend of Fleda's, come nearest to the sort of animation that should grace the conversational portions of a novel."

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



RATHER DOUBTFUL.

MAMMA, *loq.*—**It's so lucky you came to-day. They go back to school to-morrow, and I know how delighted you are to see them.**

FIRST YOUNG GENT.—What a miwackulous tie, Fwank. How the doose do you manage it?

SECOND YOUNG GENT.—Yas. I fancy it is rather grand; but then, you see I give the whole of my Mind to it!

A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt, *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figures 1 and 3.—Walking-Dress and Child's Costume.

OCTOBER witnesses a decided change in costumes from those worn in the preceding months. The silks of September over-dress give place to cloths and velvets; zephyr bonnets are no longer seen; and the whole costume gives premonitions of the expected return of winter. From among the many varieties of Cloaks which will be presented, we select one at once simple, elegant, and comfortable. It is composed of rich maroon velvet, lined throughout with white silk, and quilted in fancy designs. The *gilet*, or vest, fits closely to the figure. It is slightly pointed at the corsage, which is of the natural length of the waist, and buttons quite up to the throat, where it terminates in a collar about three inches wide. The

FIGURE 3.—FURS.

arm-holes are cut out like those in a gentleman's waistcoat. It is furnished with straps, passing through eylet holes in which are cords, so that the vest may be laced closely to the figure. This cloak has no sleeves; and the pockets, which are small, are placed in front at the bottom. The cloak proper is a three-quarter circle, joined to the vest somewhat below the level of the shoulders; at the back, slightly curving upward it passes over their tips, till the seam terminates nearly upon the apex of the breast. Here it is not square, but is finely rounded, and falls freely, the lower portion being gracefully full. As appears in the illustration given above, it is slightly shorter in front, whence it slopes gently to the middle of the back, where it attains its greatest depth. A border of Chinese embroidery surrounds the front and lower portions of the cape. This border is composed of ornamental scrolls, with interleaved roses and fuschia flowers; sprays of these latter flowers also ornament the front and sides of the corsage and the collar. Small fancy buttons, with loops of cord, or hooks and eyes, fasten the vest, which, as well as the circular cloak, is entirely outlined by satin cord.

Velvets will be extensively worn for cloaks of all styles during the season. The predominant colors, for this material as well as for cloths, will be maroon, green, brown, purple, drab, and black. Linings will be white, black, or colors to match the exterior. Embroideries, galoons, braids, velvets, those in particular richly embossed, will all be used. Embroideries, however, will be the favorite ornamentation. In their use care should be taken not to sacrifice good taste to an excess of ornament.

BONNETS are worn with brims smaller and more flaring than heretofore. Feathers are much in vogue for trimming.

The PROMENADE or CARRIAGE DRESS presented in our first illustration is composed of dark Gros de Rhine. The skirts are very full, trimmed with rows of bright-colored plaided satin. The corsage is high, closed to the throat, with a basque. The sleeves are flowing, with full under-sleeves of embroidered cambric, gathered at the wrist. The style of coiffure varies with the character of the face. Perhaps the favorite mode is to have the hair disposed in two curls, one depending a little below the other.

The CHILD'S DRESS given above is composed of cloth of a somewhat light shade. The body is plain, skirts full, cape falling about half the length of the skirt. The whole garment, together with the collar, is bordered with ermine, about a hand's breadth wide. The hat is of beaver, trimmed with feathers and ribbon. The ribbon forms a bow in front, and terminates in two streamers with ornamented ends.

FURS will undoubtedly be much worn during the ensuing winter. Tippets, as will be seen in the rich set of ermines which forms the subject of our illustration, will be longer than those worn last season. Muffs will be small, and ornamented with tassels.