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ARMANDO PALACIO-VALDES.

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THE
UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN,
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 to 1899

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THE DECADENCE OF MODERN LITERATURE

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF ARMANDO PALACIO-VALDES BY
Miss RACHEL CHALLICE

I WRITE for the reader who has a taste for discussing the theory and technics of art. But he who simply seeks inspiration from art need not linger, certain that he loses nothing by doing so; and my own sympathy and that of all artists will always be for him. For it is only a fresh imagination, free from rhetorical preconceptions that can truly enjoy works of art and breathe freely in the world of fancy. Besides, say it who will, no master of marionettes likes to show the construction of his figures, with their cords and springs, and if he does sometimes do so it is because he is either impelled to defend himself from the faults attributed to him, or has to warn the public against the errors of an unfair or precipitate judgment.

However, it is not this which leads me to write the present essay, nor did it inspire that which years ago I put at the beginning of my novel, *La Hermana San Sulpicio*. Unfortunately criticism hardly exists in Spain, and the author of novels rejoices in a delightful peace like that enjoyed by Valmiky and Homer in the early ages of the world when they wrote their immortal poems. The only reason I have in mind—apart from a certain love of didactics retained from my youth, when my unerring finger pointed out to authors the way they should go—is the antagonism I feel against the tastes and tendencies which prevail in the plastic as well as in the poetic arts. This antagonism distressed me very much, because it made me doubt myself. I cast my eye over Europe, and I see nothing in poetry and painting but lugubrious

and prosaic scenes, and in music I hear nothing but sounds of death.

From the steppes of Russia come delirious mystics, who work up the country of Molière, Rabelais, and Voltaire. From thence surge unwholesome analyses and scandalous improprieties, that corrupt the sons of Cervantes. Finally, the glacial wind of Norway sends, in dramatic form, symbolistic fancies which delight Italy (the Italy which gave birth to Virgil, Petrarch, Raphael, and Titian!) naturalists, mystics, decadents, Ibsenists, and symbolists in imaginative writing, and the luminous, cerulean, metallic schools of painting. Art seems to me like an acute attack of nerves, the artists sometimes like madmen, sometimes like charlatans, who hide their want of power under monstrous affectations, and cleverly profit by the general perversion of taste, whilst the public, depraved by them and the prevailing utilitarianism, is without a criterion to distinguish between the beautiful and wholesome, the ugly and absurd. Seeing my mind so radically opposed to the spirit of the age, I am seized with fear of mental aberration, there are moments in which I fancy I am one of those unhappy degenerate beings, incapable of "adapting himself to his surroundings," so well described by the modern philosophers of the Positive School, and it distresses and upsets me, until at last I think of putting myself under complete therapeutic treatment. It is possible that the douches, the kola nut, and iron wine, will make me think that the Norwegian dramas are as interesting as those of Shakespeare, Calderon, or Schiller, the Russian mystics as profound as Plato and Spinoza, the novels of the Naturalistic School as beautiful as those of Longus, Cervantes, and Goethe, and the pictures of the French decadents better than those of Rubens and Velasquez. But until this happy hour of my regeneration comes, or is possible, I crave permission to make some critical remarks on the art of writing novels, and I will lay down certain hypotheses that constitute the ground of my own inspiration, which until now has sustained and consoled me in the great amount of work I have done. Absurd or true, I love them, and I only beg my reader to give them a moment's consideration before condemning them.

II

Let us give a glance to the history of Art. There is one fact that has long demanded weighty consideration, and that is the fertility of some epochs, and the sterility of others. In the period of little more than a century between Phidias and Praxiteles, the fallen country of Greece gave birth to hundreds of sculptors, the majority unknown to us, but whose works, albeit broken and mutilated, fill us with admiration and delight, as they issue from the ruins. In a period of fifty or sixty years of the fifteenth century, there appears in the country of Flanders a powerful legion of great painters, whose pictures, if they have been equalled, have never been excelled. The inspiration of the Flemish artists suddenly passes away in the sixteenth century, and goes over to Italy, where some dozens of portentous geniuses live and work simultaneously, each one of whom would have sufficed to glorify a century. In the seventeenth century the magic power turns to the Netherlands, and produces that marvellous outburst when the painters not only numbered hundreds, but thousands. Our country, feeling elevated by Italy and Flanders to the realm of beauty, gives birth to the famous Spanish School, with Zurbaran, Ribera, Velasquez, and Murillo. Does it not seem like an epidemic? There is soon an eclipse of the splendid sun, and we are left in darkness and obscurity for two centuries, with only a medium artist approximating, but never equalling the other geniuses, occasionally shining like a melancholy, solitary star.

The explanation of this fact given by historians of Art has never satisfied me. The appearance of Art as a natural consequence of the aggrandisement of countries, as the flower of civilisation, which is the present prevailing theory, only adds one fact to another, without explaining either of the two. We can certainly assume that Art is a necessary outcome of a certain degree of prosperity attained by countries, when man, having overcome the obstacles which nature opposed to his subsistence, recovered from his fatigue and enjoyed life quietly. But the difficulty is still there. Why do many and great artists appear in certain periods

of prosperity, and none at other times of equal or more prosperity? Nobody can doubt that there actually exist in the world rich and prosperous countries, where civilisation has risen to a height unknown in history, where life is easy, safe and comfortable. France, England, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland and the United States of America, are undeniable testimonies of this statement. Besides, in no known epoch of history have artists been able to work with greater security, nor have they had such a large public solicitous to reward them as now. Compare what any painter, of however small a reputation, gets to-day with what Velasquez or Rembrandt had for their works. Compare the consideration and respect that artists enjoy nowadays, to the point of forming an aristocracy as high and proud as that of blood, with the scornful patronage accorded them by persons of distinction in other centuries, and the wretched pittance occasionally granted them by kings. What more favourable moment could present itself for the flower of poetry to open its petals to the light, and display its most brilliant colours? Fame, money, security are all in the hands of the artist who can distinguish himself, and yet our painters and sculptors cannot compare with those of other epochs! Music, the most modern of arts, has for some years been quite decadent, and literature, as I will soon show, equally so.

“There are,” say naturalistic philosophers, “physiological reasons which explain and determine this phenomenon of life.” I do not doubt it. Man is completely subject to the forces working in the heart of nature, which generate, as much as they hinder, the development of individuals and races. But the action of such forces is so mysterious, it works by ways so strange to us that we can only vaguely attribute to them what happens in the world. Our mind demands more approximate reasons. I will now, in all humility, suggest a rational solution of the problem, in the hope that if it do not satisfy the reader, it will at least help him to think it out, and solve it for himself. †

As there is no reason why the first fifty years of a century should give birth to a hundred artists of great merit, and the following fifty give none, I venture to maintain that, given the

same conditions of race, environment, culture, security and stimulus, men are born the same, or equal, in the second half of a century: when there has been no material change in the environment, so there should be as many artists as in the first half. The sole difference is, that whereas in the first half, men born with capacities to feel beauty, and to represent it, were able to bring them to light by a natural and logical development, those in the second half, for causes I will now point out, have not been able to reveal their mental treasures.

I attribute the decadence of the *beaux arts*, where there is no external reason to explain it, to the perversion of taste, and consequent want of a healthy and adequate purpose in artists. I believe it is the taste which determines the height to which the painter, sculptor, or poet can rise in his works. The artists of the epochs of decadence were born as well endowed by nature as those of the most flourishing periods. Let us glance at our own epoch. Let us examine the pictures painted at the present day, the statues sculptured, or let us read attentively the works of imagination published, and nobody can justly deny that they show intellect, invention and study. If not in the majority, for the production is excessive, I see in many of them the hand and intelligence of a superior man perfectly endowed by nature to produce beautiful and lasting works. Why are they not produced? Simply through misdirected intelligence, and a wrong turn given to the artist's inspiration from the environment in which he is born—in short, from a want of *taste*. This absence of taste, above all in the cultivation of the arts, is the prevailing feature of the day. "To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand," says Hamlet. And parodying these words, we can say that in the fine arts nowadays a man of good taste is one, not only among ten thousand, but among a hundred thousand. The cause of this perversion of taste is not due to passing circumstances, nor to defects of training, transmitted from some individuals to others, nor to fortuitous aberrations. The cause is deeper in my opinion; it arises from the same cause that induced the vast artistic superiority of Western over Asiatic art,

in the great development of individual energy. It is equally true that there is no principle so true and effective but what, when exaggerated, becomes an error and a source of ruin, and that the "no extreme" of the Greek oracle is the greatest truth uttered in the world up till now. Superior individual energy, assertion of independence in face of nature, producing such variety of characters, is what has elevated the Greek over the Indian, Western Art over the Asiatic. In the Eastern world are only types, hence the monotony, often not void of beauty and sublimity in its poetic monuments. But that principle, fruitful for civilisation, and particularly for the arts, which engendered the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus Bound*, the Niobe and the Parthenon, and which later gave rise to the portentous works of the Renaissance, when exaggerated in Modern Europe, and drawn out of its just limits, has resulted in want of equilibrium, and consequent decadence. Exaggerated individual energy and independence have become conceit. This is the canker-worm which corrodes and paralyses contemporary artists. Note the method of the ancients, and those who imitated them in the time of the Renaissance. An artist who by his excellent works attains to the merited position of Master, collects around him a more or less numerous company of youths, to whom he reveals the secrets of his art, and whom he imbues with his own spirit, and, under a slow apprenticeship, raises them from assistants to collaborators in his works. The pupil, finally becoming a master, ends by leaving, but he continues working in the same line and with the same methods, and without being conscious of it, and without thinking of "breaking any mould," by the mere force of his own artistic personality, he produces distinctive works as beautiful, or more beautiful than those of his master, but without breaking the bond uniting them. The same thing happens in literature: Homer is the great master of the Hellenic world. All dramatic, epic or lyric poets come to him as the source of inspiration. Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, and Euripides modestly confessed that they lived on the crumbs from his table. Later, when Rome becomes the centre of literature, her most notable poets were not above calling themselves disciples

of the Greeks, studying them with veneration, and imitating them with complacency, which has not lowered them in the eyes of posterity. The *Æneid* is an imitation of the *Odyssey*, and yet it has gratified the world for twenty centuries. Sophocles said in the last years of his life that if he had succeeded in writing anything beautiful in his life, it was through renouncing Æschylus' pompous style, and all those refinements of art to which he was too much inclined. These words ought to make any artist think, because they involve the profoundest teaching. When the legendary cycles of Greece had been unravelled, and presented in a marvellous way by the genius of Æschylus in the form of dramatic trilogies, they seemed unsurpassable; Sophocles, nevertheless, did succeed in improving on them. And he would not have achieved this if, led by self-esteem, he had tried to improve upon him by seeking better and brighter effects, and enforcing a style or language. But led solely by the love of the beautiful, and remaining true to its nature, he only tried to produce beautiful and perfect works, without caring to compete with the genius of his glorious predecessor; and through this modesty and moderation, he arrived at being one of the greatest dramatists the world has ever produced.

How different to the present system! Hardly does a young man know how to hold a paint-brush, pen, or chisel than he feels impelled to create something original, if not strange and unheard of; he would think himself humiliated in following the methods or another artist, be he ever so great. The chief business with him is not to work well, but to work in a different mode to others; originality is more to him than beauty. This idea which nowadays has such a strong hold on all heads, even the most empty, reminds us of that graceful epigram of Goethe's on originals. A certain person says, "I do not belong to any School, there exists no living master from whom I would take lessons, and as to the dead, I have never learnt anything from them," which, if I am not mistaken, means, "I am a fool on my own account." What else is this extravagant desire for originality, but, as we have said, an exaggeration of individual energy, a want of equilibrium, the sin,

in fact, of pride? It is sad to confess it, but in the distorted ideal followed by the arts nowadays, the whole censure should not fall on those who cultivate them. The public also incurs a great share of the blame; the public, which instead of asking of them beautiful works, well thought out, and skilfully executed, only demands that they should be unlike others, and in this way it foments the eccentricity and bad taste which have given rise in these latter years to this crowd of extravagant and ridiculous works in which impotence goes arm in arm with vanity. The novel, being the predominant form of present literature, is the chief scene of this prevailing vice.

III

The novel is of a comprehensive genus, involving the nature of the epic, the drama, and sometimes also entering the realms of lyric poetry. Such scope gives the writer a delightful freedom, not accorded to those who cultivate other more strictly defined branches of art. Not only is it exempt from rhythmic language, but from those fetters which dogmatic rhetoric imposes on epic and lyric poets. The novel in its essence rejects every definition, it is what the novelist wants it to be. But the logical result of such independence is greater responsibility, for however much may be forgiven a novelist, his power of invention must never flag, *esprit* is the indispensable. The novelist is under the imperious necessity never to fatigue the reader, to keep his attention alert, and his spirit led along by invisible forces into the world of imagination. How little do we, who write novels, bear this first requisite of all romantic composition in mind. It seems most often that instead of interesting the reader, and recreating his mind, we try to exhaust his patience. Composition is the reef on which the majority of writers of novels are stranded. There are plenty capable of representing the beauty and interest offered by life and its contrasts, and they are gifted with great imagination, penetration and style. But in my opinion there are very few who really know how to compose a book. This is not because the talent for composing is

loftier or rarer than the others, but because authors do not give it the attention it requires. Newton was once asked, "How did you arrive at the discovery of the law of gravitation?" to which question he modestly replied, "By thinking about it." If novelists strove more to attain perfection in their works, and less to exhibit, at all costs, the gifts they think they possess, or to create a sensation, I believe they would be more beautiful and more enduring. The first thing they should recollect is that a novel is a work of art, therefore a work, in which harmony is essential. This harmony is naturally arrived at by the artist, who knows how to put bounds to his conceptions, and to concentrate the treasures of his imagination, exhibiting those required, and no more. Does such limitation detract from the richness of its substance, the bright portrayal of details, the feeling for colour, the delicate appreciation of the most subtle relations of life? I am far from thinking so. All this can perfectly subsist within definite outlines. Suffice it that the novelist feels the necessity of clearness and proportion.

Man is a limited being, and by the token, all that emanates from him must also be limited. Because the ground of the work of art, which is Ideal beauty, has no limits, it must not be thought that its plastic or conceptive expression can dispense with them. Beauty expresses itself eternally in nature, in a definite, clear, concrete form; in art it ought to be the same. There are many artists who ignore this great truth, they imagine that in leaving the outlines of their work uncertain, they emancipate themselves from the limitations, constituted by their Being, and approximate more to the sublimity and grandeur of the Ideal. It is an optical delusion with which they deceive themselves and deceive others. So when there appears one of these ostentatious, enormous, wearisome works, enveloped in vagueness and mystery, full of symbolical and mystical aspirations, like many of the Romantic School of the past, and nearly all of the modern naturalists, symbolists and decadents, the public is delighted, it thinks that there is an ineffable mystery behind those clouds, that it will finally discover and contemplate the eternal secret, and so it runs eagerly to see

the miracle, but it soon turns away sad and disillusioned, because behind so much show there is absolutely nothing. The portentous work soon lapses into obscurity, whilst a well-defined, clear and harmonious one, like the *Odyssey*, *The Syracusans* by Theocritus, *Hermann und Dorothea* by Goethe, continue from century to century, each fresh as a rose, reflecting the immortal beauty of the universe. I sometimes think that this necessary harmony in the composition of the novel is equivalent to simplicity. The novel participates, as I have said, in the nature of the drama, and in that of the epic, but more, in my opinion, in that of the latter. It is not then essential for the action to advance rapidly until the end without any lapse, like that of the drama, but it can go slowly, stopping every minute to relate episodes, or to describe countries and customs, like epic poems, because, as Schiller remarks so wisely, the action with the dramatic poet is the true aim, whereas with the epic writer (let us say novelist in this case) it is only a medium to bring forward an absolute and æsthetic object. Now what is this absolute æsthetic object which the epic poet and the novelist pursue? Schiller again describes it with admirable clearness in another of his letters. The mission of the epic poet is to reveal entirely the innermost truth of the event; he only describes the existence of things, and the effect that they naturally produce; that is why, instead of hastening to the end of the narration, we are pleased to be arrested at every moment in its course. The novelist is therefore permitted to stop where he thinks fit, like the epic poet. If he like clearness and moderation, his work will be clear and harmonious, although it may frequently be discursive. Nobody will dare deny these qualities to the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, or *Don Quixote*, and *Gil Blas de Santillana*, in spite of their numerous episodes. We must guard against confounding harmony either with simplicity of plot or with regularity of design. It is something profounder and more spiritual, arising spontaneously from the beauty of the subject and the equilibrium of the artist's faculties.

There is no need to remind the novelist that this liberty must be subordinated to the inevitable exigency of every work of art to

interest. So the episodes of the novel must have, like those of an epic poem, an absolute and independent value, or, what comes to the same thing, they must exercise on the mind the fascination which beauty produces. If they give no pleasure, they should be suppressed. The empirical rule of composition (and as it seems impertinent of me to dogmatise on this point, I will add, in my opinion) is that the episodes ought to be as little detached as possible from the principal plot, and even if not apparent a secret relation should be maintained between them and it. The most plausible episodes are those which give a relative value to the beauty of the main plot, throwing into relief the principal character of the work, or giving what is now called *local colouring*; this is the revelation of the mysterious bond which unites man with the nature, characters, and situations in which his mental activity is exercised. Almost all those of *Don Quixote* conform admirably with this requirement. But those of other Spanish novelists, like Mateo Aleman, Vicente Espinel, Vilez de Guevara, Cespedes, etc., weary us with their prolixity, if not by their insipidity. And, in spite of their excellence, it is the same thing with some foreign writers, like Richardson, Fielding, Dickens, Jean Paul Richter, etc.

I will remark that this tendency to diverge has much decreased at the present time. Actual novelists have more pleasure in seizing a plot and pursuing it without any divagations or break, than in taking up secondary narrations, more or less removed from the chief, as did those of the last century, and of the first half of this. Nevertheless, in this point the writers of the Latin race are more distinguished for their love of unity than are the Germans and Slavs always inclined to a predilection for variety. The works of these latter are characterised by a great richness of ideas and sentiments; in those of some of them there is much delicacy of perception in seizing the most subtle relations of the Ideal world which evades us; but they are not generally so well composed as those of the Latins. I will illustrate my meaning from two modern writers who have passed away—Dostoevsky, a Russian writer, and Silvio Pellico, an Italian, who both narrated the

history of their martyrdom in prison, where they were incarcerated for similar reasons. The book of the former, entitled *Recollections of the House of Death*, is more original than that of the latter, its sentiment perhaps more profound, its power of observation indisputably more delicate, but on the other side, the author is visibly deficient in the power of composition, and in spite of its brilliant qualities, the book cannot be read without fatigue. On the contrary, the work of the Italian writer, called *My Prison*, albeit less powerful, is so much clearer, fresher, and better equilibrated, and so admirably composed, that it has become a classic, read in every country with real delight.

The length of the novel is also intimately connected with its composition, because it is next to impossible to write a good one of exaggerated dimensions. It seems at first sight stupid to indicate material limits to a poetic work, and to clip the wings of the artist. But it is more stupid to write works out of proportion, which lead to the author being accused of presumption or, what is worse, of fatuity. The immoderate desire to write a great deal is often significant of a puerile wish to make a show of strength and power, without understanding that the true way to exhibit strength is to take a firm hold of the plot and rule it, whilst keeping oneself completely in hand and under control. In like manner the exaltation, which gives rise sometimes to acts of valour and heroism, and to inspired work in the spiritual line, is not, according to doctors, an indication of a vigorous nervous system, but of a feeble and weak one. The author who writes voluminously should understand that all that his work gains in extension loses in intensity, and that there is no plot which cannot, and should not be developed in moderation. The *Ramayana*, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*, epics that reflect entire civilisations, and which convey a world of ideas and customs, of events, of scientific and historic remarks, do not contain as many pages as certain modern novels. Moreover, an author who wishes to be read not only in his life, but after his death (and the author who does not wish this, should lay aside his pen), cannot shut his eyes, when unblinded by vanity, to the fact that not only is it neces-

sary to produce a fine work to save himself from oblivion, but it must not be a very long one. The world contains so many great and beautiful works that it requires a long life to read them all. To ask the public, always anxious for novelty, to read a production of inordinate length, when so many others are demanding his attention, seems to me useless and ridiculous. I do not lay this down as an absolute principle, because there may be a work of such superior merit that, long or short, it will be read from century to century; I am only speaking of ordinary compositions. The most noteworthy instance of what I say is seen in the celebrated English novelist Richardson, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Pamela*, who, in spite of his admirable genius and exquisite sensibility and perspicacity, added to the fact of his being the father of the modern novel, is scarcely read nowadays, at least in Latin countries. Given the indisputable beauty of his works, this can only be due to their extreme length. And the proof of this is, that in France and Spain, to encourage the taste for them, the most interesting parts have been extracted and published in epitomes and compendiums. Such a proceeding seems utter profanation to me, but this is what writers are exposed to who are incapable of concentrating the great faculties with which nature has endowed them. And now I have said sufficient about the structure, or skeleton, of the novel.

IV

It is truly said that everything is a legitimate subject for a novel; every part of reality, every fraction of life, reproduced by an inspired writer, can engender a novel. This statement, which I consider true to a certain extent, when taken beyond its just limitations, and proclaimed as an absolute principle, has given rise to the trivial and prosaic literature which floods us at the present day. It is true that the human mind can be embellished by contact with every reality when it observes it contemplatively. But it is not less true, that added to this element, purely subjective, there is also in the production of beauty the objective

element which determines its value and force. The pleasure of Velasquez painting his "Drunkards," or that of Rembrandt, when writing his celebrated lecture on anatomy, must have been great; it is always a pleasure to contemplate nature in a disinterested fashion, and more so still to have the faculty of reproducing it with the marvellous exactness of these masters. But the joy of Titian, Correggio, and Raphael must have been infinitely greater, because these fine artists not only became engrossed in nature like the others, not only did they reproduce it with admirable truth, but they lived in intimate relation with its purest and most elevated forms, forms in which nature has been freest to express itself. And when this nature was checked in its development by some obstacle which disfigured it, these painters, guided by their instinct, interpreted it, revealed its secret aim, and helped it to express clearly what it had only stammered confusedly.

The subject, or theme, on which a writer exercises his pen, is not then immaterial. Everything has its value, like the different departments in which man fulfills the law of labour, but some are low and some are high. Perhaps this statement sounds old-fashioned to modern æsthetes, but I find it true. After all, with regard to most of these subjects, the old truth is enough for me. He who paints *still* life well, will never be such a great artist as he who paints *real* life well; he who only reproduces the grosser forms of life and the rudimentary movements of the mind, will not rise to the glory of knowing how to evoke, and place in pathetic conflict, the great passions of the human soul. I consider the stress laid nowadays on the good arrangement of accessories, both in the plastic and poetic arts, absurd. To paint the background of a picture well, the furniture and details, is not to be a painter in the highest acceptance, given by our imagination, to the word. To make a rough rustic speak appropriately, to describe accurately the customs of a country, is not sufficient to merit the title of a great novelist. The Greeks laughed at painters of eating-houses.

I believe so much in the value of the theme chosen for the work, that a worthy and beautiful subject is the best thing that

an artist can possess in his life, it is a real gift from the gods. How many great writers have passed into oblivion through not having had this good fortune!

Where would Cervantes be now if his tiresome sojourn in Argamasilla, which brought him in contact with some original types, had not suggested the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? On the other hand, there have existed writers who, without possessing a great talent, or rising to the exalted stage of poetic inspiration, called *genius*, have been immortalised, thanks to a fortunate discovery of subject. The most notable instance I know of this, in modern times, is that of the Abbé Prévost, whose creative faculties, judging from the numerous works that he wrote, and which fell to the ground, did not surpass mediocrity, when an interesting episode, perhaps of his own life, perhaps that of a friend, raised him to the height of the finest stars of art. *Manon Lescaut* is one of the most beautiful and best conceived works that the human mind has ever produced. Another writer, who affords an equally or more striking instance of this fact, has just died. The plays of Alexandre Dumas fils are considered by men of taste as false, full of mannerisms, abstract, certain to die when the public taste goes in other directions. Nevertheless, in his celebrated *Dame aux Camélias*, he surpassed himself and rose to the extreme heights of poetry. This drama is so beautiful, so original, so pathetic, exhales such a perfume of poetry mingled with such a profound Christian sentiment, that I much doubt that any other dramatic production of this century can compete with it for the admiration of posterity. Such a gulf between the works of the same author can only be explained by the felicity of the subject.

I do not deny, however, that there have existed writers, like Shakespeare and Molière, capable of attaining not only in one, but in many, of their works, to a high degree of perfection; but let us remember that Shakespeare and Molière did not invent their plots, they took them from whence they chose. Their powerful instinct made them understand what they ended in stating, that beautiful themes are rare in poetry, and that sometimes a mediocre writer,

and even a fool, may light upon them, and then, for the good of humanity, it is legitimate to take them.

The method of contemporaneous writers is quite different. Equipped with the theory that all life is a worthy subject for a novel, we accept the most insignificant and insipid acts of ordinary existence, and on that we write a story.

Consequently the majority of novels and dramatic works are wanting in power and interest, however vigorously drawn the characters may be. I have often been sorry to see writers exercising their great talent on worthless subjects, and I have deplored their want of Shakespeare and Molière's method of taking the good where they could find it. This wretched fear of using subjects already used was unknown to the ancients; Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides had no hesitation in writing on the same subject as we see in the "*Philoctetes*." But our sensitive *amour propre*, the overweening desire for originality, to which we are a prey, makes us feel we are dishonoured if we take a plot from another writer, although we know we should do better by doing so. To hide this dearth of imagination, which is patent, and yet to produce a deep impression, the best known authors actually have recourse to devices which, when I have depicted, will give a succinct idea of the vices to which I feel the modern novel has fallen a prey—vices, nearly all of which could easily disappear if, instead of making it a business to show the public the brightness of our intellect and the force of our imagination, we undertook to write solid and good works. Like the English writer, Thomas Carlyle, I think sincerity is the essence of a superior man (or hero, as he calls him), and that the absence of sincerity, not that of intellect, is what has caused a decadence of modern Art.

One of the most common resources of contemporaneous novelists is what I will term *accumulation*. As ordinary life seldom offers interesting themes for imaginative works, and its simple representation frequently borders on triviality (as we see in a great number of English and German novelists), instead of waiting patiently for life to offer a suitable subject, they prefer to take a long period, and condensing it into a representation of a short space of time,

they succeed in making it interesting. It is not, then, a general rule to narrate with truth and art a beautiful episode of the history of a man, or the entire history of this man, when it is interesting, such as that of a soldier, workman, or miner, and with this end in view, paint as a secondary thing the environment, or the places in which this life unfolds itself. The primary consideration of authors of the present day is to describe the life of soldiers, workmen, or miners, making that of some individual of the class a mere accessory and pretext for the picture. This abstract proceeding is not, in my opinion, conformable to the nature of art. And it is no good quoting the example of epic poets, who sometimes resume an entire civilisation in one poem, because, besides the smallness of the number meriting such a name, an epic poet has not followed such a course in a general way, but in a limited and individual one. Homer, or the rhapsodic Homeric poets, do not try to describe in the *Iliad* the Hellenic world before the irruption of the Dorians, but only the anger of Achilles, nor in the *Odyssey* is the Western civilisation depicted, but only the Labours of Ulysses.

However, assuming the legitimacy of these intentions, the present manner of realisation is still censurable. Instead of representing the life of such, or such a country, or class of society quietly, and as it really appears, the novelist, overwhelmed with the desire to make a great impression, exaggerates, falsifies, and accumulates all the data which reality offers them in a dispersed form.

You have only to cast an impartial glance at some of the recent and famous French productions, describing the life of the country and its mines, to be convinced that the writer has not observed or painted them with sincerity, but that he has accumulated in an obviously artificial manner, all the crimes, wickednesses, and horrors that he has read for years in the press, as having happened in different departments in France, into one point. On the other hand, in German, English, and Spanish novels, describing the life of country folk, honour, purity and happiness are the order of the day. This is still more false, as naturalists chiefly take their stand on a

certain fact, to wit, that the self-interest and egoism, which dominate the majority of men, is seen in the most brutal and repugnant form among the uncultured classes. Russian novelists generally follow in the steps of the French, and even surpass them in this respect. I have read a dramatic work entitled *The Power of Darkness*, which in its concentrated horror far exceeds the French. The famous *Kreutzer Sonata*, by the same author, purposes nothing less than to prove that the conjugal relation, sometimes so holy and sweet, involves nothing but sadness, passion, and immorality. With all due respect to those whose talent I do not deny, I go on believing that all is not gloom in life, and that to describe it as it really is, we must rid our heart of all rancour, free it from all disquietude and lust of the flesh, and contemplate it without prejudice. Not only as a convenience, for it absolves the poet from the strict law of inspiration, but as a novelty, the French method is followed by a great number of writers in Europe. Novelty is one of the most imperious necessities insisted on by the public, as well as the artists in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Few tendencies have seemed to me more absurd and inimical to art. Stupid as it may be to live in constant antagonism with one's epoch, it is still more so to enthusiastically conform to its every vagary, and not to wish to enjoy, or value the works which have preceded us. The present moment is a stage of the large and varied evolution of human reason, and although of great importance to us compared with the whole history of this evolution it is of small import. The artist, then, should not depreciate the epoch which gave him birth, but love it, so as to extract from it the divine spirit of poetry which exists in all times and in all places. But he who is incapable of loving the treasures of beauty bequeathed us by our ancestors, will never reach the sacred heights of Olympus. "The best songs," says Telemachus in the *Odyssey*, "are always the newest." With a little thought, one can understand that human passions, the first material on which the poet works, never change in their essential nature with the course of centuries; and even in the social life, if time and space cause changes, they are not so great as they appear at first sight. In

reading Longus, Theocritus and Apuleius, we are astonished to see that life in their times was very similar to ours. Let us take an Indian novel or drama, and it is the same thing. A glance at *Celestina*, the first important monument of our romantic literature, will show us that the vices so admirably shown in it are almost identical with those of the present time, and that its characters think, talk, and act like those we meet every day in the street. On the other hand, other more recent Spanish works, like *Diana* by Montemayer, *El Espanol Gerardo* by Cespedes, the novels by Lopez and Montalban, and most of our romantic comedies, make us think we are contemplating a different world, and that there is a gulf between our way of living, thinking and feeling, and that of those people. What does that mean? To me nothing, but that the former reflect their epoch faithfully, whilst the latter, not knowing how to extract anything interesting from it, preferred to represent it imaginatively.

This last remark involves a subject of supreme interest in the composition of a novel—that of verisimilitude. Modern novelists are much concerned, and with reason, in giving verisimilitude to their conceptions. I nevertheless opine that this course may be carried to excess, and that we have passed irrationally from one extreme to another, from the stupendous incredible adventures with which old writers seasoned their creations, to the prosaic insipidity of the present day. Life is beautiful, and facts have an absolute value. These are the truths to which I bow down both in theory and in practice; but we must recollect that facts are only of æsthetic value when they are *revealers*, when they make our spirit vibrate with emotion for the beautiful. Phenomena have no value in themselves in art. But I shall be asked, “What is the difference between significative facts, or facts which are revelations, and those which are not so?” I confess I can give no answer to that question, it is a mystery to me. The majority of the incidents composing Balzac’s novel entitled *Eugenie Grandet* are commonplace, very vulgar and prosaic, and yet this novel causes profound emotion, and may be regarded as one of the most wonderful productions of the genius of this century. Analogous incidents

in other novels leave us cold, if they do not bore us. Artists themselves cannot explain such a mystery; they feel it, they divine it, and therefore their works are beautiful—that is enough. It is stupid then to give them rules for particular cases; they will take the incidents they require, and in their hands they will always be significant. But one must protest against the absurd supposition that only commonplace and ordinary events ought to be in a novel. On the contrary, on rare occasions, characters and phenomena arise of such æsthetic value that their reproduction in art is not only convenient, but necessary. On this point it is curious what has happened to me, and what I presume happens to all novelists. I have often had scenes and events which I have taken from life called unlikely, whilst those I have invented have never been considered strange. It is because when I have been present at, or heard any strange thing, I have had no scruple in using it, being sure of its truth, but when I am obliged to invent facts I try to keep clear from all that may seem strange or untrue.

The public and critics are equally on the alert against inverisimilitude, and a poor author hardly steps off the beaten track before the word *false* is hurled at him from all sides. But these shots are generally only fired against material inverisimilitude. Moral inverisimilitude generally escapes them, and yet for the man of good feeling, who knows life, it is surely not less censurable. The novels of certain French writers, written to amuse the upper classes, do not often have grave faults of material inverisimilitude, but they constantly sin against moral verisimilitude. The naturalists themselves are much more severe against the former than the latter. Even Balzac, conversant with life as he was, and representing it with such art, sometimes runs counter to moral logic. I shall never forget the sad effect caused on me in a work so beautiful as *Eugenie Grandet*, by the passage in which the Abbé Cruchet, soon after his cousin's arrival in Paris, warmly suggests to Madame de Gramins that she should let herself be courted by him, with the idea of casting him aside. Such an atrocious treachery was more repugnant to me than the exploits of Artagnan in the *Three Musketeers*, by Alexandre Dumas, père.

To live in an ideal world is the best thing for an artist to do. Imagination is the magic wand that transforms the world and embellishes it. But at the same time one ought to steep oneself occasionally in reality, touch the earth every now and then, for with each touch one will gather fresh strength, as did the giant Antæus. Fact has an inestimable value, which is vainly sought for in the flights of the spirit. All abstractions disappear before it; it is the true revealer of the essence of things, not the conceptions which our mind extracts from them, and in the last resource one has to resort to it for the basis of all judgment, and for the enjoyment of any beauty. I give unqualified approbation, then, to this respect felt by good novelists for truth, and the care with which they try to avoid its falsification, even to the most insignificant details. But, at the same time, I think that an exaggerated importance is given to the accuracy of what we may call, in the language of painters, accessories. It must be borne in mind that moral truth, *i.e.* that of sentiment and character, is that which is fully found in the dominions of the poet, and his responsibility consists chiefly in the use he makes of it.

In olden times, novelists had licence to give vent to all kinds of scientific or historic absurdities. Now it is rightly exacted that they be in conformity with true discoveries. But we have come to the opposite extreme, and we are violently attacked, as if we had committed a crime, at the slightest error, not only in a physical, historical, or mathematical point, but in one of costume or archæology. We are required to be walking encyclopædias. Therefore many writers who know the mania for criticism, and try not to run counter to it, not only guard against these errors, but every time they touch upon points of politics, administration, art, customs, or fashions, they give really learned discourses on these subjects. The reader is bored, but what does that matter as long as the critic is delighted, and he pleases the common herd, which do not know what to like? Nevertheless, these gentlemen can think what they like, but accuracy is not what is most required of the artist, but rather the inducing a sense of the beautiful. Homer did not cease to be the greatest poet because he thought that the river

Ocean encompassed the earth. This craving for accuracy, which I like in principle, has given rise to the necessity of seeking a model for everything which is represented. Painters will not touch a brush, nor sculptors the clay, without a model before them. Following their example, modern novelists carry a notebook in their pocket, to put down what they hear. They all think it ridiculous to work from memory, and yet this was the method among great artists of past centuries. Rubens could not have had models for the thousands of figures he painted. The proof of this is that he painted even landscapes from memory, and there exists one of his, in which the light comes from two opposite sides, which is absurd. And yet the picture is very beautiful. Neither Shakespeare, Molière, nor Balzac witnessed the scenes they describe, nor knew the characters they represent. Schiller confessed that his retired and hard-working life gave him very few opportunities of observing men. The model may then be necessary, but we must confess it shows a want of power.

The painter, be it Rubens, Vinci, or Titian, has nature impressed on his brain; it suffices him to have seen an object to be able to draw it with a sure hand, even when hidden by time and distance. The poet has no need to see what he writes. He bears in himself the entire soul of humanity, and a slight sign suffices for him to recognise it in any man. It is in him and in the saint that we see most clearly the essential identity of human beings, for both know intuitively, directly and without the necessity of experience, the heart of man. "I should disguise from myself a grave fact," said Saint Juan de la Cruz to his hearers, "did I ignore that your souls form part of mine. You and I are distinct beings in the world, in God is our common origin, thus we are one being and live one life."

For those novelists, whose imagination has not risen to that supreme height of strength to permit them to write without careful daily observation, real data is of absolute necessity, but as a powerful aid to the imagination, I venture to counsel the contemplative, not practical, study of the plastic arts. The novelist ought to frequent museums of painting and sculpture, to accustom

himself to describe by means of clear and precise images. Moreover, it is a means of counteracting the fatal mania for psychological analysis, as artificial as it is false, which now prevails. Neither Cervantes, Shakespeare, nor Molière required such full voluminous pages to make us see a character, to make it live for us, to engrave it profoundly on our memory.

It is only just, however, to show, that if the modern novel has erred in these fanciful analyses which spoil it, it has avoided one rock on which old masters were frequently stranded, and that is, *reflections*. There is nothing more prejudicial to the beauty of a novel than this philosophising, vulgar when it is not puerile, with which many novelists season their productions. Interpreting at every step the hidden meaning of the incidents narrated, and explaining their significance, is insupportable, and militates against the fundamental principles of art. In the novel it is not the author who should speak, but the incidents and characters, and if the work involve any philosophy the reader should find it out for himself. Not to trust to his perspicacity and give it him hot and strong, as Balzac does, for instance, is to spoil the novel and expose it at once to the critic's just remark, that his philosophy is that of a commercial traveller.

Another important merit of the modern naturalistic school is, in my opinion, the importance given to the description of nature, thus uniting the tie, so long ruptured in literature, between man and the exterior world. Since the Indian and Greek poems, objective beauty has not been so exalted, nor has landscape been word painted in such a perfect manner as the French naturalists do it at present. They have acquired such perfection in this line, their clear and flexible idiom gives them such a large vocabulary, that it seems impossible to present a brighter and more perfect picture of the world about us. The novels of Flaubert, especially, cannot be read without feeling oneself subjugated by that pure and picturesque diction which brings before our eyes so many gracious forms and so many brilliant pictures. Nevertheless, this fortunate quality has been abused. The disciples of that master have brought their love of description to such a pitch that the characters and

situations are hardly visible through such thick foliage. Every art has limits drawn by its own nature. When these limits are attempted to be modified or widened, the result is ruin. The abuse of description in literary works marks an intrusion of painting into the realms of poetry. Every one knows the inimical effects of this intrusion of one art upon another.

The violation of sculpture in the attempt to make it express the same as painting is what has denaturalised it in modern times. Making music express concrete ideas, only fit for poetry, is the cause of its deplorable decadence. It is to be feared that the attention given to the *mise en scène* will finally produce the same febleness and mannerism in literature as it has in painting. In the latter we see details, clothes, furniture, etc., represented in a marvellous way, whilst there is no good painter of the person. Great masters like Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Velasquez, and Titian, on the contrary, did not excel in clothes and other accessories, but concentrated their powers and attention on the other points. Moreover, in poetry the excess of physical descriptions points to the predominance of the physiological over the psychological element, the same as the abuse of harmony in music. The brilliant descriptions of the naturalistic school court the imagination, and help on the work, but such novels rarely leave a deep impression on the mind. In like manner the exquisite harmonies of Wagner and his school delight the ear, but they do not move the soul like the eloquent voice of Beethoven, neither do they make one pass alternately from sadness to joy, like the charming music of Haydn.

To attain a perfect harmony between the background and the figures, and generally between all the elements of the composition, one must imitate the Greeks. They alone have possessed the secret of producing beauty in every point without injury to any one of them, exhibiting the greatest richness united to the greatest sobriety of representing in art the profound harmonies that exist in the real world. The little that remains to us in the Greek romantic line is of as much solid value as its architecture, its sculpture, and its tragedy and comedy. Nothing can equal *Daphne and Chloe*, the celebrated novel by Longus. In it are

united all the perfections of its kind. A simple, interesting story, characters observed with nicety, and presented unaffectedly, exquisite pictures of nature, bright descriptions of customs, a noble and transparent style, all unite to form an enchanting harmony in this beautiful creation. Every word is a pencil stroke, every speech an image, every page a brilliant picture, which is stamped for ever on the imagination. What a vein of facile inspiration runs through it all! What freshness and sobriety in the descriptions! What naturalness in the diction! How far removed from the modern *emphasis!* I aspire to no greater glory in my art than that of calling myself an humble disciple of this immortal work.

This aspiration may perhaps seem ridiculous to modern criticism, or it may be called extravagant. Possibly the preceding remarks will be considered as the expression of a mind incapable of appreciating or understanding either the beauty and the splendour or the profound and powerful thought of the contemporaneous novel. I know that my modest remarks will in no wise influence the prevailing taste. This does not mortify me: firstly, because I have never aspired to exercise the least influence on my times; and secondly, because to change my opinions it would be necessary to change my nature, which is impossible. But nobody should wonder that in my dreamy hours I imagine that, after some years, Europe, fatigued with so much excess, want of proportion, and so much false originality, will once more drink at the crystal fount of Hellenic art. Then our present spurts of strength will be regarded as spasmodic ebullition of a weakened nervous system: they will say that we delighted in representations of physical and moral infirmities, because we were ourselves infirm in body and mind; that we felt ourselves attracted by the deformed and monstrous, because our own evolution was deformed; and that we loved paradox, because our being was paradoxical. And quitting the tortuous paths we trod, and leaving the altars of the Furies, on which we sacrificed, artists of the future will at last walk along the path of moderation, which is the sign of strength, and will deposit the fruits of their intellect at the feet of the Graces. Happy shall I be if I be granted life, long enough to see, albeit from afar, the

promised land! If this be impossible, I am still consoled by the idea that someone reading these lines will approve the spirit of them and accord me his sympathy; and after according a cordial welcome to this kind reader, I will say to him, as the sage Yajnavalkya said to Artabhaga in "*el Brahmana de los cien senderos*" (The Brahmana of the Hundred Paths): "Give me your hand, friend, this knowledge was only made for you and me."

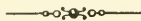
A. Palenio Valde

THE ESSENCE OF SIN.

By HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

[Son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge : born 1796 ; studied at Merton and Oriel Colleges, Oxford, but forfeited the Oriel fellowship by dissipation ; wrote beautiful sonnets for the *London Magazine* ; took pupils at Ambleside for a while, and lived there till his death in 1849.]

IF I have sinned in act, I may repent ;
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame :
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival,
Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve,
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Lives there a power that can my soul absolve ?
Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.



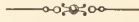
VAIN VIRTUES.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[1828-1882 ; for biographical sketch, see Vol. 10, page 282.]

WHAT is the sorriest thing that enters Hell ?
None of the sins, — but this and that fair deed
Which a soul's sin at length could supersede.
These yet are virgins, whom death's timely knell
Might once have sainted ; whom the fiends compel

Together now, in snake-bound shuddering sheaves
 Of anguish, while the pit's pollution leaves
 Their refuse maidenhood abominable.
 Night sucks them down, the tribute of the pit,
 Whose names, half entered in the book of Life,
 Were God's desire at noon. And as their hair
 And eyes sink last, the Torturer deigns no whit
 To gaze, but, yearning, waits his destined wife,
 The Sin still blithe on earth that sent them there.



LOST DAYS.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on the street
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?
 I do not see them here; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
 "I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me?"
 "And I — and I — thyself," (lo! each one saith,)
 "And thou thyself to all eternity!"



THE RED FISHERMAN ; OR THE DEVIL'S DECOY.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

[WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, English writer of "vers de société," was born July 26, 1802, in London. A boy of great early brilliancy, he was prominent in school journalism at Eton, and had a wonderful career at Trinity College, Cambridge. He won a fellowship, contributed much to *Knight's Quarterly*, became a private tutor, entered the law, took to politics, and was member of Parliament for most of the time from 1830 till his death in 1839. His collected "Poems" contain several pieces of permanent popularity.]

"O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" — *Romeo and Juliet*.

THE Abbot arose, and closed his book,
 And donned his sandal shoon,
 And wandered forth, alone, to look
 Upon the summer moon:

A starlight sky was o'er his head,
 A quiet breeze around ;
 And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
 And the waves a soothing sound :
 It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
 But love and calm delight ;
 Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
 On his wrinkled brow that night.
 He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
 But he thought not of the reeds ;
 He clasped his gilded rosary,
 But he did not tell the beads ;
 If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
 The Spirit that dwelleth there ;
 If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
 Had never the tone of prayer.
 A pious priest might the Abbot seem,
 He had swayed the crosier well ;
 But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
 The Abbot were loath to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
 He traced the windings of the shore.
 Oh, beauteous is that river still,
 As it winds by many a sloping hill,
 And many a dim o'erarching grove,
 And many a flat and sunny cove,
 And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
 The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
 And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
 So gay they are with grass and flowers !
 But the Abbot was thinking of scenery
 About as much, in sooth,
 As a lover thinks of constancy,
 Or an advocate of truth.
 He did not mark how the skies in wrath
 Grew dark above his head ;
 He did not mark how the mossy path
 Grew damp beneath his tread ;
 And nearer he came, and still more near,
 To a pool, in whose recess
 The water had slept for many a year,
 Unchanged and motionless ;
 From the river stream it spread away
 The space of half a rood ;

The surface had the hue of clay
 And the scent of human blood;
 The trees and the herbs that round it grew
 Were venomous and foul,
 And the birds that through the bushes flew
 Were the vulture and the owl;
 The water was as dark and rank
 As ever a company pumped,
 And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
 Grew rotten while it jumped;
 And bold was the man who thither came
 At midnight, man or boy,
 For the place was cursed with an evil name,
 And that name was "The Devil's Decoy"!

The Abbot was weary as abbot could be,
 And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree:
 When suddenly rose a dismal tone —
 Was it a song, or was it a moan?

"Oho! Oho!

Above — below —

Lightly and brightly they glide and go!
 The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
 The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
 Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
 Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy."
 In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
 He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
 And what was the vision close before him,
 That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
 'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
 And the lifeblood colder run:
 The startled priest struck both his thighs,
 And the abbey clock struck one!
 All alone, by the side of the pool,
 A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
 Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
 And putting in order his reel and rod;
 Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
 And a high red cap on his head he bore;
 His arms and his legs were long and bare;
 And two or three locks of long red hair
 Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
 Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
 It might be time, or it might be trouble,
 Had bent that stout back nearly double,

Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
 That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
 And shrunk and shriveled that tawny skin,
 Till it hardly covered the bones within.
 The line the Abbot saw him throw
 Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
 And the hands that worked his foreign vest
 Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
 You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
 He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
 Minnow or gentle, worm or fly —
 It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye ;
 Gayly it glittered with jewel and gem,
 And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
 It was fastened a gleaming hook about
 By a chain within and a chain without ;
 The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
 And the water fizzed as it tumbled in !
 From the bowels of the earth
 Strange and varied sounds had birth ;
 Now the battle's bursting peal,
 Neigh of steed and clang of steel ;
 Now an old man's hollow groan
 Echoed from the dungeon stone ;
 Now the weak and wailing cry
 Of a stripling's agony !
 Cold by this was the midnight air ;
 But the Abbot's blood ran colder,
 When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
 With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
 And a hump upon his shoulder.
 And the loyal churchman strove in vain
 To mutter a Paternoster ;
 For he who writhed in mortal pain
 Was camped that night on Bosworth plain —
 The cruel Duke of Glo'ster !

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
 It was a haunch of princely size,
 Filling with fragrance earth and skies.

The corpulent Abbot knew full well
 The swelling form and the steaming smell;
 Never a monk that wore a hood
 Could better have guessed the very wood
 Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
 Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
 Of a reveling company —
 Sprightly story, wicked jest,
 Rated servant, greeted guest,
 Flow of wine and flight of cork,
 Stroke of knife and thrust of fork:
 But, where'er the board was spread,
 Grace, I ween, was never said!
 Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sat;
 And the Priest was ready to vomit,
 When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
 With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
 And a nose as red as a comet.
 "A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
 "With cinnamon and sherry!"
 And the Abbot turned away his head,
 For his brother was lying before him dead —
 The Mayor of St. Edmund's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
 It was a bundle of beautiful things —
 A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
 A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
 A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
 And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
 Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,
 That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
 And deemed his spirit was halfway sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
 Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
 And the breath of vernal gales,
 And the voice of nightingales:
 But the nightingales were mute,
 Envious, when an unseen lute
 Shaped the music of its chords
 Into passion's thrilling words:

“Smile, Lady, smile! I will not set
 Upon my brow the coronet,
 Till thou wilt gather roses white
 To wear around its gems of light.
 Smile, Lady, smile! — I will not see
 Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
 Till those bewitching lips of thine
 Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
 Smile, Lady, smile! — for who would win
 A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
 Or who would reign o’er vale and hill,
 If woman’s heart were rebel still?”

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
 A lady wondrous fair;
 But the rose of her lip had faded away,
 And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
 And torn was her raven hair.
 “Aha!” said the Fisher, in merry guise,
 “Her gallant was hooked before;”
 And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
 For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,
 The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
 Many the cunning sportsman tried,
 Many he flung with a frown aside;
 A minstrel’s harp, and a miser’s chest,
 A hermit’s cowl, and a baron’s crest,
 Jewels of luster, robes of price,
 Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
 And golden cups of the brightest wine
 That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.
 There was a perfume of sulphur and niter,
 As he came at last to a bishop’s miter!

From top to toe the Abbot shook,
 As the Fisherman armed his golden hook,
 And awfully were his features wrought
 By some dark dream or wakened thought.
 Look how the fearful felon gazes
 On the scaffold his country’s vengeance raises,
 When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
 With the thirst which only in death shall die:

Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
 As the swirling wherry settles down,
 When peril has numbed the sense and will,
 Though the hand and the foot may struggle still :
 Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
 Deeper far was the Abbot's trance :
 Fixed as a monument, still as air,
 He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer ;
 But he signed — he knew not why or how —
 The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
 As he stalked away with his iron box.

“Oho! Oho!

The cock doth crow ;

It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
 Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
 He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line ;
 Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
 The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth !”

The Abbot had preached for many years
 With as clear articulation

As ever was heard in the House of Peers
 Against Emancipation ;

His words had made battalions quake,

Had roused the zeal of martyrs,

Had kept the Court an hour awake,

And the King himself three quarters :

But ever since that hour, 'tis said,

He stammered and he stuttered,

As if an ax went through his head

With every word he uttered.

He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,

He stuttered, drunk or dry ;

And none but he and the Fisherman

Could tell the reason why !



LUST.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust

Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
 Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
 Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
 A bliss in proof — and proved, a very woe;
 Before, a joy proposed, behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none know well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.



A VISION OF PURGATORY.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN.

[WILLIAM MAGINN, Irish man of letters and typical bohemian, was born in Dublin, July 10, 1793. The son of an eminent schoolmaster, he carried on the school himself after graduation from Trinity College, Dublin; meanwhile becoming a voluminous contributor to *Blackwood's* and other periodicals under various pseudonyms (finally fixing on "Morgan O'Doherty"), suggesting the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" and writing some of it, and in 1823 settling in London for a literary life. He was Murray's chief man on the *Representative*; its foreign correspondent in Paris; returning, was joint editor of the *Standard*, then on the scurrilous *Age*. He founded *Fraser's Magazine* in 1830, and made it the most brilliant in Great Britain; contributed to *Blackwood's* and *Bentley's* later; and in 1838 he wrote the "Homeric Ballads" for *Fraser's*. His literary feuds were endless and savage. After running down for years and once being in a debtor's prison (Thackeray portrays him as "Captain Shandon" in "Pendennis"), he died August 21, 1842.]

THE churchyard of Inistubber is as lonely a one as you would wish to see on a summer's day or avoid on a winter's night. It is situated in a narrow valley, at the bottom of three low, barren, miserable hills, on which there is nothing green to meet the eye — tree or shrub, grass or weed. The country beyond these hills is pleasant and smiling: rich fields of corn, fair clumps of oaks, sparkling streams of water, houses beautifully dotting the scenery, which gently undulates round and round as far as the eye can reach; but once across the north side of Inistubber Hill, and you look upon desolation. There is nothing to see but, down in the hollow, the solitary

churchyard with its broken wall, and the long lank grass growing over the gravestones, mocking with its melancholy verdure the barrenness of the rest of the landscape. It is a sad thing to reflect that the only green spot in the prospect springs from the grave!

Under the east window is a moldering vault of the De Lacys, a branch of a family descended from one of the conquerors of Ireland; and there they are buried when the allotted time calls them to the tomb. On these occasions a numerous cavalcade, formed from the adjoining districts in all the pomp and circumstance of woe, is wont to fill the deserted churchyard, and the slumbering echoes are awakened to the voice of prayer and wailing, and charged with the sigh that marks the heart bursting with grief, or the laugh escaping from the bosom mirth-making under the cloak of mourning. Which of these feelings was predominant when Sir Theodore de Lacy died is not written in history; nor is it necessary to inquire. He had lived a jolly, thoughtless life, rising early for the hunt, and retiring late from the bottle; a good-humored bachelor who took no care about the management of his household, provided that the hounds were in order for his going out, and the table ready on his coming in; as for the rest, an easy landlord, a quiet master, a lenient magistrate (except to poachers), and a very excellent foreman of a grand jury. He died one evening while laughing at a story which he had heard regularly thrice a week for the last fifteen years of his life; and his spirit mingled with the claret.

In former times, when the De Lacys were buried, there was a grand breakfast, and all the party rode over to the church to see the last rites paid. The keeners lamented; the country people had a wake before the funeral and a dinner after it—and there was an end. But with the march of mind came trouble and vexation. A man has nowadays no certainty of quietness in his coffin—unless it be a patent one. He is laid down in the grave and, the next morning, finds himself called upon to demonstrate an interesting fact! No one, I believe, admires this ceremony; and it is not to be wondered at that Sir Theodore de Lacy held it in especial horror. “I’d like,” he said one evening, “to catch one of the thieves coming after me when I’m dead. By the God of War, I’d break every bone in his body! But,” he added with a sigh, “as I suppose I’ll not be able to take my own part then, upon you I leave it,

Larry Sweeney, to watch me three days and three nights after they plant me under the sod. There's Dr. Dickenson there — I see the fellow looking at me. Fill your glass, Doctor: here's your health! And shoot him, Larry (do you hear?), shoot the doctor like a cock if he ever comes stirring up my poor old bones from their roost of Inistubber."

"Why, then," Larry answered, accepting the glass which followed this command, "long life to both your honors; and it's I that would like to be putting a bullet into Dr. Dickenson — Heaven between him and harm! — for wanting your honor away, as if you was a horse's head, to a bonfire. There's nothing, I 'shure you, gintlemin, poor as I am, that would give me greater pleasure."

"We feel obliged, Larry," said Sir Theodore, "for your good wishes."

"Is it I pull you out of the grave, indeed?" continued the whipper-in (for such he was); "I'd let nobody pull your honor out of any place, saving 'twas Purgatory; and out of that I'd pull you myself, if I saw you going *there*."

"I am of opinion, Larry," said Dr. Dickenson, "you'd turn tail if you saw Sir Theodore on that road. You might go farther and fair worse, you know."

"Turn tail!" replied Larry. "It's I that wouldn't—I appale to St. Patrick himself over beyond"—pointing to a picture of the Prime Saint of Ireland which hung in gilt daubery behind his master's chair, right opposite to him.

To Larry's horror and astonishment the picture, fixing its eyes upon him, winked with the most knowing air, as if acknowledging the appeal.

"What makes you turn so white, then, at the very thought?" said the doctor, interpreting the visible consternation of our hero in his own way.

"Nothing particular," answered Larry; "but a wakeness has come strong over me, gintlemin; and, if you have no objection, I'd like to go into the air for a bit."

Leave was of course granted, and Larry retired amid the laughter of the guests: but, as he retreated, he could not avoid casting a glance on the awful picture; and again the Saint winked, with a most malicious smile. It was impossible to endure the repeated infliction, and Larry rushed down the stairs in an agony of fright and amazement.

"Maybe," thought he, "it might be my own eyes that

wasn't quite steady—or the flame of the candle. But no! He winked at me as plain as ever I winked at Judy Donaghue of a May morning. What he manes by it I can't say; but there's no use of thinking about it; no, nor of talking neither, for who'd believe me if I tould them of it?"

The next evening Sir Theodore died, as has been mentioned, and in due time thereafter was buried, according to the custom of the family, by torchlight in the churchyard of Inistubber. All was fitly performed; and although Dickenson had no design upon the jovial knight—and, if he had not, there was nobody within fifteen miles that could be suspected of such an outrage—yet Larry Sweeney was determined to make good his promise of watching his master. "I'd think little of telling a lie to him, by the way of no harm, when he was alive," said he, wiping his eyes as soon as the last of the train had departed, leaving him with a single companion in the lonely cemetery; "but now that he's dead—God rest his soul!—I'd scorn it. So Jack Kinaley, as behooves my first cousin's son, stay you with me here this blessed night, for betune you and I it ain't lucky to stay by one's self in this ruinated old rookery, where ghosts (God help us!) is as thick as bottles in Sir Theodore's cellar."

"Never you mind that, Larry," said Kinaley, a discharged soldier who had been through all the campaigns of the Peninsula: "never mind, I say, such botherations. Hain't I lain in bivouac on the field at Salamanca, and Tallawora, and the Pyrumnees, and many another place beside, when there was dead corpses lying about in piles, and there was no more ghosts than kneebuckles in a ridgemint of Highlanders. Here! Let me prime them pieces, and hand us over the bottle. We'll stay snug under this east window, for the wind's coming down the hill, and I defy——"

"None of that bould talk, Jack," said his cousin. "As for what ye saw in foreign parts, of dead men killed a-fighting, sure that's nothing to the dead—God rest 'em!—that's here. There, you see, they had company, one with the other, and, being killed freshlike that morning, had no heart to stir; but here, faith! 'tis a horse of another color."

"Maybe it is," said Jack; "but the night's coming on; so I'll turn in. Wake me if you see anything; and, after I've got my two hours' rest, I'll relieve you."

With these words the soldier turned on his side under shelter of a grave, and, as his libations had been rather copious during

the day, it was not long before he gave audible testimony that the dread of supernatural visitants had had no effect in disturbing the even current of his fancy.

Although Larry had not opposed the proposition of his kinsman, yet he felt by no means at ease. He put in practice all the usually recommended nostrums for keeping away unpleasant thoughts. He whistled; but the echo sounded so sad and dismal that he did not venture to repeat the experiment. He sang; but, when no more than five notes had passed his lips, he found it impossible to get out a sixth, for the chorus reverberated from the ruinous walls was destruction to all earthly harmony. He cleared his throat; he hummed; he stamped; he endeavored to walk. All would not do. He wished sincerely that Sir Theodore had gone to Heaven — he dared not suggest even to himself, just then, the existence of any other region — without leaving on him the perilous task of guarding his mortal remains in so desperate a place. Flesh and blood could hardly resist it! Even the preternatural snoring of Jack Kinaley added to the horrors of his position; and, if his application to the spirituous soother of grief beside him was frequent, it is more to be deplored on the score of morality than wondered at on the score of metaphysics. He who censures our hero too severely has never watched the body of a dead baronet in the churchyard of Inistubber at midnight. “If it was a common, dacent, quite, well-behaved churchyard a’self,” thought Larry, half aloud; “but when ’tis a place like this forsaken ould berrin’ ground, which is noted for villainy ——”

“For what, Larry?” inquired a gentleman stepping out of a niche which contained the only statue time had spared. It was the figure of St. Colman, to whom the church was dedicated. Larry had been looking at the figure as it shone forth in ebon and ivory in the light and shadow of the now high-careering moon.

“For what, Larry?” said the gentleman; “for what do you say the churchyard is noted?”

“For nothing at all, please your honor,” replied Larry, “except the height of gentility.”

The stranger was about four feet high, dressed in what might be called glowing garments if, in spite of their form, their rigidity did not deprive them of all claim to such an appellation. He wore an antique miter upon his head; his hands were folded upon his breast; and over his right shoulder rested a pastoral

crook. There was a solemn expression in his countenance, and his eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not well be said to wave upon his bosom; but it lay upon it in ample profusion, stiffer than that of a Jew on a frosty morning after mist. In short, as Larry soon discovered to his horror on looking up at the niche, it was no other than St. Colman himself, who had stepped forth indignant, in all probability, at the stigma cast by the watcher of the dead on the churchyard of which his Saintship was patron.

He smiled with a grisly solemnity—just such a smile as you might imagine would play round the lips of a milestone (if it had any)—at the recantation so quickly volunteered by Larry. “Well,” said he, “Lawrence Sweeney——”

“How well the old rogue,” thought Larry, “knows my name!”

“Since you profess yourself such an admirer of the merits of the churchyard of Inistubber, get up and follow me, till I show you the civilities of the place, for I’m master here, and must do the honors.”

“Willingly would I go with your worship,” replied our friend; “but you see here I am engaged to Sir Theodore, who, though a good master, was a mighty passionate man when everything was not done as he ordered it; and I am feared to stir.”

“Sir Theodore,” said the saint, “will not blame you for following me. I assure you he will not.”

“But then——” said Larry.

“Follow me!” cried the saint in a hollow voice; and, casting upon him his stony eye, drew poor Larry after him, as the bridal guest was drawn by the lapidary glance of the Ancient Mariner, or, as Larry himself afterwards expressed it, “as a jaw tooth is wrinched out of an ould woman with a pair of pinchers.”

The saint strode before him in silence, not in the least incommoded by the stones and rubbish which at every step sadly contributed to the discomfiture of Larry’s shins, who followed his marble conductor into a low vault situated at the west end of the church. In accomplishing this, poor Larry contrived to bestow upon his head an additional organ, the utility of which he was not craniologist enough to discover.

The path lay through coffins piled up on each side of the way in various degrees of decomposition; and excepting that the solid footsteps of the saintly guide, as they smote heavily

on the floor of stone, broke the deadly silence, all was still. Stumbling and staggering along, directed only by the casual glimpses of light afforded by the moon where it broke through the dilapidated roof of the vault and served to discover only sights of woe, Larry followed. He soon felt that he was descending, and could not help wondering at the length of the journey. He began to entertain the most unpleasant suspicions as to the character of his conductor; but what could he do? Flight was out of the question, and to think of resistance was absurd. "Needs must, they say," thought he to himself, "when the Devil drives. I see it's much the same when a Saint leads."

At last the dolorous march had an end; and, not a little to Larry's amazement, he found that his guide had brought him to the gate of a lofty hall before which a silver lamp, filled with naphtha, "yielded light as from a sky." From within loud sounds of merriment were ringing; and it was evident, from the jocular harmony and the tinkling of glasses, that some subterranean catch club were not idly employed over the bottle.

"Who's there?" said a porter, roughly responding to the knock of St. Colman.

"Be so good," said the saint, mildly, "my very good fellow, as to open the door without further questions, or I'll break your head. I'm bringing a gentleman here on a visit, whose business is pressing."

"Maybe so," thought Larry; "but what that business may be is more than I can tell."

The porter sulkily complied with the order, after having apparently communicated the intelligence that a stranger was at hand; for a deep silence immediately followed the tipsy clamor, and Larry, sticking close to his guide, whom he now looked upon almost as a friend when compared with these underground revelers to whom he was about to be introduced, followed him through a spacious vestibule, which gradually sloped into a low arched room where the company was assembled.

And a strange-looking company it was. Seated round a long table were three and twenty grave and venerable personages, bearded, mitered, stoled, and crosiered,—all living statues of stone, like the saint who had walked out of his niche. On the drapery before them were figured the images of the sun, moon, and stars—the inexplicable bear—the mystic temple built by the hand of Hiram—and other symbols of which the uninitiated know nothing. The square, the line, the trowel were

not wanting, and the hammer was lying in front of the chair. Labor, however, was over, and, the time for refreshment having arrived, each of the stony brotherhood had a flagon before him; and when we mention that the saints were Irish, and that St. Patrick in person was in the chair, it is not to be wondered at that the miters, in some instances, hung rather loosely on the side of the heads of some of the canonized complotators. Among the company were found St. Senanus of Limerick, St. Declan of Ardmore, St. Canice of Kilkenny, St. Finbar of Cork, St. Michan of Dublin, St. Brandon of Kerry, St. Fachnan of Ross, and others of that holy brotherhood. A vacant place, which completed the four and twentieth, was kept for St. Colman, who, as everybody knows, is of Cloyne; and he, having taken his seat, addressed the President to inform him that he had brought the man.

The man (Larry himself) was awestruck with the company in which he so unexpectedly found himself, and trembled all over when, on the notice of his guide, the eight and forty eyes of stone were turned directly upon himself.

“You have just nicked the night to a shaving, Larry,” said St. Patrick. “This is our chapter night, and myself and brethren are here assembled on merry occasion! — You know who I am?”

“God bless your Riverince!” said Larry, “it’s I that do well. Often did I see your picture hanging over the door of places where it is” — lowering his voice — “pleasanter to be than here, buried under an ould church.”

“You may as well say it out, Larry,” said St. Patrick. “And don’t think I’m going to be angry with you about it, for I was once flesh and blood myself. But you remember the other night saying that you would think nothing of pulling your master out of Purgatory if you could get at him there, and appealing to me to stand by your words.”

“Y-e-e-s,” said Larry, most mournfully, for he recollected the significant look he had received from the picture.

“And,” continued St. Patrick, “you remember also that I gave you a wink, which, you know, is as good any day as a nod — at least, to a blind horse.”

“I’m sure your Riverince,” said Larry, with a beating heart, “is too much of a gintleman to hold a poor man hard to every word he may say of an evening; and therefore ——”

“I was thinking so,” said the saint. “I guessed you’d

prove a poltroon when put to the push. What do you think, my brethren, I should do to this fellow?"

A hollow sound burst from the bosoms of the unanimous assembly. The verdict was short but decisive:—

"Knock out his brains!"

And, in order to suit the action to the word, the whole four and twenty rose at once, and, with their immovable eyes fixed firmly on the face of our hero,—who, horror-struck with the sight as he was, could not close his,—they began to glide slowly but regularly towards him, bending their line into the form of a crescent so as to environ him on all sides. In vain he fled to the door; its massive folds resisted mortal might. In vain he cast his eyes around in quest of a loophole of retreat—there was none. Closer and closer pressed on the slowly-moving phalanx, and the uplifted crosiers threatened soon to put their sentence into execution. Supplication was all that remained—and Larry sank upon his knees.

"Ah then!" said he; "gintlemin and ancient ould saints as you are, don't kill the father of a large small family who never did hurt to you or yours. Sure, if 'tis your will that I should go to—no matter who, for there's no use in naming his name—might I not as well make up my mind to go there alive and well, stout and hearty, and able to face him, as with my head knocked into bits, as if I had been after a fair or a pat-thren?"

"You say right," said St. Patrick, checking with a motion of his crosier the advancing assailants, who thereupon returned to their seats. "I'm glad to see you coming to reason. Prepare for your journey."

"And how, please your Saintship, am I to go?" asked Larry.

"Why," said St. Patrick, "as Colman here has guided you so far, he may guide you further. But as the journey is into foreign parts, where you aren't likely to be known, you had better take this letter of introduction, which may be of use to you."

"And here, also, Lawrence," said a Dublin saint (perhaps Michan), "take you this box also, and make use of it as he to whom you speak shall suggest."

"Take a hold, and a firm one," said St. Colman, "Lawrence, of my cassock, and we'll start."

"All right behind?" cried St. Patrick.

“All right!” was the reply.

In an instant vault, table, saints, bell, church faded into air; a rustling hiss of wings was all that was heard, and Larry felt his cheek swept by a current, as if a covey of birds of enormous size were passing him. [It was in all probability the flight of the saints returning to Heaven; but on that point nothing certain has reached us up to the present time of writing.] He had not a long time to wonder at the phenomenon, for he himself soon began to soar, dangling in mid-sky to the skirt of the cassock of his sainted guide. Earth, and all that appertains thereto, speedily passed from his eyes, and they were alone in the midst of circumfused ether, glowing with a sunless light. Above, in immense distance, was fixed the firmament, fastened up with bright stars, fencing around the world with its azure wall. They fled far before any distinguishable object met their eyes. At length a long white streak, shining like silver in the moonbeam, was visible to their sight.

“That,” said St. Colman, “is the Limbo which adjoins the earth, and is the highway for ghosts departing the world. It is called in Milton, a book which I suppose, Larry, you never have read ——”

“And how could I, please your worship,” said Larry, “seein’ I don’t know a B from a bull’s foot?”

“Well, it is called in Milton the Paradise of Fools; and, if it were indeed peopled by all of that tribe who leave the world, it would contain the best company that ever figured on the earth. To the north you see a bright speck?”

“I do.”

“That marks the upward path — narrow and hard to find. To the south you may see a darksome road — broad, smooth, and easy of descent. That is the lower way. It is thronged with the great ones of the world; you may see their figures in the gloom. Those who are soaring upwards are wrapt in the flood of light flowing perpetually from that single spot, and you cannot see them. The silver path on which we enter is the Limbo. Here I part with you. You are to give your letter to the first person you meet. Do your best; be courageous, but observe particularly that you profane no holy name, or I will not answer for the consequences.”

His guide had scarcely vanished when Larry heard the tinkling of a bell in the distance; and, turning his eyes in the

quarter whence it proceeded, he saw a grave-looking man in black, with eyes of fire, driving before him a host of ghosts with a switch, as you see turkeys driven on the western road at the approach of Christmas. They were on the highway to Purgatory. The ghosts were shivering in the thin air, which pinched them severely now that they had lost the covering of their bodies. Among the group Larry recognized his old master, by the same means that Ulysses, Æneas, and others recognized the bodiless forms of *their* friends in the regions of Acheron.

“What brings a living person,” said the man in black, “on this pathway? I shall make legal capture of you, Larry Sweeney, for trespassing. You have no business here.”

“I have come,” said Larry, plucking up courage, “to bring your honor’s glory a letter from a company of gentlemen with whom I had the pleasure of spending the evening underneath the ould church of Inistubber.”

“A letter?” said the man in black. “Where is it?”

“Here, my lord,” said Larry.

“Ho!” cried the black gentleman on opening it; “I know the handwriting. It won’t do, however, my lad; — I see they want to throw dust in my eyes.”

“Whew!” thought Larry. “That’s the very thing. ’Tis for that the ould Dublin boy gave me the box. I’d lay a ten-penny to a brass farthing that it’s filled with Lundyfoot.”

Opening the box, therefore, he flung its contents right into the fiery eyes of the man in black, while he was still occupied in reading the letter; — and the experiment was successful.

“Curses! Tche — tche — tche — curses on it!” exclaimed he, clapping his hands before his eyes, and sneezing most lustily.

“Run, you villains, run,” cried Larry to the ghosts; “run, you villains, now that his eyes are off you. O master, master! Sir Theodore, jewel! Run to the right-hand side, make for the bright speck, and God give you luck!”

He had forgotten his injunction. The moment the word was uttered he felt the silvery ground sliding from under him; and with the swiftness of thought he found himself on the flat of his back, under the very niche of the old church wall whence he had started, dizzy and confused with the measureless tumble. The emancipated ghosts floated in all directions, emitting their

shrill and stridulous cries in the gleaming expanse. Some were again gathered by their old conductor; some, scudding about at random, took the right-hand path, others the left. Into which of them Sir Theodore struck is not recorded; but, as he had heard the direction, let us hope that he made the proper choice.

Larry had not much time given him to recover from his fall, for almost in an instant he heard an angry snorting rapidly approaching; and, looking up, whom should he see but the gentleman in black, with eyes gleaming more furiously than ever, and his horns (for in his haste he had let his hat fall) relieved in strong shadow against the moon? Up started Larry; — away ran his pursuer after him. The safest refuge was, of course, the church. Thither ran our hero,

As darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds;

and after him — fiercer than the shark, swifter than the hounds — fled the black gentleman. The church is cleared, the chancel entered; and the hot breath of his pursuer glows upon the outstretched neck of Larry. Escape is impossible; the extended talons of the fiend have clutched him by the hair.

“You are mine!” cried the demon. “If I have lost any of my flock, I have at least got you!”

“O St. Patrick!” exclaimed our hero in horror. “O St. Patrick, have mercy upon me, and save me!”

“I tell you what, Cousin Larry,” said Kinaley, chucking him up from behind a gravestone where he had fallen; “all the St. Patricks that ever were born would not have saved you from ould Tom Picton if he caught you sleeping on your post as I’ve caught you now. By the word of an ould soldier he’d have had the provost marshal upon you, and I’d not give two-pence for the loan of your life. And then, too, I see you have drunk every drop in the bottle. What can you say for yourself?”

“Nothing at all,” said Larry, scratching his head; “but it was an unlucky dream, and I’m glad it’s over.”

THE OLIVE BOUGHS.

BY SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

[1805-1848; author of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."]

THEY bear the hero from the fight, dying;
 But the foe is flying:
 They lay him down beneath the shade
 By the olive branches made:
 The olive boughs are sighing.

He hears the wind among the leaves, dying;
 But the foe is flying:
 He hears the voice that used to be
 When he sat beneath the tree:
 The olive boughs are sighing.

Comes the mist around his brow, dying;
 But the foe is flying:
 Comes that form of peace so fair, —
 Stretch his hands unto the air:
 The olive boughs are sighing.

Fadeth life as fadeth day, dying;
 But the foe is flying:
 There's an urn beneath the shade
 By the olive branches made:
 The olive boughs are sighing.



VAN ARTEVELDE AND HIS COMPANIONS.

BY SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

[SIR HENRY TAYLOR was born in Durham, 1800. He became editor of the *London Magazine*, and was in the colonial office. He wrote dramatic pieces: "Isaac Comnenus" (1827), "Philip van Artevelde" (1834), his masterpiece, "Edwin the Fair" (1842), "The Virgin Widow" (1850), and "St. Clement's Eve" (1862); volumes of essays: "The Statesman" (1836), "Notes from Life" (1847), "Notes from Books" (1849); and "The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems" (1847). He died March 28, 1886.]

Platform before the Stadt House, Ghent: SIR GUISEBERT GRUTT, *aldermen of sundry guilds, deans of the crafts of butchers, fishermen, glaziers, and cordwainers;* VAN ARTEVELDE *and others of his party.* GRUTT, *descending, meets* SIR SIMON BETTE *coming up.*

Sir Guisebert Grutt [aside to SIR SIMON BETTE] —
 God's life, Sir! where is Occo?

- Sir Simon Bette* — Sick, sick, sick.
He has sent word he's sick, and cannot come.
- Sir Guisebert Grutt* —
Pray God his sickness be the death of him !
- Sir Simon Bette* —
Nay, his lieutenant's here, and has his orders.
- Van den Bosch* [*aside to ARTEVELDE*] —
I see there's something that hath staggered them.
Now push them to the point. [*Aloud*] Make way
there, ho !
- Artevelde* [*coming forward*] —
Some citizen hath brought this concourse here.
Who is the man, and what hath he to say ?
- Sir Guisebert Grutt* —
The noble Earl of Flanders of his grace
Commissions me to speak.
- [*Some White Hoods interrupt him with cries of "Ghent," on which there is a great tumult, and they are instantly drowned in the cry of "Flanders."*]
- Artevelde* — What, silence! peace!
Silence, and hear this noble Earl's behests,
Delivered by this thrice puissant knight.
- Sir Guisebert Grutt* —
First will I speak — not what I'm bid to say,
But what it most imports yourselves to hear.
For though ye cannot choose but know it well,
Yet by these cries I deem that some of you
Would, much like madmen, cast your knowledge off,
And both of that and of your reason reft
Run naked on the sword — which to forefend,
Let me *remind* you of the things ye know.
Sirs, when this month began ye had four chiefs
Of great renown and valor, — Jan de Bol,
Arnoul le Clerc, and Launoy and Van Ranst.
Where are they now? and what be ye without them?
Sirs, when the month began ye had good aid
From Brabant, Liège, St. Tron, and Huy and Dinant.
How shall they serve you now? The Earl sits fast
Upon the Quatre-metiers and the Bridge.
What aid of theirs can reach you? What supplies?
I tell you, Sirs, that thirty thousand men
Could barely bring a bullock to your gates.
If thus without, how stand you then within?
Ask of your chatelain, the Lord of Occo;
Which worthy knight will tell you —
- Artevelde* [*aside to VAN DEN BOSCH*] — Mark you that ?

[*Then aloud to SIR GUISEBERT GRUTT*]—

Where is this chatelain, your speech's sponsor?

Sir Guisebert Grutt—

He's sick in bed; but were he here, he'd tell you
 There's not provision in the public stores
 To keep you for a day. Such is your plight.
 Now hear the offer of your natural liege,
 Moved to compassion by our prayers and tears,
 Well aided as they were by good Duke Aubert,
 My Lady of Brabant, and Lord Compelant—
 To whom our thanks are due,— the Earl says thus:
 He will have peace, and take you to his love,
 And be your good lord as in former days;
 And all the injuries, hatreds, and ill will
 He had against you he will now forget,
 And he will pardon you your past offenses,
 And he will keep you in your ancient rights;
 And for his love and graces thus vouchsafed
 He doth demand of you three hundred men,
 Such citizens of Ghent as he shall name,
 To be delivered up to his good pleasure.

Van den Bosch—

Three hundred citizens!

Artevelde— Peace, Van den Bosch.

Hear we this other knight. Well, worthy Sir,
 Hast aught to say, or hast not got thy priming,
 That thus thou gaspest like a droughty pump?

Van den Bosch—

Nay, 'tis black bile that chokes him. Come, up with it!
 Be't but a gallon it shall ease thy stomach.

Several Citizens—

Silence! Sir Simon Bette's about to speak.

Sir Simon Bette—

Right worthy burgesses, good men and rich!
 Much trouble ye may guess, and strife had we
 To win his Highness to this loving humor:
 For if ye rightly think, Sirs, and remember,
 You've done him much offense—not of yourselves,
 But through ill guidance of ungracious men.
 For first ye slew his bailiff at the cross,
 And with the Earl's own banner in his hand,
 Which falling down was trampled underfoot
 Through heedlessness of them that stood about.
 Also ye burned the castle he loved best,
 And ravaged all his parks at Andrehen,

All those delightful gardens on the plain.
 And ye beat down two gates at Oudenarde,
 And in the dike ye cast them upside down.
 Also ye slew five knights of his, and brake
 The silver font wherein he was baptized.
 Wherefore it must be owned, Sirs, that much cause
 He had of quarrel with the town of Ghent.
 For how, Sirs, had the Earl afflicted you
 That ye should thus dishonor him? 'tis true
 That once a burgess was detained at Erclo
 Through misbehavior of the bailiff; still
 He hath delivered many a time and oft
 Out of his prisons burgesses of yours
 Only to do you pleasure; and when late
 By kinsmen of the bailiff whom ye slew,
 Some mariners of yours were sorely maimed
 (Which was an inconvenience to this town),
 What did the Earl? To prove it not his act,
 He banished out of Flanders them that did it.
 Moreover, Sirs, the taxes of the Earl
 Were not so heavy but that, being rich,
 Ye might have borne them; they were not the half
 Of what ye since have paid to wage this war;
 And yet had these been double that were half,
 The double would have grieved you less in peace
 Than but the half in war. Bethink ye, Sirs,
 What were the fowage and the subsidies
 When bread was but four mites that's now a groat?
 All which considered, Sirs, I counsel you
 That ye accept this honorable peace,
 For mercifully is the Earl inclined,
 And ye may surely deem of them he takes
 A large and liberal number will be spared,
 And many here, who least expect his love,
 May find him free and gracious. Sirs, what say ye?

Artevelde—

First, if it be your pleasure, hear me speak.

[*Great tumult and cries of "Flanders!"*]

What, Sirs! not hear me? was it then for this
 Ye made me your chief captain yesternight,
 To snare me in a trust whereof I bear
 The name and danger only, not the power?

[*The tumult increases.*]

Sirs, if we needs must come to blows, so be it;
 For I have friends amongst you who can deal them.

Sir Simon Bette [*aside to SIR GUISEBERT GRUTT*]—

Had Occo now been here! but lacking him
It must not come to that.

Sir Guisebert Grutt— My loving friends,

Let us behave like brethren as we are,
And not like listed combatants. Ho, peace!
Hear this young bachelor of high renown,
Who writes himself your captain since last night,
When a few score of varlets, being drunk,
In mirth and sport so dubbed him. Peace, Sirs! hear him.

Artevelde—

Peace let it be, if so ye will; if not,
We are as ready as yourselves for blows.

One of the Citizens—

Speak, Master Philip, speak and you'll be heard.

Artevelde—

I thank you, Sirs; I knew it could not be
But men like you must listen to the truth.
Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
And ill it would become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall.
They died like heroes; for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them, no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guessed, or could they but have dreamed
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
That men should say "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought this,
Oh, then, with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!
What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
Delivered up her keys, stripped off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty lord that he would scourge her lightly!

It shall not be — no, verily! for now,
 Thus looking on you as ye stand before me,
 Mine eye can single out full many a man
 Who lacks but opportunity to shine
 As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell. —
 But lo! the Earl is mercifully minded!
 And surely if we, rather than revenge
 The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
 And fall upon our knees, and say we've sinned,
 Then will my lord the Earl have mercy on us,
 And pardon us our lech for liberty!
 What pardon it shall be, if we know not,
 Yet Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, Bruges, they know;
 For never can those towns forget the day
 When by the hangman's hands five hundred men,
 The bravest of each guild, were done to death
 In those base butcheries that he called pardons.
 And did it seal their pardons, all this blood?
 Had they the Earl's good love from that time forth?
 Oh, Sirs! look round you lest ye be deceived;
 Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue,
 Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
 But think not that the parchment and mouth pardon
 Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
 There's that betwixt you been which men remember
 Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,
 Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
 From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up.
 There's that betwixt you been which you yourselves,
 Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves;
 For must it not be thought some base men's souls
 Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,
 If in the coldness of a craven heart
 Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man
 For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes?
 Think of your mariners, three hundred men,
 After long absence in the Indian seas
 Upon their peaceful homeward voyage bound,
 And now all dangers conquered, as they thought,
 Warping the vessels up their native stream,
 Their wives and children waiting them at home
 In joy, with festal preparation made, —
 Think of these mariners, their eyes torn out,
 Their hands chopped off, turned staggering into Ghent,
 To meet the blasted eyesight of their friends!

And was not this the Earl? 'Twas none but he,
 No Hauterive of them all had dared to do it,
 Save at the express instance of the Earl.
 And now what asks he? Pardon me, Sir knights;

[*To GRUTT and BETTE.*]

I had forgotten, looking back and back
 From felony to felony foregoing,
 This present civil message which ye bring;
 Three hundred citizens to be surrendered
 Up to that mercy which I tell you of —
 That mercy which your mariners proved — which steeped
 Courtray and Ypres, Grammont, Bruges, in blood!
 Three hundred citizens, — a secret list,
 No man knows who — not one can say he's safe —
 Not one of you so humble but that still
 The malice of some secret enemy
 May whisper him to death — and hark — look to it!
 Have some of you seemed braver than your fellows,
 Their courage is their surest condemnation;
 They are marked men — and not a man stands here
 But may be so. — Your pardon, Sirs, again;

[*To GRUTT and BETTE.*]

You are the pickers and the choosers here,
 And doubtless you're all safe, ye think — ha! ha!
 But we have picked and chosen, too, Sir knights.
 What was the law for I made yesterday —
 What! is it you that would deliver up
 Three hundred citizens to certain death?
 Ho! Van den Bosch! have at these traitors — hah —

[*Stabbs GRUTT, who falls.*]

Van den Bosch — Die, treasonable dog — is that enough?
 Down, felon, and plot treacheries in hell. [*Stabbs BETTE.*]
The White Hoods draw their swords, with loud cries of "Treason,"
"Artevelde," "Ghent," and "The Chaperons Blancs." A
citizen of the other party, who in the former part of the scene
had unfurled the Earl's banner, now throws it down and
flies; several others are following him, and the aldermen and
deans, some of whom had been dropping off towards the end of
ARTEVELDE'S speech, now quit the platform with precipita-
tion. VAN AESWYN is crossed by VAN DEN BOSCH.

Van den Bosch [*aiming a blow at him*] —

Die thou, too, traitor.

Artevelde [*warding it off*] — Van den Bosch, forbear;
 Up with your weapons, White Hoods; no more blood.
 Those only are the guilty who lie here.

Let no more blood be spilt on pain of death.
 Sirs, ye have naught to fear; I say, stand fast;
 No man shall harm you; if he does, he dies.
 Stand fast, or if ye go, take this word with you,
 Philip van Artevelde is friend with all;
 There's no man lives within the walls of Ghent
 But Artevelde will look to him and his,
 And suffer none to plunder or molest him.
 Haste, Van den Bosch! by Heaven they run like lizards!
 Take they not heart the sooner, by St. Paul
 They'll fly the city, and that cripples us.
 Haste with thy company to the west wards,
 And see thou that no violence be done
 Amongst the weavers and the fullers — stay —
 And any that betake themselves to pillage
 Hang without stint — and hark — begone — yet stay;
 Shut the west gate, postern, and wicket too,
 And catch my Lord of Oeco where you can.
 Stay — on thy life let no man's house be plundered.

Van den Bosch —

That is not to my mind; but what of that?
 Thou'st played the game right boldly, and for me,
 My oath of homage binds me to thee.

Artevelde —

Well,

Thou to thy errand then, and I myself
 Will go from street to street through all the town,
 To reassure the citizens; that done
 I'll meet thee here again. Form, White Hoods, form;
 Range ten abreast; I'm coming down amongst you.
 You Floris, Leefeldale, Sphanghen, mount ye here,
 And bear me down these bodies. Now, set forth.

The white hoods, by whose shouts of "Artevelde for Ghent" the latter part of the scene has been frequently interrupted, now join in a cry of triumph, and carry him off on their shoulders.



TWO WOMEN.

BY NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

[NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, an American editor and author, was born at Portland, Me., January 20, 1806. He founded and conducted the *American Monthly Magazine* until it merged in the *New York Mirror*, of which he became associate editor in 1831. He traveled extensively in Europe and the

THE INTERCESSOR FOR THE FALLEN.



East, and as attaché of the American legation had favorable opportunities for observing European society. During the latter part of his life he was editor of the *Home Journal* in conjunction with George P. Morris, and after the latter's death assumed entire charge of the paper. Willis was a brilliant and popular magazinist, and the author of numerous stories, sketches of travel, miscellaneous papers of social observation, and verses. His publications include: "Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," "Letters from Under a Bridge," "People I Have Met," "Hurry-graphs," "Famous Persons and Places." He died at his beautiful estate, "Idlewild," Newburg, N. Y., in 1867.]

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
 'Twas near the twilight tide,
 And slowly there a Lady fair
 Was walking in her pride:
 Alone walked she; but viewlessly
 Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
 And Honor charmed the air;
 And all astir looked kind on her,
 And called her good as fair:
 For all God ever gave to her
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
 From lovers warm and true,
 For her heart was cold to all but gold,
 And the rich came not to woo:
 But honored well are charms to sell,
 If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was One more fair,
 A slight Girl, lily pale;
 And she had unseen company
 To make the spirit quail:
 'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
 And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
 For this world's peace to pray:
 For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
 Her woman's heart gave way:
 But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
 By man is cursed away.

THOUGHTS IN THE CLOISTER AND THE CROWD.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

[SIR ARTHUR HELPS, English man of letters, was born at Streatham, July 10, 1813; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was private secretary to the chancellor of the exchequer, and to the Irish secretary; in later life, clerk to the Privy Council. He published: "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd" (1835); "The Claims of Labor" (1844); "Friends in Council" (1847-1859); "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen" (1848-1852); "The Spanish Conquest in America" (1855-1861); biographies of Las Casas, Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes; "Thoughts upon Government" (1872); "Realmah" (1869); "Talks about Animals and their Masters" (1873); "Social Pressure" (1875). He died March 7, 1875.]

THE world will find out that part of your character which concerns it: that which especially concerns yourself, it will leave for you to discover.

The step from the sublime to the ridiculous is not so short as the step from the confused to the sublime in the minds of most people, for the want of a proper standard of comparison. We always believe the clouds to be much higher than they really are, until we see them resting on the shoulders of the mountains.

It is difficult to discover the estimation in which one man holds another's powers of mind by seeing them together. The soundest intellect and the keenest wit will sometimes shrink at the vivacity, and pay an apparent deference to the energy, of mere cleverness; as Faust, when overcome by loud sophistry, exclaims, "He who is determined to be right, and has but a tongue, will be right undoubtedly."

There is no occasion to regard with continual dislike one who had formerly a mean opinion of your merits; for you are never so sure of permanent esteem as from the man who once esteemed you lightly, and has corrected his mistake—if it be a mistake.

A friend is one who does not laugh when you are in a ridiculous position. Some may deny such a test, saying that if a man have a keen sense of the ridiculous, he cannot help being amused, even though his friend be the subject of ridicule. No,—your friend is one who ought to sympathize with you, and not with the multitude.

You cannot expect that a friend should be like the atmos-

phere, which confers all manner of benefits upon you, and without which indeed it would be impossible to live, but at the same time is never in your way.

It would often be as well to condemn a man unheard as to condemn him upon the reasons which he openly avows for any course of action.

The apparent foolishness of others is but too frequently our own ignorance, or, what is much worse, it is the direct measure of our own tyranny.

When the subtle man fails in deceiving those around him, they are loud in their reproaches ; when he succeeds in deceiving his own conscience, it is silent. The last is not the least misfortune, for it were better to make many enemies than to silence one such friend.

It is quite impossible to understand the character of a person from one action, however striking that action may be.

The youngest mathematician knows that one point is insufficient to determine a straight line, much less anything so curvelike as the character even of the most simple and upright of mankind.

If you are obliged to judge from a single action, let it not be a striking one.

Men rattle their chains — to manifest their freedom.

The failure of many of our greatest men in their early career — a fact on which the ignorant and weak are fond of vainly leaning for support — is a very interesting subject for consideration.

The rebelliousness of great natures is a good phrase, but I fear it will not entirely satisfy all our questionings. It has been said that if we could, with our limited capacities and muffled souls, compare this life and the future, and retain the impression, that our daily duties here would be neglected, and that all below would become “weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable.” Now may not the pursuit of any particular study or worldly aim become to the far-seeing genius disgusting in the same way? May he not be like one on a lofty rock, who can behold and comprehend all the objects in the distance, can thence discover the true path that leadeth to the glad city, but, from his very position, cannot without great pain and danger scrutinize the ground immediately under him? Many fail

from the extent of their views. "Nevertheless," as Bacon says, "I shall yield, that he that cannot contract the sight of his mind, as well as disperse and dilate it, wanteth a great faculty."

There is another cause of failure that has not often been contemplated. The object may be too eagerly desired ever to be obtained. Its importance, even if it be important, may too often be presented to the mind. The end may always appear so clearly defined that the aspirant, forgetting the means that are necessary, forgetting the distance that must intervene, is forever stretching out his hand to grasp that which is not yet within his power. The calm exercise of his faculties is prevented, the habit of concentrating his attention is destroyed, and one form under a thousand aspects disturbs his diseased imagination. The unhappy sailor thinks upon his home, and the smiling fields, and the village church, until he sees them forever pictured in the deep, and with folded arms he continues to gaze, incapable alike of thought or action. This disease is called the calenture. *There is an intellectual calenture.*

Few have wished for memory so much as they have longed for forgetfulness.

Perhaps it is the secret thought of many, that an ardent love of power and wealth, however culpable in itself, is nevertheless a proof of superior sagacity. But in answer to this, it has been well remarked that even a child can clench its little hand the moment it is born; and if they imagine that the successful at any rate must be sagacious, let them remember the saying of a philosopher, *that the meanest reptiles are found at the summit of the loftiest pillars.*

The Pyramids! What a lesson to those who desire a name in the world does the fate of these restless, brick-piling monarchs afford! Their names are not known, and the only hope for them is that by the labors of some cruelly industrious antiquarian they may at last become more *definite* objects of contempt.

We talk of early prejudices, or the prejudices of religion, of position, of education; but in truth we only mean the prejudices of others. It is by the observation of trivial matters that the wise learn the influence of prejudice over their own minds at all times, and the wonderfully molding power which those

minds possess in making all things around conform to the idea of the moment. Let a man but note how often he has seen likenesses where no resemblance exists; admired ordinary pictures, because he thought they were from the hands of celebrated masters; delighted in the commonplace observations of those who had gained a reputation for wisdom; laughed where no wit was; and he will learn with humility to make allowance for the effect of prejudice in others.

In a quarrel between two friends, if one of them, even the injured one, were, in the retirement of his chamber, to consider himself as the hired advocate of the other at the court of wronged friendship; and were to omit all the facts which told in his own favor, to exaggerate all that could possibly be said against himself, and to conjure up from his imagination a few circumstances of the same tendency; he might with little effort make a good case for his former friend. Let him be assured that whatever the most skillful advocate could say, his poor friend really believes and feels; and then, instead of wondering at the insolence of such a traitor walking about in open day, he will pity his friend's delusion, have some gentle misgivings as to the exact propriety of his own conduct, and perhaps sue for an immediate reconciliation.

There are often two characters of a man — that which is believed in by people in general, and that which he enjoys among his associates. It is supposed, but vainly, that the latter is always a more accurate approximation to the truth, whereas in reality it is often a part which he performs to admiration; while the former is the result of certain minute traits, certain inflections of voice and countenance, which cannot be discussed, but are felt as it were instinctively by his domestics and by the outer world. The impressions arising from these slight circumstances he is able to efface from the minds of his constant companions, or from habit they have ceased to observe them.

We are pleased with one who instantly assents to our opinions; but we love a proselyte.

The accomplished hypocrite does not exercise his skill upon every possible occasion for the sake of acquiring facility in the use of his instruments. In all unimportant matters, who is more just, more upright, more candid, more honorable?

Those who are successfully to lead their fellow-men should

have once possessed the nobler feelings. We have all known individuals whose magnanimity was not likely to be troublesome on any occasion ; but then they betrayed their own interests by unwisely omitting the consideration that such feelings might exist in the breasts of those whom they had to guide and govern : for they themselves cannot even remember the time when in their eyes justice appeared preferable to expediency, the happiness of others to self-interest, or the welfare of a state to the advancement of a party.

The ear is an organ of finer sensibility than the eye, according to the measurement of philosophers.

Remember this, ye diplomatists : there are some imperturbable countenances, but a skillful ear will almost infallibly detect guile.

It is a shallow mind that suspects or rejects an offered kindness because it is unable to discover the motive. It would have been as wise for the Egyptians to have scorned the pure waters of the Nile, because they were not quite certain about the source of that mighty river.

Misery appears to improve the intellect, but this is only because it dismisses fear.

Intellectual powers may dignify, but cannot diminish, our sorrows ; and when the feelings are wounded, and the soul is disquieted within you, to seek comfort from purely intellectual employments is but to rest upon a staff which pierces rather than supports.

When your friend is suffering under great affliction, either be entirely silent, or offer none but the most common topics of consolation. For in the first place they are the best ; and also from their commonness they are easily understood. Extreme grief will not pay attention to any new thing.

When we consider the incidents of former days, and perceive, while reviewing the long line of causes, how the most important events of our lives originated in the most trifling circumstances ; how the beginning of our greatest happiness or greatest misery is to be attributed to a delay, to an accident, to a mistake ; we learn a lesson of profound humility. This is the irony of life.

The irony of a little child and its questions, at times how bitter!

Eccentric people are never loved for their eccentricities.

What is called firmness, is often nothing more than confirmed self-love.

Many know how to please, but know not when they have ceased to give pleasure. The same in arguing: they never lead people to a conclusion and permit them to draw it for themselves; being unaware that most persons, if they had but placed one brick in a building, are interested in the progress, and boast of the success of a work in which they have been *so materially engaged*.

There is an honesty which is but decided selfishness in disguise. The man who will not refrain from expressing his sentiments and manifesting his feelings, however unfit the time, however inappropriate the place, however painful to others this expression may be, lays claim forsooth to our approbation as an honest man, and sneers at those of finer sensibility as hypocrites.

Do not mistake energy for enthusiasm; the softest speakers are often the most enthusiastic of men.

The best commentary upon any work of literature is a faithful life of the author. And one reason, among many, why it must always be so advantageous to read the works of the illustrious dead is that their lives are more fairly written, and their characters better understood.

It may appear to an unthinking person that the life, perhaps an unobtrusive one, of the man who has devoted himself to abstract and speculative subjects can be of no very considerable importance. But it is far otherwise. For instance, if Locke had never been engaged in the affairs of this world, would his biography have been of no importance if it had only informed us that for many years he devoted himself to the study of medicine? Are there no passages in his "Essay concerning Human Understanding," which such a fact tends to elucidate? Or is it not, in reality, the clew to a right understanding of all his metaphysical writings?

How often does a single anecdote reveal the real motive

which prompted an author to write a particular work, and the influence of which is visible in every page! “When I returned from Spain by Paris (says Lord Clarendon), Mr. Hobbes frequently came to me and told me his book—which he would call ‘Leviathan’—was then printing in England, and that he received every week a sheet to correct, of which he showed me one or two sheets, and thought it would be finished within little more than a month; and showed me the epistle to Mr. Godolphin, which he meant to set before it, and read it to me, and concluded that he knew, when I read his book, I would not like it, and thereupon mentioned some of his conclusions. Upon which I asked him why he would publish such doctrine; to which, after a discourse between jest and earnest upon the subject, he said, ‘*The truth is, I have a mind to go home.*’” Perhaps this anecdote may explain many hard sayings in the “Leviathan.”

It is worthy of remark that “The Prince” is now supposed to have been written solely from a wish to please the ruling powers, as appears in a private letter from Macchiavelli to his friend the Florentine ambassador at the Papal court, which was discovered at Rome, and first published to the world in 1810, by Ridolfi. In this letter Macchiavelli says that his work ought to be agreeable to a prince, and especially to a prince lately raised to power; and that he himself cannot continue to live as he was then living, without becoming contemptible through poverty. And also, in his dedication to Lorenzo de’ Medici, after having said that subjects understand the disposition of princes best, as it is necessary to descend into the plains to consider the nature of the mountains, he thus concludes—“And if your Magnificence from the very point of your highness will sometimes cast your eyes upon those inferior places, you will see how undeservedly I undergo an extreme and continual despite of fortune.”

After this we are not so much astonished at finding the following gentle admonition: “Let a prince therefore take the surest courses he can to maintain his life and state; the means will always be thought honorable, and be commended by every one.”

Some of our law maxims are admirable rules of conduct. If, in spite of the censorious calumny of the world, we considered “a man innocent until he were proved guilty,” or if,

in our daily thoughts, words, and actions, we did but "give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt," what much better Christians we should become.

It is an error to suppose that no man understands his own character. Most persons know even their failings very well, only they persist in giving them names different from those usually assigned by the rest of the world; and they compensate for this mistake by naming, at first sight, with singular accuracy, these very same failings in others.

Men love to contradict their general character. Thus a man is of a gloomy and suspicious temperament, is deemed by all morose, and ere long finds out the general opinion. He then suddenly deviates into some occasional acts of courtesy. Why? Not because he ought, not because his nature is changed; but because he dislikes being thoroughly understood. He will not be the *thing* whose behavior on any occasion the most careless prophet can with certainty foretell.

When we see the rapid motions of insects at evening, we exclaim, how happy they must be!—so inseparably are activity and happiness connected in our minds.

The most enthusiastic man in a cause is rarely chosen as the leader.

We have some respect for one who, if he tramples on the feelings of others, tramples on his own with equal apparent indifference.

It is frequently more safe to ridicule a man personally than to decry the order to which he belongs. Every man has made up his mind about his own merits; but, like the unconvinced believers in religion, he will not listen with patience to any doubts upon a subject which he himself would be most unwilling to investigate.

The opinion which a person gives of any book is frequently not so much a test of his intellect or his taste, as it is of the extent of his reading. An indifferent work may be joyfully welcomed by one who has neither had time nor opportunity to form a literary taste. It is from comparisons between different parts of the same book that you must discover the depth and judgment of an uncultivated mind.

"It is my opinion," says Herodotus, "that the Nile over-

flows in the summer season, because in the winter the sun, driven by the storms from his usual course, ascends into the higher regions of the air above Libya." Many a man will smile at the delightful simplicity of the historian, and still persevere in dogmatizing about subjects upon which he does not even possess information enough to support him in hazarding a conjecture.

It is not in the solar spectrum only that the least warmth is combined with the deepest color.

How often we should stop in the pursuit of folly, if it were not for the difficulties that continually beckon us onwards.

Simple Ignorance has in its time been complimented by the names of most of the vices, and of all the virtues.

No man ever praised two persons *equally* — and pleased them both.

A keen observer of mankind has said that "to aspire is to be alone": he might have extended his aphorism — to think deeply upon any subject is indeed to be alone.

In the world of mind, as in that of matter, we always occupy a position. He who is continually changing his point of view will see more, and that too more clearly, than one who, statue-like, forever stands upon the same pedestal, however lofty and well placed that pedestal may be.

Some people are too foolish to commit follies.

The knowledge of others which experience gives us is of slight value when compared with that which we obtain from having proved the inconstancy of our own desires.

The world will tolerate many vices, but not their diminutives.

It is a weak thing to tell half your story, and then ask your friend's advice — a still weaker thing to take it.

How to gain the advantages of society, without at the same time losing ourselves, is a question of no slight difficulty. The wise man often follows the crowd at a little distance, in order that he may not come suddenly upon it, nor become entangled with it, and that he may with some means of amusement maintain a clear and quiet pathway.

Not a few are willing to shelter their folly behind the respectability of downright vice.

We are frequently understood the least by those who have known us the longest.

The reasons which any man offers to you for his own conduct betray his opinion of your character.

If you are very often deceived by those around you, you may be sure that you deserve to be deceived; and that instead of railing at the general falseness of mankind, you have first to pronounce judgment on your own jealous tyranny, or on your own weak credulity. Those only who can bear the truth will hear it.

The wisest maxims are not those which fortify us against the deceit of others.

Very subtle-minded persons often complain that their friends fall from them; and these complaints are not altogether unjust. One reason of this is that they display so much dialectic astuteness on every occasion, that their friends feel certain that such men, however unjustifiably they may behave, will always be able to justify themselves to themselves. Now we mortals are strangely averse to loving those who are never in the wrong, and much more those who are always ready to prove themselves in the right.

You cannot insure the gratitude of others for a favor conferred upon them in the way which is most agreeable to yourself.

How singularly mournful it is to observe in the conversation or writings of a very superior man and original thinker, homely, if not commonplace, expressions about the vanity of human wishes, the mutability of this world, the weariness of life. It seems as if he felt that his own bitter experience had taken away the triteness from that which is nevertheless so trite; as if he thought it were needless to seek fine phrases, and as idle a mockery as it would be to gild an instrument of torture.

It must be a very weary day to the youth, when he first discovers that after all he will only become a man.

It is unwise for a great man to reason as if others were like

him : it is much more unwise to treat them as if they were very different.

Men are ruined by the exceptions to their general rules of action. This may seem a mockery, but it is nevertheless a fact to be observed in the records of history, as well as in the trivial occurrences of daily life. One who is habitually dark and deceptive commits a single act of confidence, and his subtle schemes are destroyed forever. His first act of extravagance ruins the cautious man. The coward is brave for a moment, and dies ; the hero wavers for the first — and the last time.

Some persons are insensible to flattering words ; but who can resist the flattery of modest imitation ?

An inferior demon is not a great man, as some writers would fain persuade us.

The world would be in a more wretched state than it is at present, if riches and honors were distributed according to merit alone. It is the complaint of the wisest of men, that he “ returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill ; but time and chance happeneth to them all.” But if it were otherwise, if bread were indeed the portion of the wise, then the hungry would have something to lament over more severe even than the pangs of hunger. The belief that merit is generally neglected forms the secret consolation of almost every human being, from the mightiest prince to the meanest peasant. Divines have contended that the world would cease to be a place of trial if a system of impartial distribution according to merit were adopted. This is true, for it would then be a place of punishment.

There is no power in the wisdom of the insincere.

Conviction never abides without a welcome from the heart.

It is necessary to be decisive ; not because deliberate counsel would never improve your designs, but because the foolish and the unthinking will certainly act if there be but a moment's pause.

The practical man — an especial favorite in this age — often takes the field with his single fact against a great principle, in

the reckless spirit of one who would not hesitate to sever the thread on which he is unable to string his own individual pearl — perhaps a false one — even though he should scatter many jewels worthy of a prince's diadem.

Even the meanest are mighty to do evil.

If there is any one quality of the mind in which the really great have conspired, as it were, to surpass other men, it is moral courage. He who possesses this quality may sometimes be made a useful tool or a ready sacrifice in the hands of crafty statesmen; but let him be the chief, and not the subordinate, give him the field, grant him the opportunity, and his name will not deserve to be unwritten in the records of his country. When such a man perceives that if he fail, every one will be able to understand the risk that has been incurred; but that if he succeed, no one will estimate the danger that has silently been overcome; he bows, nevertheless, to the supreme dictates of his own judgment, regardless alike of the honors of his own age, and the praises of posterity.

It requires some moral courage to disobey, and yet there have been occasions when obedience would have been defeat.

But it is not only in the council, in the senate, in the field, that its merits are so preëminent. In private life, what daily deceit would be avoided, what evils would be remedied, if men did but possess more moral courage! — not that false image of it which proceeds from a blind and inconsiderate rashness, from an absence both of forethought and imagination; but that calm reliance on the decisions of reason, that carelessness of the undeserved applause of our neighbor, which will induce the great man to act according to his own informed judgment, and not according to the opinions of those who will not know, and who could never appreciate his motives.

Feeble applause may arise from a keen and fastidious sense of the slightest imperfection; but it is more frequently to be attributed to an inadequate notion of the dangers which have been avoided, and the difficulties which have been overcome.

The trifling of a great man is never trivial.

POEMS OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

[LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET, French poet and dramatist, was born in Paris, November 11, 1810. Hesitating in the choice of a profession, he successively tried and abandoned law, medicine, and painting, and ultimately, under the influence of the so-called romantic movement, applied himself to literature, making his début as an author with "Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie" (1830). In 1833 he went to Italy with George Sand; but, after an extended trip, fell out with her at Venice, and returned to France alone. He was librarian to the Department of the Interior under Louis Philippe, and in 1852 was received at the French Academy. Irregular and dissolute living undermined his health, and he died at Paris, May 1, 1857. Among his noteworthy works are: the poem "Namouna"; "The Confession of a Child of the Century"; and the plays "Fantasio," "Barberine," "Lorenzaccio," "On ne badine pas avec l'Amour" ("One does not play with Love"), etc.]

FROM THE "ODE TO MALIBRAN."

(Translated by Fanny Kemble Butler.)

O MARIA FELICIA! the painter and bard
 Behind them, in dying, leave undying heirs.
 The night of oblivion their memory spares;
 And their great, eager souls, other action debarred,
 Against death, against time, having valiantly warred,
 Though struck down in the strife, claim its trophies as theirs.

In the iron engraved, one his name leaves enshrined;
 With a golden-sweet cadence another's entwined
 Makes forever all those who shall hear it his friends.
 Though he died, on the canvas lives Raphael's mind;
 And from death's darkest doom, till this world of ours ends
 The mother-clasped infant his glory defends.

As the lamp guards the flame, so the bare marble halls
 Of the Parthenon hold, in their desolate space,
 The memory of Phidias enshrined in their walls.
 And Praxiteles' child, the young Venus, yet calls
 From the altar, where smiling she still holds her place,
 The centuries conquered, to worship her grace.

Thus, from age after age while new light we receive,
 To rest at God's feet the old glories are gone;
 And the accents of genius their echoes still weave
 With the great human voice, till their thoughts are but one.
 And of thee, dead but yesterday, all thy fame leaves
 But a cross in the dim chapel's darkness — alone.

OLD SONGS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. PÖTZELBERGER.



A cross, and oblivion, silence, and death!
 Hark! the wind's softest sob; hark! the ocean's deep breath;
 Hark! the fisher-boy singing his way o'er the plains:
 Of thy glory, thy hope, thy young beauty's bright wreath,
 Not a trace, not a sigh, not an echo remains.

ON A SLAB OF ROSE MARBLE.

There should have come forth of thee
 Some new-born divinity.
 When the marble-cutters hewed
 Through thy noble block their way,
 They broke in with footsteps rude
 Where a Venus sleeping lay,
 And the Goddess' wounded veins
 Colored thee with roseate stains.
 Alas! and must we hold it truth
 That every rare and precious thing,
 Flung forth at random without ruth,
 Trodden under foot may lie?
 The crag where, in sublime repose,
 The eagle stoops to rest his wing,
 No less than any wayside rose
 Dropped in the common dust to die?
 Can the mother of us all
 Leave her work, to fullness brought,
 Lost in the gulf of chance to fall,
 As oblivion swallows thought?
 Does the briny tempest whirl
 To the workman's feet the pearl?
 Shall the vulgar, idle crowd
 For all ages be allowed
 To degrade earth's choicest treasure
 At the arbitrary pleasure
 Of a mason or a churl?

TO PÉPA.

(Translated by Toru Dutt.)

PÉPA! when the night has come,
 And Mamma has bid Good Night,
 By thy light, half clad and dumb,
 As thou kneelest out of sight,—

Laid by cap and sweeping vest
 Ere thou sinkest to repose,

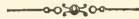
At the hour when half at rest
Folds thy soul as folds a rose, —

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild,
Peace to all the house has brought,
Pépita! my charming child!
What, O what is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou
Of some lady doomed to sigh,
All that Hope a truth deems now,
All that Truth shall prove a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
That produce — alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain, a Prince's hand,
Bonbons, lovers, or cream ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
Me; — or nothing, Dear! at all.



ALFRED DE MUSSET.

By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE.

(From "Portraits of Men": translated by Forsyth Edeveain.)

[CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, one of the greatest literary critics of modern times, was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804. Having completed his studies in Paris at the colleges Charlemagne and Bourbon, he entered upon his literary career as a book reviewer, and became a contributor to the *Globe*, the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *National*, and the *Constitutionnel*, in which last appeared, in 1849, the first series of his famous "Causeries du Lundi" ("Monday Talks"). They mark an epoch in the intellectual history of Europe, and revolutionized criticism. Sainte-Beuve was elected to the Academy in 1845, and was nominated senator in 1865. He died at Paris, October 13, 1869. Besides the "Causeries" he wrote: "History of Port-Royal," "Contemporary Portraits," "Châteaubriand," etc.]

AS WITH an army so with a nation: it is the bounden duty of every generation to bury their dead, and to confer the last honors on the departed. It were not right that the charming

poet who has recently been taken from our midst should be laid under the sod before receiving a few words of good-by from an old friend and witness of his first literary efforts. Alfred de Musset's poetry was so well known, so dear to us from the very first; it touched our hearts so deeply in its freshness and delicate bloom; he so belonged to our generation (though with a greater touch of youth) — a generation then essentially poetical, and devoted to feeling and its expression! I see him as he looked twenty-nine years ago, at the time of his *début* in the world of literature, entering first into Victor Hugo's circle, then proceeding to that of Alfred de Vigny and the brothers Deschamps. With what an easy grace he made his first entrance! What surprise and delight he aroused in the hearts of his listeners at the recital of his poems, "L'Andalousse," "Don Paez," and "Juana." It was Spring itself, a Spring of youth and poetry, that blossomed forth before our ravished gaze. He was scarcely eighteen years of age; his brow betokened all the pride of manhood; the bloom was on his cheek, for the roses of childhood still lingered there. Full of the pride of life, he advanced with haughty gait and head erect, as if assured of his conquest. Nobody at first sight could have suggested a better idea of youthful genius. There seemed promise of a French Byron in these brilliant verses of poetic fervor, the very success of which has since made them commonplace, but which were then so new in the poetry of France: —

Love, plague of the world, and unutterable madness, etc.

How lovely she is in the evening, under the beams of the moon,
etc.

Oh! decrepit old age, and heads bald and bare, etc.

Perchance the threshold of the ancient Palace Luigi, etc.

These lines, bearing a truly Shakespearian impress; these wild flights of fancy, 'mid flashes of audacious wit; these gleams of warmth and precocious passion, — all suggested the genius of England's fiery bard.

The light and elegant verses that proceeded every morning from his own lips, lingering soon afterwards on those of many others, were in accordance with his years. But passion he divined, and wished to outstrip. He would ask the secret of it

from his friends, richer in experience, and still suffering from some wound, as we can see in the lines addressed to Ulric Guttinguer—

Ulric, no eye has ever measured the abyss of the seas, . . .
that end with this verse—

I, so young, envying thy wounds and thy pain!

When coming face to face with pleasure at some ball or festive gathering, De Musset was not captivated by the smiling surface; in his inward deep reflection he would seek the sadness and bitterness underlying it all; apparently abandoning himself to the joys of the moment, he would murmur inwardly, so as to enhance the very flavor of his enjoyment, that it was only a fleeting second that could never be recalled. In everything he sought a stronger and more acute sensation, in harmony with the tone of his own mind. He found that the roses of a day failed to succeed each other with sufficient rapidity; he would have liked to cull them one and all, so as better to inhale their sweetness and more fully express their essence.

At the time of his first success there was a new school of literature already greatly in vogue, and developing daily. It was in its bosom that De Musset produced his first works, and it might have seemed that he had been nourished on the principles of this school. He made a point of demonstrating that it was not so, or, at least, need not have been so; that he wrote on the lines of no previous author; that, even in the new ranks, he was entirely original. Here he undoubtedly displayed too much impatience. What had he to fear? The mere growth of his daring talent would in itself have sufficed to evince his originality. But he was not the man to await his fruit in due season.

The new school of poetry had been, up till then, of a somewhat solemn, dreamy, sentimental, and withal religious tone; it prided itself on its accuracy, I may even say strictness, of form. De Musset threw over this fastidious solemnity, exhibiting an excess of familiarity and raillery. He scorned both rhyme and rhythm; his poetry was in perfect *déshabillé*, and he wrote "Mardoche," followed shortly after by "Namouna." "Oh! the profane man, the libertine!" exclaimed the world; and yet, every one knew them by heart. Dozens of verses from "Mardoche" would be taken for recitation, though hardly any

one knew the reason why, unless it were that the poem was easy, and replete with fancy, marked here and there, even in its insolence, with a grain of unexpected good sense, and that the verses were "friends to the memory." Even the most sentimental dreamers would murmur to themselves, with an air of triumph, the verse, "Happy a lover," etc. As to the Don Juan in "Namouna," this new kind of *roué*, who appeared to be the author's favorite child—the ideal, alas! of his vice and grief—he was so fascinating, so boldly sketched; he occasioned the creation of such fine lines (two hundred of the most daring verses ever seen in French poetry), that one coincided with the poet himself in saying, "What do I say! Such as he is, the world loves him still."

In his drama, "The Cup and the Lips," Alfred de Musset expressed admirably in his creations of Frank and Belcolore the struggle between a noble and proud heart and the genius of the senses, to which that heart has once yielded. In this piece we catch glimpses—in fact, more than glimpses—of hideous truths, of monsters dragged into the light of day from out this cavern of the heart, as Bacon calls it; but this work is invested with a glamour, an incomparable power, and even though the monster is not vanquished, we can hear the golden arrows of Apollo falling and resounding on his scales.

Alfred de Musset, similar to more than one of the characters he has depicted, said that to be an artist such as he wished, he must see and know all, and dive into the very depths of everything. A most perilous and fatal theory! And by what a powerful and expressive image he rendered this idea in his comedy, "Lorenzaccio." Who, indeed, is this Lorenzo, whose youth has been as pure as gold, whose heart and hands were peaceful, who in the simple rising and setting of the sun seemed to see every human hope blossoming around him, who was goodness itself, and who brought his own destruction by wishing to be great? Lorenzo is not an artist, he wishes to be a man of action, a great citizen; he has determined upon a heroic plan; he has decided to deliver Florence, his native town, from the vile and debauched tyrant, Alexander de' Medici, his own cousin. In order to succeed in his enterprise, what does he propose undertaking? To play the part of Brutus, but of a Brutus adapted to the circumstances of the case; and to this end, to lend himself to all the frivolities and vices dear to the tyrant whose orgies dishonor Florence. He

creeps into Alexander's confidence, and becomes his accomplice and instrument, abiding his time and watching for the right moment. But, in the mean while, he has lived too dissipated a life; day by day he has plunged too deeply into the mire of uncleanness; he has seen too much of the dregs of humanity. He awakes from his dream. Nevertheless, he perseveres, resolved to attain his object, knowing, though, that it will be all in vain. He will destroy the monster who fills the city with disgust, but he knows full well that the day she is delivered from his tyranny, Florence will take unto herself another master, and that he, Lorenzo, will only incur disgrace. Thus Lorenzo, by dint of simulating vice, and putting on evil like a borrowed garment, is at last impregnated with the evil he at first only assumes.

The tunic steeped in the blood of Nessus has penetrated his skin and bones. The dialogue between Lorenzo and Philip Strozzi—a virtuous and honorable citizen, who merely sees things in their right and honest light—is one of startling truth. Lorenzo is conscious of having seen and experienced too much, of having ventured too far into the depths of life ever to return. He realizes that he has introduced into his heart that implacable intruder ennui, which forces him without pleasure to do from habit and necessity what he at first essayed through affectation and pretense. The whole of this deplorable moral attitude is portrayed in moving words: “Poor child! you rend my heart,” says Philip; and in answer to all the profound and contradictory revelations of the young man, he can only repeat: “All this astonishes me, and in what you relate there are things that pain, others that please me.”

I am merely touching lightly on the subject. But in thus re-glancing, now that Alfred de Musset is no more, over a good number of his characters and pieces, we discover in this child of genius the antithesis of Goethe. The German writer severed himself from his most intimate productions. He cut the link between them and himself, casting his imaginary characters from him, while invading fresh fields, wherein he could capture new creations. For him poetry signified deliverance. Unlike De Musset, Goethe, from the time he wrote “*Werther*”—that is, from his youth upwards—to the end of his eighty years of life, was doing his best to husband his mental and physical resources. For Alfred de Musset poetry was all in all, it was himself; it was his own youthful soul, his own flesh and blood, that he

transmuted into verse. When he had thrown to others the dazzling limbs of his poetic being — limbs that at times appeared like unto those of Phaeton or a youthful god (take, for instance, the splendid invocations in "Rolla") — he still retained his own heart, bleeding, burning, and wearied. Why was he not more patient? Everything would have come in due course. But he hastened to anticipate and devour the seasons.

After the mimicry of passion — passion that as a child he so well divined — passion at last came of itself — real undeniable passion. We all know how, after it had for a time enhanced the glamour of his genius, it laid waste his whole existence. An allusion to this story of passion may be permitted, considering how well it is known.

The poets of our day, the children of this generation, are not deserving of reticence on our part — considering how little reticence they have exercised themselves. Above all, in this particular episode, confessions have proceeded from two sides, and we might remark with Bossuet, were we ourselves exceptions to the rule, that there are individuals who spend their life in filling the world with the "follies of their misspent youth."

The world, or rather France, has in this case, it must be allowed, submitted with all good grace; she has listened with keen interest to what appeared to her at least eloquent and sincere. Alfred de Musset was indebted to these hours of storm and anguish for the creation, in his "Immortal Nights," of lines which have vibrated through every heart, and that will forever stand the test of time. As long as France and French poetry exist, the flames of De Musset will live, like those of Sappho! Let us not forget to add a "Souvenir" to these celebrated "Nights" — a "Souvenir" closely associated with these poems. The "Souvenir" describes a return to the Forest of Fontainebleau, and is of a beauty pure and touching; and, what is rare in him, this work is imbued with infinite tenderness. In his rapid existence there was one moment of wondrous promise during the interval of his hours of intense excitement. It was at this period that De Musset's poems acquired a new subtlety of thought, a touch of irony, a mocking lightness, withal exhaling the pristine freshness which his weariness of the world had not yet destroyed. Such an elegant and essentially French treatment had not been since the days of Hamilton and Voltaire. This moment, though, was of short duration, for De Musset drove everything at a rapid pace; but it was a precious moment, appearing to his

friends as precursory to a greater maturity of thought. He then wrote proverbs of an exquisite delicacy, and verses always beautiful, but light, and invested with a superior ease — verses withal pregnant of wit and reflection allied to an elegant carelessness. He would burst into accents of profound melody, that recalled the harmonious sounds of other times: —

Star of love, descend not from the skies !

All this seemed to promise a more temperate season, and the lasting reign of a talent that was sought after in the most critical circles, as well as by the most fervent of youth. Whether it were a question of singing the first triumphs of Rachel, or the *début* of Pauline Garcia, or railing at the coarsely emphatic effusions of patriotism from the free “German Rhine,” or writing a witty tale, De Musset would rise to the occasion, appropriately blending enthusiasm with satire. He verified more and more the device of the poet: “I am a light thing, flying to every subject.”

He was the fashion. His books, as I have already remarked in another article, became acceptable as bridal presents, and I have noticed young husbands giving them to their wives to read from the very first month of their marriage, so as to develop in them a poetical taste. It was then, also, that men of wit and reputed discernment, the *dilettanti* that are so numerous in our country, presumed to say they preferred De Musset’s prose to his poetry, as if his prose were not essentially that of a poet: only a poet could have written such fine prose. There are people who, if they could, would sever a bee in two. However, De Musset gained theatrical triumphs as well as the favor of society. It had been discovered for some time that more than one of the comedies composing “The Performance in an Armchair,” could, if understood and well rendered by amateur actors and actresses, procure an hour of very agreeable recreation. These little pieces were represented in the country houses, where there was always plenty of leisure time. To Madame Allan, the actress, is due the honor of having discovered that De Musset’s stage works were equally suitable for representation on the public boards. It was wittily said of her, that she brought his “Caprice” from Russia in her muff.

The success that was gained at the Comédie Française by this pretty poetical gem proved that the public still possessed

a latent refinement in literary taste, that merely required arousing. What, then, did the poet wish to render him happy? Why did he, who was still so young, not wish to live and enjoy life? Why did he not return the smiles that greeted his presence? Why did his genius, now influenced by a greater calm, not reawaken the old inspiration, which would have been purified by his later finer shades of taste?

De Musset was essentially a poet; he wished to feel. He belonged to a generation whose password, whose first vow, inscribed in the depths of the heart, was, "Poetry, poetry itself, poetry before anything." "During my youth," remarked one of the poets of this period, "I desired and worshiped nothing beyond passion," that is to say, the living part of poetry.

De Musset disdained adopting what is called wisdom, but which seemed to him merely the gradual decay of life. It was impossible for him to transform himself. Having attained and gone beyond the summit of the mountain, it seemed to him that he had come to the end of every desire; life had become a burden to him. He was not one of those to whom the pleasure of criticism could supply the place of artistic production; of those who can find interest in literary work, and who are capable of studying arduously, in order to avoid passions that are still in search of prey, without having any really serious object. He could but hate life from the moment (using his own language) that it was no longer sacred youth. He considered life not worth living unless mingled with a slight delirium.

His verses are steeped in these sentiments. He must often have experienced a feeling of anguish and defeat in reflecting on the existence of a superior truth, of a severer poetical beauty, of which he formed a perfect conception, but that he had no longer the power of attaining.

On a certain occasion, one of De Musset's most devoted friends, and whose recent death must have been a grievous omen to him — Alfred Tattet, whom I happened to encounter on the Boulevards — showed me a scrap of paper, containing some penciled lines, that he had found that very morning on the table at De Musset's bedside. The poet was at that time staying with him in his country house, in the Valley of Montmorency.

Here are the verses stolen from him by his friend, and since published, but they only possess their full meaning when one

knows they were written during a night of utter exhaustion and bitter regret : —

I have lost my strength and life,
My friends and my joyous mood;
I have even lost the pride
That made me trust my genius.

When I discovered truth,
Methought she was a friend;
When I understood and felt her,
She had already wearied me.

And yet she is immortal;
And those who have lived without her
Have ignored everything.

God speaks, and I must answer.
The only thing that remains to me
Is sometimes to have wept.

Let us remember his first songs of the Page or Amorous Knight —

To the hunt, the happy hunt!

— a matutinal sound of the horn, — and in placing it at the side of his final sorrowing lines, we seem to perceive the whole of De Musset's poetical career illustrated in the two poems representing glory and pardon. In the beginning, what a glorious train of light! Then, what gloom, what shadow! The poet who has been but the startling type of many unknown souls of his day, — he who has but expressed their attempts, their failures, their grandeur, their miseries, — his name, I say, will never die. Let us, in particular, engrave this name on our hearts. He has bequeathed to us the task of getting old, — to us, who could exclaim the other day, in all truth, on returning from his funeral: "For many years our youth has been dead, but we have only just buried it with him!" Let us admire, continue to love and to honor in its best and most beautiful expression, the profound and light spirit that he has breathed forth in his poems; but withal it behooves us not to forget the infirmity inherent in our being, and never to boast of the gifts that human nature has received.

THE SEA.

By BRYAN WALLER PROCTER ("Barry Cornwall").

[1787-1874.]

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
 I am where I would ever be;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go;
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
 On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
 But I loved the great Sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
 And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;
 For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
 And Death, whenever he come to me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

NELL COOK.

A LEGEND OF THE "DARK ENTRY."

By RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

[RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury; died June 17, 1845, at London. Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade, and desperadoes its most noted denizens; he made rich literary capital out of it later. Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook. In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of "Ingoldsby Legends," chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843; they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

"HARK! listen, Mrs. Ingoldsby, — the clock is striking nine!
Give Master Tom another cake, and half a glass of wine,
And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat,
And a warm bandanna handkerchief to tie about his throat.

"And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said
That nine o'clock's the hour he'll have his boarders all in bed;
And well we know when little boys their coming home delay,
They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day!" —

"Now, nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,
Back by that Entry dark, for that you know's the nearest way;
I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,
It fears me quite — it's Friday night! — and then Nell Cook hath
power!" —

"And who's Nell Cook, thou silly child? — and what's Nell Cook to thee?
That thou should'st dread at night to tread with Jane that dark
entrée?" —

"Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear! such fearsome things they
tell
Of Nelly Cook, that few may brook at night to meet with Nell!

"It was in bluff King Harry's days, — and Monks and Friars were
then,
You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.
They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns — no shirts — and no
cravats,
And a cord was placed about their waist — they had no shovel hats!

“It was in bluff King Harry’s days, while yet he went to shrift,
And long before he stamped and swore, and cut the Pope adrift;
There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk;
He had, I trow, a goodly house, fast by that Entry dark!

“The Canon was a portly man — of Latin and of Greek,
And learned lore, he had good store — yet health was on his cheek.
The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of rye,
The beer was weak, yet he was sleek — he had a merry eye.

“For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin,
The Canon’s house it stood without; — he kept good cheer within;
Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look,
And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*. — He called her ‘Nelly Cook.’

“For soups, and stews, and choice *ragouts*, Nell Cook was famous
still!

She’d make them even of old shoes, she had such wondrous skill:
Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely browned,
Her boiled and roast, they were the boast of all the ‘Precinct’ round;

“And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,
And earthward bent her modest look — yet was she passing fair;
And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave people
shook; —

They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty Cook.

“One day, ’twas on a Whitsun Eve — there came a coach and
four; —

It passed the ‘Green-court’ gate, and stopped before the Canon’s
door;

The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way, —
Each panting steed relaxed its speed — out stept a Lady gay.

“‘Now welcome! welcome! dearest Niece,’ the Canon then did cry,
And to his breast the Lady prest — he had a merry eye —
‘Now welcome! welcome! dearest Niece! in sooth, thou’rt welcome
here:

’Tis many a day since we have met — how fares my Brother
dear?’ —

“‘Now thanks, my loving Uncle,’ that Lady gay replied:
‘Gramercy for thy benison!’ — then ‘Out, alas!’ she sighed:
‘My father dear he is not near; he seeks the Spanish Main;
He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again!’ —

“‘Now welcome! welcome! dearest Niece; come lay thy mantle
by!’

The Canon kissed her ruby lip — he had a merry eye —

But Nelly Cook askew did look : it came into her mind
They were a little less than 'kin,' and rather more than 'kind.' —¹

"Three weeks are gone and over — full three weeks and a day,
Yet still within the Canon's house doth dwell that Lady gay;
On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,
And they quaff good store of Bordeaux wine, — so dainty is their fare.

"And fine upon the virginals is that gay Lady's touch,
And sweet her voice unto the lute, you'll scarce hear any such;
But is it '*O Sanctissima!*' she sings in dulcet tone?
Or '*Angels ever bright and fair*'? — Ah, no! — it's '*Bobbing Joan!*'

"The Canon's house is lofty and spacious to the view;
The Canon's cell is ordered well — yet Nelly looks askew;
The Lady's bower is in the tower, — yet Nelly shakes her head —
She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady's bed!

"Six weeks were gone and over — full six weeks and a day,
Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay!
From which, I fear, it's pretty clear that Lady rest had none;
Or, if she slept in any bed — it was not in her own.

"But where that Lady passed her night, I may not well divine:
Perhaps in pious orisons at good St. Thomas' Shrine,
And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true —
It may be so — I cannot say — but Nelly looked askew.

"And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were locked in sleep,
She'd listen at the Canon's door, — she'd through the keyhole peep —
I know not what she heard or saw, but fury filled her eye —
She bought some nasty Doctor's stuff, and she put it in a pie!

"It was a glorious summer's eve — with beams of rosy red
The Sun went down — all Nature smiled — but Nelly shook her head.
Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper bell —
Upon the Canon's startled ear it sounded like a knell!

"Now here's to thee, mine Uncle! a health I drink to thee!
Now pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a cup of Malvoisie!' —
The Canon sighed — but, rousing, cried, 'I answer to thy call,
And a Warden-pie's a dainty dish to mortify withal!'

"'Tis early dawn — the matin chime rings out for morning prayer —
And Prior and Friar is in his stall — the Canon is not there!
Nor in the small Refectory hall, nor cloistered walk is he —
All wonder — and the Sacristan says, '*Lauk-a-daisy-me!*'

¹ "A little more than kin, and less than kind." — *Hamlet*.

“They’ve searched the aisles and Baptistery — they’ve searched
above — around —

The ‘Sermon House’ — the ‘Audit Room’ — the Canon is not found.
They only find that pretty Cook concocting a *ragout*,
They ask her where her master is — but Nelly looks askew.

“They call for crowbars — ‘jemmies’ is the modern name they
bear — [there! —

They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar — but what a sight is
The Canon’s head lies on the bed — his Niece lies on the floor! —
They are as dead as any nail that is in any door!

“The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back!
His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and black! —
The livid spot is on her cheek, — it’s on her neck of snow,
And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, ‘Well — here’s a pretty Go!’

“All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,
A knell is rung, a *requiem*’s sung as for a sinful soul,
And there’s a grave within the Nave; it’s dark, and deep, and wide,
And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her side!

“An Uncle — so ’tis whispered now throughout the sacred fane, —
And a Niece — whose father’s far away upon the Spanish Main.
The Sacristan, he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and spreads his fingers out!

“And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely lass?
Ay, where? — for ne’er from forth that door was Nelly known to pass.
Her coif and gown of russet brown were lost unto the view,
And if you mentioned Nelly’s name — the monks all looked askew!

“There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon’s door,
Of granite gray, and it may weigh some half a ton or more,
And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,
Where sun or moonbeam never played, or e’en one starry spark.

“That heavy granite stone was moved that night, ’twas darkly said,
And the mortar round its sides next morn seemed fresh and newly
laid,
But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth lie,
Or if that there be vault or no — I cannot tell — not I!

“But I’ve been told that moan and groan, and fearful wail and shriek,
Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a week —
For three long days and three long nights came forth those sounds
of fear;
Then all was o’er — they nevermore fell on the listening ear.

“A hundred years have gone and past since last Nell Cook was seen,
When worn by use, that stone got loose, and they went and told the
Dean. —

Says the Dean, says he, ‘My Masons three! now haste and fix it
tight;’

And the Masons three peeped down to see, and they saw a fearsome
sight.

“Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking hole they found —
It was not more than twelve feet deep, and barely twelve feet round; —
A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well!
But who the deuce ’twas put it there those Masons could not tell.

“And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,
And a mouldy piece of ‘kissing-crust,’ as from a Warden-pie!
And Dr. Jones declared the bones were female bones and, ‘Zooks!
I should not be surprised,’ said he, ‘if these were Nelly Cook’s!’

“It was in good Dean Bargrave’s days, if I remember right,
Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons brought to light;
And you may well in the ‘Dean’s Chapelle’ Dean Bargrave’s portrait
view,

‘Who died one night,’ says old Tom Wright, ‘in sixteen forty-two!’

“And so two hundred years have passed since that these Masons
three,

With curious looks, did set Nell Cook’s unquiet spirit free;
That granite stone had kept her down till then — so some suppose; —
Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumbs unto their nose.

“But one thing’s clear — that all the year, on every Friday night
Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell Cook’s unquiet Sprite:
On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon tried;
On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his side!

“And though two hundred years have flown, Nell Cook doth still
pursue

Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed may rue;
Her fatal breath is fell as death! the Simoom’s blast is not
More dire — (a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot).

“But all unlike the Simoom’s blast, her breath is deadly cold,
Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto both young and old;
And whoso in that Entry dark doth feel that fatal breath,
He ever dies within the year some dire untimely death!

“No matter who — no matter what condition, age, or sex,
But some ‘get shot,’ and some ‘get drowned,’ and some ‘get’ broken
necks;

Some 'get run over' by a coach ; — and one beyond the seas
 'Got' scraped to death with oyster-shells among the Caribbees !

"Those Masons three, who set her free, fell first ! — it is averred
 That two were hanged on Tyburn tree for murdering of the third :
 Charles Storey, too, his friend who slew, had ne'er, if truth they tell,
 Been gibbeted on Chatham Down, had they not met with Nell !

"Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh ! send me not, I pray,
 Back through that Entry dark to-night, but round some other way !
 I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,
 For Heaven forbend that ever I foregather with Nell Cook !"

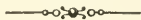
The class was called at morning tide, and Master Tom was there ;
 He looked askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench, and chair.
 He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye, —
 He had not e'en that sad resource, to sit him down and cry.

Hence little boys may learn, when they from school go out to dine,
 They should not deal in rigmarole, but still be back by nine ;
 For if, when they've their greatcoat on, they pause before they part,
 To tell a long and prosy tale, — perchance their own may smart.

MORAL.

A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town : —
 Don't keep a pretty serving-maid, though clad in russet brown ! —
 Don't let your Niece sing "Bobbing Joan !" — don't, with a merry
 eye,
 Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie, — and don't eat too much pie !!

And oh ! beware that Entry dark, — especially at night, —
 And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale moonlight ! —
 So bless the Queen and her Royal Weans, — and the Prince whose
 hand she took, —
 And bless us all, both great and small, — and keep us from Nell
 Cook !



THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

BY RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !
 Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,

With a great many more of lesser degree —
 In sooth a goodly company ;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamed of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

In and out Through the motley rout
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
 Here and there Like a dog in a fair
 Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Miter and crosier ! he hopped upon all !

 With saucy air, He perched on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
 And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 " We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! "
 And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
 Said, " The devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! "

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
 The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
 And six little Singing Boys, — dear little souls !
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due, Two by two
 Marching that grand refectory through.

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Embossed and filled with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender water and eau de Cologne ;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more A napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat marked in " permanent ink. "

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dressed all in white :
 From his finger he draws His costly turquoise ;

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,
 But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
 The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
 The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colored shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
 He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;
 They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the plates, —
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates, —
 They turn up the rugs, — They examine the mugs: —
 But no! — no such thing; — They can't find the RING!
 And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it,
 Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
 He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
 In holy anger, and pious grief,
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
 He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
 He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying! —
 Never was heard such a terrible curse!
 But what gave rise To no little surprise,
 Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,
 The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn;
 When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
 No longer gay, As on yesterday;
 His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way; —
 His pinions drooped — he could hardly stand —

His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
 His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—
 That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
 That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
 The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
 Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
 And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
 "Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
 Slower and Slower He limped on before,
 Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
 Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw
 Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
 And off that terrible curse he took ;
 The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
 And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
 The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—
 When those words were heard, That poor little bird
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
 He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more Even than before;
 But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
 No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
 He hopped now about With a gait devout;
 At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
 And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
 He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
 If any one lied, — or if any one swore, —
 Or slumbered in prayer time and happened to snore,
 That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!"
 As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
 While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
 That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
 He long lived the pride Of that country side,
 And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
 When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,
 The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
 And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
 It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
 So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

ROARING RALPH AND THE JIBBENAINOSAY.

By ROBERT M. BIRD.

(From "Nick of the Woods.")

[ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD, novelist and playwright, was born at Newcastle, Del., 1803 or 1805; studied medicine and practiced a year in Philadelphia, but gave his time chiefly to letters, and wrote three very popular plays, — "The Gladiator" (a favorite part of Forrest), "Oraloosa," and "The Broker of Bogota." His novels were "Calavar" (1834), "The Infidel" (1835), both on the Spanish conquest of Mexico; "The Hawks of Hawk Hollow"; "Sheppard Lee"; "Nick of the Woods" (1837), still remembered and effectively dramatized; "Peter Pilgrim" (1839), tales and sketches; and "Robin Day" (1839). Dr. Bird in his later years became joint owner and editor of the Philadelphia *North American Gazette*, and died there in 1854.]

"WHAT'S the matter, Tom Bruce?" said the father, eyeing him with surprise.

"Matter enough," responded the young giant, with a grin of mingled awe and delight; "the Jibbenainosay is up again!"

"Whar?" cried the senior, eagerly; "not in our limits?"

"No, by Jehoshaphat!" replied Tom; "but nigh enough to be neighborly — on the north bank of Kentuck, whar he has left his mark right in the middle of the road, as fresh as though it war but the work of the morning!"

"And a clear mark, Tom? no mistake in it?"

"Right to an iota!" said the young man; "a reggelar cross on the breast, and a good tomahawk dig right through the skull; and a long-legg'd fellow, too, that looked as though he might have fou't old Sattan himself!"

"It's the Jibbenainosay, sure enough, and so good luck to him!" cried the commander; "thar's a harricane coming!"

"Who is the Jibbenainosay?" demanded Forrester.

"Who?" cried Tom Bruce. "Why, Nick, Nick of the Woods."

"And who, if you please, is Nick of the Woods?"

"Thar," replied the junior, with another grin, "thar, strannger, you're too hard for me. Some think one thing, and some another; but thar's many reckon he's the devil."

"And his mark that you were talking of in such mysterious terms, what is that?"

"Why, a dead Injun, to be sure, with Nick's mark on him, — a knife-cut, or a brace of 'em, over the ribs in the shape of a

cross. That's the way the Jibbenainosay marks all the meat of his killing. It has been a whole year now since we h'ard of him."

"Captain," said the elder Bruce, "you don't seem to understand the affa'r altogether, but if you were to ask Tom about the Jibbenainosay till doomsday, he could tell you no more than he has told already. You must know thar's a creatur' of some sort or other that ranges the woods round about our station h'yar, keeping a sort of guard over us like, and killing all the brute Injuns that ar' onlucky enough to come in his way, besides scalping them and marking them with his mark. The Injuns call him Jibbenainosay, or a word of that natur', which them that know more about the Injun gabble than I do say means the *Spirit-that-walks*; and if we can believe any such lying devils as Injuns (which I am loath to do, for the truth ar'nt in 'em), he is neither man nor beast, but a great ghost or devil that knife cannot harm nor bullet touch; and they have always had an idea that our fort h'yar in partickelar, and the country round about, war under his friendly protection — many thanks to him, whether he be a devil or not; for that war the reason the savages so soon left off a worrying of us."

"Is it possible," said Roland, "that any one can believe such an absurd story?"

"Why not?" said Bruce, stoutly. "Thar's the Injuns themselves, — Shawnees, Hurons, Delawares, and all, but partickelarly the Shawnees, for he beats all creation a-killing of Shawnees, — that believe in him, and hold him in such eternal dread that thar's scarce a brute of 'em has come within ten miles of the station h'yar this three y'ar: because as how he haunts about our woods h'yar in partickelar, and kills 'em wheresomever he catches 'em, especially the Shawnees, as I said afore, against which the creatur' has a most butchering spite; and there's them among the other tribes that call him *Shawneewannaween*, or the Howl of the Shawnees, because of his keeping them ever a howling. And thar's his marks, captain, what do you make of *that*? When you find an Injun lying scalped and tomahawked, it stands to reason thar war something to kill him."

"Ay, truly," said Forrester; "but I think you have human beings enough to give the credit to without referring it to a supernatural one."

"Strannger," said Big Tom Bruce, the younger, with a sagacious nod, "when you kill an Injun yourself, I reckon —

meaning no offense — you will be willing to take all the honor that can come of it without leaving it to be scrambled after by others. Thar's no man 'arns a scalp in Kentucky without taking great pains to show it to his neighbors."

"And besides, captain," said the father, very gravely, "thar are men among us who have *seen* the creatur'!"

"*That*," said Roland, who perceived his new friends were not well pleased with his incredulity, "is an argument I can resist no longer."

"Thar war Ben Jones, and Samuel Sharp, and Peter Small-eye, and a dozen more, who all had a glimpse of him stalking through the woods at different times; and, they agree, he looks more like a devil nor a mortal man, — a great tall fellow with horns and a hairy head like a buffalo bull, and a little devil, that looks like a black b'ar, that walks before him to point out the way. He war always found in the deepest forests, and that's the reason we call him Nick of the Woods, wharby we mean Old Nick of the Woods; for we hold him to be the devil, though a friendly one to all but Injuns. Now, captain, I war never superstitious in my life, but I go my death on the Jibbenainosay! I never seed the creatur' himself, but I have seen, in my time, two different savages of his killing. It's a sure sign if you see him in the woods, that thar's Injuns at hand: and it's a good sign when you find his mark without seeing him yourself, for then you may be sure the brutes are off, — for they can't stand old Nick of the Woods no how! At first he war never h'ard of afar from our station, but he has begun to widen his range. Last year he left his marks down Salt River in Jefferson; and now, you see, he is striking game north of the Kentucky; and I've h'ard of them that say he kills Shawnees even in their own country, though consarnin' *that* I'll not be so partickelar. No, no, captain, thar's no mistake in Nick of the Woods; and if you are so minded, we will go and h'ar the whole news of him. But, I say, Tom," continued the Kentuckian, as the three left the porch together, "who brought the news?"

"Captain Ralph, — Roaring Ralph Stackpole," replied Tom Bruce, with a knowing and humorous look.

"What!" cried the father, in sudden alarm. "Look to the horses, Tom!"

"I will," said the youth, laughing: "it war no sooner known that Captain Ralph war among us than it was resolved to have

six Regulators in the range all night ! Thar's some of these new colts, (not to speak of our own creatur's,) and especially that blooded brown beast of the captain's, which the nigger calls Brown Briery, or some such name, would set a better man than Roaring Ralph Stackpole's mouth watering."

"And who," said Roland, "is Roaring Ralph Stackpole? and what has he to do with Brown Briareus?"

"A proper fellow as ever you saw!" replied Tom, approvingly; "killed two Injuns once, single-handed, on Bear-Grass, and has stolen more horses from them than ar another man in Kentucky. A prime creatur'! but he has his fault, poor fellow, and sometimes mistakes a Christian's horse for an Injun's, thar's the truth of it!"

"And such scoundrels you make officers of?" demanded the soldier, indignantly.

"Oh," said the elder Bruce, "thar's no reggelar commission in the case. But whar thar's a knot of our poor folks out of horses, and inclined to steal a lot from the Shawnees, (which is all fa'r plundering, you see, for thar's not a horse among them, the brutes, that they did not steal from Kentucky,) they send for Roaring Ralph and make him their captain; and a capital one he is, too, being all fight from top to bottom; and as for the stealing part, thar's no one can equal him. But, as Tom says, he sometimes *does* make mistakes, having stolen horses so often from the Injuns, he can scarce keep his hands off a Christian's, and that makes us wrathy."

By this time the speakers had reached the gate of the fort, and passed among the cabins outside, where they found a throng of the villagers, surrounding the captain of horse-thieves, and listening with great edification to, and deriving no little amusement from, his account of the last achievement of the Jibbenainosay. Of this, as it related no more than young Bruce had already repeated, — namely, that, while riding that morning from the north side, he had stumbled upon the corse of an Indian, which bore all the marks of having been a late victim to the wandering demon of the woods, — we shall say nothing: — but the appearance and conduct of the narrator, one of the first, and perhaps the parent, of the race of men who have made Salt River so renowned in story, were such as to demand a less summary notice. He was a stout, bandy-legged, broad-shouldered, and bull-headed tatterdemalion, ugly, mean, and villainous of look; yet with an impudent, swaggering, joyous

self-esteem traced in every feature and expressed in every action of body, that rather disposed the beholder to laugh than to be displeased at his appearance. An old blanket-coat, or wrap-rascal, once white, but now of the same muddy brown hue that stained his visage — and once also of sufficient length to defend his legs, though the skirts had long since been transferred to the cuffs and elbows, where they appeared in huge patches — covered the upper part of his body; while the lower boasted a pair of buckskin breeches and leather wrappers, somewhat its junior in age, but its rival in mud and maculation. An old round fur hat, intended originally for a boy, and only made to fit his head by being slit in sundry places at the bottom, thus leaving a dozen yawning gaps, through which, as through the chinks of a lattice, stole out as many stiff bunches of black hair, gave to the capital excrescence an air as ridiculous as it was truly uncouth; which was not a little increased by the absence on one side of the brim, and by a loose fragment of it hanging down on the other. To give something martial to an appearance in other respects so outlandish and ludicrous, he had his rifle, and other usual equipments of a woodsman, including the knife and tomahawk, the first of which he carried in his hand, swinging it about at every moment, with a vigor and apparent carelessness well fit to discompose a nervous person, had any such happened among his auditors. As if there was not enough in his figure, visage, and attire to move the mirth of beholders, he added to his other attractions a variety of gestures and antics of the most extravagant kinds, dancing, leaping and dodging about, clapping his hands and cracking his heels together, with the activity, restlessness, and, we may add, the grace of a jumping-jack. Such was the worthy, or unworthy, son of Salt River, a man wholly unknown to history, though not to local and traditionary fame, and much less to the then inhabitants of Bruce's Station, to whom he related his news of the Jibbenainosay with that emphasis and importance of tone and manner which are most significantly expressed in the phrase of "laying down the law."

As soon as he saw the commander of the Station approaching, he cleared the throng around him by a skip and a hop, seized the colonel by the hand, and doing the same with the soldier, before Roland could repel him, as he would have done, exclaimed, "Glad to see you, cunnel; — same to you, strannger — What's the news from Virginnie? Strannger, my name's Ralph Stackpole, and I'm a ring-tailed squealer!"

"Then, Mr. Ralph Stackpole, the ring-tailed squealer," said Roland, disengaging his hand, "be so good as to pursue your business, without regarding or taking any notice of me."

"Tarnal death to me!" cried the captain of horse-thieves, indignant at the rebuff, "I'm a gentleman, and my name's *Fight!* Foot and hand, tooth and nail, claw and mud-scraper, knife, gun, and tomahawk, or any other way you choose to take me, I'm your man! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And with that the gentleman jumped into the air, and flapped his wings, as much to the amusement of the provoker of his wrath as of any other person present.

"Come, Ralph," said the commander of the Station, "whar'd you steal that brown mar' thar?" — a question whose abruptness somewhat quelled the ferment of the man's fury, while it drew a roar of laughter from the lookers-on.

"Thar it is!" said he, striking an attitude and clapping a hand on his breast, like a man who felt his honor unjustly assailed. "Steal! I steal any horse but an Injun's! Whar's the man dar's insinivate that? Blood and massagree-ation! whar's the man?"

"H'yar," said Bruce, very composedly. "I know that old mar' belongs to Peter Harper, on the north side."

"You're right, by Hookey!" cried Roaring Ralph; at which seeming admission of his knavery the merriment of the spectators was greatly increased; nor was it much lessened when the fellow proceeded to aver that he had borrowed it, and that with the express stipulation that it should be left at Bruce's Station, subject to the orders of its owner. "Thar, cunnel," said he, "thar's the beast; take it; and just tell me whar's the one you mean to lend me, — for I must be off afore sunset."

"And whar are you going?" demanded Bruce.

"To St. Asaphs," — which was a station some twenty or thirty miles off, — replied Captain Stackpole.

"Too far for the Regulators to follow, Ralph," said Colonel Bruce; at which the young men present laughed louder than ever, and eyed the visitor in a way that seemed both to disconcert and offend him.

"Cunnel," said he, "you're a man in authority, and my superior officer; wharfo' thar' can be no scalping between us. But my name's Tom Dowdle, the rag-man!" he screamed, suddenly skipping into the thickest of the throng, and sounding a note of defiance; "my name's Tom Dowdle, the rag-man,

and I'm for any man that insults me! log-leg or leather-breeches, green-shirt or blanket-coat, land-trotter or river-roller,—I'm the man for a massacre!" Then, giving himself a twirl upon his foot that would have done credit to a dancing-master, he proceeded to other antic demonstrations of hostility, which when performed in after years on the banks of the Lower Mississippi, by himself and his worthy imitators, were, we suspect, the cause of their receiving the name of the mighty alligator. It is said, by naturalists, of this monstrous reptile, that he delights, when the returning warmth of spring has brought his fellows from their holes, and placed them basking along the banks of a swampy lagoon, to dart into the center of the expanse, and challenge the whole field to combat. He roars, he blows the water from his nostrils, he lashes it with his tail, he whirls round and round, churning the water into foam; until, having worked himself into a proper fury, he darts back again to the shore, to seek an antagonist. Had the gallant captain of horse-thieves boasted the blood, as he afterwards did the name, of an "alligator half-breed," he could have scarce conducted himself in a way more worthy of his parentage. He leaped into the center of the throng, where having found elbow-room for his purpose, he performed the gyration mentioned before, following it up by other feats expressive of his hostile humor. He flapped his wings and crowed, until every chanticleer in the settlement replied to the note of battle; he snorted and neighed like a horse; he bellowed like a bull; he barked like a dog; he yelled like an Indian; he whined like a panther; he howled like a wolf; until one would have thought he was a living menagerie, comprising within his single body the spirit of every animal noted for its love of conflict. Then, not content with such a display of readiness to fight the field, he darted from the center of the area allowed him for his exercise, and invited the lookers-on individually to battle. "Whar's your buffalo-bull," he cried, "to cross horns with the roarer of Salt River? Whar's your full-blood colt that can shake a saddle off? h'yar's an old nag can kick off the top of a buck-eye! Whar's your cat of the Knobs, your wolf of the Rolling Prairies? h'yar's the old brown b'ar can claw the bark off a gum-tree! H'yar's a man for you, Tom Bruce! Same to you, Sim Roberts! to you, Jim Bignose! to you, and to you and to you! Ar'n't I a ring-tailed squealer? Can go down Salt on my back and swim up the

Ohio! Whar's the man to fight Roaring Ralph Stackpole?"

Now, whether it happened that there were none present inclined to a contest with such a champion, or whether it was that the young men looked upon the exhibition as mere bravado meant rather to amuse them than to irritate, it so occurred that not one of them accepted the challenge; though each, when personally called on, did his best to add to the roarer's fury, if fury it really were, by letting off sundry jests in relation to borrowed horses and Regulators. That the fellow's rage was in great part assumed, Roland, who was at first somewhat amused at his extravagance, became soon convinced; and growing at last weary of it, he was about to signify to his host his inclination to return into the fort, when the appearance of another individual on the ground suddenly gave promise of new entertainment.

"If you're rarely ripe for a fight, Roaring Ralph," cried Tom Bruce the younger, who had shown, like the others, a greater disposition to jest than to do battle with the champion, "here comes the very man for you. "Look, boys, thar comes Bloody Nathan!" At which formidable name there was a loud shout set up, with an infinite deal of laughing and clapping of hands.

"Whar's the feller?" cried Captain Stackpole, springing six feet into the air, and uttering a whoop of anticipated triumph. "I've heerd of the brute, and 'tarnal death to me, but I'm his super-superior! Show me the critter, and let me fly! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Hurrah for Roaring Ralph Stackpole!" cried the young men, some of whom proceeded to pat him on the back in compliment to his courage, while others ran forward to hasten the approach of the expected antagonist.

The appearance of the comer, at a distance, promised an equal match to the captain of horse-thieves; but Roland perceived, from the increase of merriment among the Kentuckians, and especially from his host joining heartily in it, that there was more in Bloody Nathan than met the eye. And yet there was enough in his appearance to attract attention, and to convince the soldier that if Kentucky had shown him, in Captain Stackpole, one extraordinary specimen of her inhabitants, she had others to exhibit not a whit less remarkable. It is on the frontiers, indeed, where adventurers from every corner of the

world, and from every circle of society, are thrown together, that we behold the strongest contrasts, and the strangest varieties, of human character.

Casting his eyes down the road or street, (for it was flanked by the outer cabins of the settlement, and perhaps deserved the latter name,) which led, among stumps and gullies, from the gate of the stockade to the bottom of the hill, Forrester beheld a tall man approaching, leading an old lame white horse, at the heels of which followed a little silky black or brown dog, dragging its tail betwixt its legs, in compliment to the curs of the Station, which seemed as hospitably inclined to spread a field of battle for the submissive brute, as their owners were to make ready another for its master. The first thing that surprised the soldier in the appearance of the person bearing so formidable a name, was an incongruity which struck others as well as himself, even the colonel of militia exclaiming, as he pointed it out with his finger, "It's old Nathan Slaughter, to the backbone! Thar he comes, the brute, leading a horse in his hand, and carrying his pack on his own back! But he's a marcfiful man, old Nathan, and the horse thar, old White Dobbin, war foundered and good for nothing ever since the boys made a race with him against Sammy Parker's jackass."

As he approached yet nigher, Roland perceived that his tall, gaunt figure was arrayed in garments of leather from top to toe, even his cap, or hat, (for such it seemed, having several broad flaps suspended by strings, so as to serve the purpose of a brim,) being composed of fragments of tanned skins rudely sewed together. His upper garment differed from a hunting shirt only in wanting the fringes usually appended to it, and in being fashioned without any regard to the body it encompassed, so that in looseness and shapelessness it looked more like a sack than a human vestment; and, like his breeches and leggings, it bore the marks of the most reverend antiquity, being covered with patches and stains of all ages, sizes, and colors.

Thus far Bloody Nathan's appearance was not inconsistent with his name, being uncommonly wild and savage; and to assist in maintaining his claims to the title, he had a long rifle on his shoulder, and a knife in his belt, both of which were in a state of dilapidation worthy of his other equipments; the knife, from long use and age, being worn so thin that it seemed scarce worthy the carrying, while the rifle boasted a stock

so rude, shapeless, and, as one would have judged from its magnitude and weight, so unserviceable, that it was easy to believe it had been constructed by the unskillful hands of Nathan himself. Such, then, was the appearance of the man who seemed so properly called the Bloody ; but when Roland came to survey him a little more closely, he could not avoid suspecting that the sobriquet, instead of being given to indicate warlike and dangerous traits of character, had been bestowed out of pure wantonness and derision. His visage, seeming to belong to a man of at least forty-five or fifty years of age, was hollow, and almost as weather-worn as his apparel, with a long hooked nose, prominent chin, a wide mouth exceedingly straight and pinched, with a melancholy or contemplative twist at the corners, and a pair of black staring eyes, that beamed a good-natured, humble, and perhaps submissive, simplicity of disposition. His gait, too, as he stumbled along up the hill, with a shuffling, awkward, hesitating step, was more like that of a man who apprehended injury and insult, than of one who possessed the spirit to resist them. The fact, moreover, of his sustaining on his own shoulders a heavy pack of deer and other skins, to relieve the miserable horse which he led, betokened a merciful temper, scarce compatible with qualities of a man of war and contention. Another test and criterion by which Roland judged his claims to the character of a roarer, he found in the little black dog ; for the Virginian was a devout believer, as we are ourselves, in that maxim of practical philosophy, namely, that by the dog you shall know the master, the one being fierce, magnanimous, or cowardly, just as his master is a bully, a gentleman, or a dastard. The little dog of Bloody Nathan was evidently a coward, creeping along at White Dobbin's heels, and seeming to supplicate with his tail, which now draggled in the mud, and now attempted a timid wag, that his fellow-curs of the Station should not be rude and inhospitable to a peaceable stranger.

On the whole the appearance of the man was anything in the world but that of the gory and ferocious ruffian whom the nickname had led Roland to anticipate ; and he scarce knew whether to pity him, or to join in the laugh with which the young men of the settlement greeted his approach. Perhaps his sense of the ridiculous would have disposed the young soldier to merriment ; but the wistful look, with which, while advancing, Nathan seemed to deprecate the insults he evidently

expected, spoke volumes of reproach to his spirit, and the half-formed smile faded from his countenance.

“Thar!” exclaimed Tom Bruce, slapping Stackpole on the shoulder, with great glee, “thar’s the man that calls himself Dannger! At him, for the honor of Salt River; but take care of his forelegs, for, I tell you, he’s the Pennsylvany war-horse!”

“And arn’t I the ramping tiger of the Rolling Fork?” cried Captain Ralph; “and can’t I eat him, hoss, dog, dirty jacket, and all? Hold me by the tail while I devour him!”

With that, he executed two or three escapades, demivoltes, curvets, and other antics of a truly equine character, and, galloping up to the amazed Nathan, saluted him with a neigh so shrill and hostile that even White Dobbin pricked up his ears, and betrayed other symptoms of alarm.

“Surely, Colonel,” said Roland, “you will not allow that mad ruffian to assail the poor man?”

“Oh,” said Bruce, “Ralph won’t hurt him; he’s never ambitious, except among Injuns and horses. He’s only for skearing the old feller.”

“And who,” said Forrester, “may the old fellow be? and why do you call him Bloody Nathan?”

“We call him Bloody Nathan,” replied the commander, “because he’s the only man in all Kentucky that *won’t fight!* and thar’s the way he beats us all hollow. Lord, Captain, you’d hardly believe it, but he’s nothing more than a poor Pennsylvany Quaker; and what brought him out to Kentucky, whar thar’s nar another creatur’ of his tribe, thar’s no knowing. Some say he war dishonest, and so had to cut loose from Pennsylvany; but I never heerd of his stealing anything in Kentucky; I reckon thar’s too much of the chicken about him for that. Some say he is hunting rich lands; which war like enough for anybody that war not so poor and lazy. And some say his wits are unsettled, and I hold that that’s the truth of the creatur’; for he does nothing but go wandering up and down the country, now h’yar and now thar, hunting for meat and skins; and that’s pretty much the way he makes a living; and once I see’d the creatur’ have a fit — a right up-and-down touch of the falling sickness, with his mouth all of a foam. Thar’s them that’s good-natur’d that calls him Wandering Nathan, because of his being l’yar and thar, and every whar. He don’t seem much afear’d of the Injuns; but, they say, the

red brutes never disturbs the Pennsylvania Quakers. However, he makes himself useful; for sometimes he finds Injun signs whar thar's no Injuns thought of, and so he gives information; but he always does it, as he says, to save bloodshed, not to bring on a fight. He comes to me once, thar's more than three years ago, and instead of saying, 'Cunnel, thar's twenty Injuns lying on the road at the lower ford of Salt, whar you may nab them;' he says, says he, 'Friend Thomas, thee must keep the people from going nigh the ford, for thar's Injuns thar that will hurt them;' and then he takes himself off; whilst I rides down thar with twenty-five men and exterminates them, killing six, and driving others the Lord knows whar. He has had but a hard time of it among us, poor creatur'; for it used to make us wrathly to find thar war so little fight in him that he wouldn't so much as kill a murdering Injun. I took his gun from him once; for why, he wouldn't attend muster when I had enrolled him. But I pitied the brute for he war poor, and thar war but little corn in his cabin and nothing to shoot meat with; and so I gave it back, and told him to take his own ways for an old fool."

While Colonel Bruce was thus delineating the character of Nathan Slaughter, the latter found himself surrounded by the men of the Station, the butt of a thousand jests, and the victim of the insolence of the captain of horse-thieves. . . .

"Bloody Nathan!" said he, as soon as he had concluded his neighing and curveting, "if you ever said your prayers, now's the time. Down with your pack—for I can't stand deer's ha'r sticking in my swallow, no how!"

"Friend," said Bloody Nathan, meekly, "I beg thee will not disturb me. I am a man of peace and quiet."

And so saying, he endeavored to pass onwards, but was prevented by Ralph, who, seizing his heavy bundle with one hand, applied his right foot to it with a dexterity that not only removed it from the poor man's back, but sent the dried skins scattering over the road. This feat was rewarded by the spectators with loud shouts, all which, as well as the insult itself, Nathan bore with exemplary patience.

"Friend," he said, "what does thee seek of me, that thee treats me thus?"

"A fight!" replied Captain Stackpole, uttering a warwhoop; "a fight, strannger, for the love of heaven!"

"Thee seeks it of the wrong person," said Nathan; "and I beg thee will get thee away."

“What!” said Stackpole, “arn’t thee the Pennsylvania war-horse, the screamer of the meeting-house, the bloody-mouthed ba’r of Yea-Nay-and-Verily?”

“I am a man of peace,” said the submissive Slaughter.

“Yea verily, verily and yea!” cried Ralph, snuffling through the nostrils, but assuming an air of extreme indignation. “Stranger, I’ve heerd of you! You’re the man that holds it agin duty and conscience to kill Injuns, the redskin screamers—that refuses to defend the women, the splendiferous creatur’s! and the little children, the squall-a-baby d’ars! And wharfo’? Because as how you’re a man of peace and no fight, you superiferous, long-legged, no-souled crittur! But I’m the gentleman to make a man of you. So down with your gun, and ’tarnal death to me, I’ll whip the cowardly devil out of you.”

“Friend,” said Nathan, his humility yielding to a feeling of contempt, “thee is theeself a cowardly person, or thee wouldn’t seek a quarrel with one thee knows can’t fight thee. Thee would not be so ready with thee match.”

With that, he stooped to gather up his skins, a proceeding that Stackpole, against whom the laugh was turned by this sally of Nathan’s, resisted him by catching him by the nape of the neck, twirling him round, and making as if he really would have beaten him.

Even this the peaceful Nathan bore without anger or murmuring; but his patience fled, when Stackpole, turning to the little dog, which by bristling its back and growling, expressed a half inclination to take up its master’s quarrel, applied his foot to its ribs with a violence that sent it rolling some five or six yards down the hill, where it lay for a time yelping and whining with pain.

“Friend!” said Nathan, sternly, “thee is but a dog thee-self, to harm the creature! What will thee have with me?”

“A fight! a fight, I tell thee!” replied Captain Ralph, “till I teach thy leatherified conscience the new doctrines of Kentucky.”

“Fight thee I cannot and dare not,” said Nathan; and then added, much to the surprise of Forrester, who, sharing his indignation at the brutality of his tormentor, had approached to drive the fellow off,—“But if thee must have thee deserts, thee *shall* have them. Thee prides theeself upon thee courage and strength—will thee adventure with me a friendly fall?”

“Hurrah for Bloody Nathan!” cried the young men, vastly

delighted at his unwonted spirit, while Captain Ralph himself expressed his pleasure, by leaping into the air, crowing, and dashing off his hat, which he kicked down the hill with as much good will as he had previously bestowed upon the little dog.

"Off with your leather nightcap, and down with your rifle," he cried, giving his own weapon into the hands of a looker-on, "and scrape some of the grease off your jacket; for, 'tarnal death to me, I shall give you the Virginny lock, fling you head-f'most, and you'll find yourself, in a twinkling, sticking fast right in the centre of the 'arth!"

"Thee may find theeself mistaken," said Nathan, giving up his gun to one of the young men, but instead of rejecting his hat, pulling it down tight over his brows. "There is locks taugt among the mountains of Bedford, that may be as good as them learned on the hills of Virginia—I am ready for thee."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried Ralph Stackpole, springing towards his man, and clapping his hands, one on Nathan's left shoulder, the other on his right hip: "Are you ready?"

"I am," replied Nathan.

"Down then, you go, war you a buffalo!" And with that the captain of the horse-thieves put forth his strength, which was very great, in an effort that appeared to Roland quite irresistible; though, as it happened, it scarce moved Nathan from his position.

"Thee is mistaken, friend!" he cried, exerting his strength in return, and with an effort that no one had anticipated. By magic, as it seemed, the heels of the captain of the horse-thieves were suddenly seen flying in the air, his head aiming at the earth, upon which it as suddenly descended with the violence of a bombshell; and there it would doubtless have burrowed, like the aforesaid implement of destruction, had the soil been soft enough for the purpose, or exploded into a thousand fragments, had not the shell been double the thickness of an ordinary skull.

"Huzza! Bloody Nathan for ever!" shouted the delighted villagers.

"He has killed the man," said Forrester; "but bear witness, all, the fellow provoked his fate."

"Thanks to you, stranger! but not so dead as you reckon," said Ralph, rising to his feet, and scratching his poll with a stare of comical confusion. "I say, stranger, here's my

shoulders, — but whar's my head? — Do you reckon I had the worst of it?"

"Huzza for Bloody Nathan Slaughter! He has whipped the ramping tiger of Salt River!" cried the young men of the station.

"Well, I reckon he has," said the magnanimous Captain Ralph, picking up his hat: then, walking up to Nathan, who had taken his dog into his arms, to examine into the little animal's hurts, he cried, with much good-humored energy, — "Thar's my fo'paw, in token I've had enough of you, and want no mo'."

[Of course Nathan is himself the Jibbenainosay.]



RORY O'MORE'S PRESENT TO THE PRIEST.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[SAMUEL LOVER, Irish artist, songster, and story-teller, was born in Dublin in 1797. He began as an artist, acquiring repute as a miniature painter and becoming secretary of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts. His "Legends and Stories of Ireland" (1831) gave him reputation as an author. About 1835 he went to London, and became very popular as an entertainer, singing his own songs in companies, to his own music (collected 1839). In 1837 he published the novel "Rory O'More," which was a great success and was dramatized; in 1842 "Handy Andy" appeared. In 1844 he began giving public entertainments with his own songs and recitations, which had great vogue in England and America. He died July 6, 1868.]

"WHY, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I wint to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see; — whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sich as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots; — and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man. — 'You

can thry them,' says he. — 'How can I thry them?' says I. — 'Pull them on you,' says he. — 'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sich a liberty with them,' says I. — 'Why, aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he. — 'Is it me?' says I, 'me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinsis I am?' says I. — 'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he. — 'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?' — 'How should I know?' says he. — 'You're a purty bootmaker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!' — 'How do I know his size?' says he. — 'Oh, don't be comin' off that away,' says I. 'There's no sich great differ betune priests and other min!'"

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveler.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance. — 'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.' — 'He's betune five and six fut,' says I. — 'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow. 'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persaived he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefuttet in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I; and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone o' the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place."

"It is their usual practice," said the traveler, "to take measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the country; and they ought to be so, by all accounts; — but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely."

"How so?" said the traveler.

"Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the country at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dhrives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed.

“But what I mane is—where did I lave off tellin’ you about the present for the priest?—wasn’t it at the bootmaker’s shop?—yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow’s impidince, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin’ about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin’ by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a goolden head to it that was worth its weight in goold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that says I to myself, ‘It’s the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sich another.’ And so I wint lookin’ about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they call Dame Sthreet—and, by the same token, I didn’t know why they called it Dame Sthreet till I ax’d; and I was towld they called it Dame Sthreet becase the ladies were so fond o’ walkin’ there;—and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can’t b’lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o’ the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon—and the beautiful rowlin’ eyes o’ them! Well, it was in Dame Sthreet, as I was sayin’, that I kem to a shop where there was a power o’ sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim; and a man in the place kem to me and ax’d me if I wanted a cane? ‘No,’ says I, ‘I don’t want a cane; it’s a stick I want,’ says I. ‘A cane, you mane,’ says he. ‘No,’ says I, ‘it’s a stick,—for I was determined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. ‘Here’s a nate one,’ says he. ‘I don’t want a nate one,’ says I, ‘but a responsible one,’ says I. ‘Faith!’ says he, ‘if an Irishman’s stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for’—and he laughed a power. I didn’t know myself what he meant, but that’s what he said.”

“It was because you asked for a responsible stick,” said the traveler.

“And why wouldn’t I,” said Rory, “when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn’t he have a nice-lookin’, respectable, responsible stick?”

“Certainly,” said the traveler.

“Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin’—a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it—for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear I couldn’t come up to them; and so says I, ‘Give me a howld o’ that,’ says I—and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a

good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir! — to call a stick good and light — as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy, and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone! — to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinsis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy' — lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin' sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'* sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among thim, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins — divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," said Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveler.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," said Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveler, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl! you wouldn't laugh if you wor undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good God!" said the traveler, in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a sthranger in the

country. The priest join it! — Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disperse thim — scatther thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick on purpose for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessitated to have recourse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public house is too full, and in he goes and dh rives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discourse on thim: and why should he? — he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be seavere on us."

"Severe!" said the traveler, in surprise, "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that? — sure that's nothin' to his tongue — his words is like swoords or razhors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murthers us with whin we displaze him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word with him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveler.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop; and afther spendin' over an hour — would you b'lieve it? — divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man."

"But about the gridiron?"

"Sure I'm tellin' you about it," said Rory; "only I'm not come to it yet. You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shopkeepers in Dublin, that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his reverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin' through the last town in the middle o' the rain, I thought of a gridiron."

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain," said the traveler.

"No, 'twasn't the rain made me think of it — I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head, afther, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my cordheroys on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we dhrove along up the sthreet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop halfway down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door! and so I wint back to get it."

"But isn't a gridiron an odd present? — hasn't his reverence one already?"

"He had, sir, before it was bruk — but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brilin' some mate an it for his reverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threwn it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too,' says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace; and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'rel, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him; and away he tattered over the counthry, till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."



RORY O'MORE.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;

"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound" —
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough;
Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips — Don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more, —
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.



MR. PICKWICK'S ADVENTURE WITH THE MIDDLE- AGED LADY IN YELLOW CURL PAPERS.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver

Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

"THAT 'ere your governor's luggage, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller senior, of his affectionate son, as he entered the yard of the Bull Inn, Whitechapel, with a traveling bag and a small portmanteau.

"You might ha' made a worser guess than that, old feller," replied Mr. Weller the younger, setting down his burden in the yard, and sitting himself down upon it afterwards. "The Governor hisself'll be down here presently."

"He's a cabbin' it, I suppose?" said the father.

"Yes, he's a havin' two mile o' danger at eight-pence," responded the son. "How's mother-in-law this mornin'?"

"Queer, Sammy, queer," replied the elder Mr. Weller, with impressive gravity. "She's been gettin' rayther in the Methodistical order lately, Sammy; and she is uncommon pious, to be sure. She's too good a creetur for me, Sammy—I feel I don't deserve her."

"Ah," said Mr. Samuel, "that's wery self-denyin' o' you."

"Wery," replied his parent, with a sigh. "She's got hold o' some invention for grown-up people being born again, Sammy—the new birth, I thinks they calls it. I should wery much like to see that system in haction, Sammy. I should wery much like to see your mother-in-law born again. Wouldn't I put her out to nurse!

"What do you think them women does t'other day?" continued Mr. Weller, after a short pause, during which he had significantly struck the side of his nose with his forefinger, some half-dozen times. "What do you think they does, t'other day, Sammy?"

"Don't know," replied Sam, "what?"

"Goes and gets up a grand tea drinkin' for a feller they calls their shepherd," said Mr. Weller. "I was a standing starin' in, at the pictur shop down at our place, when I sees a little bill about it; 'Tickets half a crown. All applications to be made to the committee. Secretary, Mrs. Weller;' and when I got home, there was the committee a sittin' in our back parlor

— fourteen women ; I wish you could ha' heard 'em, Sammy. There they was, a passin' resolutions, and wotin' supplies, and all sorts o' games. Well, what with your mother-in-law a worryin' me to go, and what with my looking for'ard to seein' some queer starts if I did, I put my name down for a ticket ; at six o'clock on the Friday evenin' I dresses myself out, verry smart, and off I goes vith the old 'ooman, and up we walks into a fust floor where there was tea things for thirty, and a whole lot o' women as begins whisperin' to one another, and lookin' at me, as if they'd never seen a rayther stout gen'lm'n of eight and fifty afore. By and by, there comes a great bustle downstairs, and a lanky chap with a red nose and white neckcloth rushes up, and sings out, ' Here's the shepherd a coming to visit his faithful flock ; ' and in comes a fat chap in black, vith a great white face, a smilin' avay like clockwork. Such goin's on, Sammy. ' The kiss of peace,' says the shepherd ; and then he kissed the women all round, and ven he'd done, the man vith the red nose began. I was just a thinkin' whether I hadn't better begin too — ' specially as there was a verry nice lady a sittin' next me — ven in comes the tea, and your mother-in-law, as had been makin' the kettle boil, downstairs. At it they went, tooth and nail. Such a precious loud hymn, Sammy, while the tea was a brewing ; such a grace, such eatin' and drinkin'. I wish you could ha' seen the shepherd walkin' into the ham and muffins. I never see such a chap to eat and drink — never. The red-nosed man warn't by no means the sort of person you'd like to grub by contract, but he was nothin' to the shepherd. Well, arter the tea was over, they sang another hymn, and then the shepherd began to preach : and verry well he did it, considerin' how heavy them muffins must have lied on his chest. Presently he pulls up, all of a sudden, and hollers out, ' Where is the sinner ; where is the mis'erable sinner ? ' upon which, all the women looked at me, and begun to groan as if they was dying. I thought it was rather sing'ler, but hows'ever, I says nothing. Presently he pulls up again, and lookin' verry hard at me, says, ' Where is the sinner ; where is the mis'erable sinner ! ' and all the women groans again, ten times louder than afore. I got rather savage at this, so I takes a step or two for'ard and says, ' My friend,' says I, ' did you apply that 'ere obseruation to me ? ' — ' Stead of beggin' my pardon as any gen'lm'n would ha' done, he got more abusive than ever : called me a wessel, Sammy — a wessel of wrath — and all sorts o' names. So my

blood being reg'larly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off. I wish you could ha' heard how the women screamed, Sammy, ven they picked up the shepherd from under the table. — Hallo ! here's the governor, the size of life."

As Mr. Weller spoke, Mr. Pickwick dismounted from a cab, and entered the yard.

"Fine mornin', sir," — said Mr. Weller senior.

"Beautiful indeed" — replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Beautiful indeed," echoed a red-haired man with an inquisitive nose and blue spectacles, who had unpacked himself from a cab at the same moment as Mr. Pickwick. "Going to Ipswich, sir?"

"I am," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Extraordinary coincidence. So am I."

Mr. Pickwick bowed.

"Going outside?" said the red-haired man.

Mr. Pickwick bowed again.

"Bless my soul, how remarkable — I am going outside, too," said the red-haired man: "we are positively going together." And the red-haired man, who was an important-looking, sharp-nosed, mysterious-spoken personage, with a birdlike habit of giving his head a jerk every time he said anything, smiled as if he had made one of the strangest discoveries that ever fell to the lot of human wisdom.

"I am happy in the prospect of your company, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah," said the newcomer, "it's a good thing for both of us, isn't it? Company, you see — company is — is — it's a very different thing from solitude — a'n't it?"

"There's no denyin' that 'ere," said Mr. Weller, joining in the conversation, with an affable smile. "That's what I call a self-evident proposition, as the dog's-meat man said, when the housemaid told him he warn't a gentleman."

"Ah," said the red-haired man, surveying Mr. Weller from head to foot, with a supercilious look. "Friend of yours, sir?"

"Not exactly a friend," replied Mr. Pickwick, in a low tone. "The fact is, he is my servant, but I allow him to take a good many liberties; for, between ourselves, I flatter myself he is an original, and I am rather proud of him."

"Ah," said the red-haired man, "that, you see, is a matter of taste. I am not fond of anything original; I don't like it; don't see the necessity for it. What's your name, sir?"

"Here is my card, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, much amused by the abruptness of the question, and the singular manner of the stranger.

"Ah," said the red-haired man, placing the card in his pocket-book, "Pickwick; very good. I like to know a man's name, it saves so much trouble. That's my card, sir. Magnus, you will perceive, sir — Magnus is my name. It's rather a good name, I think, sir?"

"A very good name indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, wholly unable to repress a smile.

"Yes, I think it is," resumed Mr. Magnus. "There's a good name before it, too, you will observe. Permit me, sir — if you hold the card a little slanting, this way, you catch the light upon the up stroke. There — Peter Magnus — sounds well, I think, sir."

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Curious circumstance about those initials, sir," said Mr. Magnus. "You will observe — P. M. — post meridian. In hasty notes to intimate acquaintance, I sometimes sign myself 'Afternoon.' It amuses my friends very much, Mr. Pickwick."

"It is calculated to afford them the highest gratification, I should conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, rather envying the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were entertained.

"Now, gen'lm'n," said the hostler, "coach is ready, if you please."

"Is all my luggage in?" inquired Mr. Magnus.

"All right, sir."

"Is the red bag in?"

"All right, sir."

"And the striped bag?"

"Fore boot, sir."

"And the brown-paper parcel?"

"Under the seat, sir."

"And the leather hatbox?"

"They're all in, sir."

"Now, will you get up?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Excuse me," replied Magnus, standing on the wheel. "Excuse me, Mr. Pickwick. I cannot consent to get up, in

this state of uncertainty. I am quite satisfied from that man's manner, that that leather hatbox is *not* in."

The solemn protestations of the hostler being wholly unavailing, the leather hatbox was obliged to be raked up from the lowest depth of the boot, to satisfy him that it had been safely packed; and after he had been assured on this head, he felt a solemn presentiment, first, that the red bag was mislaid, and next that the striped bag had been stolen, and then that the brown-paper parcel had "come untied." At length, when he had received ocular demonstrations of the groundless nature of each and every of these suspicions, he consented to climb up to the roof of the coach, observing that now he had taken everything off his mind, he felt quite comfortable and happy.

"You're given to nervousness, a'n't you, sir?" inquired Mr. Weller senior, eying the stranger askance, as he mounted to his place.

"Yes; I always am rather, about these little matters," said the stranger, "but I am all right now — quite right."

"Well, that's a blessin'," said Mr. Weller. "Sammy, help your master up to the box: t'other leg, sir, that's it; give us your hand, sir. Up with you. You was a lighter weight when you was a boy, sir."

"True enough, that, Mr. Weller," said the breathless Mr. Pickwick, good-humoredly, as he took his seat on the box beside him.

"Jump up in front, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. "Now, Villam, run 'em out. Take care o' the archvay, gen'lm'n. 'Heads,' as the pieman says. That'll do, Villam. Let 'em alone." And away went the coach up Whitechapel, to the admiration of the whole population of that pretty densely populated quarter.

"Not a wery nice neighborhood this, sir," said Sam, with the touch of the hat which always preceded his entering into conversation with his master.

"It is not indeed, Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, surveying the crowded and filthy street through which they were passing.

"It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always seem to go together."

"I don't understand you, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"What I mean, sir," said Sam, "is, that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here,

sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's wery poor, he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation."

"To be sure he does," said Mr. Weller senior, "and it's just the same with pickled salmon!"

"Those are two very remarkable facts, which never occurred to me before," said Mr. Pickwick. "The very first place we stop at, I'll make a note of them."

By this time they had reached the turnpike at Mile End; a profound silence prevailed, until they had got two or three miles further on, when Mr. Weller senior, turning suddenly to Mr. Pickwick, said:—

"Wery queer life is a pike keeper's, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"A pike keeper."

"What do you mean by a pike keeper?" inquired Mr. Peter Magnus.

"The old 'un means a turnpike keeper, gen'lm'n," observed Mr. Weller, in explanation.

"Oh," said Mr. Pickwick, "I see. Yes; very curious life. Very uncomfortable."

"They're all on 'em men as has met with some disappointment in life," said Mr. Weller senior.

"Ay, ay?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes. Consequence of vich, they retires from the world, and shuts themselves up in pikes; partly with the view of being solitary, and partly to rewenge themselves on mankind, by takin' tolls."

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "I never knew that before."

"Fact, sir," said Mr. Weller; "if they was gen'lm'n you'd call 'em misanthropes, but as it is they only takes to pike keepin'."

With such conversation, possessing the inestimable charm of blending amusement with instruction, did Mr. Weller beguile the tediousness of the journey, during the greater part of the day. Topics of conversation were never wanting, for even when any pause occurred in Mr. Weller's loquacity, it was abundantly supplied by the desire evinced by Mr. Magnus to make himself acquainted with the whole of the personal history of his fellow-travelers, and his loudly expressed anxiety at

every stage, respecting the safety and well-being of the two bags, the leather hatbox, and the brown-paper parcel.

In the main street of Ipswich, on the left-hand side of the way, a short distance after you have passed through the open space fronting the Townhall, stands an inn known far and wide by the appellation of "The Great White Horse," rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart horse, which is elevated above the principal door. The Great White Horse is famous in the neighborhood, in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper-chronicled turnip, or unwieldy pig — for its enormous size. Never were such labyrinth of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of moldy, badly lighted rooms, such huge numbers of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof, as are collected together between the four walls of the Great White Horse at Ipswich.

It was at the door of this overgrown tavern that the London coach stopped at the same hour every evening; and it was from this same London coach that Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, and Mr. Peter Magnus dismounted, on the particular evening to which this chapter of our history bears reference.

"Do you stop here, sir?" inquired Mr. Peter Magnus, when the striped bag, and the red bag, and the brown-paper parcel, and the leather hatbox had all been deposited in the passage. "Do you stop here, sir?"

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Dear me," said Mr. Magnus, "I never knew anything like these extraordinary coincidences. Why, I stop here, too. I hope we dine together?"

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick. "I am not quite certain whether I have any friends here or not, though. Is there any gentleman of the name of Tupman here, waiter?"

A corpulent man, with a fortnight's napkin under his arm, and coeval stockings on his legs, slowly desisted from his occupation of staring down the street, on this question being put to him by Mr. Pickwick; and, after minutely inspecting that gentleman's appearance, from the crown of his hat to the lowest button of his gaiters, replied emphatically:—

"No."

"Nor any gentleman of the name of Snodgrass?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"No."

“Nor Winkle?”

“No.”

“My friends have not arrived to-day, sir,” said Mr. Pickwick. “We will dine alone, then. Show us a private room, waiter.”

On this request being preferred, the corpulent man condescended to order the boots to bring in the gentlemen’s luggage, and preceding them down a long dark passage, ushered them into a large, badly furnished apartment, with a dirty grate, in which a small fire was making a wretched attempt to be cheerful, but was fast sinking beneath the dispiriting influence of the place. After the lapse of an hour, a bit of fish and a steak were served up to the travelers, and when the dinner was cleared away, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus drew their chairs up to the fire, and having ordered a bottle of the worst possible port wine, at the highest possible price, for the good of the house, drank brandy and water for their own.

Mr. Peter Magnus was naturally of a very communicative disposition, and the brandy and water operated with wonderful effect in warming into life the deepest hidden secrets of his bosom. After sundry accounts of himself, his family, his connections, his friends, his jokes, his business, and his brothers (most talkative men have a great deal to say about their brothers), Mr. Peter Magnus took a blue view of Mr. Pickwick through his colored spectacles for several minutes, and then said, with an air of modesty:—

“And what do you think—what *do* you think, Mr. Pickwick—I have come down here for?”

“Upon my word,” said Mr. Pickwick, “it is wholly impossible for me to guess; on business, perhaps.”

“Partly right, sir,” replied Mr. Peter Magnus, “but partly wrong, at the same time: try again, Mr. Pickwick.”

“Really,” said Mr. Pickwick, “I must throw myself on your mercy, to tell me or not, as you may think best; for I should never guess, if I were to try all night.”

“Why, then, he—he—he!” said Mr. Peter Magnus, with a bashful titter, “what should you think, Mr. Pickwick, if I had come down here to make a proposal, sir, eh? He—he—he!”

“Think! that you are very likely to succeed,” replied Mr. Pickwick, with one of his most beaming smiles.

“Ah!” said Mr. Magnus, “but do you really think so, Mr. Pickwick? Do you, though?”

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No ; but you're joking, though."

"I am not, indeed."

"Why, then," said Mr. Magnus, "to let you into a little secret, *I* think so too. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Pickwick, although I'm dreadful jealous by nature — horrid — that the lady is in this house." Here Mr. Magnus took off his spectacles, on purpose to wink, and then put them on again.

"That's what you were running out of the room for, before dinner, then, so often," said Mr. Pickwick, archly.

"Hush — yes, you're right, that was it ; not such a fool as to see her, though."

"No !"

"No ; wouldn't do, you know, after having just come off a journey. Wait till to-morrow, sir ; double the chance then. Mr. Pickwick, sir, there is a suit of clothes in that bag, and a hat in that box, which I expect, in the effect they will produce, will be invaluable to me, sir."

"Indeed !" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes ; you must have observed my anxiety about them to-day. I do not believe that such another suit of clothes, and such a hat, could be bought for money, Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick congratulated the fortunate owner of the irresistible garments, on their acquisition ; and Mr. Peter Magnus remained for a few moments, apparently absorbed in contemplation.

"She's a fine creature," said Mr. Magnus.

"Is she ?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," said Mr. Magnus, "very. She lives about twenty miles from here, Mr. Pickwick. I heard she would be here to-night and all to-morrow forenoon, and came down to seize the opportunity. I think an inn is a good sort of place to propose to a single woman in, Mr. Pickwick. She is more likely to feel the loneliness of her situation in traveling, perhaps, than she would be at home. What do you think, Mr. Pickwick ?"

"I think it very probable," replied that gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pickwick," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "but I am naturally rather curious ; what may *you* have come down here for ?"

"On a far less pleasant errand, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, the color mounting to his face at the recollection — "I have come down here, sir, to expose the treachery and falsehood of

an individual, upon whose truth and honor I placed implicit reliance."

"Dear me," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "that's very unpleasant. It is a lady, I presume? Eh? ah! Sly, Mr. Pickwick, sly. Well, Mr. Pickwick, sir, I wouldn't probe your feelings for the world. Painful subjects, these, sir, very painful. Don't mind me, Mr. Pickwick, if you wish to give vent to your feelings. I know what it is to be jilted, sir; I have endured that sort of thing three or four times."

"I am much obliged to you, for your condolence on what you presume to be my melancholy case," said Mr. Pickwick, winding up his watch, and laying it on the table, "but ——"

"No, no," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "not a word more: it's a painful subject, I see, I see. What's the time, Mr. Pickwick?"

"Past twelve."

"Dear me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick."

At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chambermaid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leather hatbox, and the brown-paper parcel having been conveyed to his bedroom, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick, to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick, and another japanned candlestick, were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings, to another.

"This is your room, sir," said the chambermaid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good night, the chambermaid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him; then

his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell ; and from that lady it wandered, by a natural process, to the dingy countinghouse of Dodson and Fogg. From Dodson and Fogg's it flew off at a tangent, to the very center of the history of the queer client ; and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich, with sufficient clearness to convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep : so he roused himself, and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table downstairs.

Now this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about, beneath the shadow of his waistcoat for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state, at present. The possibility of going to sleep, unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in the watch pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly downstairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend, and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore ; room after room did he peep into ; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bedchamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors, garnished with boots of every shape, make, and size, branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bedroom door which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within of " Who the devil's that ? " or " What do you want here ? " caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a perfectly marvelous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in — right at last. There were the two beds,

whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the draughts of air through which he had passed, and sank into the socket, just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well, by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood one on each side of the door; and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottom chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into, or out of, bed, on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off, and folded up, his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and slowly drawing on his tasseled nightcap, secured it firmly on his head, by tying beneath his chin the strings which he always had attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the nightcap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the nightcap strings—"It is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber? Some evil-minded person who had seen him come upstairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do?

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself, was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this maneuver he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away, like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automatonlike rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," — thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap. "Never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair; had carefully enveloped it in a muslin nightcap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming" — reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house, but if I remain here the consequences will be still more frightful."

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his nightcap to a lady overpowered him, but he had tied those confounded strings in a knot, and do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be

made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrank behind the curtains, and called out very loudly : —

“ Ha — hum.”

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rushlight shade ; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

“ Most extraordinary female this,” thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. “ Ha — hum.”

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

“ Gracious Heaven ! ” said the middle-aged lady, “ what’s that ! ”

“ It’s — it’s only a gentleman, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

“ A gentleman ! ” said the lady, with a terrific scream.

“ It’s all over,” thought Mr. Pickwick.

“ A strange man ! ” shrieked the lady. Another instant, and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

“ Ma’am ” — said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, “ ma’am.”

Now although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it, to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so, by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick’s nightcap driven her back, into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood, staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick, in his turn, stared wildly at her.

“ Wretch,” — said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, “ what do you want here ? ”

“ Nothing, ma’an — nothing whatever, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly.

“ Nothing ! ” said the lady, looking up.

“Nothing, ma’am, upon my honor,” said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his nightcap danced again. “I am almost ready to sink, ma’am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my nightcap [here the lady hastily snatched off hers], but I can’t get it off, ma’am — here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug, in proof of the statement. It is evident to me, ma’am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma’am, when you suddenly entered it.”

“If this improbable story be really true, sir” — said the lady, sobbing violently, “you will leave it instantly.”

“I will, ma’am, with the greatest pleasure” — replied Mr. Pickwick.

“Instantly, sir,” said the lady.

“Certainly, ma’am,” interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly. “Certainly, ma’am. I — I — am very sorry, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, “to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry, ma’am.”

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick’s character was beautifully displayed at this moment, under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his nightcap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

“I am exceedingly sorry, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

“If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room,” said the lady.

“Immediately, ma’am; this instant, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

“I trust, ma’am,” resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, “I trust, ma’am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this —” But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage and locked and bolted the door behind him.

Whatever grounds of self-congratulation Mr. Pickwick might have, for having escaped so quietly from his late awk-

ward situation, his present position was by no means enviable. He was alone, in an open passage, in a strange house, in the middle of the night, half-dressed ; it was not to be supposed that he could find his way in perfect darkness to a room he had been wholly unable to discover with a light, and if he made the slightest noise in his fruitless attempts to do so, he stood every chance of being shot at, and perhaps killed, by some wakeful traveler. He had no resource but to remain where he was, until daylight appeared. So, after groping his way a few paces down the passage, and to his infinite alarm stumbling over several pairs of boots in so doing, Mr. Pickwick crouched into a little recess in the wall, to wait for morning as philosophically as he might.

He was not destined, however, to undergo this additional trial of patience : for he had not been long ensconced in his present concealment when, to his unspeakable horror, a man, bearing a light, appeared at the end of the passage. His horror was suddenly converted into joy, however, when he recognized the form of his faithful attendant. It was indeed Mr. Samuel Weller, who after sitting up thus late, in conversation with the boots, who was sitting up for the mail, was now about to retire to rest.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly appearing before him, “where’s my bedroom?”

Mr. Weller stared at his master with the most emphatic surprise ; and it was not until the question had been repeated three several times, that he turned round, and led the way to the long-sought apartment.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, as he got into bed, “I have made one of the most extraordinary mistakes to-night, that ever were heard of.”

“Wery likely, sir,” replied Mr. Weller, dryly.

“But of this I am determined, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, “that if I were to stop in this house for six months, I would never trust myself about it, alone, again.”

“That’s the wery prudentest resolution as you could come to, sir,” replied Mr. Weller. “You rayther want somebody to look arter you, sir, ven your judgment goes out a wisitin’.”

“What do you mean by that, Sam?” said Mr. Pickwick. He raised himself in bed, and extended his hand, as if he were about to say something more ; but suddenly checking himself, turned round, and bade his valet “Good night.”

“Good night, sir,” replied Mr. Weller. He paused when he got outside the door—shook his head—walked on—stopped—snuffed the candle—shook his head again—and finally proceeded slowly to his chamber, apparently buried in the profoundest meditation.



THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

BY FRANCIS MAHONY.

[FRANCIS MAHONY, better known as “Father Prout,” was born in Cork, Ireland, 1804. He was educated by the Jesuits at Amiens, studied theology at Paris, and became a priest. In London he formed one of the famous group about Maginn who wrote for *Fraser’s Magazine*, and about 1834 began to contribute to it under the name of “Father Prout,” mainly translations of English songs into foreign languages and foreign ones into English, which remain his literary monument. Later he was correspondent of English papers from Rome and Paris. Though much more wit, diner-out, bohemian, and scholarly *littérateur* than priest, he remained faithful to the beliefs and loyal to the pride of his church. He died in May, 1866.]

WITH deep affection
 And recollection,
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where’er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee,
 With thy bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I’ve heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate;

But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly:
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, **oh,**
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

SAM SLICK AND THE NOVA SCOTIANS.

BY THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

[THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON, Canadian judge and humorist, was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, December, 1796; called to the bar in 1820; chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas and judge of the Supreme Court from 1828 to 1856, when he resigned and removed to England, where he remained till his death, August 27, 1865. He wrote very many works, including a history of Nova Scotia; but one of them has sunk deep into popular memory, — "The Clockmaker; or, Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville" (1837-1840). It was the first work in which "dialect" American was used; Artemus Ward says it founded the American school of humor. It is a bitter satire on the sluggishness and inefficiency of the Nova Scotians, contrasted with the alert wits of the New Englanders.]

THE CLOCKMAKER.

I HAD heard of Yankee clock peddlers, tin peddlers, and Bible peddlers, especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments, — a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares, at whatever price he pleases, where a bluenose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

"What a pity it is, Mr. *Slick*" (for such was his name), "what a pity it is," said I, "that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of *clocks*, could not also teach them the value of *time*." "I guess," said he, "they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts, but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about '*House of Assembly*.' If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't hoe a crop, he says it is all owing to the Bank; and if he runs into debt and is sued, why he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you."

"But how is it," said I, "that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks (which certainly cannot be called necessary articles) among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?"

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answer-

ing the question, and looking me in the face said, in a confidential tone, "Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said, "If I was to tell them in Connecticut, there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me — why there ain't such a location in all New England. The Deacon has a hundred acres of dike —" "Seventy," said the Deacon, "only seventy." "Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom, why I could run a ramrod into it —" "Interval, we call it," said the Deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place. "Well, interval, if you please (though Professor Eleazar Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms), is just as good as dike. Then there is that water privilege, worth 3000 or 4000 dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid 15,000 dollars for. I wonder, Deacon, you don't put up a carding mill on it: the same works would carry a turning lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and —" "Too old," said the Deacon, "too old for all those speculations." — "Old," repeated the Clockmaker, "not you; why you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays; you are young enough to have —" here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear; but whatever it was, the Deacon was pleased; he smiled and said he did not think of such things now.

"But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed," saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, "That is what I call

'soft sawder.' An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or," said he, looking rather archly, "if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, *if he could*. Now I find ——" here his lecture on "*soft sawder*" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint. "Jist come to say good-by, Mrs. Flint." "What, have you sold all your clocks?" "Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me 50 dollars for this here one — it has composition wheels and patent axles, it is a beautiful article — a real first chop — no mistake, genuine superfine, but I guess I'll take it back; and beside, Squire Hawk might think kinder harder, that I did not give him the offer." "Dear me," said Mrs. Flint, "I should like to see it; where is it?" "It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport." "That's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let's look at it."

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock, a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The Deacon praised the clock, he too thought it a handsome one; but the Deacon was a prudent man, he had a watch — he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. "I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, Deacon, it ain't for sale," said Mr. Slick; "and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it." Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. "It's no consarn of mine," said Mr. Slick, "as long as he pays me, what he has to do, but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under 40 dollars. Why, it ain't possible," said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, "why, as I'm alive it is 4 o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here — how on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs.

Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States — I'll set it a going and put it to the right time."

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the Deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, "that I call '*human natur!*' Now that clock is sold for 40 dollars — it cost me just 6 dollars and 50 cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal — nor will the Deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not '*in human natur*' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned — when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to '*soft sawder*' to get them into the house, and to '*human natur*' that they never come out of it."

THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART — THE BROKEN HEART.

As we approached the Inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy. "It's pretty well on in the evening, I guess," said he, "and Marm Pugwash is as onsartin in her temper as a mornin in April; it's all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss, like a goose with a flock of goslings. I wonder what on airth Pugwash was a thinkin on, when he signed articles of partnership with that are woman; she's not a bad-lookin piece of furniture neither, and it's a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry such a stiff upper lip — she reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple trees.

"The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence; I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other

folks lost their'n from the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, 'Minister,' said I, 'how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can't do it nohow?' 'Why,' says he, 'they are dreadful pretty fruit, ain't they?' 'I guess,' said I, 'there ain't the like on 'em in all Connecticut.' 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Roxberry and away down to Squawneck Creek.' I was afeared he was a goin to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories; so says I, 'I know that, Minister, but how do you preserve them?' 'Why, I was a goin to tell you,' said he, 'when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so etarnal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they sarch no farther. They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.'

"Now, Marm Pugwash is like the minister's apples, very temptin fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess it's pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece, and make her dial plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. It's a pity she's such a kickin devil, too, for she has good points — good eye — good foot — neat pastern — fine chest — a clean set of limbs, and carries a good — But here we are; now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do."

When we entered the house, the travelers' room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

"Good evening, Marm," said Mr. Slick, "how do you do and how's Mr. Pugwash?" "He," said she, "why he's been abed this hour, you don't expect to disturb him this time of

night, I hope." "Oh no," said Mr. Slick, "certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected; I am sorry that ——" "So am I," said she, "but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an Inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect no rest."

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't a beautiful child — come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me — well, I declare, if that are little feller ain't the finest child I ever seed — what, not abed yet? Ah, you rogue, where did you get them are pretty rosy cheeks; stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country," said he, turning to me, "the children are all as pale as chalk, or as yaller as an orange. Lord, that are little feller would be a show in our country — come to me, my man." Here the "soft sawder" began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said in a milder tone than we had yet heard, "Go, my dear, to the gentleman — go, dear." Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the little girls there would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. "Black eyes — let me see — ah, mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, why you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma." "Do be seated, gentlemen," said Mrs. Pugwash — "Sally, make a fire in the next room." "She ought to be proud of you," he continued. "Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. "Did you ever see," said he, again addressing me, "such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother?" "I am sure you have had no supper," said Mrs. Pugwash to me; "you must be hungry and weary, too — I will get you a cup of tea." "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," said I. "Not the least trouble in the world," she replied; "on the contrary, a pleasure."

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, "It's a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to git them

to start; arter that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the natur of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child,*" said the Clockmaker, "*I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*"

"You seem," said I, "to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favorite among the fair sex."

"Any man," he replied, "that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

"People talk an everlastin sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, 'Oh, such a man is an ugly-grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart;' jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new india-rubber shoe: you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

"I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a towboat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man; you couldn't fault him in no particular, he was so jist a made critter; folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, 'There goes Washington Banks, bean't he lovely?'

"I do believe there wasn't a gall in the Lowell factories that warn't in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together (an amazin hansom sight too, near about a whole congregation of young

galls), Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whopper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it at your service.' 'Well, how you do act, Mr. Banks,' half a thousand little clipper-clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin, like so many stars twinklin of a frosty night.

"Well, when I last seed him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walkin skeleton. 'I am dreadful sorry,' says I, 'to see you, Banks, lookin so peaked; why, you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?' 'I am dyin,' says he, '*of a broken heart.*' 'What,' says I, 'have the galls been jiltin you?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I bean't such a fool as that neither.' 'Well,' says I, 'have you made a bad speculation?' 'No,' says he, shakin his head, 'I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that.' 'What under the sun is it, then?' said I. 'Why,' says he, 'I made a bet the fore part of summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, *but the Anchor was so eternal heavy it broke my heart.*' Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell of *a broken heart.*"

A TALE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

Mr. Slick, like all his countrymen whom I have seen, felt that his own existence was involved in that of the Constitution of the United States, and that it was his duty to uphold it upon all occasions. He affected to consider its government and its institutions as perfect, and if any doubt was suggested as to the stability or character of either, would make the common reply of all Americans, "I guess you don't understand us," or else enter into a labored defense. When left, however, to the free expression of his own thoughts, he would often give utterance to those apprehensions which most men feel in the event of an experiment not yet fairly tried, and which has in many parts evidently disappointed the sanguine hopes of its friends. But, even on these occasions, when his vigilance seemed to

slumber, he would generally cover them, by giving them as the remarks of others, or concealing them in a tale. It was this habit that gave his discourse rather the appearance of thinking aloud than a connected conversation.

"We are a great nation, Squire," he said, "that's sartin; but I'm afeard we didn't altogether start right. It's in politics as in racin, everything depends upon a fair start. If you are off too quick, you have to pull up and turn back agin, and your beast gets out of wind and is baffled, and if you lose in the start you hain't got a fair chance arterwards, and are plaguy apt to be jockied in the course. When we set up housekeepin, as it were, for ourselves, we hated our stepmother, Old England, so dreadful bad, we wouldn't foller any of her ways of managin at all, but made new receipts for ourselves. Well, we missed it in many things most consumedly, somehow or another. Did you ever see," said he, "a congregation split right in two by a quarrel, and one part go off and set up for themselves?" "I am sorry to say," said I, "that I have seen some melancholy instances of the kind." "Well, they shoot ahead, or drop astern, as the case may be, but they soon get on another tack, and leave the old ship clean out of sight. When folks once take to emigratin in religion in this way, they never know where to bide. First they try one location, and then they try another; some settle here and some improve there, but they don't hitch their horses together long. Sometimes they complain they *have too little water*, at other times that they *have too much*; they are never satisfied, and, wherever these separatists go, they onsettle others as bad as themselves. *I never look on a deserter as any great shakes.*

"My poor father used to say, 'Sam, mind what I tell you, if a man don't agree in all particulars with his church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he ain't justified on that account, nohow, to separate from them, for Sam "*Schism is a sin in the eye of God.*" The whole Christian world,' he would say, 'is divided into two great families, the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, a happy family, and a strong family, all governed by one head; and, Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that are family will grub out t'other one, stalk, branch, and root, it won't so much as leave the seed of it in the ground, to grow by chance as a nateral curiosity. Now the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles, when withered up together (which it never was and never will be to all etarnity), no great of a bundle arter all; you might take it

up under one arm, and walk off with it without winkin. But, when all lyin loose, as it always is, jist look at it, and see what a sight it is, all blowin about by every wind of doctrine, some away up een a'most out of sight, others rollin over and over in the dirt, some split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather and cracked by the sun — no two of 'em will lie so as to make a close jint. They are all divided into sects, railin, quarrelin, separatin, and agreein in nothin, but hatin each other. It is awful to think on. T'other family will some day or other gather them all up, put them into a bundle and bind them up tight, and condemn 'em as fit for nothin under the sun, but the fire. Now he who splits one of these here sects by schism, or he who preaches schism, commits a grievous sin; and, Sam, if you valy your own peace of mind, have nothin to do with such folks.

“It's pretty much the same in Politics. I ain't quite clear in my conscience, Sam, about our glorious revolution. If that are blood was shed justly in the rebellion, then it was the Lord's doin, but if unlawfully, how am I to answer for my share in it? I was at Bunker Hill (the most splendid battle it's generally allowed that ever was fought); what effect my shots had, I can't tell, and I am glad I can't, all except one, Sam, and that shot' — Here the old gentleman became dreadful agitated, he shook like an ague fit, and he walked up and down the room, and wrung his hands, and groaned bitterly. ‘I have wrestled with the Lord, Sam, and have prayed to him to enlighten me on that pint, and to wash out the stain of that are blood from my hands. I never told you that are story, nor your mother neither, for she could not stand it, poor critter, she's kinder narvous.

“Well, Doctor Warren (the first soldier of his age, though he never fought afore) commanded us all to resarve our fire till the British came within pint-blank shot, and we could cleverly see the whites of their eyes, and we did so — and we mowed them down like grass, and we repeated our fire with awful effect. I was among the last that remained behind the breast-work, for most on 'em, arter the second shot, cut and run full split. The British were close to us; and an officer, with his sword drawn, was leading on his men and encouragin them to the charge. I could see his features, he was a rael handsome man; I can see him now with his white breeches and black gaiters, and red coat, and three-cornered cocked hat, as plain as if it was yesterday instead of the year '75. Well, I took a

steady aim at him and fired. He didn't move for a space, and I thought I had missed him, when all of a sudden, he sprung right straight up on eend, his sword slipt through his hands up to the pint, and then he fell flat on his face atop of the blade, and it came straight out through his back. He was fairly skivered. I never seed anything so awful since I was raised, I actilly screamed out with horror — and I threw away my gun and joined them that were retreatin over the neck to Charlestown. Sam, that are British officer, if our rebellion was onjust or onlawful, was murdered, that's a fact; and the idee, now I am growin old, haunts me day and night. Sometimes I begin with the Stamp Act, and I go over all our grievances, one by one, and say, ain't they a sufficient justification. Well, it makes a long list, and I get kinder satisfied, and it appears as clear as anything. But sometimes there come doubts in my mind jist like a guest that's not invited or not expected, and takes you at a short like, and I say, warn't the Stamp Act repealed, and concessions made, and warn't offers sent to settle all fairly? — and I get troubled and oneasy agin. And then I say to myself, says I, oh yes, but them offers came too late. I do nothin now, when I am alone, but argue it over and over agin. I actilly dream on that man in my sleep sometimes, and then I see him as plain as if he was afore me, and I go over it all agin till I come to that are shot, and then I leap right up in bed and scream like all vengeance, and your mother, poor old critter, says, Sam, says she, "What on airth ails you to make you act so like old Scratch in your sleep — I do believe there's somethin or another on your conscience." And I say, "Polly dear, I guess we're a goin to have rain, for that plaguy cute rheumatis has seized my foot and it does antagonize me so I have no peace. It always does so when it's like for a change." "Dear heart," she says (the poor simple critter), "then I guess I had better rub it, hadn't I, Sam?" and she crawls out of bed and gets her red flannel petticoat, and rubs away at my foot ever so long. Oh, Sam, if she could rub it out of my heart as easy as she thinks she rubs it out of my foot, I should be in peace, that's a fact.

"What's done, Sam, can't be helped, there is no use in cryin over spilt milk, but still one can't help a thinkin on it. But I don't love schisms, and I don't love rebellion.

"Our revolution has made us grow faster and grow richer, but, Sam, when we were younger and poorer, we were more

pious and more happy. We have nothin fixed either in religion or politics. What connection there ought to be atween Church and State, I am not availed, but some there ought to be as sure as the Lord made Moses. Religion, when left to itself, as with us, grows too rank and luxuriant. Suckers and sprouts, and intersecting shoots, and superfluous wood make a nice shady tree to look at, but where's the fruit, Sam? that's the question — where's the fruit? No; the pride of human wisdom, and the presumption it breeds, will ruin us. Jefferson was an infidel, and avowed it, and gloried in it, and called it the enlightenment of the age. Cambridge College is Unitarian, 'cause it looks wise to doubt, and every drumstick of a boy ridicules the belief of his forefathers. If our country is to be darkened by infidelity, our Government defied by every State, and every State ruled by mobs — then, Sam, the blood we shed in our revolution will be atoned for in the blood and suffering of our fellow-citizens. The murders of that civil war will be expiated by a political suicide of the State.'

"I am somewhat of father's opinion," said the Clockmaker, "though I don't go the whole figur with him; but he needn't have made such an everlastin touss about fixin that are British officer's flint for him, for he'd a died himself by this time, I do suppose, if he had a missed his shot at him. P'r'aps we might have done a little better, and p'r'aps we mightn't, by stickin a little closer to the old constitution. But one thing I will say, I think, arter all, your Colony Government is about as happy and as good a one as I know on. A man's life and property are well protected here at little cost, and he can go where he likes, provided he don't trespass on his neighbor.

"I guess that's enough for any on us, now, ain't it?"

WINDSOR AND THE FAR WEST.

The next morning the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighborhood "You hadn't out," says he, "to be in a hurry; you should see the vicinity of this location; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere."

While the servants were harnessing old Clay, we went to see a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. "That," said he, "is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it." "You mean of Halifax," said I; "St. John is in the other province."

“I mean what I say,” he replied, “and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country — they wouldn’t take hold on it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They’ve no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I’ll tell you the reason on it. There are a great many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and nothin else, who don’t call it home, and don’t feel to home, and who intend to up killoch and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the bluenoses. They have got about as much regard for the country as a peddler has, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He *walks*, ’cause he intends to *ride* at last; *trusts*, ’cause he intends to *sue* at last; *smiles*, ’cause he intends to *cheat* at last; *saves all*, ’cause he intends to *move all* at last. It’s actilly overrun with transient paupers, and transient speculators, and these last grumble and growl like a bear with a sore head, the whole blessed time, at everything, and can hardly keep a civil tongue in their head, while they’re fobbin your money hand over hand. These critters feel no interest in anything but cent per cent; they deaden public spirit; they hain’t got none themselves, and they larf at it in others; and when you add their numbers to the timid ones, the stingy ones, the ignorant ones, and the poor ones, that are to be found in every place, why the few smart-spirited ones that’s left are too few to do anything, and so nothin is done. It appears to me if I was a bluenose I’d — But thank fortin I ain’t, so I says nothin — but there is something that ain’t altogether jist right in this country, that’s a fact.

“But what a country this Bay country is, isn’t it? Look at that medder, bean’t it lovely? The Prayer Eyes of the Illanoy are the top of the ladder with us, but these dikes take the shine off them by a long chalk, that’s sartin. The land in our far west, it is generally allowed, can’t be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin. But it don’t agree with us New England folks; we don’t enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use of food, if you have such an eternal dyspepsy you can’t digest it. A man can hardly live there till next grass, afore he is in the yaller leaf. Just like one of our bran-new vessels built down in Maine, of the best hackmatack, or what’s better still, of our real American live oak (and that’s

allowed to be about the best in the world), send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck shot through it, you wouldn't believe what *a bore* they be. Well, that's jist the case with the western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees, and elbows, weakens the joints, and makes the frame rickety.

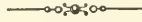
"Besides, we like the smell of the salt water, it seems kinder nateral to us New Englanders. We can make more a plowin of the seas, than plowin of a prayer eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut River, to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler, or a Salem tea ship. And then to leave one's folks, and *native* place, where one was raised, halter-broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the Old States for them are new ones, don't seem to go down well at all. Why, the very sight of the Yankee galls is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters, they do look so scrumptious, I tell you, with their cheeks bloomin like a red rose budded on a white one, and their eyes like Mrs. Adams's diamonds (that folks say shine as well in the dark as in the light), neck like a swan, lips chock full of kisses — lick! it fairly makes one's mouth water to think on 'em. But it's no use talkin, they are just made critters, that's a fact, full of health and life and beauty, — now, to change them are splendid white water lilies of Connecticut and Rhode Island for the yaller crocuses of Illanoy, is what we don't like. It goes most confoundedly agin the grain, I tell you. Poor critters, when they get away back there, they grow as thin as a sawed lath, their little peepers are as dull as a boiled codfish, their skin looks like yaller fever, and they seem all mouth like a crocodile. And that's not the worst of it neither, for when a woman begins to grow saller it's all over with her; she's up a tree then you may depend, there's no mistake. You can no more bring back her bloom, than you can the color to a leaf the frost has touched in the fall. It's gone goose with her, that's a fact. And that's not all, for the temper is plaguy apt to change with the cheek, too. When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweetness of temper is amazin apt to start along with it. A bilious cheek and a sour temper are like the Siamese twins, there's a nateral cord of union atween them. The one is a sign-board, with the name of the firm written on it in big letters. He that don't know this, can't read, I guess. It's no use to

cry over spilt milk, we all know, but it's easier said than done, that. Womenkind, and especially single folks, will take on dreadful at the fadin of their roses, and their frettin only seems to make the thorns look sharper. Our minister used to say to sister Sall (and when she was young she was a rael witch, a most everlastin sweet girl), 'Sally,' he used to say, 'now's the time to larn, when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. *The ottar of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.*' Sall wrote it down, she said it warn't a bad idee that; but father larfed, he said he guessed Minister's courtin days warn't over, when he made such pretty speeches as that are to the galls. Now, who would go to expose his wife or his darters, or himself, to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15. There seems a kinder somethin in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West go there, I say.

"This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the globe, and right alongside of the salt water; but the folks want three things — *Industry, Enterprise, Economy*; these bluenoses don't know how to valy this location — only look at it, and see what a place for bisness it is — the center of the Province — the nateral capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy — the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States — the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone and grindstone — the dikes — but it's no use talkin; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock-maple tree — stick 'em in anywhere, butt eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin fast, that's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a railroad to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, 'Oh, we are too poor and too young.' Says I, 'You put me in mind of a great long-legged, long-tail colt father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin post. He was colt all his days — always young —

always poor ; and young and poor you'll be, I guess, to the end of the chapter."

On our return to the Inn, the weather, which had been threatening for some time past, became very tempestuous. It rained for three successive days, and the roads were almost impassable. To continue my journey was wholly out of the question. I determined, therefore, to take a seat in the coach for Halifax.



DOTHEBOYS HALL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "Nicholas Nickleby.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 121.]

MR. SQUEERS, being safely landed, left Nicholas and the boys standing with the luggage in the road, to amuse themselves by looking at the coach as it changed horses, while he ran into the tavern and went through the leg-stretching process at the bar. After some minutes, he returned, with his legs thoroughly stretched, if the hue of his nose and a short hiccup afforded any criterion ; and at the same time there came out of the yard a rusty pony chaise, and a cart, driven by two laboring men.

"Put the boys and the boxes into the cart," said Squeers, rubbing his hands ; "and this young man and me will go on in the chaise. Get in, Nickleby."

Nicholas obeyed. Mr. Squeers with some difficulty inducing the pony to obey also, they started off, leaving the cart load of infant misery to follow at leisure.

"Are you cold, Nickleby?" inquired Squeers, after they had traveled some distance in silence.

"Rather, sir, I must say."

"Well, I don't find fault with that," said Squeers ; "it's a long journey this weather."

"Is it much farther to Dotheboys Hall, sir?" asked Nicholas.

"About three mile from here," replied Squeers. "But you needn't call it a Hall down here."

Nicholas coughed, as if he would like to know why.

"The fact is, it ain't a Hall," observed Squeers, dryly.

"Oh, indeed!" said Nicholas, whom this piece of intelligence much astonished.

"No," replied Squeers. "We call it a Hall up in London, because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts. A man may call his house an island if he likes; there's no act of Parliament against that, I believe?"

"I believe not, sir," rejoined Nicholas.

Squeers eyed his companion slyly, at the conclusion of this little dialogue, and finding that he had grown thoughtful and appeared in no wise disposed to volunteer any observations, contented himself with lashing the pony until they reached their journey's end.

"Jump out," said Squeers. "Hallo there! come and put this horse up. Be quick, will you!"

While the schoolmaster was uttering these and other impatient cries, Nicholas had time to observe that the school was a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining. After the lapse of a minute or two, the noise of somebody unlocking the yard gate was heard, and presently a tall lean boy, with a lantern in his hand, issued forth.

"Is that you, Smike?" cried Squeers.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Then why the devil didn't you come before?"

"Please, sir, I fell asleep over the fire," answered Smike, with humility.

"Fire! what fire? Where's there a fire?" demanded the schoolmaster, sharply.

"Only in the kitchen, sir," replied the boy. "Missus said as I was sitting up, I might go in there for a warm."

"Your Missus is a fool," retorted Squeers. "You'd have been a deuced deal more wakeful in the cold, I'll engage."

By this time Mr. Squeers had dismounted; and after ordering the boy to see to the pony, and to take care that he hadn't any more corn that night, he told Nicholas to wait at the front door a minute while he went round and let him in.

A host of unpleasant misgivings, which had been crowding upon Nicholas during the whole journey, thronged into his mind with redoubled force when he was left alone. His great distance from home and the impossibility of reaching it, except

on foot, should he feel ever so anxious to return, presented itself to him in most alarming colors; and as he looked up at the dreary house and dark windows, and upon the wild country round, covered with snow, he felt a depression of heart and spirit which he never had experienced before.

"Now then!" cried Squeers, poking his head out at the front door. "Where are you, Nickleby?"

"Here, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Come in, then," said Squeers, "the wind blows in, at this door, fit to knock a man off his legs."

Nicholas sighed, and hurried in. Mr. Squeers, having bolted the door to keep it shut, ushered him into a small parlor scantily furnished with a few chairs, a yellow map hung against the wall, and a couple of tables; one of which bore some preparations for supper, while, on the other, a tutor's assistant, a Murray's grammar, half a dozen cards of terms, and a worn letter directed to Wackford Squeers, Esquire, were arranged in picturesque confusion.

They had not been in this apartment a couple of minutes, when a female bounced into the room, and, seizing Mr. Squeers by the throat, gave him two loud kisses: one close after the other, like a postman's knock. The lady, who was of a large raw-boned figure, was about half a head taller than Mr. Squeers, and was dressed in a dimity night jacket, with her hair in papers; she had also a dirty nightcap on, relieved by a yellow cotton handkerchief which tied it under the chin.

"How is my Squeery?" said this lady in a playful manner, and a very hoarse voice.

"Quite well, my love," replied Squeers. "How's the cows?"

"All right, every one of 'em," answered the lady.

"And the pigs?" said Squeers.

"As well as they were when you went away."

"Come; that's a blessing," said Squeers, pulling off his greatcoat. "The boys are all as they were, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, they're well enough," replied Mrs. Squeers, snappishly. "That young Pitcher's had a fever."

"No!" exclaimed Squeers. "Damn that boy, he's always at something of that sort."

"Never was such a boy, I do believe," said Mrs. Squeers; "whatever he has is always catching too. I say it's obstinacy, and nothing shall ever convince me that it isn't. I'd beat it out of him; and I told you that, six months ago."

"So you did, my love," rejoined Squeers. "We'll try what can be done."

Pending these little endearments, Nicholas had stood, awkwardly enough, in the middle of the room, not very well knowing whether he was expected to retire into the passage or to remain where he was. He was now relieved from his perplexity by Mr. Squeers.

"This is the new young man, my dear," said that gentleman.

"Oh," replied Mrs. Squeers, nodding her head at Nicholas, and eying him coldly from top to toe.

"He'll take a meal with us to-night," said Squeers, "and go among the boys to-morrow morning. You can give him a shakedown here, to-night, can't you?"

"We must manage it somehow," replied the lady. "You don't much mind how you sleep, I suppose, sir?"

"No, indeed," replied Nicholas, "I am not particular."

"That's lucky," said Mrs. Squeers. And as the lady's humor was considered to lie chiefly in retort, Mr. Squeers laughed heartily, and seemed to expect that Nicholas should do the same.

After some further conversation between the master and mistress relative to the success of Mr. Squeers's trip, and the people who had paid, and the people who had made default in payment, a young servant girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his greatcoat pockets of letters to different boys, and other small documents, which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced, with an anxious and timid expression, at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once; for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively, and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keep-

ing with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. Heaven knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for, round his neck was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse, man's neckerchief. He was lame; and as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smike?" cried Mrs. Squeers; "let the things alone, can't you."

"Eh!" said Squeers, looking up. "Oh! it's you, is it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control, by force, the nervous wandering of his fingers; "is there——"

"Well!" said Squeers.

"Have you—did anybody—has nothing been heard—about me?"

"Devil a bit," replied Squeers, testily.

The lad withdrew his eyes, and, putting his hand to his face, moved towards the door.

"Not a word," resumed Squeers, "and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, isn't it, that you should have been left here, all these years, and no money paid after the first six—nor no notice taken, nor no clew to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

"I'll tell you what, Squeers," remarked his wife as the door closed, "I think that young chap's turning silly."

"I hope not," said the schoolmaster; "for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink, anyway. I should think he'd have wit enough for us though, if he was. But come; let us have supper, for I am hungry and tired, and want to get to bed."

This reminder brought in an exclusive steak for Mr. Squeers, who speedily proceeded to do it ample justice. Nicholas drew up his chair, but his appetite was effectually taken away.

“How’s the steak, Squeers?” said Mrs. S.

“Tender as a lamb,” replied Squeers. “Have a bit.”

“I couldn’t eat a morsel,” replied his wife. “What’ll the young man take, my dear?”

“Whatever he likes that’s present,” rejoined Squeers, in a most unusual burst of generosity.

“What do you say, Mr. Knuckleboy?” inquired Mrs. Squeers.

“I’ll take a little of the pie, if you please,” replied Nicholas. “A very little, for I’m not hungry.”

“Well, it’s a pity to cut the pie if you’re not hungry, isn’t it?” said Mrs. Squeers. “Will you try a bit of the beef?”

“Whatever you please,” replied Nicholas, abstractedly: “it’s all the same to me.”

Mrs. Squeers looked vastly gracious on receiving this reply; and nodding to Squeers, as much as to say that she was glad to find the young man knew his station, assisted Nicholas to a slice of meat with her own fair hands.

“Ale, Squeery?” inquired the lady, winking and frowning to give him to understand that the question propounded was, whether Nicholas should have ale, and not whether he (Squeers) would take any.

“Certainly,” said Squeers, re-telegraphing in the same manner. “A glassful.”

So Nicholas had a glassful, and, being occupied with his own reflections, drank it, in happy innocence of all the foregone proceedings.

“Uncommon juicy steak that,” said Squeers, as he laid down his knife and fork, after plying it, in silence, for some time.

“It’s prime meat,” rejoined his lady. “I bought a good large piece of it myself on purpose for ——”

“For what!” exclaimed Squeers, hastily. “Not for the ——”

“No, no; not for them,” rejoined Mrs. Squeers; “on purpose for you against you came home. Lor! you didn’t think I could have made such a mistake as that!”

“Upon my word, my dear, I didn’t know what you were going to say,” said Squeers, who had turned pale.

“You needn’t make yourself uncomfortable,” remarked his wife, laughing heartily. “To think that I should be such a nobby! Well!”

This part of the conversation was rather unintelligible; but popular rumor in the neighborhood asserted that Mr. Squeers,

being amiably opposed to cruelty to animals, not unfrequently purchased for boy consumption the bodies of horned cattle who had died a natural death ; possibly he was apprehensive of having unintentionally devoured some choice morsel intended for the young gentlemen.

Supper being over, and removed by a small servant girl with a hungry eye, Mrs. Squeers retired to lock it up, and also to take into safe custody the clothes of the five boys who had just arrived, and who were halfway up the troublesome flight of steps which leads to death's door, in consequence of exposure to the cold. They were then regaled with a light supper of porridge, and stowed away, side by side, in a small bedstead, to warm each other, and dream of a substantial meal with something hot after it, if their fancies set that way : which it is not at all improbable they did.

Mr. Squeers treated himself to a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, made on the liberal half-and-half principle, allowing for the dissolution of the sugar ; and his amiable helpmate mixed Nicholas the ghost of a small glassful of the same compound. This done, Mr. and Mrs. Squeers drew close up to the fire, and sitting with their feet on the fender, talked confidentially in whispers ; while Nicholas, taking up the tutor's assistant, read the interesting legends in the miscellaneous questions, and all the figures into the bargain, with as much thought or consciousness of what he was doing, as if he had been in a magnetic slumber.

At length, Mr. Squeers yawned fearfully, and opined that it was high time to go to bed ; upon which signal, Mrs. Squeers and the girl dragged in a small straw mattress and a couple of blankets, and arranged them into a couch for Nicholas.

"We'll put you into your regular bedroom to-morrow, Nickleby," said Squeers. "Let me see ! Who sleeps in Brooks's bed, my dear ?"

"In Brooks's," said Mrs. Squeers, pondering. "There's Jennings, little Bolder, Graymarsh, and what's his name."

"So there is," rejoined Squeers. "Yes ! Brooks is full."

"Full !" thought Nicholas. "I should think he was."

"There's a place somewhere, I know," said Squeers ; "but I can't at this moment call to mind where it is. However, we'll have that all settled to-morrow. Good night, Nickleby. Seven o'clock in the morning, mind."

"I shall be ready, sir," replied Nicholas. "Good night."

“I’ll come in myself and show you where the well is,” said Squeers. “You’ll always find a little bit of soap in the kitchen window ; that belongs to you.”

Nicholas opened his eyes but not his mouth ; and Squeers was again going away, when he once more turned back.

“I don’t know, I am sure,” he said, “whose towel to put you on ; but if you’ll make shift with something to-morrow morning, Mrs. Squeers will arrange that, in the course of the day. My dear, don’t forget.”

“I’ll take care,” replied Mrs. Squeers ; “and mind *you* take care, young man, and get first wash. The teacher ought always to have it ; but they get the better of him if they can.”

Mr. Squeers then nudged Mrs. Squeers to bring away the brandy bottle, lest Nicholas should help himself in the night ; and the lady having seized it with great precipitation, they retired together.

Nicholas, being left alone, took half a dozen turns up and down the room in a condition of much agitation and excitement ; but, growing gradually calmer, sat himself down in a chair, and mentally resolved that, come what might, he would endeavor, for a time, to bear whatever wretchedness might be in store for him, and that remembering the helplessness of his mother and sister, he would give his uncle no plea for deserting them in their need. Good resolutions seldom fail of producing some good effect in the mind from which they spring. He grew less desponding, and—so sanguine and buoyant is youth—even hoped that affairs at Dotheboys Hall might yet prove better than they promised.

He was preparing for bed, with something like renewed cheerfulness, when a sealed letter fell from his coat pocket. In the hurry of leaving London, it had escaped his attention, and had not occurred to him since, but it at once brought back to him the recollection of the mysterious behavior of Newman Noggs.

“Dear me !” said Nicholas ; “what an extraordinary hand !”

It was directed to himself, was written upon very dirty paper, and in such cramped and crippled writing as to be almost illegible. After great difficulty and much puzzling, he contrived to read as follows :—

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN,—I know the world. Your father did not, or he would not have done me a kindness when there was no

hope of return. You do not, or you would not be bound on such a journey.

If ever you want a shelter in London (don't be angry at this, I once thought I never should), they know where I live, at the sign of the Crown, in Silver Street, Golden Square. It is at the corner of Silver Street and James Street, with a bar door both ways. You can come at night. Once, nobody was ashamed — never mind that. It's all over.

Excuse errors. I should forget how to wear a whole coat now. I have forgotten all my old ways. My spelling may have gone with them.

NEWMAN NOGGS.

P.S. If you should go near Barnard Castle, there is good ale at the King's Head. Say you know me, and I am sure they will not charge you for it. You may say *Mr.* Noggs there, for I was a gentleman then. I was indeed.

It may be a very undignified circumstance to record, but after he had folded this letter and placed it in his pocketbook, Nicholas Nickleby's eyes were dimmed with a moisture that might have been taken for tears.

OF THE INTERNAL ECONOMY OF DOTHEBOYS HALL.

A ride of two hundred and odd miles in severe weather is one of the best softeners of a hard bed that ingenuity can devise. Perhaps it is even a sweetener of dreams, for those which hovered over the rough couch of Nicholas, and whispered their airy nothings in his ear, were of an agreeable and happy kind. He was making his fortune very fast indeed, when the faint glimmer of an expiring candle shone before his eyes, and a voice he had no difficulty in recognizing as part and parcel of Mr. Squeers, admonished him that it was time to rise.

"Past seven, Nickleby," said Mr. Squeers.

"Has morning come already?" asked Nicholas, sitting up in bed.

"Ah! that has it," replied Squeers, "and ready iced too. Now, Nickleby, come; tumble up, will you?"

Nicholas needed no further admonition, but "tumbled up" at once, and proceeded to dress himself by the light of the taper which Mr. Squeers carried in his hand.

"Here's a pretty go," said that gentleman; "the pump's froze."

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, not much interested in the intelligence.

"Yes," replied Squeers. "You can't wash yourself this morning."

"Not wash myself!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"No, not a bit of it," rejoined Squeers, tartly. "So you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well, and can get a bucketful out for the boys. Don't stand staring at me, but do look sharp, will you?"

Offering no further observation, Nicholas huddled on his clothes. Squeers, meanwhile, opened the shutters and blew the candle out, when the voice of his amiable consort was heard in the passage demanding admittance.

"Come in, my love," said Squeers.

Mrs. Squeers came in, still habited in the primitive night jacket which had displayed the symmetry of her figure on the previous night, and further ornamented with a beaver bonnet of some antiquity, which she wore with much ease and lightness, on the top of the nightcap before mentioned.

"Drat the things," said the lady, opening the cupboard; "I can't find the school spoon anywhere."

"Never mind it, my dear," observed Squeers, in a soothing manner; "it's of no consequence."

"No consequence, why how you talk!" retorted Mrs. Squeers, sharply; "isn't it brimstone morning?"

"I forgot, my dear," rejoined Squeers; "yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' bloods now and then, Nickleby."

"Purify fiddlesticks' ends," said his lady. "Don't think, young man, that we go to the expense of flower of brimstone and molasses, just to purify them; because if you think we carry on the business in that way, you'll find yourself mistaken, and so I tell you plainly."

"My dear," said Squeers, frowning. "Hem!"

"Oh! nonsense," rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand, at once, that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So, it does them good and us good at the same time, and that's fair enough, I'm sure."

Having given this explanation, Mrs. Squeers put her hand into the closet and instituted a stricter search after the spoon, in which Mr. Squeers assisted. A few words passed between them while they were thus engaged, but as their voices were partially stifled by the cupboard, all that Nicholas could distinguish was, that Mr. Squeers said what Mrs. Squeers had said, was injudicious, and that Mrs. Squeers said what Mr. Squeers said, was "stuff."

A vast deal of searching and rummaging ensued, and it proving fruitless, Smike was called in, and pushed by Mrs. Squeers and boxed by Mr. Squeers; which course of treatment brightening his intellects, enabled him to suggest that possibly Mrs. Squeers might have the spoon in her pocket, as indeed turned out to be the case. As Mrs. Squeers had previously protested, however, that she was quite certain she had not got it, Smike received another box on the ear for presuming to contradict his mistress, together with a promise of a sound thrashing if he were not more respectful in future; so that he took nothing very advantageous by his motion.

"A most invaluable woman, that, Nickleby," said Squeers when his consort had hurried away, pushing the drudge before her.

"Indeed, sir!" observed Nicholas.

"I don't know her equal," said Squeers; "I do not know her equal. That woman, Nickleby, is always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creetur that you see her now."

Nicholas sighed involuntarily at the thought of the agreeable domestic prospect thus opened to him; but Squeers was, fortunately, too much occupied with his own reflections to perceive it.

"It's my way to say, when I am up in London," continued Squeers, "that to them boys she is a mother. But she is more than a mother to them; ten times more. She does things for them boys, Nickleby, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

"I should think they would not, sir," answered Nicholas.

Now the fact was that both Mr. and Mrs. Squeers viewed the boys in the light of their proper and natural enemies; or, in other words, they held and considered that their business and profession was to get as much from every boy as could by possibility be screwed out of him. On this point they were

both agreed, and behaved in unison accordingly. The only difference between them was, that Mrs. Squeers waged war against the enemy openly and fearlessly, and that Squeers covered his rascality, even at home, with a spice of his habitual deceit; as if he really had a notion of some day or other being able to take himself in, and persuade his own mind that he was a very good fellow.

“But come,” said Squeers, interrupting the progress of some thoughts to this effect in the mind of his usher, “let’s go to the schoolroom; and lend me a hand with my school coat, will you?”

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

“There,” said the schoolmaster as they stepped in together; “this is our shop, Nickleby!”

It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that, at first, Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room, with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long old rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked, and damaged, in every possible way; two or three frames; a detached desk for Squeers; and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported, like that of a barn, by cross beams and rafters; and the walls were so stained and discolored, that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

But the pupils—the young noblemen! How the last faint traces of hope, the remotest glimmering of any good to be derived from his efforts in this den, faded from the mind of Nicholas as he looked in dismay around! Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long meager legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together; there were the bleared eye, the harelip, the crooked foot, and every ugliness or distortion that told of unnatural aversion conceived by parents for their offspring, or of young lives which, from the earliest dawn of infancy, had been one

horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering ; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining ; there were vicious-faced boys, glooming with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail ; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding here !

And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large installment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably : they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night, three of them in very large leather breeches, and two in old trousers, a something tighter fit than drawers are usually worn ; at no great distance from these was seated the juvenile son and heir of Mr. Squeers—a striking likeness of his father—kicking, with great vigor, under the hands of Snike, who was fitting upon him a pair of new boots that bore a most suspicious resemblance to those which the least of the little boys had worn on the journey down—as the little boy himself seemed to think, for he was regarding the appropriation with a look of most rueful amazement. Besides these, there was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled ; and another file, who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-sorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous but for the

foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease with which they were associated.

“Now,” said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, “is that physicking over?”

“Just over,” said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. “Here, you Smike; take away now. Look sharp!”

Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers having called up a little boy with a curly head, and wiped her hands upon it, hurried out after him into a species of washhouse, where there was a small fire and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

Into these bowls, Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition, which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, “For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!”—and went away to his own.

Nicholas distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason which induces some savages to swallow earth—lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat. Having further disposed of a slice of bread and butter, allotted to him in virtue of his office, he sat himself down to wait for school time.

He could not but observe how silent and sad the boys all seemed to be. There was none of the noise and clamor of a schoolroom; none of its boisterous play, or hearty mirth. The children sat crouching and shivering together, and seemed to lack the spirit to move about. The only pupil who evinced the slightest tendency towards locomotion or playfulness was Master Squeers, and as his chief amusement was to tread upon the other boys' toes in his new boots, his flow of spirits was rather disagreeable than otherwise.

After some half-hour's delay, Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A

few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk half a dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy!"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas, abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well,

or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

So saying, he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and eyed Nicholas with a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

"That's the way we do it, Nickleby," he said, after a pause.

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders in a manner that was scarcely perceptible, and said he saw it was.

"And a very good way it is, too," said Squeers. "Now just take them fourteen little boys and hear them some reading, because, you know, you must begin to be useful. Idling about here won't do."

Mr. Squeers said this, as if it had suddenly occurred to him, either that he must not say too much to his assistant, or that his assistant did not say enough to him in praise of the establishment. The children were arranged in a semicircle round the new master, and he was soon listening to their dull, drawling, hesitating recital of those stories of engrossing interest which are to be found in the more antiquated spelling books.

In this exciting occupation, the morning lagged heavily on. At one o'clock, the boys, having previously had their appetites thoroughly taken away by stirabout and potatoes, sat down in the kitchen to some hard salt beef, of which Nicholas was graciously permitted to take his portion to his own solitary desk, to eat it there in peace. After this, there was another hour of crouching in the schoolroom and shivering with cold, and then school began again.

It was Mr. Squeers's custom to call the boys together, and make a sort of report, after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis, regarding the relations and friends he had seen, the news he had heard, the letters he had brought down, the bills which had been paid, the accounts which had been left unpaid, and so forth. This solemn proceeding always took place in the afternoon of the day succeeding his return; perhaps, because the boys acquired strength of mind from the suspense of the morning, or possibly, because Mr. Squeers himself acquired greater sternness and inflexibility from certain warm potations in which he was wont to indulge after his early dinner. Be this as it may, the boys were recalled from

house window, garden, stable, and cow yard, and the school were assembled in full conclave, when Mr. Squeers, with a small bundle of papers in his hand, and Mrs. S. following with a pair of canes, entered the room and proclaimed silence.

“Let any boy speak a word without leave,” said Mr. Squeers, mildly, “and I’ll take the skin off his back.”

This special proclamation had the desired effect, and a deathlike silence immediately prevailed, in the midst of which Mr. Squeers went on to say:—

“Boys, I’ve been to London, and have returned to my family and you, as strong and well as ever.”

According to half-yearly custom, the boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers! Sighs of extra strength with the chill on.

“I have seen the parents of some boys,” continued Squeers, turning over his papers, “and they’re so glad to hear how their sons are getting on, that there’s no prospect at all of their going away, which of course is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon, for all parties.”

Two or three hands went to two or three eyes when Squeers said this, but the greater part of the young gentlemen having no particular parents to speak of, were wholly uninterested in the thing one way or other.

“I have had disappointments to contend against,” said Squeers, looking very grim; “Bolder’s father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder?”

“Here he is, please, sir,” rejoined twenty officious voices. Boys are very like men, to be sure.

“Come here, Bolder,” said Squeers.

An unhealthy-looking boy, with warts all over his hands, stepped from his place to the master’s desk, and raised his eyes imploringly to Squeers’s face,—his own quite white from the rapid beating of his heart.

“Bolder,” said Squeers, speaking very slowly, for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him. “Bolder, if your father thinks that because—why, what’s this, sir?”

As Squeers spoke, he caught up the boy’s hand by the cuff of his jacket, and surveyed it with an edifying aspect of horror and disgust.

“What do you call this, sir?” demanded the schoolmaster, administering a cut with the cane to expedite the reply.

“I can’t help it, indeed, sir,” rejoined the boy, crying.

“They will come ; it’s the dirty work I think, sir — at least I don’t know what it is, sir, but it’s not my fault.”

“Bolder,” said Squeers, tucking up his wristbands, and moistening the palm of his right hand to get a good grip of the cane, “you are an incorrigible young scoundrel, and as the last thrashing did you no good, we must see what another will do towards beating it out of you.”

With this, and wholly disregarding a piteous cry for mercy, Mr. Squeers fell upon the boy and caned him soundly : not leaving off indeed, until his arm was tired out.

“There,” said Squeers, when he had quite done ; “rub away as hard as you like, you won’t rub that off in a hurry. Oh ! you won’t hold that noise, won’t you ? Put him out, Smike.”

The drudge knew better from long experience than to hesitate about obeying, so he bundled the victim out by a side door ; and Mr. Squeers perched himself again on his own stool, supported by Mrs. Squeers, who occupied another at his side.

“Now let us see,” said Squeers. “A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey.”

Another boy stood up, and eyed the letter very hard, while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

“Oh !” said Squeers : “Cobbey’s grandmother is dead, and his uncle John has took to drinking, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteenpence, which will just pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money ?”

The worthy lady pocketed the eighteenpence with a most businesslike air, and Squeers passed on to the next boy, as coolly as possible.

“Graymarsh,” said Squeers, “he’s the next. Stand up, Graymarsh.”

Another boy stood up, and the schoolmaster looked over the letter as before.

“Graymarsh’s maternal aunt,” said Squeers, when he had possessed himself of the contents, “is very glad to hear he’s so well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and thinks she must be an angel. She likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world ; but hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. Would have sent the two pair of stockings as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead, and hopes Graymarsh will put his trust in Providence. Hopes, above all, that he will study in everything to

please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and look upon them as his only friends ; and that he will love Master Squeers ; and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should. Ah ! ” said Squeers, folding it up, “ a delightful letter. Very affecting indeed. ”

It was affecting in one sense, for Graymarsh’s maternal aunt was strongly supposed, by her more intimate friends, to be no other than his maternal parent ; Squeers, however, without alluding to this part of the story (which would have sounded immoral before boys), proceeded with the business by calling out “ Mobbs, ” whereupon another boy rose, and Graymarsh resumed his seat.

“ Mobbs’s mother-in-law, ” said Squeers, “ took to her bed on hearing that he wouldn’t eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know, by an early post, where he expects to go to, if he quarrels with his vittles ; and with what feelings he could turn up his nose at the cow’s liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. This was told her in the London newspapers — not by Mr. Squeers, for he is too kind and too good to set anybody against anybody — and it has vexed her so much, Mobbs can’t think. She is sorry to find he is discontented, which is sinful and horrid, and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind ; with this view, she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket money, and given a double-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it to the Missionaries, which she had bought on purpose for him.

“ A sulky state of feeling, ” said Squeers, after a terrible pause, during which he had moistened the palm of his right hand again, “ won’t do. Cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. Mobbs, come to me ! ”

Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so ; and he soon afterwards retired by the side door, with as good a cause as a boy need have.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters ; some inclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers “ took care of ” ; and others referring to small articles of apparel, as caps and so forth, all of which the same lady stated to be too large, or too small, and calculated for nobody but young Squeers, who would appear indeed to have had most accommodating limbs, since everything that came into the school fitted him to a nicety. His head, in particular, must have been

singularly elastic, for hats and caps of all dimensions were alike to him.

This business dispatched, a few slovenly lessons were performed, and Squeers retired to his fireside, leaving Nicholas to take care of the boys in the schoolroom, which was very cold, and where a meal of bread and cheese was served out shortly after dark.

There was a small stove at that corner of the room which was nearest to the master's desk, and by it Nicholas sat down, so depressed and self-degraded by the consciousness of his position, that if death could have come upon him at that time, he would have been almost happy to meet it. The cruelty of which he had been an unwilling witness, the coarse and ruffianly behavior of Squeers even in his best moods, the filthy place, the sights and sounds about him, all contributed to this state of feeling; but when he recollected that, being there as an assistant, he actually seemed—no matter what unhappy train of circumstances had brought him to that pass—to be the aider and abettor of a system which filled him with honest disgust and indignation, he loathed himself, and felt, for the moment, as though the mere consciousness of his present situation must, through all time to come, prevent his raising his head again.

But, for the present, his resolve was taken, and the resolution he had formed on the preceding night remained undisturbed. He had written to his mother and sister, announcing the safe conclusion of his journey, and saying as little about Dotheboys Hall, and saying that little as cheerfully as he possibly could. He hoped that by remaining where he was, he might do some good, even there; at all events, others depended too much on his uncle's favor, to admit of his awakening his wrath just then.

One reflection disturbed him far more than any selfish considerations arising out of his own position. This was the probable destination of his sister Kate. His uncle had deceived him, and might he not consign her to some miserable place where her youth and beauty would prove a far greater curse than ugliness and decrepitude? To a caged man, bound hand and foot, this was a terrible idea;—but no, he thought his mother was by; there was the portrait painter, too—simple enough, but still living in the world, and of it.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

BY W. G. SIMMS.

[WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS: An American author; born at Charleston, S.C., April 17, 1806; died there June 11, 1870. He was admitted to the bar, but chose to devote himself to literary work, and in 1827 published his first book, "Lyrical and Other Poems." He edited the *City Gazette*, 1828-1833, and wrote: "The Vision of Cortes" (1829); "The Tricolor" (1830); "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea" (1832); "Southern Passages and Pictures" (1839); "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," and "Beauchampe," novels; and many works of history, biography, and fiction. His life was written by Cable in 1888.]

THE revolutionary war had but a little while been concluded. The British had left the country; but peace did not imply repose. The community was still in that state of ferment which was natural enough to passions, not yet at rest, which had been brought into exercise and action during the protracted seven years' struggle through which the nation had just passed. The state was overrun by idlers, adventurers, profligates, and criminals. Disbanded soldiers, half-starved and reckless, occupied the highways,—outlaws, emerging from their hiding places, skulked about the settlements with an equal sentiment of hate and fear in their hearts;—patriots were clamoring for justice upon the Tories, and sometimes anticipating its course by judgments of their own; while the Tories, those against whom the proofs were too strong for denial or evasion, buckled on their armor for a renewal of the struggle. Such being the condition of the country, it may easily be supposed that life and property lacked many of their necessary securities. Men generally traveled with weapons, which were displayed on the smallest provocation; and few who could provide themselves with an escort ventured to travel any distance without one.

There was, about this time, and while such was the condition of the country, a family of the name of Grayling, that lived somewhere upon the skirts of "Ninety-six" district. Old Grayling, the head of the family, was dead. He was killed in Buford's massacre. His wife was a fine woman, not so very old, who had an only son named James, and a little girl, only five years of age, named Lucy. James was but fourteen when his father was killed, and that event made a man of him. He went out with his rifle in company with Joel Sparkman, who was his mother's brother, and joined himself to Pickens' Brigade.

Well, when the war was over, Joel Sparkman, who lived with his sister Grayling, persuaded her that it would be better to move down into the low country, and so, one sunny morning in April, their wagon started for the city. It was driven by a negro fellow named Clytus, and carried Mrs. Grayling and Lucy. James and his uncle loved the saddle too well to shut themselves up in such a vehicle; and both of them were mounted on fine horses which they had won from the enemy. The roads at that season were excessively bad, for the rains of March had been frequent and heavy, the track was very much cut up, and the red-clay gullies of the hills of "Ninety-six" were so washed that it required all shoulders, twenty times a day, to get the wagon wheels out of the bog. This made them travel very slowly,—perhaps not more than fifteen miles a day. Another cause for slow traveling was the necessity of great caution, and a constant lookout for enemies both up and down the road. James and his uncle took it by turns to ride ahead, precisely as they did when scouting in war, but one of them always kept along with the wagon. They had gone on this way for two days, and saw nothing to trouble and alarm them. But just as they were about to camp the evening of the second day, while they were splitting light wood, and getting out the kettles and the frying pan, a person rode up and joined them without much ceremony. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere between forty and fifty; had on very coarse and common garments, though he rode a fine black horse of remarkable strength and vigor. He was very civil of speech, though he had but little to say, and that little showed him to be a person without much education and with no refinement. He begged permission to make one of the encampment, and his manner was very respectful and even humble; but there was something dark and sullen in his face. Mrs. Grayling did not like this man's looks, and whispered her dislike to her son; but James, who felt himself equal to any man, said promptly :—

"What of that, mother? We can't turn the stranger off and say 'No'; and if he means any mischief, there's two of us, you know."

The man had no weapons — none, at least, which were then visible, and deported himself in so humble a manner that the prejudice which the party had formed against him when he first appeared, if it was not dissipated while he remained, at least failed to gain any increase. He was very quiet, did not men-

tion an unnecessary word, and seldom permitted his eyes to rest upon those of any of the party, the females not excepted. This, perhaps, was the only circumstance that, in the mind of Mrs. Grayling, tended to confirm the hostile impression which his coming had originally occasioned. In a little while the temporary encampment was put in a state equally social and warlike. The wagon was wheeled a little way into the woods, and off the road; the horses fastened behind it in such a manner that any attempt to steal them would be difficult of success, even were the watch neglectful, which was yet to be maintained upon them. Extra guns, concealed in the straw at the bottom of the wagon, were kept well loaded. In the foreground, and between the wagon and the highway, a fire was soon blazing with a wild but cheerful gleam; and the worthy dame, Mrs. Grayling, assisted by the little girl Lucy, lost no time in setting on the frying pan, and cutting into slices the haunch of bacon which they had provided at leaving home. James Grayling patrolled the woods meanwhile for a mile or two round the encampment, while his uncle, Joel Sparkman, foot to foot with the stranger, seemed — if the absence of all care constitutes the supreme of human felicity — to realize the most perfect conception of mortal happiness. But Joel was very far from being the careless person that he seemed. Like an old soldier, he simply hung out false colors, and concealed his real timidity by an extra show of confidence and courage. He did not relish the stranger from the first, any more than his sister; and having subjected him to a searching examination, such as was considered, in those days of peril and suspicion, by no means inconsistent with becoming courtesy, he came rapidly to the conclusion that he was no better than he should be.

"You are a Scotchman, stranger?" said Joel. The answer was given with evident hesitation, but it was affirmative.

"Well, now, 'tis mighty strange that you should ha' fou't with us and not agin us," responded Joel Sparkman. "There was a precious few of the Scotch — and none that I knows on, saving yourself, perhaps — that didn't go dead agin us, and for the Tories, through thiek and thin. That 'Cross Creek settlement' was a mighty ugly thorn in the sides of us Whigs. It turned out a real bad stock of varmint. I hope — I reckon, stranger — you ain't from that part?"

"No," said the other; "oh no! I'm from over the other quarter. I'm from the Duncan settlement above."

"I've hearn tell of that other settlement, but I never know'd as any of the men fou't with us. What general did you fight under? What Carolina general?"

"I was at Gum Swamp when General Gates was defeated," was the still hesitating reply of the other.

"Well, I thank God *I* warn't there, though I reckon things wouldn't ha' turned out quite so bad if there had been a leetle sprinkling of Sumter's, or Pickens', or Marion's men among them two-legged critters that run that day. They did tell that some of the regiments went off without ever once emptying their rifles. Now, stranger, I hope you warn't among them fellows?"

"I was not," said the other, with something more of promptness.

"I don't blame a chap for dodging a bullet if he can, or being too quick for a bagnat, because, I'm thinking, a live man is always a better man than a dead one, or he can become so; but to run without taking a single crack at the inimy is downright cowardice. There's no two ways about it, stranger.

"But you ain't said," he continued, "who was your Carolina general. Gates was from Virginny, and he stayed a mighty short time when he come. You didn't run far at Camden, I reckon, and you joined the army agin, and come in with Greene? Was that the how?"

To this the stranger assented, though with evident disinclination.

"Then, mou't be, we sometimes went into the same scratch together? I was at Cowpens and 'Ninety-six,' and seen sarvice at other odds and eends, where there was more fighting than fun. I reckon you must have been at 'Ninety-six' — perhaps at Cowpens, too, if you went with Morgan?"

The unwillingness of the stranger to respond to these questions appeared to increase. He admitted, however, that he had been at "Ninety-six," though, as Sparkman afterwards remembered, in this case, as in that of the defeat of Gates at Gum Swamp, he had not said on which side he had fought.

"And what mou't be your name, stranger?"

"Macnab," was the ready response — "Sandy Macnab."

"Well, Mr. Macnab, I see that my sister's got supper ready for us; so we mou't as well fall to upon the hoccake and bacon."

Sparkman rose while speaking, and led the way to the spot,

near the wagon, where Mrs. Grayling had spread the feast. “We’re pretty nigh on to the main road here, but I reckon there’s no great danger now. Besides, Jim Grayling keeps watch for us, and he’s got two as good eyes in his head as any scout in the country, and a rifle that, after you once know how it shoots, ’twould do your heart good to hear its crack, if so be that twa’n’t your heart that he drawed sight on. He’s a perdigious fine shot, and as ready to shoot and fight as if he had a nateral calling that way.”

“Shall we wait for him before we eat?” demanded Macnab, anxiously.

“By no sort o’ reason, stranger,” answered Sparkman. “He’ll watch for us while we’re eating, and after that I’ll change shoes with him. So fall to, and don’t mind what’s a coming.”

Sparkman had just broken the hoecake when a distant whistle was heard.

“Ha! That’s the lad now!” he exclaimed, rising to his feet. “He’s on trail. He’s got sight of an inimy’s fire, I reckon. ’Twon’t be onreasonable, friend Macnab, to get our we’pons in readiness;” and, so speaking, Sparkman bade his sister get into the wagon, where the little Lucy had already placed herself, while he threw open the pan of his rifle, and turned the priming over with his finger. Macnab, meanwhile, had taken from his holsters, which he had before been sitting upon, a pair of horseman’s pistols, richly mounted with figures in silver. These were large and long, and had evidently seen service. Unlike his companion, his proceedings occasioned no comment. What he did seemed a matter of habit, of which he himself was scarcely conscious. Having looked at his priming, he laid the instruments beside him without a word, and resumed the bit of hoecake which he had just before received from Sparkman. Meanwhile, the signal whistle, supposed to come from James Grayling, was repeated. Silence ensued then for a brief space, which Sparkman employed in perambulating the grounds immediately contiguous. At length, just as he had returned to the fire, the sound of a horse’s feet was heard, and a sharp, quick halloo from Grayling informed his uncle that all was right. The youth made his appearance a moment after, accompanied by a stranger on horseback — a tall, fine-looking young man, with a keen flashing eye, and a voice whose lively clear tones, as he was heard approaching, sounded cheerily like

those of a trumpet after victory. James Grayling kept along on foot beside the newcomer, and his hearty laugh and free, glib, garrulous tones betrayed to his uncle, long ere he drew nigh enough to declare the fact, that he had met unexpectedly with a friend, or, at least, an old acquaintance.

"Why, who have you got there, James?" was the demand of Sparkman, as he dropped the butt of his rifle upon the ground.

"Why, who do you think, uncle? Who but Major Spencer — our own major."

"You don't say so! — what! — well! Li'nel Spencer, for sartin! Lord bless you, major, who'd ha' thought to see you in these parts; and jest mounted, too, for all natur, as if the war was to be fou't over agin. Well, I'm raal glad to see you. I am, that's sartin!"

"And I'm very glad to see you, Sparkman," said the other, as he alighted from his steed, and yielded his hand to the cordial grasp of the other.

"Well, I knows that, major, without you saying it. But you've jest come in the right time. The bacon's frying, and here's the bread; — let's down upon our haunches, in right good airnest, camp fashion, and make the most of what God gives us in the way of blessings. I reckon you don't mean to ride any farther to-night, major?"

"No," said the person addressed, "not if you'll let me lay my heels at your fire. But who's in your wagon? My old friend, Mrs. Grayling, I suppose?"

"That's a true word, major," said the lady herself, making her way out of the vehicle with good-humored agility, and coming forward with extended hand.

"Really, Mrs. Grayling, I'm very glad to see you." Their greetings once over, Major Spencer readily joined the group about the fire, while James Grayling — though with some reluctance — disappeared to resume his toils of the scout while the supper proceeded.

"And who have you here?" demanded Spencer, as his eye rested on the dark, hard features of the Scotchman. Sparkman told him all that he himself had learned of the name and character of the stranger, in a brief whisper, and, in a moment after, formally introduced the parties.

Major Spencer scrutinized the Scotchman keenly. He put a few questions to him on the subject of the war, and some of

the actions in which he allowed himself to have been concerned; but his evident reluctance to unfold himself — a reluctance so unnatural to the brave soldier who has gone through his toils honorably — had the natural effect of discouraging the young officer, whose sense of delicacy had not been materially impaired amid the rude jostlings of military life. But, though he forbore to propose any other questions to Macnab, his eyes continued to survey the features of his sullen countenance with curiosity and a strangely increasing interest. This he subsequently explained to Sparkman, when, at the close of supper, James Grayling came in, and the former assumed the duties of the scout.

“I have seen that Scotchman’s face somewhere, Sparkman, and I’m convinced at some interesting moment; but where, when, or how, I cannot call to mind. The sight of it is even associated in my mind with something painful and unpleasant; where could I have seen him?”

“I don’t somehow like his looks myself,” said Sparkman, “and I mislists he’s been rether more of a Tory than a Whig; but that’s nothing to the purpose now; and he’s at our fire, and we’ve broken hoecake together; so we cannot rake up the old ashes to make a dust with.”

“No, surely not,” was the reply of Spencer. “Even though we knew him to be a Tory, that cause of former quarrel should occasion none now. But it should produce watchfulness and caution. I’m glad to see that you have not forgot your old business of scouting in the swamp.”

“Kin I forget it, major?” demanded Sparkman, in tones which, though whispered, were full of emphasis, as he laid his ear to the earth to listen.

“James has finished supper, major, — that’s his whistle to tell me so; and I’ll jest step back to make it cl’ar to him how we’re to keep up the watch to-night.”

“Count me in your arrangements, Sparkman, as I am one of you for the night.” said the major.

“By no sort of means,” was the reply. “The night must be shared between James and myself. Ef so be you wants to keep company with one or t’other of us, why, that’s another thing, and, of course, you can do as you please.”

The arrangements of the party were soon made. Spencer renewed his offer at the fire to take his part in the watch; and the Scotchman, Macnab, volunteered his services also; but the

offer of the latter was another reason why that of the former should be declined. Sparkman was resolute to have everything his own way; and while James Grayling went out upon his lonely rounds, he busied himself in cutting bushes and making a sort of tent for the use of his late commander. Mrs. Grayling and Lucy slept in a wagon. The Scotchman stretched himself with little effort before the fire; while Joel Sparkman, wrapping himself up in his cloak, crouched under the wagon body, with his back resting partly against one of the wheels. From time to time he rose and thrust additional brands into the fire, looked up at the night, and round upon the little encampment, then sank back to his perch and stole a few moments, at intervals, of uneasy sleep. The first two hours of the watch were over, and James Grayling was relieved. The youth, however, felt in no mood for sleep, and taking his seat by the fire he drew from his pocket a little volume of Easy Reading Lessons, and by the fitful flame of the resinous light wood he prepared, in this rude manner, to make up for the precious time which his youth had lost of its legitimate employment, in the stirring events of the preceding seven years consumed in war. He was surprised at this employment by his late commander, who, himself sleepless, now emerged from the bushes and joined Grayling at the fire. They sat by the fire and talked of old times and told old stories with the hearty glee and good nature of the young. Their mutual inquiries led to the revelation of their several objects in pursuing the present journey. Those of James Grayling were scarcely, indeed, to be considered his own. They were plans and purposes of his uncle, and it does not concern this narrative that we should know more of their nature than has already been revealed. But, whatever they were, they were as freely unfolded to his hearer as if the parties had been brothers, and Spencer was quite as frank in his revelations as his companion. He, too, was on his way to Charleston, from whence he was to take passage for England.

"I am rather in a hurry to reach town," he said, "as I learn that the Falmouth packet is preparing to sail for England in a few days, and I must go in her."

"For England, major!" exclaimed the youth with unaffected astonishment.

"Yes, James, for England. But why—what astonishes you?"

"Why, Lord!" exclaimed the simple youth, "if they only

knew there, as I do, what a cutting and slashing you did use to make among their redcoats, I reckon they'd hang you to the first hickory.”

“Oh, no! scarcely,” said the other, with a smile.

“But I reckon you'll change your name, major?” continued the youth.

“No,” responded Spencer; “if I did that, I should lose the object of my voyage. You must know, James, that an old relative has left me a good deal of money in England, and I can only get it by proving that I am Lionel Spencer; so you see I must carry my own name, whatever may be the risk.”

“Well, major, you know best. But I don't see what occasion you have to be going cl'ar away to England for money, when you've got a sight of your own already.”

“Not so much as you think for,” replied the major, giving an involuntary and uneasy glance at the Scotchman, who was seemingly sound asleep on the opposite side of the fire. “There is, you know, but little money in the country at any time, and I must get what I want for my expenses when I reach Charleston. I have just enough to carry me there.”

“Well, now, major, that's mighty strange. I always thought that you was about the best off of any man in our parts; but if you're strained so close, I'm thinking, major,—if so be you wouldn't think me too presumptuous,—you'd better let me lend you a guinea or so that I've got to spare, and you can pay me back when you get the English money.”

And the youth fumbled in his bosom for a little cotton wallet, which, with its limited contents, was displayed in another instant to the eyes of the officer.

“No, no, James,” said the other, putting back the generous tribute; “I have quite enough to carry me to Charleston, and when there I can easily get a supply from the merchants. But I thank you, my good fellow, for your offer. You *are* a good fellow, James, and I will remember you.”

The night passed away without any alarms, and at dawn of the next day the whole party was engaged in making preparation for a start. Mrs. Grayling was soon busy in getting breakfast in readiness. Major Spencer consented to remain with them until it was over; but the Scotchman, after returning thanks very civilly for his accommodation of the night, at once resumed his journey. His course seemed, like their own, to lie below; but he neither declared his route nor betrayed the

least desire to know that of Spencer. When he was fairly out of sight, Spencer said to Sparkman:—

"Had I liked that fellow's looks, nay, had I not positively disliked them, I should have gone with him. As it is, I will remain and share your breakfast."

The repast being over, all parties set forward; but Spencer, after keeping along with them for a mile, took his leave also. The slow wagon pace at which the family traveled did not suit the high-spirited cavalier; and it was necessary, as he assured them, that he should reach the city in two nights more. James Grayling never felt the tedium of wagon traveling to be so severe as throughout the whole of that day when he separated from his favorite captain. But he was too stout-hearted a lad to make any complaint; and his satisfaction only showed itself in his unwonted silence and an overanxiety, which his steed seemed to feel in common with himself, to go rapidly ahead. Thus the day passed, and the wayfarers at its close had made a progress of some twenty miles from sun to sun. The same precautions marked their encampment this night as the last, and they rose in better spirits with the next morning, the dawn of which was very bright and pleasant and encouraging. A similar journey of twenty miles brought them to the place of bivouac as the sun went down; and they prepared as usual for their security and supper. Their wagon was wheeled into an area on a gently rising ground in front. Here the horses were taken out, and James Grayling prepared to kindle up a fire; but, looking for his ax, it was unaccountably missing, and after a fruitless search of half an hour the party came to the conclusion that it had been left on the spot where they had slept last night. This was a disaster, and while they meditated in what manner to repair it, a negro boy appeared in sight, passing along the road at their feet, and driving before him a small herd of cattle. From him they learned that they were only a mile or two from a farmstead, where an ax might be borrowed; and James, leaping on his horse, rode forward in the hope to obtain one. He found no difficulty in his quest; and, having obtained it from the farmer, who was also a tavern keeper, he casually asked if Major Speneer had not stayed with him the night before. He was somewhat surprised when told that he had not.

"There was one man stayed with me last night," said the farmer, "but he didn't call himself a major, and didn't much look like one."

“He rode a fine sorrel horse,— tall, bright color, with white forefoot, didn’t he?” asked James.

“No, that he didn’t! He rode a powerful black, coal black, and not a bit of white about him.”

“That was the Scotchman! But I wonder the major didn’t stop with you. He must have rode on. Isn’t there another house near you, below?”

“Not one. There’s ne’er a house either above or below for a matter of fifteen miles. I’m the only man in all that distance that’s living on this road; and I don’t think your friend could have gone below, as I should have seen him pass.”

Somewhat wondering that the major should have turned aside from the track, though without attaching to it any importance at that particular moment, James Grayling took up the borrowed ax and hurried back to the encampment, where the toil of cutting an extra supply of light wood to meet the exigencies of the ensuing night sufficiently exercised his mind as well as his body to prevent him from meditating upon the seeming strangeness of the circumstance. But when he sat down to his supper over the fire that he had kindled, his fancies crowded thickly upon him, and he felt a confused doubt and suspicion that something was to happen, he knew not what. His conjectures and apprehensions were without form, though not altogether void; and he felt a strange sickness and a sinking at the heart which was very unusual with him. Joel Sparkman was in the best of humors, and his mother was so cheery and happy that, when the thoughtful boy went off into the woods to watch, he could hear her at every moment breaking out into little catches of a country ditty, which the gloomy events of the late war had not yet obliterated from her memory.

“It’s very strange!” soliloquized the youth, as he wandered along the edges of the dense bay or swamp bottom, which we have passingly referred to,— “it’s very strange what troubles me so! I feel almost frightened, and yet I know I’m not to be frightened easily, and I don’t see anything in the woods to frighten me. It’s strange the major didn’t come along this road! Maybe he took another higher up that leads by a different settlement. I wish I had asked the man at the house if there’s such another road. I reckon there must be, however, for where could the major have gone?”

He proceeded to traverse the margin of the bay, until he came to its junction with, and termination at, the highroad.

The youth turned into this, and, involuntarily departing from it a moment after, soon found himself on the opposite side of the bay thicket. He wandered on and on, as he himself described it, without any power to restrain himself. He knew not how far he went; but, instead of maintaining his watch for two hours only, he was gone more than four; and, at length, a sense of weariness, which overpowered him all of sudden, caused him to seat himself at the foot of a tree, and snatch a few moments of rest. He denied that he slept in this time. He insisted to the last moment of his life that sleep never visited his eyelids that night,—that he was conscious of fatigue and exhaustion, but not drowsiness,—and that this fatigue was so numbing as to be painful, and effectually kept him from any sleep. While he sat thus beneath the tree, with a body weak and nerveless, but a mind excited, he knew not how or why, to the most acute degree of expectation and attention, he heard his name called by the well-known voice of his friend, Major Spencer. The voice called him three times,—“James Grayling! — James! — James Grayling!” before he could muster strength enough to answer. It was not courage he wanted,—of that he was positive, for he felt sure, as he said, that something had gone wrong, and he was never more ready to fight in his life than at that moment, could he have commanded the physical capacity; but his throat seemed dry to suffocation,—his lips effectually sealed up as if with wax, and when he did answer, the sounds seemed as fine and soft as the whisper of some child just born.

“Oh, major! is it you?”

Such, he thinks, were the very words he made use of in reply; and the answer that he received was instantaneous, though the voice came from some little distance in the bay, and his own voice he did not hear. He only knows what he meant to say. The answer was to this effect.

“It is, James! It is your own friend, Lionel Spencer, that speaks to you; do not be alarmed when you see me! I have been shockingly murdered!”

James asserts that he tried to tell him that he would not be frightened, but his own voice was still a whisper which he himself could scarcely hear. A moment after he had spoken, he heard something like a sudden breeze that rustled through the bay bushes at his feet, and his eyes were closed without his effort, and indeed in spite of himself. When he opened them,

he saw Major Spencer standing at the edge of the bay about twenty steps from him. Though he stood in the shade of a thicket, and there was no light in the heavens save that of the stars, he was yet enabled to distinguish perfectly, and with great ease, every lineament of his friend's face.

He looked very pale, and his garments were covered with blood; and James said that he strove very much to rise from the place where he sat and approach him;—“for, in truth,” said the lad, “so far from feeling any fear, I felt nothing but fury in my heart; but I could not move a limb. My feet were fastened to the ground; my hands to my sides; and I could only bend forward and gasp. I felt as if I should have died with vexation that I could not rise; but a power which I could not resist made me motionless and almost speechless. I could only say, ‘Murdered!’—and that one word I believe I must have repeated a dozen times.

“Yes, murdered!—murdered by the Scotchman who slept with us at your fire the night before last. James, I look to you to have the murderer brought to justice! James!—do you hear me, James?”

“These,” said James, “I think were the very words, or near about the very words, that I heard; and I tried to ask the major to tell me how it was, and how I could do what he required; but I didn't hear myself speak, though it would appear that he did, for almost immediately after I had tried to speak what I wished to say, he answered me just as if I had said it. He told me that the Scotchman had waylaid, killed, and hidden him in that very bay; that his murderer had gone to Charleston; and that if I made haste to town, I would find him in the Falmouth packet, which was then lying in the harbor and ready to sail for England. He further said that everything depended on my making haste,—that I must reach town by to-morrow night if I wanted to be in season, and go right on board the vessel and charge the criminal with the deed. ‘Do not be afraid,’ said he, when he had finished; ‘be afraid of nothing, James, for God will help and strengthen you to the end.’ When I heard all I burst into a flood of tears, and then I felt strong. I felt that I could talk, or fight, or do almost anything; and I jumped up to my feet, and was just about to run down to where the major stood, but, with the first step which I made forward, he was gone. I stopped and looked all around me, but I could see nothing; and the bay was just as black as midnight. But

I went down to it, and tried to press in where I thought the major had been standing; but I couldn't get far, the brush and bay bushes were so close and thick. I was now bold and strong enough, and I called out, loud enough to be heard half a mile. I didn't exactly know what I called for, or what I wanted to learn, or I have forgotten. But I heard nothing more. Then I remembered the camp, and began to fear that something might have happened to mother and uncle, for I now felt, what I had not thought of before, that I had gone too far round the bay to be of much assistance, or, indeed, to be in time for any, had they been suddenly attacked. Besides, I could not think how long I had been gone; but it now seemed very late. Well, I bethought me of my course,—for I was a little bewildered and doubtful where I was; but, after a little thinking, I took the back track, and soon got a glimpse of the camp fire, which was nearly burnt down; and by this I reckoned I was gone considerably longer than my two hours. When I got back into the camp, I looked under the wagon, and found uncle in a sweet sleep, and though my heart was full almost to bursting with what I had heard, and the cruel sight I had seen, yet I wouldn't waken him; and I beat about and mended the fire, and watched, and waited, until near daylight, when mother called to me out of the wagon, and asked who it was. This wakened my uncle, and then I up and told all that had happened; for if it had been to save my life, I couldn't have kept it in much longer. But though mother said it was very strange, Uncle Sparkman considered that I had been only dreaming; but he couldn't persuade me of it; and when I told him I intended to be off at daylight, just as the major had told me to do, and ride my best all the way to Charleston, he laughed, and said I was a fool. But I felt that I was no fool, and I was solemn certain that I hadn't been dreaming; and though both mother and he tried their hardest to make me put off going, yet I made up my mind to it, and they had to give up. Soon as the peep of day, I was on horseback. I rode as briskly as I could get on without hurting my nag. I had a smart ride of more than forty miles before me, and the road was very heavy. But it was a good two hours from sunset when I got into town, and the first question I asked of the people I met was, to show me where the ships were kept. When I got to the wharf, they showed me the Falmouth packet, where she lay in the stream, ready to sail as soon as the wind should favor."

James Grayling, with the same eager impatience which he has been suffered to describe in his own language, had already hired a boat to go on board the British packet, when he remembered that he had neglected all those means, legal and otherwise, by which alone his purpose might be properly effected. He did not know much about legal process, but he had common sense enough to know that some such process was necessary. This conviction produced another difficulty: he knew not in which quarter to turn for counsel and assistance; but here the boatman, who saw his bewilderment, came to his relief, and from him he got directions where to find the merchants with whom his uncle, Sparkman, had done business in former years. To them he went, and, without circumlocution, told the whole story of his ghostly visitation. Even as a dream, which these gentlemen at once conjectured it to be, the story of James Grayling was equally clear and curious; and his intense warmth and the entire absorption, which the subject had effected, of his mind and soul, was such that they judged it not improper, at least, to carry out the search of the vessel which he contemplated. It would certainly, they thought, be a curious coincidence—believing James to be a veracious youth—if the Scotchman should be found on board.

"At least," remarked the gentlemen, "it can do no harm to look into the business. We can procure a warrant for searching the vessel after this man Macnab; and should he be found on board the packet, it will be a sufficient circumstance to justify the magistrates in detaining him until we can ascertain where Major Spencer really is."

The measure was accordingly adopted, and it was nearly sunset before the warrant was procured, and the proper officer in readiness. The impatience of a spirit so eager and so devoted as James Grayling, under these delays, may be imagined; and when in the boat, and on his way to the packet where the criminal was to be sought, his blood became so excited that it was with much ado he could be kept in his seat. His quick, eager action continually disturbed the trim of the boat, and one of his mercantile friends, who had accompanied him, with that interest in the affair which curiosity alone inspired, was under constant apprehension lest he would plunge overboard in his impatient desire to shorten the space which lay between them. The same impatience enabled the youth, though never on shipboard before, to grasp the rope which had been flung, at

their approach, and to mount her sides with catlike agility. Without waiting to declare himself or his purpose, he ran from one side of the deck to the other, greedily staring, to the surprise of officers, passengers, and seamen, in the faces of all of them, and surveying them with an almost offensive scrutiny. He turned away from the search with disappointment. There was no face like that of the suspected man among them. By this time his friend, the merchant, with the sheriff's officer, had entered the vessel, and were in conference with the captain. Grayling drew nigh in time to hear the latter affirm that there was no man of the name of Macnab, as stated in the warrant, among his passengers or crew.

"He is — he must be!" exclaimed the impetuous youth. "The major never lied in his life, and couldn't lie after he was dead. Macnab is here — he is a Scotchman ——"

The captain interrupted him.

"We have, young gentleman, several Scotchmen on board, and one of them is named Macleod ——"

"Let me see him — which is he?" demanded the youth.

"Where is Mr. Macleod?"

"He is gone below — he's sick!" replied one of the passengers.

"That's he! That must be the man!" exclaimed the youth. "I'll lay my life that's no other than Macnab. He's only taken a false name."

It was now remembered by one of the passengers, and remarked, that Macleod had expressed himself as unwell but a few moments before, and had gone below even while the boat was rapidly approaching the vessel. At this statement the captain led the way into the cabin, closely followed by James Grayling and the rest.

"Mr. Macleod," he said, with a voice somewhat elevated, as he approached the berth of that person, "you are wanted on deck for a few moments."

"I am really too unwell, captain," replied a feeble voice from behind the curtain of the berth.

"It will be necessary," was the reply of the captain. "There is a warrant from the authorities of the town to look after a fugitive from justice."

Macleod had already begun a second speech declaring his feebleness, when the fearless youth, Grayling, bounded before the captain and tore away, with a single grasp of his hand, the curtain which concealed the suspected man from their sight.

THE PROCESSION OF DEATH.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. HENNEBERG.



“It is he!” was the instant exclamation of the youth as he beheld him. “It is he, — Macnab, the Scotchman, — the man that murdered Major Spencer!”

Macnab — for it was he — was deadly pale. He trembled like an aspen. His eyes were dilated with more than mortal apprehension, and his lips were perfectly livid. Still, he found strength to speak and to deny the accusation. He knew nothing of the youth before him, — nothing of Major Spencer, — his name was Macleod, and he had never called himself by any other. He denied, but with great incoherence, everything which was urged against him.

“You must get up, Mr. Macleod,” said the captain; “the circumstances are very much against you. You must go with the officer!”

“Will you give me up to my enemies?” demanded the culprit. “You are a countryman — a Briton. I have fought for the king, our master, against these rebels, and for this they seek my life. Do not deliver me into their bloody hands!”

“Liar!” exclaimed James Grayling. “Didn’t you tell us at our own camp fire that you were with us? that you were at Gates’ defeat and ‘Ninety-six’?”

“But I didn’t tell you,” said the Scotchman, with a grin, “which side I was on!”

“Ha! remember that!” said the sheriff’s officer. “He denied, just a moment ago, that he knew this young man at all; now he confesses that he did see and camp with him.”

The Scotchman was aghast at the strong point which, in his inadvertence, he had made against himself; and his efforts to excuse himself, stammering and contradictory, served only to involve him more deeply in the meshes of his difficulty. Still he continued his urgent appeals to the captain of the vessel. One or two of the passengers, indeed, joined with him in entreating the captain to set the accusers adrift and make sail at once; but the stout Englishman who was in command rejected instantly the unworthy counsel. Besides, he was better aware of the dangers which would follow any such rash proceeding. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan’s Island, had been already refitted and prepared for an enemy; and he was lying at that moment under the formidable range of grinning teeth, which would have opened upon him, at the first movement, from the jaws of Castle Pinckney.

“No, gentlemen,” said he, “you mistake your man. God

forbid that I should give shelter to a murderer, though he were from my own parish."

"But I am no murderer," said the Scotchman.

"You look cursedly like one, however," was the reply of the captain. "Sheriff, take your prisoner. Steward," he cried, "bring up this man's luggage."

He was obeyed. The luggage was brought up from the cabin and delivered to the sheriff's officer, by whom it was examined in the presence of all, and an inventory made of its contents. It consisted of a small new trunk, which, it afterwards appeared, he had bought in Charleston, soon after his arrival. This contained a few changes of raiment, twenty-six guineas in money, a gold watch, not in repair, and the two pistols which he had shown while at Joel Sparkman's camp fire; but, with this difference, that the stock of one was broken off short just above the grasp, and the butt was entirely gone. It was not found among his chattels. A careful examination of the articles in his trunk did not result in anything calculated to strengthen the charge of his criminality; but there was not a single person present who did not feel as morally certain of his guilt as if the jury had already declared the fact. That night he slept — if he slept at all — in the common jail of the city.

His accuser, the warm-hearted and resolute James Grayling, did not sleep, and with the dawn he was again up and stirring, with his mind still full of the awful business in which he had been engaged. We do not care to pursue his course in the ordinary walks of the city, nor account for his employments during the few days which ensued. Macnab or Macleod, — and it is possible that both names were fictitious, — as soon as he recovered from his first terrors, sought the aid of an attorney — one of those acute, small, chopping lawyers to be found in almost every community, who are willing to serve with equal zeal the sinner and the saint, provided that they can pay with equal liberality. The prisoner was brought before the court under *habeas corpus*, and several grounds submitted by his counsel with the view to obtaining his discharge. It became necessary to ascertain, among the first duties of the state, whether Major Spencer, the alleged victim, was really dead. Until it could be established that a man should be imprisoned, tried, and punished for a crime, it was first necessary to show that a crime had been committed; and the attorney made him-

self exceedingly merry with the ghost story of young Grayling. In those days, however, the ancient Superstition was not so feeble as she has subsequently become.

The judge — who it must be understood was a real existence, and who had no small reputation in his day in the south — proceeded to establish the correctness of his opinions by authorities and argument, with all of which, doubtlessly, the bar were exceedingly delighted; but to provide them in this place would only be to interfere with our own progress. James Grayling, however, was not satisfied to wait the slow processes which were suggested for coming at the truth. Even the wisdom of the judge was lost upon him, possibly for the simple reason that he did not comprehend it. But the ridicule of the culprit's lawyer stung him to the quick, and he muttered to himself, more than once, a determination "to lick the life out of that impudent chap's leather." But this was not his only resolve. There was one which he proceeded to put into instant execution, and that was to seek the body of his murdered friend in the spot where he fancied it might be found — namely, the dark and dismal bay where the specter had made its appearance to his eyes.

The suggestion was approved — though he did not need this to prompt his resolution — by his mother and uncle, Sparkman. The latter determined to be his companion, and he was further accompanied by the sheriff's officer who had arrested the suspected felon. Before daylight, on the morning after the examination before the judge had taken place, and when Macleod had been remanded to prison, James Grayling started on his journey. His fiery zeal received additional force at every added moment of delay, and his eager spurring brought him at an early hour after noon to the neighborhood of the spot through which his search was to be made. He led them round it, taking the very course which he had pursued the night when the revelation was made him; he showed them the very tree at whose foot he had sunk when the supernatural torpor — as he himself esteemed it — began to fall upon him; he then pointed out the spot, some twenty steps distant, at which the specter made its appearance. To this spot they then proceeded in a body, and essayed an entrance, but were so discouraged by the difficulties at the outset that all, James not excepted, concluded that neither the murderer nor his victim could possibly have found entrance there.

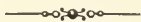
But lo, a marvel! Such it seemed, at the first blush, to all the party. While they stood confounded and indecisive, undetermined in which way to move, a sudden flight of wings was heard, even from the center of the bay, at a little distance above the spot where they had striven for entrance. They looked up, and beheld about fifty buzzards — those notorious domestic vultures of the south — ascending from the interior of the bay, and perching along upon the branches of the loftier trees by which it was overhung. Even were the character of these birds less known, the particular business in which they had just then been engaged was betrayed by huge gobbets of flesh which some of them had borne aloft in their flight, and still continued to rend with beak and bill, as they tottered upon the branches where they stood. A piercing scream issued from the lips of James Grayling as he beheld this sight, and strove to scare the offensive birds from their repast.

"The poor major! the poor major!" was the involuntary and agonized exclamation of the youth. "Did I ever think he would come to this!"

The search, thus guided and encouraged, was pressed with renewed diligence and spirit; and, at length, an opening was found through which it was evident that a body of considerable size had but recently gone. They followed this path, and, as is the case commonly with waste tracts of this description, the density of the growth diminished sensibly at every step they took, till they reached a little pond, which, though circumscribed in area, and full of cypresses, yet proved to be singularly deep. Here, on the edge of the pond, they discovered the object which had drawn the keen-sighted vultures to their feast, in the body of a horse, which James Grayling at once identified as that of Major Spencer's. The carcass of the animal was already very much torn and lacerated. The eyes were plucked out, and the animal completely disemboweled. Yet, on examination, it was not difficult to discover the manner of his death. Two bullets had passed through his skull, just above the eyes, either of which must have been fatal. The murderer had led the horse to the spot, and committed the cruel deed where his body was found. The search was now continued for that of the owner, but for some time it proved ineffectual. At length the keen eyes of James Grayling detected, amidst a heap of moss and green sedge that rested beside an overthrown tree, whose branches jutted into the pond, a

whitish, but discolored, object that did not seem native to the place. Bestriding the fallen tree, he was enabled to reach this object, which, with a burst of grief, he announced to the distant party was the hand and arm of his unfortunate friend, the wristband of the shirt being the conspicuous object which had first caught his eye. Grasping this, he drew the corse, which had been thrust beneath the branches of the tree, to the surface; and, with the assistance of his uncle, it was finally brought to the dry land. The head was very much disfigured; the skull was fractured in several places by repeated blows of some hard instrument, inflicted chiefly from behind. A closer inspection revealed a bullet hole in the abdomen, the first wound, in all probability, which the unfortunate gentleman received, and by which he was, perhaps, tumbled from his horse. The blows on the head would seem to have been unnecessary, unless the murderer — whose proceedings appeared to have been singularly deliberate — was resolved upon making “assurance doubly sure.” But, as if the watchful Providence had meant that nothing should be left doubtful which might tend to the complete conviction of the criminal, the constable stumbled upon the butt of the broken pistol which had been found in Macleod’s trunk. This he picked up on the edge of the pond in which the corse had been discovered, and while James Grayling and his uncle, Sparkman, were engaged in drawing it from the water. The place where the fragment was discovered at once denoted the pistol as the instrument by which the final blows were inflicted. . . .

The jury, it may be scarcely necessary to add, brought in a verdict of “Guilty,” without leaving the panel; and Macnab, *alias* Macleod, was hanged at White Point, Charleston, somewhere about the year 178—.



LIFE.

BY PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

(From “Festus.”)

[PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, the author of “Festus,” was born in Nottingham, England, April 22, 1816. His first and best-known work, “Festus” (1839, 11th ed. 1887), was phenomenally successful, and its author was hailed as one of the

greatest poets of all time. It treats of philosophy and religion, and though extravagant and in some respects defective, contains much beauty and originality. His other poems include: "The Angel World" (1850), "The Mystic" (1855), "The Age," a satire (1858), and "The Universal Hymn" (1867).]

Festus —

Man hath a knowledge of a time to come ;
His most important knowledge ; the weight lies
Nearest the short end, this life ; and the world
Depends on what's to be. I would deny
The present, if the future. Oh ! there is
A life to come, or all's a dream.

Lucifer —

And all
May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,
Clear, moving, full of speech and order. Why
May not, then, all this world be but a dream
Of God's ? Fear not. Some morning God may waken.

Festus —

I would it were so. This life's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told ;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
Like many men's. And yet men love to live,
As if mere life were worth the living for.

Lucifer —

What but perdition will it be to most ?

Festus —

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood ;
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed
Of good, ere night would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end ; that end,
To those who dwell in Him, He most in them,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live, and not be glorious ?
We never can be deathless till we die.
It is the dead win battles ; and the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close,

It dims his well-worn scythe. But no! the brave
 Die never. Being deathless, they but change
 Their country's arms, for more, their country's heart.
 Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved us;
 Saved us from woe and want and servitude.
 The rapid and the deep; the fall, the gulf,
 Have likenesses in feeling and in life;
 And life so varied hath more loveliness
 In one day, than a creeping century
 Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change,
 Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
 Becomes variety, and takes its place.
 Yet some will last to die out thought by thought,
 And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
 Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
 Till all of soul that's left be dark and dry;
 Till even the burden of some ninety years
 Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
 Their system, as if ninety suns had rushed
 To ruin earth, or heaven had rained its stars;
 Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,
 Through dust and mold. Can they be cleaned and read?
 Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?

Lucifer —

The eye dims and the heart gets old and slow;
 The lithe limbs stiffen, and the sun-hued locks
 Thin themselves off, or whitely wither; still,
 Ages not spirit, even in one point,
 Immeasurably minute; from orb to orb,
 Rising in radiance ever like the sun
 Shining upon the thousand lands of earth.
 Look at the medley, motley throng we meet;
 Some smiling, frowning some; their cares and joys
 Alike not worth a thought; some sauntering slowly,
 As if destruction never could overtake them;
 Some hurrying on, as fearing judgment swift
 Should trip the heels of death, and seize them living.

THE PROCESSION OF LIFE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on sure permanencies. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851), "The Blithedale Romance" (1852), "The Marble Faun" (1860), "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice-told Tales," first series, appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

LIFE figures itself to me as a festal or funeral procession. All of us have our places and are to move onward under the direction of the chief marshal. The grand difficulty results from the invariably mistaken principles on which the deputy marshals seek to arrange this immense concourse of people, so much more numerous than those that train their interminable length through streets and highways in times of political excitement. Their scheme is ancient far beyond the memory of man, or even the record of history, and has hitherto been very little modified by the innate sense of something wrong and the dim perception of better methods that have disquieted all the ages through which the procession has taken its march. Its members are classified by the merest external circumstances, and thus are more certain to be thrown out of their true positions than if no principle of arrangement were attempted. In one part of the procession we see men of landed estate or moneyed capital gravely keeping each other company for the preposterous reason that they chance to have a similar standing in the tax-gatherer's book. Trades and professions march together with scarcely a more real bond of union. In this manner, it cannot be denied, people are disentangled from the mass and separated into various classes according to certain apparent relations; all have some artificial badge which the world, and themselves among the first, learn to consider as a genuine characteristic. Fixing our attention on such outside shows of similarity or difference, we lose sight of those realities by which Nature, Fortune, Fate or Providence has constituted for every man a brotherhood wherein it is one great office of

human wisdom to classify him. When the mind has once accustomed itself to a proper arrangement of the procession of life or a true classification of society, even though merely speculative, there is thenceforth a satisfaction which pretty well suffices for itself, without the aid of any actual re-formation in the order of march.

For instance, assuming to myself the power of marshaling the aforesaid procession, I direct a trumpeter to send forth a blast loud enough to be heard from hence to China, and a herald with world-pervading voice to make proclamation for a certain class of mortals to take their places. What shall be their principle of union? After all, an external one, in comparison with many that might be found, yet far more real than those which the world has selected for a similar purpose. Let all who are afflicted with like physical diseases form themselves into ranks.

Our first attempt at classification is not very successful. It may gratify the pride of aristocracy to reflect that disease more than any other circumstance of human life pays due observance to the distinctions which rank and wealth and poverty and lowliness have established among mankind. Some maladies are rich and precious, and only to be acquired by the right of inheritance or purchased with gold. Of this kind is the gout, which serves as a bond of brotherhood to the purple-visaged gentry who obey the herald's voice and painfully hobble from all civilized regions of the globe to take their post in the grand procession. In mercy to their toes, let us hope that the march may not be long. The dyspeptics, too, are people of good standing in the world. For them the earliest salmon is caught in our Eastern rivers, and the shy woodcock stains the dry leaves with his blood in his remotest haunts, and the turtle comes from the far Pacific islands to be gobbled up in soup. They can afford to flavor all their dishes with indolence, which, in spite of the general opinion, is a sauce more exquisitely piquant than appetite won by exercise. Apoplexy is another highly respectable disease. We will rank together all who have the symptom of dizziness in the brain, and as fast as any drop by the way supply their places with new members of the board of aldermen.

On the other hand, here come whole tribes of people whose physical lives are but a deteriorated variety of life, and themselves a meaner species of mankind, so sad an effect has been

wrought by the tainted breath of cities, scanty and unwholesome food, destructive modes of labor and the lack of those moral supports that might partially have counteracted such bad influences. Behold here a train of house-painters all afflicted with a peculiar sort of colic. Next in place we will marshal those workmen in cutlery who have breathed a fatal disorder into their lungs with the impalpable dust of steel. Tailors and shoemakers, being sedentary men, will chiefly congregate in one part of the procession and march under similar banners of disease, but among them we may observe here and there a sickly student who has left his health between the leaves of classic volumes, and clerks, likewise, who have caught their deaths on high official stools, and men of genius, too, who have written sheet after sheet with pens dipped in their heart's blood. These are a wretched, quaking, short-breathed set. But what is this crowd of pale-cheeked, slender girls who disturb the ear with the multiplicity of their short, dry coughs? They are seamstresses who have plied the daily and nightly needle in the service of master-tailors and close-fisted contractors until now it is almost time for each to hem the borders of her own shroud. Consumption points their place in the procession. With their sad sisterhood are intermingled many youthful maidens who have sickened in aristocratic mansions, and for whose aid science has unavailingly searched its volumes and whom breathless love has watched. In our ranks the rich maiden and the poor seamstress may walk arm in arm. We might find innumerable other instances where the bond of mutual disease — not to speak of nation-sweeping pestilence — embraces high and low and makes the king a brother of the clown. But it is not hard to own that Disease is the natural aristocrat. Let him keep his state and have his established orders of rank and wear his royal mantle of the color of a fever-flush, and let the noble and wealthy boast their own physical infirmities and display their symptoms as the badges of high station. All things considered, these are as proper subjects of human pride as any relations of human rank that men can fix upon.

Sound again, thou deep-breathed trumpeter! — and, herald, with thy voice of might, shout forth another summons that shall reach the old baronial castles of Europe and the rudest cabin of our Western wilderness! What class is next to take its place in the procession of mortal life? Let it be those whom the gifts of intellect have united in a noble brotherhood.

Ay, this is a reality before which the conventional distinctions of society melt away like a vapor when we would grasp it with the hand. Were Byron now alive, and Burns, the first would come from his ancestral abbey flinging aside, although unwillingly, the inherited honors of a thousand years to take the arm of the mighty peasant who grew immortal while he stooped behind his plow. These are gone, but the hall, the farmer's fireside, the hut — perhaps the palace — the counting-room, the workshop, the village, the city, life's high places and low ones, may all produce their poets whom a common temperament pervades like an electric sympathy. Peer or plowman will muster them pair by pair and shoulder to shoulder. Even society in its most artificial state consents to this arrangement. These factory-girls from Lowell shall mate themselves with the pride of drawing-rooms and literary circles — the bluebells in fashion's nosegay, the Sapphos and Montagues and Nortons of the age.

Other modes of intellect bring together as strange companies. — Silk-gowned professor of languages, give your arm to this sturdy blacksmith and deem yourself honored by the conjunction, though you behold him grimy from the anvil. — All varieties of human speech are like his mother-tongue to this rare man. Indiscriminately let those take their places, of whatever rank they come, who possess the kingly gifts to lead armies or to sway a people — Nature's generals, her lawgivers, her kings, and with them, also the deep philosophers who think the thought in one generation that is to revolutionize society in the next. With the hereditary legislator in whom eloquence is a far-descended attainment — a rich echo repeated by powerful voices, from Cicero downward — we will match some wondrous backwoodsman who has caught a wild power of language from the breeze among his native forest boughs. But we may safely leave brethren and sisterhood to settle their own congenialities. Our ordinary distinctions become so trifling, so impalpable, so ridiculously visionary, in comparison with a classification founded on truth, that all talk about the matter is immediately a commonplace.

Yet, the longer I reflect, the less am I satisfied with the idea of forming a separate class of mankind on the basis of high intellectual power. At best, it is but a higher development of innate gifts common to all. Perhaps, moreover, he whose genius appears deepest and truest excels his fellows in nothing

save the knack of expression ; he throws out, occasionally, a lucky hint at truths of which every human soul is profoundly, though unutterably, conscious. Therefore, though we suffer the brotherhood of intellect to march onward together, it may be doubted whether their peculiar relation will not begin to vanish as soon as the procession shall have passed beyond the circle of this present world. But we do not classify for eternity.

And next let the trumpet pour forth a funereal wail and the herald's voice give breath in one vast cry to all the groans and grievous utterances that are audible throughout the earth. We appeal now to the sacred bond of sorrow, and summon the great multitude who labor under similar afflictions to take their places in the march. How many a heart that would have been insensible to any other call has responded to the doleful accents of that voice ! It has gone far and wide and high and low, and left scarcely a mortal roof unvisited. Indeed, the principle is only too universal for our purpose, and unless we limit it will quite break up our classification of mankind and convert the whole procession into a funeral train. We will, therefore, be at some pains to discriminate.

Here comes a lonely rich man ; he has built a noble fabric for his dwelling-house, with a front of stately architecture, and marble floors, and doors of precious woods. The whole structure is as beautiful as a dream and as substantial as the native rock, but the visionary shapes of a long posterity for whose home this mansion was intended have faded into nothingness since the death of the founder's only son. The rich man gives a glance at his sable garb in one of the splendid mirrors of his drawing-room, and, descending a flight of lofty steps, instinctively offers his arm to yonder poverty-stricken widow in the rusty black bonnet and with a check apron over her patched gown. The sailor-boy who was her sole earthly stay was washed overboard in a late tempest. This couple from the palace and the almshouse are but the types of thousands more who represent the dark tragedy of life and seldom quarrel for the upper parts. Grief is such a leveler with its own dignity and its own humility that the noble and the peasant, the beggar and the monarch, will waive their pretensions to external rank without the officiousness of interference on our part. If pride — the influence of the world's false distinctions — remain in the heart, then sorrow lacks the earnestness which makes it holy and reverend. It loses its reality and becomes a miserable shadow. On this

ground we have an opportunity to assign over multitudes who would willingly claim places here to other parts of the procession. If the mourner have anything dearer than his grief, he must seek his true position elsewhere. There are so many unsubstantial sorrows which the necessity of our mortal state begets on idleness that an observer, casting aside sentiment, is sometimes led to question whether there be any real woe except absolute physical suffering and the loss of closest friends. A crowd who exhibit what they deem to be broken hearts—and among them many lovelorn maids and bachelors, and men of disappointed ambition in arts or politics, and the poor who were once rich or who have sought to be rich in vain—the great majority of these may ask admittance into some other fraternity. There is no room here. Perhaps we may institute a separate class where such unfortunates will naturally fall into the procession. Meanwhile, let them stand aside and patiently await their time.

If our trumpeter can borrow a note from the doomsday trumpet-blast, let him sound it now. The dread alarm should make the earth quake to its center, for the herald is about to address mankind with a summons to which even the purest mortal may be sensible of some faint responding echo in his breast. In many bosoms it will awaken a still small voice more terrible than its own reverberating uproar.

The hideous appeal has swept around the globe.—Come, all ye guilty ones, and rank yourselves in accordance with the brotherhood of crime.—This, indeed, is an awful summons. I almost tremble to look at the strange partnerships that begin to be formed—reluctantly, but by the invincible necessity of like to like—in this part of the procession. A forger from the state prison seizes the arm of a distinguished financier. How indignantly does the latter plead his fair reputation upon 'Change, and insist that his operations by their magnificence of scope were removed into quite another sphere of morality than those of his pitiful companion! But let him cut the connection if he can. Here comes a murderer with his clanking chains, and pairs himself—horrible to tell—with as pure and upright a man in all observable respects as ever partook of the consecrated bread and wine. He is one of those—perchance the most hopeless of all sinners—who practice such an exemplary system of outward duties that even a deadly crime may be hidden from their own sight and remembrance under this

unreal frost-work. Yet he now finds his place. Why do that pair of flaunting girls with the pert, affected laugh and the sly leer at the bystanders intrude themselves into the same rank with yonder decorous matron and that somewhat prudish maiden! Surely these poor creatures born to vice as their sole and natural inheritance can be no fit associates for women who have been guarded round about by all the proprieties of domestic life, and who could not err unless they first created the opportunity! Oh no! It must be merely the impertinence of those unblushing hussies, and we can only wonder how such respectable ladies should have responded to a summons that was not meant for them.

We shall make short work of this miserable class, each member of which is entitled to grasp any other member's hand by that vile degradation wherein guilty error has buried all alike. The foul fiend to whom it properly belongs must relieve us of our loathsome task. Let the bondservants of sin pass on. But neither man nor woman in whom good predominates will smile or sneer, nor bid the Rogue's March be played, in derision of their array. Feeling within their breasts a shuddering sympathy which at least gives token of the sin that might have been, they will thank God for any place in the grand procession of human existence save among those most wretched ones. Many, however, will be astonished at the fatal impulse that drags them thitherward. Nothing is more remarkable than the various deceptions by which guilt conceals itself from the perpetrator's conscience, and oftenest, perhaps, by the splendor of its garments. Statesmen, rulers, generals, and all men who act over an extensive sphere, are most liable to be deluded in this way; they commit wrong, devastation and murder on so grand a scale that it impresses them as speculative rather than actual, but in our procession we find them linked in detestable conjunction with the meanest criminals whose deeds have the vulgarity of petty details. Here the effect of circumstance and accident is done away, and a man finds his rank according to the spirit of his crime, in whatever shape it may have been developed.

We have called the evil; now let us call the good. The trumpet's brazen throat should pour heavenly music over the earth and the herald's voice go forth with the sweetness of an angel's accents, as if to summon each upright man to his reward. But how is this? Does none answer to the call? Not

one ; for the just, the pure, the true and all who might most worthily obey it shrink sadly back as most conscious of error and imperfection. Then let the summons be to those whose pervading principle is love. This classification will embrace all the truly good, and none in whose souls there exists not something that may expand itself into a heaven both of well-doing and felicity.

The first that presents himself is a man of wealth who has bequeathed the bulk of his property to an hospital ; his ghost, methinks, would have a better right here than his living body. But here they come, the genuine benefactors of their race. Some have wandered about the earth with pictures of bliss in their imagination and with hearts that shrank sensitively from the idea of pain and woe, yet have studied all varieties of misery that human nature can endure. The prison, the insane asylum, the squalid chamber of the almshouse, the manufactory where the demon of machinery annihilates the human soul and the cotton-field where God's image becomes a beast of burden, — to these, and every other scene where man wrongs or neglects his brother, the apostles of humanity have penetrated. This missionary black with India's burning sunshine shall give his arm to a pale-faced brother who has made himself familiar with the infected alleys and loathsome haunts of vice in one of our own cities. The generous founder of a college shall be the partner of a maiden lady of narrow substance, one of whose good deeds it has been to gather a little school of orphan children. If the mighty merchant whose benefactions are reckoned by thousands of dollars deem himself worthy, let him join the procession with her whose love has proved itself by watchings at the sick-bed, and all those lowly offices which bring her into actual contact with disease and wretchedness. And with those whose impulses have guided them to benevolent actions we will rank others to whom Providence has assigned a different tendency and different powers. Men who have spent their lives in generous and holy contemplation for the human race, those who by a certain heavenliness of spirit have purified the atmosphere around them, and thus supplied a medium in which good and high things may be projected and performed, — give to these a lofty place among the benefactors of mankind, although no deed such as the world calls deeds may be recorded of them. There are some individuals of whom we cannot conceive it proper that they should apply their hands to any earthly instru-

ment or work out any definite act, and others — perhaps not less high — to whom it is an essential attribute to labor in body as well as spirit for the welfare of their brethren. Thus, if we find a spiritual sage whose unseen and inestimable influence has exalted the moral standard of mankind, we will choose for his companion some poor laborer who has wrought for love in the potato-field of a neighbor poorer than himself.

We have summoned this various multitude — and, to the credit of our nature, it is a large one — on the principle of Love. It is singular, nevertheless, to remark the shyness that exists among many members of the present class, all of whom we might expect to recognize one another by the freemasonry of mutual goodness, and to embrace like brethren, giving God thanks for such various specimens of human excellence. But it is far otherwise. Each sect surrounds its own righteousness with a hedge of thorns. It is difficult for the good Christian to acknowledge the good pagan, almost impossible for the good orthodox to grasp the hand of the good Unitarian, leaving to their Creator to settle the matters in dispute and giving their mutual efforts strongly and trustingly to whatever right thing is too evident to be mistaken. Then, again, though the heart be large, yet the mind is often of such moderate dimensions as to be exclusively filled up with one idea. When a good man has long devoted himself to a particular kind of beneficence, to one species of reform, he is apt to become narrowed into the limits of the path wherein he treads, and to fancy that there is no other good to be done on earth but that selfsame good to which he has put his hand and in the very mode that best suits his own conceptions. All else is worthless: his scheme must be wrought out by the united strength of the whole world's stock of love, or the world is no longer worthy of a position in the universe. Moreover, powerful truth, being the rich grape-juice expressed from the vineyard of the ages, has an intoxicating quality when imbibed by any save a powerful intellect, and often, as it were, impels the quaffer to quarrel in his cups. For such reasons, strange to say, it is harder to contrive a friendly arrangement of these brethren of love and righteousness in the procession of life than to unite even the wicked, who, indeed, are chained together by their crimes. The fact is too preposterous for tears, too lugubrious for laughter.

But, let good men push and elbow one another as they may

during their earthly march, all will be peace among them when the honorable array of their procession shall tread on heavenly ground. There they will doubtless find that they have been working each for the other's cause, and that every well-delivered stroke which with an honest purpose any mortal struck, even for a narrow object, was indeed stricken for the universal cause of good. Their own view may be bounded by country, creed, profession, the diversities of individual character, but above them all is the breadth of Providence. How many who have deemed themselves antagonists will smile hereafter when they look back upon the world's wide harvest-field and perceive that in unconscious brotherhood they were helping to bind the selfsame sheaf!

But come! The sun is hastening westward while the march of human life, that never paused before, is delayed by our attempt to rearrange its order. It is desirable to find some comprehensive principle that shall render our task easier by bringing thousands into the ranks where hitherto we have brought one. Therefore let the trumpet, if possible, split its brazen throat with a louder note than ever, and the herald summon all mortals who, from whatever cause, have lost, or never found, their proper places in the world.

Obedient to this call, a great multitude come together, most of them with a listless gait betokening weariness of soul, yet with a gleam of satisfaction in their faces at a prospect of at length reaching those positions which hitherto they have vainly sought. But here will be another disappointment, for we can attempt no more than merely to associate in one fraternity all who are afflicted with the same vague trouble. Some great mistake in life is the chief condition of admittance into this class. Here are members of the learned professions whom Providence endowed with special gifts for the plow, the forge and the wheelbarrow, or for the routine of unintellectual business. We will assign them as partners in the march those lowly laborers and handicraftsmen who have pined as with a dying thirst after the unattainable fountains of knowledge. The latter have lost less than their companions, yet more, because they deem it infinite. Perchance the two species of unfortunates may comfort one another. Here are Quakers with the instinct of battle in them, and men of war who should have worn the broad brim. Authors shall be ranked here whom some freak of Nature, making game of her poor children, had imbued with

the confidence of genius and strong desire of fame, but has favored with no corresponding power, and others whose lofty gifts were unaccompanied with the faculty of expression, or any of that earthly machinery by which ethereal endowments must be manifested to mankind. All these, therefore, are melancholy laughing-stocks. Next, here are honest and well-intentioned persons who by a want of tact, by inaccurate perceptions, by a distorting imagination, have been kept continually at cross-purposes with the world and bewildered upon the path of life. Let us see if they can confine themselves within the line of our procession. In this class, likewise, we must assign places to those who have encountered that worst of ill-success, a higher fortune than their abilities could vindicate — writers, actors, painters, the pets of a day, but whose laurels wither unrenewed amid their hoary hair, politicians whom some malicious contingency of affairs has thrust into conspicuous station where, while the world stands gazing at them, the dreary consciousness of imbecility makes them curse their birth-hour. To such men we give for a companion him whose rare talents, which perhaps require a revolution for their exercise, are buried in the tomb of sluggish circumstances.

Not far from these we must find room for one whose success has been of the wrong kind — the man who should have lingered in the cloisters of a university digging new treasures out of the Herculaneum of antique lore, diffusing depth and accuracy of literature throughout his country, and thus making for himself a great and quiet fame. But the outward tendencies around him have proved too powerful for his inward nature, and have drawn him into the arena of political tumult, there to contend at disadvantage, whether front to front or side by side, with the brawny giants of actual life. He becomes, it may be, a name for brawling parties to bandy to and fro, a legislator of the Union, a governor of his native State, an ambassador to the courts of kings or queens, and the world may deem him a man of happy stars. But not so the wise, and not so himself when he looks through his experience and sighs to miss that fitness, the one invaluable touch which makes all things true and real. So much achieved, yet how abortive is his life! Whom shall we choose for his companion? Some weak-framed blacksmith, perhaps, whose delicacy of muscle might have suited a tailor's shopboard better than the anvil.

Shall we bid the trumpet sound again? It is hardly worth

the while. There remain a few idle men of fortune, tavern and grogshop loungers, lazzaroni, old bachelors, decaying maidens and people of crooked intellect or temper, all of whom may find their like, or some tolerable approach to it, in the plentiful diversity of our latter class. There, too, as his ultimate destiny, must we rank the dreamer who all his life long has cherished the idea that he was peculiarly apt for something, but never could determine what it was, and there the most unfortunate of men, whose purpose it has been to enjoy life's pleasures, but to avoid a manful struggle with its toil and sorrow. The remainder, if any, may connect themselves with whatever rank of the procession they shall find best adapted to their tastes and consciences. The worst possible fate would be to remain behind shivering in the solitude of time while all the world is on the move toward eternity.

Our attempt to classify society is now complete. The result may be anything but perfect, yet better — to give it the very lowest phrase — than the antique rule of the herald's office or the modern one of the tax-gatherer, whereby the accidents and superficial attributes with which the real nature of individuals has least to do are acted upon as the cheapest characteristics of mankind. Our task is done! Now let the grand procession move!

Yet pause a while: we had forgotten the chief marshal.

Hark! That worldwide swell of solemn music with the clang of a mighty bell breaking forth through its regulated uproar announces his approach. He comes, a severe, sedate, immovable, dark rider, waving his truncheon of universal sway as he passes along the lengthened line on the pale horse of the Revelations. It is Death. Who else could assume the guidance of a procession that comprehends all humanity? And if some among these many millions should deem themselves classed amiss, yet let them take to their hearts the comfortable truth that Death levels us all into one great brotherhood, and that another state of being will surely rectify the wrong of this. Then breathe thy wail upon the earth's wailing wind, thou band of melancholy music made up of every sigh that the human heart unsatisfied has uttered! There is yet triumph in thy tones.

And now we move, beggars in their rags and kings trailing the regal purple in the dust, the warrior's gleaming helmet, the priest in his sable robe, the hoary grandsire who has run life's

circle and come back to childhood, the ruddy schoolboy with his golden curls frisking along the march, the artisan's stuff jacket, the noble's star-decorated coat, the whole presenting a motley spectacle, yet with a dusky grandeur brooding over it. Onward, onward, into that dimness where the lights of time which have blazed along the procession are flickering in their sockets! And whither? We know not, and Death, hitherto our leader, deserts us by the wayside as the tramp of our innumerable footsteps passes beyond his sphere. He knows not more than we our destined goal, but God, who made us, knows, and will not leave us on our toilsome and doubtful march, either to wander in infinite uncertainty or perish by the way.



IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[1809-1892.]

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,
 Within was weeping for thee:
 Shadows of three dead men
 Walked in the walks with me,
 Shadows of three dead men, and
 thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods:
 The Master was far away:
 Nightingales warbled and sang
 Of a passion that lasts but a day;
 Still in the house in his coffin the
 Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
 In courtesy like to thee:
 Two dead men have I loved
 With a love that ever will be:
 Three dead men have I loved, and
 thou art last of the three.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen— Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne — and a withered gentlewoman whose name was the widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years and his health and substance in the pursuit of sinful pleasures which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame — or, at least, had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day, but for a long while past she had lived in deep seclusion on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen — Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne — were early lovers of the widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding farther I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not infrequently the case with old people when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

“My dear old friends,” said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, “I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study.”

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the

lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady, but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned: it was a ponderous folio volume bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic, and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror, while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said, "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table as black as ebony stood in the center of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now, Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables—to my shame be it spoken—might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his inmates. But without waiting for a reply Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio bound in black leather which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh—"this same withered and crumbling flower—blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder, and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger. He uncovered the vase and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber, the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green, and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown, for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends — carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show. "Pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the Fountain of Youth?" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger. — "And all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties, and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth.

Think what a sin and shame it would be if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age ! ”

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer except by a feeble and tremulous laugh, so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely Repentance treads behind the steps of Error, they should ever go astray again.

“ Drink, then,” said the doctor, bowing ; “ I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment.”

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the doctor's table without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly, there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party — not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine — together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

“ Give us more of this wondrous water,” cried they, eagerly. “ We are younger, but we are still too old. Quick ! give us more ! ”

“ Patience, patience ! ” quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. “ You have been a long time growing old ; surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour. But the water is at your service.” Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren.

While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and

swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks: they sat around the table three gentlemen of middle age and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

“My dear widow, you are charming!” cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew of old that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze.

Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities — unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs. As for the widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world besides. She thrust her face close to the glass to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished; she examined whether the

snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass."

"Certainly, my dear madam — certainly," replied the complaisant doctor. "See! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds.

It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever, but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time whose power had never been disputed save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage. But the next moment the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire — the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an armchair and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of

Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully and leaped about the room.

The widow Wycherly — if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow — tripped up to the doctor's chair with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

“Doctor, you dear old soul,” cried she, “get up and dance with me;” and then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

“Pray excuse me,” answered the doctor, quietly. “I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner.”

“Dance with me, Clara,” cried Colonel Killigrew.

“No, no! I will be her partner,” shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

“She promised me her hand fifty years ago,” exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp, another threw his arm about her waist, the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shriveled grandma. But they were young: their burning passions proved them so.

Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro the table was overturned and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Come, Madam Wycherly!" exclaimed the doctor. "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered, for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their seats—the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds. "It appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips.

While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head and fell upon the floor. His guests shivered again. A strange chillness—whether of the body or spirit they could not tell—was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people sitting with their old friend Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine; the delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes, they were old again. With a shuddering impulse that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and, lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well, I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me."

A BRUTAL CAPTAIN.

By R. H. DANA.

(From "Two Years Before the Mast.")

[RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.: An American author, son of the poet; born in Cambridge, Mass., August 1, 1815. He studied for a while at Harvard College, and in 1834 shipped as a common sailor for a voyage to California, in order to restore his health. His experiences are vividly narrated in the popular "Two Years Before the Mast" (1840). He subsequently became a prominent lawyer, still a valued authority on international law, and was one of the founders of the Free-soil Party (1848). His other publications include: "The Seaman's Friend" (1841); "To Cuba and Back" (1859). He died in Rome, January 7, 1882.]

FOR several days the captain seemed very much out of humor. Nothing went right, or fast enough for him. He quarreled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck; and he had a dispute with the mate about reeving a Spanish burton,—the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man *who was a sailor!* This, the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at sword's points at once.

But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-molded fellow from the Middle States, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, thought he was surly and lazy; and "if you once give a dog a bad name"—as the sailor phrase is—"he may as well jump overboard." The captain found fault with everything this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marline spike from the main yard, where he was at work. This, of course, was an accident, but it was set down against him.

The captain was on board all day Friday, and everything went on hard and disagreeably. "The more you drive a man, the less he will do" was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night and were turned-to early Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore.

John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting

for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate, or one of the crew, I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear:—

“You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your *jaw*?” No answer, and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him.

“You may as well keep still, for I have got you,” said the captain. Then came the question, “Will you ever give me any more of your *jaw*?”

“I never gave you any, sir,” said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half choked.

“That’s not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?”

“I never have been,” said Sam.

“Answer my question, or I’ll make a spread eagle of you! I’ll flog you, by G—d.”

“I’m no negro slave,” said Sam.

“Then I’ll make you one,” said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprung on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate—“Seize that man up, Mr. A——! Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him! I’ll teach you all who is master aboard!”

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

“What are you going to flog that man for, sir?” said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

“Let me alone,” said John. “I’m willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force;” and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam by this time was *seized up*, as it is called, that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the

shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist.

All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man — a human being, made in God's likeness — fastened up and flogged like a beast! A man, too, whom I had lived with and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother.

The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two besides myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age. And then there were (besides the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But besides the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, they are pirates for life. If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. Bad as it was, it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for.

Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice — six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear; this brought as many more as the man could stand, when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the fore-castle. "Bring that man aft," shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John; but he soon threw him from him.

At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out

to his officers, "Drag him aft! — Lay hold of him! I'll *sweeten* him!" etc., etc.

The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft, and he, seeing resistance in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him; said he would go aft of himself; that they should not drag him; and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up.

When he was made fast, he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. "Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?"

"No," said the captain, "it is not that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference — for asking questions."

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No," shouted the captain; "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel, but myself;" and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. As he went on his passion increased and he danced about the deck calling out as he swung the rope, — "If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it! — because I like to do it! It suits me! That's what I do it for!"

The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us — "Oh, Jesus Christ, oh, Jesus Christ!"

"Don't call on Jesus Christ," shouted the captain; "*He can't help you. Call on Captain T*——. He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!"

At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and of the prospect of future revenge, crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back at once.

At length they ceased, and turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked forward, and went down

into the fore-castle. Every one else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us : —

“ You see your condition ! You see where I’ve got you all, and you know what to expect ! You’ve been mistaken in me — you didn’t know what I was ! Now you know what I am ! ” — “ I’ll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I’ll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy up ! ” — “ You’ve got a driver over you ! Yes, a *slave driver*, a *negro driver* ! I’ll see who’ll tell me he isn’t a negro slave ! ”

With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after, John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put upon it.

“ No,” said the captain, who heard him from below ; “ tell him to put his shirt on ; that’s the best thing for him ; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay up on board this vessel.”

He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to “ give way,” “ give way ! ” but finding they did their best, he let them alone. The agent was in the stern sheet, but during the whole pull — a league or more — not a word was spoken.

We landed ; the captain, agent, and officer went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, stayed near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone.

I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and under suffering ; and he had his knife with him, and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have had nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indian bloodhounds, whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them.

After the day's work was done, we went down into the fore-castle, and ate our plain supper; but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night; but there was no song—no "sweethearts and wives." A gloom was over everything.

The two men lay in their berths, groaning with pain, and we all turned in, but, for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men showed that they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture a moment; the dim, swinging lamp of the fore-castle shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived; and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind.

I thought of our situation, living under a tyranny; of the character of the country we were in; of the length of the voyage, and of the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then if we should return, of the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings, of whom I then was one. . . .

On board the "Pilgrim" everything went on regularly, each one trying to get along as smoothly as possible; but the comfort of the voyage was evidently at an end. "That is a long lane which has no turning"—"Every dog must have his day, and mine will come by and by"—and the like proverbs, were occasionally quoted; but no one spoke of any probable end to the voyage, or of Boston, or anything of the kind; or if he did, it was only to draw out the perpetual, surly reply from his shipmate—"Boston, is it? You may thank your stars if you ever see that place. You had better have your back sheathed and your head coppered and your feet shod, and make out your log for California for life!" or else something of this kind—"Before you get to Boston the hides will wear all the hair off your head, and you'll take up all your wages in clothes, and won't have enough left to buy a wig with!"

The flogging was seldom if ever alluded to by us, in the fore-castle. If any one was inclined to talk about it, the others, with a delicacy which I hardly expected to find among them, always stopped him, or turned the subject. But the behavior of the two men who were flogged toward one another showed a delicacy and a sense of honor, which would have been worthy of admiration in the highest walks of life.

Sam knew that the other had suffered solely on his account, and in all his complaints, he said that if he alone had been flogged, it would have been nothing ; but that he never could see that man without thinking what had been the means of bringing that disgrace upon him ; and John never, by word or deed, let anything escape him to remind the other that it was by interfering to save his shipmate, that he had suffered.

Having got all our spare room filled with hides, we hove up our anchor and made sail for San Diego. In no operation can the disposition of a crew be discovered better than in getting under way.

Where things are done "with a will," every one is like a cat aloft ; sails are loosed in an instant ; each one lays out his strength on his handspike, and the windlass goes briskly round with the loud cry of "Yo heave ho ! Heave and pawl ! Heave hearty ho !" But with us, at this time, it was all dragging work. No one went aloft beyond his ordinary gait, and the chain came slowly in over the windlass.

The mate, between the knightheads, exhausted all his official rhetoric in calls of "Heave with a will !" — "Heave hearty, men ! — heave hearty !" — "Heave and raise the dead !" — "Heave, and away !" etc., etc. ; but it would not do. Nobody broke his back or his handspike by his efforts.

And when the cat tackle fall was strung along, and all hands — cook, steward, and all — laid hold, to cat the anchor, instead of the lively song of "Cheerily, men !" in which all hands join in the chorus, we pulled a long, heavy, silent pull, and — as sailors say a song is as good as ten men — the anchor came to the cathead pretty slowly. "Give us 'Cheerily !'" said the mate ; but there was no "cheerily" for us, and we did without it.

The captain walked the quarter-deck, and said not a word. He must have seen the change, but there was nothing which he could notice officially.

We sailed leisurely down the coast before a light, fair wind, keeping the land well aboard, and saw two other missions, looking like blocks of white plaster, shining in the distance, one of which, situated on the top of a high hill, was San Juan Campestrano, under which vessels sometimes come to anchor, in the summer season, and take off hides. The most distant one was St. Louis Rey, which the third mate said was only fifteen miles from San Diego. At sunset on the second day,

we had a large and well-wooded headland directly before us, behind which lay the little harbor of San Diego. We were becalmed off this point all night, but the next morning, which was Saturday, the 14th of March, having a good breeze, we stood round the point, and hauling our wind brought the little harbor which is rather the outlet of a small river, right before us.

Every one was anxious to get a view of the new place. A chain of high hills, beginning at the point (which was on our larboard hand, coming in), protected the harbor on the north and west, and ran off into the interior, as far as the eye could reach. On the other sides, the land was low, and green, but without trees. The entrance is so narrow as to admit but one vessel at a time, the current swift, and the channel runs so near to a low stony point that the ship's sides appeared almost to touch it.

There was no town in sight, but on the smooth sand beach, abreast, and within a cable's length of which three vessels lay moored, were four large houses, built of rough boards, and looking like the great barns in which ice is stored on the borders of the large ponds near Boston; with piles of hides standing round them, and men in red shirts and large straw hats walking in and out of the doors. These were the hide houses.

Of the vessels: one, a short, clumsy, little hermaphrodite brig, we recognized as our old acquaintance the "Loriotte"; another, with sharp bows and raking masts, newly painted and tarred, and glittering in the morning's sun, with the blood-red banner and cross of St. George at her peak, was the handsome "Ayacucho." The third was a large ship, with topgallant masts housed, and sails unbent, and looking as rusty and worn as two years' "hide droghing" could make her. This was the "Lagoda."

As we drew near, carried rapidly along by the current, we overhauled our chain, and clewed up the topsails. "Let go the anchor!" said the captain; but either there was not chain enough forward of the windlass, or the anchor went down foul, or we had too much headway on, for it did not bring us up. "Pay out chain!" shouted the captain; and we gave it to her; but it would not do.

Before the other anchor could be let go, we drifted down, broadside on, and went smash into the "Lagoda." Her crew were at breakfast in the forecabin, and the cook, seeing us com-

ing, rushed out of his galley and called up the officers and men.

Fortunately, no great harm was done. Her jib boom ran between our fore and main masts, carrying away some of our rigging, and breaking down the rail. She lost her martingale. This brought us up, and as they paid out chain, we swung clear of them, and let go the other anchor; but this had as bad luck as the first, for before any one perceived it, we were drifting on to the "Loriotte."

The captain now gave out his orders rapidly and fiercely, sheeting home the topsails, and backing and filling the sails, in hope of starting or clearing the anchors; but it was all in vain, and he sat down on the rail, taking it very leisurely, and calling out to Captain Nye, that he was coming to pay him a visit.

We drifted fairly into the "Loriotte," her larboard bow into our starboard quarter, carrying away a part of our starboard quarter railing, and breaking off her larboard bumpkin, and one or two stanchions above the deck. We saw our handsome sailor, Jackson, on the forecastle, with the Sandwich Islanders, working away to get us clear. After paying out chain, we swung clear, but our anchors were no doubt afoul of hers. We manned the windlass, and hove and hove away, but to no purpose. Sometimes we got a little upon the cable, but a good surge would take it all back again.

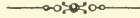
We now began to drift down toward the "Ayacucho," when her boat put off and brought her commander, Captain Wilson, on board. He was a short, active, well-built man, between fifty and sixty years of age; being nearly thirty years older than our captain, and a thorough seaman, he did not hesitate to give his advice, and from giving advice, he gradually came to taking the command; ordering us when to heave and when to haul, and backing and filling the topsails, setting and taking in jib and trysail, whenever he thought best.

Our captain gave a few orders, but as Wilson generally countermanded them, saying in an easy, fatherly kind of way, "Oh no! Captain T——, you don't want the jib on her," or, "It isn't time yet to heave!" he soon gave it up. We had no objections to this state of things, for Wilson was a kind old man, and had an encouraging and pleasant way of speaking to us, which made everything go easily. After two or three hours of constant labor at the windlass, heaving and "Yo ho!"-ing

with all our might, we brought up an anchor, with the "Loriotte's" small bower fast to it. Having cleared this and let it go, and cleared our hawse, we soon got our other anchor, which had dragged half over the harbor.

"Now," said Wilson, "I'll find you a good berth;" and setting both the topsails, he carried us down, and brought us to anchor in handsome style, directly abreast of the hide house which we were to use. Having done this, he took his leave, while we furled the sails, and got our breakfast, which was welcome to us, for we had worked hard, and it was nearly twelve o'clock. After breakfast, and until night, we were employed in getting out the boats, and mooring ship.

After supper, two of us took the captain on board the "Lagoda." As he came alongside, he gave his name, and the mate, in the gangway, called out to the captain down the companionway—"Captain T—— has come aboard, sir!" "Has he brought his brig with him?" said the rough old fellow, in a tone which made itself heard fore and aft. This mortified our captain a little, and it became a standing joke among us for the rest of the voyage.



AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND WOMEN.

BY ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLÉREL DE TOCQUEVILLE, French philosopher and man of affairs, was born at Verneuil in Normandy, of an old patrician family, July 29, 1805; graduated at the Collège de Metz; became a lawyer, and in 1827 a magistrate at Versailles; in 1831 resigned to visit the United States and study its penitentiary system, which he wrote a report on, and the fruit of which was "Democracy in America" (1835-1840). In 1839 he entered political life, advocated the abolition of slavery, and prison reform, and in 1847 became minister of foreign affairs. Imprisoned after the *coup d'état*, he retired to his estate, and wrote "The Old Régime and the Revolution." He died April 16, 1859.]

EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

NO FREE communities ever existed without morals; and, as I observed in the former part of this work, morals are the work of woman. Consequently, whatever affects the condition of women, their habits and their opinions, has great political importance in my eyes. Amongst almost all Protestant nations young women are far more the mistresses of their own actions

than they are in Catholic countries. This independence is still greater in Protestant countries like England, which have retained or acquired the right of self-government ; the spirit of freedom is then infused into the domestic circle by political habits and by religious opinions. In the United States the doctrines of Protestantism are combined with great political freedom and a most democratic state of society ; and nowhere are young women surrendered so early or so completely to their own guidance. Long before an American girl arrives at the age of marriage, her emancipation from maternal control begins : she has scarcely ceased to be a child when she already thinks for herself, speaks with freedom, and acts on her own impulse. The great scene of the world is constantly open to her view : far from seeking concealment, it is every day disclosed to her more completely, and she is taught to survey it with a firm and calm gaze. Thus the vices and dangers of society are early revealed to her ; as she sees them clearly, she views them without illusions, and braves them without fear ; for she is full of reliance on her own strength, and her reliance seems to be shared by all who are about her. An American girl scarcely ever displays that virginal bloom in the midst of young desires, or that innocent and ingenuous grace, which usually attend the European woman in the transition from girlhood to youth. It is rarely that an American woman at any age displays childish timidity or ignorance. Like the young women of Europe, she seeks to please, but she knows precisely the cost of pleasing. If she does not abandon herself to evil, at least she knows that it exists ; and she is remarkable rather for purity of manners than for chastity of mind. I have been frequently surprised, and almost frightened, at the singular address and happy boldness with which young women in America contrive to manage their thoughts and their language amidst all the difficulties of stimulating conversation ; a philosopher would have stumbled at every step along the narrow path which they trod without accidents and without effort. It is easy indeed to perceive that, even amidst the independence of early youth, an American woman is always mistress of herself : she indulges in all permitted pleasures, without yielding herself up to any of them ; and her reason never allows the reins of self-guidance to drop, though it often seems to hold them loosely.

In France, where remnants of every age are still so strangely mingled in the opinions and tastes of the people, women com-

monly receive a reserved, retired, and almost conventual education, as they did in aristocratic times ; and then they are suddenly abandoned, without a guide and without assistance, in the midst of all the irregularities inseparable from democratic society. The Americans are more consistent. They have found out that in a democracy the independence of individuals cannot fail to be very great, youth premature, tastes ill-restrained, customs fleeting, public opinion often unsettled and powerless, paternal authority weak, and marital authority contested. Under these circumstances, believing that they had little chance of repressing in woman the most vehement passions of the human heart, they held that the surer way was to teach her the art of combating those passions for herself. As they could not prevent her virtue from being exposed to frequent danger, they determined that she should know how best to defend it ; and more reliance was placed on the free vigor of her will than on safeguards which have been shaken or overthrown. Instead then of inculcating mistrust of herself, they constantly seek to enhance their confidence in her own strength of character. As it is neither possible nor desirable to keep a young woman in perpetual or complete ignorance, they hasten to give her a precocious knowledge on all subjects. Far from hiding the corruptions of the world from her, they prefer that she should see them at once and train herself to shun them ; and they hold it of more importance to protect her conduct than to be overscrupulous of her innocence.

Although the Americans are a very religious people, they do not rely on religion alone to defend the virtue of woman ; they seek to arm her reason also. In this they have followed the same method as in several other respects ; they first make the most vigorous efforts to bring individual independence to exercise a proper control over itself, and they do not call in the aid of religion until they have reached the utmost limits of human strength. I am aware that an education of this kind is not without danger ; I am sensible that it tends to invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to man. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has often fewer charms. These, however, are secondary evils, which may be braved for the sake of higher interests. At the stage at which we are now arrived the time for choosing is no longer within our con-

trol ; a democratic education is indispensable to protect women from the dangers with which democratic institutions and manners surround them.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CHARACTER OF A WIFE.

In America the independence of woman is irrecoverably lost in the bonds of matrimony : if an unmarried woman is less constrained there than elsewhere, a wife is subjected to stricter obligations. The former makes her father's house an abode of freedom and of pleasure ; the latter lives in the home of her husband as if it were a cloister. Yet these two different conditions of life are perhaps not so contrary as may be supposed, and it is natural that the American women should pass through the one to arrive at the other.

Religious peoples and trading nations entertain peculiarly serious notions of marriage : the former consider the regularity of woman's life as the best pledge and most certain sign of the purity of her morals ; the latter regard it as the highest security for the order and prosperity of the household. The Americans are at the same time a puritanical people and a commercial nation : their religious opinions, as well as their trading habits, consequently lead them to require much abnegation on the part of woman, and a constant sacrifice of her pleasures to her duties which is seldom demanded of her in Europe. Thus in the United States the inexorable opinion of the public carefully circumscribes woman within the narrow circle of domestic interests and duties, and forbids her to step beyond it.

Upon her entrance into the world a young American woman finds these notions firmly established ; she sees the rules which are derived from them ; she is not slow to perceive that she cannot depart for an instant from the established usages of her contemporaries, without putting in jeopardy her peace of mind, her honor, nay even her social existence ; and she finds the energy required for such an act of submission in the firmness of her understanding and in the virile habits which her education has given her. It may be said that she has learned by the use of her independence to surrender it without a struggle and without a murmur when the time comes for making the sacrifice. But no American woman falls into the toils of matrimony as into a snare held out to her simplicity and ignorance. She has been taught beforehand what is expected of her, and volun-

tarily and freely does she enter upon this engagement. She supports her new condition with courage, because she chose it. As in America paternal discipline is very relaxed and the conjugal tie very strict, a young woman does not contract the latter without considerable circumspection and apprehension. Precocious marriages are rare. Thus American women do not marry until their understandings are exercised and ripened; whereas in other countries most women generally only begin to exercise and to ripen their understandings after marriage.

I by no means suppose, however, that the great change which takes place in all the habits of women in the United States, as soon as they are married, ought solely to be attributed to the constraint of public opinion: it is frequently imposed upon themselves by the sole effort of their own will. When the time for choosing a husband is arrived, that cold and stern reasoning power which has been educated and invigorated by the free observation of the world teaches an American woman that a spirit of levity and independence in the bonds of marriage is a constant subject of annoyance, not of pleasure; it tells her that the amusements of the girl cannot become the recreations of the wife, and that the sources of a married woman's happiness are in the home of her husband. As she clearly discerns beforehand the only road which can lead to domestic happiness, she enters upon it at once, and follows it to the end without seeking to turn back.

The same strength of purpose which the young wives of America display, in bending themselves at once and without repining to the austere duties of their new condition, is no less manifest in all the great trials of their lives. In no country in the world are private fortunes more precarious than in the United States. It is not uncommon for the same man, in the course of his life, to rise and sink again through all the grades which lead from opulence to poverty. American women support these vicissitudes with calm and unquenchable energy: it would seem that their desires contract, as easily as they expand, with their fortunes.

The greater part of the adventurers who migrate every year to people the western wilds belong, as I observed in the former part of this work, to the old Anglo-American race of the Northern States. Many of these men, who rush so boldly onwards in pursuit of wealth, were already in the enjoyment of a competency in their own part of the country. They take

their wives along with them, and make them share the countless perils and privations which always attend the commencement of these expeditions. I have often met, even on the verge of the wilderness, with young women who, after having been brought up amidst all the comforts of the large towns of New England, had passed, almost without any intermediate stage, from the wealthy abode of their parents to a comfortless hovel in a forest. Fever, solitude, and a tedious life had not broken the springs of their courage. Their features were impaired and faded, but their looks were firm : they appeared to be at once sad and resolute. I do not doubt that these young American women had amassed, in the education of their early years, that inward strength which they displayed under these circumstances. The early culture of the girl may still therefore be traced, in the United States, under the aspect of marriage : her part is changed, her habits are different, but her character is the same.

THAT THE EQUALITY OF CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTES TO THE MAINTENANCE OF GOOD MORALS IN AMERICA.

Some philosophers and historians have said, or have hinted, that the strictness of female morality was increased or diminished simply by the distance of a country from the equator. This solution of the difficulty was an easy one ; and nothing was required but a globe and a pair of compasses to settle in an instant one of the most difficult problems in the condition of mankind. But I am not aware that this principle of the materialists is supported by facts. The same nations have been chaste or dissolute at different periods of their history ; the strictness or the laxity of their morals depended therefore on some variable cause, not only on the natural qualities of their country, which were invariable. I do not deny that in certain climates the passions which are occasioned by the mutual attraction of the sexes are peculiarly intense ; but I am of opinion that this natural intensity may always be excited or restrained by the condition of society and by political institutions.

Although the travelers who have visited North America differ on a great number of points, they all agree in remarking that morals are far more strict there than elsewhere. It is evident that on this point the Americans are very superior to

their progenitors the English. A superficial glance at the two nations will establish the fact. In England, as in all other countries of Europe, public malice is constantly attacking the frailties of women. Philosophers and statesmen are heard to deplore that morals are not sufficiently strict, and the literary productions of the country constantly lead one to suppose so. In America all books, novels not excepted, suppose women to be chaste, and no one thinks of relating affairs of gallantry. No doubt this great regularity of American morals originates partly in the country, in the race of the people, and in their religion : but all these causes, which operate elsewhere, do not suffice to account for it ; recourse must be had to some special reason. This reason appears to me to be the principle of equality and the institutions derived from it. Equality of conditions does not of itself engender regularity of morals, but it unquestionably facilitates and increases it.

Amongst aristocratic nations birth and fortune frequently make two such different beings of man and woman that they can never be united to each other. Their passions draw them together, but the condition of society, and the notions suggested by it, prevent them from contracting a permanent and ostensible tie. The necessary consequence is a great number of transient and clandestine connections. Nature secretly avenges herself for the constraint imposed upon her by the laws of man. This is not so much the case when the equality of conditions has swept away all the imaginary, or the real, barriers which separated man from woman. No girl then believes that she cannot become the wife of the man who loves her ; and this renders all breaches of morality before marriage very uncommon : for, whatever be the credulity of the passions, a woman will hardly be able to persuade herself that she is beloved, when her lover is perfectly free to marry her and does not.

The same cause operates, though more indirectly, on married life. Nothing better serves to justify an illicit passion, either to the minds of those who have conceived it or to the world which looks on, than compulsory or accidental marriages. In a country in which a woman is always free to exercise her power of choosing, and in which education has prepared her to choose rightly, public opinion is inexorable to her faults. The rigor of the Americans arises in part from this cause. They consider marriages as a covenant which is

often onerous, but every condition of which the parties are strictly bound to fulfill, because they knew all those conditions beforehand and were perfectly free not to have contracted them.

The very circumstances which render matrimonial fidelity more obligatory also render it more easy. In aristocratic countries the object of marriage is rather to unite property than persons; hence the husband is sometimes at school and the wife at nurse when they are betrothed. It cannot be wondered at if the conjugal tie which holds the fortunes of the pair united allows their hearts to rove; this is the natural result of the nature of the contract. When, on the contrary, a man always chooses a wife for himself, without any external coercion or even guidance, it is generally a conformity of tastes and opinions which brings a man and a woman together, and this same conformity keeps and fixes them in close habits of intimacy.

Our forefathers had conceived a very strange notion on the subject of marriage: as they had remarked that the small number of love matches which occurred in their time almost always turned out ill, they resolutely inferred that it was exceedingly dangerous to listen to the dictates of the heart on the subject. Accident appeared to them to be a better guide than choice. Yet it was not very difficult to perceive that the examples which they witnessed did in fact prove nothing at all. For in the first place, if democratic nations leave a woman at liberty to choose her husband, they take care to give her mind sufficient knowledge, and her will sufficient strength, to make so important a choice: whereas the young women who, amongst aristocratic nations, furtively elope from the authority of their parents to throw themselves of their own accord into the arms of men whom they have had neither time to know, nor ability to judge of, are totally without those securities. It is not surprising that they make a bad use of their freedom of action the first time they avail themselves of it; nor that they fall into such cruel mistakes, when, not having received a democratic education, they choose to marry in conformity to democratic customs. But this is not all. When a man and woman are bent upon marriage in spite of the differences of an aristocratic state of society, the difficulties to be overcome are enormous. Having broken or relaxed the bonds of filial obedience, they have then to emancipate themselves by a final effort from the sway of custom and the tyranny of opinion; and when at

length they have succeeded in this arduous task, they stand estranged from their natural friends and kinsmen: the prejudice they have crossed separates them from all, and places them in a situation which soon breaks their courage and sours their hearts. If, then, a couple married in this manner are first unhappy and afterwards criminal, it ought not to be attributed to the freedom of their choice, but rather to their living in a community in which this freedom of choice is not admitted.

Moreover it should not be forgotten that the same effort which makes a man violently shake off a prevailing error commonly impels him beyond the bounds of reason; that, to dare to declare war, in however just a cause, against the opinion of one's age and country, a violent and adventurous spirit is required, and that men of this character seldom arrive at happiness or virtue, whatever be the path they follow. And this, it may be observed by the way, is the reason why, in the most necessary and righteous revolutions, it is so rare to meet with virtuous or moderate revolutionary characters. There is then no just ground for surprise if a man, who in an age of aristocracy chooses to consult nothing but his own opinion and his own taste in the choice of a wife, soon finds that infractions of morality and domestic wretchedness invade his household: but when this same line of action is in the natural and ordinary course of things, when it is sanctioned by parental authority and backed by public opinion, it cannot be doubted that the internal peace of families will be increased by it, and conjugal fidelity more rigidly observed.

Almost all men in democracies are engaged in public or professional life; and on the other hand the limited extent of common incomes obliges a wife to confine herself to the house, in order to watch in person and very closely over the details of domestic economy. All these distinct and compulsory occupations are so many natural barriers, which, by keeping the two sexes asunder, render the solicitations of the one less frequent and less ardent—the resistance of the other more easy.

Not indeed that the equality of conditions can ever succeed in making men chaste, but it may impart a less dangerous character to their breaches of morality. As no one has then either sufficient time or opportunity to assail a virtue armed in self-defense, there will be at the same time a great number of

courtesans and a great number of virtuous women. This state of things causes lamentable cases of individual hardship, but it does not prevent the body of society from being strong and alert: it does not destroy family ties, or enervate the morals of the nation. Society is endangered not by the great profligacy of a few, but by laxity of morals amongst all. In the eyes of a legislator, prostitution is less to be dreaded than intrigue.

The tumultuous and constantly harassed life which equality makes men lead, not only distracts them from the passion of love, by denying them time to indulge in it, but it diverts them from it by another more secret but more certain road. All men who live in democratic ages more or less contract the ways of thinking of the manufacturing and trading classes; their minds take a serious, deliberate, and positive turn; they are apt to relinquish the ideal, in order to pursue some visible and proximate object, which appears to be the natural and necessary aim of their desires. Thus the principle of equality does not destroy the imagination, but lowers its flight to the level of the earth. No men are less addicted to reverie than the citizens of a democracy; and few of them are ever known to give way to those idle and solitary meditations which commonly precede and produce the great emotions of the heart. It is true they attach great importance to procuring for themselves that sort of deep, regular, and quiet affection which constitutes the charm and safeguard of life, but they are not apt to run after those violent and capricious sources of excitement which disturb and abridge it.

I am aware that all this is only applicable in its full extent to America, and cannot at present be extended to Europe. In the course of the last half-century, whilst laws and customs have impelled several European nations with unexampled force towards democracy, we have not had occasion to observe that the relations of man and woman have become more orderly or more chaste. In some places the very reverse may be detected: some classes are more strict—the general morality of the people appears to be more lax. I do not hesitate to make the remark, for I am as little disposed to flatter my contemporaries as to malign them. This fact must distress, but it ought not to surprise us. The propitious influence which a democratic state of society may exercise upon orderly habits is one of those tendencies which can only be discovered after a time.

If the equality of conditions is favorable to purity of morals, the social commotion by which conditions are rendered equal is adverse to it. In the last fifty years, during which France has been undergoing this transformation, that country has rarely had freedom, always disturbance. Amidst this universal confusion of notions and this general stir of opinions — amidst this incoherent mixture of the just and the unjust, of truth and falsehood, of right and might — public virtue has become doubtful, and private morality wavering. But all revolutions, whatever may have been their object or their agents, have at first produced similar consequences; even those which have in the end drawn the bonds of morality more tightly began by loosening them. The violations of morality which the French frequently witness do not appear to me to have a permanent character; and this is already betokened by some curious signs of the times.

Nothing is more wretchedly corrupt than an aristocracy which retains its wealth when it has lost its power, and which still enjoys a vast deal of leisure after it is reduced to mere vulgar pastimes. The energetic passions and great conceptions which animated it heretofore leave it then; and nothing remains to it but a host of petty consuming vices, which cling about it like worms upon a carcass. No one denies that the French aristocracy of the last century was extremely dissolute; whereas established habits and ancient belief still preserved some respect for morality amongst the other classes of society. Nor will it be contested that at the present day the remnants of that same aristocracy exhibit a certain severity of morals; whilst laxity of morals appears to have spread amongst the middle and lower ranks. So that the same families which were most profligate fifty years ago are nowadays the most exemplary, and democracy seems only to have strengthened the morality of the aristocratic classes. The French Revolution, by dividing the fortunes of the nobility, by forcing them to attend assiduously to their affairs and to their families, by making them live under the same roof with their children, and in short by giving a more rational and serious turn to their minds, has imparted to them, almost without their being aware of it, a reverence for religious belief, a love of order, of tranquil pleasures, of domestic endearments, and of comfort; whereas the rest of the nation, which had naturally these same tastes, was carried away into excesses by the effort which was required to

overthrow the laws and political habits of the country. The old French aristocracy has undergone the consequences of the revolution, but it neither felt the revolutionary passions, nor shared in the anarchical excitement which produced that crisis; it may easily be conceived that this aristocracy feels the salutary influence of the revolution in its manners, before those who achieve it. It may therefore be said, though at first it seems paradoxical, that, at the present day, the most anti-democratic classes of the nation principally exhibit the kind of morality which may reasonably be anticipated from democracy. I cannot but think that when we shall have obtained all the effects of this democratic revolution, after having got rid of the tumult it has caused, the observations which are now only applicable to the few will gradually become true of the whole community.

HOW THE AMERICANS UNDERSTAND THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

I have shown how democracy destroys or modifies the different inequalities which originate in society; but is this all? or does it not ultimately affect that great inequality of man and woman which has seemed, up to the present day, to be eternally based in human nature? I believe that the social changes which bring nearer to the same level the father and son, the master and servant, and superiors and inferiors generally speaking, will raise woman and make her more and more the equal of man. But here, more than ever, I feel the necessity of making myself clearly understood; for there is no subject on which the coarse and lawless fancies of our age have taken a freer range.

There are people in Europe who, confounding together the different characteristics of the sexes, would make of man and woman beings not only equal but alike. They would give to both the same functions, impose on both the same duties, and grant to both the same rights; they would mix them in all things — their occupations, their pleasures, their business. It may readily be conceived that, by thus attempting to make one sex equal to the other, both are degraded; and from so preposterous a medley of the works of nature nothing could ever result but weak men and disorderly women.

It is not thus that the Americans understand that species of democratic equality which may be established between the sexes.

They admit that, as nature has appointed such wide differences between the physical and moral constitution of man and woman, her manifest design was to give a distinct employment to their various faculties; and they hold that improvement does not consist in making beings so dissimilar do pretty nearly the same things, but in getting each of them to fulfill their respective tasks in the best possible manner. The Americans have applied to the sexes the great principle of political economy which governs the manufactures of our age, by carefully dividing the duties of man from those of woman, in order that the great work of society may be the better carried on.

In no country has such constant care been taken as in America to trace two clearly distinct lines of action for the two sexes, and to make them keep pace one with the other, but in two pathways which are always different. American women never manage the outward concerns of the family, or conduct a business, or take a part in political life; nor are they, on the other hand, ever compelled to perform the rough labor of the fields, or to make any of those laborious exertions which demand the exertion of physical strength. No families are so poor as to form an exception to this rule. If on the one hand an American woman cannot escape from the quiet circle of domestic employments, on the other hand she is never forced to go beyond it. Hence it is that the women of America, who often exhibit a masculine strength of understanding and a manly energy, generally preserve great delicacy of personal appearance and always retain the manners of women, although they sometimes show that they have the hearts and minds of men.

Nor have the Americans ever supposed that one consequence of democratic principles is the subversion of marital power, or the confusion of the natural authorities in families. They hold that every association must have a head in order to accomplish its object, and that the natural head of the conjugal association is man. They do not therefore deny him the right of directing his partner; and they maintain that in the smaller association of husband and wife, as well as in the great social community, the object of democracy is to regulate and legalize the powers which are necessary, not to subvert all power. This opinion is not peculiar to one sex, and contested by the other: I never observed that the women of America consider conjugal authority as a fortunate usurpation of their rights, nor that

they thought themselves degraded by submitting to it. It appeared to me, on the contrary, that they attach a sort of pride to the voluntary surrender of their own will, and make it their boast to bend themselves to the yoke, not to shake it off. Such at least is the feeling expressed by the most virtuous of their sex; the others are silent; and in the United States it is not the practice for a guilty wife to clamor for the rights of women, whilst she is trampling on her holiest duties.

It has often been remarked that in Europe a certain degree of contempt lurks even in the flattery which men lavish upon women: although a European frequently affects to be the slave of woman, it may be seen that he never sincerely thinks her his equal. In the United States men seldom compliment women, but they daily show how much they esteem them. They constantly display an entire confidence in the understanding of a wife, and a profound respect for her freedom; they have decided that her mind is just as fitted as that of a man to discover the plain truth, and her heart as firm to embrace it; and they have never sought to place her virtue, any more than his, under the shelter of prejudice, ignorance, and fear. It would seem that in Europe, where man so easily submits to the despotic sway of women, they are nevertheless curtailed of some of the greatest qualities of the human species, and considered as seductive but imperfect beings; and (what may well provoke astonishment) women ultimately look upon themselves in the same light, and almost consider it as a privilege that they are entitled to show themselves futile, feeble, and timid. The women of America claim no such privileges.

Again, it may be said that in our morals we have reserved strange immunities to man; so that there is, as it were, one virtue for his use, and another for the guidance of his partner; and that, according to the opinion of the public, the very same act may be punished alternately as a crime or only as a fault. The Americans know not this iniquitous division of duties and rights; amongst them the seducer is as much dishonored as his victim. It is true that the Americans rarely lavish upon women those eager attentions which are commonly paid them in Europe; but their conduct to women always implies that they suppose them to be virtuous and refined; and such is the respect entertained for the moral freedom of the sex that in the presence of a woman the most guarded language is used, lest her ear should be offended by an expression. In America

a young unmarried woman may, alone and without fear, undertake a long journey.

The legislators of the United States, who have mitigated almost all the penalties of criminal law, still make rape a capital offense, and no crime is visited with more inexorable severity by public opinion. This may be accounted for; as the Americans can conceive nothing more precious than a woman's honor, and nothing which ought so much to be respected as her independence, they hold that no punishment is too severe for the man who deprives her of them against her will. In France, where the same offense is visited with far milder penalties, it is frequently difficult to get a verdict from a jury against the prisoner. Is this a consequence of contempt of decency or contempt of women? I cannot but believe that it is a contempt of one and of the other.

Thus the Americans do not think that man and woman have either the duty or the right to perform the same offices, but they show an equal regard for both their respective parts; and though their lot is different, they consider both of them as beings of equal value. They do not give to the courage of woman the same form or the same direction as to that of man; but they never doubt her courage: and if they hold that man and his partner ought not always to exercise their intellect and understanding in the same manner, they at least believe the understanding of the one to be as sound as that of the other, and her intellect to be as clear. Thus, then, whilst they have allowed the social inferiority of woman to subsist, they have done all they could to raise her morally and intellectually to the level of man; and in this respect they appear to me to have excellently understood the true principle of democratic improvement. As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen woman occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply, — to the superiority of their women.

COMPENSATION.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the eminent American poet, essayist, and lecturer, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He came of a long line of ministers; and after graduating from Harvard, taught for a few years, and in 1829 was ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian Church. This office, however, he resigned in 1832, on account of the gradually increasing differences between his own modes of thought and those of his hearers. He then made a brief trip to Europe, during which he became acquainted with Carlyle, and on his return commenced his career as lecturer, meeting with continued success in the United States and England. In 1840, on the establishment of the *Dial*, the organ of the Transcendentalists, he became a contributor, and from 1842 to 1844 its editor. He died at his home in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. His collected works include: "Nature," "Essays" (two series), "Representative Men," "English Traits," "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Social Aims," "Poems."]

EVER since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject Life was ahead of theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents too from which the doctrine is to be drawn charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling house; the greetings, the relations, the debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me also that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the Soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition; and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared moreover that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a com-

pensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day, — bank stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, “We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now”; — or, to push it to its extreme import, — “You sin now, we shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful we expect our revenge to-morrow.”

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the Presence of the Soul; the omnipotence of the Will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation ; happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

POLARITY, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature ; in darkness and light ; in heat and cold ; in the ebb and flow of waters ; in male and female ; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals ; in the systole and diastole of the heart ; in the undulations of fluids and of sound ; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity ; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole ; as, spirit, matter ; man, woman ; subjective, objective ; in, out ; upper, under ; motion, rest ; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect ; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour ; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For every-

thing you have missed, you have gained something else ; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest ; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society and by temper and position a bad citizen, — a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him? — nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and feldspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in and keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets? — he must cast behind him their admiration and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth and become a byword and a hissing.

This Law writes the laws of cities and nations. It will not be balked of its end in the smallest iota. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari.* Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make

the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifferency under all varieties of circumstance. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same,—in Turkey and New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity,—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspirations; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. It is almighty. All nature feels its grasp. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." It is eternal but it enacts itself in time and space. Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. *Οἱ κυβοὶ Διὸς ἀεὶ ἐνπίπτουσι.* The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication table,

or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or in other words integrates itself, in a twofold manner : first in the thing, or in real nature ; and secondly in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding ; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed ; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preëxists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be parted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate ; for example,—to gratify the senses we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has been dedicated to the solution of one problem,—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair ; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless ; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, Eat ; the body would feast. The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul ; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue ; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it,—power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody ; to set up for himself ; to truck and higgler for

a private good ; and, in particulars, to ride that he may ride ; to dress that he may be dressed ; to eat that he may eat ; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great ; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to get only one side of nature,—the sweet, without the other side,—the bitter.

Steadily is this dividing and detaching counteracted. Up to this day it must be owned no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, the moment we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. “Drive out nature with a fork, she comes running back.”

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know, brags that they do not touch him ;—but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment would not be tried,—since to try it is to be mad,—but for the circumstance that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurements of an object and not see the sensual hurt ; he sees the mermaid’s head but not the dragon’s tail, and thinks he can cut off that which he would have from that which he would not have. “How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires !”

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind ; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to Reason by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret which

Jove must bargain for ; Minerva, another. He cannot get his own thunders ; Minerva keeps the key of them : —

Of all the gods, I only know the keys
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
His thunders sleep.

A plain confession of the inworking of the All and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics ; and indeed it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and so though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable ; for Thetis held him by the heel when she dipped him in the Styx and the sacred waters did not wash that part. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the Dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it always is. There is a crack in everything God has made. Always it would seem there is this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws, — this back stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal ; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the Universe and lets no offense go unchastised. The Furies they said are attendants on Justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners ; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theogenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it ; that is the best part of each which he does not know ; that which flowed

out of his constitution and not from his too active invention ; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrasses when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of Reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the Intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and all languages by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another. — Tit for tat ; an eye for an eye ; a tooth for a tooth ; blood for blood ; measure for measure ; love for love. — Give, and it shall be given you. — He that watereth shall be watered himself. — What will you have ? quoth God ; pay for it and take it. — Nothing venture, nothing have. — Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. — Who doth not work shall not eat. — Harm watch, harm catch. — Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. — If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. — Bad counsel confounds the adviser. — The devil is an ass.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who

utters it. It is a thread ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, the great and universal and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to

impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base, — and that is the one base thing in the universe, — to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or

spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Everywhere and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price, is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state, — do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Always some damning circumstance transpires. The laws and

substances of nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm ; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so do disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offense, poverty, prove benefactors.

Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave and power and deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing.

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone and acquire habits of self-help ; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something ; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood ; he has gained facts ; learns his ignorance ; is cured of the insanity of conceit ; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him

like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect, and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run uphill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out

and justifies her own and malice finds all her work in vain. It is the whipper who is whipped and the tyrant who is undone.

Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, — What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good I must pay for it; if I lose any good I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade on which as a background the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action I properly *am*; in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the

horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, always of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man and not less, than the fool and knave. There is therefore no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative. All external good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example, to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new responsibility. I do not wish more external goods,—neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. Almost he shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my

brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the eternal nature of the soul to appropriate and make all things its own. Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue,—is not that mine? His wit,—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is always seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that arch-angels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the New; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.



THE CONQUEROR WORM.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE: An American poet and author; born at Boston, Mass., 1809. Orphaned in his third year, he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va., by whom he was sent to school at Stoke-Newington, near London. He spent a year at the University of Virginia (1826); enlisted as a private in the United States army under an assumed name, becoming sergeant major (1829); and was admitted to West Point (1830), receiving his dismissal the next year. Thrown upon his own resources, he began writing for the papers. Subsequently he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Richmond; was on the staff of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and the *Broadway Journal* in New York. He died in a Baltimore hospital, October 7, 1849. "The Raven" and "The Bells" are his most popular poems. His fame as a prose writer rests on his tales of terror and mystery.]

Lo! 'tis a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years!
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears,
 Sit in a theater to see
 A play of hopes and fears,

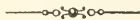
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly ;
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast, formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible woe !

That motley drama ! — oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot !
With its Phantom chased for evermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the selfsame spot ;
And much of madness, and more of sin
And horror, the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,
A crawling shape intrude !
A blood-red Thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude !
It writhes ! it writhes ! with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbrued.

Out — out are the lights — out all !
And over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm ;
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And its hero, the conqueror Worm.



THE GOLD BUG.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

MANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once

been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship — for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens; — his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instill this obstinacy

into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18— there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks — my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and repassage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off my overcoat, took an armchair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits — how else shall I term them? — of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabæus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of *scarabæi* at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What! — sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no! — the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color — about the size of a large hickory nut — with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are ——"

"Dey ain't *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid,

ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing — neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life.”

“Well, suppose it is, Jup,” replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, “is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color” — here he turned to me — “is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter’s idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales emit — but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the mean time I can give you some idea of the shape.” Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

“Never mind,” said he at length, “this will answer”; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

“Well!” I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, “this *is* a strange *scarabæus*, I must confess: new to me: never saw anything like it before — unless it was a skull, or a death’s head — which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation.”

“A death’s head!” echoed Legrand. “Oh — yes — well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth — and then the shape of the whole is oval.”

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance.”

“Well, I don’t know,” said he, a little nettled, “I draw tolerably — *should* do it at least — have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead.”

“But, my dear fellow, you are joking then,” said I; “this

is a very passable *skull* — indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology — and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind — there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?”

“The *antennæ*!” said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; “I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient.”

“Well, well,” I said, “perhaps you have — still I don’t see them”; and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me — and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death’s head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red — in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now? — how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it! — him nebber plain of notin — but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter! — why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he ain't! — he ain't find nowhar — dat's just whar de shoe pinch — my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, tain't worf while for to git mad about de matter — Massa Will say noffin at all ain't de matter wid him — but den what make him go bout looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time —"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate — de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. Ise gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come — but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all — he look so berry poorly."

"Eh? — what? — ah yes! — upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow — don't flog him, Jupiter — he can't very well stand it — but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey ain't bin noffin onpleasant *since* den — 'twas *fore* den I'm feared — 'twas de berry day you was dare."

“How? what do you mean?”

“Why, massa, I mean de bug — dare now.”

“The what?”

“De bug — I’m berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole bug.”

“And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?”

“Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a deuced bug — he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you — den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn’t like de look of de bug mouff, myself, nohow, so I wouldn’t take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff — dat was de way.”

“And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?”

“I don’t tink noffin about it — I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if tain’t cause he bit by de goole bug? Ise heerd bout dem goole bugs fore dis.”

“But how do you know he dreams about gold?”

“How I know? why, cause he talk about it in he sleep — dat’s how I nose.”

“Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstances am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?”

“What de matter, massa?”

“Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?”

“No, massa, I bring dis here pissel;” and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus: —

MY DEAR, —

Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but no, that is improbable.

Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it? — he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance. —

Ever yours,

WILLIAM LEGRAND.

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan *I* know, and debbil take me if I don't blieve 'tis more dan he know too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural luster. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G—.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from

him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it!"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus*!"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trouble dat bug — you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was inclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists — of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug —"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and —"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next —"

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

“And how is this to be done?”

“Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed.”

“I am anxious to oblige you in any way,” I replied; “but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?”

“It has.”

“Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding.”

“I am sorry — very sorry — for we shall have to try it by ourselves.”

“Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad! — but stay! — how long do you propose to be absent?”

“Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise.”

“And will you promise me upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?”

“Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose.”

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock — Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades — the whole of which he insisted upon carrying — more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and “dat deuced bug” were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whipcord, twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer, as he went. When I observed this last plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the mean time I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in

regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision, pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

“Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go — and here — stop! take this beetle with you.”

“De bug, Massa Will! — de goole bug!” cried the negro, drawing back in dismay — “what for mus tote de bug way up de tree? — d——n if I do!”

“If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why, you can carry it up by this string — but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel.”

“What de matter now, massa?” said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; “always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?” Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip tree, or *Liriodendron Tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

“Which way mus go now, Massa Will?” he asked.

“Keep up the largest branch — the one on this side,” said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble, ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

“How much fudder is got for go?”

“How high up are you?” asked Legrand.

“Ebber so fur,” replied the negro; “can see de sky fru de top ob de tree.”

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, three, four, fibe — I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far — 'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door nail — done up for sartain — done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now! — that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself! — What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much

relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro, very promptly—"mos out to de eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand; "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa,—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marey! what is dis here pon de tree?"

"Well," cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, tain't noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why, dis berry curous circumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why dare ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all about dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,

"Is de lef eye ob de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too?—cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebbber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! What mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

“All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole — look out for him dare below!”

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet — Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be “a bug of real gold.” A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions — especially if chiming in with favorite precon-

ceived ideas — and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity — to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause ; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said ; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He at length became so obstreperous, that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity ; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand ; — for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole, with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the mean time I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and

seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth — "you infernal black villain! — speak, I tell you! — answer me this instant, without prevarication! — which — which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so! — I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked, mutely, from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter; "the game's not up yet;" and he again led the way to the tulip tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when he reached the foot, "come here! Was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?" — here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, massa — de lef eye — jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do — we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts,

I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested — nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand — some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process — perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron — six in all — by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of

the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back — trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upwards a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied — thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy : —

“And dis all cum ob de goole bug ! de putty goole bug ! de poor little goole bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style ! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger ? — answer me dat ! ”

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation — so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest, reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper, starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree tops in the East.

We were now thoroughly broken down ; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars — estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety — French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds — some of them exceedingly large and fine — a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small ; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy ; — three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful ; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments ; — nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings ; — rich chains — thirty of these, if I remember ; — eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes ; — five gold censers of great value ; — a prodigious golden punch bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine leaves and Bacchanalian figures ; with two sword handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois ; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches, three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as timekeepers valueless, the works having suffered, more or less, from corrosion — but all were richly jeweled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the en-

tire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and, upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence

absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection — a sequence of cause and effect — and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course, I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-wormlike conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all farther reflection until I should be alone.

“When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's longboat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

“Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G—. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat

pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once — you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

“You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession, for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

“No doubt you will think me fanciful — but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment — *not a paper* — with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask ‘Where is the connection?’ I reply that the skull, or death’s head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death’s head is hoisted in all engagements.

“I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable — almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning — some relevancy — in the death’s head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum — for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved.”

“But,” I interposed, “you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull — since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus*?”

“Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery, although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I

reasoned, for example, thus : When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

“At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise, and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed ; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of niter, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

“I now scrutinized the death’s head with care. Its outer edges — the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum — were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull ; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death’s

head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you — a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth — but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain — you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat — pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then — pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else — of the body to my imagined instrument — of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences — these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed — I am all impatience."

"Well, you have heard, of course, the many stories current — the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could

have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money seekers, not about money finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because of unguided attempts, to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?”

“Never.”

“But that Kidd’s accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit.”

“But how did you proceed?”

“I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat; but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now.”

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death’s head and the goat:—

53†††305)6*; 4826)4†.)4†);806*; 48†8†60))85;1†(;:†*8†83(88)5*†;
46(; 88*96*?)8)*†(;485); 5*†2:*†(;4956*2(5*—4)8†8*; 4069285);)6†8)4

‡‡; 1(‡9; 48081; 8:8‡1; 48‡85; 4)485‡528806*81(‡9; 48;(88; 4(‡?34; 48)4‡; 161; 188; ‡?;

“But,” said I, returning him the slip, “I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them.”

“And yet,” said Legrand, “the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning: but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key.”

“And you really solved it?”

“Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

“In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word ‘Kidd’ is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

“You observe there are no divisions between the words.

Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words; and had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus: —

Of the characters 8 there are 33.		
	;	“ 26.
	4	“ 19.
	‡)	“ 16.
	*	“ 13.
	5	“ 12.
	6	“ 11.
	†1	“ 8.
	0	“ 6.
	92	“ 5.
	:3	“ 4.
	?	“ 3.
	¶	“ 2.
	—	“ 1.

“Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

“Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious — but in this particular cipher we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples — for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English — in such words, for example, as ‘meet,’ ‘fleet,’ ‘speed,’ ‘seen,’ ‘been,’ ‘agree,’ etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

“Let us assume 8 then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, ‘the’ is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of

collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e* — the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point ; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs — not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown —

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the 'th,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t* ; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter *r*, represented by 6, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement :

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus :

the tree thr‡?3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus : —

the tree thr...h the,

when the word ‘*through*’ makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by ‡, †, and 3.

“Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word ‘degree,’ and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

“Four letters beyond the word ‘degree,’ we perceive the combination,

;48(88.

“Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus :—

th rtee,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word, ‘thirteen,’ and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

“Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53‡‡‡.

“Translating, as before, we obtain

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are ‘*A good*.’

“It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus :—

5	represents	a
†	“	d
8	“	e
3	“	g
4	“	h
6	“	i
*	“	n
‡	“	o
(“	r
;	“	t

“We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with

the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale* of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is : —

“*A good glass in the bishop’s hostel in the devil’s seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death’s head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*”

“But,” said I, “the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about ‘devil’s seats,’ ‘death’s heads,’ and ‘bishop’s hotels’?”

“I confess,” replied Légrand, “that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist.”

“You mean to punctuate it?”

“Something of that kind.”

“But how was it possible to effect this?”

“I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not overacute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS. in the present instance you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus : —

“*A good glass in the bishop’s hostel in the devil’s seat — forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes — northeast and by north — main branch seventh limb east side — shoot from the left eye of the death’s head — a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*”

“Even this division,” said I, “leaves me still in the dark.”

“It left me also in the dark,” replied Légrand, “for a few days, during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighbor-

hood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and reinstated my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

“I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the ‘forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes’ could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, ‘northeast and by north.’ This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

“Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase ‘main branch, seventh limb, east side,’ could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while ‘shoot from the left eye of the death’s head’ admitted also of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through ‘the shot’ (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed.”

“All this,” I said, “is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the ‘Bishop’s Hotel,’ what then?”

“Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left the ‘devil’s seat,’ however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

“In this expedition to the ‘Bishop’s Hotel’ I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed for some

weeks past the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot' — that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle — how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them — and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd — if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not — it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove

all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen — who shall tell?"



THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR THE BLACK BROTHERS.

By JOHN RUSKIN.

[JOHN RUSKIN: English critic and essayist; born at London, February 8, 1819. In 1839 he took the Newdigate prize for a poem. During his Oxford days he published many verses over the signature "J. R." In 1850 his poems were collected and privately printed. A reprint was made of them in New York in 1882. He studied art, but rather for the purposes of criticism. In 1843 appeared the first part of "Modern Painters," which was a vehement eulogy of J. M. W. Turner; the last volume in 1856. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849, and "The Stones of Venice," 1851-1853, are his best-known works. Among his popular lectures have been "Munera Pulveris," 1862-1863; "Sesame and Lilies," 1865; "Crown of Wild Olive," 1866; and "The Queen of the Air," 1869. His works include dozens of other titles on artistic, social, and economic subjects. His *Præterita*," 1885, is autobiographical. He died in 1900.]

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops

were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight and forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth,

and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what!" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck;

"I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it, and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But, — sir, — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but — really, sir, — you're — putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman: "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my

gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!"

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, then away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his cork-screw mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz.

"Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept

shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words: —

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER
THE VISIT OF SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW
LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF
THE GOLDEN RIVER.

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

“Suppose we turn goldsmiths,” said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. “It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out.”

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder

brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the alehouse next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the alehouse, — leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck, that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

“Come, Gluck, my boy,” said the voice out of the pot again, “I’m all right ; pour me out.”

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

“Pour me out, I say,” said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn’t move.

“*Will* you pour me out ?” said the voice, passionately, “I’m too hot.”

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug ; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

“That’s right !” said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping ; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl ; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended ; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy ; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. “No, it wouldn’t, Gluck, my boy,” said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck’s thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf’s observations out of the pot ; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

“Wouldn’t it, sir ?” said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

“No,” said the dwarf, conclusively. “No, it wouldn’t.’ And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

“Pray, sir,” said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, “were you my mug?”

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. “I,” said the little man, “am the King of the Golden River.” Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. “I hope your Majesty is very well,” said Gluck.

“Listen!” said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry, “I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in his second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone.” So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling — a blaze of intense light — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

“Oh!” cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; “Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!”

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water, was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans; “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength ; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spearlike pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning ; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow ; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed ; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer ; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water ; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the

ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment;

and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snakelike shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house, for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money, so Gluck went, and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went, and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine, in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black

cloud rising out of the West ; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun ; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned ; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed ! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure ; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back ; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why ; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood ; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunderclouds, but their foam was like fire ; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank

it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

“Why,” said Gluck, “I am sure, sir,—your Majesty, I mean,—they got the water out of the church font.”

“Very probably,” replied the dwarf; “but,” and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, “the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.”

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. “Cast these into the river,” he said, “and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed.”

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light: he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

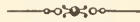
Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the riversides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door : so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset ; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.



MAIDENHOOD.

By LONGFELLOW.

(For biographical sketch, see page 321.)

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Seest the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossom many-numbered ; —
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.



THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

By LONGFELLOW.

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,

Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors only,—
Wife and husband,—
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,—
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

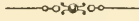
Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

"WAITING, WATCHING."

FROM THE PAINTING BY BECKER.



We may build more splendid habitations,
 Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
 But we cannot
 Buy with gold the old associations !



THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW : An American poet ; born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. He graduated from Bowdoin College at eighteen, having Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce as classmates. Appointed shortly after to the professorship of modern languages there, he spent two years in European travel to fit himself before assuming it. In 1836 he became professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard, and held the chair for eighteen years. He died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. His chief volumes of poetry are : "Voices of the Night" (1839), "Ballads," "Spanish Student," "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He also wrote in prose : "Outre-Mer," and the novels "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh."]

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest
 Who, with thy hollow breast
 Still in rude armor drest,
 Comest to daunt me!
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
 But with thy fleshless palms
 Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
 Pale flashes seemed to rise,
 As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December ;
 And, like the water's flow
 Under December's snow,
 Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
 My deeds, though manifold,
 No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee!
 Take heed, that in thy verse
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,

Else dread a dead man's curse !
For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gyrfalcon ;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the werewolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail bout
Wore the long Winter out,
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,

On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind gusts waft
The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew’s flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us:
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman’s hail,
 Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

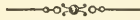
“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden’s tears;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
 On such another!

“Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!

Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful!
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful!

“Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended!
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
Skool! to the Northland! *Skool!*”
 — Thus the tale ended.



DEATH OF READY AND RESCUE OF THE SEA- GRAVES.

BY FREDERICK MARRYAT.

(From “Masterman Ready.”)

[FREDERICK MARRYAT: An English novelist; born at London, July 10, 1792; the son of a member of Parliament. He entered the navy as a midshipman (1806), and rose to the rank of commander (1815). He participated in engagements off the French coast; served in the Mediterranean, the East and West Indies, and off the coast of North America, taking part during the War of 1812 in a gunboat fight on Lake Pontchartrain. He was a man of great personal daring, and often risked his life to save drowning men. Resigning from the navy in 1830, he devoted himself to writing nautical romances and stories of adventure. Among his most popular works are: “Frank Mildmay” (1829), “The King’s Own,” “Peter Simple,” “Jacob Faithful,” “Mr. Midshipman Easy,” “Japhet in Search of a Father,” “Snarleyyow,” “The Phantom Ship,” “Masterman Ready,” “The Children of the New Forest.” He died at Langham, August 9, 1848.]

THE loud yells of the savages struck terror into the heart of Mrs. Seagrave; it was well that she had not seen their painted bodies and fierce appearance, or she would have been much more alarmed. Little Albert and Caroline clung round her neck with terror in their faces; they did not cry, but looked round and round to see from whence the horrid noise proceeded, and then clung faster to their mother. Master Tommy was

very busy finishing all the breakfast which had been left, for there was no one to check him as usual; Juno was busy outside, and was very active and courageous. Mr. Seagrave had been employed making the holes between the palisades large enough to admit the barrels of the muskets, so that they could fire at the savages without being exposed; while William and Ready, with their muskets loaded, were on the lookout for their approach.

"They are busy with the old house just now, sir," observed Ready, "but that won't detain them long."

"Here they come," replied William; "and look, Ready, is not that one of the women who escaped from us in the canoe, who is walking along with the first two men? Yes, it is, I am sure."

"You are right, Master William; it is one of them. Ah! they have stopped; they did not expect the stockade, that is clear, and it has puzzled them; see how they are all crowding together and talking; they are holding a council of war how to proceed; that tall man must be one of their chiefs. Now, Master William, although I intend to fight as hard as I can, yet I always feel a dislike to begin first; I shall therefore show myself over the palisades, and if they attack me, I shall then fire with a quiet conscience."

"But take care they don't hit you, Ready."

"No great fear of that, Master William. Here they come!"

Ready now stood upon the plank within, so as to show himself to the savages, who gave a tremendous yell; and, as they advanced, a dozen spears were thrown at him with so true an aim that, had he not instantly dodged behind the stockade, he must have been killed. Three or four spears remained quivering in the palisades, just below the top; the others went over it, and fell down inside of the stockade, at the further end.

"Now, Master William, take good aim;" but before William could fire, Mr. Seagrave, who had agreed to be stationed at the corner, so that he might see if the savages went round to the other side, fired his musket, and the tall chief fell to the ground.

Ready and William also fired, and two more of the savages were seen to drop, amid the yells of their companions. Juno handed up the other muskets which were ready loaded, and took those discharged, and Mrs. Seagrave, having desired Caroline to take care of her little brother, and Tommy to be very

quiet and good, came out, turned the key of the door upon them, and hastened to assist Juno in reloading the muskets.

The spears now rushed through the air, and it was well that they could fire from the stockade without exposing their persons, or they would have had but little chance. The yells increased, and the savages now began to attack on every quarter; the most active, who climbed like cats, actually succeeded in gaining the top of the palisades, but, as soon as their heads appeared above, they were fired at with so true an aim that they dropped down dead outside. This combat lasted for more than an hour, when the savages, having lost a great many men, drew off from the assault, and the parties within the stockade had time to breathe.

“They have not gained much in this bout, at all events,” said Ready; “it was well fought on our side, and, Master William, you certainly behaved as if you had been brought up to it; I don’t think you ever missed your man once.”

“Do you think they will go away now?” said Mrs. Seagrave.

“Oh, no, madame, not yet; they will try us every way before they leave us. You see these are very brave men, and it is clear that they know what gunpowder is, or they would have been more astonished.”

“I should think so too,” replied Mr. Seagrave; “the first time that savages hear the report of firearms, they are usually thrown into great consternation.”

“Yes, sir; but such has not been the case with these people, and therefore I reckon it is not the first time that they have fought with Europeans.”

“Are they all gone, Ready?” said William, who had come down from the plank to his mother.

“No, sir; I see them between the trees now; they are sitting round in a circle, and, I suppose, making speeches; it’s the custom of these people.”

“Well, I’m very thirsty, at all events,” said William. “Juno, bring me a little water.”

Juno went to the water tub, to comply with William’s request, and in a few minutes afterward came back in great consternation.

“Oh, massa! oh, missy! no water; water all gone!”

“Water all gone!” cried Ready, and all of them, in a breath.

“Yes ; not one little drop in the cask.”

“I filled it up to the top !” exclaimed Ready, very gravely ; “the tub did not leak, that I am sure of ; how can this have happened ?”

“Missy, I tink I know now,” said Juno ; “you remember you send Massa Tommy, the two or three days we wash, to fetch water from well in little bucket. You know how soon he come back, and how you say what good boy he was, and how you tell Massa Seagrave when he come to dinner. Now, missy, I quite certain Massa Tommy no take trouble go to well, but fetch water from tub all the while, and so he empty it.”

“I’m afraid you’re right, Juno,” replied Mrs. Seagrave. “What shall we do ?”

“I go speak Massa Tommy,” said Juno, running to the house.

“This is a very awkward thing, Mr. Seagrave,” observed Ready, gravely.

Mr. Seagrave shook his head.

The fact was, that they all perceived the danger of their position ; if the savages did not leave the island, they would perish of thirst or have to surrender ; and in the latter case all their lives would most certainly be sacrificed.

Juno now returned ; her suspicions were but too true. Tommy, pleased with the praise of being so quick in bringing the water, had taken out the spigot of the cask, and drawn it all off. He was now crying, and promising not to take the water again.

“His promises come too late,” observed Mr. Seagrave ; “well, it is the will of Heaven that all our careful arrangements and preparations against this attack should be defeated by the idleness of a child, and we must submit.”

“Very true, sir,” replied Ready ; “all our hopes now are that the savages may be tired out, and leave the island.”

“If I had but a little for the children, I should not care,” observed Mrs. Seagrave ; “but to see these poor things suffer — is there not a drop left, Juno, anywhere ?”

Juno shook her head. “All gone, missy ; none nowhere.”

Mrs. Seagrave said she would go and examine, and went away into the house, accompanied by Juno.

“This is a very bad business, Ready,” observed Mr. Seagrave. “What would we give for a shower of rain now, that we might catch the falling drops ?”

“There are no signs of it, sir,” replied Ready; “we must, however, put our confidence in One who will not forsake us.”

“I wish the savages would come on again,” observed William; “for the sooner they come, the sooner the affair will be decided.”

“I doubt if they will to-day, sir; at nighttime I think it very probable, and I fear the night attack more than the day. We must make preparations for it.”

“Why, what can we do, Ready?”

“In the first place, sir, by nailing planks from cocoanut tree to cocoanut tree above the present stockade, we may make a great portion of it much higher, and more difficult to climb over. Some of them were nearly in this time. If we do that, we shall not have so large a space to watch over and defend; and then we must contrive to have a large fire ready for lighting, that we may not have to fight altogether in the dark. It will give them some advantage in looking through the palisades, and seeing where we are, but they cannot well drive their spears through, so it is no great matter. We must make the fire in the center of the stockade, and have plenty of tar in it, to make it burn bright; and we must not, of course, light it until after we are attacked. We shall then see where they are trying for an entrance, and where to aim with our muskets.”

“The idea is very good, Ready,” said Mr. Seagrave; “if it had not been for this unfortunate want of water, I really should be sanguine of beating them off.”

“We may suffer very much, Mr. Seagrave, I have no doubt; but who knows what the morrow may bring forth?”

“True, Ready. Do you see the savages now?”

“No, sir; they have left the spot where they were in consultation, and I do not even hear them; I suppose they are busy with their wounded and their dead.”

As Ready had supposed, no further attack was made by the savages on that day, and he, William, and Mr. Seagrave were very busy making their arrangements; they nailed the planks on the trunks of the trees above the stockade so as to make three sides of the stockade at least five feet higher and almost impossible to climb up; and they prepared a large fire in a tar barrel full of cocoanut leaves mixed with wood and tar, so as to burn fiercely. Dinner or supper they had none, for there was nothing but salt pork and beef and

live turtle, and, by Ready's advice, they did not eat, as it would only increase their desire to drink.

The poor children suffered much ; little Albert wailed and cried for "water, water" ; Caroline knew that there was none, and was quiet, poor little girl, although she suffered much ; as for Tommy, the author of all this misery, he was the most impatient, and roared for some time, till William, quite angry at his behavior, gave him a smart box on the ear, and he reduced his roar to a whimper, from fear of receiving another. Ready remained on the lookout ; indeed, everything was so miserable inside of the house, that they were all glad to go out of it ; they could do no good, and poor Mrs. Seagrave had a difficult and most painful task to keep the children quiet under such severe privation, for the weather was still very warm and sultry.

But the moaning of the children was very soon after dusk drowned by the yells of the savages, who, as Ready had prognosticated, now advanced to the night attack.

Every part of the stockade was at once assailed, and their attempts now made were to climb into it ; a few spears were occasionally thrown, but it was evident that the object was to obtain an entrance by dint of numbers. It was well that Ready had taken the precaution of nailing the deal planks above the original stockade, or there is little doubt but that the savages would have gained their object ; as it was, before the flames of the fire, which Juno had lighted by Ready's order, gave them sufficient light, three or four savages had climbed up and had been shot by William and Mr. Seagrave, as they were on the top of the stockade.

When the fire burned brightly, the savages outside were easily aimed at, and a great many fell in their attempts to get over. The attack continued more than an hour, when at last, satisfied that they could not succeed, the savages once more withdrew, carrying with them, as before, their dead and wounded.

"I trust that they will now reëmbark, and leave the island," said Mr. Seagrave to Ready.

"I only wish they may, sir ; it is not at all impossible ; but there is no saying. I have been thinking, Mr. Seagrave, that we might be able to ascertain their movements by making a lookout. You see, sir, that cocoanut tree," continued Ready, pointing to one of those to which the palisades were fastened,

“is much taller than any of the others; now, by driving spike nails into the trunk at about a foot apart, we might ascend it with ease, and it would command a view of the whole bay; we then could know what the enemy were about.”

“Yes, that is very true; but will not any one be very much exposed if he climbs up?”

“No, sir, for you see the cocoanut trees are cut down clear of the palisades to such a distance, that no savage could come at all near without being seen by any one on the lookout, and giving us sufficient time to get down again before he could use his spear.”

“I believe that you are right there, Ready, but at all events, I would not attempt to do it before daylight, as there may be some of them still lurking underneath the stockade.”

“Certainly, there may be, sir, and therefore, until daylight, we will not begin. Fortunately, we have plenty of spike nails left.”

Mr. Seagrave then went into the house; Ready desired William to lie down and sleep for two or three hours, as he would watch. In the morning, when Mr. Seagrave came out, he would have a little sleep himself.

“I can’t sleep, Ready. I’m mad with thirst,” replied William.

“Yes, sir; it’s very painful—I feel it myself very much, but what must those poor children feel? I pity them most.”

“I pity my mother most, Ready,” replied William; “it must be agony to her to witness their sufferings, and not be able to relieve them.”

“Yes, indeed, it must be terrible, Master William, to a mother’s feelings; but, perhaps, these savages will be off to-morrow, and then we shall forget all our privations.”

“I trust in God that they may, Ready; but they seem very determined.”

“Yes, sir; iron is gold to them; and what will civilized men not do for gold? Come, Master William, lie down at all events, even if you cannot sleep.”

In the mean time, Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house. He found the children still crying for water, notwithstanding the coaxing and soothing of Mrs. Seagrave, who was shedding tears as she hung over poor little Albert. Juno had gone out and had dug with a spade as deep as she could, with a faint

hope that some might be found, but in vain, and she had just returned mournful and disconsolate. There was no help for it but patience; and patience could not be expected in children so young. Little Caroline only drooped, and said nothing. Mr. Seagrave remained for two or three hours with his wife, assisting her in pacifying the children, and soothing her to the utmost of his power; at last he went out and found old Ready on the watch.

“Ready, I had rather a hundred times be attacked by these savages, and have to defend this place, than be in that house for even five minutes and witness the sufferings of my wife and children.”

“I do not doubt it, sir,” replied Ready; “but cheer up, and let us hope for the best; I think it very probable that the savages after this second defeat will leave the island.”

“I wish I could think so, Ready; it would make me very happy; but I have come out to take the watch, Ready. Will you not sleep for a while?”

“I will, sir, if you please, take a little sleep. Call me in two hours; it will then be daylight, and I can go to work, and you can get some repose yourself.”

“I am too anxious to sleep; I think so, at least.”

“Master William said he was too thirsty to sleep, sir; but, poor fellow, he is now fast enough.”

“I trust that boy will be spared, Ready.”

“I hope so, too, for he is a noble fellow; but we are all in the hands of the Almighty. Good night, sir.”

“Good night, Ready.”

Mr. Seagrave took his station on the plank, and was left to his own reflections; that they were not of the most pleasant kind may easily be imagined. He had, however, been well schooled by adversity, and had lately brought himself to such a frame of mind as to bow in submission to the will of Heaven, whatever it might be. He prayed earnestly and fervently that they might be delivered from the danger and sufferings which threatened them, and became calm and tranquil, prepared for the worst, if the worst was to happen, and confidently placing himself and his family under the care of Him who orders all as He thinks best.

At daylight Ready woke up and relieved Mr. Seagrave, who did not return to the house, but lay down on the cocoonut boughs, where Ready had been lying by the side of William.

As soon as Ready had got out the spike nails and hammer, he summoned William to his assistance, and they commenced driving them into the cocoanut tree, one looking out in case of the savages approaching, while the other was at work. In less than an hour they had gained the top of the tree close to the boughs, and had a very commanding view of the bay, as well as inland. William, who was driving the last dozen spikes, took a survey, and then came down to Ready.

“I can see everything, Ready; they have pulled down the old house altogether, and are most of them lying down outside, covered up with their war cloaks; some women are walking to and fro from the canoes, which are lying on the beach where they first landed.”

“They have pulled down the house to obtain the iron nails, I have no doubt,” replied Ready. “Did you see any of their dead?”

“No; I did not look about very much, but I will go up again directly. I came down because my hands were jarred with hammering, and the hammer was so heavy to carry. In a minute or two I shall go up light enough. My lips are burning, Ready, and swelled; the skin is peeling off. I had no idea that want of water would have been so dreadful. I think poor Tommy is more than punished already.”

“A child does not reflect upon consequences, Master William, nor could we possibly foresee that his using up the water could have created such misery. It was an idle trick of his, and whatever may be the consequences, it still can be considered as such, and nothing more.”

“I was in the hopes of finding a cocoanut or two on the tree, but there was not one.”

“And if you had found one, it would not have had any milk in it at this season of the year. However, Master William, if the savages do not go away to-day something must be done. I wish now that you would go up again, and see if they are not stirring.”

William again mounted to the top of the tree, and remained up for some minutes; when he came down, he said, “They are all up now, and swarming like bees. I counted two hundred and sixty of the men, in their war cloaks and feather head-dresses; the women are passing to and fro from the well with water; there is nobody at the canoes except eight or ten women, who are beating their heads, I think, or doing some-

thing of the kind. I could not make it out well, but they seem all doing the same thing."

"I know what they are about, Master William; they are cutting themselves with knives or other sharp instruments. It is the custom of these people. The dead are all put into the canoes, and these women are lamenting over them; perhaps they are going away, since the dead are in the canoes; but there is no saying."

The second day was passed in keeping a lookout upon the savages, and awaiting a fresh attack. They could perceive from the top of the cocoanut tree that the savages held a council of war in the forenoon, sitting round in a large circle, while one got up in the center, and made a speech, flourishing his club and spear while he spoke. In the afternoon the council broke up, and the savages were observed to be very busy in all directions, cutting down the cocoanut trees, and collecting all the brushwood.

Ready watched them for a long while, and at last came down a little before sunset. "Mr. Seagrave," said he, "we shall have, in my opinion, no attack this night, but to-morrow we must expect something very serious; the savages are cutting down the trees, and making large fagots; they do not get on very fast, because their hatchets are made of stone and don't cut very well; but perseverance and numbers will effect everything, and I dare say that they will work all night till they have obtained as many fagots as they want."

"But what do you imagine to be their object, Ready, in cutting down trees, and making the fagots?"

"Either, sir, to pile them up outside the palisades, so large as to be able to walk up upon them, or else to pile them up to set fire to them, and burn us out."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

"Not without very heavy loss; perhaps we may beat them off, but it will be a hard fight, harder than any we have had yet. We must have the women to load the muskets, so that we may fire as fast as we can. I should not think much of their attempts to burn us, if it were not for the smoke. Cocoanut wood, especially with the bark on, as our palisades have, will char a long while, but not burn easily when standing upright; and the fire, when the fagots are kindled, although it will be fierce, will not last long."

"But suffering as we are now, Ready, for want of water,

how can we possibly keep up our strength to meet them in a suffocating smoke and flame? we must drop with sheer exhaustion.”

“We must hope for the best, and do our best, Mr. Seagrave,” replied Ready; “and recollect that, should anything happen to me during the conflict, if there is any chance of your being overpowered, you must take advantage of the smoke, to escape into the woods, and find your way to the tents. I have no doubt that you will be able to do that; of course the attack will be to windward, if they use fire, and you must try and escape to leeward; I have shown William how to force a palisade if necessary. The savages, if they get possession, will not think of looking for you at first, and, perhaps, when they have obtained all that the house contains, not even afterward.”

“Why do you say if any accident happens to you, Ready?” said William.

“Because, Master William, if they place the fagots so as to be able to walk to the top of the palisades, I may be wounded or killed, and so may you.”

“Of course,” replied William; “but they are not in yet, and they shall have a hard fight for it.”

Ready then told Mr. Seagrave that he would keep the watch, and call him at twelve o'clock. During these two days they had eaten very little; a turtle had been killed, and pieces fried; but eating only added to their thirst, and even the children refused the meat. The sufferings were now really dreadful, and poor Mrs. Seagrave was almost frantic.

As soon as Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house, Ready called William, and said: “Master William, water we must have. I cannot bear to see the agony of the poor children, and the state of mind which your poor mother is in; and more, without water we never shall be able to beat off the savages to-morrow. We shall literally die of choking in the smoke, if they use fire. Now, William, I intend to take one of the seven-gallon barricos, and go down to the well for water. I may succeed, and I may not, but attempt it I must; and if I fall, it cannot be helped.”

“Why not let me go, Ready?” replied William.

“For many reasons, William,” said Ready; “and the chief one is, that I do not think you would succeed so well as I shall. I shall put on the war cloak and feathers of the savage who fell dead inside of the stockade, and that will be a disguise; but I shall take no arms except this spear, as they would only

be in my way, and increase the weight I have to carry. Now, observe, you must let me out of the door, and when I am out, in case of accident, put one of the poles across it inside; that will keep the door fast, if they attack it, until you can secure it with the others. Watch my return, and be all ready to let me in. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, perfectly, Ready; but I am now, I must confess, really frightened; if anything was to happen to you, what a misery it would be."

"There is no help for it, William. Water must, if possible, be procured, and now is a better time to make the attempt than later, when they may be more on the watch; they have left off their work, and are busy eating; if I meet any one, it will only be a woman."

Ready went for the barrico, a little cask, which held six or seven gallons of water. He put on the headdress and war cloak of the savage; and, taking the barrico on his shoulder, and the spear in his hand, the poles which barred the door were softly removed by William, and after ascertaining that no one was concealed beneath the palisades, Ready pressed William's hand, and set off across the cleared space outside of the stockade, and gained the cocoanut trees. William, as directed, closed the door, passed one pole through the inner doorposts for security, and remained on the watch. He was in an awful state of suspense, listening to the slightest noise,—even the slight rustling by the wind of the cocoanut boughs above him made him start; there he continued for some minutes, his gun ready cocked by his side.

"It is time that he returned," thought William; "the distance is not a hundred yards, and yet I have heard no noise." At last he thought he heard footsteps coming very softly. Yes, it was so. Ready was returning and without any accident. William had his hand upon the pole, to slip it on one side, and open the door, when he heard a scuffle and a fall close to the door. He immediately threw down the pole and opened it, just as Ready called him by name. William seized his musket, and sprung out; he found Ready struggling with a savage, who was uppermost, and with his spear at Ready's breast. In a second William leveled and fired, and the savage fell dead by the side of Ready.

"Take the water in quick, William," said Ready, in a faint voice; "I will contrive to crawl in if I can."

William caught up the barrico of water, and took it in ; he then hastened to Ready, who was on his knees. Mr. Seagrave, hearing the musket fired, had run out, and finding the stockade door open, followed William, and seeing him endeavoring to support Ready, caught hold of his other arm, and they led him tottering into the stockade ; the door was then immediately secured, and they went to his assistance.

“Are you hurt, Ready?” said William.

“Yes, dear boy, yes ; hurt to death, I fear ; his spear went through my breast. Water, quick, water !”

“Alas, that we had some !” said Mr. Seagrave.

“We have, papa,” replied William ; “but it has cost us dear.”

William ran for a pannikin, and taking out the bung, poured some water out of the barrico, and gave it to Ready, who drank it with eagerness.

“Now, William, lay me down on these cocoanut boughs ; go and give some water to the others, and when you have all drunk, then come to me again. Don’t tell Mrs. Seagrave that I’m hurt. Do as I beg of you.”

“Papa, take the water — do, pray,” replied William ; “I cannot leave Ready.”

“I will, my boy,” replied Mr. Seagrave ; “but first drink yourself.”

William, who was very faint, drank off the pannikin of water, which immediately revived him, and then, while Mr. Seagrave hastened with some water to the children and women, occupied himself with old Ready, who breathed heavily, but did not speak.

After returning twice for water, to satisfy those in the house, Mr. Seagrave came to the assistance of William, who had been removing Ready’s clothes to ascertain the nature and extent of the wound which he had received.

“We had better move him to where the other cocoanut boughs lie ; he will be more comfortable there,” said William.

Ready whispered, “More water.” William gave him some more, and then, with the assistance of his father, Ready was removed to a more comfortable place. As soon as they had laid him there, Ready turned on his side and threw up a quantity of blood.

“I am better now,” said he, in a low voice ; “bind up the wound, William ; an old man like me has not much blood to spare.”

Mr. Seagrave and William then opened his shirt, and examined the wound; the spear had gone deep into the lungs. William threw off his own shirt, tore it up into strips, and then bound up the wound so as to stop the effusion of blood.

Ready, who at first appeared much exhausted with being moved about, gradually recovered so as to be able to speak in a low voice, when Mrs. Seagrave came out of the house.

"Where is that brave, kind man," cried she, "that I may bless him and thank him?"

Mr. Seagrave went to her, and caught her by the arm.

"He is hurt, my dear; I am afraid very much hurt. I did not tell you at the time."

Mr. Seagrave first briefly related what had occurred, and then led her to where old Ready was lying. Mrs. Seagrave knelt by his side, took his hand, and burst into tears.

"Don't weep for me, dear madame," said Ready; "my days have been numbered; I'm only sorry that I cannot any more be useful to you."

"Dear, good old man," said Mrs. Seagrave, after a pause, "whatever may be our fates, and that is for the Almighty to decide for us, as long as I have life, what you have done for me and mine shall never be forgotten."

Mrs. Seagrave then bent over him, and, kissing his forehead, rose from her knees, and retired weeping into the house.

"William," said Ready, "I can't talk now; raise my head a little, and then leave me; I shall be better if I'm quiet. You have not looked round lately. Come again in about half an hour. Leave me now, Mr. Seagrave; I shall be better if I doze a little."

William and Mr. Seagrave complied with Ready's request; they went up to the planks, and examined all round the stockade, cautiously and carefully; at last they stopped.

"This is a sad business, William," said Mr. Seagrave.

William shook his head. "He would not let me go," replied he; "I wish he had. I fear that he is much hurt; do you think so, papa?"

"I should say that he cannot recover, William. We shall miss him to-morrow, if they attack us; I fear much for the result."

"I hardly know what to say, papa; but this I feel, that since we have been relieved I am able to do twice as much as I could have done before."

“I feel the same, my dear boy ; but still, with such a force against us, two people cannot do much.”

“If my mother and Juno load the muskets for us,” replied William, “we shall at all events do as much now as we should have been able to do if there were three, so exhausted as we should have been.”

“Perhaps so, my dear William ; at all events we will do our best, for we fight for our lives and the lives of those most dear to us.”

William went softly up to Ready, and found that the old man was dozing, if not asleep ; he did not therefore disturb him, but returned to his father ; they carried the barrico of water into the house, and put it in Mrs. Seagrave’s charge, that it might not be wasted ; and now that their thirst had been appeased, they all felt the calls of hunger. Juno and William went and cut off steaks from the turtle, and fried them ; they all made a hearty meal, and perhaps never had they taken one with so much relish in their lives.

It was nearly daylight, when William, who had several times been softly up to Ready to ascertain whether he slept or not, found him with his eyes open.

“How do you find yourself, Ready ?” said William.

“I am quiet and easy, William, and without much pain ; but I think I am sinking, and shall not last long. Recollect that if you are obliged to escape from the stockade, William, you take no heed of me, but leave me where I am. I cannot live, and were you to move me, I should only die the sooner.”

“I had rather die with you than leave you, Ready.”

“No, sir ; that is wrong and foolish ; you must save your mother and your brothers and sisters ; promise me that you will do as I wish.”

William hesitated.

“I point out to you your duty, Master William ; I know what your feelings are, but you must not give way to them ; promise me this, or you will make me very miserable.”

William squeezed Ready’s hand ; his heart was too full to speak.

“They will come at daylight, William — I think so at least ; you have not much time to spare ; climb to the lookout, and wait there till day dawns ; watch them as long as you can in safety, and then come down to tell me what you have seen.”

Ready's voice became faint after this exertion of speaking so much.

He motioned to William, who immediately climbed up the cocoanut tree, and waited there till daylight.

At dawn of day, he perceived that the savages were at work, that they had collected all the fagots together opposite to where the old house stood, and were very busy in making arrangements for the attack. At last he perceived that they every one shouldered a fagot, and commenced their advance toward the stockade; William immediately descended from the tree, and called his father, who was talking with Mrs. Seagrave. The muskets were all loaded, and Mrs. Seagrave and Juno took their posts below the planking, to reload them as fast as they were fired.

"We must fire upon them as soon as we are sure of not missing them, William," said Mr. Seagrave, "for the more we check their advance the better."

When the first savages were within fifty yards, they both fired, and two of the men dropped; and they continued to fire as their assailants came up, with great success for the first ten minutes; after which the savages advanced in a larger body, and took the precaution to hold the fagots in front of them, for some protection as they approached. By these means they gained the stockade in safety, and commenced laying their fagots. Mr. Seagrave and William still kept up an incessant fire upon them, but not with so much success as before.

Although many fell, the fagots were gradually heaped up, till they almost reached to the holes between the palisades, through which they pointed their muskets; and as the savages contrived to slope them down from the stockade to the ground, it was evident that they meant to mount up and take them by escalade. At last, it appeared as if all the fagots had been placed, and the savages retired further back, to where the cocoanut trees were still standing.

"They have gone away, father," said William; "but they will come again, and I fear it is all over with us."

"I fear so too, my noble boy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "they are only retreating to arrange for a general assault, and they now will be able to gain an entrance. I almost wish they had fired the fagots; we might have escaped as Ready pointed out to us, but now I fear we have no chance."

"Don't say a word to my mother," said William; "let us

defend ourselves to the last, and if we are overpowered, it is the will of God !”

“I should like to take a farewell embrace of your dear mother,” said Mr. Seagrave ; “but no ; it will be weakness just now ; I had better not. Here they come, William, in a swarm. Well, God bless you, my boy ; we shall all, I trust, meet in Heaven.”

The whole body of savages were now advancing from the cocoanut wood in a solid mass ; they raised a yell, which struck terror into the hearts of Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, yet they flinched not. The savages were again within fifty yards of them, when the fire was opened upon them ; this was answered by loud yells, and the savages had already reached to the bottom of the sloping pile of fagots, when the yells and the reports of the muskets were drowned by a much louder report, followed by the crackling and breaking of the cocoanut trees, which made both parties start with surprise ; another and another followed, the ground was plowed up, and the savages fell in numbers.

“It must be the cannon of a ship, father !” said William ; “we are saved — we are saved !”

“It can be nothing else ; we are saved, and by a miracle,” replied Mr. Seagrave in utter astonishment.

The savages paused in the advance, quite stupefied ; again, again, again, the report of the loud guns boomed through the air, and the round shot and grape came whizzing and tearing through the cocoanut grove ; at this last broadside, the savages turned and fled toward their canoes ; not one was left to be seen.

“We are saved !” cried Mr. Seagrave, leaping off the plank and embracing his wife, who sunk down on her knees, and held up her clasped hands in thankfulness to Heaven.

William had hastened up to the lookout on the cocoanut tree, and now cried out to them below, as the guns were again discharged : —

“A large schooner, father ; she is firing at the savages, who are at the canoes ; they are falling in every direction ; some have plunged into the water ; there is a boatful of armed men coming on shore ; they are close to the beach, by the garden point. Three of the canoes have got off full of men ; there go the guns again ; two of the canoes are sunk, father ; the boat has landed, and the people are coming up this way.” William then descended from the lookout as fast as he could.

As soon as he was down, he commenced unbarring the door of the stockade. He pulled out the last pole just as he heard the feet of their deliverers outside. He threw open the door, and a second after found himself in the arms of Captain Osborn.



FRIENDSHIP.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WE HAVE a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Manger all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us ! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with ! Read the language of these wandering eyebeams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire ; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression ; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, — and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are

uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last, and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension, are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner,—but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

Pleasant are these jets of affection which make a young world for me again. Delicious is a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling. How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed: there is no winter and no night: all tragedies, all ennui vanish,—all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine,—a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I but the Deity in me and in them both deride and cancel the thick walls of individual

character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are not stark and stiffened persons, but the newborn poetry of God, — poetry without stop, — hymn, ode, and epic, poetry still flowing and not yet caked in dead books with annotation and grammar, but Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these two separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to “crush the sweet poison of misused wine” of the affections. A new person is to me always a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about two or three persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend’s accomplishments as if they were mine, — wild, delicate, throbbing property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, his name, his form, his dress, books, and instruments, fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect man as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by facing the fact, by mining

for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moonlike ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity,—thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is,—thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations, the instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love.

DEAR FRIEND,— If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise:

my moods are quite attainable: and I respect thy genius: it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, instantly the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

The valiant warrior famousèd for fight,
 After a hundred victories, once foiled,
 Is from the book of honor razed quite
 And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is pro-

ted from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards ; but the austere worth ; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature or of ourselves ? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend ! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law ! It is no idle bond, no holiday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the firstborn of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.

Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those most undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to face him, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored;—he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lisp, or to mask myself. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety, and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear,

by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says, "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it walks over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plowboys and tin peddlers, to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricule, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

For perfect friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, so well tempered each and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that

very seldom can its satisfaction be realized. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul exactly coextensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word

or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the *not mine* is *mine*. It turns the stomach, it blots the daylight; where I looked for a manly furtherance or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. To be capable that high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous. He must be so to know its law. He must be one who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy. He must be one who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not dare to intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We must not be willful, we must not provide. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course if he be a man he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside. Give those merits room. Let them mount and expand. Be not so much his friend that you can never know his peculiar energies, like fond mammas who shut up their boy in the house until he is almost grown a girl. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-consuming pleasure, instead of the pure nectar of God.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage. I

can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities. Wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy great counterpart; have a principedom to thy friend. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. Me it suffices. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb: you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen quos inquinat, æquat.* To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent, — so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy soul shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only money of God is God. He pays never with anything less, or anything else. The only reward of virtue is

virtue : the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off and they repel us ; why should we intrude ? Late, — very late, — we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, — but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them : then shall we meet as water with water : and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great. You become pronounced. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the firstborn of the world, — those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as specters and shadows merely.

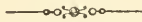
It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel if we will the absolute insulation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal

us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, "Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more." Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced: he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come. He is the harbinger of a greater friend. It is the property of the divine to be reproductive.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me, far before me, in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid times, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions; not with yourself but with your lusters, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them not what they have but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give me, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly on one side, without due corre-

spondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with the poor fact that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends instantly the unworthy object and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.



THE COURTIN'.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[1819-1891.]

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The old queen's arm thet Gran'ther Young
 Fetched back frum Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An' leetle fires danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
 A raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the seekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him further,
 An' on her apples kep' to work
 Ez ef a wager spurred her.

“ You want to see my Pa, I spose ? ”
 “ Wal, no; I come designin' — ”
 “ To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrow's i'nin'.”

He stood a spell on one foot fust
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, “ I'd better call agin; ”
 Sez she, “ Think likely, *Mister*; ”
 The last word pricked him like a pin.
 An' — wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bineby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kind o' smily round the lips
 An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they wuz cried
 In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

BY SAMUEL WARREN.

[SAMUEL WARREN: An English novelist; born in Denbighshire, Wales, May 23, 1807. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, but abandoned it for law. Ultimately he became queen's counsel, recorder at Hull, and a member of Parliament. He is chiefly remembered for his "Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician" (1832) and "Ten Thousand a Year" (1841), both of which appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He died in 1877, in London.]

THE HERO APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

ABOUT ten o'clock one Sunday morning, in the month of July, 1839, the dazzling sunbeams, which had for several hours irradiated a little dismal back attic in one of the closest courts adjoining Oxford Street, in London, and stimulated with their intensity the closed eyelids of a young man—one TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE—lying in bed, at length woke him. He rubbed his eyes for some time, to relieve himself from the irritation occasioned by the sudden glare they encountered; and yawned and stretched his limbs with a heavy sense of weariness, as though his sleep had not refreshed him. He presently cast his eyes towards the heap of clothes lying huddled together on the backless chair by the bedside, where he had hastily flung them about an hour after midnight; at which time he had returned from a great draper's shop in Oxford Street, where he served as a shopman, and where he had nearly dropped asleep, after a long day's work, in the act of putting up the shutters. He could hardly keep his eyes open while he undressed, short as was the time required to do so; and on dropping exhausted into bed, there he had continued, in deep unbroken slumber, till the moment of his being presented to the reader.

He lay for several minutes, stretching, yawning, and sighing, occasionally casting an irresolute glance towards the tiny fireplace, where lay a modicum of wood and coal, with a tinder box and a match or two placed upon the hob, so that he could easily light his fire for the purposes of shaving and breakfasting. He stepped at length lazily out of bed, and when he felt his feet, again yawned and stretched himself. Then he lit his fire, placed his bit of a kettle on the top of it, and returned to bed, where he lay with his eye fixed on the fire, watching the crack-

bling blaze insinuate itself through the wood and coal. Once, however, it began to fail, so he had to get up and assist it, by blowing, and bits of paper; and it seemed in so precarious a state that he determined not again to lie down, but sit on the bedside: as he did, with his arms folded, ready to resume operations if necessary. In this posture he remained for some time, watching his little fire, and listlessly listening to the discordant jangling of innumerable church bells, clamorously calling the citizens to their devotions. The current of thoughts passing through his mind, was something like the following:—

“Heigho!—Lud, Lud!—Dull as ditch water!—This is my only holiday, yet I don’t seem to enjoy it!—for I feel knocked up with my week’s work! (A yawn.) What a life mine is, to be sure! Here I am, in my eight-and-twentieth year, and for four long years have been one of the shopmen at Tag-rag & Co.’s, slaving from half-past seven o’clock in the morning till nine at night, and all for a salary of thirty-five pounds a year, and my board! And Mr. Tag-rag—eugh! what a beast!—is always telling me how high he’s raised my salary!! Thirty-five pounds a year is all I have for lodging, and turning out like a gentleman! ’Pon my soul! it *can’t* last; for sometimes I feel getting desperate—such strange thoughts come into my mind!—Seven shillings a week do I pay for *this* cursed hole—(he uttered these words with a bitter emphasis, accompanied by a disgustful look round the little room)—that one couldn’t swing a cat in without touching the four sides!—Last winter three of our gents (*i.e.* his fellow-shopmen) came to tea with me one Sunday night; and bitter cold as it was, we four made this cussed doghole so hot, we were obliged to open the window!—And as for accommodation—I recollect I had to borrow two nasty chairs from the people below, who on the next Sunday borrowed my only decanter, in return, and, hang them, cracked it!—Curse me, say I, if this life is worth having! It’s all the very vanity of vanities—as it’s said somewhere in the Bible—and no mistake! Fag, fag, fag, all one’s days, and—what for? Thirty-five pounds a year, and ‘*no advance!*’ (Here occurred a pause and reverie, from which he was roused by the clangor of the church bells.) Bah, bells! ring away till you’re all cracked!—Now do you think *I’m* going to be mewed up in church on this the only day out of the seven I’ve got to sweeten myself in, and sniff fresh air? A precious joke that would be! (A

yawn.) Whew! — after all, I'd almost as lieve sit here; for what's the use of my going out? Everybody I see out is happy, excepting me, and the poor chaps that are like me! — Everybody laughs when they see me, and know that I'm only a tallow-faced counterjumper — I know that's the odious name we gents go by! — for whom it's no use to go out — for one day in seven can't give one a bloom! Oh, Lord! what's the use of being good-looking, as *some* chaps say I am?" — Here he instinctively passed his left hand through a profusion of sandy-colored hair, and cast an eye towards the bit of fractured looking-glass which hung against the wall, and had, by faithfully representing to him a by no means ugly set of features (despite the dismal hue of his hair) whenever he chose to appeal to it, afforded him more enjoyment than any other object in the world, for years. "Ah, by Jove! many and many's the fine gal I've done my best to attract the notice of, while I was serving her in the shop — that is, when I've seen her get out of a carriage! There has been luck to many a chap like me, in the same line of speculation: look at Tom Tarnish — how did he get Miss Twang, the rich pianoforte maker's daughter? — and *now* he's cut the shop, and lives at Hackney, like a regular gentleman! Ah! that *was* a stroke! But somehow it hasn't answered with *me* yet; the gals don't take! How I have set my eyes to be sure, and ogled them! — *All* of them don't seem to dislike the thing — and sometimes they'll smile, in a sort of way that says I'm safe — but it's been no use yet, not a bit of it! — My eyes! catch me, by the way, ever nodding again to a lady on the Sunday, that had smiled when I stared at her while serving her in the shop — after what happened to me a month or two ago in the Park! Didn't I feel like damaged goods, just then? But it's no matter, women are so different at different times! — Very likely I mismanaged the thing. By the way, what a precious puppy of a chap the fellow was that came up to her at the time she stepped out of her carriage to walk a bit! As for good looks — cut me to ribbons (another glance at the glass) — no; I a'n't afraid *there*, neither — but — heigho! — I suppose he was, as they say, born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and had never so many a thousand a year, to make up to him for never so few brains! He was uncommon well-dressed, though, I must own. What trousers! — they stuck so natural to him, he might have been born in them. And his waistcoat, and

satin stock — what an air ! And yet, his figure was nothing *very* out of the way ! His gloves, as white as snow ; I've no doubt he wears a pair of them a day — my stars ! that's three and sixpence a day ; for don't I know what *they* cost ? — Whew ! if I had but the cash to carry on that sort of thing ! — And when he'd seen her into her carriage — the horse he got on ! — and what a tiptop groom — that chap's wages, I'll answer for it, were equal to my salary ! (Here was another pause.) Now, just for the fun of the thing, only suppose luck was to befall *me* ! Say that somebody was to leave me lots of cash — many thousands a year, or something in that line ! My stars ! wouldn't I go it with the best of them ! (Another long pause.) Gad, I really should hardly know how to begin to spend it ! — I think, by the way, I'd buy a *title* to set off with — for what won't money buy ? The thing's often done ; there was a great pawnbroker in the city, the other day, made a baronet of, all for his money — and why shouldn't I ?" He grew a little heated with the progress of his reflections, clapping his hands with involuntary energy, as he stretched them out to their fullest extent, to give effect to a very hearty yawn. "Lord, only think how it would sound : —

"SIR TITTLBAT TITMOUSE, BARONET ; (OR) LORD TIT-
MOUSE !!

"The very first place I'd go to, after I'd got my title, and was rigged out in Tight-fit's tiptop, should be — our cursed shop ! to buy a dozen or two pair of white kid. Ah, ha ! What a flutter there would be among the poor pale devils as were standing, just as ever, behind the counters, at Tag-rag & Co.'s when my carriage drew up, and I stepped, a tiptop swell, into the shop. Tag-rag would come and attend to me himself ! No, he wouldn't — pride wouldn't let him. I don't know, though : what wouldn't he do to turn a penny, and make two and ninepence into three and a penny ? I shouldn't *quite* come Captain Stiff over him, I think, just at first ; but I should treat him with a kind of an air, too, as if — hem ! 'Pon my life ! how delightful ! (A sigh and a pause.) Yes, I should often come to the shop. Gad, it would be half the fun of my fortune ! How they would envy me, to be sure ! How one should enjoy it ! I wouldn't think of *marrying* till — and yet I won't say either ; if I got among some of them out-and-outers

—those first-rate articles—that lady, for instance, the other day in the Park—I should like to see her cut me as she did, with ten thousand a year in my pocket! Why, she'd be running after *me*!—or there's no truth in novels, which I'm sure there's often a great deal in. Oh, of course, I might marry whom I pleased! Who couldn't be got with ten thousand a year? (Another pause.) I think I should go abroad to Russia directly; for they tell me there's a man lives there who could dye this cussed hair of mine any color I liked—and—egad! I'd come home as black as a crow, and hold up my head as high as any of them! While I was about it, I'd have a touch at my eyebrows——” Crash here went all his castle-building, at the sound of his teakettle, hissing, whizzing, sputtering, in the agonies of boiling over. . . .

He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-colored hair. His forehead, to be sure, was contracted, and his eyes were of a very light color, and a trifle too protuberant; but his mouth was rather well formed, and being seldom closed, exhibited very beautiful teeth; and his nose was of that description which generally passes for a Roman nose. His countenance wore generally a smile, and was expressive of—self-satisfaction: and surely any expression is better than none at all. As for there being the slightest trace of *intellect* in it, I should be misleading the reader if I were to say anything of the sort. . . .

His condition was, indeed, forlorn in the extreme. To say nothing of his *prospects* in life—what was his present condition? A shopman with thirty-five pounds a year, out of which he had to find his clothing, washing, lodging, and all other incidental expenses—the chief item of his board—such as it was—being found him by his employers! He was five weeks in arrear to his landlady—a corpulent old termagant, whom nothing could have induced him to risk offending, but his overmastering love of finery; for I grieve to say, that this deficiency had been occasioned by his purchase of the ring he then wore with so much pride! How he had contrived to pacify her—lie upon lie he must have had recourse to—I know not. He was indebted also to his poor washerwoman in five or six shillings for at least a quarter's washing, and owed five times that amount to a little old tailor, who, with huge spectacles on his nose, turned up to him, out of a little cupboard which he occupied in Closet Court, and which Titmouse had to pass whenever he went to or from his lodgings, a lean, sallow,

wrinkled face, imploring him to "settle his small account." All the cash in hand which he had to meet contingencies between that day and quarter-day, which was six weeks off, was about twenty-six shillings, of which he had taken one for the present day's expenses!

Revolving these somewhat disheartening matters in his mind, he passed easily and leisurely along the whole length of Oxford Street. No one could have judged from his dressy appearance, the constant smirk on his face, and his confident air, how very miserable that poor little dandy was; but three fourths of his misery were really occasioned by the impossibility he felt of his ever being able to indulge in his propensities for finery and display. Nothing better had he to occupy his few thoughts. He had had only a plain mercantile education, as it is called, *i.e.* reading, writing, and arithmetic; beyond an exceedingly moderate acquaintance with these, he knew nothing whatever; not having read anything except a few inferior novels, and plays, and sporting newspapers. Deplorable, however, as were his circumstances —

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

And probably, in common with most who are miserable from straitened circumstances, he often conceived, and secretly relied upon, the possibility of some unexpected and accidental change for the better. He had heard and read of extraordinary cases of LUCK. Why might he not be one of the LUCKY? A rich girl might fall in love with him — that was, poor fellow! in his consideration, one of the least unlikely ways of luck's advent; or some one might leave him money; or he might win a prize in the lottery; — all these, and other accidental modes of getting rich, frequently occurred to the well-regulated mind of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse; but he never once thought of one thing, *viz.* of determined, unwearied industry, perseverance, and integrity in the way of his business, conducing to such a result!

Is his case a solitary one? — Dear reader, *you* may be unlike poor Tittlebat Titmouse in every respect except *one*!

[He comes into this amount of £10,000 a year by the barratry of Quirk, Gammon, & Snap, attorneys, who discover that he is an illegitimate cadet of a great house, suppress the fact of illegitimacy, dispossess the actual heirs, and extort £2000 a year hush money from him.]

ENDEAVORS TO IMPROVE HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

[He goes to the shop of a fashionable perfumer and perruquier in Bond Street.]

A well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter reading. He was handsome; and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black (so at least Titmouse considered it), which was better than a thousand printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended. Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning *light* hair black" — and was answered — "only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle."

One was placed upon the counter in a twinkling, where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed, as it were, in manifold advertisements. "You'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the 'CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION.'"

"*Sure* it will do, sir?" inquired Titmouse, anxiously.

"Is *my* hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner — "because I owe it entirely to this invaluable specific."

"Do you, indeed, sir?" inquired Titmouse: adding with a sigh, "but, between ourselves, look at mine!" — and, lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, carroty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious. — "What a curse it is to be born with such hair, isn't it?"

"'Pon my life I think so, sir!" answered Titmouse, mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what's-its-name turned *yours* of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honor, sir, — certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the color of my hair! Why, sir, there was a nobleman in here (I don't like to mention names) the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water and then powdered with brick dust; but — I assure you, the Cyanochaitanthropoion was too much for it — it turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstasy — [the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow anything; so he went on with a confident air] — and in a month's time

he had married a beautiful woman whom he had loved from a child, but who had vowed she could never bring herself to marry a man with such a head of hair."

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, eagerly, with a beating heart.

"Sometimes two — sometimes three days. In four days' time, I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and wouldn't let me salute her — ha, ha!" Here another customer entered; and Titmouse, laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tag-rag, put the wonder-working bottle into his pocket, and on receiving his change, departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of the Cyanochaitanthropoion. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawnbroker for a massive-looking eyeglass, upon which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye; and he eventually purchased it (his eyesight, I need hardly say, was perfect) for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating house in Rupert Street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair and mustaches, he hastened home, eager to commence the grand experiment. Fortunately, he was undisturbed that evening. Having lit his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little bottle; and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numberless instances of its efficacy, detailed in brief but glowing terms — as — the "Duke of —, the Countess of —, the Earl of —, etc., etc., the lovely Miss —, the celebrated Sir Little Bull's-eye (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used) — all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of raven-hued locks" — that he threw down the paper, and hurriedly got the cork out of the bottle. Having turned up his coat-cuffs, he commenced the application of the Cyanochaitanthropoion, rubbing it into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of, for upwards of half an hour. Then he read over again every syllable on the papers in which the bottle had been wrapped; and about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into bed, full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep

for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream — that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before — and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass! ! — This awoke him. Up he jumped — sprang to his little glass breathlessly — but ah! merciful Heavens! he almost dropped down dead! His hair was perfectly *green* — there could be no mistake about it. He stood staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost, for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Out he presently jumped again, in a kind of ecstasy — rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about — again looked into the glass — there it was, rougher than before; but eyebrows, whiskers, and head — all were, if anything, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his past troubles been to this? — what was to become of him? He got into bed again, and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got into and out of bed, to look at himself — on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before, of the disaster which had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes, he got out of bed, and kneeling down, tried to say his prayers; but it was in vain — and he rose half choked. It was plain he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig, which would be making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond Street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop window of the infernal impostor who had sold him the liquid which had so frightfully disfigured him. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his teakettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him — not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers on, exposed to view — an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs. Squallop, after glancing with surprise at his

legs, happening to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small bottle standing there — only half of whose dark contents were remaining. Oh gracious! — of course it must be POISON, and Mr. Titmouse must be dead! — In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out — “Oh, Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! what *have* you been ——”

“Well, ma’am, what the devil do you mean? How dare you ——” commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. An inconceivably strange and horrid figure he looked. He had all his day clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green color.

“Lard a-mighty!” exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, faintly, the moment that this strange apparition had presented itself; and sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window shelf. Titmouse thence inferred that she had found out the true state of the case. “Well — *isn’t* it an infernal shame, Mrs. Squallop?” said he, getting off the bed; and, plucking off his nightcap, he exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. “What d’ye think of *that!*” he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

“I shall go mad — I SHALL!” cried Titmouse, tearing his green hair.

“Oh Lord! — oh Lord!” groaned Mrs. Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind; and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, and appearing likely to tumble off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her! At length, however, the fit went off; and wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what “a good hearty wash would do.” Scarce sooner said than done — but, alas, in vain! Scrub, scrub — lather, lather, did they both; but, the instant that the soap suds had been washed off, there was the head as green as ever!

“Oh, murder, murder! what *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?” groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

“Why—really I’d be off to a police office, and have ’em all taken up, if as how I was *you!*” quoth Mrs. Squallop.

“No—see if I don’t take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it me swallow what’s left—and I’ll smash in his shop front besides!”

“Oh, you won’t—you mustn’t—not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet; it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colors out—but—a—a—excuse me now, Mr. Titmouse”—said Mrs. Squallop, seriously—“why wasn’t you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D’ye think He didn’t know a deal better than you what was best for you? I’m blest if I don’t think this is a judgment on you, when one comes to consider!”

“What’s the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop?” said Titmouse, first with amazement, and then with fury in his manner.—“A’n’t I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment—where’s the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That a’n’t *your own* hair, Mrs. Squallop—you’re as gray as a badger underneath—’pon my soul! I’ve often remarked it—I *have*, ’pon my soul!”

“I’ll tell you what, Mr. Himperance!” furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, “you’re a liar! And you deserve what you’ve got! It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you—so take *that* for your sauce, you vulgar fellow!” (snapping her fingers at him). “Get rid of your green hair if you can! It’s only carrot *tops* instead of carrot *roots*—and some likes one, some the other—ha! ha! ha!”

“I’ll tell you what, Mrs. Squ——” he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her with all her force. . . .

“Look, sir! look! Only look here what your cussed stuff has done to my hair!” said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised, or discomposed.

“Ah—yes! I see—I see. You’re in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people——”

“Differs, sir! I’m going mad! I look like a green monkey — cuss me if I don’t!”

“In *me*, now,” replied the gentleman, with a matter-of-fact air, “the color was a strong *yellow*. But have you read the explanations that are given in the wrapper?”

“Read ’em?” echoed Titmouse, furiously — “I should think so? Much good they do *me*! Sir, you’re a humbug! — an impostor! I’m a sight to be seen for the rest of my life! Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all!”

“*Rather* a singular appearance, just at present, I must own,” said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added coolly — “If you’ll only persevere —”

“Persevere be d——d!” interrupted Titmouse, violently clapping his hat on his head. “I’ll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public! I’ll have a warrant out against you in no time!”

“Oh, my dear sir, I’m accustomed to all this!” said the gentleman, coolly.

“The — devil — you — are!” gasped Titmouse, quite aghast.

“Oh, often — often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change; but, in a day or two afterwards, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop, with heads as black as crows!”

“No! But really — do they, sir?” interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

“Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir! And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was in a puce color — fact, honor!”

“But do you recollect any one’s hair turning *green*, and then getting black?” inquired Titmouse, with trembling anxiety.

“Recollect any? Fifty at least. For instance, there was Lord Albert Addlehead — but why should I mention names? I know hundreds! But everything is honor and confidential *here*!”

“And did Lord what’s-his-name’s hair grow green, and then black; and was it at first as light as mine?”

“His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and now is blacker than ever yours will be.”

“Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we’ve used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in ——”

“Soft soap!—soft soap!” cried out the gentleman, with an air of sudden alarm—“that explains all” (he forgot how well it had been already explained by him). “By Heavens, sir!—soft soap! You may have ruined your hair forever!” Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to his astute mind that the intolerable green had preceded, not followed, the use of the soft soap. “Go home, my dear sir! God bless you—go home, as you value your hair; take this small bottle of DAMASCUS CREAM, and rub it in before it’s too late; and then use the remainder of the ——”

“Then you don’t think it’s already too late?” inquired Titmouse, faintly; and, having been assured to the contrary—having asked the price of the Damascus cream, which was “*only* three and sixpence” (stamp included)—he purchased and paid for it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked homeward along the streets with the air of a pickpocket, fearful that every one he met was an officer who had his eye on him. He was not, in fact, very far off the mark; for many a person smiled, and stared, and turned round to look at him as he went along.

Titmouse slunk upstairs to his room in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer, from sheer fatigue. Having risen at length to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his persevering exertions had been to give a greasy shining appearance to the hair, which remained green as ever. With a half-uttered groan he sank down upon a chair, and fell into a sort of abstraction, which was interrupted by a sharp knock at his door. Titmouse started up, trembled, and stood for a moment or two irresolute, glancing fearfully at the glass; and then, opening the door, let in—Mr. Gammon, who started back a pace or two, as if he had been shot, on catching sight of the strange figure of Titmouse. It was useless for Gammon to try to check his laughter; so, leaning against the doorpost, he yielded to the impulse, and laughed without intermission for nearly a couple of minutes. Titmouse felt desperately angry, but feared to show it; and the timid, rueful, lackadaisical air with which he regarded the dreaded Mr. Gam-

mon only prolonged and aggravated the agonies of that gentleman. When at length he had a little recovered himself, holding his left hand to his side, with an exhausted air, he entered the little apartment, and asked Titmouse what in the name of heaven he had been doing to himself: "*Without this*" (in the absurd slang of the lawyers) that he suspected most vehemently, all the while, what Titmouse had been about; but he wished to hear Titmouse's own account of the matter! — Titmouse, not daring to hesitate, complied — Gammon listening in an agony of suppressed laughter. He looked as little at Titmouse as he could, and was growing a trifle more sedate, when Titmouse, in a truly lamentable tone inquired, "What's the good, Mr. Gammon, of ten thousand a year with such a horrid head of hair as this?"

HIS POLITICAL SPEECH.

"Now, Mr. Titmouse!" said the returning officer, addressing that gentleman: who on hearing the words, turned as white as a sheet, and felt very much disposed to be sick. He pulled out of his coat pocket a well-worn little roll of paper, on which was the speech which Mr. Gammon had prepared for him, as I have already intimated; and with a shaking hand he unrolled it, casting at its contents a glance, momentary and despairing. What then would that little fool have given for memory, voice, and manner enough to "speak the speech that had been set down for him!" He cast a dismal look over his shoulder at Mr. Gammon, and took off his hat — Sir Harkaway clapping him on the back, exclaiming, "Now for't, lad — have at 'em, and away — never fear!" The moment that he stood bareheaded, and prepared to address the writhing mass of faces before him, he was greeted with a prodigious shout, while hats were some of them waved, and others flung into the air. It was, indeed, several minutes before the uproar abated in the least. With fearful rapidity, however, every species of noise and interruption ceased — and a deadly silence prevailed. The sea of eager, excited faces — all turned towards *him* — was a spectacle which might for a moment have shaken the nerves of even a *man* — had he been "unaccustomed to public speaking." The speech, which — brief and simple though it was — he had never been able to make his own, even after copying it out half a dozen times, and trying to learn it off for

an hour or two daily during the preceding fortnight, he had now utterly forgotten; and he would have given a hundred pounds to retire at once from the contest, or sink unperceived under the floor of the hustings.

“Begin! begin!” whispered Gammon, earnestly.

“Ya—a—s—but—what shall I say?” stammered Titmouse.

“Your speech,” answered Gammon, impatiently.

“I—I—’pon my—soul—I’ve—forgot every word of it!”

“Then *read* it,” said Gammon, in a furious whisper.—“Good God, you’ll be hissed off the hustings!—Read from the paper, do you hear!” he added, almost gnashing his teeth.

Matters having come to this fearful issue, “Gentlemen,” commenced Mr. Titmouse, faintly—

“Hear him! Hear, hear!—Hush!—Sh! sh!” cried the impatient and expectant crowd.

Now, I happen to have a shorthand writer’s notes of every word uttered by Mr. Titmouse, together with an account of the reception it met with: and I shall here give the reader, first, Mr. Titmouse’s *real*, and secondly, Mr. Titmouse’s *supposed* speech, as it appeared two days afterwards in the columns of the *Yorkshire Stingo*.

Look on *this* picture _____ and on *THIS*!

Mr. Titmouse’s **ACTUAL**
Speech.

GENTLEMEN, — Most uncommon, unaccustomed as I am (*cheers*) — happy — memorable, — proudest — high honor — unworthy (*cheering*) — day of my life — important crisis (*cheers*) — day gone by, and arrived — too late (*cheering*) — civil and religious liberty all over the world (*immense cheering, led off by Mr. Mudstint*). Yes, gentlemen, — I would observe — it is unnecessary to say — passing of that truly glorious Bill — character — no mistake — Britons never

Mr. Titmouse’s **REPORTED**
Speech.

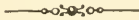
Silence having been restored, Mr. Titmouse said, that he feared it was but too evident that he was unaccustomed to scenes so exciting as the present one — that was one source of his embarrassment; but the greatest was, the enthusiastic reception with which he had been honored, and of which he owned himself quite unworthy (*cheers*). He agreed with the gentleman who had proposed him in so very able and powerful a speech (*cheers*), that we had arrived at a crisis in our national

shall be slaves (*enthusiastic cheers*). — Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to address an assembly of this — a-hem! (“*hear! hear! hear!*” and *cheers*) — civil and religious liberty all over the world (*cheers*) — yet the tongue can feel where the heart cannot express the (*cheers*) — so help me —! universal suffrage and cheap and enlightened equality (*cries of “that’s it, lad!”*) — which can never fear to see established in this country (*cheers*) — if only true to — industrious classes and corn laws — yes, gentlemen, I say corn laws — for I am of op — (*hush! cries of “ay, lad, what dost say about THEM?”*) working out the principles which conduce to the establishment a — a — a — civil and religious liberty of the press! (*cheers*) and the working classes (*hush!*) — Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am — well — at any rate — will you — I say — will you? (*vehement cries of “no! no! never!”*) unless you are true to yourselves! Gentlemen, without going into — vote by Ballot (*cheers*) and quarterly Parliaments (*loud cheering*) — three polar stars of my public conduct — (here the great central banner was waved to and fro, amid enthusiastic cheering) — and reducing the overgrown Church Establishment to a — difference between me and my honorable opponent (*loud cheers and groans*) — I live among you (*cheers*) — spend my money in the borough (*cheers*) — no business to come here (*no, no!*) — right about, close borough (*hisses!*) —

history (*cheering*) — a point at which it would be ruin to go back, while to stand still was impossible (*cheers*); and, therefore, there was nothing for it but to go forward (*great cheering*). He looked upon the passing of the Bill for giving Everybody Everything, as establishing an entirely new order of things (*cheers*), in which the people had been roused to a sense of their being the only legitimate source of power (*cheering*). They had, like Samson, though weakened by the cruelty and torture of his tyrants, bowed down and broken into pieces the gloomy fabric of aristocracy. The words “Civil and Religious Liberty” were now no longer a byword and a reproach (*cheers*); but, as had been finely observed by the gentleman who had so eloquently proposed him to their notice, the glorious truth had gone forth to the ends of the earth, that no man was under any responsibility for his opinions or his belief, any more than for the shape of his nose (*universal cheering*). A spirit of tolerance, amelioration, and renovation was now abroad, actively engaged in repairing our defective and dilapidated constitution, the relic of a barbarous age — with some traces of modern duty, but more of ancient ignorance and unsightliness (*cheers*). The great Bill he alluded to had roused the masses into political being (*immense cheering*), and made them sensible of the necessity of keeping down a rapacious and domineering oligarchy (*groans*). Was not the

patient attention, which I will not further trespass upon (*"hear! hear!"* and *loud cheering*) — full explanation — rush early to the — base, bloody, and brutal (*cheers*) — poll triumphant — extinguish forever (*cheers*). — Gentlemen, these are my sentiments — wish you many happy — re — hem! a-hem — and by early displaying a determination to — (*cries of "we will! we will!"*) — eyes of the whole country upon you — crisis of our national representation — patient attention — latest day of my life. — Gentlemen, yours truly.

liberty of the press placed now upon an intelligible and imperishable basis? — Already were its purifying and invigorating influences perceptible (*cheering*) — and he trusted that it would never cease to direct its powerful energies to the demolition of the many remaining barriers to the improvement of mankind (*cheers*). The corn laws must be repealed, the taxes must be lowered, the army and navy reduced; vote by ballot and universal suffrage conceded, the quarterly meeting of Parliament secured, and the revenues of the church be made applicable to civil purposes. Marriage must be no longer fenced about by religious ceremonials (*cheers*). He found that there were three words on his banner, which were worth a thousand speeches, — *Peace, Retrenchment, Reform*, — which, as had been happily observed by the gentleman who had so ably proposed him —



THE AFGHAN WAR

AND CATASTROPHE OF THE KHYBER PASS.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

(From "A History of Our Own Times.")

[JUSTIN McCARTHY; an Irish writer; born at Cork, November 22, 1830. In 1853 he engaged in journalism, becoming editor in chief of the *Liverpool Morning Star* in 1894. From 1879 to 1900 he represented Longford in Parliament as a Home Ruler. Among his books, which include novels, histories, and biographies, are: "A History of Our Own Times," his most important work (4 vols., 1879-1880); "History of the Four Georges" (4 vols., 1886); "Lady Judith"

(1871); "A Fair Saxon" (1873); "Dear Lady Disdain" (1875); "The Comet of a Season" (1881); "Roland Oliver" (1889); "Charing Cross to St. Paul's" (1891); "Sir Robert Peel" (1891); "The Dictator" (1893); "Pope Leo XIII." (1896); "The Riddle Ring" (1896); and "The Story of Gladstone's Life" (1897).]

THE withdrawal of Dost Mahomed from the scene did nothing to secure the reign of the unfortunate Shah Sujah. The Shah was hated on his own account. He was regarded as a traitor who had sold his country to the foreigners. Insurrections began to be chronic. They were going on in the very midst of Cabul itself. Sir W. Macnaghten was warned of danger, but seemed to take no heed. Some fatal blindness appears to have suddenly fallen on the eyes of our people in Cabul.

On November 2d, 1841, an insurrection broke out. Sir Alexander Burnes lived in the city itself; Sir W. Macnaghten and the military commander, Major General Elphinstone, were in cantonments at some little distance. The insurrection might have been put down in the first instance with hardly the need even of Napoleon's famous "whiff of grapeshot." But it was allowed to grow up without attempt at control. Sir Alexander Burnes could not be got to believe that it was anything serious, even when a fanatical and furious mob were besieging his own house. The fanatics were especially bitter against Burnes, because they believed that he had been guilty of treachery. They accused him of having pretended to be the friend of Dost Mahomed, deceived him, and brought the English into the country. How entirely innocent of this charge Burnes was we all now know; but it would be idle to deny that there was much in the external aspect of events to excite such a suspicion in the mind of an infuriated Afghan. To the last Burnes refused to believe that he was in danger. He had always been a friend to the Afghans, he said, and he could have nothing to fear. It was true. He had always been the sincere friend of the Afghans. It was his misfortune, and the heavy fault of his superiors, that he had been made to appear as an enemy of the Afghans. He had now to pay a heavy penalty for the errors and the wrongdoing of others. He harangued the raging mob, and endeavored to bring them to reason. He does not seem to have understood, up to the very last moment, that by reminding them that he was Alexander Burnes, their old friend, he was only giving them a new reason

for demanding his life. He was murdered in the tumult. He and his brother and all those with them were hacked to pieces with Afghan knives. He was only in his thirty-seventh year when he was murdered. He was the first victim of the policy which had resolved to intervene in the affairs of Afghanistan. Fate seldom showed with more strange and bitter malice her proverbial irony than when she made him the first victim of the policy adopted in despite of his best advice and his strongest warnings.

The murder of Burnes was not a climax; it was only a beginning. The English troops were quartered in cantonments outside the city, and at some little distance from it. These cantonments were, in any case of real difficulty, practically indefensible. The popular monarch, the darling of his people, whom we had restored to his throne, was in the Balla Hissar, or citadel of Cabul. From the moment when the insurrection broke out he may be regarded as a prisoner or a besieged man there. He was as utterly unable to help our people as they were to help him. The whole country threw itself into insurrection against him and us. The Afghans attacked the cantonments, and actually compelled the English to abandon the forts in which all our commissariat was stored. We were thus threatened with famine, even if we could resist the enemy in arms. We were strangely unfortunate in our civil and military leaders. Sir W. Macnaghten was a man of high character and good purpose, but he was weak and credulous. The commander, General Elphinstone, was old, infirm, tortured by disease, broken down both in mind and body, incapable of forming a purpose of his own, or of holding to one suggested by anybody else. His second in command was a far stronger and abler man, but unhappily the two could never agree.

"They were both of them," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "brave men. In any other situation, though the physical infirmities of the one and the cankered vanity, the dogmatical perverseness, of the other, might have in some measure detracted from their efficiency as military commanders, I believe they would have exhibited sufficient courage and constancy to rescue an army from utter destruction, and the British name from indelible reproach. But in the Cabul cantonments they were miserably out of place. They seem to have been sent there, by superhuman intervention, to work out the utter ruin and prostration of an unholy policy by ordinary human means."

One fact must be mentioned by an English historian — one which an English historian has happily not often to record. It is certain that an officer in our service entered into negotiations for the murder of the insurgent chiefs, who were our worst enemies. It is more than probable that he believed in doing so he was acting as Sir W. Macnaghten would have had him do. Sir W. Macnaghten was innocent of any complicity in such a plot, and was incapable of it. But the negotiations were opened and carried on in his name.

A new figure appeared on the scene, a dark and a fierce apparition. This was Akbar Khan, the favorite son of Dost Mahomed. He was a daring, a clever, an unscrupulous young man. From the moment when he entered Cabul he became the real leader of the insurrection against Shah Sujah and us. Macnaghten, persuaded by the military commander that the position of things was hopeless, consented to enter into negotiations with Akbar Khan. Before the arrival of the latter the chiefs of the insurrection had offered us terms which made the ears of our envoy tingle. Such terms had not often been even suggested to British soldiers before. They were simply unconditional surrender. Macnaghten indignantly rejected them. Everything went wrong with him, however. We were beaten again and again by the Afghans. Our officers never faltered in their duty ; but the melancholy truth has to be told that the men, most of whom were Asiatics, at last began to lose heart and would not fight the enemy. So the envoy was compelled to enter into terms with Akbar Khan and the other chiefs. Akbar Khan received him at first with contemptuous insolence — as a haughty conqueror receives some ignoble and humiliated adversary. It was agreed that the British troops should quit Afghanistan at once ; that Dost Mahomed and family should be sent back to Afghanistan ; that on his return the unfortunate Shah Sujah should be allowed to take himself off to India or where he would ; and that some British officers should be left at Cabul as hostages for the fulfillment of the conditions.

The evacuation did not take place at once, although the fierce winter was setting in, and the snow was falling heavily, ominously. Macnaghten seems to have had still some lingering hopes that something would turn up to relieve him from the shame of quitting the country ; and it must be owned that he does not seem to have had any intention of carrying out the

terms of the agreement if by any chance he could escape from them. On both sides there were dallyings and delays. At last Akbar Khan made a new and startling proposition to our envoy. It was that they two should enter into a secret treaty, should unite their arms against the other chiefs, and should keep Shah Sujah on the throne as nominal king, with Akbar Khan as his vizier. Macnaghten caught at the proposals. He had entered into terms of negotiation with the Afghan chiefs together; he now consented to enter into a secret treaty with one of the chiefs to turn their joint arms against the others. It would be idle and shameful to attempt to defend such a policy. We can only excuse it by considering the terrible circumstances of Macnaghten's position, the manner in which his nerves and moral fiber had been shaken and shattered by calamities, and his doubts whether he could place any reliance on the promises of the chiefs. He had apparently sunk into that condition of mind which Macaulay tells us that Clive adopted so readily in his dealings with Asiatics, and under the influence of which men naturally honorable and high-minded come to believe that it is right to act treacherously with those whom we believe to be treacherous. All this is but excuse, and rather poor excuse. When it has all been said and thought of, we must still be glad to believe that there are not many Englishmen who would, under any circumstances, have consented even to give a hearing to the proposals of Akbar Khan.

Whatever Macnaghten's error, it was dearly expiated. He went out at noon next day to confer with Akbar Khan on the banks of the neighboring river. Three of his officers were with him. Akbar Khan was ominously surrounded by friends and retainers. These kept pressing round the unfortunate envoy. Some remonstrance was made by one of the English officers, but Akbar Khan said it was of no consequence, as they were all in the secret. Not many words were spoken; the expected conference had hardly begun when a signal was given or an order issued by Akbar Khan, and the envoy and the officers were suddenly seized from behind. A scene of wild confusion followed, in which hardly anything is clear and certain but the one most horrible incident. The envoy struggled with Akbar Khan, who had himself seized Macnaghten; Akbar Khan drew from his belt one of a pair of pistols which Macnaghten had presented to him a short time before, and shot him through the body. The fanatics who were crowding

round hacked the body to pieces with their knives. Of the three officers one was killed on the spot; the other two were forced to mount Afghan horses and carried away as prisoners.

At first this horrid deed of treachery and blood shows like that to which Clearchus and his companions, the chiefs of the famous ten thousand Greeks, fell victims at the hands of Tissaphernes, the Persian satrap. But it seems certain that the treachery of Akbar, base as it was, did not contemplate more than the seizure of the envoy and his officers. There were jealousies and disputes among the chiefs of the insurrection. One of them, in especial, had got his mind filled with the conviction, inspired, no doubt, by the unfortunate and unparalleled negotiation already mentioned, that the envoy had offered a price for his head. Akbar Khan was accused by him of being a secret friend of the envoy and the English. Akbar Khan's father was a captive in the hands of the English, and it may have been thought that on his account and for personal purposes Akbar was favoring the envoy, and even intriguing with him. Akbar offered to prove his sincerity by making the envoy a captive and handing him over to the chiefs. This was the treacherous plot which he strove to carry out by entering into the secret negotiations with the easily deluded envoy. On the fatal day the latter resisted and struggled; Akbar Khan heard a cry of alarm that the English soldiers were coming out of the cantonments to rescue the envoy; and, wild with passion, he suddenly drew his pistol and fired. This was the statement made again and again by Akbar Khan himself. It does not seem an improbable explanation for what otherwise looks a murder as stupid and purposeless as it was brutal. The explanation does not much relieve the darkness of Akbar Khan's character. It is given here as history, not as exculpation. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that Akbar Khan would have shrunk from any treachery or any cruelty which served his purpose. His own explanation of his purpose in this instance shows a degree of treachery which could hardly be surpassed even in the East. But it is well to bear in mind that the suspicion of perfidy under which the English envoy labored, and which was the main impulse of Akbar Khan's movement, had evidence enough to support it in the eyes of suspicious enemies, and that poor Macnaghten would not have been murdered had he not consented to meet Akbar Khan and

treat with him on a proposition to which an English official should never have listened.

A terrible agony of suspense followed among the little English force in the cantonments. The military chiefs afterward stated that they did not know until the following day that any calamity had befallen the envoy. But a keen suspicion ran through the cantonments that some fearful deed had been done. No step was taken to avenge the death of Macnaghten, even when it became known that his hacked and mangled body had been exhibited in triumph all through the streets and bazaars of Cabul. A paralysis seemed to have fallen over the councils of our military chiefs. On December 24th, 1841, came a letter from one of the officers seized by Akbar Khan, accompanying proposals for a treaty from the Afghan chiefs. It is hard now to understand how any English officers could have consented to enter into terms with the murderers of Macnaghten before his mangled body could well have ceased to bleed. It is strange that it did not occur to most of them that there was an alternative; that they were not ordered by fate to accept whatever the conquerors chose to offer. We can all see the difficulty of their position. General Elphinstone and his second in command, Brigadier Shelton, were convinced that it would be equally impossible to stay where they were or to cut their way through the Afghans. But it might have occurred to many that they were nevertheless not bound to treat with the Afghans. They might have remembered the famous answer of the father in Corneille's immortal drama, who is asked what his son could have done but yield in the face of such odds, and exclaims in generous passion that he could have died. One English officer of mark did counsel his superiors in this spirit. This was Major Eldred Pottinger, whose skill and courage in the defense of Herat we have already mentioned. Pottinger was for cutting their way through all enemies and difficulties as far as they could, and then occupying the ground with their dead bodies. But his advice was hardly taken into consideration.

It was determined to treat with the Afghans; and treating with the Afghans now meant accepting any terms the Afghans chose to impose on their fallen enemies. In the negotiations that went on, some written documents were exchanged. One of these, drawn up by the English negotiators, contains a short sentence which we believe to be absolutely unique in the

history of British dealings with armed enemies. It is an appeal to the Afghan conquerors not to be too hard upon the vanquished, not to break the bruised reed. "In friendship, kindness and consideration are necessary, not overpowering the weak with sufferings!"

In friendship! — we appealed to the friendship of Macnaghten's murderers; to the friendship, in any case, of the man whose father we had dethroned and driven into exile. Not overpowering the weak with sufferings! The weak were the English! One might fancy he was reading the plaintive and piteous appeal of some forlorn and feeble tribe of helpless half-breeds for the mercy of arrogant and mastering rulers. "Suffolk's imperious tongue is stern and rough," says one in Shakespeare's pages, when he is bidden to ask for consideration at the hands of captors whom he is no longer able to resist. The tongue with which the English force at Cabul addressed the Afghans was not imperious or stern or rough. It was bated, mild, and plaintive. Only the other day, it would seem, these men had blown up the gates of Ghuznee, and rushed through the dense smoke and the falling ruins to attack the enemy hand to hand. Only the other day our envoy had received in surrender the bright sword of Dost Mahomed. Now the same men who had seen these things could only plead for a little gentleness of consideration, and had no thought of resistance, and did not any longer seem to know how to die.

We accepted the terms of treaty offered to us. Nothing else could be done by men who were not prepared to adopt the advice of the heroic father in Corneille. The English were at once to take themselves off out of Afghanistan, giving up all their guns except six, which they were allowed to retain for their necessary defense in their mournful journey home; they were to leave behind all the treasure, and to guarantee the payment of something additional for the safe-conduct of the poor little army to Peshawur or to Jellalabad; and they were to hand over six officers as hostages for the due fulfillment of the conditions. It is of course understood that the conditions included the immediate release of Dost Mahomed and his family and their return to Afghanistan. When these should return, the six hostages were to be released. Only one concession had been obtained from the conquerors. It was at first demanded that some of the married ladies should be left as hostages; but on the urgent representations of the English officers this con-

dition was waived — at least for the moment. When the treaty was signed, the officers who had been seized when Macnaghten was murdered were released.

It is worth mentioning that these officers were not badly treated by Akbar Khan while they were in his power. On the contrary, he had to make strenuous efforts, and did make them in good faith, to save them from being murdered by bands of his fanatical followers. One of the officers has himself described the almost desperate efforts which Akbar Khan had to make to save him from the fury of the mob, who thronged thirsting for the blood of the Englishman up to the very stirrup of their young chief. "Akbar Khan," says this officer, "at length drew his sword and laid about him right manfully" in defense of his prisoner. When, however, he had got the latter into a place of safety, the impetuous young Afghan chief could not restrain a sneer at his captive and the cause his captive represented. Turning to the English officer, he said more than once, "in a tone of triumphant derision," some words such as these: "So you are the man who came here to seize my country?"

It must be owned that the condition of things gave bitter meaning to the taunt, if it did not actually excuse it. At a later period of this melancholy story it is told by Lady Sale that crowds of the fanatical Ghilzyes were endeavoring to persuade Akbar Khan to slaughter all the English, and that when he tried to pacify them they said that when Burnes came into the country they entreated Akbar Khan's father to have Burnes killed, or he would go back to Hindostan, and on some future day return and bring an army with him, "to take our country from us"; and all the calamities had come upon them because Dost Mahomed would not take their advice. Akbar Khan either was or pretended to be moderate. He might, indeed, safely put on an air of magnanimity. His enemies were doomed. It needed no command from him to decree their destruction.

The withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Kurd Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the center dashed a precipitous mountain torrent so fiercely that

the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground; the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travelers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Kurd Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting men — of whom Europeans, it should be said, formed but a small proportion — and some twelve thousand camp followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children: Lady Macnaghten, widow of the murdered envoy; Lady Sale, whose gallant husband was holding Jellalabad, at the near end of the Khyber Pass, toward the Indian frontier; Mrs. Stuart, her daughter, soon to be widowed by the death of her young husband; Mrs. Trevor and her seven children, and many other pitiable fugitives.

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who with their long guns and long knives were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused constant battle against a guerrilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper, who were perfectly familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited their tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. "It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight." Men, women, and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amidst the relentless enemies. "The massacre" — to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Kurd Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted, to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and los-

ing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march.”

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for their accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to their utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen whom Akbar Khan had with him were utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon: trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery, and to see that it was surely accomplished, some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give a hope of protection. Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur. There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or command, that could be obtained was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives. With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Few scenes in poetry or romance can surely be more thrilling with emotion than such a meeting as this must have been. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children and the married men whose wives were among this party were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned out, this proved a fortunate thing for them. But in any case

it was the best thing that could be done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs, there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jellalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road." Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jellalabad, at the near end of the Khyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might have a chance of destroying it on its way. It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children; it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindostan. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his hands the army at Jellalabad could not refuse to obey the condition set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees with openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jellalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphinstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised, if this were done, to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes, and also to provide the army in the Kurd Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before very long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The straggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass — a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical, implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extin-

guished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap ; the British were taken in. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

[1799-1888.]

“WILL you walk into my parlor ?”

Said the Spider to the Fly ;

“’Tis the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy.

“The way into my parlor

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things

To show when you are there.”

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,

“To ask me is in vain ;

For who goes up your winding stair

Can ne’er come down again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear,

With soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ?”

Said the Spider to the Fly.

“There are pretty curtains drawn around ;

The sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile,

I’ll snugly tuck you in !”

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,
 “For I’ve often heard it said,
 They never, never wake again,
 Who sleep upon your bed.”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly:
 “Dear friend, what can I do
 To prove the warm affection
 I’ve always felt for you?”

“I have within my pantry
 Good store of all that’s nice:
 I’m sure you’re very welcome—
 Will you please to take a slice?”

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,
 “Kind sir, that cannot be;
 I’ve heard what’s in your pantry,
 And I do not wish to see.”

“Sweet creature!” said the Spider,
 “You’re witty and you’re wise;
 How handsome are your gauzy wings!
 How brilliant are your eyes!”

“I have a little looking-glass
 Upon my parlor shelf;
 If you’ll step in one moment, dear,
 You shall behold yourself.”

“I thank you, gentle sir,” she said,
 “For what you’re pleased to say,
 And, bidding you good morning now,
 I’ll call another day.”

The Spider turned him round about,
 And went into his den,
 For well he knew the silly Fly
 Would soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web
 In a little corner sly,
 And set his table ready
 To dine upon the Fly.

Then came out to his door again,
And merrily did sing:—
“Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,
With the pearl and silver wing;

“Your robes are green and purple—
There’s a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead!”

Alas, alas! how very soon
This silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—
Poor, foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—
But she ne’er came out again.

And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you ne’er give heed.

Unto an evil counselor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
Of the Spider and the Fly.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 261.]

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half-depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair, or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the mean time it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a

long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the prince's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue; and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange; the fifth with white; the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon the carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood opposite to each window a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber, the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment also that there stood, against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to

be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause momentarily in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company: and while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion: and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric luster. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm — much of what has been since seen in “Hernani.” There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these — the dreams — writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo

of their steps. And anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appalls; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal, more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth, the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of

the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger, neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers), he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

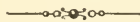
“Who dares” — he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him — “who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him — that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise from the battlements!”

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly — for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him: so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step

which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple — through the purple to the green — through the green to the orange — through this again to the white — and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached in rapid impetuosity to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry — and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock — gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave ceremonies and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness, and Decay, and the Red Death, held illimitable dominion over all.



TALES FROM THE FJELD.

By P. CH. ASBJÖRNSEN.

(Translated by Sir George Dasent.)

[PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN, born at Christiania, Norway, January 15, 1812; died January 6, 1885. He studied at the university in his native place, paying especial attention to zoölogy and botany, and later gave much attention to the study of folklore. He taught and traveled; was head forester in a district in the north of Norway, and was subsequently sent by the government to investigate the turf industry in other countries. Meanwhile he wrote voluminously on the subject of natural history and folklore, winning his reputation chiefly

through the latter. His greatest works are : "Norske Folke-eventyr" (Norwegian Folk Tales), in collaboration with Moe, 1842-1844 ; and "Norske Huldre-eventyr og Folkesagn" (Norwegian Fairy Tales and Folk Legends), 1845.]

FRIENDS IN LIFE AND DEATH.

ONCE on a time there were two young men who were such great friends that they swore to one another they would never part, either in life or death. One of them died before he was at all old, and a little while after the other wooed a farmer's daughter, and was to be married to her. So when they were bidding guests to the wedding, the bridegroom went himself to the churchyard where his friend lay, and knocked at his grave and called him by name. No ! he neither answered nor came. He knocked again, and he called again, but no one came. A third time he knocked louder and called louder to him, to come that he might talk to him. So, after a long, long time, he heard a rustling, and at last the dead man came up out of the grave.

"It was well you came at last," said the bridegroom, "for I have been standing here ever so long, knocking and calling for you."

"I was a long way off," said the dead man, "so that I did not quite hear you till the last time you called."

"All right!" said the bridegroom; "but I am going to stand bridegroom to-day, and you mind well, I dare say, what we used to talk about, and how we were to stand by each other at our weddings as best man."

"I mind it well," said the dead man, "but you must wait a bit till I have made myself a little smart; and, after all, no one can say I have on a wedding garment."

The lad was hard put to it for time, for he was overdue at home to meet the guests, and it was all but time to go to church; but still he had to wait awhile and let the dead man go into a room by himself, as he begged, so that he might brush himself up a bit, and come smart to church like the rest; for, of course, he was to go with the bridal train to church.

Yes! the dead man went with him both to church and from church, but when they had got so far on with the wedding that they had taken off the bride's crown, he said he must go. So, for old friendship's sake, the bridegroom said he would go with him to the grave again. And as they walked to the church-

FAIRY TALES

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GRÄF.



yard the bridegroom asked his friend if he had seen much that was wonderful, or heard anything that was pleasant to know.

"Yes! that I have," said the dead man. "I have seen much, and heard many strange things."

"That must be fine to see," said the bridegroom. "Do you know, I have a mind to go along with you, and see all that with my own eyes."

"You are quite welcome," said the dead man; "but it may chance that you may be away some time."

"So it might," said the bridegroom; but for all that he would go down into the grave.

But before they went down the dead man took and cut a turf out of the graveyard and put it on the young man's head. Down and down they went, far and far away, through dark, silent wastes, across wood, and moor, and bog, till they came to a great, heavy gate, which opened to them as soon as the dead man touched it. Inside it began to grow lighter, first as though it were moonshine, and the farther they went the lighter it got. At last they got to a spot where there were such green hills, knee-deep in grass, and on them fed a large herd of kine, who grazed as they went; but for all they ate those kine looked poor, and thin, and wretched.

"What's all this?" said the lad who had been bridegroom; "why are they so thin and in such bad case, though they eat, every one of them, as though they were well paid to eat?"

"This is a likeness of those who never can have enough, though they rake and scrape it together ever so much," said the dead man.

So they journeyed on far and farther than far, till they came to some hill pastures, where there was naught but bare rocks and stones, with here and there a blade of grass. Here was grazing another herd of kine, which were so sleek, and fat, and smooth that their coats shone again.

"What are these," asked the bridegroom, "who have so little to live on, and yet are in such good plight? I wonder what they can be."

"This," said the dead man, "is a likeness of those who are content with the little they have, however poor it be."

So they went farther and farther on till they came to a great lake, and it and all about it was so bright and shining that the bridegroom could scarce bear to look at it — it was so dazzling.

“Now, you must sit down here,” said the dead man, “till I come back. I shall be away a little while.”

With that he set off, and the bridegroom sat down, and as he sat sleep fell on him, and he forgot everything in sweet, deep slumber. After a while the dead man came back.

“It was good of you to sit still here, so that I could find you again.”

But when the bridegroom tried to get up, he was all overgrown with moss and bushes, so that he found himself sitting in a thicket of thorns and brambles.

So when he had made his way out of it, they journeyed back again, and the dead man led him by the same way to the brink of the grave. There they parted and said farewell, and as soon as the bridegroom got out of the grave he went straight home to the house where the wedding was.

But when he got where he thought the house stood, he could not find his way. Then he looked about on all sides, and asked every one he met, but he could neither hear nor learn anything of the bride, or the wedding, or his kindred, or his father and mother; nay, he could not so much as find any one whom he knew. And all he met wondered at the strange shape, who went about and looked for all the world like a scarecrow.

Well! as he could find no one he knew, he made his way to the priest, and told him of his kinsmen and all that had happened up to the time he stood bridegroom, and how he had gone away in the midst of his wedding. But the priest knew nothing at all about it at first; but when he had hunted in his old registers, he found out that the marriage he spoke of had happened a long, long time ago, and that all the folk he talked of had lived four hundred years before.

In that time there had grown up a great stout oak in the priest's yard, and when he saw it he clambered up into it, that he might look about him. But the graybeard who had sat in heaven and slumbered for four hundred years, and had now at last come back, did not come down from the oak as well as he went up. He was stiff and gouty, as was likely enough; and so when he was coming down he made a false step, fell down, broke his neck, and that was the end of him.

THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY.

Once on a time there was a man who was out on a journey ; so at last he came to a big and a fine farm, and there was a house so grand that it might well have been a little palace.

“Here it would be good to get leave to spend the night,” said the man to himself, as he went inside the gate. Hard by stood an old man with gray hair and beard, who was hewing wood.

“Good evening, father,” said the wayfarer. “Can I have houseroom here to-night?”

“I’m not father in the house,” said the graybeard. “Go into the kitchen, and talk to my father.”

The wayfarer went into the kitchen, and there he met a man who was still older, and he lay on his knees before the hearth, and was blowing up the fire.

“Good evening, father,” said the wayfarer. “Can I get houseroom here to-night?”

“I’m not father in the house,” said the old man; “but go in and talk to my father. You’ll find him sitting at the table in the parlor.”

So the wayfarer went into the parlor, and talked to him who sat at the table. He was much older than either of the other two, and there he sat, with his teeth chattering, and shivered and shook, and read out of a big book, almost like a little child.

“Good evening, father,” said the man. “Will you let me have houseroom here to-night?”

“I’m not father in the house,” said the man who sat at the table, whose teeth chattered, and who shivered and shook; “but speak to my father yonder — he who sits on the bench.”

So the wayfarer went to him who sat on the bench, and he was trying to fill himself a pipe of tobacco; but he was so withered up and his hands shook so with the palsy that he could scarce hold the pipe.

“Good evening, father,” said the wayfarer again. “Can I get houseroom here to-night?”

“I’m not father in the house,” said the old withered fellow; “but speak to my father who lies in bed yonder.”

So the wayfarer went to the bed, and there lay an old, old man, who but for his pair of big staring eyes scarcely looked alive.

“Good evening, father,” said the wayfarer. “Can I get houseroom here to-night?”

“I’m not father in the house,” said the old carl with the big eyes; “but go and speak to my father, who lies yonder in the cradle.”

Yes, the wayfarer went to the cradle, and there lay a carl as old as the hills, so withered and shriveled he was no bigger than a baby, and it was hard to tell that there was any life in him, except that there was a sound of breathing every now and then in his throat.

“Good evening, father,” said the wayfarer. “May I have houseroom here to-night?”

It was long before he got an answer, and still longer before the carl brought it out; but the end was he said, as all the rest, that he was not father in the house. “But go,” said he, “and speak to my father; you’ll find him hanging up in the horn yonder against the wall.”

So the wayfarer stared about round the walls, and at last he caught sight of the horn; but when he looked for him who hung in it, he looked more like a film of ashes that had the likeness of a man’s face. Then he was so frightened that he screamed out, —

“Good evening, father! will you let me have houseroom here to-night?”

Then a chirping came out of the horn like a little tomtit, and it was all he could do to make out that the chirping meant, “YES, MY CHILD.”

And now a table came in which was covered with the costliest dishes, and with ale and brandy; and when he had eaten and drank, there came in a good bed with reindeer skins; and the wayfarer was so very glad because he had at last found the right father in the house.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

Once on a time there was a lad who had lived as a servant a long time with a man of the North Country. This man was a master at ale brewing; it was so out-of-the-way good the like of it was not to be found. So, when the lad was to leave his place and the man was to pay him the wages he had earned, he would take no other pay than a keg of Yule ale. Well, he got it and set off with it, and he carried it both far and long, but

the longer he carried the keg the heavier it got, and so he began to look about to see if any one were coming with whom he might have a drink, that the ale might lessen and the keg lighten. And after a long, long time, he met an old man with a big beard.

“Good day,” said the man.

“Good day to you,” said the lad.

“Whither away?” asked the man.

“I’m looking after some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened,” said the lad.

“Can’t you drink as well with me as with any one else?” said the man. “I have fared both far and wide, and I am both tired and thirsty.”

“Well! why shouldn’t I?” said the lad; “but tell me, whence do you come, and what sort of man are you?”

“I am ‘Our Lord,’ and come from Heaven,” said the man.

“Thee will I not drink with,” said the lad; “for thou makest such distinction between persons here in the world, and sharest rights so unevenly that some get so rich and some so poor. No! with thee I will not drink,” and as he said this he trotted off with his keg again.

So when he had gone a bit farther the keg grew too heavy again; he thought he never could carry it any longer unless some one came with whom he might drink, and so lessen the ale in the keg. Yes! he met an ugly, scrawny man who came along fast and furious.

“Good day,” said the man.

“Good day to you,” said the lad.

“Whither away?” asked the man.

“Oh, I’m looking for some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened,” said the lad.

“Can’t you drink with me as well as with any one else?” said the man; “I have fared both far and wide, and I am tired and thirsty.”

“Well, why not?” said the lad; “but who are you, and whence do you come?”

“Who am I? I am the De’il, and I come from Hell; that’s where I come from,” said the man.

“No!” said the lad; “thou only pinest and plaguest poor folk, and if there is any unhappiness astir, they always say it is thy fault. Thee I will not drink with.”

So he went far and farther than far again with his ale keg

on his back, till he thought it grew so heavy there was no carrying it any farther. He began to look round again if any one were coming with whom he could drink and lighten his keg. So after a long, long time, another man came, and he was so dry and lean 'twas a wonder his bones hung together.

“Good day,” said the man.

“Good day to you,” said the lad.

“Whither away?” asked the man.

“Oh, I was only looking about to see if I could find some one to drink with, that my keg might be lightened a little, it is so heavy to carry.”

“Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?” said the man.

“Yes; why not?” said the lad. “But what sort of man are you?”

“They call me Death,” said the man.

“The very man for my money,” said the lad. “Thee I am glad to drink with,” and as he said this he put down his keg, and began to tap the ale into a bowl. “Thou art an honest, trustworthy man, for thou treatest all alike, both rich and poor.”

So he drank his health, and Death drank his health, and Death said he had never tasted such drink, and as the lad was fond of him, they drank bowl and bowl about, till the ale was lessened, and the keg grew light.

At last Death said, “I have never known drink which smacked better, or did me so much good as this ale that you have given me, and I scarce know what to give you in return.” But, after he had thought awhile, he said the keg should never get empty, however much they drank out of it, and the ale that was in it should become a healing drink, by which the lad could make the sick whole again better than any doctor. And he also said that when the lad came into the sick man's room, Death would always be there, and show himself to him, and it should be to him for a sure token if he saw Death at the foot of the bed that he could cure the sick with a draught from the keg; but if he sat by the pillow, there was no healing nor medicine, for then the sick belonged to Death.

Well, the lad soon grew famous, and was called in far and near, and he helped many to health again who had been given over. When he came in and saw how Death sat by the sick man's bed, he foretold either life or death, and his foretelling

was never wrong. He got both a rich and powerful man, and at last he was called in to a king's daughter far, far away in the world. She was so dangerously ill no doctor thought he could do her any good, and so they promised him all that he cared either to ask or have if he would only save her life.

Now, when he came into the princess' room, there sat Death at her pillow; but as he sat he dozed and nodded, and while he did this she felt herself better.

"Now, life or death is at stake," said the doctor; "and I fear, from what I see, there is no hope."

But they said he *must* save her, if it cost land and realm. So he looked at Death, and while he sat there and dozed again, he made a sign to the servants to turn the bed round so quickly that Death was left sitting at the foot, and at the very moment they turned the bed the doctor gave her the draught, and her life was saved.

"Now you have cheated me," said Death, "and we are quits."

"I was forced to do it," said the doctor, "unless I wished to lose land and realm."

"That shan't help you much," said Death; "your time is up, for now you belong to me."

"Well," said the lad, "what must be must be; but you'll let me have time to read the Lord's Prayer first?"

Yes, he might have leave to do that; but he took very good care not to read the Lord's Prayer; everything else he read, but the Lord's Prayer never crossed his lips, and at last he thought he had cheated Death for good and all. But when Death thought he had really waited too long, he went to the lad's house one night, and hung up a great tablet with the Lord's Prayer painted on it over against his bed. So when the lad woke in the morning he began to read the tablet, and did not quite see what he was about till he came to Amen; but then it was just too late, and Death had him.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Once on a time there was a man who went into the wood to cut hop poles, but he could find no trees so long and straight and slender as he wanted, till he came high up under a great heap of stones. There he heard groans and moans as though some one were at Death's door. So he went up to see who it

was that needed help, and then he heard that the noise came from under a great flat stone which lay upon the heap. It was so heavy it would have taken many a man to lift it. But the man went down again into the wood and cut down a tree, which he turned into a lever, and with that he tilted up the stone, and lo! out from under it crawled a Dragon, and made at the man to swallow him up. But the man said he had saved the Dragon's life, and it was shameful thanklessness in him to want to eat him up.

"Maybe," said the Dragon, "but you might very well know I must be starved when I have been here hundreds of years and never tasted meat. Besides, it's the way of the world—that's how it pays its debts."

The man pleaded his cause stoutly, and begged prettily for his life; and at last they agreed to take the first living thing that came for a daysman, and if his doom went the other way the man should not lose his life, but if he said the same as the Dragon, the Dragon should eat the man.

The first thing that came was an old hound, who ran along the road down below under the hillside. Him they spoke to, and begged him to be judge.

"God knows," said the hound, "I have served my master truly ever since I was a little whelp. I have watched and watched many and many a night through while he lay warm asleep on his ear, and I have saved house and home from fire and thieves more than once; but now I can neither see nor hear any more, and he wants to shoot me. And so I must run away, and slink from house to house, and beg for my living till I die of hunger. No! it's the way of the world," said the hound; "that's how it pays its debts."

"Now I am coming to eat you up," said the Dragon, and tried to swallow the man again. But the man begged and prayed hard for his life, till they agreed to take the next comer for a judge; and if he said the same as the Dragon and the hound, the Dragon was to eat him, and get a meal of man's meat; but if he did not say so, the man was to get off with his life.

So there came an old horse limping down along the road which ran under the hill. Him they called out to come and settle the dispute. Yes; he was quite ready to do that.

"Now, I have served my master," said the horse, "as long as I could draw or carry. I have slaved and striven for him

till the sweat trickled from every hair, and I have worked till I have grown lame, and halt, and worn out with toil and age; now I am fit for nothing. I am not worth my food, and so I am to have a bullet through me, he says. Nay! nay! It's the way of the world. That's how the world pays its debts."

"Well, now I'm coming to eat you," said the Dragon, who gaped wide, and wanted to swallow the man. But he begged again hard for his life.

But the Dragon said he must have a mouthful of man's meat; he was so hungry, he couldn't bear it any longer.

"See, yonder comes one who looks as if he was sent to be a judge between us," said the man, as he pointed to Reynard the fox, who came stealing between the stones of the heap.

"All good things are three," said the man; "let me ask him, too, and if he gives doom like the others, eat me up on the spot."

"Very well," said the Dragon. He, too, had heard that all good things were three, and so it should be a bargain. So the man talked to the fox as he had talked to the others.

"Yes, yes," said Reynard, "I see how it all is"; but as he said this he took the man a little on one side.

"What will you give me if I free you from the Dragon?" he whispered into the man's ear.

"You shall be free to come to my house, and to be lord and master over my hens and geese every Thursday night," said the man.

"Well, my dear Dragon," said Reynard, "this is a very hard nut to crack. I can't get it into my head how you, who are so big and mighty a beast, could find room to lie under yon stone."

"Can't you?" said the Dragon; "well, I lay under the hillside, and sunned myself, and down came a landslip, and hurled the stone over me."

"All very likely, I dare say," said Reynard; "but still I can't understand it, and what's more I won't believe it till I see it."

So the man said they had better prove it, and the Dragon crawled down into his hole again; but in the twinkling of an eye they whipped out the lever, and down the stone crashed again on the Dragon.

"Lie now there till doomsday," said the fox. "You would eat the man, would you, who saved your life?"

The Dragon groaned, and moaned, and begged hard to come out ; but the two went their way and left him alone.

The very first Thursday night Reynard came to be lord and master over the hen-roost, and hid himself behind a great pile of wood hard by. When the maid went to feed the fowls, in stole Reynard. She neither saw nor heard anything of him ; but her back was scarce turned before he had sucked blood enough for a week, and stuffed himself so that he couldn't stir. So when she came again in the morning, there Reynard lay and snored, and slept in the morning sun, with all four legs stretched straight ; and he was as sleek and round as a German sausage.

Away ran the lassie for the goody, and she came, and all the lasses with her, with sticks and brooms to beat Reynard ; and, to tell the truth, they nearly banged the life out of him ; but, just as it was almost all over with him, and he thought his last hour was come, he found a hole in the floor, and so he crept out, and limped and hobbled off to the wood.

"Oh, oh," said Reynard ; "how true it is. 'Tis the way of the world ; and this is how it pays its debts."

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