

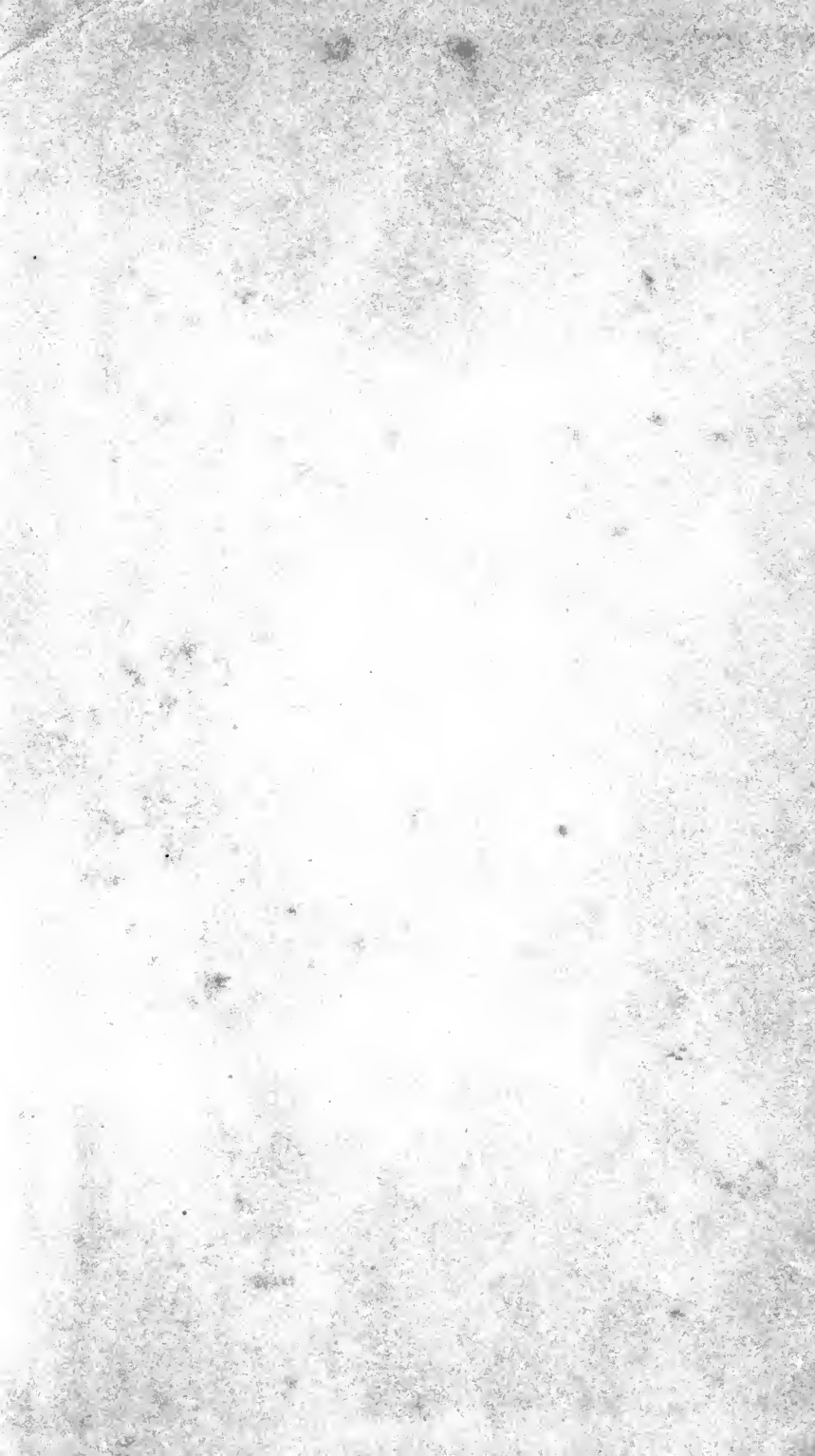
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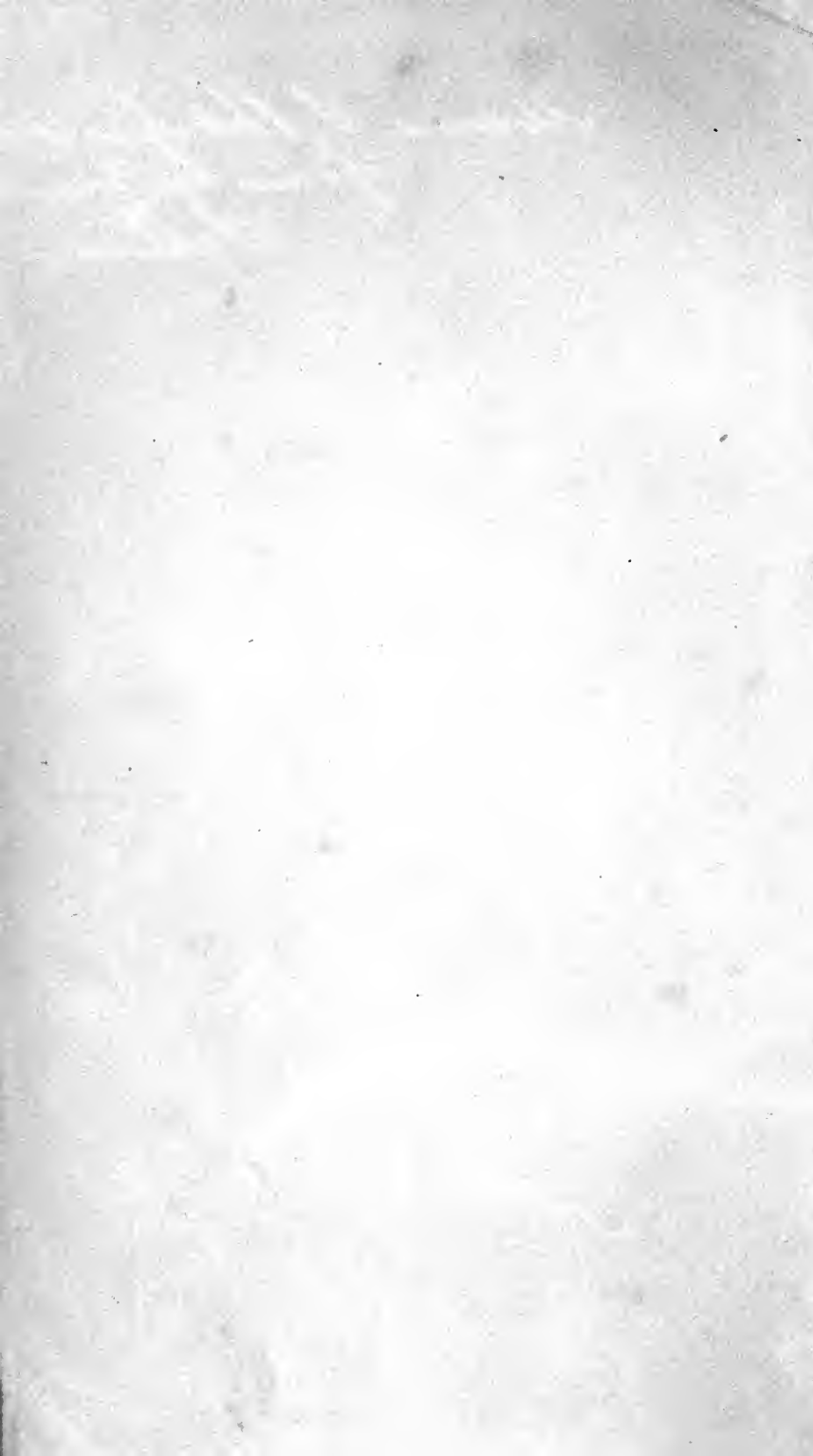
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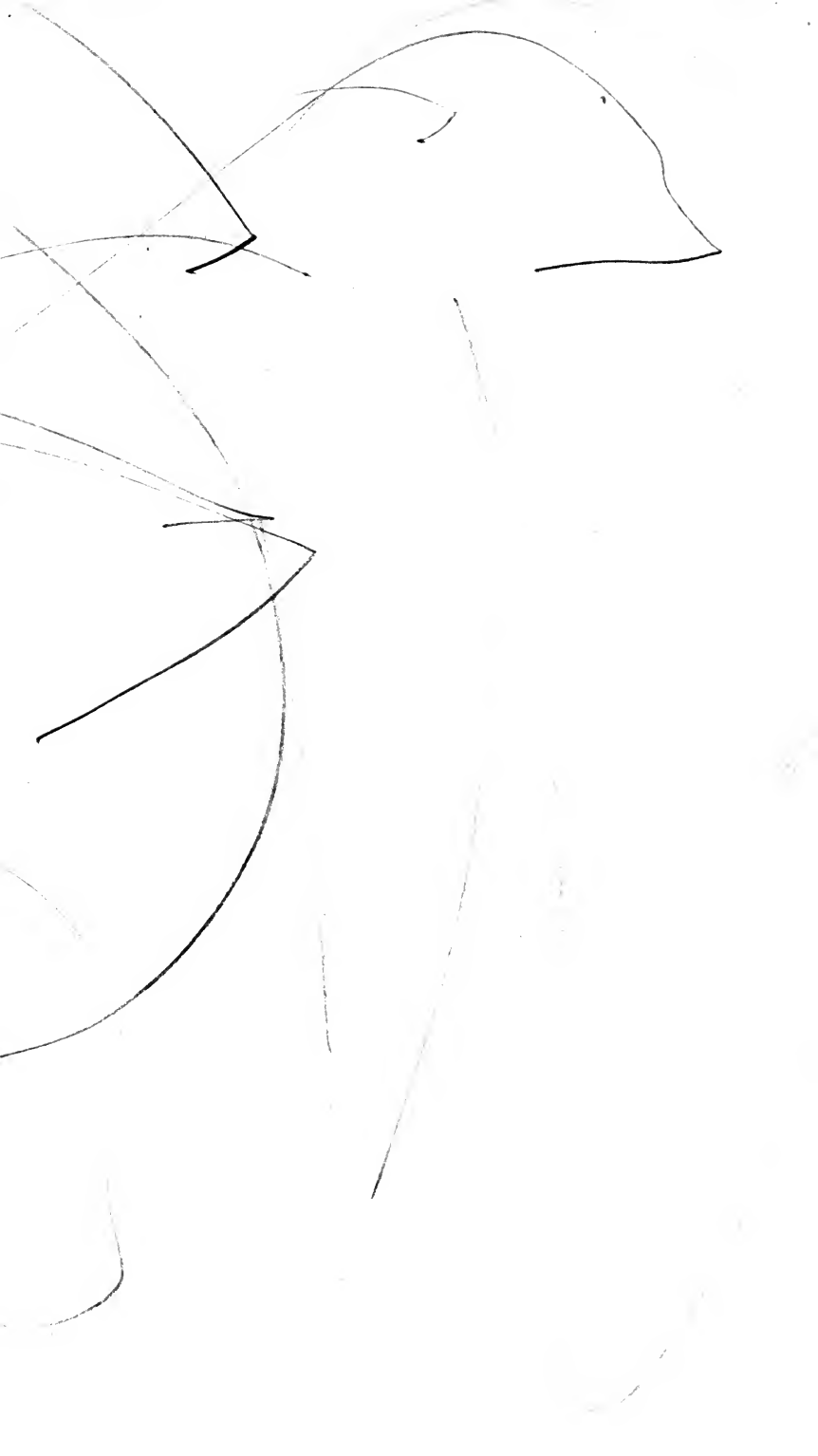
GIFT OF
PROFESSOR
GEORGE R. STEWART





Maria C. Hitchcock
from her friend
Joshua





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AGNES.

T H E G I R L

1845



CECILIA

AND HER

THE GIFT:

A

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR,

AND

BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

M D C C C X L V.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY AND HART.
1845.

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CONTENTS.

A Gleam of Sunshine	HENRY W. LONGFELLOW	7
The Schoolmaster's Progress	MRS. KIRKLAND.....	10
The Wounded Vulture	ANNE C. LYNCH.....	26
The Power of an "Injured Look"	N. P. WILLIS	28
Going Home.....	C. P. CRANCH	38
The Necklace.....	ANNE C. LYNCH	40
The Purloined Letter.....	EDGAR A. POE.....	41
To Columbus Dying.....	W. H. FURNESS.....	62
The Moral of Goslyne Greene, or the Man that was Born to a Fortune ...	JOSEPH C. NEAL.....	64
The Poet's Apology	R. W. EMERSON	77
The Stuyvesant Pear-Tree	MRS. ELLET	78
The Rabbit-Catching.....	84
Dirge.....	R. W. EMERSON.....	94
The Inn at Cransac.....	W. H. FURNESS.....	97
Song of the Angels.....	F. H. HEDGE	130
Evening Flowers.....	MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.....	132
A Prairie Jumbie	CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.....	134
The Night-Blooming Ceres.....	H. T. TUCKERMAN	148
Peter Petrolius, or the Man that was Born in the Crooked Street.....	EDMUND C. WATMOUGH	150

On a Picture of Harvey Birch.....	ANNE C. LYNCH	167
The Giant's Coffin, or the Feud of Holt and Houston.....	AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," ETC....	169
The Roman Girl.....	C. P. GRANCH	212
Stanzas	ERNEST HELFENSTEIN	213
The Dead Guest.....		215
The Hemlock Tree	HENRY W. LONGFELLOW	276
Washington Crossing the Alleghany ...	ANNE C. LYNCH.....	277
Leaves from the Diary of a Recluse		279

LIST OF PLATES.

AGNES	W. PAGE	J. CHENEY.
TITLE	G. STUART.....	J. CHENEY.
THE NECKLACE	C. R. LESLIE	W. HUMPHREYS.
THE TRAP SPRUNG	W. S. MOUNT.....	J. I. PEASE.
ANNETTE	E. MALBONE	J. CHENEY.
WASHINGTON AND HARVEY BIRCH.....	A. B. DURAND	J. I. PEASE.
THE ROMAN GIRL	D. HUNTINGTON	J. CHENEY.
WASHINGTON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANY..	D. HUNTINGTON	R. W. DODSON.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The past and present reunite,
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town,
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
Oh! gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden trees,
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy angels
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
 Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
 Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“Sleep, sleep, to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born !”
Solemnly sang the village choir
 On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds, the golden sun
 Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder
 Of the ancient patriarch’s dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
 Sweet scented with the hay,
Turned o’er the hymn-book’s fluttering leaves,
 That on the window lay.

Long was the good man’s sermon,
 But it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth, the beautiful,
 And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
 But it seemed not so to me,
For in my heart I prayed with him,
 But still I thought of thee.

But now, alas, the place seems changed ;
 Thou art no longer here ;
Part of the sunshine of the scene
 With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep rooted in my heart,
Like pine trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PROGRESS.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," ETC.

MASTER WILLIAM HORNER came to our village to keep school when he was about eighteen years old: tall, lank, straight-sided, and straight-haired, with a mouth of the most puckered and solemn kind. His figure and movements were those of a puppet cut out of shingle and jerked by a string; and his address corresponded very well with his appearance. Never did that prim mouth give way before a laugh. A faint and misty smile was the widest departure from its propriety, and this unaccustomed disturbance made wrinkles in the flat skinny cheeks like those in the surface of a lake, after the intrusion of a stone. Master Horner knew well what belonged to the pedagogical character, and that facial solemnity stood high on the list of indispensable qualifications. He had made up his mind before he left his father's house how he would look during the term. He had not planned any smiles (knowing that he must "board round"), and it was not for ordinary occurrences to alter his arrangements; so that when he was betrayed into a relaxation of the muscles, it was "in such a sort" as if he was putting his bread and butter in jeopardy.

Truly he had a grave time that first winter. The rod of power was new to him, and he felt it his "duty" to use it more frequently than might have been thought necessary by

those upon whose sense the privilege had palled. Tears and sulky faces, and impotent fists doubled fiercely when his back was turned, were the rewards of his conscientiousness; and the boys—and girls too—were glad when working time came round again, and the master went home to help his father on the farm.

But with the autumn came Master Horner again, dropping among us as quietly as the faded leaves, and awakening at least as much serious reflection. Would he be as self-sacrificing as before, postponing his own ease and comfort to the public good? or would he have become more sedentary, and less fond of circumambulating the school-room with a switch over his shoulder? Many were fain to hope he might have learned to smoke during the summer, an accomplishment which would probably have moderated his energy not a little, and disposed him rather to reverie than to action. But here he was, and all the broader-chested and stouter-armed for his labours in the harvest-field.

Let it not be supposed that Master Horner was of a cruel and ogreish nature—a babe-eater—a Herod—one who delighted in torturing the helpless. Such souls there may be, among those endowed with the awful control of the ferule, but they are rare in the fresh and natural regions we describe. It is, we believe, where young gentlemen are to be crammed for college that the process of hardening heart and skin together goes on most vigorously. Yet among the uneducated there is so high a respect for bodily strength, that it is necessary for the schoolmaster to show, first of all, that he possesses this inadmissible requisite for his place. The rest is more readily taken for granted. Brains he *may* have—a strong arm he *must* have: so he proves the more important claim first. We must therefore make all due allowance for Master Horner, who could not be expected to overtop his position so far as to discern at once the philosophy of teaching.

He was sadly brow-beaten during his first term of service by a great broad-shouldered lout of some eighteen years or so, who thought he needed a little more “schooling,” but at the same

time felt quite competent to direct the manner and measure of his attempts.

“You’d ought to begin with large-hand, Joshuay,” said Master Horner to this youth.

“What should I want coarse-hand for?” said the disciple, with great contempt; “coarse-hand won’t never do me no good. I want a fine-hand copy.”

The master looked at the infant giant, and did as he wished, but we say not with what secret resolutions.

At another time, Master Horner, having had a hint from some one more knowing than himself, proposed to his elder scholars to write after dictation, expatiating at the same time quite floridly, (the ideas having been supplied by the knowing friend,) upon the advantages likely to arise from this practice, and saying, among other things,

“It will help you, when you write letters, to spell the words good.”

“Pooh!” said Joshua, “spellin’ ain’t nothin’; let them that finds the mistakes correct ’em. I’m for every one’s havin’ a way of their own.”*

“How dared you be so saucy to the master?” asked one of the little boys, after school.

“Because I could lick him, easy,” said the hopeful Joshua, who knew very well why the master did not undertake him on the spot.

Can we wonder that Master Horner determined to make his empire good as far as it went?

A new examination was required on the entrance into a second term, and, with whatever secret trepidation, the master was obliged to submit. Our law prescribes examinations, but forgets to provide for the competency of the examiners; so that few better farces offer, than the course of question and answer on these occasions. We know not precisely what were Master Horner’s trials; but we have heard of a sharp dispute between

* Verbatim.

the inspectors whether a n g e l spelt *angle* or *angel*. *Angle* had it, and the school maintained that pronunciation ever after. Master Horner passed, and he was requested to draw up the certificate for the inspectors to sign, as one had left his spectacles at home, and the other had a bad cold, so that it was not convenient for either to write more than his name. Master Horner's exhibition of learning on this occasion did not reach us, but we know that it must have been considerable, since he stood the ordeal.

"What is Orthography?" said an inspector once, in our presence.

The candidate writhed a good deal, studied the beams overhead and the chickens out of the window, and then replied,

"It is so long since I learnt the first part of the spelling-book, that I can't justly answer that question. But if I could just look it over, I guess I could."

Our schoolmaster entered upon his second term with new courage and invigorated authority. Twice certified, who should dare doubt his competency? Even Joshua was civil, and lesser louts of course obsequious; though the girls took more liberties; for they feel even at that early age, that influence is stronger than strength.

Could a young schoolmaster think of feruling a girl with her hair in ringlets and a gold ring on her finger? Impossible—and the immunity extended to all the little sisters and cousins; and there were enough large girls to protect all the feminine part of the school. With the boys Master Horner still had many a battle, and whether with a view to this, or as an economical *ruse*, he never wore his coat in school, saying it was too warm. Perhaps it was an astute attention to the prejudices of his employers, who love no man that does not earn his living by the sweat of his brow. The shirt-sleeves gave the idea of a manual-labour school in one sense at least. It was evident that the master worked, and that afforded a probability that the scholars worked too.

Master Horner's success was most triumphant that winter. A

year's growth had improved his outward man exceedingly, filling out the limbs so that they did not remind you so forcibly of a young colt's, and supplying the cheeks with the flesh and blood so necessary when mustaches are not worn. Experience had given him a degree of confidence, and confidence gave him power. In short, people said the master had waked up; and so he had. He actually set about reading for improvement; and although at the end of the term he could not quite make out from his historical studies which side Hannibal was on, yet this is readily explained by the fact that he boarded round, and was obliged to read generally by firelight, surrounded by ungoverned children.

After this, Master Horner made his own bargain. When school-time came round with the following autumn, and the teacher presented himself for a third examination, such a test was pronounced no longer necessary; and the district consented to engage him at the astounding rate of sixteen dollars a month, with the understanding that he was to have a fixed home, provided he was willing to allow a dollar a week for it. Master Horner bethought him of the successive "killing-times," and consequent dough-nuts of the twenty families in which he had sojourned the years before, and consented to the exaction.

Behold our friend now as high as district teacher can ever hope to be—his scholarship established, his home stationary and not revolving, and the good behaviour of the community insured by the fact that he, being of age, had now a farm to retire upon in case of any disgust.

Master Horner was now the pre-eminent beau of the neighbourhood, spite of the prejudice against learning. He brushed his hair straight up in front, and wore a sky-blue riband for a guard to his silver watch, and walked as if the tall heels of his blunt boots were eggshells and not leather. Yet he was far from neglecting the duties of his place. He was beau only on Sundays and holidays; very schoolmaster the rest of the time.

It was at a "spelling-school" that Master Horner first met the educated eyes of Miss Harriet Bangle, a young lady visiting the

Engleharts in our neighbourhood. She was from one of the towns in Western New York, and had brought with her a variety of city airs and graces somewhat caricatured, and set off with year-old French fashions much travestied. Whether she had been sent out to the new country to try, somewhat late, a rustic chance for an establishment, or whether her company had been found rather trying at home, we cannot say. The view which she was at some pains to make understood was, that her friends had contrived this method of keeping her out of the way of a desperate lover whose addresses were not acceptable to them.

If it should seem surprising that so high-bred a visiter should be sojourning in the wild woods, it must be remembered that more than one celebrated Englishman and not a few distinguished Americans have farmer brothers in the western country, no whit less rustic in their exterior and manner of life than the plainest of their neighbours. When these are visited by their refined kinsfolk, we of the woods catch glimpses of the gay world, or think we do.

“That great medicine hath
With its tinct gilded—”

many a vulgarism to the satisfaction of wiser heads than ours.

Miss Bangle's manner bespoke for her that high consideration which she felt to be her due. Yet she condescended to be amused by the rustics and their awkward attempts at gaiety and elegance; and, to say truth, few of the village merry-makings escaped her, though she wore always the air of great superiority.

The spelling-school is one of the ordinary winter amusements in the country. It occurs once in a fortnight, or so, and has power to draw out all the young people for miles round, arrayed in their best clothes and their holiday behaviour. When all is ready, umpires are elected, and after these have taken the distinguished place usually occupied by the teacher, the young people of the school choose the two best scholars to head the opposing classes. These leaders choose their followers from the mass, each calling a name in turn, until all the spellers are

ranked on one side or the other, lining the sides of the room, and all standing. The schoolmaster, standing too, takes his spelling-book, and gives a placid yet awe-inspiring look along the ranks, remarking that he intends to be very impartial, and that he shall give out nothing *that is not in the spelling-book*. For the first half hour or so he chooses common and easy words, that the spirit of the evening may not be damped by the too early thinning of the classes. When a word is missed, the blunderer has to sit down, and be a spectator only for the rest of the evening. At certain intervals, some of the best speakers mount the platform, and "speak a piece," which is generally as declamatory as possible.

The excitement of this scene is equal to that afforded by any city spectacle whatever; and towards the close of the evening, when difficult and unusual words are chosen to confound the small number who still keep the floor, it becomes scarcely less than painful. When perhaps only one or two remain to be puzzled, the master, weary at last of his task, though a favourite one, tries by tricks to put down those whom he cannot overcome in fair fight. If among all the curious, useless, unheard-of words which may be picked out of the spelling-book, he cannot find one which the scholars have not noticed, he gets the last head down by some quip or catch. "Bay" will perhaps be the sound; one scholar spells it "bey," another, "bay," while the master all the time means "ba," which comes within the rule, being *in the spelling-book*.

It was on one of these occasions, as we have said, that Miss Bangle, having come to the spelling-school to get materials for a letter to a female friend, first shone upon Mr. Horner. She was excessively amused by his solemn air and puckered mouth, and set him down at once as fair game. Yet she could not help becoming somewhat interested in the spelling-school, and after it was over found she had not stored up half as many of the schoolmaster's points as she intended, for the benefit of her correspondent.

In the evening's contest a young girl from some few miles'

distance, Ellen Kingsbury, the only child of a substantial farmer, had been the very last to sit down, after a prolonged effort on the part of Mr. Horner to puzzle her, for the credit of his own school. She blushed, and smiled, and blushed again, but spelt on, until Mr. Horner's cheeks were crimson with excitement and some touch of shame that he should be baffled at his own weapons. At length, either by accident or design, Ellen missed a word, and sinking into her seat, was numbered with the slain.

In the laugh and talk which followed, (for with the conclusion of the spelling, all form of a public assembly vanishes,) our schoolmaster said so many gallant things to his fair enemy, and appeared so much animated by the excitement of the contest, that Miss Bangle began to look upon him with rather more respect, and to feel somewhat indignant that a little rustic like Ellen should absorb the entire attention of the only beau. She put on, therefore, her most gracious aspect, and mingled in the circle; caused the schoolmaster to be presented to her, and did her best to fascinate him by certain airs and graces which she had found successful elsewhere. What game is too small for the close-woven net of a coquette?

Mr. Horner quitted not the fair Ellen until he had handed her into her father's sleigh; and he then wended his way homewards, never thinking that he ought to have escorted Miss Bangle to her uncle's, though she certainly waited a little while for his return.

We must not follow into particulars the subsequent intercourse of our schoolmaster with the civilized young lady. All that concerns us is the result of Miss Bangle's benevolent designs upon his heart. She tried most sincerely to find its vulnerable spot, meaning no doubt to put Mr. Horner on his guard for the future; and she was unfeignedly surprised to discover that her best efforts were of no avail. She concluded he must have taken a counter-poison, and she was not slow in guessing its source. She had observed the peculiar fire which lighted up his eyes in the presence of Ellen Kingsbury, and she bethought her

of a plan which would ensure her some amusement at the expense of these impertinent rustics, though in a manner different somewhat from her original more natural idea of simple coquetry.

A letter was written to Master Horner, purporting to come from Ellen Kingsbury, worded so artfully that the schoolmaster understood at once that it was intended to be a secret communication, though its ostensible object was an inquiry about some ordinary affair. This was laid in Mr. Horner's desk before he came to school, with an intimation that he might leave an answer in a certain spot on the following morning. The bait took at once, for Mr. Horner, honest and true himself, and much smitten with the fair Ellen, was too happy to be circumspect. The answer was duly placed, and as duly carried to Miss Bangle by her accomplice, Joe Englehart, an unlucky pickle who "was always for ill, never for good," and who found no difficulty in obtaining the letter unwatched, since the master was obliged to be in school at nine, and Joe could always linger a few minutes later. This answer being opened and laughed at, Miss Bangle had only to contrive a rejoinder, which being rather more particular in its tone than the original communication, led on yet again the happy schoolmaster, who branched out into sentiment, "taffeta phrases, silken terms precise," talked of hills and dales and rivulets, and the pleasures of friendship, and concluded by entreating a continuance of the correspondence.

Another letter and another, every one more flattering and encouraging than the last, almost turned the sober head of our poor master, and warmed up his heart so effectually that he could scarcely attend to his business. The spelling-schools were not forgotten, however, and Ellen Kingsbury made one of the merry company; but the latest letter had not forgotten to caution Mr. Horner not to betray the intimacy, so that he was in honour bound to restrict himself to the language of the eyes, hard as it was to forbear the single whisper for which he would have given his very dictionary. So their meeting passed off without the explanation which Miss Bangle began to fear would cut short her benevolent amusement.

The correspondence was resumed with renewed spirit, and carried on until Miss Bangle, though not over-burdened with sensitiveness, began to be a little alarmed for the consequences of her malicious pleasantry. She perceived that she herself had turned schoolmistress, and that Master Horner, instead of being merely her dupe, had become her pupil too; for the style of his replies had been constantly improving, and the earnest and manly tone which he assumed promised any thing but the quiet, sheepish pocketing of injury and insult, upon which she had counted. In truth, there was something deeper than vanity in the feelings with which he regarded Ellen Kingsbury. The encouragement which he supposed himself to have received, threw down the barrier which his extreme bashfulness would have interposed between himself and any one who possessed charms enough to attract him; and we must excuse him if, in such a case, he did not criticise the mode of encouragement, but rather grasped eagerly the proffered good, without a scruple, or one which he would own to himself, as to the propriety with which it was tendered. He was as much in love as a man can be, and the seriousness of real attachment gave both grace and dignity to his once awkward diction.

The evident determination of Mr. Horner to come to the point of asking papa, brought Miss Bangle to a very awkward pass. She had expected to return home before matters had proceeded so far, but being obliged to remain some time longer, she was equally afraid to go on and to leave off, a denouement being almost certain to ensue in either case. Things stood thus when it was time to prepare for the grand exhibition which was to close the winter's term.

This is an affair of too much magnitude to be fully described in the small space yet remaining in which to bring out our veracious history. It must be "slubber'd o'er in haste,"—its important preliminaries left to the cold imagination of the reader—its fine spirit perhaps evaporating for want of being embodied in words. We can only say that our master, whose school-life was

to close with the term, laboured as man never before laboured in such a cause, resolute to trail a cloud of glory after him when he left us. Not a candlestick nor a curtain that was attainable, either by coaxing or bribery, was left in the village; even the only piano, that frail treasure, was wiled away and placed in one corner of the rickety stage. The most splendid of all the pieces in the "Columbian Orator," the "American Speaker," the——but we must not enumerate. In a word, the most astounding and pathetic specimens of eloquence within ken of either teacher or scholars, had been selected for the occasion; and several young ladies and gentlemen, whose academical course had been happily concluded at an earlier period, either at our own institution or at some other, had consented to lend themselves to the parts and their choicest decorations for the properties, of the dramatic portion of the entertainment.

Among these last was pretty Ellen Kingsbury, who had agreed to personate the Queen of Scots, in the garden scene from Schiller's tragedy of "Mary Stuart;" and this circumstance accidentally afforded Master Horner the opportunity he had so long desired, of seeing his fascinating correspondent without the presence of peering eyes. A dress-rehearsal occupied the afternoon before the day of days, and the pathetic expostulations of the lovely Mary—

Mine all doth hang—my life—my destiny—
Upon my words—upon the force of tears!—

aided by the long veil, and the emotion which sympathy brought into Ellen's countenance, proved too much for the enforced prudence of Master Horner. When the rehearsal was over, and the heroes and heroines were to return home, it was found that, by a stroke of witty invention not new in the country, the harness on Mr. Kingsbury's horses had been cut in several places, his whip hidden, his buffalo-skins spread on the ground and the sleigh turned bottom upwards on them. This afforded an excuse for the master's borrowing a horse and sleigh of somebody, and claiming

the privilege of taking Miss Ellen home, while her father returned with only Aunt Sally and a great bag of bran from the mill—companions about equally interesting.

Here, then, was the golden opportunity so long wished for! Here was the power of ascertaining at once what is never quite certain until we have heard it from warm, living lips, whose testimony is strengthened by glances in which the whole soul speaks or—seems to speak. The time was short, for the sleighing was but too fine; and Father Kingsbury, having tied up his harness, and collected his scattered equipment, was driving so close behind that there was no possibility of lingering for a moment. Yet many moments were lost before Mr. Horner, very much in earnest, and all unhackneyed in matters of this sort, could find a word in which to clothe his new-found feelings. The horse seemed to fly—the distance was half past—and at length, in absolute despair of any thing better, he blurted out at once what he had determined to avoid—a direct reference to the correspondence.

A game at cross-purposes ensued; exclamations and explanations, and denials and apologies filled up the time which was to have made Master Horner so blest. The light from Mr. Kingsbury's windows shone upon the path, and the whole result of this conference so longed for, was a burst of tears from the perplexed and mortified Ellen, who sprang from Mr. Horner's attempts to detain her, rushed into the house without vouchsafing him a word of adieu, and left him standing, no bad personification of Orpheus, after the last hopeless fitting of his Eurydice.

"Won't you 'light, Master?" said Mr. Kingsbury.

"Yes—no—thank you—good evening—" stammered poor Master Horner, so stupified that even Aunt Sally called him "a dummy."

The horse took the sleigh against the fence, going home, and threw out the master, who scarcely recollected the accident; while to Ellen the issue of this unfortunate drive was a sleepless night and so high a fever in the morning that our village doctor was called to Mr. Kingsbury's before breakfast.

Poor Master Horner's distress may hardly be imagined. Disappointed, bewildered, cut to the quick, yet as much in love as ever, he could only in bitter silence turn over in his thoughts the issue of his cherished dream; now persuading himself that Ellen's denial was the effect of a sudden bashfulness, now inveighing against the fickleness of the sex, as all men do when they are angry with any one woman in particular. But his exhibition must go on, in spite of wretchedness; and he went about mechanically, talking of curtains and candles, and music, and attitudes, and pauses, and emphasis, looking like a somnambulist whose "eyes are open but their sense is shut," and often surprising those concerned by the utter unfitness of his answers.

It was almost evening when Mr. Kingsbury, having discovered, through the intervention of the Doctor and Aunt Sally, the cause of Ellen's distress, made his appearance before the unhappy eyes of Master Horner, angry, solemn and determined; taking the schoolmaster apart, and requiring an explanation of his treatment of his daughter. In vain did the perplexed lover ask for time to clear himself, declare his respect for Miss Ellen and his willingness to give every explanation which she might require: the father was not to be put off; and though excessively reluctant, Mr. Horner had no resource but to show the letters which alone could account for his strange discourse to Ellen. He unlocked his desk, slowly and unwillingly, while the old man's impatience was such that he could scarcely forbear thrusting in his own hand to snatch at the papers which were to explain this vexatious mystery. What could equal the utter confusion of Master Horner and the contemptuous anger of the father, when no letters were to be found! Mr. Kingsbury was too passionate to listen to reason, or to reflect for one moment upon the irreproachable good name of the schoolmaster. He went away in inexorable wrath; threatening every practicable visitation of public and private justice upon the head of the offender, whom he accused of having attempted to trick his daughter into an entanglement which should result in his favour.

A doleful exhibition was this last one of our thrice-approved

and most worthy teacher! Stern necessity and the power of habit enabled him to go through with most of his part, but where was the proud fire which had lighted up his eye on similar occasions before? He sat as one of three judges before whom the unfortunate Robert Emmet was dragged in, in his shirt-sleeves, by two fierce-looking officials; but the chief judge looked far more like a criminal than did the proper representative. He ought to have personated Othello, but was obliged to excuse himself from raving for "the handkerchief! the handkerchief!" on the rather anomalous plea of a bad cold. "Mary Stuart" being "i' the bond," was anxiously expected by the impatient crowd, and it was with distress amounting to agony, that the master was obliged to announce in person, the necessity of omitting that part of the representation, on account of the illness of one of the young ladies.

Scarcely had the words been uttered, and the speaker hidden his burning face behind the curtain, when Mr. Kingsbury started up in his place amid the throng, to give a public recital of his grievance—no uncommon resort in the new country. He dashed at once to the point; and before some friends, who saw the utter impropriety of his proceeding, could persuade him to defer his vengeance, he had laid before the assembly—some three hundred people, perhaps—his own statement of the case. He was got out at last, half coaxed, half hustled; and the gentle public only half understanding what had been set forth thus unexpectedly, made quite a pretty row of it. Some clamoured loudly for the conclusion of the exercises; others gave utterance in no particularly choice terms to a variety of opinions as to the schoolmaster's proceedings, varying the note occasionally by shouting, "the letters! the letters! why don't you bring out the letters?"

At length, by means of much rapping on the desk by the president of the evening, who was fortunately a "popular" character, order was partially restored; and the favourite scene from Miss More's dialogue of David and Goliath was announced as the closing piece. The sight of little David in a white tunic edged with red tape, with a calico scrip and a very primitive-looking sling; and a huge Goliath decorated with a militia belt

and sword, and a spear like a weaver's beam indeed, enchained every body's attention. Even the peccant schoolmaster and his pretended letters were forgotten, while the sapient Goliah, every time that he raised the spear, in the energy of his declamation, to thump upon the stage, picked away fragments of the low ceiling, which fell conspicuously on his great shock of black hair. At last, with the crowning threat, up went the spear for an astounding thump, and down came a large piece of the ceiling, and with it—a shower of letters.

The confusion that ensued beggars all description. A general scramble took place, and in another moment twenty pairs of eyes, at least, were feasting on the choice phrases lavished upon Mr. Horner. Miss Bangle had sat through the whole previous scene, trembling for herself, although she had, as she supposed, guarded cunningly against exposure. She had needed no prophet to tell her what must be the result of a tête-a-tête between Mr. Horner and Ellen; and the moment she saw them drive off together, she induced her imp to seize the opportunity of abstracting the whole parcel of letters from Mr. Horner's desk; which he did by means of a sort of skill which comes by nature to such goblins: picking the lock by the aid of a crooked nail, as neatly as if he had been born within the shadow of the Tombs.

But magicians sometimes suffer severely from the malice with which they have themselves inspired their familiars. Joe Englehart having been a convenient tool thus far, thought it quite time to torment Miss Bangle a little; so, having stolen the letters at her bidding, he hid them on his own account, and no persuasions of hers could induce him to reveal this important secret, which he chose to reserve as a rod in case she refused him some intercession with his father, or some other accommodation, rendered necessary by his mischievous habits.

He had concealed the precious parcel in the unfloored loft above the school-room, a place accessible only by means of a small trap-door without staircase or ladder; and here he meant to have kept them while it suited his purposes, but for the untimely intrusion of the weaver's beam.

Miss Bangle had sat through all, as we have said, thinking the letters safe, yet vowing vengeance against her confederate for not allowing her to secure them by a satisfactory conflagration, and it was not until she heard her own name whispered through the crowd, that she was awakened to her true situation. The sagacity of the low creatures whom she had despised showed them at once that the letters must be hers, since her character had been pretty shrewdly guessed, and the handwriting wore a more practised air than is usual among females in the country. This was first taken for granted, and then spoken of as an acknowledged fact.

The assembly moved like the heavings of a troubled sea. Every body felt that this was every body's business. "Put her out!" was heard from more than one rough voice near the door, and this was responded to by loud and angry murmurs from within.

Mr. Englehart, not waiting to inquire into the merits of the case in this scene of confusion, hastened to get his family out as quietly and as quickly as possible, but groans and hisses followed his niece as she hung half-fainting on his arm, quailing completely beneath the instinctive indignation of the rustic public. As she passed out, a yell resounded among the rude boys about the door, and she was lifted into a sleigh, insensible from terror. She disappeared from that evening, and no one knew the time of her final departure for "the east."

Mr. Kingsbury, who is a just man when he is not in a passion, made all the reparation in his power for his harsh and ill-considered attack upon the master; and we believe that functionary did not show any traits of implacability of character. At least he was seen, not many days after, sitting peaceably at tea with Mr. Kingsbury, Aunt Sally, and Miss Ellen; and he has since gone home to build a house upon his farm. And people *do* say, that after a few months more, Ellen will not need Miss Bangle's intervention if she should see fit to correspond with the umquhile schoolmaster.

THE WOUNDED VULTURE.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

[This incident is beautifully related in Miss Bremer's Diary.]

A KINGLY vulture sat alone,
Lord of the ruin round,
Where Egypt's ancient monuments,
Upon the desert frowned.

A hunter's eager eye had marked
The form of that proud bird,
And through the voiceless solitude,
His ringing shot was heard.

It rent that vulture's pluméd breast,
Aimed with unerring hand,
And his life-blood gushed warm and red,
Upon the yellow sand.

No struggle marked the deadly wound,
He gave no piercing cry,
But calmly spread his giant wings,
And sought the upper sky.

In vain with swift pursuing shot
The hunter seeks his prey,
Circling and circling upward still,
On his majestic way.

Up to the blue empyrean,
He wings his steady flight,
Till his receding form is lost,
In the full flood of light.

Oh, wounded heart! oh, suffering soul!
Sit not with folded wing,
Where broken dreams and ruined hopes
Their mournful shadows fling.

Outspread thy pinions like that bird,
Take thou the path sublime,
Beyond the flying shafts of Fate,
Beyond the wounds of Time.

Mount upward! brave the clouds and storms
Above life's desert plain
There is a calmer, purer air,
A heaven thou too may'st gain.

And as that dim, ascending form
Was lost in day's broad light,
So shall thine earthly sorrows fade,
Lost in the Infinite.

THE POWER OF AN "INJURED LOOK."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD a sort of candle-light acquaintance with Mr. Philip McRueit when we were in college. I mean to say that I had a daylight repugnance to him, and never walked with him, or talked with him, or rode with him, or sat with him; and, indeed, seldom saw him—except as one of a club oyster-party of six. He was a short, sharp, satirical man, (nicknamed "*my cruet*," by his cronies—rather descriptively!) but as plausible and as vindictive as Mephistopheles before and after the ruin of a soul. In some other state of existence I had probably known, and suffered by, Phil. McRueit—for I knew him like the sleeve of an old coat, the first day I laid eyes on him; though other people seemed to have no such instinct. Oh, we were not new acquaintances—from whatever star he had been transported, for his sins, to this planet of dirt. I think he was of the same opinion, himself. He chose between open warfare and conciliation in the first five minutes—after seeing me as a stranger—chose the latter.

Six or seven years after leaving college, I was following my candle up to bed rather musingly, one night at the Astor, and on turning a corner, I was obliged to walk round a short gentleman who stood at the head of the stairs in an attitude of fixed contemplation. As I weathered the top of his hat rather

closely, I caught the direction of his eye, and saw that he was regarding, very fixedly, a pair of rather dusty kid slippers, which had been set outside the door, probably for cleaning, by the occupant of the chamber opposite. As the gentleman did not move, I turned on the half landing of the next flight of stairs, and looked back, breaking in, by my sudden pause, upon his fit of abstraction. It was McRueit, and on recognising me, he immediately beckoned me to his side.

"Does it strike you," said he, "that there is any thing peculiar in that pair of shoes?"

"No—except that they certify to two very small feet on the other side of the door."

"Not merely 'small,' my dear fellow! Do you see where the *pressure* has been in those slender shoes, how straight the inside line, how arched the instep, how confidently flat the pressure downward of the little great toe! It's a woman of sweet and relying character who wore that shoe to-day, and I must know her! More, sir, I must marry her! Ah, you laugh—but I *will!* There's a magnetism in that pair of shoes addressed to me only. Beg your pardon—good night—I'll go down stairs and find out her name by her number—'74!' I'll be well acquainted with '74' by this time to-morrow!"

For the unconscious young lady asleep in that room, I lay awake half the night, troubled with foreboding pity. I knew the man so well, I was so certain that he would leave nothing possible undone to carry out this whimsical purpose! I knew that from that moment was levelled, point-blank, at the lady, whoever she might be, (if single) a battery of devilish and pertinacious ingenuity, which would carry most any small fort of a heart, most any way barricaded and defended. He was well off; he was well-looking enough; he was deep and crafty. But if he *did* win her, she was gone! gone, I knew, from happiness, like a stone from a sling. He was a tyrant—subtle in his cruelties to all people dependent on him—and her life would be one of refined torture, neglect, betrayal, and tears.

A fit of intermittent disgust for strangers, to which all persons

living in hotels are more or less liable, confined my travels, for some days after this rencontre, to the silence-and-slop thoroughfare of the back stairs, "Coming to my feed" of society one rainy morning, I went into the drawing-room after breakfast, and was not surprised to see McRueit in a posture of absorbed attention beside a lady. His stick stood on the floor, and with his left cheek rested on the gold head, he was gazing into her face, and evidently keeping her perfectly at her ease as to the wants and gaps of conversation, as he knew how to do—for he was the readiest man with his brick and mortar whom I ever had encountered.

"Who is that lady?" I asked of an omni-acquainted old bachelor friend of mine.

"Miss Jonthee Twitt—and what can be the secret of that rather exclusive gentleman's attention to her, I cannot fancy."

I pulled a newspaper from my pocket, and seating myself in one of the deep windows, commenced rather a compassionate study of Miss Twitt—intending fully, if I should find her interesting, to save her from the clutches of my detestable classmate.

She was a slight, hollow-chested, consumptive-looking girl, with a cast of features that any casual observer would be certain to describe as "interesting." With the first two minutes' gaze upon her, my sympathies were active enough for a crusade against a whole army of connubial tyrants. I suddenly paused, however. Something McRueit said made a change in the lady's countenance. She sat just as still; she did not move her head from its negligent posture; her eyebrows did not contract; her lips did not stir; but the dull, sickly-coloured lids descended calmly and fixedly till they hid from sight the upper edges of the pupils! and by this slight but infallible sign I knew—but the story will tell what I knew. Napoleon was nearly, but not quite right, when he said that there was no reliance to be placed on peculiarities of feature or expression.

CHAPTER II.

In August of that same year, I followed the world to Saratoga. In my first reconnoitre of the drawing-room of Congress Hall, I caught the eye of Mr. McRueit, and received from him a cordial salutation. As I put my head right, upon its pivot, after an easy nod to my familiar aversion, my eyes fell upon Miss Jonthee Twitt—*that was*—for I had seen, in the newspapers of two months before, that the resolve (born of the dusty slipper outside her door), had been brought about, and she was now on the irrevocable side of a honeymoon sixty days old.

Her eyelid was down upon the pupil—motionless, concentrated, and vigilant as a couched panther—and from beneath the hem of her dress curved out the high arched instep of a foot pointed with desperate tension to the carpet; the little great toe (whose relying pressure on the soiled slipper Mr. McRueit had been captivated by,) now rigid with as strong a purpose as spiritual homœopathy could concentrate in so small a tenement. I thought I would make Mr. and Mrs. McRueit the subject of quiet study while I remained at Saratoga.

But I have not mentioned the immediate cause of Mrs. McRueit's resentment. Her bridegroom was walking up and down the room with a certain Mrs. Wanmaker, a widow, who was a better woman than she looked to be, as I chanced to know, but as nobody could know without the intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Wanmaker upon which I base this remark. With beauty of the most voluptuous cast, and a passion for admiration which induced her to throw out every possible lure to men any way worth her time as victims, Mrs. Wanmaker's blood was as "cold as the flow of Iser," and her propriety, in fact, wholly impregnable. I had been myself "tried on" by the Widow Wanmaker, and twenty caravan-marches might have been made across the Desert of Sahara, while the conviction I have just stated was "getting through my hair." It was not wonderful, therefore, that both the bride and her (usually) most

penetratious bridegroom, had sailed over the widow's shallows, unconscious of soundings. She was a "deep" woman, too—but not in the love line.

I thought McRueit singularly off his guard, if it were only for "appearances." He monopolized the widow effectually, and she thought it worth her while to let the world think him (a bridegroom and a rising young politician,) mad for her, and, truth to say, they carried on the war strenuously. Perfectly certain as I was that "the whirligig of time" would "bring about the revenges" of Mrs. McRueit, I began to feel a meantime pity for her, and had myself presented duly by McRueit the next morning after breakfast.

It was a tepid, flaccid, reverie-coloured August morning, and the sole thought of the universe seemed to be to sit down. The devotees to gaiety and mineral water dawdled out to the porticoes, and some sat on chairs under the trees, and the dandies lay on the grass, and the old ladies on the steps and the settees, and here and there, a man on the balustrade, and, in the large swing, *vis-à-vis*, sat McRueit and the Widow Wanmaker, chatting in an undertone quite inaudible. Mrs. McRueit sat on a bench, with her back against one of the high-shouldered pine trees in the court-yard, and I had called McRueit out of his swing to present me. But he returned immediately to the widow.

I thought it would be alleviative and good-natured to give Mrs. McRueit an insight to the harmlessness of Mrs. Wanmaker, and I had done so very nearly to my satisfaction, when I discovered that the slighted wife did not care sixpence about the *fact*, and that, unlike Hamlet, she only knew *seems*. The more I developed the innocent object of the widow's outlay of smiles and confidentialities, the more Mrs. McRueit placed herself in a posture to be remarked by the loungers in the court-yard and the dawdlers on the portico, and the more she deepened a certain look—you must imagine it for the present, dear reader. It would take a razor's edge of analysis, and a Flemish paint-pot and patience to carve that *injured look* into language, or

paint it truthfully to the eye! Juries would hang husbands, and recording angels "ruthlessly overcharge," upon the unsupported evidence of such a look. She looked as if her heart must have suffocated with forbearance long before she began to look so. She looked as if she had forgiven and wept, and was ready to forgive and weep again. She looked as if she would give her life if she could conceal "her feelings," and as if she was nerving soul, and heart, and eyelids, and lachrymatory glands—all to agony—to prevent bursting into tears with her unutterable anguish! It was the most unresisting, unresentful, patient, sweet miserableness! A lamb's willingness to "furnish forth another meal" of chops and sweet-bread, was testy to such meek endurance! She was evidently a martyr, a victim, a crushed flower, a "poor thing!" But she *did*, now and then,—unseen by any body but me—give a glance from that truncated orb of a pupil of hers, over the top of her handkerchief, that, if incarnated, would have made a hole in the hide of a rhinoceros! It was triumph, venom, implacability,—such as I had never before seen expressed in human glances.

There are many persons with but one idea, and that a good one. Mrs. McRueit, I presume, was incapable of appreciating my interest in her. At any rate she played the same game with me as with other people, and managed her affairs altogether with perfect unity. It was in vain that I endeavoured to hear from her tongue what I read in the lowering pupil of her eye. She spoke of McRueit with evident reluctance, but always with discretion—never blaming him, nor leaving any opening that should betray resentment, or turn the current of sympathy from herself. The result was immediate. The women in the house began to look black upon McRueit. The men "sent him to Coventry" more unwillingly, for he was amusing and popular—but "to Coventry" he went! And at last the Widow Wanmaker became aware that she was wasting her time on a man whose attentions were not wanted elsewhere—and *she* (the unkindest cut of all) found reasons for looking another way when he approached her. He had become aware, during this process,

what was "in the wind," but he knew too much to stay in the public eye when it was inflamed. With his brows lowering, and his face gloomy with feelings I could easily interpret, he took the early coach on the third morning after my introduction to Mrs. McRueit, and departed, probably for a discipline trip, to some place where sympathy with his wife would be less dangerous.

CHAPTER III.

I think, that within the next two or three years, I heard McRueit's name mentioned several times, or saw it in the papers, connected with strong political movements. I had no very definite idea of where he was residing, however. Business called me to a western county, and on the road I fell into the company of a great political schemer and partisan—one of those joints, (of the feline political body,) the next remove from the "cat's paw." Finding that I cared not a straw for politics, and that we were going to the same town, he undertook the blandishment of an overflow of confidence upon me, probably with the remote possibility that he might have occasion to use me. I gave in to it so far as courteously to receive all his secrets, and we arrived at our destination excellent friends.

The town was in a ferment with the coming election of a member for the Legislature, and the hotel being very crowded, Mr. Develin (my fellow-traveller) and myself were put into a double-bedded room. Busy with my own affairs, I saw but little of him, and he seemed quite too much occupied for conversation, till the third night after our arrival. Lying in bed with the moonlight streaming into the room, he began to give me some account of the campaign, preparing for, around us, and presently mentioned the name of McRueit,—(the name, by the way, that I had seen upon the placards, without caring particularly to inquire whether or not it was "mine ancient" aversion.)

"They are not aware," said Mr. Develin, after talking on the

subject awhile, "that this petty election, is, in fact, the grain of sand that is to turn the Presidential scale. If McRueit should be elected, (as I am sorry to say there seems every chance he will be,) Van Buren's doom is sealed. I have come a little too late here. I should have had time to know something more of this man McRueit—"

"Perhaps I can give you some idea of him," interrupted I, "for he has chanced to be more in my way than I would have bargained for. But what do you wish to know particularly?" (I spoke, as the reader will see, in the unsuspecting innocence of my heart.)

"Oh—any thing—any thing! Tell me all you know of him!"

Mr. Develin's vividness rather surprised me, for he raised himself on his elbow in bed—but I went on and narrated very much what I have put down for the reader in the two preceding chapters.

"How do you spell Mrs. Wanmaker's name?" asked my imbedded *vis-à-vis*, as I stopped and turned over to go to sleep.

I spelt it for him.

He jumped out of bed, dressed himself and left the room. Will the reader permit me to follow him, like Asmodeus, giving with Asmodean brevity the knowledge I afterwards gained of his use of my involuntary revelation.

Mr. Develin roused the active member of the Van Buren Committee from his slumbers, and in an hour had the printers of their party paper at work upon a placard. A large meeting was to be held the next day in the town hall, during which both candidates, it was supposed, would address the people. Ladies were to occupy the galleries. The hour came round. Mrs. McRueit's carriage drove into the village a few minutes before eleven, and as she stopped at a shop for a moment, a letter was handed her by a boy. She sat still and read it. She was alone. Her face turned livid with paleness after its first flush, and forgetting her errand at the shop, she drove on to the town hall. She took her seat in a prominent part of the gallery. The preliminaries were gone through with, and her husband rose to speak. He was a

plausible orator, an eloquent man. But there was a sentiment circulating in the audience—something whispered from man to man—that strangely took off the attention of the audience. He could not, as he had never before found difficulty in doing, keep their eyes upon his lips. *Every one was gazing on his wife!* And there she sat,—with her **INJURED LOOK!**—pale, sad, apparently striving to listen and conceal her mental suffering. It was as convincing to the audience of the truth of the insinuation that was passing from mouth to mouth—as convincing as would have been a revelation from heaven. McRueit followed the many upturned eyes at last, and saw that they were bent on his wife, and that—*once more*—after years of conciliation, she wore **THAT INJURED LOOK!** His heart failed him. He evidently comprehended that the spirit that had driven him from Saratoga, years before—*popular sympathy with women*—had overtaken him and was plotting against him once more. His speech began to lose its concentration. He talked wide. The increasing noise overpowered him, and he descended at last from the platform in the midst of a universal hiss. The other candidate rose and spoke; and at the close of his speech the meeting broke up, and as they dispersed, their eyes were met at every corner with a large placard, in which “injured wife,” “unfaithful husband,” “Widow W—n—k—r,” were the words in prominent capitals. The election came on the next day, and Mr. McRueit being signally defeated, Mr. Van Buren’s election to the Presidency (if Mr. Develin knew any thing) was made certain—brought about by a woman’s **INJURED LOOK!**

My business in the county was the purchase of land, and for a year or two afterwards, I was a great deal there. Feeling that I had unintentionally furnished a weapon to his enemies, I did penance by cultivating McRueit. I went often to his house. He was at first a good deal broken up by the sudden check to his ambition, but he rallied with a change in his character for which I was not prepared. He gave up all antagonism towards his wife. He assumed a new manner to her. She had been skilfully *managed* before—but he took her now confidently behind

his shield. He felt overmastered by the key she had to popular sympathy, and he determined wisely to make it turn in his favour. By assiduity, by tenderness, childlikeness, he succeeded in completely convincing her that he had but one out-of-doors' wish—that of embellishing her existence by his success. The effect on her was marvellous. She recovered her health, gradually changed to a joyous and earnest promoter of her husband's interests, and they were soon a marked model in the county for conjugal devotion. The popular impression soon gained ground that Mr. McRueit had been shamefully wronged by the previous prejudice against his character as a husband. The tide that had already turned, soon swelled to a flood, and Mr. McRueit *now*—but Mr. McRueit is too powerful a person in the present Government to follow any farther. Suffice it to say that he might return to Mrs. Wanmaker and his old courses if he liked—for his wife's **INJURED LOOK** is entirely *fattened out of possibility* by her happiness. She weighs two hundred, and could no more look injured than Sir John Falstaff.

GOING HOME.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

GOING home—going home !
There is music in the word,
Such as those who never roam,
Never yet have heard.
I have sung it to my heart,
Which has sung it back to me,
Till my lips must bear their part
In the harmony,
Singing all in one,
Going home, going home !

Going home—from careless looks,
From eyes that glance and turn away,
From lips that speak like formal books,
Or mean not what they say ;
Once more to hear our Christian name,
Where studied speech is never known ;
And make around the twilight flame
A kingdom of our own,
Saying as we sit—
This is home—this is home !

Going home—from cheerless places,
By no affections sanctified,
To the circle of dear faces,
Round our own fireside ;

To each well-remembered room,
To all old familiar things,
Leaving all that speaks of gloom,
Still my spirit sings,
And my lips repeat—
Going home, going home !

Are we, are we going home ?
Or is it but a lovely dream ?
Will that time, long looked for, come,
And bear me on its stream ?
Parents, brothers, sisters all,
Shall we meet as once we met,
In the old paternal hall,
We can ne'er forget,
All once more to sing,
This is home—this is home !

Yes, my heart, we're going home—
Home to kindred eyes and voices ;
Pilgrim seeing distant Rome,
Never so rejoices,
As to-morrow thou and I,
Leaving stranger hearts behind,
Homeward with the spring to fly,
Like the free-born wind,
Singing as we fly,
Going home—going home !

THE NECKLACE.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

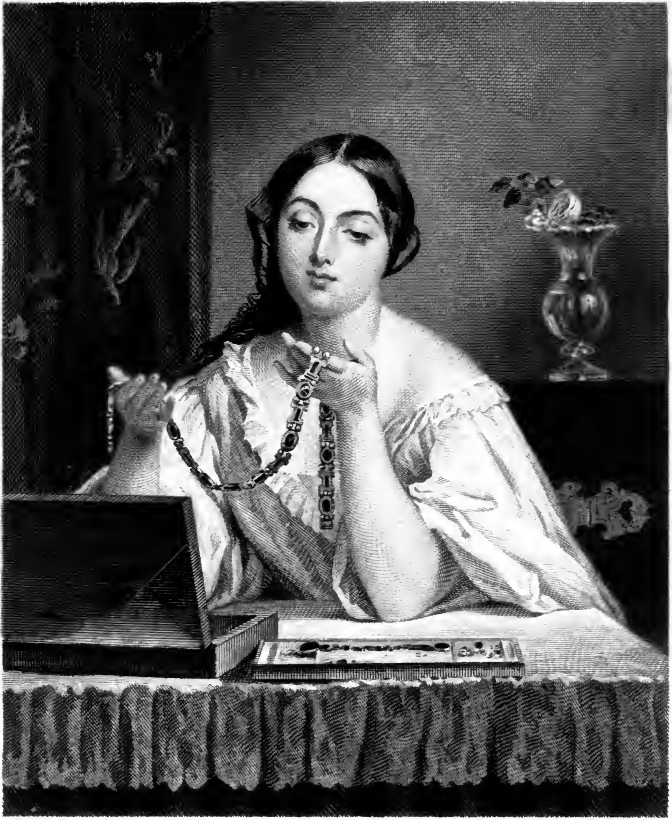
WHY bends she o'er that glittering toy,
With such an earnest gaze,
As if those flashing jewels cast
Love-glances in their rays?

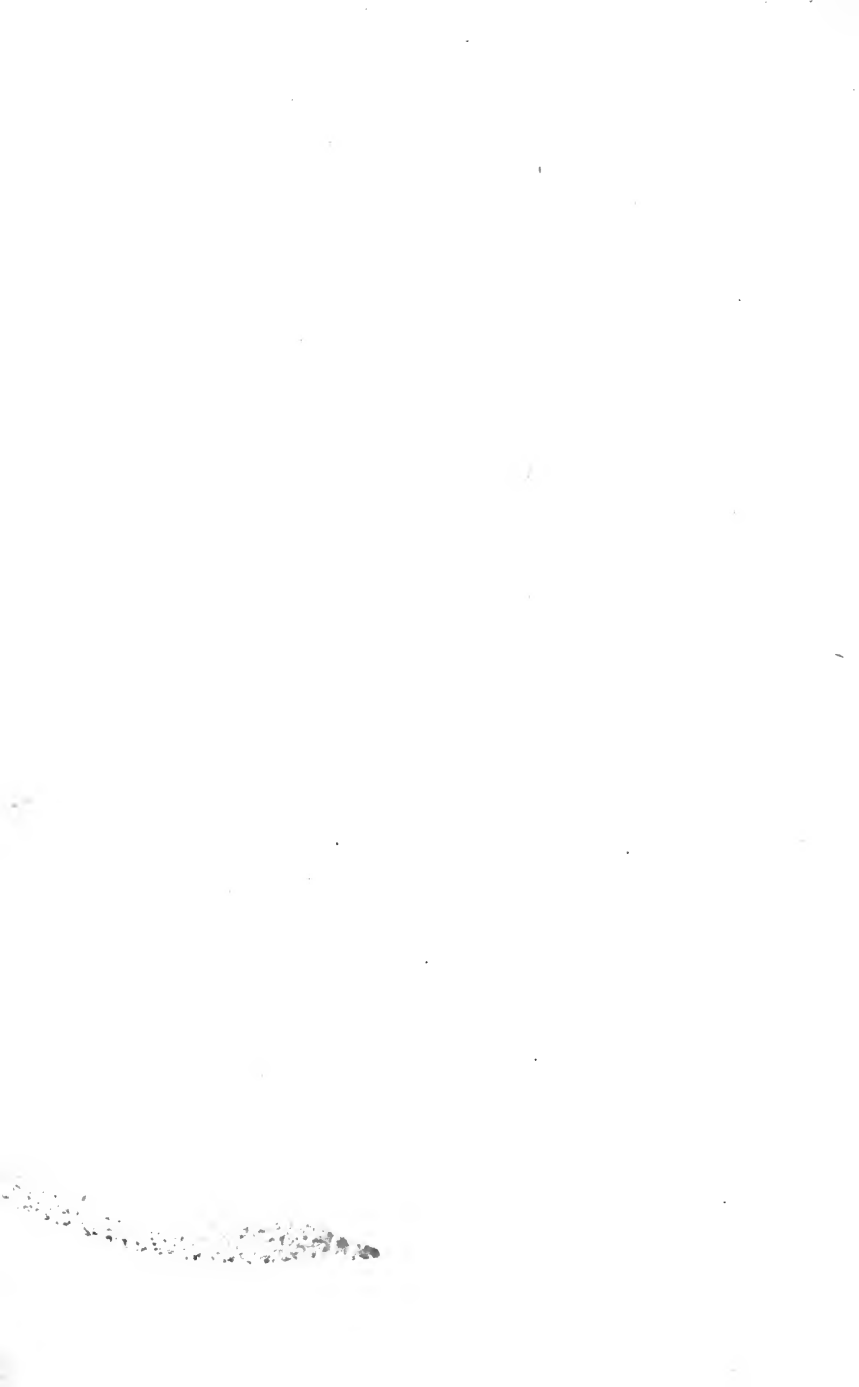
By that high thought-enthronéd brow—
That deep and soul-lit eye,
I know 'tis not the passing dream
Of woman's vanity.

I know that in its golden links
Some talisman is set,
And for the heart it rests upon,
'Tis Love's own amulet.

Oh may that heart so joyous now,
No heavier burden bear;
The beauty of that noble brow,
No deeper shadow wear.

Alas! how vain the wish, for souls
That wildest rapture know,
Must vibrate with a keener pang,
To every note of woe.





THE PURLOINED LETTER.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

AT Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain*. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Roget. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling every thing "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visiter with a pipe, and rolled towards him a very comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared out our visiter, profoundly amused, "oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to any one."

“Proceed,” said I.

“Or not,” said Dupin.

“Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession.”

“How is this known?” asked Dupin.

“It is clearly inferred,” replied the Prefect, “from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber’s possession;—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it.”

“Be a little more explicit,” I said.

“Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable.” The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

“Still I do not quite understand,” said Dupin.

“No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honour of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honour and peace are so jeopardized.”

“But this ascendancy,” I interposed, “would depend upon the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—”

“The thief,” said G, “is the—Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom espe-

cially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognises the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped; leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table.”

“Here, then,” said Dupin to me, “you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber.”

“Yes,” replied the Prefect; “and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me.”

“Than whom,” said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, “no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined.”

“You flatter me,” replied the Prefect; “but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained.”

“It is clear,” said I, “as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment, of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs.”

“True,” said G——; “and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister’s hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design.”

“But,” said I, “you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before.”

“O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master’s apartments, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed.”

“But is it not possible,” I suggested, “that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?”

“This is barely possible,” said Dupin. “The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment’s notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession.”

“Its susceptibility of being produced?” said I.

“That is to say, of being *destroyed*,” said Dupin.

“True,” I observed; “the paper is clearly then upon the

premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G——, "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True;" said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggrel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *every where*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed in the same way."

“But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?” I asked.

“By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise.”

“But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?”

“Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it *instanter*. A single grain of gimlet-dust, or saw-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection.”

“Of course you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets.”

“That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before.”

“The two houses adjoining!” I exclaimed; “you must have had a great deal of trouble.”

“We had; but the reward offered is prodigious.”

“You include the *grounds* about the houses?”

“All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed.”

“ And the roofs ?”

“ We surveyed every inch of the external surface, and probed carefully beneath every tile.”

“ You looked among D——’s papers, of course, and into the books of the library ?”

“ Certainly ; we opened every package and parcel ; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate ad-measurement, and applied to them the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles.”

“ You explored the floors beneath the carpets ?”

“ Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope.”

“ And the paper on the walls ?”

“ Yes.”

“ You looked into the cellars ?”

“ We did ; and, as time and labour were no objects, we dug up every one of them to the depth of four feet.”

“ Then,” I said, “ you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose.”

“ I fear you are right there,” said the Prefect. “ And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do ?”

“ To make a thorough re-search of the premises.”

“ That is absolutely needless,” replied G——. “ I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the Hotel.”

“ I have no better advice to give you,” said Dupin. “ You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter ?”

“ Oh yes !” — And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal,

and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,—

“Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?”

“Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be.”

“How much was the reward offered, did you say?” asked Dupin.

“Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don’t like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn’t mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done.”

“Why, yes,” said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, “I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?”

“How?—in what way?”

“Why—puff, puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?”

“No; hang Abernethy!”

“To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of spunging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this pur-

pose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

“ ‘ We will suppose,’ said the miser, ‘ that his symptoms are such and such ; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take ?’

“ ‘ Take !’ said Abernethy, ‘ why, take *advice*, to be sure.’ ”

“ But,” said the Prefect, a little discomposed, “ *I am perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs, every *centime* of it, to any one who would aid me in the matter !”

“ In that case,” replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, “ you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter.”

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets ; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book ; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a solitary syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

“ The Parisian police,” he said, “ are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confi-

dence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labours extended.”

“So far as his labours extended?” said I.

“Yes,” said Dupin. “The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it.”

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

“The measures, then,” he continued, “were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow, for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of ‘even and odd’ attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, ‘are they even or odd?’ Our schoolboy replies, ‘odd,’ and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, ‘the simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;’—he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: ‘this fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second

thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even;—he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed ‘lucky,’—what, in its last analysis, is it?”

“It is merely,” I said, “an identification of the reasoner’s intellect with that of his opponent.”

“It is,” said Dupin; “and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: ‘When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.’ This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella.”

“And the identification,” I said, “of the reasoner’s intellect with that of his opponent, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent’s intellect is admeasured.”

“For its practical value it depends upon this,” replied Dupin; “and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for any thing hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best,

when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of *the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter, —not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also, that such *recherches* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner,—is, in the very first instance, presumed and presumable; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude, the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden any where within the limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect

feels; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medi* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister I believe has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician, and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician, he would reason well; as poet, profoundly; as mere mathematician, he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has been long regarded as *the reason par excellence*."

"'Il y a à parièr,' replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, 'que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.' The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as much as, in Latin, '*ambitus*' implies 'ambition,' '*religio*' 'religion,' or '*homines honesti*,' a set of *honourable* men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of that reason which is cultivated in any especial form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to

observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called *pure* algebra, are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are *not* axioms of general truth. What is true of *relation*—of form and quantity—is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually *untrue* that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry also the axiom fails. In the consideration of motive it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have not, necessarily, a value when united, equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of *relation*. But the mathematician argues, from his *finite truths*, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned ‘*Mythology*,’ mentions an analogous source of error, when he says that ‘although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.’ With the algebraist, however, who are Pagans themselves, the ‘Pagan fables’ *are* believed, and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory, as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that x^2+px was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q . Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where x^2+px is *not* altogether equal to q , and, having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavour to knock you down.

“I mean to say,” continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, “that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. Had he been no more than

a poet, I think it probable that he would have foiled us all. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simpli-city*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident.”

“Yes,” said I, “I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions.”

“The material world,” continued Dupin, “abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some colour of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to

embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*, for example, with the amount of *momentum* proportionate with it and consequent upon it, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent *impetus* is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again: have you ever noticed which of the street signs, over the shop-doors, are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the overlargely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by

the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

“Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

“To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

“I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly, some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

“At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery fillagree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue riband, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantel-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting-cards, and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

“No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large

and black, with the D—— cipher; there, it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the minister, was diminutive and feminine; there, the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visiter, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

“I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

“The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and

was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile*, which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

“The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay.”

“But what purpose had you,” I asked, “in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?”

“D——,” replied Dupin, “is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I should never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris would have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself, at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalini said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however,

that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms ‘a certain personage,’ he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack.”

“How? did you put any thing particular in it?”

“Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. To be sure, D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humouredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

“ — Un dessein si funeste,
S’il n’est digne d’Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.”

They are to be found in Crébillon’s ‘Atrée.’”

TO COLUMBUS DYING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OEHLENSCHLEGER.

BY W. H. FURNESS.

Soon with thee will all be over,
 Soon the voyage will be begun,
That shall bear thee to discover
 Far away a land unknown.

Land, that each alone must visit,
 But no tidings bring to men,
For no sailor, once departed,
 Ever hath returned again.

No carved wood, no broken branches
 Ever drift from that far wild,
He who on that ocean launches,
 Meets no corse of angel-child.

All is mystery before thee,
 But in peace, and love, and faith,
And with hope attended, sail'st thou
 Off upon the ship of Death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,
 Spread then, spread thy canvass out,
Spirit! on a sea of ether
 Soon shalt thou serenely float.

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden breakers there,
And the fanning wings of angels
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart and comfort,
These Azores—they are of earth ;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the Blessed Isles loom forth.

Seest thou now thy San Salvádor ?
Him, thy Saviour, thou shalt hail,
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,
Where thy hope shall no more fail.

THE MORAL OF GOSLYNE GREENE,

WHO WAS BORN TO A FORTUNE.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL,

AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," "IN TOWN AND ABOUT," ETC.

THAT man is a moral.

He is historically complete—a hero who has achieved his climax and has survived his catastrophe—one of those luckless wights who outlive themselves, and tarry on the stage when their drama is over, posthumous to the action of the piece. Nothing can be more poetically ungraceful than to exist too long, and to go slouching down the world on the wrong side of your crisis, like the stupid stalk of an exploded rocket.

To be a moral—

Morals, in their plurality of number, are entitled to respect ; but make it, gentle reader, ambitious though you chance to be, a matter both of solicitude and solicitation, that you may never, in the singular point of view, obtain the sad pre-eminence of being elevated to the rank of a moral, to be stuck with a pin upon a card in the cabinet of ethical entomology, as a theme for lectures. The moral deducible from one's own experiences is in some sort antagonistical to himself. It rises at the other end of the plank, and soars to importance as a text, just as he declines from the equipoise of a true balance. When, for instance, we are in the mire, our moral is at its superlative height of interest ; and, generally speaking, the individual is capable of affording the most impressive moral when his morals are in their extreme

state of dilapidation. It is too much to ask, even of a philanthropist, that he should himself be a moral ; but, luckily, there are volunteers enough to supply the demand. As we said before, That man is a moral.

You may see it in the sad dejection of his visage—in his pallid cheek and in his vacant aspect. There is also that indescribable air of shabby gentility in his well-worn garments, which belongs almost exclusively to the man who is a moral, had we no manifestation in his habitual deportment that he has done with ambition and has parted with his hope. He moves, as it were, in solitude, though bustling crowds may throng the street. Amid the din of business or the hum of pleasure, there seems to be a circlet of silence about him ; and people unconsciously feel it as he approaches, that this man is a moral. They have at once an inclination to sympathize with him, they cannot tell why, and yet to avoid him, they know not wherefore. Faces lengthen as he comes, and there is a passing chill in the atmosphere. The very children are disposed to circumnavigate him, by a detour to the right or left, as if they were aware that a lesson, and a lesson somewhat of the hardest, is before them. There is no mistaking the fact. A broken spirit buttons to the chin. Misanthropy, even if it is fortunate enough to possess the article, displays no collar to its shirt ; for what cares it for vanity ? And the man who has no expectation to feed his energies, indicates forlornness by a gloomy slant of the hat, that he may see and not be seen, knowing that it is by the eyes alone we learn aught of each other, and that if they be shaded from the view, we are isolated and apart. We cannot err. He who loiters in the highways when others hurry by—he who reposes in public squares when nothing else is there but a truant dog or two in races through the grass, must be a moral, a completed moral,—a deduction and an inference from the aggregate of active humanity, to be read and pondered over at the close of the fable. He is something that was—something which now only appears to be.

But why was he—why was Goslyne Greene—for it is of him

we speak—why was this man loaded with a moral? Why is it his hard fate to be a locomotive homily and a perambulating sermon? For no other reason, than that it was his mishap to begin at the wrong end of existence, and to construct his story downwards.

Yes, it is indeed a terrible thing—we dread to mention it—the pen falters as we write the fearful words, and we look round with apprehension lest others may be involved in the same awful concatenation of circumstances; but still, cheered by the fact that such shocking calamities do not often happen, and that, on this favoured side of the Atlantic at least, the course of events contributes to preserve the human race from being thus oppressed, we summon up courage to announce the fact, that it was the unutterable wo of Goslyne Greene,—poor unoffending infant—to be born to a fortune!—that it was his disaster to come into the world as heir to cash, to stocks, to bond and mortgage, to real estate—to money in hand, to dividends, to interests and to rents. He cried—afflicted child—when he was thus inauspiciously ushered into life, and for several days, and nights too, if tradition is to be credited, he continued to upraise his tiny and inarticulate voice, as if in remonstrance at the wrong which had been done to him. Nay, he was long a wailing babe, pained in anticipation by his melancholy moral. “Good gracious,” exclaimed the nurse, “what ails the boy!” and the choicest drugs that chemic art could offer went soothingly down his vocal throat, but without effecting the pacification of Goslyne Greene. It was not physical, but metaphysical, aid that he needed, and Mrs. Jones was incapable of the ministration.

Unhappy Goslyne Greene!—And yet his mother received visits of congratulation, and people shook his father by the hand. There were rejoicings in the mansion. Matrons and maids strove gleefully to welcome the little stranger, and every one who gazed upon him, endeavoured by the force of imagination, to discover family resemblances in his round undeveloped features, or, at least, beauty in his infantile ugliness. Our Goslyne was a love, a darling—the image of its “ma”—a counterpart of “pa.”

The phrenologists promised genius, and there was reason to apprehend, in short, that Crichton would no longer have a monopoly of being "admirable," and that the river would be set on fire at last, through the gifts of Goslyne Greene. But while, in this respect, he only shared the common lot—for we are all prodigies in the cradle—still Goslyne had lace upon his cap and velvet to his couch, with splendour all about. Born to a fortune! Envidable creature!—Why did he thus wrinkle up his pudgy nose and weep with direful squalls? The more he was kissed, the more he was caressed, the more he was admired and felicitated, the more angrily did he sob and shriek. It may be that his unsophisticated perceptions saw little else than bitter irony in the flattering compliments that were bestowed upon him, and could discover small reason for being glad that another sufferer had been added to the roll, for the benefit mainly of the tailor, the physician, and the undertaker, which, it is to be presumed, is the philosophy of our indignant uproar at the commencement of this sublunary career.

Besides, what had Goslyne done to be thus doomed to a fortune? He appeared to have as much intellect as other babes. His voice was as strong—his back as straight—his legs and arms as capable as theirs, and yet he was to be denied the natural and lawful use of his gifts and faculties. No wonder his cries were unremitting, and that his wrath rose as the state of the case was made obvious by the thronging of his courtiers.

In truth, Goslyne Greene was himself not at all to blame in the premises. His father had toiled with but a single hope that his son might be born to a fortune, and that hope had been accomplished, as hopes sometimes are, to prove perhaps that the success of our wishes is not always the most desirable thing that could happen to us. "Goslyne will be rich, any how," said the old gentleman in the midst of his labours, as if he found consolation in the fact, and as if he had thus secured his son's welfare and happiness beyond the reach of doubt.

The majority of the world will probably agree in opinion with the elder Mr. Greene; for it is the popular sentiment that the

fact of being rich, and not the process of getting rich, is the happiness. But, in this case, and probably in many others, the reverse was the truth. The father had a pleasant life enough under the influence of an absorbing object, while the son is a man with a moral; and it may be that people are often overruled in this matter, for the advantage of posterity. Who knows but that the follies and extravagances of those who have either the command of wealth or the prospect of it—their speculations and their splendours—their “operations” and their magnificence—are, after all, but an element in the plan of wisdom, intended at intervals to afford a new impulse by a reduction to the primitive, healthful, and energetic state of having more wants and wishes than we have the means to supply? A dabble in the stocks does not always turn out profitably; cotton sometimes is heavy on our hands, and real estate will sulkily retrograde, when, by the calculation, it ought to have advanced. But are we sure that such events are a visitation of unmitigated disaster? May not that dusky spectre, a dun, “hated of gods and men,” whose portentous tap causes the heart to quake and the pocket to quiver, have a mission of far greater importance than to make the mere demand for money? Superficially considered, it was a sad business when *morus multicaulis* toppled from its airy height, and brought so many to the earth along with it. To find one’s fifty dollar twigs suddenly reduced to the level of sixpenny switches, is by no means a pleasant waking from golden dreams, and to decline from the damask luxury of a chariot to plain pedestrianism, is a sinking in poetry which affects the mind by the force of contrast. People, for the most part, are not pleased with changes of so violent a character, and have a decided aversion to the downward movement, whatever they may have done to render it indispensable. And yet reverses are often medicinal. There is much of virtue in an alterative. The necessity for walking, which is thus imposed, may be the only prescription to bring the mind and body back to their native vigour. Both are liable to be invaded by an apoplectic pursiness, which demands severe training to preserve us from

lethargy, and to afford room for the salutary play of our faculties. The spirit, like the corporal fabric in which it is enclosed, is exposed to the danger of growing rotund, asthmatic, indolent, and unwieldy ; and perchance, even as regards those for whom we labour, if our vision were keen enough to embrace the whole scheme of thiſ earthly struggle, we might be induced to look upon a financial catastrophe now and then, as a providential interference, and to rejoice over the enlivening incident of being ruined occasionally, as if it were a capital prize in the lottery of adventure—like a shower-bath—a sharp shock to the nerves, but, in its reaction, exceedingly tonic and refreshing.

The elder Mr. Greene, however, was rather of a practical cast than of a meditative nature, content in the outward seeming of things without cracking for the kernel ; and it is not at all likely that he would have credited it, even if you had told him so, that the primitive Goslyne is the safest bird, and that, when it is compelled to nibble over a somewhat arid common for a living, the position is better than if the nutriment were gathered to its neb. Observe, now, when a man's pockets are stimulantly vacant—when a new coat is rather an abstract idea than a palpable presence—when the pleasure of having a good dinner to-day is enhanced by a small and appetizing degree of doubt as to the nature of the viands which will grace his board to-morrow, what a quick, lively, interesting little creature he becomes. How his manners are improved ; how his temper is ameliorated ; how all sorts of morbidities and misanthropies are shaken to the winds, as too expensive for indulgence, and how evil habit is dispensed with until the purse may admit of such gentlemanlike recreations ; while, on the other hand, who arises willingly from his couch, or has a spontaneous disposition to go to bed at reasonable hours ? Why, what a languid time one would have of it, if it were only requisite to form a wish to insure its gratification. Even our planetary duty of revolving upon an axis, and of strolling round the sun, for the sake of varieties of light, and for a patronising encouragement of the little seasons, might come to be neglected from a want of inducement to take

the trouble of rolling; and we should lose caste in the solar system by being too indolent to perform our gyrations, or to extend the shadow of eclipse.

The elder Mr. Greene would have stared at an attempt to demonstrate, that perhaps one's real felicity is to be estimated rather by what one wants than by what one has, and, though realizing the truth in his own person, that the pursuit is often more of a pleasure than the possession, he would have thought it strange enough if he had been told that it is frequently a misfortune to be free from care.

But Goslyne Greene verified a fact, the knowledge of which had been denied to his paternal predecessor. Though surrounded by mere conventional thinkers—by those who think they think, and labour under the delusion of supposing they have opinions of their own, when they only reflect the image presented to them—and who, by dint of reiteration, had worn out Goslyne's original and instinctive aversions to his peculiar position in the world, manifested by juvenile whimpers, which had more of wisdom in them than is often to be found in the gravest nod of a snow-crowned head—still Goslyne returned at last, but rather circuitously, it must be confessed, to the primary sentiment, and perfected the moral. In the long interval, however, he was “sophisticate,” and, like the mass of mankind, took things for true because every body says so, when perhaps this species of universal concession is rather a suspicious circumstance, and should awaken scrutiny.

“Born to a fortune” came, therefore, pleasantly enough to the ears of Goslyne Greene: He soon learned to consider himself as an exempt from the discipline of the drill sergeant. The filings and facings which necessity imposes, were nothing to him. There was no reason why his step should be regulated, or why he should be obliged to march to measure. Goslyne had a gun before he had any conception of the purposes of that complicated contrivance; Goslyne had a pony, with a “coloured gentleman” appurtenant, to hold him on the saddle. Goslyne had a watch before he knew there was such a thing as time, and

before he had the slightest idea of the trouble he would hereafter have to kill the horological enemy, which was destined to hang so heavy on his hands. Other children must dream of drums and sigh for drums till Christmas; but drums were attainable by Goslyne every day in the year; and drums, thus reduced to their sheepskin realities—the drum in fact, and not the drum of imagination—become a weariness. It is not our business to invalidate proverbs, and the birds may have it their own way; but an anticipated drum is in every respect more fascinating than any quantity of drums in hand, and the philosophy of this has an extended application. Goslyne, however, had no anticipations. Almost from the very outset, he was compelled to puzzle himself to imagine new pleasures and to harass his mind to conceive a want. Now there are few distresses more essentially distressing than to want a want. Other difficulties may be surmounted; but when we experience a difficulty because we have not got a difficulty, what is to be done? Goslyne had many fatiguing hunts through the region of his fancy, in the hope that under some unsuspected, untried bush, he might be lucky enough to beat up an unsatisfied desire. How often did he wish that there was something which he had not, that he might enjoy the sport of wishing that he could have it—a common amusement enough, but one with which Goslyne was not at all familiar, and it was this very deficiency that goaded him on to his moral.

From the force of circumstances, Goslyne unavoidably became an indolent boy. People did every thing for him, when it is childhood's happy impulse to do all things, however imperfectly, for itself, and when it joyfully seeks the wisdom of experience, by an endless variety of experiments, triumphing through tears, tumbles, breakages, and damage of all sorts and sizes. But Goslyne was supervised and carefully tended, and, being born to a fortune, the mountain came to the little Mahomet, instead of Mahomet going to the mountain. He rarely, indeed, had the opportunity of improving himself by a fall down stairs on his own special account, and probably never gathered knowledge by

an uninterrupted dabble in a tub of water. If he would climb the fence, John lifted him to the top, and if he wanted to make a horse of the poker, an expensive toy was substituted, to the death of all ingenuity and imagination. Goslyne was tamed and tranquillized at last, into a nice boy, and his mind, like his body, lost relish for adventure. He looked to others for his entertainment, and required grimaces to be made at him to create his laughter. John beat the hoop, while Goslyne looked on, and Tom turned heels over head, that Goslyne might enjoy the sport without risking a bruise. It was a business to amuse the child, when that is a business belonging chiefly to the child itself.

Goslyne had not even elasticity enough left for mischief, it was so tiresome when the edge of its novelty had been somewhat blunted by repetition. What fun is there in the demolition of windows, when one would just as soon pay for the broken glass as not? Who would fatigue himself to run down all manner of streets, when half a dollar is sure to stop the pursuit? Why poach for fruit upon forbidden ground, when cash can procure much better fruit, with John to go for it, and with no agitation of trouble and excitement? Goslyne had not discovered that this "trouble" constitutes the poetry of almost every thing within the range of human enjoyment. We are born to trouble, and it is lucky that it is so, or how should we fill up our time? It might not, perhaps, be difficult to demonstrate that the abrogation of domestic and scholastic "correction," which is yielding to the progress of innovating philanthropy, has made the present generation less jocund than its predecessors. For who can deny that it was an exquisite pleasure to "'scape whipping," when that description of appeal to the feelings was in fashion? But the enlivening sensations thus derivable, were not accorded to the wealthy Goslyne Greene, as being an enjoyment suitable only for the plebeian order. No wonder he yawned—nobody ever ventured to put him in a rage by thwartings and contradiction. How could he do otherwise than stagnate?

In the matter of acquirement at school and at college, the achievements of Mr. Greene were just about what would be anti-

culated from his earlier training, and he arrived at the conclusion to have it so, by two converging processes of thought, which were brief and did not impose a heavy tax upon the reasoning powers.

“Learning things is a trouble,” said Goslyne, “and I hate trouble. What’s the use of being rich, if we are to have trouble?”

This was the first stretch of his intellect, and he reposed upon its laurels for a considerable series of years, when, his faculties being fully matured, he reflected as follows :

“What do people take trouble for—what do they learn things for? Why, to get a living. But I have got a living already, and more than a living. Then, what’s the use?”

And Goslyne ceased to think further on the subject, lest he should injure the delicate organization of his brain by the entertainment of abstruse propositions. He, therefore, yawned and sauntered through academic groves until he reached the estate of manhood, together with the estate which his father had accumulated for him.

Now came the most arduous part of the effort to live pleasantly without trouble—to gather roses without a thorn. Never was humanity more perplexed. The tiresome fiend was close at Goslyne’s heels wherever he might be, whether vegetating at home or hurrying in travel. He tried change of place. He tried horses and dogs. Gay companions wearied him. Amusements became insipid. There appeared to be no end to the day, and the night was equally as “tardy gaited.” The delights of the table seemed to promise well, and he endeavoured to fill up intervals by Apician indulgences; but he was too inactive in body to carry on gormandizing to advantage for any length of time; and he found that to vibrate between the cook and the physician, with a preponderating tendency towards the man of medicine, was a species of trouble for which, on the whole, he had very little fancy. Enlistments under the banner of Bacchus proved equally unproductive, and in games of hazard, he suffered a certain degree of annoyance when he lost his money,

with no compensating satisfaction when he won the money of other people, as he had always cash enough, and had undergone no such experience in a deficiency thereof to give zest to pecuniary acquisitions.

He laboured to persuade himself once upon a time that he had fallen in love, undertaking to be sentimental in "yellow kids" and paying particular attention to costume. The lady's brothers borrowed his money, drank his wine, smoked his segars, rode his horses, broke his carriages, and treated him in every way as "one of the family;" while the lady herself dragged him from company to company, from concert to theatres, caused him to come for her and to go for her, and danced him through a whole winter; so that when they were just about to fix the "happy day," the timely thought struck him, in the midst of a yawn of unusual width and weariness, that he did not like the affair altogether, and that he would take no more "trouble" in relation to it. There was much talk about horsewhips, about breaches of promise, express and implied, about the pulling of noses, horizontal and vertical, coupled with hints concerning hair triggers and percussion caps.

"As for assaults and battery, suits at law, and permitting fellows to fire at you as if you were the target in a shooting gallery, it's decidedly too much trouble," yawned Goslyne Greene. "Tell 'em to send in a bill of how much it comes to for letting me off, and I'll pay. It's cheaper than being shot, and not half so much trouble as matrimony seems to be."

But the star of Goslyne Greene had reached its culminating point, and began to wane. His fortunes had suffered much from his mode of living, and more from an unwillingness to encounter the "trouble" to look after his affairs. Mr. Thimblorig, who had kindly undertaken to manage all investments for him, and to increase his cash by profitable speculation, thought it proper one fine morning to depart for Texas, leaving no particular explanatory remarks behind him, and, indeed, leaving the remarks to be made by other people, though he left nothing else that was

portable or convertible, either of his own or belonging to the estate of Goslyne Greene. Goslyne had a suspicion that he ought to feel as a goose is reputed to feel.

“I always had a suspicion that Thimblorig was a little of a rascal,” thought he; “but then the fellow was so handy and saved such a deal of trouble.”

There was something left, to be sure. Thimblorig had not completely swept the board; but, in such cases, it often happens that it never rains without pouring. A commercial crisis swept over the land. Banks exploded; speculations vanished into thin air; money loaned was not worth seeking after. The work begun by his faithless agent was now perfected, and Goslyne Greene was reduced, like mighty Cæsar, to the petty measure of his physical dimensions, without circumstance or accompaniment,—a simple Goslyne, independent of feathers.

“I’m afraid there’s going to be trouble,” said he, as he looked at the collapsed condition of his purse. “But never mind. I can borrow.”

The theory of borrowing, as Goslyne had learned it, by occupying the place of a lender, is essentially different from the practice of borrowing when one tries it on his own account. The world has various aspects, according to the position from which it is viewed, and when an individual “born to a fortune” gets into the reverse attitude, and seeks to do as he has been done by, the difference is striking. Goslyne was surprised to find, when he endeavoured to live upon other people as other people had lived on him, that it was rather a severe and an unpleasant method of operation.

“Well, if I’d had any idea of this before,” said he, when disappointed in an effort to raise five dollars in the way of a friendly loan, “it would have saved a deal of trouble, and a considerable quantity of money.”

But it was rather too late in the day with the unfortunate Goslyne Greene to unlearn every thing and to begin his life anew. He had no qualifications for the task either, even if the inclination had not been lacking, and he discovered painfully

enough that being "born to a fortune," where it is much easier to make money, difficult as that process may be, than to keep it when it is made, is not always the greatest kindness that our guardian angel can bestow. Riches with us is a bird of an incredible power of wing, and has qualities of escape and evasion which skill itself is often unavailing to combat. The bird was gone from Goslyne, but having had no training as a fowler, there was no help, and he was obliged to trust his future life to chance.

He ekes out a precarious existence on the reluctant kindness of former friends, and by appeals to the feelings of his kinsfolk, who, however near in former times, are now disposed to be "distant relations" in regard to him. He is, nevertheless, as averse to trouble as ever when there is a possibility of avoiding it, and rarely removes from hotel or boarding house until the politeness of the landlord induces him to say, that he will forgive arrearage for the sake of hastening Mr. Goslyne Greene's departure from the premises.

"And that is what I call behaving like a gentleman," says Mr. Greene; "it saves a deal of trouble in the adjustment of accounts, and as I don't understand figures, people are so apt to impose upon me."

Latterly, however, he begins to think that this mode of settlement is too much to the advantage of the opposite party, and that he, being at the trouble of looking out for a new domicile, should have something to boot, in the shape of a small subsidy or an order upon a ready-made clothing establishment, just for the sake of symmetry and to make the matter perfectly square; and he proposes to carry out the idea when the next occasion offers itself. Whether his conduct in thus obtaining credit is altogether creditable, is left to the reader to decide. It is enough for us to have presented "The moral of Goslyne Greene, who was born to a fortune," that they who are not thus distinguished, may rejoice over their peculiar happiness in being with the majority on this question, and esteem themselves lucky in beginning life at its smaller and lower end.

THE POET'S APOLOGY.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

THINK me not unkind and rude,
That I walk alone in grove and glen ;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook ;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought ;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers,
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

THE STUYVESANT PEAR-TREE.

BY MRS. ELLET.

SHADE of Peter Stuyvesant,—chivalrous Peter the Headstrong—appear!

And lo! summoned by Fancy's potent wand, the shadowy semblance rises, wearing his own costume in bright colours from the immortal pencil of Genius.

I behold a martial figure halting on wooden leg inlaid with silver, his right hand grasping a gold-headed cane, his left resting on the pommel of his sword; his face rendered formidable by a pair of black mustachios, overshadowed by a little fierce cocked hat; his rattail queue descending to his waist with an air of majesty; his regimental coat of German blue, with voluminous skirts, displaying its files of brass buttons in unabated brilliancy; his brimstone-coloured trunk breeches shining in their original splendour. The form hath a port of command, indicated by the broad shoulders and sturdy athletic make, as of one conscious that his single head sufficed to govern a nation, his single arm to fight his way through all difficulties and dangers. It is the port of one born to rule, and possessing decision and energy worthy of his eminent state, with a perseverance that in all cases made up for the want of correctness of judgment.

This countenance of iron aspect, whose hard-favoured frown struck dismay to the appalled hearts of his foes,—this figure of martial excellency—are to us as familiar, thanks to the great historian of New York, as the hero's redoubtable deeds. Long

shall the sturdy Piet, as his honest old Dutch burghers affectionately called him, live in the recollection of the islanders whose ancestors he ruled. Only those for whom remoteness of time or distance has dimmed the picture, or those who have no inheritance in the land that owned his sway, or those unread in the most glowing page of history, have to learn aught concerning this last and most renowned of our ancient Dutch governors. Of him it may truly be said, observes his eminent biographer, that he was never equalled by any successor. Originally sent as the successor to Kieft, by the Dutch West India Company as Director General in 1647, he laid claim to all the lands, rivers, and streams, from Cape Henlopen to Cape Cod.

It may be asked—and posterity will surely ask—where are the monuments erected by a grateful people to their far-famed governor? Is he immortalized only in the bright page of Genius? Where are the skyward-pointing columns, speaking to the understanding of the illiterate—discoursing with eloquent tongue to the stranger from a foreign shore? Where is the stately pile, to which the proud citizen may point and say—“It is consecrate to the memory of the glorious old Dutch governor of the New Netherlands?” Where are the funeral honours, the pride, pomp, and circumstance, attending a nation’s periodical recollection of one of her enshrined heroes? Where the celebrations that perpetuate from year to year, that renew time after time in the hearts of his people’s children—the fame of Peter Stuyvesant?

Yes, he has a monument—a noble one; and his great deeds are annually commemorated. His own works praise him in the gates. At the upper end of the city he loved, stands a solitary and venerable pear-tree. This tree was originally brought from Holland; and the best chroniclers calculate its age, at the present date, to be full two hundred years. It was planted where it now stands by the Dutch governor, Stuyvesant.

Some slight vestiges of his once extensive farm are still to be traced. It was situated about two miles from the most advanced part of the city, which was at that time WALL STREET. Here

he laid out and arranged, with something of Dutch regularity, his rich and extensive gardens, ornamented with trees brought from various parts of the world. In these favourite grounds he loved to pass his hours of leisure; perhaps under the shade of those fruit-trees he matured his warlike or statesmanlike projects, or devised the proclamations which were such a terror to his enemies. He was sometimes disturbed, it is true, by domestic invasions and inroads. The boys of the neighbourhood would steal the unripe fruit from the tender boughs of the youthful scions of his watchful care. Year after year the cherry and apple-trees of the redoubted governor, as they grew to maturity, were subjected to this rude havoc; till in process of time, the more cruel hand of "improvement" levelled them all. It has long since swept away every one of those graceful and stately inhabitants of the soil. The same fate has overtaken his splendid collection of pear-trees. But while so many have perished, one has survived; ONE—the lone representative of former luxury and magnificence; the solitary witness of changing fortune; the sole and single monument of its once wealthy proprietor.

This remarkable tree, connected with so many venerable, and, to some, sacred recollections, stands on the Third Avenue, at the corner of Thirteenth Street. It has been long robbed of its garden protection, and the surroundings of companionship. It stands alone on the public highway, exposed, in its helpless old age, to all the dangers that can befall it in the midst of a dense metropolis. Hundreds pass it hourly without notice; or but rarely is it pointed out to the agricultural student, or the curious antiquarian. Its time-honoured associations, its past grandeur, are unheeded by the busy throng.

But not altogether neglected is the solitary tree, though a stone pavement shuts out the sun from its roots, and though its topmost boughs look abroad on ranges of roofs and chimneys, and domes and spires, instead of the leafy honours of its thousand lordly compeers. A generous and chivalric lover of the venerable past*

* Dr. Francis of New York.

has protected its trunk by a fence several feet high, thus securing its bark against destructive boys, and those licensed vagabonds of old Gotham—pigs. The pear-tree has found an artist competent to represent it in one of the first geniuses of the country. Its fruit—which, year after year, with marvellous fidelity, it yields in abundance, and has never failed to yield from its first bearing up to the present time—its fruit, duly prepared, was partaken of by the old society of the Knickerbockers at the last anniversary meeting. Some affirmed it to be presented as a prescription for the health of the members of the society by their learned and distinguished official adviser, Dr. Francis; but whether thus received or otherwise, all united in bearing testimony to the excellent and grateful quality of the fruit. Lastly, the lonely tree is watched over, carefully trimmed when necessary, and protected from rude assault by the gentleman residing on the corner of the avenue, Mr. Snyder,—himself allied to the old Dutch aristocracy, and imbued with love of antiquarian lore. To him the writer of this sketch is indebted for some of the fruit of the tree, which is sealed up in spirits of wine, and kept as a valuable relic.

Notwithstanding that this venerable tree is stripped of its accessories, few, I apprehend, can contemplate it without involuntary awe. It wears the aspect of respectable old age. Tall and majestic in form, and of monarch proportions, its foliage is sparse and thin, like the scattered hairs of an octogenarian. Time has not bowed its stately head, but has sorely rifled its crown of verdure. The frosts of many winters have nipped its smaller branches, and one by one they have been broken off. In short, the time is evidently approaching when the tree itself, over which two centuries have rolled, which has seen three successive dynasties, and so many passing generations, shall at last fall under the power of the arch-destroyer.

As we gaze on this hoary representative of a vanished sovereignty, past scenes rise before us. The green rural beauty of gardens and orchards; the gradual advance of the spirit of improvement; the laying out of streets over grounds once sacred

to luxurious retirement; the encroachment of the extending city; the invasion of those quiet scenes by the rude clamour of business; the destruction of those beautiful and almost classic groves, while we may imagine a spirit-wail sent up at every stroke of the sacrilegious axe; the final disappearance of every vestige of nature's loveliness, replaced by buildings of human industry; till at last but a single tree, spared only on account of its accidental position, remains a decaying monument of what has been. What a lesson does it read us of the instability of all earthly things, and especially of human institutions!

Recollections almost equally venerable, and even more tender and personal, belong to another pear-tree, rivaling in antiquity that on the Stuyvesant property—which was planted in 1660, and still bears fruit, on the farm of J. L. Riker, Esq., at New Town, Long Island. This tree was a shoot from one that had been planted by Geysbert Riker, the original patentee, in 1630. It was put in the ground by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Margaret Duane, when she was nine years old. The estate had descended to her father, Abraham Riker, a man of noble and amiable dispositions, and warmly beloved by a large and happy family circle. He lived nearly a century. About ten years before his death he lost his sight, but still continued to enjoy most cheerfully the company and conversation of his friends and children. When led by his grandsons about his grounds, and along the pleasant shores of the Bay, he would frequently pause to call up his unforgotten impressions of the romantic beauty of those cherished scenes. Yet never was he heard to murmur that Heaven had deprived him of the most precious of earthly gifts.

One morning, it appears to have been on a festival day, the aged man requested to be led to the spot where his son was superintending his servants in the preparation of a lamb for dinner, according to the patriarchal custom of that time. He drew near, and passing his hand several times over his eyes, at length observed in Dutch—"That is a fine lamb, Andrew." "Do you see, my father?" exclaimed his son, with emotions that

may be more easily imagined than described. "I do see it plainly," was the reply ; "as plainly as I ever saw in my life." What an event ! The surprised circle gathered about the venerable man, thus wonderfully restored to sight, with rejoicing and thankfulness ; but he, feeble and faint, desired to be conducted to his wonted seat under the shade of the Pear-tree. It stood near the door. He was taken thither ; and leaning against the supporting arm of his son, looking round him with a smile of peaceful joy on the faces of those he loved, his heart filled with gratitude to Heaven for the blessings of a happy life and hope that triumphed over death, this good man, full of years, sank gently into a serene and lasting repose.

THE RABBIT-CATCHING.

MUCH may often be gathered of the character of a child's mind and temperament by its choice of a pet. Thus the high-spirited boy will choose a dog of the same mettle, while the girl will lose her heart to a cooing dove, or a canary bird. It is not the entirely domestic breed, they that come at your call, and give you no trouble to seek after them, that altogether fascinate their young hearts, like those coyest, wildest, and most timid of God's creatures, whose confidence is never more than half won, and less than half repaid. And in this halfness lies a deep source of interest: pleasure with an afterthought of fear.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," says an old saw, and this may account for many a cuff and kick received by the sleek tabby cat and snarling cur; but no familiarity can exist between the fluttering bird, the wild fawn, the squirrel, or shy rabbit, and any of our human species, from three years old and upwards. Nature stands between them and us, with her own laws of etiquette. Doubtless you have walked through the woods of an early summer's morning, when the grass had grown thickly over the pathway, and the foot fell softly on the ground, and you remember how, ever and anon, some nimble squirrel, or rabbit with pricked-up ears, and shy, anxious eyes, would brush past you from his covert of leaves; or one bolder than the rest, would remain sitting by the road-side, staring at you, with his quick, large eyes, till you had come within arm's length of the rogue, and then, up, bound, and away! You could almost fancy you heard him laugh at the joke he had played you, as he



THE GREAT WINTER

Illustration by W. H. Wood

burrowed safely in some hollow stump, or behind an old fence. It has always been a whim with us, from childhood, to follow such "small deer" to their snug haunts, and watch the life they lead, and hear what tales they tell their gossips of the ventures they have run, and the fine juicy nuts they have cracked. A fine time they have in the summer, when the leaves are green, and the days warm; and what a jolly thanksgiving they must keep when the nuts are brown and the wind shakes the old hickory and chestnut trees. What a wealth comes tumbling about their ears in the clear October days. They have the freedom of the forest, and can turn up their noses at game laws. Then in winter they have nothing to do but roll themselves up warmly in their holes, and sleep,—sleep—sleep, till the warm sun comes again, and wakens them. Your tame breed are a sluggish race beside them—awkward and clownish. If you turned one loose among them that had been nibbling cabbage-leaves and grass all his days long, how green they would think him, and what merry antics they would play upon him. Like enough he would wish himself safe home again, in his little pen, peeping out for the food that the toddling child brought him every morning, with its long, bright stare of joy.

Oh how those days will rush on our hearts again at times: days when we looked lovingly, yet reverently on the rabbit, and the white mouse, and the unfledged bird;—when we peeped with eyes brimful of joy and wonder into our first bird's nest, and saw how smooth and soft it was within, and how white and speckled were the eggs,—real eggs,—for we had touched them, and they were warm. Many pleasures we may have hereafter, but this one never returns. It is brushed away with the morning dew.

There must be great pleasure in country sports, to judge by the intense enthusiasm with which they are entered into by mere boys. Some would think it dull to angle all day, or wade up to the knees in water for a dish of sorry fish. But not so they. Izaak Walton has no more faithful disciples. Then a bird's nest must be had at the peril of limb and life.

When we meet with these young enthusiasts in our country rambles, they often recall to us the faces of two boys we once knew, and which are before us even now as vividly as ever. Not a whit behind any of them were they in the "whole-heartedness" with which they followed up an object of pursuit.

Willie, the elder of them, was a bright, sturdy, good-humoured lad, so ruddy-cheeked you would have thought him country-born, yet I doubt whether he had often fairly got out of sight of the brick walls of his native town in his life. His father was not rich, and Willie had had few holidays; and then, in some way or another, he had conjured up a supreme contempt for country ways and people. He did not know how sweetly the clover fields smell in the spring time, or how pleasant it is to go angling all day along some quiet stream, or in the evening, to drive home the cows with their jingling bells, or to go harvesting, or gunning, or nutting. How should he? But for all this Willie loved sport as well as other folks, and was fond of skating, flying a kite, or a game of marbles, and had a small turn for carpentering. He always thought of the country as a very dull place, where there were no gay stores, and not a sight to be seen, except a cattle-show. He did not believe country boys knew half as much as city ones. He had met with some and did not like them overmuch. But Willie's father did not think so too. He had been a Yankee boy, and his earliest recollections were about the old homestead with its large barn, and orchard, and duck-pond. True, he had come up to town when a mere stripling, and had toiled early and late at his desk and counter ever since, and had had no time to visit the old place except once, years before, when he and his young wife passed one short week of their honey-moon there,—one bright, short, happy week in June. Since then the old pair had died, and Willie's father had grown care-worn, and gray; but he often wished his boy should have a taste of what had seemed so pleasant to him. At last a chance turned up, far less to Will's satisfaction than his father's. A countryman who dealt with them in butter and eggs, took a liking to the smart lad, and gave him a warm

invitation to a "lift" in his wagon, and a few days' visit to his farm.

It was accepted; and Willie packed up his bundle, not forgetting his Sunday coat and cap; for he had a spice of vanity in him, and the thoughts of the impression he should make upon those country-folks almost reconciled him to the plan.

It was then the latter end of October, and the weather "frosty, but kindly." Now the farmer had a son of Willie's age, or rather a few months younger,—Dick they called him,—a keen, sharp-witted urchin, sly and mischievous, but good-hearted at the bottom. This boy eyed the visiter with side-long looks for a while, then edged himself nearer and nearer to him, and at last, half boldly, half bashfully, commenced a conversation with him. First he questioned him as to his skill in gunning and angling, both of which amusements were passions with Dick,—not that he knew much of shooting, for he had never owned a gun, but he was saving his money purposely, and had already two silver dollars and some cents.

Then he was surprised to find how ignorant Willie was of things that were like daily bread to him; and the country boy laughed outright when he found that he did not know wheat from barley, or an oak from a maple tree.

Willie felt piqued, but comforted himself with the thought that his turn would come, and looked at the ragged coat and "home-spun" of his companion with a little superciliousness.

In the morning, when he woke, he was almost bewildered by the many sounds he heard in the yard below. Cocks crowing, and geese cackling, dogs barking and pigs grunting, all mingled together, made him rub his eyes and stare about him. It was only gray morning, but Dick had been up long before, and at work. Willie soon followed him, and found him in the barn. The bright, good-humoured smile with which he met him was contagious for Willie. He smiled back again, and liked his new friend better than before.

In the afternoon he and Dick went nutting, but more than once his pride was roused when he found how much better the

other boy could clear a ditch, leap a fence, or climb a tree, than he could ; and once, when he stuck fast in the branches of a tall old walnut, Willie was fain to call his companion to his assistance, notwithstanding something like a broad grin on Dick's honest face. Still they had fun enough shaking down showers of nuts, the last of the season, regaling themselves on some of the largest, and then filling a bag which they had brought with them for the purpose.

Once, as Willie had mounted on the highest branches of one of the trees, and the sun was shining brightly on the many-coloured autumnal foliage of the woods, and the fresh air was blowing sharply on his face, it struck him whether this was not as pleasant as his city life, and whether it were so dull after all. But this he kept to himself, and shook all the more lustily on the branches below him.

And now how confidential he and Dick became ! How they communicated their plans and speculations to one another, and exchanged opinions on every thing that came uppermost.

There was one thing Dick desired exceedingly, and that was to catch a live rabbit for his sister Fanny.

Poor little Fanny was a sickly, crippled child, of six or seven years old. From her birth she had never known what health was, and her thin pale face had a hopeless look about it that was sad to see. Fanny was a gentle, grateful child, but as her parents were poor and had to work hard, she was more neglected than the children of richer parents generally are. They never taxed her little strength with any thing ; but they had no time to give her the blessing of employments that would have suited her powers. So she went sometimes moaning and limping through the house, or sat watching the flies crawling over the window panes for hours together.

And it was by no means from want of love that this happened, for very often the mother would leave her washing tub, or her churn, to soothe the child to patience, when she could ill spare the time. The fault lay in her poverty.

But the bright spot in Fanny's life was her brother Dick.

Dick, who played so many sly jokes on every one else, always spared Poor Fanny, unless it were to amuse her. Her misfortune had in some sort sanctified her with him. Whatever he found in his rambles through the woods and fields was always brought home to her. The earliest flowers, and the latest berries. Then he would sing songs, and tell her droll stories, and bear with all her waywardness; and best of all, as Fanny thought, he would carry her with him on his shoulders when he went fishing, and would place her on some sunny bank, or under a shady tree beside him; and then how proud and pleased the child was, every time that her brother drew out his line, with a fish hanging at the end of it. Those were pleasant days for Fanny; the happiest she ever had. But others were very sad when he could not take her with him, and she was listless and lonely all day long. It was then that Fanny longed for some pet, something that should be alive, and would eat out of her hand, and follow after her. There was her doll, to be sure, but she had grown tired of that. And the cat was cross and not to be played with at peril of her claws. So a little rabbit seemed just the thing to suit, and a rabbit Dick was determined she should have. But "first catch your hare," says Mrs. Glasse, and this was the puzzle for Dick. Thus far they had always been too sharp for him. Now he meant to set a trap for them that a neighbour had promised to lend him, and Willie and he were to fix upon some favourable spot for their operations. He knew of a place, about half a mile across the fields, just near the wood, where there were plenty of them. He had been there with his father gunning not long before, and the wild things were scampering about "like mad." So away Willie and he went the very next day to reconnoitre. They took with them a large old wooden trap that the neighbour lent them, and, although they did not find so much game as Dick led his companion to expect, a pair of frightened creatures bounded once across their path, and ran into the thick woods beyond. Willie was for running after them, but Dick knew that a race between them would be no fair one, and held him back. They set their trap very care-

fully on the slope of a hill, under a clump of trees, and with hearts full of hope returned home to the farm. Dick was quite elated by the thought that perhaps to-morrow he should be able to bring Fanny home a rabbit at last. He even set to work to make a sort of pen for its accommodation, and form a code of laws for its management.

The next morning Willie woke as early as Dick to a minute, and both boys dressed themselves quickly, and then sallied out, on tip-toe with expectation. They walked briskly along over the stubble fields, white with frost, till they came to the hill beyond, which was covered with woods, now glowing in all the red and golden glory of October. Then their hearts began to beat quicker, and instinctively they quickened their pace still more. At last they came in sight of the very spot, and then each boy turned a blank look of disappointment on the other. The trap had not been touched. The door was still open and the bait was there.

Poor Dick! "Try again," said Willie. "It's only the first day. Maybe they'll come to-morrow." Dick's open face cleared up in a minute or two, and he bent down over the trap to see if all was right. All was right,—just as he had left it the day before. Not a sign of a rabbit any where about. They had not startled one on their way. "I've heard they were cunning things," said Dick, as they were returning home. "Do ye think they knew it was a trap?" Willie didn't know.

Little Fanny was sitting at the door, watching for her brother to come back with what he had promised her, and, as she saw him return empty-handed, two large tears started to her eyes, but she brushed them away again quickly, for fear he should see them, and she noticed with a sigh that he did not promise to bring her one to-morrow. Poor Fanny had had many such crosses to bear, but had not got used to them.

The next morning the boys started out again, and reached the place in less time than before.

Hurra! the trap was sprung this time, sure enough. How they rushed forward, and their hands almost shook with eager-

ness, as they stooped down to open it slowly and cautiously. But then they started back even more disappointed than before. It was empty—quite empty! Not a trace of any thing having been there, and yet the bait was gone. They saw it must have been taken before the trap was sprung. Willie set to work, and with his carpenter's eye soon discovered that the construction of the trap was by no means good. He proposed to Dick that they should make a better one for themselves. He could handle a saw, plane, and hammer, and he was sure they could manage it. Dick knew a carpenter who was good-humoured, and would lend them his tools for a little while, and perhaps give them the wood, and they would tell Fanny nothing about it, till they had really caught something. It took the boys several days to accomplish their object. First one attempt failed, and then another. But they did not get disheartened, and the mystery with which the whole affair was carried on, enhanced its interest.

Sometimes Will wondered how country sports could please him so much, and how dull a game of marbles seemed to him after them. He forgot, too, all the fine stories he had intended to tell his companion of the city and its sights, and the home-spun also was overlooked.

At last the trap was finished, to the satisfaction of both of them, and they carried it in triumph, that very day, to the place they had chosen before.

It was set with all care, and then, with hearts as sanguine as ever, they went their way home.

That night in their dreams they saw nothing but rabbits. They started from under their pillows, or at their feet,—here, there, and every where. Now they had them in their hands, and then again they were gone

In the morning when they woke, they found, to their utter surprise, the whole landscape covered with the first, dazzling, white snow of winter. It almost seemed like magic. Willie, for one, hardly believed his eyes, every thing seemed so changed. Their first thought was that some accident might have befallen their trap. Dick hurried on his ragged coat, and Willie fol-

lowed him, scarcely remembering the road, it looked so different from before. The bright autumn leaves were still hanging on the trees, and some were bending and creaking with the weight of the snow.

The fields looked so white and smooth that it was hard to find the path. The fall had not been heavy, and in wooded places it looked strange to see the red, fallen leaves peeping above their white coverlid. It had stopped snowing now, and the sun was coming out, and the air was still and cold. The boys blew their fingers to keep them warm, and pulled their caps over their ears. A sportsman must have been that way yesterday, for Willie found a rabbit that had been shot lying half covered by the snow, beside a fence. He took it up and carried it along with him.

The first thing that struck Dick's sharp eyes, and made his heart leap, were the prints of rabbits' feet in the snow. He pointed them out to his companion. They followed them, and they went straight to the trap. It was sprung. For a moment they paused in breathless eagerness, and then Dick hurried forward. How their eyes sparkled, and their cheeks glowed as they knelt down both beside it, and opened it cautiously; and there, cowering in one corner, beheld their little captive, with its soft brown skin, and large, timid eyes.

We believe, verily, that men do not catch kingdoms with half the real, intense, whole-souled delight that boys catch rabbits. How proudly they carried off the trembling creature, that was placed, for the present, in the safe custody of the large pocket of Willie's overcoat. Little Fanny was seated, as she often was, on the window-seat of the large kitchen, that also served the family for a dining-room.

But she did not see the boys coming, until they were close beside her. Then Dick took the rabbit and held it up triumphantly before her. The child bounded to them with a scream of joy, and a face that beamed with pleasure. Dick let her stroke its smooth fur, and pat its head, and look with childish delight, again and again, at its pretty brown eyes and little feet.

Then she saw it safely lodged in its pen, and fed it herself with her whole apron full of cabbage-leaves, and was as happy as a queen the while. It was pleasant to see how a ray of sunshine had animated the child's sick soul. Dick and Willie, too, felt like heroes for the rest of the day, and laid in prospective all manner of traps for all manner of game. Willie must be a man now, and must have laid in wait for many a more important prize than this, yet we feel sure that his contempt for the country never returned, nor was the episode of the rabbit-catching ever forgotten. Perhaps even, at times, he has lost sight of the busy world around him, and beheld himself once again as the simple, eager boy he then was, and the rustle of the trees, and the murmur of the brook has come back to him, and stirred the depths of his man's heart.

DIRGE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Knows he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn ?

In the long sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts,
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone,—the holy ones
Who trod with me this lonely vale,
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place.

They took this valley for their toy,
They played with it in every mood,
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,
They treated Nature as they would.

They coloured the whole horizon round,
Stars flamed and faded as they bade,
All echoes hearkened for their sound,
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf
Which once our childhood knew,
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine warbler,
Singing aloft in the tree ;
Hearest thou, O traveller !
What he singeth to me ?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
Its heavy tale divine.

“ Go, lonely man,” it saith,
“ They loved thee from their birth,
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith,
There are no such hearts on earth.

“ Ye drew one mother’s milk,
One chamber held ye all,
A very tender history
Did in your childhood fall.

“Ye cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them;
The silent organ loudest chaunts
The master’s requiem.”

THE INN AT CRANSAC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY W. H. FURNESS.

“WHAT place is that before us?” said I to the postilion.

“Cransac, Mr. Captain.”

“Cransac? Can I get a comfortable lodging over night there?”

“Right easily. There is an excellent inn. None better far and wide.”

It was a very agreeable piece of information, for I began to feel very tired. It is no trifle to be compelled to rise half-recovered from a sick bed, and make a journey of several hundred leagues. My regiment lay at Perpignan, and I had come from Nantes. Something of a journey! And from Perpignan there awaited me a pretty march at the head of my company through the cursed Catalonia, where already many a brave Frenchman had found his grave.

We entered a small village prettily situated at the foot of a wooded hill. We stopt before a neat house. Thomas, my servant, sprang down and assisted me out of the carriage. The landlord, a kindly man, conducted me into his parlour, after he had given the necessary directions to his people about my baggage.

The room, which was large, neat, and cheerful, swarmed with little girls. Some were seated at a table and some under it, while others were gathered at the window, and the smallest were

playing on the floor. A young maiden of about sixteen carried a child of a year old in her arms, and was dancing round with it among the rest. In the corner of the room sate a young man, who, leaning his head on his hand, appeared to be sunk in thought, and to trouble himself very little about the noise of the children, or the grace of the fair dancer.

“Hush! hush!” cried the landlord as he entered the room. “Annette, carry this wild troop out of doors! And, Fanchon, do thou prepare a room for this gentleman, No. 8. He will remain over night.”

In obedience to this command, Annette, a lovely *Amorette* of about fourteen, led out the swarm of little ones. Fanchon, the dancer, with a slight but graceful bow of welcome to me, danced up to the thoughtful young man, and exclaimed: “Here, Mr. Philosopher, please to be so kind as to amuse my little sister. I hope you will be gallant.” With these words she put the child she was carrying into his lap. He did not appear pleased, but he took the child.

“You are plentifully blessed, Mr. Landlord,” said I, and pointed to the playing group of children: “do they all belong to you?”

“I should be very well satisfied if they were all mine, just for the curiosity of the thing,” said Herr Albret, so the landlord was named: “but only about half of them are mine. The other half are their playmates, who have come to celebrate the birthday of my third child.”

“And how many children have you, Mr. Albret?”

“Six girls, no more.”

“Heaven help us! all girls? Six girls!”

“Heaven be praised, you should say, Mr. Captain. A father can desire no better fortune, if the girls are all pretty. For something of their brightness is reflected upon him. All the world caresses him, because all the world loves his pretty maidens. I have some experience of that already, and Fanchon gains much favour for me. When she is gone, folks will bow to me for Annette’s sake. And when Annette goes, then Juliette

will take her place, and then comes Caton, and then for Celestine, and then Lison, and then—whoever comes next.”

“Yet confess, Mr. Albret, the prospect is not very agreeable. By and by, they will all have their husbands, and your house will be desolate.”

“I see the case differently. I only put my capital out at interest, when I give away my daughters. Then I shall become a grandpapa, and the young folks will bring their children to me. That’s a new pleasure in life.”

“You know how to console yourself, Mr. Albret. But six fine boys, instead of six girls, might well have made you proud?”

“Boys? God forbid! The wild chaps would have turned my hair gray before this time with their tricks and roguery, while my daughters are making me young again every day. Had I sons, one would dry up as a tradesman, over the multiplication table, another would be crippled for his fatherland, a third killed in the same cause, a fourth would go wandering over land and sea, the fifth would be a good-for-nothing, and the sixth would be more cunning than his father. It would all come to nothing.”

At this moment Fanchon hopped lightly in, and with a gentle bow said to me, “Your room is ready. You can take possession of it.” The landlord was called away. I took my hat to seek my room.

“Permit me,” said Fanchon, “let me have the honour of showing you the way.” Then with a spring or two she stood before the young man to whom she had entrusted the child: “Mr. Philosopher, you are very naughty to your little lady. See how Lison laughs at you. Come quickly, kiss her hand and beg her pardon.” With that she put the little hand of the baby to his lips. The young man smiled gloomily, and scarcely looked up.

Then she sprang towards me and repeated: “Let me have the honour.” So she flew before me up stairs. She opened the door of a neat little room. She had to wait awhile for me. I apologized for the slowness of my movements on account of my late illness.

“You will recover entirely with us,” said she; “the baths of Cransac do wonders, you know.”

“I know nothing about them, fair Fanchon. Then you have baths here?”

“The most celebrated in the world. Folks come hither even from Toulouse and Montpellier. Every one goes away perfectly cured and happy.”

“But who could leave you and be happy, fair Fanchon?”

“Let me take care of that when the time comes for folks to go, Mr. Captain. I know how to tease them until they are glad to get rid of me.”

“O, I pray, do me the honour to tease me a little bit.”

“I will see about it;—but now I must go and take the baby from the philosopher down below.”

“Who is the gentleman, may I ask, whom you call your philosopher?”

“A very amiable, intelligent, and agreeable young man, who has only one fault, that he can’t laugh, seldom speaks, and when he speaks, it is only to express his dissatisfaction. He calls himself Herr Von Ormy, and is a visiter to the baths, and wishes them to the — because they smell so of brimstone.”

With these words she courtesied and vanished.

I confess the maiden was pretty enough to tease any of us. I resolved to remain the next day at Cransac and try the baths. Where could I find better company and entertainment? I needed the recreation.

The solitude of my chamber grew wearisome. I went down to look at the beautiful butterfly, Fanchon. She fluttered about, God knows whither. I found no company but Herr Von Ormy’s, who stood drumming a march on the window-pane.

I inquired of him concerning the nature of the baths. He replied, “They smell worse than rotten eggs.” I remarked that I had not come particularly on account of the water: “So much the better for you.” I observed that the country round seemed to be very agreeable. “What if it is?” said he, “the folks are so much the more disagreeable.” “One might, however, endure

a Fanchon pretty well," added I. "As well as a hornet that is for ever buzzing about one's head."

Just then I turned my back upon him and he gave a loud cry. I started. I was about to assist him when I saw Fanchon standing before him in a lovely, menacing posture with a needle in her hand, with which she had just pricked his shoulder, "Don't you know, then, my gentleman, that we hornets know how to sting? That is the lightest of my punishments, beware of the heaviest!"

"Then you are going to sting his heart?" said I.

"O, one can do nothing there with Herr Von Ormy," replied she, and quickly vanished.

The young man murmured something and left the room. It was a strange sight to me. I had never before seen a young man, who appeared to be possessed of so many advantages, so insensible to the roguery of a pretty girl.

I cared not to remain alone. I went out to look at the house and its surroundings, and stepped into the garden close by, where Fanchon's younger sister, Annette, was watering the flowers. I watched with pleasure, the activity of the pretty creature. I accounted her father happy. This angel, on the borders of childhood, with all the innocence of that period, and yet already blooming in the opening charms of womanhood, hovering now among the flowers, seemed more bewitchingly ideal than Leonardo da Vinci's Madonna of the Rock.

"Who comes there?" she asked without looking round, when she heard my footsteps.

"A thief!" said I.

"What is he going to steal?" she asked with a laugh, but without looking towards me.

"Annette's prettiest flowers."

With that she sat down her watering-pot, and came half timidly towards me and said: "I should like to see which they are."

I cast my eyes round and saw a half-blown moss-rose. "May I break it?" I asked.

"A thief must not ask!" she replied, and handed me a little pair of scissors.

"I do not steal it for myself!" said I.

"To whom will you give that little rose?" she asked.

"To the prettiest girl in Cransac."

"Well, sir, that I will permit. But do you know the girls of Cransac already? You have been here scarcely an hour."

"I only know the prettiest one."

"You make me very curious, sir; pray let me go with you."

"I pray you now, stand still just a moment!" I replied, and quickly stuck the rose in the riband which confined her rich brown locks.

"You are mistaken! you are mistaken! My sister Fanchon is the prettiest of all."

"How can you contradict me, lovely Annette? Are you to be the judge in your own case? If I insist that I hold you to be the prettiest of the pretty in Cransac, what have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, but that you convince me, that the maiden who is nearest to you is always the prettiest in your eyes."

So we prattled on. She kept the rose. She led me round among all her flower treasures. We were soon very well acquainted, and before the day was over, I was well established in the family. Frau Albret, the mother of the six girls, was an amiable woman, talkative, full of spirits like the rest. Only the surly Ormy kept to his humour amidst all our jests and laughter.

My one day at Cransac grew into eight days. Every evening I packed up for the following morning, and every morning I unpacked. Fanchon kept her word honestly, and teased me even more than the philosopher, who remained insensible to all her tricks. Never was I teased so sweetly, so painfully. How could I look unmoved upon the lovely, tender, airy Sylphid playing her antics around me? I felt how dangerous she was to my repose, and I armed myself in vain. She herself, scarcely entered into her sixteenth year, dreamed of no peril. She played

with Love's arrows, without dreaming of their sharpness. To all the magic of maiden loveliness she added the simplicity of a child. If one said any thing to her particularly tender, she turned it instantly into a jest.

I sometimes thought that some feeling for me was stirring in her heart, when she sat silent, when her look seemed to rest on me with pleasure, and an indefinable, intelligent smile lightened her eyes and seemed to wish to say: "Understand me, Incredible!" But no. It was only her good nature, a certain warm-heartedness which, through her ignorance of the world, finely accorded with the generosity of her mind. She remained ever the same, and evidently felt for me no more than she felt for all to whom she wished well. Coquettish she was not and had no need to be. For she pleased and won all hearts, and knew that she pleased. This did not make her vain, but only inspired her with that thankful friendliness towards all the world, which children show, with whom every one loves to play. And the womanly tenderness, the maidenly nobleness which is always found in union with innocence, gave even to her roguery, a dignity which permitted no one to forget, that he could not infringe the bounds of delicacy, without for ever forfeiting her esteem.

It sometimes seemed as if the young misanthrope, Ormy, had greater influence over her than any other. It must be confessed, he was a man whose exterior was very pleasing. Even his moody humour had something attractive in it. While nothing went right with him, his bearing towards all was strictly correct. And although he was continually grumbling, he was thoroughly good-hearted. Once I entered the parlour when Fanchon, while he sat with folded arms, and did not even look at her, was parting the hair from his forehead and pretending to smooth the wrinkles out of his brow. I confess, the sight of this intimacy awakened my jealousy. But she was so little serious that, although her parents came in at the same moment with me, she did not alter her position in the least, but went on with the jest, until we all had to laugh. When mention was made of his

going, she was so indifferent about it, that in her usual manner, she gave him her advice with a comical gravity: "Go," said she, "with Mr. Captain to Spain. There is the true Paradise of man-haters. They kill one another there whenever they meet; and there, Mr. Von Ormy, you will be certain to get clear of folks in one way or another."

Her sister Annette had the same imperturbable joyousness, the same vivacity and grace, only she was more of a child. Consequently there was more earnestness in her than in Fanchon. There was a wondrous elevation in this innocence. Her features were more regular. One might say that she was more beautiful than Fanchon; but it was impossible to determine which was the most lovely.

It delighted me to observe the differences and peculiarities in these two fair creatures. Annette took more to me. The surly moods of Herr Von Ormy did not please her. "It goes against me," said she; "I love the sky, blue and clear." With childish confidence she communicated to me all her little secrets, sought my advice in whatever she proposed. Even about her dress, and what she should wear, my opinion must be given.

The child wove her chains around me. Annette knew how to beseech one to her will most movingly. When I had intimated my unchangeable determination to leave Cransac at the end of the eight days, I was forced to yield to her, if Ormy, who had resolved to go with me to Perpignan, and who was even more bent upon going than I, would consent to remain a couple of days longer.

I was surprised when Ormy came and begged that our departure should be delayed some days longer. "Have you let yourself be persuaded by Annette?" I asked; "that is what I had not expected of you."

"Ah!" said he, and he passed his hand over his face as if he would chase away a faint smile that stole upon him: "I could not put off the poor child, when I saw that my refusal brought tears into her eyes. I had to enter into a capitulation with the little witch, and she talked me out of eight days more under the

promise that she would not utter a syllable then. And when I yielded at last—and how could I help it?—she fell into a rapture of delight, and even gave me a kiss, a right hearty one.”

“Oh!” I exclaimed, “for such a price one would readily sell himself or a fellow-traveller.”

“You may travel, Mr. Captain, if you will, but my promise binds me. It would be very pleasant to accompany you upon your journey to Perpignan.”

I assured him that I was so dependent upon the pleasure of his company, that I should delay my going for a week, and besides, that the rest would be beneficial to my scarcely restored health.

When I next saw Annette, she hopped and danced with an air of triumph before me.

“Hurrah!” said she laughing, “one can tame a half-savage, like Mr. Von Ormy, after all!”

“I believe it,” said I; “with such powerful means as you used with him, you might overpower me also. But I envy him less the art with which you brought him to capitulate, than the reward which you afterwards gave him.”

She smiled and remained silent with an air of indescribable sweetness.

“At least, I may ask,” I continued, “without being unreasonable for the same sweet reward which he received without asking.”

She looked at me earnestly with a strange, penetrating expression, while a gentle blush overspread her angel face. Suddenly she turned round and danced off, trilling a ballad. The reward I did not receive. Now first I began to suspect that with her, as with her sister Fanchon, I had been playing the good-natured fool. I had taken to myself in part, what was meant only for Ormy. I pretended to be contented.

The eight days soon passed away. I regretted often afterwards that I had so protracted my stay at Cransac with this captivating family. For ever nearer and closer, had I woven my affections into their hearts. Fanchon’s beauty had made

too deep an impression on me. I loved the maiden with increasing ardour, and was the more unhappy as I was convinced that it was not in the slightest degree returned. She was neither more reserved nor more cordial than on the first day we met. She appeared to have a greater interest in the moody Ormy. But truly Ormy was no older than I, nor I any younger than he.

Hitherto, I confess, I had trifled with women without understanding myself. But Fanchon was my first love, and I had need of all my strength to save myself from being ridiculous. At last the hour of departure came; and I was glad it had come, however painful it might be.

The parents were as friendly at the parting as at the arrival. Von Ormy was as cold and dry as any one can be, who leaves an inn to continue his journey. Fanchon, who never appeared to me more lovely than at this moment when I was about to leave, showed herself wholly unchanged. They all wished us, with equal kindness, a pleasant journey, accompanying the farewell with some lively sallies, and seeming to make it a point to lessen, as much as possible, the disagreeableness one feels in separating from persons with whom he has spent a number of pleasant days and weeks.

The little Annette alone showed more emotion. She held my hand long; then she ran off, and returned again with a fresh-blown moss-rose and put it into my hand, while she showed me a withered one, which I immediately recognised as the one I had given her upon the first day of our acquaintance. She uttered not a word. Her countenance wore an expression of melancholy. When I kissed her hand at parting she fell upon my neck, kissed me, and sobbing violently, hastened away.

Now for the first time I saw tears in the eyes of Fanchon and her mother.

We entered our carriage and drove off.

We said little for the first hour or two. Herr Von Ormy sate gloomy in one corner of the carriage, and I in the other. This

suiting me well. I had to do violence to myself in his presence, for I could have wept like a child. Fanchon, with her tearful eyes, flitted ever before me.

The next day I was somewhat more composed. We passed through Toulouse and the badly built Carcassonne. My companion, besides not being talkative, opened his mouth only when he found something to blame. "People exist only to plague one another with their folly and crimes," said he. "In palaces and hovels, it's all the same. I am a torment to others, I suppose; but I am so, because they are a torment to me."

"Yet you did not seem to be a torment to the fair Fanchon," replied I, "or were you cruel enough to be unjust to the most harmless creature under heaven?"

"I deny it not," he returned. "Children are upon earth, like angels of light in hell. And Fanchon is a true child. I avoided the maiden, because I had never in my life seen a lovelier. I would have remained longer in Cransac, for the retired character of the place pleased me, as well as the good nature of the people, who at least did not understand how to hide their weakness or their knavery; but I did not remain because Fanchon was there."

"What a contradiction!" cried I.

"None at all," answered he; "the maiden would perhaps have succeeded in robbing me of all the fruits of my hard-earned knowledge of the world and of myself. She would have made a fool of me or doubled my wretchedness."

With these words he broke off. I endeavoured in vain to lead him into further conversation about the Albret family, with whom he had been living nearly a quarter of a year. He either did not speak or answered only with a nod of the head or a shrug of the shoulders.

As he had already said at Cransac, it was his intention to go with me to Perpignan and there leave me. His business I knew not. At the second stage beyond Carcassonne he found in the inn a map hanging on the wall. He stood before it for some time, rubbed his forehead, then wrote something in his pocket-

book and came to me and said : " I had best go to Marseilles, and thence to Italy."

Notwithstanding, he took his seat again in the carriage. We rode until it was quite dark. The moon shone brightly. It was impressive almost to solemnity, the ride along the mountains, the sharp outlines of whose cliffs were painted on the clear sky.

Suddenly Mr. Von Ormy, who had appeared to be asleep, turned and looked out to consider the country.

" What ruin is that there on the mountain?" cried he to the postilion.

" Castle Loubre!" answered the man.

" Right!" said Mr. Von Ormy. " Then that is the road up there from Siegean?"

" Of course!" replied the driver. " It is not four weeks ago that on that road, on a moonlight night as bright as this, a coach with travellers was attacked by robbers. My brother-in-law, Matthew, who drove them, was murdered."

" And we are not far from Belloc?" added Von Ormy.

" A short half league," replied the postilion.

Von Ormy threw himself back again into the corner of the carriage, and uttered not another word.

I looked with interest upon the dusky giant ruins of the old castle. Touched by the moonlight, they presented in the wild still solitude an appearance almost appalling. I can never look upon such remains without melancholy, for the fortunes, good and ill, which have had their theatre there, the beings that have laughed and wept, that have been born and that have died there, from the first founder of the family to his latest descendant, rise involuntarily before me ; and the great picture of the past blends itself with the present spectacle of ruin and desolation.

" The castle," said I to the postilion, " does not seem to have been long in this ruined condition."

" It may be eight or ten years since, for aught I know," he replied, " that it was burnt down, with every thing in it."

" Horrible!" I exclaimed ; " and how did so great a calamity occur?"

“How?” answered he; “why, the people did it in the outbreak of the Revolution. The nobility were hated for their tyranny, and their houses were every where stormed and burnt. That castle then belonged to a rich countess, who perished in the fire.”

“It is false!” suddenly exclaimed Mr. Von Ormy at my side.

“You may say so, sir,” rejoined the postilion, “but I have heard the whole story from trustworthy people. And there was a young man who was born in the castle, and whom the old countess did not wish to acknowledge as her son—he perished too. Very good people who knew all about it have told me so.”

“They lied!” cried Mr. Von Ormy.

“I don’t care, not I! if you won’t believe me, or if you know better, what do you ask me for?” murmured the postilion, and turning to his horses, fell to cracking his whip.

“Then you are acquainted with this matter?” said I to Von Ormy.

“Tolerably well,” he replied, “for I happen to be the young man who ought to have been burned there, if the fellow’s story were true.”

“How! You the son and descendant of the old occupants of that castle!” exclaimed I in amazement.

“I am nobody’s son!” murmured he.

“But you said just now that you were—”

“True,” he replied, “but there is no contradiction.”

He observed my curiosity to be excited, and proceeded, much to my satisfaction, without waiting to be asked, to relate the following story.

Until my fifteenth year, I was under the care of the pastor of that village, whose lights we saw about half an hour ago, glimmering through the darkness, on our right. I had supposed that he was my relation or indeed my father, which he could not have been on account of his priestly office. I was mistaken. I was then informed that I was the child of other people, that I had been brought to the pastor when I was four years old, that

he had regularly received a liberal compensation for the care he took of me, and that he had engaged to bring me up in the best manner possible.

When I inquired of him about my parents, he was wont to answer: "Child, you ask too much. Your parents have long been dead. I never knew them. You were given up to me. I am paid liberally for your expenses. Hence I suppose that you have property. But how that may be, you will learn when you are older."

I was warmly attached to the worthy man. My young heart felt the need of a heart to which it might cling. I was afflicted at the thought that I had no parents, not a soul to whom I belonged. I envied the poorest children of the village the kisses and embraces of their mothers.

The pious old man gave me an excellent education in his way. He instructed me in the languages and sciences. When I was fifteen, he carried me to Montpellier, and a year after to Toulouse, to complete my education. I never saw him again. He died. Yet I regularly drew a certain sum of money every quarter, from a banker to whom my old friend had directed me. I long supposed that it came from him. But the banker informed me that the money came at one time from one large Paris house, and then from another.

I was happy. Who is not at that age? My passions were waking into life. I had a vivid imagination. I was a poet. The world shone around me rose-coloured. I was intoxicated with brilliant illusions. I did not know human nature. I loved every body with the devotion of my whole heart. I had more money than I needed. I delighted in life and in assisting the destitute. I had a friend upon whom I hung with my whole soul, and what was still more, I had the happiness of loving and being beloved. All the joys of life were spread out before me. Truly, I appear to myself now to have been a great fool.

A few weeks dissipated my heaven, and brought me to my senses. I had entered my nineteenth year. My beloved, whom I—no, I did not love, I adored her—was of respectable paren-

tage, but lived with her mother, a major's widow, in straitened circumstances. I determined to establish myself, and then to ask her hand, and thus complete my felicity. She and her mother lived, from the time I made her acquaintance, very comfortably, for, without her knowledge, I devoted to her the larger part of my income. In so doing, I availed myself of the services of my friend. It was his part to provide methods of contributing to the support of herself and her mother, without permitting my name to be known in the matter. For I did not seek gratitude, but love. I feared that I should injure the delicate relation in which we stood to one another, if I appeared to her in the character of a benefactor.

In the meanwhile I dreamed not that mother and daughter and bosom friend had conspired to use my money for themselves alone, that he had availed himself of her poverty and my money to gain the affections of the girl, that, while I in all humility revered her innocence and saintliness, she deceived me, and that I, simple fool, was destined to be her husband in case of necessity, should the consequences of her shameful intimacy with my friend threaten her with open dishonour. All this I discovered very unexpectedly. I went one morning to carry a birthday present to my beloved. I found her in the arms of my friend. I almost lost my senses. He stood before me speechless with shame. I fled with horror from the place. I was overwhelmed with despair. I fell into a violent fever. Upon my recovery, I learnt from others the history of my betrayal. The traitor and his victim tried to woo me back. I shrunk from them with detestation. From that day the Judas became my deadly enemy. He poured his scorn upon me in public. We fought; I wounded him in the arm. While his blood was flowing, he swore death and destruction against me.

About that time, I received a visit which caused me to quit Toulouse. A traveller came to me one day. After I had satisfied him that I really was the person he sought—and to that end I was compelled to go in person to the banker, from whom I had

been accustomed to receive my funds, and who could testify to my identity,—the stranger gave me his confidence.

“Mr. Von Ormy,” said he, “I am commissioned to deliver to you this sealed packet. You will be so good as to give me a receipt for it.” I took the packet, and gave him the acknowledgment he desired. He then said, “Mr. Von Ormy, you will do well to betake yourself immediately to the Countess Von Loubre, and demand that your rights as her son be acknowledged. The Countess is your mother. The proofs of it, consisting in part of letters written by your father recently deceased in Scotland, are in that packet. The matter admits of no question. The remittances which you have hitherto received now cease. It is for your mother to provide for you in future.” Such was the purport of his communication.

“Where is my mother? Where shall I find my mother?” cried I, trembling with surprise and delight. God only knows how it was with me. The stranger informed me that my mother had resided eighteen years past in Paris, and that now for the first time after a long absence, she had gone to the old hereditary castle in Languedoc, and would remain there only a few months.

In vain did I beset the traveller with questions about my father, my mother, and their connexions. He could tell me nothing. He had known neither of my parents personally. What he had told me, he had been commissioned to tell me, probably by the family of my deceased father. The messenger was not even a Frenchman. He was English. He had fulfilled his errand, and he left me.

The packet also, which I opened with trembling hands, gave me no information of the connexions of my parents, or of the reason why they had forborne to acknowledge me. I found in the packet written declarations under my father’s hand, letters concerning me in the hand of the Countess, a baptismal certificate, and the testimony of my nurse and of a farmer’s family to me unknown, who had probably had charge of me before I was delivered into the care of my instructor. I found writings also

in the hand of the pastor, and other papers which proved, if not the legitimacy, yet the legality of my birth.

O how gladly did I leave the hated Toulouse! I had lost a friend, and a lover, but had found a mother. I remembered how in my boyhood I had heard of the Countess at the castle, and how I was told that she was beautiful and unfortunate. I could now surmise that I had been either the cause or the consequence of her misfortunes.

I arrived, and went tremblingly to the castle. I desired to be announced to the Countess. On the road I had practised all that I would do and say before I threw myself upon the breast of my mother as a new-found son. I trembled, lest her heart should break with the suddenness of the surprise and the pleasure.

I was conducted into a parlour. The Countess came, a noble person who inspired me with awe, and still retained so much of the beauty of her youth, that I could hardly believe she was my mother. She was not yet nine-and-thirty years. She looked scarcely thirty.

I approached her. My heart was rent in twain. I sought to look at her, but my eyes were dimmed with tears. I sought to speak, but my voice failed me. I stammered out my name. I told whence I came. I asked whether she did not mourn a lost son. I fell upon my knee at her feet, and murmured the name of mother.

She seemed startled, and said, "Young man, compose yourself. What do you desire? Whom do you want? Why do you weep?"

I repeated to her on my knees my history, and named her mother.

"Young man," said she with composure, "you mistake. I am indeed the Countess whom you seek; but I have never been married. I have never had any son, of course I have never lost one. Without doubt some one has been playing unworthily on your credulity, or you are made a tool to injure me. Rise up."

I stood up, but wholly bewildered by her words. I could

hardly recover myself. I looked at her earnestly and with emotion, but in her countenance, nothing of the tender disquiet of a mother's heart was betrayed, of a mother eager to fold in her arms a long-lost son, but there was the disquiet of despair and of a pride writhing under a deadly wound. She treated me as one who had been sported with, and who was really perhaps half a fool. That wounded me. Yet I thought that I was myself probably to blame for the tone she had assumed; I had been hasty and confused. I therefore stated my case to her more calmly. I showed her among my papers, her own letters, various certificates, and her own written declaration that when I became of age she would provide for me, and insure me during her life a good portion of her property, that my inheritance might not be curtailed by her family. I showed her a paper in her own handwriting, in which she had formally made over an annuity of 50,000 livres to me and for my use, about ten years before, at the request of my father. Yet I was not mentioned in this paper as her son: that appeared only from her letters and some other accompanying vouchers. Finally, I desired to know her will.

She was in a state of indescribable distress. "Young man," said she at last, "I have never been married. You will see that I cannot recognise you as my son, cannot expose myself to public scorn and shame. You are in possession of papers which—you understand. I must be better convinced of the character of these papers, and of the identity of your person. Leave your papers with me for a short time. I will in the meantime give you lodging in my castle."

Thus she spake. I now perceived that she could not disown me, and yet was resolved to look upon me as the disgrace of her life, and that she aimed to get in her power the papers which were the only legal proofs of my birth. I thrust the papers in my pocket, expressed my astonishment that no feeling spoke for me in her heart, and declared that I would give up the papers only before a court of justice; that I gave her a week to decide; that I would await her decision at the neighbouring town of Sie-

gean; and then would urge my claims legally, if she persisted in sacrificing the feelings of a mother to her family pride.

She stood stupified. I left her with my heart in a flame. As I went down the castle stairs, I heard her shrieking out various names, and calling to her people: "Seize that man! don't let him leave the castle! after him! quick!" Some of the women looked at me with affright, and called to the porter to bar the door, but I threw the old fellow to the ground, mounted my horse and rode off.

At a miserable inn at Siegean, I resolved to wait the appointed time. The third night I was awakened by a strange noise. I listened. It was evident that there were persons in the room, probably thieves. A glimmer of light passed over the counterpane. It came from a dark lantern. I leaped out of bed, seized a small table and brandished it furiously around me in all directions. The lantern, with its bearer, went to the floor. A stifled cry arose. I still struck about, until I became out of breath, and perceived that I was alone. I took up the lantern, and lighted my candle. In the inn all was still. On the floor lay an unknown man. I supposed him dead. I determined to raise an alarm. I dressed myself in all haste. While thus engaged I saw the man stir. He had only been stunned by a heavy blow. I fell upon him and searched him. He had a loaded pistol and a long knife. I bound him hand and foot with the straps of my trunk, that he might not escape. He came wholly to himself, and began to whimper when he saw his situation. With the knife at his breast I forced him to confess what he was after. Not my money, nor my life, but my papers, he had sought to obtain for the Countess. She had hoped to surprise and terrify me in my sleep.

To spare the Countess, I made no noise. The fellow remained my prisoner and hostage. I despatched a note to the Countess, informing her that she must personally appear within four-and-twenty hours in Siegean and release my prisoner, by coming to terms with me. She did not come, but sent a person with full powers. The terms were settled. Before a notary

and witnesses I received in due form from her a paper by which I was put in possession of an annuity of 15,000 livres. But all my papers I was to put sealed into the hands of the Countess.

So we separated. Now was I more lonely than ever in the world. My only friend had deceived me. My love had proved false. My mother had despised and disowned me. This all happened early in the Revolution. I have since been round much in the world, and found iniquity every where. In Paris I barely escaped death. There was the Judas, my former friend of Toulouse, a furious Jacobin, and an accuser of the aristocracy. I took service in the republican ranks, and took part in some engagements. In a battle with our foes, I saw that Judas among them. He recognised me. "Have I found thee at last?" he exclaimed, and rushed upon me. As we fought together, a soldier of my company who had come to my aid, shot him through the heart. There, you have my history.

While my companion was relating to me his history, we arrived at the posthouse of a small town. We determined, after a few hours' rest, to continue our journey. I had become deeply interested in my unhappy companion.

The next morning as we sate at breakfast, he suddenly broke out: "I have resolved;—I shall go to Marseilles, and then to Italy. I must leave you."

I expressed my sorrow at the loss of his company, but did not urge him to accompany me. "Mr. Von Ormy," said I, "through your friendly confidence you have awakened in me the deepest sympathy. I wish it were in my power to show you how highly I esteem you. But alas! I have nothing to give you but good advice."

"And what is that?" said he, gloomily.

"You are unhappy, very unhappy, because with all your excellent qualities you have become very unjust through the unworthiness of persons who deceived you, and who were thrown by chance near you in your youth. But it is a common case; whoever begins with trusting too eagerly and rashly, ends

with believing and trusting altogether too little. On account of some worthless persons, one must not despise the whole world. How many a noble heart that would gladly have opened itself to you, have you probably repulsed! Do not go to Marseilles, or to Italy. You will not recover there. Go to Cransac. You will find your cure in the lovely circle of the Albret family. There they know you. There they have patience with your weaknesses, and honour for your virtues. And you know that family. Tell me, which member of it is of a worse temper than your own? And if the good people at Cransac resemble yourself, why do you struggle against your conviction, to find them lovely?"

All this I said from my heart. He took no offence at my freedom. But murmuring a word or two, he went out to order horses. He accompanied me to my carriage. We embraced like old friends. He seemed to be much moved. I pressed him once more to my breast and whispered to him: "In Cransac is your physician." So we parted.

Arrived at Perpignan, I learned from the General that my regiment had already six days before set out for Catalonia. At the same time he very agreeably surprised me with a brevet. The Emperor had made me a major. I hastened to my regiment, and entered immediately into active service.

We fought with the Spaniards a couple of years with various fortune. I will not here enter into any of the particulars of our engagements. They are known, and the deeds of individuals disappear in the mighty mass of events.

We had a hard service, almost daily marches and skirmishes. Soil and climate were against us. My pleasantest moments were when I could be by myself and dream. And of what did I dream? Of Cransac and Fanchon. Her image was so continually before me that I amused myself with cutting out her profile in paper, and I always succeeded in hitting it.

For the rest, I lived in Spain as in garrison, very retired. My comrades called me the misanthrope. Indeed I almost fell into the state from which I would so gladly have delivered Herr Von

Ormy. But I reached the same condition by a very opposite way. I had become indifferent to society—I avoided it, as I could, not because men had deceived me, but because I never hoped to find people so amiable as the Cransac family. Whoever has become possessed of the rare, cares not for the common. The death of my father, who left me a respectable estate, and the hopelessness of retiring from the service, aggravated my peculiar mood of mind.

In this uncomfortable state I continued still for two years. This period was rich in events and deeds, which deserve rather to be forgotten than related. A bullet under the walls of Tarragona put an end to my military career. Shortly before I had received the riband of the Legion of Honour and the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The walls of Tarragona were stormed. I headed my battalion, and a musket-ball which struck my foot threw me to the ground. I was borne out of the mêlé. My soldiers loved me. I lost much blood and for a time all consciousness. I was carried to Barcelona. It was a question for a while whether my foot should not be amputated. To me it was a matter of indifference. It would not have disturbed me had I been told that I was to die. The thought that I should be compelled all my life to hobble about on crutches had nothing very pleasing in it.

My case took a turn. A young surgeon took a great interest in me, and boldly withstood his superiors, who decided that my foot ought to be cut off. The young man knew more than his elders, which is not uncommon. The doctors quarrelled long. The chief physician insisted that I must lose my foot or my life. It was inevitable. The young surgeon maintained that both could be saved, only the wounded limb would be stiff, and I should be rendered unfit for military service. They left the matter at last to me. I resolved to put myself into the hands of the young man. And I resolved wisely. I preserved both foot and life.

The cure was tedious. I obtained an honourable dismissal, with a year's pay. They dragged me from Barcelona to the

baths, from the baths to Figueras and Perpignan. By help of a cane I could again walk about without pain or limping. My foot was only very weak. But even this weakness soon vanished, leaving only a slight stiffness.

I was advised to continue the use of the mineral baths. I determined to go home and take possession of my paternal estate. But as my property, under the charge of a relative, was well taken care of, I thought, not without a beating of the heart, of the baths at Cransac. Ah! I had thought of them only too often! Yet I hesitated not a little about going there. Fanchon was without doubt married by this time. In four or five years much must have changed in the family of Albret. And even if Fanchon were still free, what had I to expect? I had loved her, but she had never loved me. She might not be alive. My heart fluttered at the thought. Better for me, that I remain in my ignorance. I was now as happy and harmless as any one could well be with a stiff foot.

No passion disturbed me. The storm of the first love had passed by. I was independent, and the world was open before me.

I fought long with myself, and at last determined to go whither my understanding forbade and my heart drew me—to Cransac.

In a comfortable carriage, which I fortunately purchased at Perpignan, I set out, accompanied by my trusty Thomas.

When, after some days, I saw lying before me in the distance the little spot which had so often occupied my thoughts, a strange anxiety seized me. I wished that I was going elsewhere, and almost gave command to the postilion to turn about. I had a foreboding that it was not wise in me to go to Cransac—that misfortune awaited me there. I sought in vain to subdue this superstitious fear. I rode into the village and stopped with a beating heart before the only too well-known inn.

It was a lovely Sunday morning. The whole family were at church, except ——. She came towards me as I entered the house. Whose heart could help beating? It was Fanchon. It was not Fanchon, but Fanchon, transfigured, deified. I had

always thought of her as the lovely girl of scarce sixteen ;— but what a change had four years made ! It was the maiden, in the full bloom of beauty, of tenderness, of dignity—I cannot describe the impression which the vision made on me. With a silent bow I continued standing speechless before her. She welcomed me in her friendly way, with that smile of hers so peculiarly bewitching.

“ Good heavens ! how beautiful you have grown ! ” said I at last ; “ but you do not recognise me . ”

She did not indeed recognise me so speedily as I recognised her. Her blush, the joyful sparkling of her eyes betrayed her recognition of me. “ Do you hold us then for folks of so short a memory ? ” said she ; “ it was only yesterday evening that we were talking of you. We thought you must be lost and dead, at least for us. What miracle brings you hither ? ”

“ How can you ask ? ” said I, and pressed her hand to my lips. “ What miracle could it be, but the most beautiful of all miracles under heaven, but yourself ? You might, had I fallen in Spain, have called my spirit back again to the world . ”

“ Could I have had the power to do that , ” said she with a roguish smile, “ I should have taken good care not to call you out of the fires of purgatory, until they had purified you of all delight in flattery, and you had learned to speak the truth . ”

“ Ah , ” cried I, as I entered the parlour, where every thing presented itself in its old familiar aspect, “ let me consider Spain as purgatory, and let me here find the heaven which I have found nowhere else since I left you . ”

“ You belong then to the fallen angels, who lost heaven through ambition ? ” she replied. “ Who will answer for you that you will not rebel and want to turn this dull heaven into a Spanish hell ? ”

“ For that I can give no other security than that of the fair queen of heaven herself. If she will only look graciously upon me, I will be her most faithful subject . ”

She shook her finger at me, and said, “ You have indeed still much of the fallen angel in you, and return more wicked than you left us . ”

“Then reform me by your grace. My return betrays my aspirations after something better. If you do not drive me from this heaven, I will never leave it again. Will you expel me?”

She blushed, and could not answer.

But immediately she resumed her lively humour, and replied, “Accordingly as you behave. We will see. But I am afraid you have not learnt much good among the fair Spaniards.”

As we were thus talking, the door opened. Herr Albret, with his wife, and some of his little daughters, all little *Amorettes*, entered the room. Mr. Albret and his wife embraced me, and I them, with cordiality and with emotion. And then I had to tell them how I had come, and how it had gone with me since we parted. They all stood around me with countenances sparkling with joy. I saw how welcome I was to the good people. The little ones, timidly at first, came nearer to me; but I looked in vain for the lovely Annette among them. I dared not ask after her. I feared some painful answer. I feared lest the tender angel, too beautiful, too good for this world, had flown to another. I looked round often still.

“You seek, Colonel—” said Mr. Albret.

“I do not see—” said I, and paused.

“You are right!” cried Mrs. Albret. “Run, Juliette, and tell Fanchon she must come immediately, that the friend is with us whom we were speaking of yesterday.” Juliette hopped away. “How delighted Fanchon will be!” added Mrs. Albret.

I heard these words with inexpressible embarrassment. Then it must have been Annette, whom I had mistaken for Fanchon. But I should have remembered that Annette at the end of four years was no longer fourteen, but eighteen. I know not how I bore the surprise. But the family appeared to remark it. I cast my eyes sideways at her whom I had mistaken for Fanchon. It was indeed Annette herself; but she was so serious, and had become so pale, that I was alarmed.

“Are you not well?” said I, and approached her. She passed her hand over her face and forced a smile. The mother’s attention was awakened, and she insisted that her daughter should go

out into the air. "You have startled the maiden," said Mr. Albret, "by the suddenness of your appearance. Perhaps it will be the same with Fanchon. Let some one go to her house and prepare her."

"How! is Fanchon married?" cried I.

"And has no one told you that she has been married some years now to Herr Von Ormy?"

"What! the misanthrope?"

"The very same!" answered Mr. Albret. "But she has changed the strange fellow wonderfully. He is quite another man. He resides here in Cransac, has bought himself the most beautiful country-seat we have in the place. He has settled down among us;—for I cannot let my girls leave me. That they all know."

"Herr Albret," said I to him, softly, and led him to the window, "just a word! Is there not, perhaps, yet another pretty house to be bought in Cransac?"

He burst out a-laughing at this question, looked at me for a moment, and at last said: "Somebody was saying a few days ago that the new house with the large garden, which you passed just before you came to the turnpike, is to be sold. They say, too, it is cheap. But ask Annette. She knows better than I."

While I was renewing, or rather forming, an acquaintance with the little girls, who had all grown and changed in my absence, my misanthropic Ormy appeared, with a beautiful young woman leaning on his arm, and she led a lovely little fellow of a year and a half old. It was—now first I recognised her—it was Fanchon.

We greeted one another with the heartiness of old and intimate friends.

"I am a great debtor to you," said Von Ormy to me. "I hope you will grant me the pleasure of showing my gratitude by allowing me to entertain you at my house. I have happily followed the good advice you gave me at parting. Do you not remember that you recommended that, instead of going to Italy, I should come to Cransac? Here, you said, I should find my

medicine. I went to Italy, but did not find it there. In Florence your words recurred to me. I came to Cransac and found the medicine and got well, and it was not at all hard to take." With these words he kissed the blushing cheeks of his lovely wife.

"Do not believe him!" cried Fanchon. "He still makes wry faces sometimes, and complains that the medicine is bitter."

It was a happy time. Ormy invited me to dine with him. The whole family were accustomed to dine with him every Sunday. He informed me that he had made his peace with his mother, and that she resided with him. During the Revolution she had lost the greater part of her property. That had moved him, just after his marriage, and indeed at Fanchon's request, to write to his mother and offer her a home. I became acquainted with her. She was a woman of great intelligence, who showed evidence of having been much in the world, and who had through many and great trials attained to a certain tenderness, a patient devotion, a religious way of life, that rendered her the more captivating to all who approached her.

At dinner there arose a friendly quarrel about me among these dear good people. Ormy and Fanchon desired that so long as I remained in Cransac, I should make my home with them. But Mr. and Mrs. Albret insisted with much eloquence upon their superior claims. Even Juliette, Caton, and Celestina, the younger daughters, mingled their lively voices in the strife. One only, one whose voice I most wished to hear, and who would easily have decided me, Annette only was silent. I looked inquiringly towards her, as if I would know her wishes. But she appeared so indifferent about it, that I was hurt. She amused herself at the controversy, as if she were a mere listener, and had no interest in it. And when her sister called to her to come to her help and speak in behalf of her house, Annette answered smilingly, "O thou meek Fanchon, how canst thou doubt of thy triumph? When didst thou ever have to owe thy victory to thy sister's aid?" But however smilingly she uttered these words, there still appeared, if I did not deceive myself, a

little bitterness,—no, not bitterness, but a little pain—expressed in the curl of her beautiful lips, which I could not but interpret to my advantage.

I foresaw that the decision of this difficult matter would in the end be referred to me. So I begged that I might be permitted to run in and out from one house to the other, as much as my lame foot would allow, declaring that for me some hundred steps made no distance between me and the dear friends whom, even in Catalonia, I had always been near in spirit.

Of this declaration they intimated some doubt. And then they began to reproach me for never having sent them a single line over the Pyrenees for four long years. All uttered their reproaches, excepting Annette. She rather took my part, but somewhat maliciously. “For this very reason,” said she, “because the Colonel was always with us in spirit, he did not write; one does not write to those from whom one is not separated.”

But this vindication was not satisfactory. I thought immediately of the profiles which I had been accustomed to cut out in Spain, and I told how I had passed my pleasantest leisure hours, in trying to make the family present to my eye. In this case I allowed myself in a little fib, and said to Annette, in order to punish her for her malice, that of all my profiles, I was most successful in hers. I pledged myself on the spot to cut her profile without looking at her. They took me at my word. Scissors and paper were brought. I counted upon Annette’s resemblance to Fanchon. I went to the window. In a few moments the work was done, for I had had a good deal of practice in it. I handed Annette’s profile to the beautiful girl herself.

She looked at it awhile, shook her pretty head, and said, “That is Fanchon!” The profile went round from hand to hand, and every one said, “That is Fanchon!” I became embarrassed. Fanchon nodded to me, and said, “That is I!” Ormy shook his finger at me and said, “I account myself lucky that I did not come too late.” Mrs. Albret made the matter



ALEXANDER

worse when she meant to make it better. "There is a good deal in it," said she, "that looks, to my eye, like Annette. Only when the Colonel left us, she was a child of fourteen. The profile looks more like her as she is now at her present age. She did not use to wear her hair so. It was more Fanchon's way."

"That decides it!" cried every one; "certain proof that he thought only of Fanchon."

"No," I replied, "it proves only that the pictures of both, so like each other in their features, blended into one in my memory. And were I to open my trunk, I might show you the rose which I carried away as my only jewel from Cransac, and which Miss Annette gave me."

Annette blushed deeply. She threw a despairing glance toward me. "And we have yours still," said Mrs. Albret, "in a frame under glass, and encircled with beautiful embroidery."

I was delighted now that every one sought to give me proof of their steady friendship and remembrance. I was thus relieved from my embarrassment.

Annette I had at first admired simply as a model of childish beauty; but Fanchon I had loved, Fanchon I had thought of, and it was Fanchon whom I had come again to seek. In the moment of my arrival, I saw only Fanchon in Annette, only she appeared to me more lovely than I had ever seen her before. I loved her from that moment with a holier passion. But a strange change came over me when I became aware of my mistake, and convinced myself that Annette was the object of my regard. I was in the most painful bewilderment until I saw the real Fanchon again. But so soon as she appeared at the side of her husband, all within me was changed. Every feeling in me spoke only for Annette. Fanchon was still young, still beautiful, still lovely, but by the side of Annette she no longer appeared to be Fanchon. The magic was dissolved. Fanchon still was to me a dear friend, but I could not understand how I had idolized her. And had she still been unmarried, I should have loved only Annette, not Fanchon. At my first visit to

Cransac, I had entertained for Annette a sentiment, which I could neither avow nor make clear to myself. I loved Fanchon as a fair maiden, Annette as a heavenly picture, not created for this world ; as a being of a higher order, whom one could scarcely approach with mortal passion.

Fanchon was very happy with her husband. He enjoyed heaven with her. The country-seat where they resided was delightfully situated, in the midst of well-laid-out grounds. Von Ormy had beautified the place still more.

I was there almost every day, and used to walk in the shady parts of the garden when I came from the bath. I envied Ormy's good fortune when I saw him and his young wife walking arm-in-arm through the shrubbery, or sitting together under the trees. Then I thought, but with sinking hopes, how happy I should be to wander with the lovely Annette at my side. Annette loved me not. Four weeks had I been in Cransac, and her manner towards me underwent no change. I remained four weeks longer, and found not a moment to see her alone. Three months passed away, and I stood, still apart from her, chained as it were by some invisible power.

Precisely in the same relation in which I had stood to Fanchon four years before, did I now stand to her sister. As the former turned every serious word into jest, the latter did likewise, and made every attempt on my part to a greater intimacy fruitless, without appearing to intend it. As Fanchon, through her butterfly vivacity, had succeeded in always seeming not to hear or understand what she did not wish to hear or understand, so in like manner Annette effected the same thing far more easily through the freedom of a truly childlike innocence and a certain dignity which, manifest in every thing she did, exerted an irresistible influence upon every one who approached her. So great was her power over me, that so soon as I was near her I could not help being in the same mood in which she appeared herself. At the side of this quiet, gentle and holy angel, I became ashamed of my passion as an unholy thing.

The more violently was my heart torn with the inward struggle.

As the autumn approached I gave up all my hopes, and thought only of escaping greater suffering by flight. The peace of my mind was lost.

I gave out that the urgent request of my relatives called me to my paternal estate, and I made preparations for my departure. They mourned at the prospect of losing me, and Annette with the rest. They insisted upon my promising to spend some time with them the next spring at the latest, but Annette did not join in the invitation. I was doubtful whether she loved me or really wished to get rid of me.

One morning I was walking with her and Fanchon through Von Ormy's garden. I paused before a rose-bush and said jestingly to Annette: "When I left Cransac before, you gave me a rose to take with me. But now I shall receive none. The queen of flowers has vanished. Like all our joys, she withers and leaves only thorns behind."

Annette blushed, looked somewhat embarrassed, but recovered herself immediately, and replied with that sweet smile of hers, "It is my sister's turn this time." Fanchon was about to speak, when a servant came and called her away. Annette showed an inclination to follow her sister, but Fanchon went away saying, "I will be back in a moment. In the meanwhile do you settle this matter."

"So I must go this time without any memento of you!" said I.

"Do you need any?" she asked.

"I need nothing to remind me of you—alas! every thing will remind me that I am far from Annette! but yet something from your own hand would bring you more vividly before me. It would give me some consolation."

With a roguish smile she looked at me and said: "Annette, who gave you the rose, was not so present to you in Spain as Fanchon, who gave you none. I would, therefore, change places with Fanchon. You see I am selfish."

"And a little unjust and cruel at the same time. You know it, you feel it, and yet you persist in being so. I could wish

that I had not come again to Cransac, for it will be my misfortune, perhaps for ever. I shall never see Cransac again."

"You frighten me, my dear Colonel. For what do you blame me?"

"That you drive me from the place, which is the dearest spot to me in the world."

"Mercy! what a fancy! I drive you away? Heaven is my witness. Our whole family grieves, and I no less than the rest, that you must leave us."

"And yet it is for you to say whether I shall remain. Not for Fanchon, not for your whole family, only for you would I remain: a word from you decides me. You know it. I breathe only for you; I love only you. The world holds nothing dearer to me. Shall I stay?"

Annette cast down her eyes and walked on.

"Shall I stay?" I asked again more urgently, and took her hand.

She fixed her eyes upon me with a touching earnestness and said: "Colonel, do not deceive me, do not deceive yourself. Why should you? Confess to me frankly: when you were in Spain, you forgot Annette and thought only of Fanchon."

"No, I thought of Annette and did not forget Fanchon. Annette's rose has still remained my most precious treasure, and it shall lie with me in my coffin."

"When you came hither from Spain, did you not take me for Fanchon? Be honest with me."

"Yes, dear Annette, I did take you for Fanchon, but I found you more beautiful than Fanchon, more charming, more captivating than Fanchon. I felt myself justified in having four years ago given the rose to you instead of your sister. Ah, Annette, I regarded you not as an earthborn maiden, but as an angel not belonging to this world. Believe me, and at least pity my fate, that it separates me now from you, as I can be nothing—nothing in your eyes."

"Who says that?" she asked, and turned to me with eyes filled with tears.

I was in an ecstasy at this question, which seemed to come from the very depths of her soul—at these tears. “O Annette, shall I stay?”

“Do you ask that again, when I have been so weak as to betray myself to you?” said she and fell weeping into my arms.

We were locked in a silent embrace, when the arms of another suddenly clasped us round. Fanchon had crept softly behind us, thrown her arms around us, and then she kissed first her sister, then me. “I hope, Annette,” said she, “that thou wilt not be angry with me if I give now at last the sister-kiss to thy bashful shepherd.”

So there was of course an end to all thoughts of going away. Fanchon’s raillery helped us to recover ourselves. We went into the house to Mr. Von Ormy. “Now I live a whole life!” said he, an exclamation for which Fanchon instantly gave him a severe lecture. While they were quarrelling, I left them for a moment, and flew to the proprietor of that pretty house with the garden which Herr Albret had mentioned. I had already visited it several times; and I should have bought it earlier, had I had Annette’s consent. The purchase was now soon decided and the papers prepared. I came back.

Annette extended her hand to me and expressed her wonder at my sudden and somewhat long absence: “Where have you been?”

“I have been,” whispered I in her ear, “to purchase a pretty house and a garden full of most beautiful roses. From this day it belongs to you.”

She blushed with joy and cried: “Just think, he has bought us that beautiful house!”

We went in merry procession to Herr Albret. I told him and his wife of my purchase. He looked somewhat sharply at Annette. She flew into his arms, and then sunk with inexpressible happiness on her mother’s bosom.

From that day I date my heaven-days upon earth. Annette is my wife. The Inn at Cransac made Von Ormy’s happiness and mine. It can make the happiness of four more.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

FROM GOETHE'S "FAUST."

BY F. H. HEDGE.

RAPHAEL.

THE Sun in wonted wise is sounding
With brother spheres a rival song,
And, on his destined circuit bounding,
With thunder-step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime ;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator !
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fleetly, thought surpassing, fleetly
The earth's green pomp is spinning round ;
There Paradise alternates sweetly
With Night terrific and profound.
Here foams the sea, with broad wave beating
Against the deep cliff's rocky base ;
And rock and sea away are fleeting
In never-ending spherul chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms, with rival fury heaving,
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still, as they rave, a chain are weaving
Of linkéd efficacy grand.
There burning Desolation blazes,
Precursor of the Thunder's way,
But, Lord ! thy servants own with praises
The gentle movement of thy day.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime ;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator !
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

EVENING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN shuts the rose at eventide,
The lily folds its bell,
And wildings on the mountain side,
Sleep in their hermit cell,

Then sweetly, 'neath the twilight gray,
Or where the taper stands,
Or by the quiet fireside's ray,
The heart its bloom expands.

The influence of its favouring hour
The watchful lover knows,
And marks its soft, mimosa-leaves,
Their modest charms disclose.

The husband, by its fragrance cheered,
Unlocks the cares of day,
Which 'neath the warm, confiding smile,
Like shadows flit away.

The fond, exulting parent culls
Its blossoms, rich and red,
And twines a garland bright with hope,
For each young slumberer's head.

While they who best its root protect,
With thrilling breast shall prove,
How the sweet charities of home
Fit for a heaven of love.

But when this heart-flower droops its head,
And wearied mortals ask
That deep repose which nightly fits
For morn's returning task,

Up springs another at its side,
With calm and lowly eye,
A seraph-planted seed, that holds
Communion with the sky,—

The soul that flower! Its breath is prayer;
And fresh its balm-drops flow,
To cleanse the ills that stained the day,
And heal the pang of woe,

While gently o'er its closing sigh,
With holy vision, bends
That angel-guarded sleep, which God
To his beloved sends.

A PRAIRIE JUMBIE.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

JUMBIE!—That word puzzles you, reader. You think it's Indian for a prairie-dog or some other animal peculiar to those grassy wilds; or, if not that, it must be border slang for a bivouac, or a breakdown, or a feat or adventure of some kind that, happening only to the rovers of the prairie, requires some outré and new-fangled phrase to characterize it! My dear sir, you were never more mistaken in your life; a jumbie is nothing of the kind. Nor are jumbies in any way necessarily connected with prairies. The word sounds oddly to your ears, and your matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon mind may be startled at the idea it is intended to represent. Yet if you have one particle of imagination drawn from Norman or Danish origin I care not how many thousand years ago, if you have the least droplet of Scandinavian blood to vivify the Anglo-Saxon canal-current in your veins, you will acknowledge at once the excellence of the word and the *image-fact* of which it is the symbol. Nay, more, after being convinced that you have more than once in your life encountered a jumbie, and that jumbies do, moreover, abound in every scene and condition of civilized life; you will have a half-mortified, half-compassionating feeling, both for the people among whom you live, and the poverty-stricken, unimaginative, unphilosophical language that you speak, both of which are content to flourish in blind conceit of their scope of thought and

power of expression, though this all-important word and the idea it represents, are alike unknown among them !

But you grow impatient. I must elucidate a little, or you will jump at once to the conclusion of this paper without giving me a fair reading. Yet, remember, if I reveal to you here the external characteristics of a jumbie, it is on the implied condition that you read fairly through the singular illustration of its spiritual mystery which suggested this sketch.

Did you ever have a doggrel couplet fasten so perversely upon your memory that it kept gnawing there for days together ?

Did you ever have a Jim Crow bar of music rattling in your ear, like a pebble in a calibash, so incessantly, that the remembered strains of Malibran or Pedrotti seemed banished thence for ever, to give full scope to the solo of this jingling intruder ?

Did you never while writing cast your eye up accidentally upon some trivial object, either in your room, or seen through the window, to which your gaze still recurred involuntarily, till it began to blend its material form with other images passing through your fancy, and ultimately became a source of fretful annoyance ?

Did you never while duck-shooting, in some long interval of a flight of fowl, have the monotonous bobbing up and down of your wooden decoy upon the waves afflict you with a sort of sea-sickness, yet be unable, without leaving the spot, to keep your eyes long away from it ?

Did you ever—but once getting out of doors the instances of eye or ear being thus afflicted crowd innumera-ly upon me—a tree toad, when the senses fairly ache in hours of still watching for deer, a single groaning bough when sleeping in the deep and quiet woods, a half-submerged lotus-leaf that flaps its speckled edges ever and anon upon the ripple where twice already you have thrown your fly for a breaking trout, and which still again you must try ;—these, reader, all of these, these and the whole family of such ‘annoyances of fancy,’ as they might be called, in a loose attempt to define them, these are all veritable *jumbies!*

But 'tis very arbitrary, say you, to fix such an outlandish epithet upon those well-known mental phenomena.

Excuse me : the epithet, as you disdainfully call it, is a real word—a word some thousands of years old, probably. It expresses, too, a distinct idea ; it has a definite meaning ; and thus fulfilling a clear mission of thought, it is, to my mind, uncouth as it seems, far more respectable than your generalizing phrase of 'mental phenomenon.' At all events, the manner in which I first became acquainted with the full dignity of the term can never be effaced from my memory.

Many years since I found myself, one dismal autumn day, on the edge of one of the largest prairies of our Northwest Territory, debating with a fellow-traveller the expediency of attempting to cross it so late in the season. The objections were threefold. In the first place, the prairie had been lately burned, and it would be necessary to carry all our provender with us. In the next, the season was so late that there was danger of snow, and there being no islands of timber to shelter us, no means of guidance save a compass, in case of a storm of any violence, we should almost inevitably lose our way, and starve, or perish from exposure to the elements. The third objection was the condition of my own health—for, though my spirits were tolerably good, my strength had been lately much prostrated by an attack of ague, in which my nervous system suffered not a little. Indeed, my acquaintance with the gentleman who was now my companion, commenced in the kind offices I received from him in permitting his black West India servant to devote his whole care to me, at the miserable cabin where his master had lighted upon me, soon after I was overtaken with indisposition.

The stranger had started originally to make a tour of the prairies, and as crossing the one before us would, by bringing him to a trading post and navigable water, thus complete his intended circuit of the western frontier, it will seem perfectly natural that I would not permit considerations for my comfort to induce him to take 'the back track' and retrace the scenes he had already visited. He had waited for me when unfit for

travel; he was still unwilling to leave me,—and I was determined he should make his sweep round to the settlements by the course he had originally laid out for himself. In a word, we started from Fidler's Grove, the 'station' where my friend, as I may venture to call him, had exhausted the single source of amusement it offered, by shooting some hundreds of prairie chickens from the leafless trees with the settler's rifle, whose use he had appropriated to himself during the tedious days that I was confined to the cabin. We started on a bright, clear November morning, my friend and myself lightly mounted on the long-limbed horses of the country, and his negro man, fitted with one tough Indian pony for himself, and leading another as a sumpter-horse with our luggage.

Within an hour we had lost sight of the nearest spurs of woodland. But though nothing save the sky and the monotonous plain before us was visible, we were still, speaking in reference to its size, on the edge of this immense prairie. The sky, too, as is common after a bright morning in November, was overcast and dismal-looking,—threatening no immediate storm, but ungenial and forbidding, a fitting dome for the black and cindery waste beneath it.

My friend, who was even of more mercurial temperament than myself, became soon silent, as if oppressed by the scene; and instead of continuing to ride abreast with me, gradually pushed his horse a little in advance. As he carried the compass there could be no inconvenience in this, and I found a resource meanwhile in conversing with his simple-minded black servant about the many grotesque and amusing superstitions of the Caribbee Islands, of which he was a native. Then after a time, when upon referring to my watch I found that I had passed a full hour in the same unsocial mood as my friend, I thought it well to remind him that we would have a still more monotonous day to-morrow. For he already knew that, while it would take three days to cross the prairie, a certain hollow, spring, and thicket, to which we could look forward as a bourne, offering some variety to the fortunes of to-day's travel, would be wholly wanting on

the second day, when we must 'camp down' upon the level plain. While speaking thus, being still in the rear of my friend, his horse, as he turned around to reply, put one of his fore feet in a gopher-hole, and was thrown upon his knees with a violence which dislodged his rider without injuring him, laming the brute at the same time, not seriously, but enough to make him unpleasant riding.

This incident compelled us to stop and make a new arrangement; my friend taking the sumpter-pony and transferring the luggage to the lame horse. While the negro attended to this we both dismounted. The opportunity seemed a favourable one for refreshment. My companion, after swallowing a glass of old Santa Cruce, which he carried already mixed with water, announced himself decidedly hungry. The cold ham and buffalo-tongue must be got at. To do this conveniently the horses must be tethered. It would not be safe to trust the negro with holding all four of them while we were dining. To tether the horses the stakes we had brought with us must be driven,—a mallet, which had been provided in the entire absence of all stones upon the prairie, being used for that purpose. All this takes time. And time is nowhere more valuable than in the middle of a burned prairie, which it would be wise, in spite of the tendency of all things to the centre, to get away from as quickly as possible. But the sun has come out, the day is closing beautifully, there will be a moon to-night, and my West India friend derides my anxiety to repack our necessaries and get under way as quickly as possible upon the barren sea of cinders that stretches before us.

I can recall nothing more beautiful than the sunset of that day, more singularly grand—more excitingly *spectacular*,—more like a vision of rare things in some other planet. Sunset at sea seems to mingle the waters with the sky by the reflected glow—sunset among mountains also shares its glory with the earth as the golden beams revel around their summits, and linger as if they had no right to rob them of light even at the last. But sunset upon a burned and blackened prairie, is a creation of the skies only. Earth seems to have no share in it. There is no fusing of tints

and colours, no rose-hued paths leading from one to the other. No tissue of rays inwoven so closely with things of touch around that fancy glides at once from earth to heaven. You stand on the bare black ground, a lonely helpless man, and look as it were right into a paradise, without for an instant forgetting that you are outside of it. You thrill with awe—you do not melt with admiration. In a word, you see two clear and distinct creations before you, and the naked reality of the one seems to stun conviction into you of the vivid actuality of the other.

But now these splendours, so rich, warm, and magnificent, are passing away. The moon has come out. She is near the zenith. The clouds which gave such gorgeous effect to the crimson rays that but now laced them, have sunk below the horizon. Yet prodigal in grandeur, profuse in beauty as was the scene but now, there is even a mightier loveliness, a more complete, intense and concentrated lavishment of the beautiful, a more majestic *oneness* of sentiment in that clear, calm, radiant dome, whose pearly rim rests upon the black prairie like infinitude in repose. My ideas of physical grandeur have hitherto been all drawn from 'cloud-capped mountains,' but surely never did I see the earth wear such an aspect of dignity as in this apparent meek yet firm upholding of that magnificent vault.

We had ridden long in silence—a silence that was at first broken only by whispers—and why?—I care not who laughs at the extravagance of the fancy—but, though neither of us cared to define the feeling at the time, I have no question that both my friend and myself unconsciously deemed ourselves gliding over the floor of some vast and solemn temple.

I remember well it was the negro who first spoke, and his tone of voice was suppressed as if in awe; while it was in an actual whisper, my friend referred to me in replying to his remark. Yet the conversation had nothing to do, either with the grandeur of the scene or the emotions it inspired. The lame horse it seems showed signs of weariness, and the black called our attention to the fact that we ought before that time

to have reached the hollow, where we expected to pass the night. It was certainly so. The night was wearing on, yet the shrubbery indicating a marshy swale in the prairie was nowhere visible. The fickle November wind began now to rise, and the clouds which rose like apparitions from the black prairie horizon might soon climb upwards and obscure the moon. Decision is all important at such a moment. Nothing could be bleaker than the spot where we had halted. But the horses must be fed and cared for; they had drank from a rain-water pool within the last hour; we must abandon our search for the spring to-night, and use whatever light was left to secure them properly.

I slept well that night, as, wet or dry, I always sleep in the open air, whatever may be the consequences of the exposure afterwards: a hint that may be of service to the faculty when want of sleep is the prominent evil with a patient.

“ Well, Frank,” said his master to the negro as he jerked him to his feet at daybreak,—“ ’tis full as well that we didn’t find that spring last night, for it will be just the place to breakfast at.”

“ Better not look for him, massa; dat spring jumbie—prairie jumbie—jumbie all around us.”

My friend laughed, and I scarcely noticed the remark in the hurried preparations for starting which followed. We rode on for hours discovering not the slightest indication of the spring and thicket, but encountering every few miles one of the shallow rain-water pools which from time to time had broken the perfect monotony of our yesterday’s travel—I should not say ‘*broken* the monotony,’ for they were so unmarked by any shape or expression, and were all so perfectly alike, that they seemed rather to impress one more strongly with the unvarying sameness of the scene. Near one of these limpid shallows, that like all of them seemed scarcely a hand’s-breadth in depth, I suggested, as the sun was now several hours high, that we should halt for breakfast.

“ Well, Frank,” said I to the negro, who eat a little apart from us, while we helped ourselves to the fare that was spread out

upon a bison-skin used by way of table-cloth—"well, Frank, don't you think this pool will answer as well as the spring would, to wash your dishes in?"

"Pool jumbie—jis as spring jumbie—prairie all jumbie—nebber get away from him."

I was about to ask an explanation of the word—"Pray you, pardon me," cried my friend, laying his hand upon my arm—"Frank, how the deuce do you make out the spring to be a jumbie?"

"Cause Frank tink—tink of him all day long—tink ob him, nebber find him—but still can't help tink ob him. What dat but jumbie spirit trouble Frank so, massa?"

"But this puddle of water," laughed my friend, "you find plenty like it, how is that a jumbie too?"

"No find but one puddle from de fust. He be same old puddle. Come, come, again. Tire nigger wid looking at him, yet he can't help look for some difference dro' he know always turn out de same. What dat but jumbie spirit?"

"And the prairie," cried I, almost screaming with laughter at the grotesque whimsicality of the superstition, then perfectly new to me—"The prairie, Frank, what do you make of that?"

"He be all jumbie—de biggest jumbie of de world—always de same, and you nebber, nebber get rid of him."

Then the poor fellow actually burst into tears, and began to wring his hands most piteously—"Oh massa, massa, what will become ob de massa and his poor Frank! De little jumbie spirit always bad enough when he get hold of folks—but here we be on de back ob great big jumbie, who keeps sliding from under us all de while we tink ourselves moving, keeping us jes in de same, same spot, for ebber, for ebber. Oh de poor nigger will nebber see de trees, nor de hills, nor de running water of Gorra Mighty's yarth. Nebber see any ting but dis black jumbie-back, nebber, nebber more."

I looked at the face of my friend, and I confess there was a blankness of expression which struck me as arguing some

emotion other than concern and sympathy for the agitation of his poor ignorant bondman. Could it be that some pagan foster-nurse among those of the same complexion as Frank, had so imbued him in childhood with the same superstitious feelings, that they now were re-awakened unpleasantly by the earnest and most painful exhibition of fanciful suffering in the other? Surely I myself could not be affected, save with mirth, by such absurd credulity.

I declare I was not so sure of this when several hours' subsequent travel brought us to a pool which so exactly resembled that seen in the morning, that I could not for the life of me help adding a whistle of wonderment to the woful chorus of ejaculations into which poor Frank broke at the sight of it. Every landmark around us—if I may use that word where landmarks there were none—every feature of the landscape—if the phrase be admissible where the painter's art were a nullity—all, all around us was one dull, dead, unbroken monotony—an interminable dark level—an eye-wearying waste—marked only, but not relieved, by that circular limpid shallow, reflecting an ashen sky; and sky, earth, and pool, all equally motionless, without the faintest shadow or one variety of tint, save the leaden hues of the same sombre colour.

We talked but little during that day. About sunset a breeze, which crept over the waste in little whirlwinds, enlivened us somewhat, but I cannot remember that one jest was successful enough to raise a smile from either of us. But indeed neither my friend nor myself could restrain our risibles, had we cared to, at one remark of Frank's when we came to camp down for the night. The poor fellow had just lighted a spirit-lamp to make coffee for us, when a blast of wind which suddenly swept the prairie, extinguished the flame.

"What do you sit so stupidly there for, Frank?—why don't you light another match?" said his master.

"No use yet—no use jes now, please, massa. Nigger wait till we hab done slipping."

“ *Slipping!*—why what do you mean now, Frank ?”

“ Gorra, massa, what make dat great wind but de jumbie-back slipping from under us to put white folks and nigger jes where we started in de mornin’—what but dat make de wind to blow lamp out ?”

The merriment called out by this whimsical idea of the sable physiologist, was not a bad preparation for cheerful rest. But our anxiety took a new turn in the morning, upon discovering that our horse-feed would not hold out for more than another day. It is true that we had not originally expected it to last longer. But, though steadily following the guidance of the compass, and therefore confident that our course must have been laid truly, yet the single fact of having, in our first day’s travel, missed that spring—the one only landmark of our journey—annoyed us not a little, as the incident became coloured by the scene and circumstances around us ; viewed sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously to ourselves, through the wild superstition of the negro.

The day proved not only mild for the season, but even oppressively warm, and about noontide the lame horse gave out completely. We removed his load, took off the halter, and left the poor brute to his fate, upon that dreary heath, which the next year’s summer would alone freshen with a blade of herbage. He followed us for awhile, and we hoped might be yet able to keep us in view ; but pain or a feebleness of disposition which from the first had marked his temper, made him stop short at last. I turned once or twice in the saddle to look for him afterwards, but he always stood planted in the same spot, fixed there beneath that glaring noonday sun as immovably as the gnome upon a dial.

I could not help expressing my surprise that Frank, who, with a benevolence common to the negro character, had shown much concern for the horse when he was first hurt, should betray no feeling at this painful abandonment of the poor animal.

“ Why Frank be sorry ?” said he in reply ; “ when de jumbie-

back slip at night, him as well as oder hoss all come back to de same place, 'cept lame hoss too be turned into jumbie-spirit, and den me see him ebery day, same, same hoss, see him standing den jes as now, and alway see him de same hour."

We now rode forward rapidly ; our horses' feet had become used to the soil, and, notwithstanding the heat of the 'Indian summer' weather, had accomplished a very long stage, a full day's journey in fact, while the sun was still several hours high. We ought, we surely ought to be near our destination. I confessed this to my friend, and I am not ashamed to say, that as I did so, and at the same time acknowledged that my prairie experience was utterly at fault in discovering any signs of thicket, grove or timber-land in the distance, I began to share more or less the superstitious terrors which did unquestionably blanch his cheek. The reader, wholly inexperienced, perhaps, in life in the wilderness, smiles at the weakness. Yet the famous Colonel Crockett, as gallant a bush-ranger as perished among the hardy Texans who fought and fell at the Alamo, has left it upon record, that a man, when first lost in the forest, will almost persuade himself that the sun rises and sets in a different quarter of the heavens than is his wont ! and on a prairie—when lost on a prairie—with no one object to fix and determine the use of the external senses, the bewilderment of imagination is far more startling—the vagaries of reason far more eccentric. The lost wanderer is left wholly to his imagination, and he can reason only upon the possibilities which it suggests. For three days I had gazed only upon limitless monotony ; for three days I had heard no sound save those that came from our little cavalcade—yes ! I forgot ; on the first morning, and soon after we got out of sight of the timber-land, a solitary raven rose screaming from the carcass of a roasted wolf, who had probably perished while trying to escape the prairie fire a month earlier. But this recollection only served to remind me that if we were again approaching the forest, more of these birds ought to be visible ; for the carrion wolves and deer upon which they feed

are most often smothered by the smoke of a burning prairie, on the verge of the timber-swamps, to which they are flying for refuge.

“Upon my soul, this is an ugly business,” said my friend, after a few moments’ painful musing. “Can you see nothing—no one sign in the air or on the earth—nothing to form a conjecture how we may be situated?”

“From the earth, most assuredly nothing; you know as well as I do that there are no running streams on these upland prairies to guide conjecture in any way—and as for the air, the sun, as you have seen, goes down very differently over a prairie from what he does elsewhere; but that Indian summer mist which is now gathering about him makes it impossible to detect any of the peculiarities which mark his setting over a broken country.”

“Good God! what will become of us? what shall we do? what can you think of? what suggestion have you? For me, my brain is dizzy with looking ceaselessly upon this changeless monotony—suggesting ever the one same idea of poor Frank’s jumbie.”

We had halted apparently still in the centre of the boundless plain—looking forward, there was nothing to reach—looking back, there were no vestiges of our having accomplished any thing! “Still,” I thought, “while there is nothing here to guide one, there is also nothing to mislead. If our course was laid properly in the first instance, we may still clear the waste; if that course was laid wrongly, it is yet in the present extremity most wise to pursue it—we *must* go on—on—and our only hope is in the ability still to keep this straightforward direction.”

I explained this to my friend much in the same language I have used here. He simply nodded significantly, and pressed forward in silence. The whole proposition was so plain to him that it needed no further demonstration. A drizzling rain which soon after set in did not prevent us from keeping the saddle, until the vapour became so thick that we could not see twenty

yards in advance ; when, it being also now near night, we were compelled to encamp.

Wet, weary, and dispirited, I can conceive few things more disheartening than our present plight. My friend, who was of a fine game spirit, attempted to jest both about our present discomforts and the almost appalling prospects of the morrow. But the terror of poor Frank, who besought him not to speak with such levity of 'Massa Jumbie,' soon made him desist ; a deep sigh that came from the breast of his master, as he turned away from his supper without touching it, betrayed to me the pardonable affectation of the gallant fellow. My poor friend, I believe slept little that night, and his nerves must have been much shaken by watching for him to exhibit the spectacle I witnessed in the morning. The sudden cries of Frank had made me start from my sleep ; I looked up—my friend had raised himself on one hand, and with pallid features and eyes almost starting from their sockets, was gazing before him.

"Oh, massa, massa—I told um so—here we be—oh Gorra Mighty hab marcy on us—here we be slipped back, slipped clean, clean back to jes where we started from—we and de hoss—yes, de lame hoss an all—and all got to do de same over again ebery day—ebery day till kingdom come."

I looked, and true enough, we were almost under the shadow of a tall wood exactly like that we had left four mornings before. Nay, more, the lame horse stood there on its verge as if he had slipped back as Frank had prophesied.

"It is a jumbie, by heaven!" burst at last from the lips of my West India friend. Never shall I forget the expression of honest awe, of desperate conviction, upon his features as he uttered the words ; and should his eye chance to fall upon these pages, I know that he will forgive this allusion to its ludicrous effect upon me, with the same frank generosity that he did the uncontrollable merriment with which I made the woods ring on the instant.

The reader has, I know, already solved the mystery, and discovered that we had unconsciously gained the woodlands under cover of the mist of the preceding evening—that we had, in a word, attained the farther bourne of the prairie, in the very hour we nearly despaired of ever reaching it. It was not, however, till we had mounted, penetrated some hundred yards into the forest, and saw the smoke of a settler's cabin curling up among the trees, that poor bewildered Frank could be persuaded he was yet fairly off the *jumbie-back*.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CERES.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

How coyly thou the golden hours dost number !
Not all their splendour can thy love beguile ;
Vainly the morning zephyrs fan thy slumber,
And noon's rich glory woos thee for a smile.

For thou dost blossom when cool shadows hover,
And dews are falling through the dusky air ;
When with new fervour dreams the happy lover,
And winds grow solemn with the voice of prayer.

While all around thee earth's bright things are sleeping,
Gay lilies fade and droops the crimson rose,
Fresh is the vigil thou alone art keeping,
And sweet the charms thy virgin leaves disclose.

Thus in the soul is deep love ever hidden,
Thus noble minds will fondly shun the throng,
And at their chosen time, start forth unbidden,
With peerless valour or undying song.

Thus the true heart its mystic leaves concealing,
Folds them serenely from the world's broad glare
Its treasured bliss and inmost grief revealing
To the calm starlight and the dewy air.

Blest is thy lesson, vestal of the flowers,—
Not in the sunshine is our whole delight ;
Some joys bloom only in life's pensive hours,
And pour their fragrance on the breeze of night.

PETER PETROLIUS,

OR THE MAN THAT WAS BORN IN THE CROOKED STREET.

BY EDMUND C. WATMOUGH.

THERE are so many approved methods of commencing a story that an unpractised writer is doubtful which to follow. If, in the present instance there is any deviation from the established and well-trodden path, it must be attributed more to the uncontrollable and wandering disposition of the author, rather than any premeditated intention upon his part to swerve from established rules.

It is questionable, after all, if that primitive and familiar preface, 'once upon a time there lived,' is not the legitimate and truly classic commencement of every narrative, and that all other modes are but the vain affectations of the practised writer. That simple and natural beginning brings one right up to the work—facts plainly expressed, and with the fewest possible words. No stretching out an elastic idea to the full extent of its adhesive qualities, and then manipulating and patting up the crumbs and fragments into prettily rounded periods, until the original idea, if one ever existed, is lost, like the cloth coat of a courtier, in the profusion of gaudy tin foil and brocade. However, as more depends upon the quantity than quality of the matter, the original simplicity of such an opening might be objectionable.

One or two original ideas being considered a vast outlay, the writer would be compelled to use up his slender materials without those charming amplifications by which a poverty of thought is disguised under a redundancy of words.

A process which may be compared to the art used by the Parisian cook of the Spanish king in the wars of the Peninsula, to serve his master with a royal feast when a famine prevailed. The seasonings and sauces effectually disguised the material, and many who tasted with the impression that they were partaking of wholesome food, were not a little disgusted when they discovered that beneath all the flummery reposed the remains of a donkey.

The desultory reader is too often served up with literary feasts from the like materials, but in nine cases out of ten either the food is perfectly congenial with his own habits of mind and body, or the fashionable reputation of the cook silences all inquiry.

The taste of the day is decidedly melo-dramatic, which in fact is nothing more than a prevailing appetite for feasts like the one described, and the adornments and seasonings are deemed to be 'graphic' accomplishments, in the modern acceptation of the word. If the candidate for popular favour be not a 'truly graphic writer,' no matter how pure his language, original, entertaining, and instructive his thoughts, he fails to attract attention, or what, perhaps, is to him of more importance, his works will not sell.

It is curious, therefore, to observe the various shifts and devices assumed by these caterers to a morbid appetite for the melo-dramatic—and to the uninitiated, a passing notice may not only be instructive but amusing: with a determination, however, upon our own part, to pursue a course in accordance with the humble character of the story, and the simplicity of its moral.

It is generally deemed of great importance to introduce the hero or heroine under the most favourable circumstances. With

the conviction that first impressions go a great way, thereby establishing an interest in their favour, which will tempt the reader to follow their fortunes through a world of nonsense until the final consummation of the story by the usual climax, death or matrimony.

A landscape view, for instance, with a combination of the grand and picturesque—heightened by the glowing tints of a rising or a setting sun, the latter to be preferred, as early rising has not connected with it any very agreeable associations, there always being at those chilly hours a natural craving for breakfast, and it has long since been established amongst all story-tellers and novelists that there is no sentiment in hot coffee, rolls, eggs, and butter.

Having finished off this description, with a due proportion of purple mountains and dark ravines, and a *quantum sufficit* of rocks, piled up into all sorts of grotesque shapes, the ‘naked majesty’ of those natural beauties must be enveloped in a veil, usually ‘flung over the landscape,’ through which ‘the last beams of the setting sun, struggle faintly,’ and as that ‘luminary’ retires to rest, he tips a wink to the sad scene, as much as to say, “keep up your spirits; I’ll be with you to-morrow punctually, and no mistake.”

The hero is then tableau’d in the most effective manner, and in the description of his person, more especially that portion which generally flourishes between the shirt collar and hat-band, commonly called ‘the human face divine,’ the prominent features are ‘chiselled’ out. His forehead expansive as a parade ground for legions of thought to drill and exercise. The hair of his head curls naturally, so does his upper lip, and often as vehemently as the little dog’s tail, which destroyed the utility of his hind legs.

With such materials he goes smoothly on through an octavo of enthusimusey, and wins a world of applause for himself as a ‘graphic writer,’ and no small profit by the sale of his work. But, as our hero is a very commonplace character, with neither

castles nor chateaux to figure in, a republican and citizen of a land so new that ghosts and such like interesting people, have not yet deemed us worthy of a visit, we shall be content to commence our story in a plain way, without any of the clap-traps so often and successfully resorted to.

Peter Petrolius was the hopeful son and heir of a very respectable old lady who flourished for many years in Dock Street, Philadelphia, the only crooked one there, and which certain Gothamites, much to the astonishment of the loving brothers thereof, affirm to be the prettiest part of the whole place.

This estimable woman had supplied several generations with molasses candy and other savoury matters, and would still have continued to dispense those sweet favours, but remorseless death laid his cold hand upon her, and she obeyed the summons with quiet resignation, leaving our hero the undisputed heir to all her estate, real, personal, and mixed. The first was represented by a one-story wooden tenement, then fast crumbling into decay. The second, those well-known habiliments, a cap and gown, familiar to every schoolboy; and the third, the remnant of the last boiling of that compound by which she had acquired so much reputation and a comfortable subsistence during her widowhood.

We forbear recording the particulars of our hero's early life, from the time his first obstreperous cry was heard in Dock Street, till he arrived at years of manhood, though no doubt they had a great influence upon his character and subsequent fortunes.

The habits of the boys of that day differed materially from those of the present generation. Then, it was never considered particularly infamous to play marbles with a sweep, nor to 'shinny on your own side,' the better part of a summer's day, in that open lot, on the boundaries of which flourished both the cow and the horse-market; and not unworthy of the ambitious youth even to ride a 'scrub race' on that ancient and fashionable course, between Walnut and Spruce Streets, and the Potter's Field on one side, with its thousands of queer gravestones and green hillocks—the deep meandering creek and mysterious brick

enclosure in the centre, with its broken-down gates, and the ancient weeping willow; and on the other, the long, narrow, open lot with smoother surface,—the general play-ground. If the affectionate mother of our hero could now revisit that place as was her daily custom in pursuit of her darling Pete—the old lady would be puzzled to identify the spot so well known to every one some ‘thirty years syne.’ The creek, with its high crumbling banks, through which occasionally protruded the end of a coffin, is now a graveled walk shaded by tall forest trees. The tombstones, that looked like spectres in the moonlight—the gigantic willow within that mysterious enclosure upon the hill,—the tall and ancient poplars, that stood like sentinels round that populous city of the dead, are all gone, and have given place to Washington Square, with its verdant plats and groves and broad promenades. The reader will perceive from this brief notice of bygone scenes, and the habits of the youth of that day, that Peter’s ambition was not directed to literary pursuits:—though the renowned Talbot Hamilton was assiduous in his amiable endeavours to cultivate the hidden inspirations of his scholars by a liberal and energetic application of the ‘rattan’ to a very tender and susceptible part of the body, which he deemed the medium of all intelligence, and through which he endeavoured to infuse the elementary principles of every science. Peter received from this benevolent gentleman an uncommon share of his attention in that respect, but it appeared to have no other effect than to elicit from our hero sounds more remarkable for strength than harmony.

So much for our hero’s parentage, juvenility, and birth-place; in which the reader may possibly discover some connexion with his subsequent career, something sinuous and crooked like Dock Street, and a good deal at variance with the straightforward habits of the citizens of that rectangular rectilinear city of brotherly love.

The proceeds of his estate, both ‘real, personal, and *mixed*,’ were soon dissipated:—the last he liberally shared with several of his favourite companions. He was now thrown upon his own

resources for a livelihood. It became apparent from some never-failing symptoms, that the time for exertion had arrived:—an uncomfortable sensation in the epigastric region, occasioned by a vacuum abhorrent to nature, and most particularly to Peter, to whom the former had bestowed an appetite of no ordinary power. His hat had long since departed from its original shape, the crown moving upon a hinge, the lid flapping gracefully upon his shoulders—and a very equivocal pair of pantaloons, imposed upon him the necessity for immediate action, and if an important incident had not opportunely occurred, it is not impossible, that our hero might have retired from this world and its vanities into the peaceful cloisters of Moyamensing.

A distant relation of his mother's, who for many years had lived in apparent poverty in one of the populous alleys of Southwark, died possessed of large sums of money, which were found secreted in his humble dwelling. Peter became the rightful heir to all this treasure, and no sooner was he perfectly satisfied of the truth of this unlooked-for good fortune, than a decided change took place, both in his conduct and appearance.

He was now considered a respectable man, who had a *stake* in society, but what to Peter was of equal importance, one for his dinner. Men now respectfully touched their hats to Mr. Petrolius, to whom but a few weeks before they would not have tossed a copper. He was spoken of as a 'clever fellow;' it was of little importance to the world how he had acquired wealth, whether by accident or by meritorious exertion. He was rich, which embraced every virtue, and Peter began to think that the motto of his native State might have been abbreviated to that simple and expressive monosyllable, '*cash*,' for with it he found himself instantly possessed of 'virtue, liberty, and independence.'

We shall here pass over a period of Peter's life, and resume it again when marked by another sensible change in his fortunes and character.

He had during that period, however, moved in what he considered a fashionable circle, and affected the airs of a *distingué* of

the first water, wore a large ring upon a very apoplectic finger, upon which was engraved his family crest, for Peter had discovered that he was the last representative upon earth of a noble race, and as his good mother, during her lifetime, enjoyed the title of 'the Queen of Candy,' her hopeful progeny was, in truth, better entitled to this little heraldic display than many other good citizens of this republic affected with the same amiable weakness, though there were people malicious enough to insinuate that two mint-sticks 'rampant' upon a field of gingerbread 'slantant' would be more appropriate than the helmet and dagger. His apartments were adorned with the portraits of one or two ancient ladies and gentlemen of the past century, purchased at auction. Also, some antiquated chairs, with high backs and bandy legs, culled out of the same asylum for decayed furniture, which Peter was in the habit of remarking 'were cherished as memorials of his ancestors.' His poor mother, could she have peeped into the parlour of Peter, would no doubt be more astonished than flattered at the brocaded representatives of herself and spouse, whose untimely demise was attributable to a cold caught during the shad season. It was always a consolation to the relict of that worthy man, that though he was cut off in the very flower of life and utility, yet his struggle was neither a tedious, expensive, nor a painful one, and with many a sigh, she expressed her meek submission to the decrees of Providence. "It is all right," she would say, "for if he had lived till watermelon time, he would have sunk under the oyster season," for such was the good man's admiration of those bivalves, that nothing could restrain him from the incessant proclamation of their silent virtues through the streets, from sunrise till long after midnight,—though she privately confessed to some of her acquaintances, that the encomiums generally bestowed by her spouse upon the 'lovely' objects of his solicitude were not very complimentary to herself.

Peter, however, had buried all these reminiscences with his mother, and from the constant habit of deceiving others, had

worked himself into a belief that he really was what he pretended to be, and that the old gentleman of Pewter-Platter Alley, the vender of old iron scraps and other rarities, the wooden tenement of his mother, and the peripatetic proclamations of his revered father of piscatorial renown, were dreams, nothing more. And when these unpleasant fancies peeped into the cells of his imagination, he slammed to the doors of thought against the unwelcome intruders, and in the glass found more pleasing reflections, in the contemplation of the 'imperial' upon his chin, and the 'moustache' upon his lip.

Day after day passed away in the profitable amusements of a young man without any business; frequenting of taverns and theatres, in winter, strutting about the streets with both hands thrust into the pockets of a bag-coat, and in summer, whirling over a dusty road in one of those vehicles wherein the driver appears to have the axles run through his hips, at the tail of a fast trotting horse dashing along at the rate of two minutes forty-five seconds per mile, to that rural retreat for gentlemen of his caste, where innocence flourishes under the sign of the Lamb. Our hero, as the reader will perceive from his education, was not likely to surprise the world with any evidence of literary genius. Yet at heart he was a good fellow, and frank and candid in the expression of his sentiments, the latter quality, perhaps, he inherited from his mother,—and though on the road to ruin, the inevitable consequence of a career of daily folly incident to his pursuits, he maintained some respect for the opinion of the world, and at times meditated a reform. These wholesome meditations were interrupted by an incident as eventful in his life and as influential upon his fortunes, as the sudden acquisition of his wealth.

Most of his property had been invested in bank stock: the sudden prostration and ruin of the one in which his fortunes were invested, utterly impoverished Peter, and upon waking up after a debauch in which he had faithfully followed the classic precept, 'six cups to Mœvia, to Justina seven,' he found himself a bankrupt in fortune and character. No one could be

worse prepared for such an emergency than our estimable youth. He that cannot bear prosperity like a man, in adversity is sure to act the part of a coward. In vain did he struggle to keep up appearances. There was no incident in his life of brief prosperity to mitigate his follies, and they who pay no respect to position unless founded upon the solid basis of meritorious actions, were alike regardless of his fate with those who had bowed to his money. With the former he could claim neither fellowship nor sympathy, by the latter he was avoided and despised as destitute of that quality which alone gave him consequence, and with whom poverty is esteemed a crime. Instead of manfully putting his shoulder to the wheel, he meditated in gloomy despondency over his change of fortunes, seeking by mean subterfuge to maintain those luxuries which had impaired his health and weakened his energies. Toy after toy was parted with, and the proceeds of his fast trotting horse were melting away at a rate almost equal to the speed of that renowned animal. It were vain to pursue our hero step by step as he descended from his high estate to that neutral ground between a decayed gentleman and a decided loafer. At last his necessities became so great, and the demands of some of his creditors so imperious, that it was absolutely necessary to crave a temporary assistance from some of those numerous friends who so often had partaken of his profusion and hospitality. And here Peter soon found the truth of the Spanish proverb, '*Del peso perdido se sciente el valor.*' 'If you would know the value of a dollar, try to borrow one.' To all whom he applied he was refused assistance; some had just parted with the very last cent—many, very many, had a note to pay on that very day,—some felt deep mortification that they had just invested all their spare cash; if known but an hour sooner, he could have had it with pleasure. Others lectured him upon his past career, and tendered, with great liberality, any quantity of wholesome advice. In despair, he shrunk away to his silent chamber, to meditate over his fortunes and curse the selfish cold-heartedness of the crowd he had mingled with.

He felt that he was slowly sinking into the condition of one Jacob Spunk, 'a youth to fortune and to fame unknown,' but whose habits and character were perfectly congenial with every thing that was disreputable, one of those mysterious personages who manage to exist and occasionally to indulge in extravagances, without any ostensible means of gaining an honest subsistence. He even meditated a consultation with that estimable citizen, with a hope of gleaning from him a little learning upon the abstruse science of bettering a hopeless condition, and at the very moment he was about to depart in pursuit of that Sybarite, he was not a little astonished and pleased to observe him briskly passing before the window, through which he was now gazing with lack-lustre eye.

"Our Jake," for such was the amiable title this distinguished gentleman had acquired, was, to the astonishment of Peter, dressed off in garments of fine cloth. The threadbare coat with whitened elbows, and glazed pantaloons tightly strapped down to a cracked and well-worn boot, no longer distinguished him as a 'seedy' gentleman of equivocal fortunes. There was a swaggering sort of a 'clear out of my way,' which indicated the man of means—and as if to remove all possibility of doubt upon that important particular, a tinkling sound was heard from the recesses of one of his pockets into which this worthy had thrust a hand, and where his fingers were playing an accompaniment upon certain pieces of silver, in perfect harmony with his contented air, and to the astonishment and envy of many to whom the sound was more familiar than the touch. At first, this phantom, for he doubted the reality, perfectly paralysed the sense of Peter, but when assured that his eyes were 'not made the fools o' the other senses or else worth all the rest'—he hastened to greet his old acquaintance, and to express his surprise and pleasure at the wonderful transformation.

"Well," said our hero, after making a careful and minute survey of the person of Mr. Spunk, which scrutiny that gentleman 'stood up to' with wonderful composure, continuing to draw from the deep recesses of his habiliments those tinkling

tones before spoken of, whistling the while a stave or two from that favourite song which so graphically describes a moonlight, and the repose of a popular animal upon a rail—"Well, Jake, how are you?" again ejaculated our hero, extending his hand at the same time; he of the music ceased those performances, and then taking off his hat, commenced polishing that article by slowly and skilfully drawing an extended silk handkerchief over its surface, at the same time relieving the mind of the interrogator from all uneasiness as to the perfect salubrity of his own body with a reciprocation of the civility by an inquiry after the health of Peter. These little preliminaries being terminated, much to the satisfaction of both parties, and a pause succeeding, Spunk resumed the jingling of 'the hard stuff' as he called it, and was about to execute a stave of his favourite air with variations, when he was interrupted with another question from Mr. Petrolius to the effect, "if any distant relation of the Spunk family had lately paid a debt to nature, (the only one they ever did pay) by which he had become unexpectedly the heir to a long hidden treasure?" To this direct appeal for a solution of the mysterious transformation which appeared to overwhelm Mr. Petrolius, the *ci-devant* loafer made no other reply than repeated shakes of his head in time with the tune which he still whistled forth with peculiar taste and execution, regarding our hero the while with a steady and serious gaze, as if to say, 'you're wide of the mark, try it again.' "Well, then," said Peter, impatiently, "how is it?—where did you get it?—how *was* it done?" Whereupon Mr. Spunk applied his left thumb to the tip of his nose, which feature having a natural tendency to turn up, by the compression became more than commonly exalted: holding it there for a moment he gyrated his fingers about in a very pleasing and imposing manner, intimating thereby plainly and intelligibly to the keen perception of his companion, that it was not only a secret, but a dreadful one, intended to be locked up in his own breast, which he was pleased to remark was a perfect asbestos fire-proof chest for such matters. However, whether from ancient friendship, or from motives of pride, or from some

other principle which it may not be worth the reader's while to fathom, he relented, and frankly declared that he had the honour to hold an office under the Government of the United States.

“Hold a what?” said Peter.

“An office.”

“And pray, may I be so bold as to inquire how much does the United States of America pay you annually for your services?”

“Oh, how much? not much considering my merits,—about a thousand a-year. But I tell you, sir, I worked hard for it. Day and night for a year did I shout, and bawl, and fight, and drink. Oh, but I worked hard for it.” And that worthy gentleman gazed at the gutter with an air of abstraction, and shook his head mournfully. “Why, sir,” suddenly starting from his reverie he seized hold of one of the buttons of Peter's coat, and very impressively said: “Why, sir, I lived upon crackers and brandy and smoked sausages and sheep's tongues for the last six months—I worked hard for it.” Upon this theme Mr. Spunk was particularly eloquent, and in a short time had entirely emptied his chest of all the secret history of his brilliant political career, and how he had ultimately been rewarded for his meritorious services by the gift from the President of a comfortable office, which in a moment had worked that pleasing transformation so astonishing to his friend. They parted with a determination to renew their former intimacy, the one to the perquisites of his office, the other to meditate upon the best mode of bettering a hopeless condition, without fulfilling that decree of Providence, which imposes upon all ‘labour, and the sweat of the brow.’ Peter Petrolius carefully compared his own history and abilities with those of Jacob Spunk, and in his own estimation, nothing of self-esteem was lost by the comparison. In several of the political requisites he thought he might excel his rival; forced, however, to concede to that exemplary youth a decided superiority in those particular accomplishments, wherein eating and drinking were the most prominent. He was confirmed in his determination to follow the example of Jake, when he reflected that the labour, which was

perhaps exaggerated by that meritorious individual, after all, was but a variation of the life of a man with no honest mode of making a livelihood.

It would be instructive and amusing to pursue our hero, step by step, through the various gradations of his first introduction to popular notice till his final establishment in the favour of his political party. It will be sufficient to say that Peter's patriotism was of the most exalted kind, founded upon his own sincere declarations of perfect disinterestedness and devotion to the public good. He presented the pleasing picture of a man without sufficient resolution to conquer his own evil passions and wicked propensities, drafting them daily for the benefit of mankind, every sentence overflowing with sentiments of virtue and patriotism.

Days, weeks, nay months slipped away in this dissolute and unprofitable career, and after an intensely exciting canvass, in which oceans of brandy were drunk by both parties, our hero, with some hundred compatriots of his caste and calibre, had the peculiar satisfaction, one cold drizzling day, to give nine cheers for the triumph of their candidate, and then stagger home to an uncomfortable abode, if they had any, made more solitary and desolate by previous habits of rowdiness and intemperance.

Now, the straightforward course of Mr. Petrolius was to apply his energies to some business or trade, by which, aided by industry and perseverance, he might not only have secured to himself some reputation but perhaps a competency for life, but he always chose the crooked path, in character with the street which had the honour of being his birth-place.

A vast deal of precious time had been wasted; neither his health, reputation, or circumstances had been improved, and he discovered after some painful glances at the past, and some misgivings of the future, that he was precisely where he started, with the prospect of another conflict in which he would be opposed by some of those very friends with whom he had been linked in the struggle. But it was now too late to recede;

the many opportunities offered at different times had been neglected; he had chosen what he had thought to be a flowery path, but, alas! he soon perceived to his sorrow, that it was choked with weeds and thorns and a thousand unforeseen obstacles. After procuring testimonials of the most irresistible kind as to his political worth, he departed for the seat of government with these credentials, under the impression that his presence would elicit a reward commensurate with his fame and services.

Peter found upon his arrival at that famous city of distances, that his pilgrimage was not so promising as anticipated, and that he was but one of some thousands of applicants for the same kind of favours.

A direct appeal to the chief magistrate would be met by a polite denial, or else an evasive answer couched in the most courteous terms. It was therefore necessary to be fortified with an introduction from some one known to the ruling powers as influential. Now Spunk's wife's uncle was brother to a post-master, to whom a member of Congress was deeply indebted, and an intimation from that gentleman that the Spunk family required an appointment for a worthy distant relative, was immediately attended to; and Jake promptly walked into a comfortable place, without the necessity of any testimonials as to character and capacity, which it would have bothered that worthy man to procure. But our hero had no friend at court, nothing but his credentials, signed by some hundreds of people as insignificant as himself, or by a few well-known politicians, who affixed their names to any memorial, happy at the opportunity it afforded them of publishing by that means their own importance.

He wandered over that cold and uncomfortable pile of stone and mortar, the Capitol; at one time listening to long harangues in the House about questions in which he could have no possible interest, the completion of a harbour at Green Bay, a thousand miles from any place, or a post-route upon the Arkansas, varied by an occasional roll-call, in which some hundreds of names were repeated by the clerk in a stentorian voice and with amazing volubility—then wandering round the rotunda, either

gazing at the pictures, or listening to the music of the man seated upon a chair near the eastern door, who warbled all day a tune which captivated the country people with its pleasing echoes.

Or from the galleries of the Senate chamber he counted the bald heads of those dignitaries of the nation, whose wisdom appeared to confound the spectators with admiration. From the library, through whirling clouds of dust, he had a perspective view of the executive mansion, commonly called the White House, in which resided so comfortably the individual for whom he had been hurraing for a twelvemonth, and from whom he now felt himself almost as far removed as when he 'shinnied on his own side' in the Potter's Field of Philadelphia.

Day after day passed trudging his dusty way between the Capitol and the White House, or standing for hours in the ante-chamber of a great man, to take his turn in the crowd of hungry expectants. And when at last admitted, precluded from urging his suit, by the presence of some fifty people from all parts of the world, bowing and scraping and shaking of hands, in the most cordial and satisfactory manner.

At last, through the interference of a member, he obtained a private interview with the great man, who inquired most particularly after Peter's health and that of all his family, to whom he was well known, much to the astonishment of our hero, whose last relative on earth was represented by that worthy lady whose demise we have before recorded.

The propitious moment having arrived, Mr. Petrolius very respectfully urged his suit, and eloquently stated the several services he had rendered the country during a very 'arduous campaign.'

No sooner was the real object of Peter's visit made known, than the distinguished object of his past solicitude became cold and serious; our hero saw the change as it passed over his features, 'like a summer's cloud,' and felt a corresponding damp upon his own spirits. He was quickly relieved, however, from this painful uncertainty by the agreeable information that there was no vacancy at present, but that so soon as one occurred he

should be remembered, and with another cordial shake of the hand, that distinguished man begged Peter to remember him to all his friends. He departed under this comfortable assurance, which made his prospects particularly pleasant when he reflected that 'few die, and none resign.'

With 'melancholy steps and slow' he crossed over that cold vestibule, casting a parting glance at the porter who bowed him out so unceremoniously, and such was the desperation of feelings and disappointment, and though at first aspiring to a place of some responsibility and profit, he even envied that worthy man the station he enjoyed, though it appeared to be no sinecure. He saw, however, nothing apoplectic in that gentleman's appearance, nothing that could warrant the possibility of an immediate public bereavement in that department, and with a sigh, acknowledged that, even should there occur such a providential interference in his behalf, some weeks would transpire before the opportunity might occur to prefer his claim for the station.

And this is the brief history of nine cases out of ten, or rather ninety-nine out of a hundred, who seek for office as a means of subsistence. A miserable dependence at best, with the liability, when obtained, of being cast adrift upon the world to make room for one whose merits rested upon the same honourable foundations.

Accidentally meeting with a schoolfellow from whom he had been separated for many years, and who expressed some interest in his behalf from some ancient associations in which the rattan of Talbot Hamilton had a part, they both having largely participated in the inflictions of that well-remembered instrument, Peter unburthened his heart to his associate, and with unfeigned sorrow declared his past follies and his determination to pursue a course the very opposite of the past in every particular. His companion, so far from rejecting his friendship or rebuking him with unkind words, promised him every aid within his humble power. With neither friends, nor money, nor influence, by sheer industry and perseverance, he had worked his way through

every difficulty, and earned a handsome fortune, and in the domestic circle of this worthy young man, Peter beheld every comfort and happiness which honourable exertion and a contented mind invariably brings with it.

It is with pleasure we record that, cheered by the example of his patron, he conquered, by degrees, the habits of idleness which had almost become a part of his nature, and though painfully irksome at first, it soon became a source of pleasure, and every day he learned the truth of that best of precepts from a father to his son,

“Look thou charácter,—
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”



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ALBION'S HISTORY FROM 1700 TO 1750

ON A PICTURE OF HARVEY BIRCH.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

I KNOW not if thy noble worth
My country's annals claim,
For in her brief, bright history,
I have not read thy name.

I know not if thou e'er didst live,
Save in the vivid thought
Of him who chronicled thy life,
With silent suffering fraught.

Yet in thy history I see
Full many a great soul's lot,
Who joins that martyr-army's ranks,
That the world knoweth not.

Who cannot weep "melodious tears"
For fame or sympathy,
But who in silence bear their doom,
To suffer and to die.

For whom no poet's harp is struck,
No laurel wreath is twined ;
Who pass unheard, unknown away,
And leave no trace behind.

Who but for their unwavering trust
In Justice, Truth, and God,
Would faint upon their weary way,
And perish by the road.

Truth, Justice, God! Oh, mighty faith
To bear us up unharmed!
The gates of hell may not prevail
Against a soul so armed.

THE GIANT'S COFFIN,

OR THE FEUD OF HOLT AND HOUSTON.

A TALE OF REEDY RIVER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IN 1766, the beautiful district of Greenville, in South Carolina, —which is said to have had its name in consequence of the verdant aspect which it bore in European eyes,—received its first white settlers from Virginia and Pennsylvania. Among these early colonists were the families of Holt and Houston,—represented by two fearless borderers, famous in their day as Indian hunters;—men ready with the tomahawk and rifle, but not less distinguished, perhaps, for the great attachment which existed between them. Long intercourse in trying periods—the habit of referring to each other in moments of peril—constant adventures in company—not to speak of similar tastes and sympathies in numerous other respects, had created between them a degree of affection, which it would be difficult, perhaps, to find among persons of more mild and gentle habits. Each had his family—his wife and little ones—and, traversing the mountain paths which lie between Virginia and the Carolinas, they came in safety to the more southern of the last named colonies. Charmed with the appearance of the country, they squatted down upon the borders of Reedy River, not very far from the spot now occupied by the pleasant town of Greenville.

Family division, for the present, there was none. Congeniality of tastes, the isolation of their abodes, the necessity of concentration against the neighbouring Indian nation of Cherokees, kept them together; and continuing the life of the hunter, rather than that of the farmer, John Holt and Arthur Houston pursued the track of bear, deer, and turkey, as before, with a keenness of zest which, possibly, derived its impulse quite as much from attachment to one another, as from any great fondness for the pursuit itself.

Meanwhile, their families, taking fast hold upon the soil, began to flourish together after a fashion of their own. Flourish they did, for the boys thrived, and the girls grew apace. But tradition has preserved some qualifying circumstances in this history, by which it would seem that their prosperity was not entirely without alloy. The sympathies between *Mesdames* Holt and Houston were not, it appears, quite so warm and active as those which distinguished the intercourse of their respective husbands. Civil enough to one another in the presence of the latter, they were not unfrequently at '*dagger-draw*' in their absence. The husbands were not altogether ignorant of this condition of things at home, but they had their remedy; and there is little doubt that, like some other famous sportsmen of my acquaintance, they became happy hunters only when there was no longer any hope that they could become happy husbands. Now, as quarrels most commonly owe their spirit and excellence to the presence of spectators, we may assume that some portion of the virulence of our two wives underwent diminution from the absence of those before whom it might hope to display itself with appropriate eloquence; and the wrath of the dames, only exhibited before their respective children, was very apt to exhale in clouds, and slight flashes, and an under-current of distant thunder. Unhappily, however, the evil had consequences of which the weak mothers little thought, and the feud was entailed to the children, who, instead of assimilating, with childish propensities, in childish sports, took up the cudgels of their parents, and under fewer of the

restraints,—arising from prudence, and the recognition of mutual necessities,—by which the dames were kept from extreme issues, they played the aforesaid cudgels about their mutual heads, with a degree of earnestness that very frequently rendered necessary the interposition of their superiors.

The miserable evil of this family feud fell most heavily upon the natures of the two eldest boys, one a Holt, the other a Houston,—spoiling their childish tempers, impressing their souls with fearful passions, and embittering their whole intercourse.

At this period young Houston has reached the age of fourteen, and Holt of twelve years of age. The former was a tall, slender, and very handsome youth; the latter was short, thickset, and of rather plain, unpromising appearance. But he was modest, gentle, and subdued in temper, and rather retiring and shy. The former, on the contrary, was bold, vain, and violent—the petted boy of his mother, insolent in his demands, reckless in his resentments—a fellow of unbending will, and of unmeasured impulses. He had already gone forth as a hunter with his father; he had proved his strength and courage; and he longed for an opportunity to exercise his youthful muscle upon his young companion, with whom, hitherto,—he himself could not say how or why—his collisions had fallen short of the extremities of personal violence. For such an encounter the soul of young Houston yearned; he knew that Holt was not wanting in strength—he had felt that in their plays together; but he did not doubt that his own strength, regularly put forth, was superior.

One day the boys had gone down together to the banks of Reedy River to bathe. There they met a deformed boy of the neighbourhood, whose name was Acker. In addition to his deformity, the boy was slightly epileptic, and such was his nervous sensibility, that merely to point a finger at him in mischief was apt to produce in him the most painful sensations. Sometimes, indeed, the pranks of his playmates, carried too far, had thrown him into convulsions. This unhappy lad had but just recovered from a sickness produced by some such prac-

tices, and this fact was well known to the boys. Disregarding it, however, John Houston proceeded to amuse himself with the poor boy. Holt, however, interposed, and remonstrated with his companion, but without effect. Houston persisted until, fairly tired of the sport, he left the diseased boy in a dreadful condition of mental excitement and bodily exhaustion. This done, he proceeded to bathe.

Meanwhile, with that sort of cunning and vindictiveness which often distinguishes the impaired intellect of persons subject to such infirmities, the epileptic boy watched his opportunity, and stole down, unobserved, to the river's edge, among the rocks, where the boys had placed their clothes. There he remained in waiting, and when John Houston appeared to dress himself, and was stooping down for his garments, the epileptic threw himself violently upon him, bore him to the ground, and, grasping a heavy rock, would have beaten out the brains of the offending lad, but for the timely assistance of Arthur Holt, who drew off the assailant, deprived him of his weapon, and gave his comrade a chance to recover, and place himself in a condition to defend himself.

But Acker, the epileptic boy, was no longer in a condition to justify the hostility of any enemy. His fit of frenzy had been succeeded by one of weeping, and, prostrate upon the ground, he lay convulsed under most violent nervous agitation. While he remained in this state, John Houston, who had now partially dressed himself, furious with rage, at the indignity he had suffered, and the danger he had escaped, prepared to revenge himself upon him for this last offence; and, but for Arthur Holt, would, no doubt, have subjected the miserable victim to a severe beating. But the manly nature of Arthur resented and resisted this brutality. He stood between the victim and his persecutor.

"You shall not beat him, John—it was your own fault. You begun it."

"I will beat you then," was the reply.

"No! you shall not beat me, either."

"Ha! Take that!"

The blow followed on the instant. A first blow, and in the eye, too, is very apt to conclude an ordinary battle. But this was to be no ordinary battle. Our young hero was stunned by the blow;—the fire flashed from the injured eye;—but the unfairness of the proceeding awakened a courage which had its best sources in the moral nature of the boy; and, though thus taken at advantage, he closed in with his assailant, and, in this manner, lessened the odds at which he otherwise must have fought with one so much taller and longer in the arms, than himself. In the fling that followed, John Houston was on his back. His conqueror suffered him to rise.

“Let us fight no more, John,” he said on relaxing his hold; “I don’t want to fight with you.”

The answer, on the part of the other, was a renewal of the assault. Again was he thrown, and this time with a considerable increase of severity. He rose with pain. He felt his hurts. The place of battle was stony ground. Fragments of rock were at hand. Indignant and mortified at the result of the second struggle—aiming only at vengeance—the furious boy snatched up one of these fragments, and once more rushed upon his companion. But this time he was restrained by a third party—no less than his own father—who, unobserved, had emerged from the neighbouring thicket, and, unseen by the combatants, had witnessed the whole proceeding. The honourable nature of the old hunter recoiled at the conduct of his son. He suddenly took the lad by the collar, wrested the stone from him, and laying a heavy hickory rod some half dozen times over his shoulder, with no moderate emphasis, sent him home, burning with shame, and breathing nothing but revenge.

CHAPTER II.

In the space of five years after this event, the two fathers yielded their scalps to the Cherokees, and upon the young men, now stretching to manhood, devolved the task of providing for

their families. The patriarchal sway was at an end, and, with it, all those restraining influences by which the external show of peace had been kept up. It was to be a household in common no longer. But a short time had elapsed, when a domestic storm of peculiar violence determined the dames to separate for ever; and, while the family of Holt, under the management of young Arthur, remained at the old settlement near Reedy River, the Houstons proceeded to Pan's Mountain, some seven miles off,—in the neighbourhood of which may be found, at this day, some traces of their rude retreat. The settlement at Reedy River, meanwhile, had undergone increase. New families had arrived, and the first foundations were probably then laid of the flourishing village which now borders the same lovely stream. The sons grew up, but not after the fashion of their fathers. In one respect only did John Houston resemble his parent—he was a hunter. Arthur Holt, on the other hand, settled down into a methodical, hard-working farmer, who, clinging to his family fireside, made it cheerful, and diffused the happiest influences around it. He grew up strong rather than handsome, good rather than conspicuous; and, under his persevering industry and steady habits, his mother's family, now his own, reached a condition of comfort before unknown. The family of young Houston, by which we mean his mother, sister, and a younger brother, did not flourish in like degree. Yet Houston had already acquired great reputation as a hunter. In the woods he seemed literally to follow in his father's footsteps. He had his accomplishments, too. He was certainly the handsomest youth in all the settlements; of a bold carriage, lofty port, free, open, expressive countenance, tall of person and graceful of movement.

It was some qualification of these advantages that the *morale* of John Houston was already something more than questionable in the public opinion of the settlement. His tastes were vicious,—his indulgences in strong drink had more than once subjected him to humiliating exposures, but as yet they had produced caution rather than dislike among his associates. Among the women, however, they were not suspected to exist, or if known

or suspected, weighed very little against the graces of a fine person, a dashing, easy carriage, and a free 'gift of the gab,' which left him quite as unrivalled among the debaters as he was among the dancers.

Among the families settled down upon Reedy River, was that of Marcus Heywood, a Virginia cavalier, a fine hearty gentleman of the old school, polished and precise, who had seen better days, and was disposed very much to insist upon them. He brought with him into the little colony a degree of taste and refinement, of which, before his coming, the happy little neighbourhood knew nothing; but, unhappily for all parties, he survived too short a time after his arrival, to affect very favourably, or very materially, the sentiments and manners of those about him. He left his widow, a lady of fifty, and an only daughter of sixteen, to lament his loss. Mrs. Heywood was a good woman, an excellent housewife, a kind matron, and all that is exemplary at her time of life; but Leda Heywood, her daughter, was a paragon;—in such high terms is she described by still-worshiping tradition, and the story that comes down to us, seems, in some respects, to justify the warmth of its eulogium. At the period of her father's death, Leda was only sixteen; but she was tall, well-grown, and thoughtful beyond her years. The trying times in which she lived—frequent travel—the necessity of vigilance—the duties which naturally fall upon the young in new countries—conspired to bring out her character, and to hurry to maturity an intellect originally prompt and precocious. Necessity had prompted thought into exercise, and she had become acute, observant, subdued in bearing, modest in reply, gentle, full of womanly solicitude, yet so calm in her deportment that, to the superficial observer, she wore an aspect,—quite false to the fact,—of great coldness and insensibility. Her tastes were excellent; she sang very sweetly—and when you add to the account of her merits, that she was really very lovely, a fair, blue-eyed graceful creature,—you need not wonder that one day she became a heroine! A heroine! poor

Leda! Bitterly, indeed, must she have wept in after times, the evil fortune that doomed her to be a heroine!

But Leda was a belle before she became a heroine. This was, perhaps, the more unfortunate destiny of the two. She was the belle of Reedy River, called by hunter, and shepherd, and farmer, 'the blue-eyed girl of Reedy River,' to whom all paid an involuntary tribute, to whom all came as suitors, and, with the rest, who but our two acquaintances, John Houston and Arthur Holt. At first they themselves knew not that they were rivals, but the secret was one of that sort which very soon contrived to reveal itself. It was then that the ancient hate of John Houston revived, in all its fury. If Arthur Holt was not conscious of the same feelings exactly, he was yet conscious of an increased dislike of his old companion. With that forbearance which, whether the fruit of prudence or timidity, Arthur Holt had always been careful to maintain in his intercourse with his former associate, he now studiously kept aloof from him as much as possible. Not that this reserve and caution manifested itself in any unmanly weakness. On the contrary, no one could have appeared more composed when they met than Arthur Holt. It is true that, in the actual presence of Leda Heywood, he was rather more embarrassed than his rival. The reader will not need to be reminded that we have already described him as being naturally shy. This bashfulness showed badly in contrast with the deportment of John Houston. If the difference between the manner of the two young men, in approaching their mistress, was perceptible to herself and others, it was little likely to escape the eyes of one who, like John Houston, was rendered equally watchful both by hate and jealousy. But, unconscious of any bashfulness himself, he could not conceive the influence of this weakness in another. He committed the grievous error of ascribing the disquiet and nervous timidity of Arthur Holt to a very different origin; and fondly fancied that it arose from a secret dread which the young man felt of his rival. We shall not say what degree of influence

this notion might have had, in determining his own future conduct towards his rival.

Some months had passed away since the death of Colonel Heywood, in this manner, and the crowd of suitors had gradually given way to the two to whom our own attention has been more particularly turned. Events, meanwhile, had been verging towards a very natural crisis; and the whisper, on all hands, determined that Leda Heywood was certainly engaged, and to John Houston. This whisper, as a matter of course, soon reached the ears of the man whom it was most likely to annoy.

Arthur Holt could not be said to hope, for, in truth, Leda Heywood had given him but little encouragement, still he was not willing to yield in despair, for, so far as he himself had observed, she had never given any encouragement to his rival. At all events there was a way of settling the matter, which the stout-hearted fellow determined to take at the earliest moment. He resolved to propose to Leda, a measure which he would sooner have adopted, but for a delicate scruple arising from the fact that he had made himself particularly useful to her mother, who, in her widowhood, and in straitened circumstances, was very glad to receive the help and friendly offices of the young farmer. These scruples yielded, however, to the strength of his feelings; and one evening he had already half finished his toilet with more than usual care, in order to the business of a formal declaration, when, to his own surprise and that of his family, John Houston abruptly entered the humble homestead. It was the first visit which he had paid since the separation of the two families, and Arthur saw at a glance that it had its particular object. After a few moments, in which the usual civilities were exchanged, John Houston, rising as he spoke, said abruptly to Arthur—

“You seem about to go out, and perhaps we may be walking in the same direction. If so, I can say what I have to say, while we’re on the road together.”

“I am about to go to see Widow Heywood.”

“Very good! our road lies the same way.”

The tones of Houston were more than usually abrupt as he spoke, and there was a stern contracting of the brow, and a fierce flashing of the eye, while he looked upon the person he addressed, which did not escape the observation of Arthur, and excited the apprehensions of his mother. On some pretence, she drew her son into her chamber ere he went forth, and in few, but earnest words, insisted that John Houston meant harm.

“If you will go with him, Arthur, take this pistol of your father’s in your bosom, and keep a sharp look-out upon him. Man never meant evil if John Houston does not mean it now.”

We pass over her farther remonstrances. They made little impression upon Arthur, but, to quiet her, he put the weapon into his bosom—half ashamed—as he did so—of a concession that seemed to look like cowardice.

The two young men set out together, and the eyes of the anxious mother followed them as long as they were in sight. They took the common path, which led them down to the river, just below the falls. When they had reached the opposite shore, and before they had ascended the rocks by which it is lined, John Houston, who had led, turned suddenly upon his companion, and thus addressed him :

“Arthur Holt, you may wonder at my coming to see you to-day, for I very well know that there is no love lost between us. You like me as little as I like you. Nay, for that matter, I don’t care how soon you hear it from my lips,—I hate you, and I shall always hate you! We were enemies while we were boys, —we are enemies now that we are men; and I suppose we shall be enemies as long as we live. Whether we are to fight upon it, is for you to say.”

Here he paused and looked eagerly into the eyes of his companion. The latter regarded him steadily, but returned no answer. He evidently seemed to await some farther explanation of the purpose of one who had opened his business with an avowal so startling and ungracious. After a brief pause, Houston proceeded:

“The talk is that you’re a-courting Leda Heywood—that you mean to offer yourself to her—and when I see how finely you’ve rigged yourself out for it to-night, I’m half inclined to believe you’re foolish enough to be thinking of it. Arthur Holt, this must not be! You must have nothing to do with Leda Heywood.”

He paused again—his eyes keenly searching those of his rival. The latter still met his glance with a quiet sort of determination, which betrayed nothing of the effect which the words of the other might have produced upon his mind. Houston was annoyed. Impatiently, again, he spoke, as follows :

“You hear me,—you hear what I say?”

“Yes, I hear you, John Houston.”

“Well!—”

“Well!—you want my answer, I suppose? You shall have it! This it is. If *you* are a madman or a fool, that is no reason why I should not do as I please!”

The other was about to interrupt him,—but Holt persisted :

“Let me finish, John Houston. I heard you patiently—now, hear me! I am no fighting man, and as heaven is above us, I have no wish to quarrel; but I am ready to fight whenever I can’t do better. As for being bullied by you, that is out of the question. I am not afraid of you, and never was, as you should have known before this, and as you may know whenever the notion suits you to try. I am now, this very moment, going to see Leda Heywood, and I mean to ask her hand.”

“That you shall never do!” exclaimed the other, whose passions had been with difficulty kept down so long—“That, by the Eternal! you shall never do!”—and as he spoke, drawing a knife from his belt, he rushed upon Arthur Holt, with a promptness and fury that left the latter in no doubt of the bloody and desperate purposes of his foe. But the coolness of the young farmer was his safeguard in part, and to the weapon, so thoughtfully furnished him by his mother, he was indebted for the rest. He had kept a wary watch upon the movements of Houston’s eye, and read in its glance the bloody purpose of his soul, the moment ere he struck. Retreating on one side, he was ready,

when the latter turned a second time upon him, with his presented pistol.

“It is well for both of us, perhaps,” said he, quietly, as he cocked and held up the weapon to the face of the approaching Houston, “that this pistol was put into my hands by one who knew you better than I did; or you might this moment have my blood upon your soul. Let us now part, John Houston. If you are bent to go from this to Widow Heywood’s,—the path is open to you,—go! I will return home, and seek some other time, when there’s no chance of our meeting; for I neither wish to kill you nor to be killed by you. Which will you do—go forward or return? Take your choice—I yield the path to you.”

The fury of the baffled assassin may be imagined. It is not easy to describe it. But he was in no condition of mind to visit Leda Heywood, and, after exhausting himself in ineffectual threatenings, he dashed once more across the foaming torrents of Reedy River, leaving Arthur Holt free to pursue his way to the cottage of his mistress. This he did, with a composure which the whole exciting scene through which he had passed, had entirely failed to disturb. Indeed, the events of this interview appeared to have the effect, only, of strengthening the resolve of the young farmer, for, to confess a truth, the good fellow was somewhat encouraged by certain expressions which had dropped from Houston, in his fury,—to hope for a favourable answer to his suit. We may as well say, in this place, that the frenzy of the latter had been provoked by similar stories reaching his ears to those which had troubled Arthur.

When they separated, and Arthur Holt went forward to the cottage of Widow Heywood, it was with a new and most delightful hope awakened in his bosom.

CHAPTER III.

But he was doomed to disappointment. He was rejected,—tenderly, but firmly. Leda Heywood was not for him; and

resigning himself to the denial, with the instincts of a man, by nature strong, and inured by trial to disappointments, Arthur Holt retired from the field of Love, to cultivate more certain fruits in those of Ceres and Pomona. Had the mind of the young farmer been morbidly affected, his mortification would have been heightened by subsequent events. Three days afterwards, Leda Heywood accepted the hand of his enemy, John Houston! Philosophers will continue to seek in vain for the cause of that strange perversity, by which the tastes, even of the finest women, are sometimes found to be governed. There is a mystery here beyond all solution. The tastes and sympathies of Leda Heywood and John Houston did not run together;—there was, in reality, no common ground, whether of the affections or of taste upon which they could meet. But he sought, and wooed, and won her;—they were married; and, to all but Arthur Holt, the wonder was at an end after the customary limits of the ninth day. The wonder, in this case, will be lessened to the reader if two or three things were remembered. Leda Heywood was very young, and John Houston very handsome. Of the wild passions of the latter she knew little or nothing. She found him popular—the favourite of the damsels around her.

But we must not digress in speculations of this nature. The parties were married, and the honeymoon, in all countries and climates, is proverbially rose-coloured. The only awkward thing is, that, in all countries, it is but a monthly moon.

The wedding took place. The honeymoon arose, but set somewhat earlier than usual. With the attainment of his object, the passion of John Houston very soon subsided, and we shall make a long story conveniently short by saying in this place, that it was not many weeks before Leda Heywood (or as we must now call her,) Leda Houston, began to weep over the ill-judged precipitation with which she had joined herself to a man whose violent temper made no allowances for the feelings, the sensibilities, and tastes of others. No longer restrained by the dread of losing his object, his brutalities shocked her delicacy,

while his fierce passions awoke her fears. She soon found herself neglected and abused, and learned to loathe the connexion she had formed, and to weep bitter tears in secret. To all this evil may be added the pressure of poverty, which now began to be more seriously felt than ever. The hunter life, always uncertain, was still more so, in the case of one like John Houston, continually led into indulgences which unfitted him, sometimes for days together, to go into the woods. Carousing at the tavern with some congenial natures, he suffered himself to be little disturbed by home cares; and the privations to which his wife had been subjected even before her marriage, were now considerably increased. It will be remembered that the Widow Heywood was indebted (perhaps even more than she then knew) to the generous care of Arthur Holt. Her resources from this quarter were necessarily withdrawn on the marriage of her daughter with Houston, not so much through any diminution of the young farmer's sympathy for the objects of his bounty, as from a desire to withdraw from any connexion or communion, direct or indirect, with the family of his bitterest foe. Knowing the fierce, unreasoning nature of Houston, he was unwilling to expose to his violence the innocent victims of his ill habits—a consequence which he very well knew would follow the discovery of any services secretly rendered them by Holt. But these scruples were soon compelled to give way to a sense of superior duty. It soon came to his knowledge that the unhappy women—mother and daughter—were frequently without food. John Houston, abandoned to vicious habits and associates, had almost entirely left his family to provide for themselves. He was sometimes absent for weeks—would return home, as it appeared, for no purpose but to vent upon his wife and mother-in-law the caprices of his ill-ordered moods, and then depart, leaving them hopeless of his help. In this condition, the young farmer came again to their rescue. The larder was provided regularly and bountifully. But Leda knew not at first whence this kindly aid came. She might have suspected—nay, did

suspect—but Arthur Holt proceeded so cautiously, that his supplies came to the house with the privacy of Widow Heywood only.

To add to Leda's sorrows, two events now occurred within a few months of each other, and both, in less than sixteen months after her marriage, which were calculated to increase her burthen, and to lessen, in some respect, her sources of consolation: the birth of a son and the death of her mother. These events drew to her the assistance of neighbours, but the most substantial help came from Arthur Holt. It was now scarcely possible to conceal from Leda, as he had hitherto done, his own direct agency in the support of her family. She was compelled to know it, and, which was still more mortifying to her spirit—conscious as she was of the past—she was compelled to receive it. Her husband's course was not materially improved by events which had so greatly increased the claims and the necessities of his wife. The child, for a time, appealed to his pride. It was a fine boy, who was supposed and said to resemble himself. This pleased him for a while, but did not long restrain him from indulgences, which, grateful to him from the first, had now acquired over him all the force of habit. He soon disappeared from his home, and again, for long and weary periods, left the poor Leda to all the cares and solitude, without the freedom, of widowhood.

But a circumstance was about to occur, which suddenly drew his attention to his home. Whether it was that some meddling neighbour informed him of the assistance which his wife derived from Arthur Holt, or that he himself had suddenly awakened to the inquiry as to the source of her supplies, we cannot say; but certain it is that the suspicions of his evil nature were aroused; and he who would not abandon his low and worthless associates for the sake of duty and love, was now prompted to do so by his hate. He returned secretly to the neighbourhood of his home, and put himself in a place of concealment.

The cottage of the Widow Heywood stood within three quar-

ters of a mile of Reedy River, on the opposite side of which stood the farm of Arthur Holt. This space the young farmer was accustomed nightly to cross, bearing with him the commodity, whether of flour, honey, milk, meat, or corn, which his benevolence prompted him to place on the threshold of his sad and suffering neighbour. There was a little grove of chestnuts and other forest trees, that stood about two hundred yards from Leda's cottage. A part of this grove belonged to their dwelling; the rest was unenclosed. Through this grove ran one of the lines of fence which determined the domain of the cottage. On both sides of this fence, in the very centre of this thicket, there were steps, gradually rising from within and without, to its top,—a mode of constructing a passage frequent in the country, which, having all the facilities of a gateway, was yet more permanent, and without its disadvantages. To this point came Arthur Holt nightly. On these steps he laid his tribute, whether of charity or a still lingering love, or both, and retiring to the thicket he waited, sometimes for more than an hour, until he caught a glimpse of the figure of Leda, descending through the grove, and possessing herself of the supply. This done, and she departed; the young farmer, sighing deeply, would turn away unseen, unsuspected, perhaps, and regain his own cottage.

On these occasions *the two never met*. The Widow Heywood, on her deathbed, had confided to her daughter the secret of her own interviews with Arthur, and he, to spare himself as well as Leda, the pain of meeting, had appointed his own and her hour of coming differently. Whether she, at any time, suspected his propinquity, cannot be conjectured. That she was touched to the heart by his devotion, cannot be well questioned.

For five weary nights, did the malignant and suspicious eyes of John Houston, from a contiguous thicket, watch these proceedings, with feelings of equal hate and mortification. Filled with the most foul and loathsome anticipations—burning to find victims—to detect, expose, destroy—he beheld only a spectacle which increased his mortification. He beheld innocence superior

to misfortune—love that did not take advantage of its power—a benevolence that rebuked his own worthlessness and hardness of heart—a purity on the part of both the objects of his jealousy, which mocked his comprehension, as it was so entirely above any capacity of his own, whether of mind or heart, to appreciate.

It was now the fifth night of his watch. He began to despair of his object. He had seen nothing to give the least confirmation to his suspicions. His wife had appeared only as she was, as pure as an angel;—his ancient enemy not less so. He was furious that he could find no good cause of fury, and weary of a watch which was so much at variance with his habits. He determined that night to end it. With the night, and at the usual hour, came the unfailing Arthur. He placed his bowl of milk upon the steps, his sack of meal, a small vessel of butter, and a neat little basket of apples. For a moment he lingered by the fence, then slipping back, adroitly ensconced himself in a neighbouring thicket, from whence he could see every movement of the fair sufferer by whom they were withdrawn. This last movement of the young farmer had not been unseen by the guilty husband. Indeed, it was this part of the proceeding which, more than any thing beside, had forced upon him the conviction that the parties did not meet. She came, and she, too, lingered by the steps, before she proceeded to remove the provisions. Deep was the sigh that escaped her—deeper than usual were her emotions. She sank upon one of the steps—she clasped her hands convulsively—her lips moved—she was evidently breathing a spontaneous prayer to heaven, at the close of which she wept bitterly, the deep sobs seeming to burst from a heart that felt itself relieved by this mournful power of expression.

Was it the echo of her own sighs—her sobs—that came to her from the thicket? She started, and with wild eye gazing around her, proceeded with all haste to gather up her little stores. But in this she was prevented. The answering sigh, the sob,—coming from the lips of his hated rival and ancient enemy, had

gone, hissingly, as it were, into the very brain of John Houston. He darted from his place of concealment, dashed the provisions from the hands of his wife, and with a single blow, smote her to the earth, while he cried out to Holt in the opposite thicket, some incoherent language of insults and opprobrium. The movement of the latter was quite as prompt, though not in season to prevent the unmanly blow. He sprang forward, and grasping the offender about the body, lifted him with powerful effort from the earth, upon which he was about to hurl him again with all the fury of indignant manhood; when Leda leapt to her feet, and interposed. At the sound of her voice, the very tones of which declared her wish, Arthur released his enemy, but with no easy effort. The latter, regaining his feet, and recovering in some degree his composure, turned to his wife and commanded her absence.

“I cannot go—I will not—while there is a prospect of bloodshed,” was her firm reply.

“What! you would see it, would you? Doubtless, the sight of my blood would delight your eyes! But hope not for it!—Arthur Holt, are you for ever to cross my path, and with impunity? Shall there never be a settlement between us? Is the day of reckoning never to come? Speak! Shall we fight it out here, in the presence of this woman, or go elsewhere, where there will be no tell-tale witnesses? Will you follow me?”

“Go not,—follow him not,—Arthur Holt. Go to your home! I thank you, I bless you, for what you have done for me and mine;—for the mother who looks on us from heaven,—for the child that still looks to me on earth. May God bless you for your charity and goodness! Go now, Arthur Holt—go to your own home—and look not again upon mine. Once more, God’s blessings be upon you! May you never want them.”

There was a warmth, an earnestness, almost a violence in the tone and manner of this adjuration, so new to the usually meek and calm deportment of his wife, that seemed, on a sudden, to confound the brutal husband. He turned on her a vacant look of astonishment. He was very far from looking for such boldness—such

audacity—in that quarter. But his forbearance was not of long duration, and he was already beginning a fierce and almost frenzied repetition of his blasphemies, when the subdued, but firm answer of Arthur Holt again diverted his attention. The good sense of the young farmer made him at once sensible of the danger to the unhappy woman of using any language calculated to provoke the always too prompt brutality of the husband, and stifling his own indignation with all his strength, he calmly promised compliance with her requisitions.

“There are many reasons,” he added, “why there should be no strife between John Houston and myself; we were boys together, our fathers loved one another; we have slept in the same bed.”

“That shall not be your excuse, Arthur Holt,” exclaimed the other interrupting him; “you shall not escape me by any such pretences. My father’s name shall not shelter your cowardice.”

“Cowardice!”

“Ay, cowardice! cowardice! What are you but an unmanly coward!”

There was a deep, quiet struggle, in the breast of Arthur, to keep down the rising devil in his mood; but he succeeded, and turning away, he contented himself with saying simply:

“*You* know that I am no coward, John Houston—nobody better than yourself. You will take good heed how you approach such cowardice as mine.”

“Do you dare me!”

“Yes!”

“No! no!” cried the wife, again flinging herself between them. “Away, Arthur Holt, why will you remain when you see what I am doomed to suffer.”

“I go, Leda, but I dread to leave you in such hands. God have you in his holy keeping!”

CHAPTER IV.

We pass over a period of eighteen months. In this time John Houston had sold out the little cottage near Reedy River, and had removed his wife to the residence of his mother near Pan's Mountain. Why he had not adopted this measure on the demise of Widow Heywood is matter of conjecture only. His own mother was now dead, and it was the opinion of those around, that it was only after this latter event that he could venture upon a step which might seem to divide the sceptre of household authority—a point about which despotical old ladies are apt to be very jealous. His household was as badly provided for as ever, but some good angel, whose presence might have been suspected, still watched over the wants of the suffering wife, and the hollow of an ancient chestnut now received the stores which we have formerly seen placed upon the rude blocks near the thicket fence in Greenville. Whether John Houston still suspected the interference of his hated playmate we cannot say. The prudent caution of the latter availed so that they did not often meet, and never under circumstances which could justify a quarrel. But events were ripening which were to bring them unavoidably into collision. We are now in the midst of the year 1776. The strife had already begun, of Whig and Tory, in the upper part of South Carolina. It happened some time in 1774 that the afterwards notorious Moses Kirkland stopped one night at the dwelling of John Houston. This man was already busy in stirring up disaffection to the popular party of the State. He was a man of loose, vicious habits, and irregular propensities. He and John Houston were kindred spirits; and the hunter was soon enlisted under his banners. He was out with Kirkland in the campaign of 1775, when the Tories were dispersed and put down by the decisive measures of General Williamson and William Henry Drayton. It so happened that Arthur Holt made his appearance

in the field, also for the first time, in the army of Williamson. The two knew that they were now opponents as they had long been enemies. But they did not meet. The designs of Kirkland were baffled, his troops dispersed, and the country settled down into a condition of seeming quiet. But it was a seeming quiet only. The old wounds mortified, and when, in 1780, the metropolis of the State fell into the arms of the British, yielding to captivity nearly the whole of its military power, the Tories resumed their arms and impulses with a fury which long forbearance had heightened into perfect madness. Upon the long and melancholy history of that savage warfare which followed, we need not dwell. The story is already sufficiently well known. It is enough to say that John Houston distinguished himself by his cruelties. Arthur Holt threw by the plough, and was one of Butler's men for a season. With the decline of British power in the lower, the ascendancy in the upper country finally passed over to the Whigs. Both parties were now broken up into little squads of from ten to fifty persons;—the Tories, the better to avoid pursuit, the Whigs, the better to compass them in all their hiding-places.

It was a cold and cheerless evening in the month of November that Arthur Holt, armed to the teeth, stopped for the night, with a party of eleven men, at a cottage about fourteen miles from his own dwelling on the banks of Reedy River.

An hour had not well elapsed, before Arthur Holt found some one jerking at his shoulder. He opened his eyes and recognised the epileptic of whom mention was made in the early part of our narrative. Acker was still an epileptic, and still, to all appearance, a boy;—he was small, decrepit, pale, and still liable to the shocking disease, the effects of which were apparent equally in his withered face and shrivelled person. But he was not without intelligence, and his memory was singularly tenacious of benefits and injuries. Eagerly challenging the attention of Arthur Holt, he proceeded to tell him, that John Houston had only two hours before been seen with a party of seven, on his way to the farm at Pan's Mountain, where, at that very moment,

he might in all probability be found. By this time the troopers, accustomed to sudden rousings, were awake and in possession of the intelligence. It was greedily listened to by all but Arthur Holt. John Houston was particularly odious in his own neighbourhood. Several of the inhabitants had fallen victims to his brutality and hate. To take him, living or dead,—to feed the vengeance for which they thirsted,—was at once the passion of the party. It was with some surprise that they found their leader apathetic and disposed to fling doubt upon the information.

“I know not how you could have seen John Houston, Peter Acker, with seven men, when we left him behind us, going below, and crossing at Daniel’s Ford on the Ennoree, only two days ago.”

“’Twas him I seed, Captain, and no other. Don’t you think I knows John Houston? Oughtn’t I to know him? Wasn’t it he that used to beat me, and duck me in the water? I knows him. ’Twas John Houston, I tell you, and no other person.”

“You are mistaken, Peter,—you must be mistaken. No horse could have brought him from the Ennoree so soon.”

“He’s on his own horse, the great bay. ’Tis John Houston, and you must catch him and hang him.”

One of the party, a spirited young man, named Fletchall, now said :

“Whether it’s Houston and his men or not, Captain Holt, we should see who the fellows are. Acker ought to know Houston, and though we heard of him on the Ennoree, we may have heard wrong. It’s my notion that Acker is right; and every man of Reedy River, that claims to be a man, ought to see to it.”

There was a sting in this speech that made it tell. They did not understand the delicacy of their Captain’s situation, nor could he explain it. He could only sigh and submit. Buckling on his armour, he obeyed the necessity, and his eager troop was soon in motion for the cottage of Houston at Pan’s Mountain. There, two hours before, John Houston had arrived. He had separated from his companions. It was not affection for his wife that brought

Houston to his home. On the contrary, his salutation was that of scorn and suspicion. He seemed to have returned, brooding on some dark imagination or project. When his wife brought his child, and put him on his knees, saying with a mournful look of reproach, "You do not even ask for your son!" the reply, betraying the foulest of fancies—"How know I that he is!" showed too plainly the character of the demon that was struggling in his soul. The miserable woman shrunk back in horror, while his eyes, lightened by a cold malignant smile, pursued her as if in mockery. When she placed before him a little bread and meat, he repulsed it, exclaiming: "Would you have me fed by your Arthur?" And when she meekly replied by an assurance that the food did not come from him, his answer, "Ay, but I am not so sure of the sauce!" indicated a doubt so horrible, that the poor woman rushed from the apartment with every feeling and fibre of her frame convulsed. Without a purpose, except to escape from suspicions by which she was tortured, she had turned the corner of the enclosure, hurrying, it would seem, to a little thicket, where her sorrows would be unseen, when she suddenly encountered Arthur Holt, with a cocked pistol in his grasp. The troopers had dismounted and left their horses in the woods. They were approaching the house cautiously, on foot, and from different quarters. The object was to effect a surprise of the Tory;—since, armed and desperate, any other more open mode of approach might, even if successful, endanger valuable life. The plan had been devised by Arthur. He had taken to himself that route which brought him first to the cottage. His object was explained in the few first words with Leda Houston.

"Arthur Holt!—you here!" was her exclamation, as she started at his approach.

"Ay; and your husband is here!"

"No, no!" was the prompt reply.

"Nay, deny not! I would save him—away! let him fly at once. We shall soon be upon him!"

A mute but expressive look of gratitude rewarded him, while,

forgetting the recent indignities to which she had been subjected, Leda hurried back to the cottage and put Houston in possession of the facts. He started to his feet, put the child from his knee, though still keeping his hand upon its shoulder, and glaring upon her with eyes of equal jealousy and rage, he exclaimed—

“Woman! you have brought my enemy upon me!”

To this charge the high-souled woman made no answer, but her form became more erect, and her cheek grew paler, while her exquisitely chiselled lips were compressed with the effort to keep down her stifling indignation. She approached him as if to relieve him of the child; but he repulsed her, and grasping the little fellow firmly in his hands, with no tenderness of hold, he lifted him to his shoulder, exclaiming—

“No! he shares my danger! he goes with me. He is at least *your* child—he shall protect me from your—”

The sentence was left unfinished as he darted through the door! With a mother’s scream she bounded after him, as he took his way to the edge of the little coppice in which his horse was fastened. The agony of a mother’s soul lent wings to her feet. She reached him ere he could undo the fastenings of his horse, and, seizing him by his arm, arrested his progress.

“What!” he exclaimed; “you would seize—you would deliver me!”

“My child! my child!” was her only answer, as she clung to his arm, and endeavoured to tear the infant from his grasp.

“He goes with me! He shall protect me from the shot!”

“You will not, cannot risk his precious life.”

“Do I not risk mine?”

“My son—your son!”

“Were I sure of that!”

“God of heaven! help me! Save him! save him!”

But there was no time for parley. A pistol-shot was fired from the opposite quarter of the house, whether by accident, or for the purpose of alarm, is not known, but it prompted the instant movement of the ruffian, who, in order to extricate himself from the grasp of his wife, smote her to the earth, and in

the midst of the child's screams, hurried forward with his prize. To reach the coppice, to draw forth and mount his horse, was the work of an instant only. The life of the hunter and the partisan had made him expert enough in such performances. Mounted on a splendid bay, of the largest size and greatest speed, he lingered but a moment in sight, the child conspicuously elevated in his grasp, its head raised above his left shoulder, while one of its little arms might be seen stretching towards his mother, now rising. At this instant Arthur Holt made his appearance. From the wood, where he had remained as long as he might, he had beheld the brutal action of his enemy. It was the second time that he had witnessed such a deed, and his hand now convulsively grasped and cocked his pistol, as he rushed forward to revenge it. But the unhappy woman rose in time to prevent him. Her extended arms were thrown across his path. He raised the deadly weapon above them.

“Would you shoot! oh, my God! would you shoot! Do you not see my child! my child!”

The action of Arthur was suspended at the mother's words; and, lifting the child aloft with a powerful arm, as if in triumph and defiance, the brutal father, putting spurs to his horse, went off at full speed. A single bound enabled the noble animal to clear the enclosure, and, appearing but a single moment upon the hillside, the mother had one more glimpse of her child, whose screams, in another moment, were drowned in the clatter of the horse's feet. She sunk to the ground at the foot of Arthur, as his comrades leapt over the surrounding fence.

CHAPTER V.

Pursuit under present circumstances was pretty much out of the question—yet Arthur Holt determined upon it. John Houston was mounted upon one of the most famous horses of the country. He had enjoyed a rest of a couple of hours before the

troopers came upon him. The steeds of the latter, at all times inferior, were jaded with the day's journey. Any attempt at direct pursuit would, therefore, in all probability, only end in driving the Tory out of the neighbourhood, thus increasing the chances of his final escape. This was by no means the object of the party, and when Arthur ordered the pursuit, some of his men remonstrated by showing, or endeavouring to show, that such must be the effect of it. Arthur Holt, however, had his own objects. But his commands were resisted by no less a person than Leda herself.

“Do not pursue, Arthur, for my sake, do not pursue. My child!—he will slay my child if you press him hard. He is desperate. You know him not. Press him not, for my sake,—for the child's sake,—but let him go free.”

The entreaty, urged strenuously and with all those tears and prayers which can only flow from a mother's heart, was effectual—at least to prevent that direct pursuit which Arthur had meditated. But though his companions favoured the prayers of the wife and mother, they were very far from being disposed to let the Tory go free. On the contrary, when, a little after, they drew aside to the copse for the purpose of farther consultation, Arthur Holt found, to his chagrin, that his course with regard to Houston was certainly suspected. His comrades assumed a decision in the matter which seemed to take the business out of his hands. Young Fletchall did not scruple to say, that he was not satisfied with the spirit which Arthur had shown in the pursuit; and the hints conveyed by more than one, in the course of the discussion, were of such a nature, that the mortified Arthur threw up his command; a proceeding which seemed to occasion no regret or dissatisfaction. Fletchall was immediately invested with it, and proceeded to exercise it with a degree of acuteness and vigour which soon satisfied the party of his peculiar fitness for its duties. His plan was simple but comprehensive. He said: “We cannot press the pursuit, or we drive him off; but we can so fix it as to keep him where he is. If we do not press him, he will keep in the woods, near abouts, till he can find some

chance of getting the child to the mother again. There's no doubt an understanding between them. She knows where to find him in the woods, or he'll come back at night to the farm. We must put somebody to watch over all her movements. Who will that be?"

The question was answered by the epileptic, Acker, who, unasked, had hung upon the skirts of the party.

"I will watch her!"

"You!"

"Yes! I'm as good a one as you can get."

"Very well! but suppose you have one of your fits, Acker!"

"I won't have one now for two weeks. My time's over for this month."

"Well, in two weeks, I trust, his time will be over, too. We will get some twenty more fellows and make a ring round him. That's my plan. Don't press, for I wouldn't have him hurt the child; but mark him when he aims to pass the ring."

The plan thus agreed on, with numerous details which need not be given here, was immediately entered upon by all parties. Arthur Holt alone took no share in the adventure. The design was resolved upon even without his privity, though the general object could not be concealed from his knowledge. On throwing up his commission he had withdrawn from his comrades, under a show of mortification, which was regarded as sufficiently natural by those around him to justify such a course. He returned to his farm on Reedy River, but he was no indifferent or inactive spectator of events.

Meanwhile, John Houston had found a temporary retreat some six miles distant from the dwelling of his wife. It was a spot seemingly impervious, in the density of its woods, to the steps of man. A small natural cavity in a hillside had been artificially deepened, in all probability, by the bear, who had left it as a heritage to the hunter to whom he had yielded up his ears. The retreat was known to the hunter only. He had added, from time to time, certain little improvements of his own. Cells were opened on one side, and then the other. These were

strewn with dried leaves and rushes, and at the remote inner extremity, a fourth hollow had been prepared so as to admit of fire, the smoke finding its way through a small and simple opening at the top. All around this rude retreat the woods were dense, the hunter being at particular pains to preserve it as a place of secrecy and concealment. Its approach was circuitous, and the very entrance upon it one of those happy discoveries, by which nature is made to accomplish the subtlest purposes of art. Two gigantic shafts, shooting out from the same root, had run up in diverging but parallel lines, leaving between them an opening through which, at a moderate bound, a steed might make his way. On each side of this mighty tree the herbage crowded closely; the tree itself seemed to close the passage, and behind it care was taken, by freely scattering brush and leaves, to remove any traces of horse or human footsteps. In this place John Houston found refuge. To this place, in the dead of night, the unhappy Leda found her way. How she knew of the spot may be conjectured only. But, prompted by a mother's love and a mother's fears, she did not shrink from the task of exploring the dreary forest alone. Here she found her miserable husband, and was once more permitted to clasp her infant to her bosom. The little fellow slept soundly upon the rushes, in one of the recesses of the cave. The father sat at the entrance, keeping watch over him. His stern eye looked upon the embrace of mother and child with a keen and painful interest; and when the child, awakened out of sleep, shrieking with joy, clung to the neck of the mother, sobbing her name with a convulsive delight, he turned from the spectacle with a single sentence, muttered through his closed teeth, by which we may see what his meditations had been—"Had the brat but called me father!" The words were unheard by the mother, too full of joy to be conscious of any thing but her child and her child's recovery. When, however, before the dawn of day, she proposed to leave him and take the child with her, she was confounded to meet with denial.

"No!" said the brutal father. "He remains with me. If he

is my child, he shall remain as my security and yours. Hear me, woman! Your ruffians have not pursued me; your Arthur Holt knows better than to press upon me; but I know their aims. They have covered the outlets. They would make my captivity secure. I wish but three days; in that time, Cunningham will give them employment, and I shall walk over them as I please. But, during that time, I shall want food for myself and horse—perhaps you will think there is some necessity for bringing food to the child. I do not object to that. Bring it then yourself, nightly, and remember, the first show of treachery seals his fate!”

He pointed to the child as he spoke.

“Great God!” she exclaimed. “Are you a man, John Houston! Will you keep the infant from me!”

“Ay!—you should thank heaven that I do not keep you from him also. But away! Bring the provisions! Be faithful, and you shall have the child. But, remember! if I am entrapped, he dies!”

We pass over the horror of the mother. At the dawn of day, as she was hurrying, but not unseen, along the banks of Reedy River, she was encountered by Arthur Holt.

“I went to your house at midnight, Leda, to put you on your guard,” was the salutation of the farmer. “I know where you have been, and can guess what duty is before you. I must also tell you its danger.”

He proceeded to explain to her the watch that was put upon her movements, and the *cordon militaire* by which her husband was surrounded.

“What am I to do!” was her exclamation, as, wringing her hands, the tears for the first time flowed freely from her eyes.

“I will tell you! Go not back to your cottage, till you can procure the child. Go now to the stone heap on the river bank below, which they call the ‘Giant’s Coffin.’ There, in an hour from now, I will bring you a basket of provisions. The place is very secret, and before it is found out that you go there, you will have got the child. Nightly I will fill the basket in the

same place, which, at the dawn, you can procure. Go now, before we are seen, and God be with you!"

They separated—the young farmer for his home, and Leda for the gloomy vault which popular tradition had dignified with the title of the ‘Giant’s Coffin.’ This was an Indian giant, by the way, whose exploits, in the erection of Table Mountain, for gymnastic purposes, would put to shame the inferior feats of the devil, under direction of Merlin or Michael Scott. But we have no space in this chapter for such descriptions. Enough if we give some idea of the sort of coffin and the place of burial which the giant selected for himself, when he could play his mountain pranks no longer. The coffin was a vaulted chamber of stone, lying at the river’s edge, and liable to be overflowed in seasons of freshet. It took its name from its shape. Its area was an oblong square, something more than twelve feet in length, and something less than five in breadth. Its depth at the upper end was about six feet, but it sloped gradually down, until, at the bottom, the ends lay almost even with the surrounding rocks. The inner sides were tolerably smooth and upright—the outer presented the appearance of huge boulders, in no way differing from the ordinary shape and externals of such detached masses. The separate parts had evidently, at one period, been united. Some convulsion of nature had fractured the mass, and left the parts in a position so relative, that tradition might well be permitted to assume the labours of art in an achievement which was really that of nature alone. To complete the fancied resemblance of this chamber to a coffin, it had a lid; a thin layer of stone, detached from the rest, which, as the earth around it had been loosened and washed away by the rains, had gradually slid down from the heights above, and now in part rested upon the upper end of the vault. The boys at play, uniting their strength, had succeeded in forcing it down a foot or more, so that it now covered, securely, from the weather, some four or five feet of the ‘Giant’s Coffin.’ It was at this natural chamber that Arthur Holt had counselled Leda Houston to remain, until he could bring the promised supply of provisions. This he did,

punctually, at the time appointed, and continued to do until it ceased to be necessary; to this spot did the wretched wife and mother repair before dawn of every morning, bearing her burden with all the uncomplaining meekness of a broken heart. We must suppose, in the meantime, that the cordon has been drawn around the tract of country in which it was known that Houston harboured. The news was spread, at the same time, that an attack might be expected from Bloody Bill Cunningham, or some of his men; and the consequence was, that the country was every where in arms, and vigilant. A feeling of pity for Leda Houston, who was generally beloved, alone prevented the more daring young men from pressing upon the fugitive, hunting him, dog and fire, and bringing the adventure to a fierce and final issue. Meanwhile, the epileptic, Acker, was active in the business which he had undertaken. He was partially successful—but of his proceedings we must speak at another moment.

The situation of Leda Houston was in no ways improved by the diligence, the patience, the devotion which she displayed in her servitude. She did not seem to make any progress in subduing the inexorable nature of her husband. She was permitted to be with and to feed her child; to clasp him to her bosom when she slept, and to watch over his sleep with that mixed feeling of hope and fear, which none but a mother knows. But these were all her privileges. The brutal father, still insinuating base and unworthy suspicions, declared that the child should remain, a pledge of her fidelity, and a partial guarantee for his own safety.

Four days had now elapsed in this manner. On the morning of the fifth, at a somewhat later hour than usual, she re-appeared with her basket, and having set down her stores, proceeded to tell her husband of the arrival of a certain squad of troopers, 'Butler's men,' known for the fierce hostility with which they hunted the men of 'Cunningham.' The tidings gave him some concern. He saw in it the signs of a dogged determination of the neighbourhood to secure him at all hazards; since, from

what he knew of the present condition of the war, these men could be required in that quarter only for some such purpose. They were wanted elsewhere. "Did you see them?" was the question, which she answered in the negative. "Who told you then of their arrival?" She was silent! Her countenance underwent a change. "Woman! you have spoken with Holt! These are his provisions!" With a blow of his foot he struck the basket from her hand, and, in his fury, trampled upon the scattered stores. It was with difficulty that the unhappy woman gathered up enough to pacify the hunger of the child. That day was passed in sullen and ferocious silence on his part—on hers in mute caresses of her boy. His darker suspicions were in full force, and darker thoughts came with them. "Could I but know!" he muttered. "The child has my mouth and nose; but the forehead, the hair, the eyes,—are *his!*" Convulsed with terrible fancies, the miserable man hurried to the entrance of the cavern, and throwing himself upon the earth, leaned back, and looked up through the leafy openings at the bits of sky that were suffered to appear above. In this gloomy mood and posture, hours passed by as moments. It was midnight. A change of weather was at hand. The stars were hidden—the sky overcast with clouds, while the winds, seeming to subside, were moaning through the woods as one in a deep and painful sleep. The sound, the scene, were congenial with the outlaw's soul. It was full of angry elements that only waited the signal to break forth in storm. Suddenly, he was roused from his meditations by the cessation of all sounds from within the cave. The mother slept there, she had been playing with the child, and he upon her bosom. Nature, in her case, had sunk, in spite of sorrow, under fatigue. And she slept deeply, her slumbers broken only by a plaintive moaning of those griefs that would not sleep. With a strange curiosity Houston seated himself quietly beside the pair, while his eyes keenly perused the calm and innocent features of the child. Long was the study, and productive of conflicting emotions. It was interrupted with a start, and his eyes involuntarily turned,

with even a less satisfied expression, upon the features of his wife.

But it was not to watch or to enjoy the beauty which he beheld, that John Houston now bent his dark brows over the sleeping countenance of his wife. The expression in his looks was that of a wild and fearful curiosity suddenly aroused. She had spoken in her sleep. She had uttered a word—a name—which, of all others, was most likely, from any lips, to awaken his most angry emotions,—from her lips, most terrible. The name was that of Arthur Holt,—and she still murmured. The ears of the suspicious husband were placed close to her lips, that none of the fine sounds might escape them. He heard enough to open to him a vista, at the extremity of which his diseased imagination saw the worst shapes of hate and jealousy. With the pressing thought in her memory of the tasks before her, she spoke of the little basket—the bread—the bottle of milk, the slender slices of ham or venison—which she had been accustomed to receive and bring. Then came the two words, ‘Giant’s Coffin,’ and the quick fancy of the outlaw, stimulated by hate and other passions, immediately reached, at a bound, the whole narrative of her dependence upon Holt and her meetings with him at the ‘Giant’s Coffin!’

A dark smile passed over his countenance. It was the smile of a demon, who is at length, after long baffling, in possession of his prey. Leda slept on—soundly slept—for nature had at length coerced the debtor, and compelled her rights—and the hour was approaching when it was usual for her to set out on her nightly progress. The resolution came, quick as lightning, to the mind of the ruffian. He rose stealthily from the rushes,—drew his pistols from his belt, silently examined the flints, and looking at the knife in his bosom, stole forth from the cavern. With a spirit exulting with the demoniac hope of assuring himself of a secret long suspected, and of realizing a vengeance long delayed; and familiar, night and day, with every step in his progress, he hurried directly across the country to the banks of Reedy River. The night by this time, had become tempestu-

ous. Big drops of rain had already begun to fall; but these caused no delay to the hardy outlaw. He reached the river, and, moving now with cautious steps from rock to rock, he approached the 'Giant's Coffin' with the manner of one who expects to find a victim and an enemy. One hand grasped a pistol, the other a knife!—and stealing onward with the pace of the Indian, he hung over the sides of the 'Coffin,' and peered into its dark chamber with his keenest eyes. It was untenanted. "I am too soon," he muttered. "Well! I can wait!" And where better to await the victim—where more secure from detection—than in the vault which lay before him!—one half covered from the weather and shut in from all inspection,—that alone excepted, for which he had come prepared. The keen gusts of wind which now came across the stream laden with rain, was an additional motive to this movement. He obeyed the suggestion, passed into the mouth of the 'Coffin;' and crouching from sight, in a sitting posture, in the upper or covered part of the chamber, he sat with the anxiety of a passion which did not, however, impair its patience, awaiting for his foe.

He had not reached this position unseen or unaccompanied. We have already intimated that Acker, the epileptic, had made some progress in his discoveries. With the singular cunning, and the wonderful acuteness which distinguish some of the faculties, where others are impaired in the same individual, he had contrived, unseen and unsuspected, to track Leda Houston to the place of her husband's concealment. He had discovered the periods of her incoming and departure, and, taking his rest at all other periods, he was always prepared to renew his surveillance at those moments when the wife was to go forth. He had barely resumed his watch, on the night in question, when he was surprised to see Houston himself and not his wife emerging from the cave. He followed cautiously his footsteps. Light of foot, and keeping at convenient distance, his espionage was further assisted by the wind, which, coming in their faces, effectually kept all sounds of pursuit from the ears of the outlaw. His progress was not so easy when the latter emerged from the

woods, and stood upon the banks of the river. His approach now required more caution; but, stealing on from shrub to shrub, and rock to rock, Acker at length stood—or rather crouched—upon the brink of the river also, and at but small distance from the other. But of this distance he had ceased to be conscious. He was better informed, however, when, a moment after, he heard a dull, clattering, but low sound, which he rightly conjectured to have been caused by some pressure upon the lower lid of the Coffin, which being somewhat pendulous, was apt to vibrate slightly, in spite of its great length and weight, under any pressure from above. This sound apprised Acker of the exact whereabouts of the outlaw, and his keen eyes at length detected the dim outline of the latter's form, as he stood upon the lid of the Coffin, the moment before he disappeared within its recesses. Encouraged to advance, by the disappearance of the other, the Epileptic did so with extreme caution. He was favoured by the hoarse tumbling of the water as it poured its way among the rocks, and by the increasing discords of the wind and rain, which now came down in heavy showers. As he crawled from rock to rock, with the stealthy movement of a cat along some precipitous ledge, shrinking and shivering beneath the storm, his own desire for shelter led him suddenly to the natural conclusion that Houston had found his within the vault. The ideas of Acker came to him slowly; but, gradually, as he continued to approach, he remembered the clattering of the Coffin-lid,—he remembered how, in his more youthful days, the boys, with joint strength, had forced it to its present place, and he conceived the sudden purpose of making the Coffin of the Giant, that also of his deadly enemy whose boyish persecutions he had neither forgot nor forgiven. To effect his present object, which, suddenly conceived, became for the time an absorbing thirst, a positive frenzy, in his breast,—he concentrated all his faculties, whether of mind or of body, upon his task. His pace was deliberate, and so stealthy, that he reached the upper end of the Coffin, laid himself down beside it, and, applying his ear to one of the crevices, distinctly heard the suppressed breathings of

the man within. Crawling back, he laid his hands lightly and with the greatest care upon the upper and heavier end of the stone. His simple touch, so nicely did it seem to be balanced, caused its vibration; and with the first consciousness of its movement, Houston, whom we must suppose to have been lying down, raising his pistol with one hand, laid the other on one of the sides of the vault, with the view, as it was thought, to lift himself from his recumbent position. He did so just as the huge plate of stone was set in motion, and the member was caught and closely wedged between the mass and the side of the Coffin upon which it rested. A slight cry broke from the outlaw. The fingers were crushed, the hand effectually secured. But for this, so slow was the progress of the stone, that it would have been very easy for Houston to have scrambled out before the vault was entirely closed in. Slowly, but certainly, the lid went down. Ignorant of the occasion of the outlaw's groans, the Epileptic answered them with a chuckle, which, had the former been conscious, would have taught him his enemy. But he had fainted. The excruciating agony of his hurt had been too much for his strength. Acker finished his work without interruption; then piling upon the plate a mountain of smaller stones, he dashed away in the direction of Holt's cottage. Here he encountered the young farmer, busy, as was usual about that hour, in making up his little basket of provisions. A few words from the Epileptic sufficed to inform him that they were no longer necessary—that Houston was gone—fled—utterly escaped, and now in all probability, beyond pursuit. Such was the tale he told. He had his policy in it. The characteristic malignant cunning which had prompted him to the fearful revenge which he had taken upon his enemy, was studious now to prevent it from being defeated. To have told the truth, would have been to open the 'Giant's Coffin,' to undo all that had been done, and once more let free the hated tyrant upon whose head he had visited the meditated retribution of more than twenty years. Acker well knew the generous nature of the young farmer, and did not doubt that, if he declared the facts, Arthur would have

proceeded at once to the rescue of the common enemy. He suppressed all show of exultation, made a plausible story—it matters not of what sort—by which to account for the flight of Houston; and the consequence was, that, instead of proceeding as before to the ‘Giant’s Coffin,’ Arthur Holt now prepared to set out for the ‘Hunter’s Cave.’ But the day had broke in tempest. A fearful storm was raging. The windows of heaven were opened, the rain came down in torrents, and the wind went forth with equal violence, as if from the whole four quarters of the earth. The young farmer got out his little wagon, and jumping in, Acker prepared to guide him to the place of retreat.

“The river is rising fast, Peter,” was the remark of Arthur as he caught a glimpse of the swollen stream as it foamed along its way.

“Yes!” said the other, with a sort of hiccough, by which he suppressed emotions which he did not venture to declare: “Yes! I reckon ’twon’t be many hours ’fore it fills the ‘Coffin.’”

“If it keeps on at this rate,” returned the other, “one hour will be enough to do that.”

“Only one, you think?”

“Yes! one will do!”

Another hiccough of the Epileptic appropriately finished the dialogue.

CHAPTER VI.

Leda awakened from her deep sleep to find herself alone with the child. She was startled and alarmed at the absence of her husband; but as the child was left—the great, and we may add, the only, object for which she could have borne so much, she was satisfied. On assuring herself of the departure of Houston from the cave, she would unhesitatingly have taken hers, also—but the storm was now raging without, and, persuaded that her husband had taken advantage of its violence to cross the barriers, she gathered up the fragments of the last night’s supper, and

was busy in giving her boy his little breakfast, when roused by the voice of Arthur Holt. The story of the Epileptic was soon told—as he had related it to Arthur. In this story, as there was nothing improbable, both parties put implicit faith; and, cloaking mother and child as well as he might, the young farmer bore them through the close thicket to the place, some three hundred yards without, where, on account of the denseness of the wood, he had been compelled to leave the wagon. The horse of Houston, the ‘Big Bay,’ was next brought forth, but as Acker could neither be persuaded to mount, or take him in charge, he was restored to the covert until a better opportunity for removing him. To the surprise of the young farmer, the Epileptic was equally firm in refusing to go with him in the wagon. “I don’t mind the rain,” said he, “it can’t hurt me.” “He will get his death,” said Leda. “Not he,” replied Arthur, as Acker scampered through the woods; “the water always helps him in his fits.” While the wagon took one course, he took another. Little did they suspect his route. A terrible feeling carried him to Reedy River—to a pitiless watch above that natural tomb in which he had buried his living victim.

Meanwhile; what of Houston? When he recovered his consciousness, the vault had been closed upon him; the flat mass, once set in motion, had slid down the smooth edges of the upright sides with uninterrupted progress, and now lay above him, shutting out light almost equally with hope. But a faint glimmering reached the interior of the cell, from a crevice on one side, where, in consequence of some inequality of the edges, the lid had not settled fairly down upon it. It was the side opposite to that in which his fingers had been crushed, and where the stone still maintained its hold upon the mutilated member. He heard the whistling of the wind, the hoarse rush of the waters, and the heavy fall of the rain without, and a shuddering sense of his true situation rushed instantly upon his soul. For a moment he sank back, appalled, oppressed; but the numbing pain of his injured hand and wrist, up to his elbow, recalled him to the necessity of effort. Houston was a man of

strong will and great energies. Though at the first moment of consciousness oppressed and overcome, the outlaw soon recovered himself. It was necessary that he should do something for his extrication. The light shut out, if not entirely the air, is one of those fearful facts to rouse a man in his situation and of his character, to all his energies. But the very first movement was one to awaken him still more sensibly to his dangers. Having arisen to grasp the sides of the vault, which, in the place where he had laid his hand was fully five feet high, his position when fixed there, was that of a man partially suspended in the air. His right hand could barely touch the floor of the chamber. His left was utterly useless. In his position he could not even exert the strength which he possessed; and, after an ineffectual effort, he sank back again in momentary consternation. The horror of that moment passed in thought,—the despair which it occasioned—was the parent of new strength. He came to a terrible decision. To avail himself of his right hand, it was necessary that he should extricate the other. He had already tried to do so, by a vain effort at lifting the massive lid of his coffin. The heavy plate no longer vibrated upon a pivot. It had sunk into a natural position, which each upright evenly maintained. The hand was already lost to him. He resolved that it should not render the other useless. With a firmness which might well excite admiration, he drew the *couteau de chasse* from his bosom, and deliberately smote off the mutilated fingers at the joints; dividing the crushed parts—bone and tendon,—from the uninjured,—falling heavily back upon the stone floor the moment the hand was freed. But this time he had not fainted, though the operation tended to restore the hand, which had been deadened by the pressure and pain of its position, to something like sensibility. But such pain was now but slightly felt; and, wrapping the hand up in his handkerchief, he prepared with due courage for the difficult task before him. But the very first effort almost convinced him of its hopelessness. In vain did he apply the strength of his muscular arm, the force of his broad shoulders, his sinewy and well-supported frame. Forced

to crouch in his narrow limits, it was not possible for him to apply, to advantage, the strength which he really possessed; and, from the extreme shallowness of his cell in the lower extremity, he was unable to address his efforts to that part where the stone was thinnest. At the upper part, where he *could* labour, the mass was greatly thicker than the rest; and it was the weight of this mass, rather than the strength of Acker,—the momentum once given it from above,—that carried the plate along to the foot of the plane. His exertions were increased as his strength diminished—the cold sweat poured from his brow,—and toiling against conviction—in the face of his increasing terrors,—he at length sunk back in exhaustion. From time to time, at brief intervals, he renewed his toils, each time with new hope, each time with a new scheme for more successful exertion. But the result was, on each occasion, the same; and, yielding to despair, he threw himself upon the bottom of his cell, and called death to his relief.

While thus prostrate, with his face pressed upon the chilling pavement, he suddenly starts, almost to his feet, and a new terror seizes upon his soul. He is made conscious of a new and pressing danger. It is the billows of the river—the torrents swollen above their bounds—that beat against the walls of his dungeon? Is it the advancing waters that catch his eye glimmering faint at his feet, as they penetrate the lower crevice of the cell? A terrible shudder shook his frame! He cannot doubt this new danger, and he who, a moment before, called upon death to relieve him from his terrors, now shouts, under worse terrors, at the prospect of his near approach in an unexpected shape. It is necessary that he should employ all his strength—that he should make other and more desperate efforts. He rises, almost erect. He applies both arms—the maimed as well as the sound,—almost unconscious of the difference, to the lid of his tomb. “Buried alive!” he cries aloud—“Buried alive!” and at each cry, his sinewy arms shoot up—his broad shoulders are raised:—his utmost powers, concentrated upon the one point, in the last effort of despair, must surely be successful.

His voice shouts with his straining sinews. He feels the mass above him yielding. Once more—and once again,—and still he is encouraged. The lid vibrates—he could not be deceived,—but oh! how slightly. Another trial—he moves it as before, but as his strength fails, his efforts relax,—and it sinks down heavily in its place. Breathless, he crouches in his cell. He listens! Is it a footstep?—It is a movement!—the stones fall about the roof of his narrow dwelling. A human agency is above. “Hurrah!” he cries—“Hurrah! Throw off the stone—crush it—break it! There is no time to be lost!” For a moment he fancies that the movement above is one intended for his relief. But what mean these rolling stones! A new apprehension possesses him in the very moment of his greatest hope. He rises. Once more he extends his arms, he applies his shoulders; but he labours now in vain. His strength was not less—his efforts not more diminished—in this than in his former endeavours. He cannot doubt the terrible truth! New stones have been piled above his head. He is doomed! His utmost powers fail to move the mass from its place. His human enemy is unrelenting. He cries to him in a voice of equal inquiry and anguish.

“Who is there? what enemy? who? Speak to me! who is above me? Who?”

Can it be? He is answered by a chuckle, a fell, fiendish laugh—the most terrible sort of answer. Can it be that a mortal would so laugh at such a moment? He tries to recall those to whom he has given most occasion for vindictiveness and hate. He names ‘Arthur Holt!’ He is again answered by a chuckle, and now he knows his enemy.

“God of heaven!” he exclaims, in the bitter anguish of his discovery, “and can it be that I am doomed to perish by this most miserable of all my foes?”

Once more he rushes against the mass above him, but this time with his head alone. He sinks down stunned upon the floor, and is aroused by the water around him. Inch by inch

it rises. He knows the character of the stream. It will be above him, unless relieved, in less than an hour. The proud and reckless outlaw is humbled. He condescends to entreat the wretched creature to whom he owes his situation. He implores forgiveness—he promises reward. He begs—he threatens—he execrates. He is answered by a chuckle as before; the Epileptic sits upon his coffin-lid, and the doomed man can hear his heels without, as they beat time with the winds and waters, against the sides of his tomb. Meanwhile, the water presses in upon him—he feels its advance around him—it is now about his knees—in another moment it is every where. It has gradually ascended the plane—it now spreads over the entire floor of his dungeon. He grasps his pistols, which he had laid down beside him, and applies their muzzles to his head. He is too late. They are covered with water, and refuse fire. His knife is no longer to be found. It had dropped from his right hand when he smote off the fingers of the left, and had probably rolled down the plane to the bottom, where, covered with water, it is impossible to recover it. Hope within, and hope from without, have failed him equally; and, except in prayer, there is no refuge from the pang of death. But prayer is not easy to him who has never believed in the efficacy of its virtues. How can he pray to be forgiven, who has never been taught to forgive. He tries to pray! The Epileptic without, as he stoops his ear, can catch the fragmentary plea, the spasmodic adjuration, the gasping, convulsive utterance, from a throat around which the waters are already wreathing with close and unre-laxing grasp. Suddenly the voice ceases—there is a hoarse murmur—the struggle of the strong man among the waters, which press through the crevices between the lid and the sides of the dungeon. As the convulsion ceases, the Epileptic starts to his feet, with a terror which he had not felt before; and, looking wildly behind him as he ran, bounded up the sides of the neighbouring hills.

Thus ends our legend of the ‘Giant’s Coffin.’ Tradition does

not tell us of the farther fortunes of Leda Houston. Some pages of the chronicle have dropped. It is very certain, however, that Arthur Holt, like Benedick, lived to be a married man, and died the father of several children—the descendants of some of whom still live in the same region. Of the ‘Coffin’ itself, some fragments, and, it is thought, one of the sides, may be shown, but it was ‘blown up’ by the very freshet which we have described, and the body of Houston drifted down to the opposite shore. It was not till long after that Acker confessed the share which he had in the manner of his death and burial.

THE ROMAN GIRL.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

DARK-EYED maid of glorious Italy,
Nurtured in the sunny land of arts,
Light of summer thou hast shed on me,
But hast stolen away my heart of hearts.

Joy unlooked for thou didst ray around thee—
Dreams and hopes unbidden found a tongue ;
Brighter than the warm skies that surround thee,
Fonder than thy native bards e'er sung.

By yon ancient fountain, where I met thee,
All at once my whole heart to thee went ;
How, alas ! ah, how shall I forget thee ?
How take back the heart I only lent ?

Slowly now, yet ah ! too swift, thou bearest
On thy head thy water-vase away,
Turnest not to look on me, nor carest
Though thou takest all the light of day.

Slower yet, and yet for love too swift,
Like my own hope thy radiant form departs ;
Summer light thou takest—'twas thy gift—
Give, ah ! give me back my heart of hearts !



Langton.

Cheney

THE ENGLISH WORK.

STANZAS.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

ST. PAUL.

I ASK not, love, in what bright sphere
The disembodied meet,
If, fashioned as we see them here,
Eyes, lips, or hands, shall greet.
I ask not if in yonder skies
Shall beam, as even now,
The tenderness of those dear eyes,
The beauty of that brow.

I ask not what the name will be,
Sweet, tender, soul-expressed,
Thy lips shall utter unto me,
While leaning on my breast ;
Nor whether we shall study there
New words our hearts to teach,
For love, meseems, hath even here
But little need of speech.

I hold communion still with thee,
Though severed and apart—
Thought, feeling, now are prompt and free
To find the kindred heart ;

And it must be when souls are freed
From all material bar,
That love will give them angel speed
To mingle from afar.

And souls conjoined like ours, my love,
Can no disunion know—
The bliss below, the bliss above,
In one full stream must flow.
The inner life, where love doth dwell,
Knows neither time nor space ;
I who have learned that soul so well,
Shall know its angel face.

Our love hath been no common love,
With hopeful smiles and tears—
Our faith is faith to meet above,
Our trust the trust of years.
Thus have we struggled for the good,
Thus kept our spirits pure ;
Believing, in our darkest mood,
That love must still endure.

I know not, love, where heaven may be,
With us 'tis now begun ;
I learn celestial good from thee,
On earth our souls are one ;
And being one in this dim way,
Where faith so oft hath striven,
When love no more shall weep and pray,
We must be one in heaven.

THE DEAD GUEST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE THUSNELDA.*

ONE of my friends, by the name of Waldrich, had left the high school hardly two years, and was pursuing the business of an unpaid court-assessor or the like, in a provincial capital, when the trumpet of the holy war sounded. The deliverance of Germany from the yoke of the French conqueror was the great object. A pious zeal animated the whole nation. Thousands of young men flocked to the standard, for the honour of Germany, and with the hope of introducing a higher life into the land of Hermann. My friend Waldrich, shared largely in this pious zeal and bright hope. In fine, he took leave of his court-president, and exchanged the pen for the sword.

As he was a minor, without parents, and travelling money is always acceptable, he wrote to his guardian for permission to join the patriot-expedition, and begged for a hundred dollars to defray his expenses. His guardian, Mr. Banks—a rich manufacturer in the city, or rather, market town, of Herbesheim, in whose house Waldrich had lived as a boy, until he went to the high school,—was a very eccentric old gentleman.

He sent his ward a letter, containing fifteen gold louis d'ors, and which ran as follows :

* Thusnelda, the spouse of the old German hero, Hermann.

“My friend, when you are a year older you may dispose of yourself and your little property as you please. Until then pray postpone your enterprise for your Fatherland, and mind your business, that you may get office and bread, for you will need them much. I know what I owe to my duty and to my deceased friend, your father. In short, quit this nonsense and be sober. I will not send you a kreuzer.

“Your obedient servant, &c.”

To this letter the fifteen gold louis d’ors presented an odd, though by no means a disagreeable, contradiction; a contradiction which Waldrich would not easily have reconciled, had not his eye been caught by the paper in which the gold had been wrapt. He picked it up, and read written upon it the following: “Do not be disheartened. Go for the sacred cause of our poor German land, and God protect you! This from your former playmate, Frederika.” This Frederika was no other than the young daughter of Mr. Banks. Heaven knows how she had contrived to slip the money into her father’s sealed letter. Waldrich was greatly encouraged, delighted more at the heroic heart of the German maiden than with the gold, which Frederika had probably spared from her pocket-money. He wrote upon the spot to a friend at Herbesheim, enclosing a few thankful lines to the little maiden, (forgetting, by the way, that in four years she might have grown somewhat,) and calling her his German *Thusnelda*. He then started for the Rhine and the army.

THE INCOGNITO.

I need not here relate the heroic deeds of Waldrich. Enough that he had part in the great struggle. Napoleon was fortunately dethroned and sent to Elba. Waldrich chose to remain in the army as a first lieutenant. It was more agreeable to him than the desk of a dusty law-office.

He had been engaged in several battles and skirmishes, and

was so fortunate as to escape without a wound. He hoped, as one of the defenders of his country, to obtain some civil office. He was highly esteemed for his intelligence and many good qualities, but the office did not come. There were too many relatives of privy councillors, &c., to provide for. His condition, therefore, underwent no change. He remained a lieutenant. He spent his time in garrison, composing poetry on guard, and making philosophical reflections on parade. Unexpectedly his company received orders to go into garrison at Herbesheim.

As the captain, a rich baron, was absent on furlough, Waldrich returned to his native place as commanding officer. How did the sight of the two old church-spires and of the well-known gray town-gate touch his heart! The drums ceased before the town-hall. Two councillors appeared with the quarter billets. To the commandant was assigned the most respectable house in the place, Mr. Banks's. The company parted from one another well pleased, for it was just upon the dinner hour, and the worthy citizens, informed of the quartering in season, had made due preparations. Waldrich, who had known the two officials in his boyhood, perceived that he was not recognised, for they treated him with great respect, and although he declined it, accompanied him to the house of the manufacturer. Mr. Banks received him in the same way, and politely showed him into a handsome room. As soon as he had changed his dress he was summoned to dinner. He found there besides Mr. and Mrs. Banks, and some old clerks whom he recognised, a young lady whom he did not know. They spoke of the weather, and of the regret of the whole town at the removal of the former garrison, with whom they had been greatly pleased.

"I hope," said Waldrich, "you will be equally pleased with us. Let us only feel ourselves at home among you."

In order to be at home, the commandant, who wondered that his old playfellow, to whom he was still in debt for the fifteen louis d'ors, did not make her appearance, asked his hostess if she had any children. "A daughter," replied Mrs. Banks, and

pointed to the young lady, who modestly cast down her eyes on her plate.

Waldrich turned towards her with a look of amazement hardly polite. What a superior creature had his little play-fellow become! So he thought, but he uttered not a word as he gazed at the modest girl. He made some slight remark to her parents, as well as his extreme embarrassment would allow, and was greatly relieved when the old gentleman called to him, "Take some sauce to your dry plate there, Mr. Commandant."

Mrs. Banks mentioned a son who had died early, and of whom she still spoke with a true mother's heart. "Hush, mamma!" cried the father, "who knows but that he might have turned out just such a windbag as George."

It was now Waldrich's turn to cast down his eyes, for by this same windbag George was meant no other than his own humble self.

"But how do you know, papa, that George really was such a windbag as you represent?" said Frederika.

This question warmed the heart of the Commandant more than the glass of old Burgundy which he took to hide his confusion. It showed some trace of the old friendship. Such a kind question, from such sweet lips, and put in such a gentle voice, might well seem a drop of honey to sweeten the bitter pill which Mr. Banks proceeded to administer.

For, in order to justify his opinion, the old gentleman turned to his guest as umpire, and went on to relate Waldrich's history from his cradle to the expedition for the Fatherland, and ended with saying, "Had the fellow not become a soldier, he might now have been settled somewhere as law-councillor or the like, earning his living."

"I only know," replied the daughter, "that he went with a good heart for the holy cause."

"Don't talk to me of holy causes," cried Mr. Banks. "Where is the holy cause now, I ask? The French are driven away, very true. But the holy kingdom is, nevertheless, going to the

deuce. The cursed English creep in every where with their wares, and we holy Germans will come to be a parcel of holy beggars. The government knows nothing and cares nothing about trade. The world is just where it was before, and rather worse. I tell thee, Freddy, hush! Thou dost not understand these things."

Waldrich perceived that Mr. Banks was still the same lively, irritable old man, with whom, however, it was impossible to get angry. As now a decision was to be pronounced, the Commandant was so prudent and polite as to concede the father to be right as to the result of the holy cause, while, not to condemn himself utterly, he agreed with the daughter as to the good heart with which George had gone to the wars.

"See, now," cried the old man, "Mr. Commandant is more cunning than Master Paris with the three silly ladies at Troy. He cuts the apple in two, and gives us each a bit. It's all very well."

"No, Mr. Banks, your George erred, if he erred, like some thousands of Germans, and, for example, like myself. Our armies, you know, were annihilated, and the people were forced to rise in their own behalf. It was no time to hesitate. Life and every thing was to be risked for the throne. But our wisest statesmen are no conjurers. They cannot instantly put things to rights again. I, for one, do not regret what I have done."

"With all respect," said Mr. Banks, bowing, "with all respect, Mr. Commandant, you are an exception. But still it seems to me rather droll that we citizens, merchants, and so on, must give our money for twenty years to support in peace an army of some thousands of idle defenders of the throne, and clothe them in silk and velvet and gold, and then in the twenty-first year, when these same defenders are all cut in pieces, must ourselves rise and bring the wheel back again into the track."

By such conversation, an intimacy was speedily established. To the Commandant, his incognito was at times very agreeable, yet he wished to put an end to it.

And it was ended sooner than he thought. Mrs. Banks, a quiet woman, who said little, but thought much, had, at table, as soon as she heard Waldrich's voice, recalled his boyish features and recognised him. His confusion when the windbag George was mentioned, confirmed her suspicions. She said not a word. It was her way. No lady had so little of the feminine art of carrying the thoughts on the tongue. She let things take their course, listened, and drew her own conclusions. Hence, unobserved, she could conduct all affairs without many words; even her choleric husband, least inclined to obey her, did, in fact, obey her the most. That Waldrich did not discover himself seemed to her suspicious. She wished silently to find out his reasons.

Waldrich had, in fact, no reasons, but sought only an occasion to surprise the family. When called to tea, he found no one in the room but Frederika. He approached her. "Lady," said he, "I have to thank you for your kindness to my friend Waldrich."

"You know him, then, Mr. Commandant?"

"He thought of you often, but not oftener than you deserve."

"He was brought up here. He is a little ungrateful, for never, since he left us, has he made us a visit. Does he behave well? Is he esteemed?"

"There is nothing against him. No one has so much reason to complain of him as you, lady."

"Then he must be a good man, for I have nothing against him."

"But he is certainly—I know it—your debtor."

"He owes me nothing."

"But he used to speak of some money which he received."

"But I gave it to him, I did not lend it."

"Is he then less your debtor, *Thusnelda*?"

At this word, Frederika turned full upon the Commandant. A light broke upon her. She blushed at the recognition.

"It is not possible!" she cried with joy.

"Yes, dear Frederika, if I may still call you so—ah! the sweet *thou* I may no longer use—the debtor, the sinner, stands

before you. Forgive him. Had he sooner known what he now knows, he would have come a thousand times to Herbesheim."

He took her hand and kissed it.

At this moment Mrs. Banks entered. Frederika hastened toward her. "Do you know, mamma, who this is?"

The face of Mrs. Banks was suffused with a slight blush, as she said with a smile, "George Waldrich."

"How, mamma, you knew it and never told us!" said Frederika, who could not recover from her surprise, as she compared the stout soldier in his uniform with the schoolboy of former days. "Yes, truly," she added, "it is he! Where were my eyes?"

Waldrich kissed the hand of his worthy foster-mother, and begged her forgiveness for never having visited her since he came of age. He insisted that it really was not ingratitude, still less was it indifference; in fact, he could not tell what had kept him away.

"About the same reason," Mrs. Banks gently said, "which keeps the spirits of the departed from wishing to return to the caterpillar state of poor mortality. Here you were an orphan, a stranger. We could not make you forget that. You were a boy, often faulty. There was nothing to draw you back to a place which had been to you a school rather than a home. As soon as you were free, a man, you felt yourself happier any where than here."

Waldrich's eyes filled with tears. "Ah, you are still the same dear wise mother as ever! You are right. But now Herbesheim is indeed a home to me. Had I only come sooner! Give me again my place in your heart."

Mrs. Banks had no time to reply, as Mr. Banks entered and proceeded directly to the tea-table. When Frederika told him who his guest was, he started and immediately extended his hand to the Commandant, and said, "Heartily welcome, Mr. Waldrich. You were but a pigmy, and you have grown out of my recollection. That riband there in the button-hole—what does that signify?"

“That I, with my company, took a redoubt, and kept it against three or four assaults.”

“How many men did it cost?”

“Twelve dead, and seventeen wounded.”

“Nine and twenty souls then for the eighth of an ell of silk riband! Cursed dear goods, those which the prince sells—might be got in any shop for a couple of kreuzers. Let us be seated. Frederika, help us;—got much booty, eh? How stand the finances?”

Waldrich laughingly shrugged his shoulders: “We did not take arms for booty, but for our Fatherland.”

“Excellent! I like such sentiments. Stick to that, since your pockets are empty.”

THE DEAD GUEST.

As soon as it was known who the Commandant was, all his old acquaintances gathered round him. And in all companies he was the best companion, spirited, witty, a pleasant narrator, played on the piano and flute, danced divinely, and the ladies admitted that he was handsome and very dangerous. However, just at this time no lady in Herbesheim, whether pretty or otherwise, aimed either to be conquered or to make conquests. On the contrary, every one guarded her heart with unusual care. The cause of this reserve no one could guess, who did not live in Herbesheim, or who was unacquainted with the manuscript chronicles of the town, and when known it was as hard to be believed as it was true.

In this year occurred the centennial festival or fast of the so-called *Dead Guest*—a very dangerous person, especially to all engaged ladies. No one knew the exact history of this Guest. But the story went that there was a ghost, who once in every hundred years came to the town of Herbesheim, dwelt there through the Advent season, making court to all about to be brides, and ending with wringing their necks and turning their

heads round on their shoulders. In the morning they were found dead in bed, with their faces turned to their backs. What distinguished this ghost from all his tribe was, that he did not come in the lawful hour for ghosts, at night, but in clear daylight, in the form of a real man, and went about fashionably dressed like a true son of earth. The Guest was to have plenty of money, and, what was worst, if he could find no bride of another, he took the form of a lover, merely to be able, when with his flatteries he had turned the heads of the maidens a little, to turn them entirely round at night. No one knew whence the legend arose. In the parish register, one might read the names of three maidens, who had died at Advent time in the year 17—. In the margin, as a gloss, appeared these words: "With their faces turned to their backs as a hundred years ago; God have mercy on their souls." Although this comment was no proof of the truth of the legend, yet it showed that the story was more than a hundred years old; and that something of the same sort must have happened two hundred years before, because the church books intimated as much. The old registers were, unfortunately, lost in a fire in the Spanish war of the succession.

But, however this may be, the legend was known to all. Every one pronounced it a ridiculous nursery tale, and yet every one was looking forward, I may say, with anxious curiosity, to the next Advent, in order to learn what the legend meant. For even the wisest thought that there are many things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in our philosophy.

The most incredulous were the young gentlemen, who made themselves right merry on the occasion. The ladies affected to be unconcerned, but it was in great part affectation. In secret they said: "You young gentlemen may well laugh, for it is not your heads and necks that are in danger."

No one remarked the effect of this superstition more than the old parson, for there was a great hurry to have all love affairs settled before the first Advent, and where there was no hope of a speedy wedding some love affairs had been broken off.

One may now understand what the fair Herbesheimers thought when they found our friend so captivating. They were alarmed at the literal interpretation of the legend and at the approaching visit of the Dead Guest. We must therefore pardon the somewhat strange secret oath which they took, not to fall in love before or during Advent, and if an angel came from heaven, to look upon him with no more kindness than upon any Christian man.

I do not know whether the fair Frederika Banks joined with the Advent nuns of Herbesheim in this oath. But so much is certain, that she looked upon Waldrich with no more favour than any other, for she was gracious to all.

The Commandant passed at the Bankses' a true Paradise summer. His old boyish relations were renewed. He called Mr. and Mrs. Banks father and mother. He commanded, not only his company, but also in the house, had a word in all affairs, and helped to decide all disputes. Also between him and Frederika the familiar tone of their childish days was without design resumed. Sometimes, as formerly, they quarrelled; and with the polite *you*, there escaped occasionally a *thou*, not only the *thou* of affection, but also the peevish *thou* of petulance.

The ladies in the place made their remarks upon Waldrich's situation in the family. For the ladies of Herbesheim shared in the common belief, that a young man of eight-and-twenty and a girl of twenty could not possibly live four weeks under the same roof without having the heartbeat when they met. But the fair Herbesheimers were nearly convinced that here was an exception to the rule, for no look, no gesture, no peculiar tone of the voice, betrayed any thing but the simple affection belonging to the age of little boys and girls.

The sharp eye of Mrs. Banks would soonest have detected the mischief—women have a peculiar sense therefor—but she discovered nothing and kept quiet. Mr. Banks never dreamed of such possibilities. He had never in his whole life had any idea of what the world calls love, and would just as soon have feared that his daughter would go crazy as that she should fall in love

with a young man for his own sake. He knew that Mrs. Banks had been engaged to him before she had ever seen his face. And he had engaged himself, so soon as he knew that his intended was a brave maiden, and would bring him \$30,000 and the prospect of more by inheritance.

This mode of proceeding in marriage matters, which his experience justified, for he was one of the happiest of husbands, seemed to him most reasonable. Hitherto Mrs. Banks and Frederika had found no special reason to object to his views. But Frederika was now twenty. The old man bethought himself that he received his wife when she was even younger. He began to think seriously of having his daughter married. Mrs. Banks agreed with him here, too, and Frederika had nothing to object. A young lady of twenty!—how pleasantly the words sound—there is something tender in them. A young maiden of twenty!—one can scarcely say it, without asking, ‘How long will she remain young?’ Mr. Banks felt this, and made his preparations accordingly.

THE BIRTHDAY.

It was the custom in Mr. Banks’s house to celebrate family festivals. On these occasions the book-keeper, the foreman, and the cashier of the factory were added to the family, and their birthdays were likewise observed. It is no wonder then that the birthday of our lieutenant should be commemorated.

On such a day no one was allowed, such was the rule, to give even so much as an ill-natured look to the individual whose birthday it happened to be, or to refuse him any fair request. Every one was to make him a present, great or small. On this day, the dinner was more costly and was served on silver. The silver candlesticks were in use, and the person honoured took the usual place of the head of the family. The gifts and tokens were presented before dinner. The health of the distinguished

one was drunk with full glasses, and after the table was removed he received from every one of the company an embrace and a kiss.

On Waldrich's birthday every thing went on in its usual regular way. When he entered the dining-room, the company were all assembled. Mr. Banks advanced towards him with good wishes and handed him something wrapt up in silk paper. It was a handsome draft payable at sight. Mrs. Banks followed. She brought him a complete captain's uniform. Then came Frederika with a silver plate, upon which lay half a dozen fine cravats made by her own hands. Upon these lay a letter with the great seal of his regiment, and directed to *Captain* George Waldrich. The lieutenant started as he broke the seal and saw a captain's commission. He was to remain captain, and his predecessor was advanced to the dignity of major.

"But, my honourable Mr. Captain," said Frederika, with her sweet smile, "don't be angry with me. The letter came a week ago during your absence, and I kept it for to-day. I am punished enough by my anxiety lest you should hear of the appointment in some other way."

Waldrich was not in the humour to be angry. In his confusion he hardly had a word to say to the others who gave him their good wishes and tokens.

"But the best of it is," cried Father Banks, "they let the Captain remain here. I too suffered a sort of agony lest George should be ordered away. But come, Mr. Book-keeper, into the cellar, march! I say, to No. 9, to the old Neckar." The book-keeper obeyed.

It was very apparent how fond Mr. Banks was of his former ward, sputtering out, in the fulness of his joy, many droll sallies.

"Now, my dear little Captain," cried the merry old man, "I thought, God knows, that the draft I gave you there would serve for a travelling penny. But I'm vexed that I was so stingy. Ought to have given you something better. Remember the rule.

You can ask any favour. I must not refuse it. So out with it. Ask what you will, you shall have it, even though it should be my new peruke or the like."

The Captain's eyes were wet. "I have nothing more to ask."

"Come, quick, bethink yourself! The chance will not come again for a year," cried the old gentleman.

"Then, permit me, dear father, to give you a hearty, thankful kiss."

"With a right good will, then, boy of my heart! that thou shalt have readily!" exclaimed Mr. Banks. Both sprang from their seats, fell upon one another's necks, and then parted with moved hearts. Their emotions extended to all present. That Mr. Banks had given the *thou* to the Captain was noteworthy.

But Mr. Banks was the first to recover his composure. "Enough of this nonsense!" said he; "let us talk of something rational." He raised his glass and commanded all to fill: "Where there's a man, there should be a woman. Where there's a captain there should be a lady-captain. So here's long life to her! May she bloom and grow green and the like."

"May she be pious, good, and domestic!" said Mrs. Banks as she lifted her glass.

"Mother, like *you*," answered the Captain.

"And the loveliest in the world!" said Frederika, chiming in.

"Lady, like *you*," added he thankfully.

Frederika shook her head at him, and smiling half angrily, half archly, shook her finger at him also: "We must allow the birthday prince in many things to-day, which at another time would not be allowed to pass without punishment."

The book-keeper and company made their own innocent remarks upon these significant indications. First, the bold offer which Mr. Banks had made to the Captain to ask what he would, which offer Waldrich had so stupidly failed to understand; then the health drank to the future lady-captain. Truly the favourite of fortune must be blind not to see what Father Banks would evidently be at.

"I really believe," whispered the foreman to the cashier as

they rose from the table, "the affair is settled. What do you think? There's a match."

"It troubles me," whispered the cashier in reply, "the Dead Guest—I can think of nothing else."

The ceremony of the birthday kiss commenced. Waldrich received from all an embrace and a kiss. He approached Frederika. With easy politeness they were about to exchange the required kiss. But just as they gave it, they looked with a sudden earnestness into one another's eyes, as if they would fathom each other's hearts. Once more their lips neared, and the kiss was repeated, as if the first went for nothing. I do not know whether any one observed it, but I do know that Mamma Banks cast her eye down upon the diamond ring on her finger; and Waldrich let himself be kissed by the cashier, &c., and one kiss from each sufficed. Indeed he seemed as if his broad chest was somewhat too narrow for his heart. And Frederika retired to a window. Yet all this was soon over. Two carriages stood at the door, and the party closed the day with a drive into the country.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY.

The next day the old order of things was resumed. The new Captain had various affairs to attend to that made an absence of some weeks necessary. He left the house of the Bankses, as if it had been his father's. Waldrich and Frederika bade each other goodbye as they were wont to do when she went to a party or he to the parade. Only she reminded him that he must not forget her birthday, the tenth of November. The family regretted that they must lose him for a while. "Yet," said the old gentleman, "let not a hair turn gray upon it,—sooner or later we must all go into another garrison above there."

Frederika's birthday was of course observed with the customary solemnities. Waldrich brought her from the Residence a

new harp of exquisite workmanship, and some choice music. A broad rose-coloured riband fluttered over the bright strings.

Father Banks was in a high state of felicity. He went up and down the dining-room, rubbing his hands and laughing to himself, until Mrs. Banks, who followed him with wondering eyes, could not help whispering softly to the Captain: "You may rely upon it, papa has got some pretty surprise for us." The shrewd matron was not mistaken.

After the accustomed congratulations the company took their places at the table. When Frederika removed her napkin from her plate, she found underneath, a costly pearl necklace, a splendid diamond ring, and a letter. The maiden, in joyful surprise, took up the beautiful ornaments and examined them with evident pleasure. Pearls and ring went round the table that all might admire them. And Frederika opened the letter and read it. Her face betrayed the greatest surprise. Mr. Banks swam in delight. The mother with anxious curiosity studied the lengthened features of her daughter.

Frederika remained silent for a while, and at last laid the letter down.

"Let the letter go round too," cried the enraptured father.

Embarrassed and silent, she handed the letter to her mother.

"Now, my darling," cried the old man, "has the surprise taken thy breath away? Does not papa know how to do things?"

"Who is Mr. Von Hahn?" asked Frederika with a confused look.

"Who should he be but the son of my old friend, the celebrated banker. The old man has had better success than I. He has retired and his son takes the whole business, and thou shalt be chick to the young bird."

Mrs. Banks shook her head in silent disapproval and handed the letter to the Commandant. It ran thus:

"On your birthday, lovely lady, a stranger intrudes upon you, alas! only in spirit. The physician has forbidden me to travel in this bad weather. Could I only fly to Herbesheim and there

plead for your hand and complete the connexion which our good fathers have agreed upon! Adored lady! with the first mild weather, although still an invalid, I shall hasten to you. I sue for your hand, but not, I well know, for your heart. That can only give itself. But let me at least cherish the hope of being able to deserve it. Permit me to subscribe myself in love and homage your devoted

“EDW. VON HAHN.”

The Commandant gazed at the letter. He looked not like a reader but rather a dreamer. In the meantime Mr. Banks was waiting impatiently for Frederika to throw off her maidenlike affectation and confess at once how happy she was.

“But, papa, how can I do that? I have never seen Mr. Von Hahn.”

“Little fool! I understand you. But I can set thy heart at rest on that point. He is a fine, slender, tall youth, a right delicate milkface, somewhat weakly from growing too fast.”

“When have you seen him, papa?”

“When I was last at the Residence, let’s see, some ten or twelve years ago, when I brought thee that pretty doll, almost as big as thou. The young Hahn can scarcely be much over twenty. Thou must see him.”

“But, papa, I wish I had seen him before receiving this letter.”

“It’s a stupid chance that he could not come himself, as we old folks had planned it. When I was engaged to mamma, I came myself. Mamma, what sayest thou? The secret almost burnt my heart out—would have told thee at once, but I know you women. The secret would have been out, and so we should have lost this pretty surprise.”

Mrs. Banks replied somewhat seriously: “Thou hast done well, papa, not to draw me into the plan. The thing is done. Heaven bless it.”

“But consider, mamma, the choice, I say. We manufacturers, mamma, with all our trumpery, are nothing but trumpery. But a banker is every thing. Old Von Hahn has only to nod his head

and wink, and all is instantly in motion. The English, with the devil to help them, can't get round such a man."

"I consider the choice very good," said Mrs. Banks very seriously, and cast down her eyes.

Frederika looked anxiously at her mother and sighed: "And thou, too, mamma?"

"Thunder, Captain! haven't you read the letter enough? Your dinner is getting cold," cried Mr. Banks.

Waldrich roused himself, cast one more look at the letter, threw it hastily from him, and applied himself to his plate.

Mr. Banks was vexed that Frederika did not get more cheerful. He went on, trying to jest, but no one fell into his humour.

At last, with some vexation, he said to Frederika, "Tell me, now, Freddy, have I hit it or have I not? Just tell papa. But thou wilt pipe another song, my bird, when young Hahn comes."

"That may be, dear papa," replied Frederika. "How could I doubt thy kind intentions? Let this declaration suffice thee."

"Thanks for that, my pet; so must a reasonable maiden think. Fill your glasses. Long life to the bride, and the bridegroom too! A right handsome man. Only once see him. I warrant thee thou wilt fall on thy father's neck and thank him."

"It is possible, papa, but until I have seen him, I pray thee, —and thou knowest the law of the birthday,—I pray thee, not another word about him, until I have seen the stranger."

Mr. Banks knit his brows, and said at last, "With permission, lady daughter, that's a silly request. However, it shall pass."

"My dear," said Mrs. Banks, "no reproaches for Frederika. Thou must remember it is her birthday. No one must vex her."

"Right, mamma!" replied the old man, "he will be here soon. The moon soon changes and then the weather will clear up."

With this the conversation took another turn, and in a little while flowed on with its former liveliness. Something rather frosty hung about the Captain. Frederika cast a searching look at him now and then. And when by chance their eyes met, it seemed as if their hearts were asking secret questions of one another. The others chatted on, and papa got to be as funny

as ever. When the moment came for the usual kiss to be given, Waldrich and Frederika happened to be standing face to face before Father Banks.

“Hark’ee, Freddy,” said the mischievous old man, “just imagine our George to be a certain somebody, whom I must not name—just imagine it, and then the kiss will be no ordinary one. Try it, little simpleton !”

Waldrich and Frederika stood before each other; eye lost in eye, they drew nearer for the kiss. The old man sprang aside with a comic motion to see it. It was given. Waldrich grew pale and Frederika’s eyes were dim. Yet once again their lips joined. And then they seemed anxious to retreat. But once more their lips hastily united. Then, weeping aloud, Frederika turned aside, and Waldrich went towards the window.

The old man looked right and left, and stood like one petrified. “The deuce take it ! What ails the child ?” cried he.

Mrs. Banks silently cast her eyes down upon her diamond ring. She saw what was the matter and said, “Papa, spare the maiden now. Let her have her cry out.”

“But—but—” sputtered Mr. Banks, and ran to Frederika, “What’s the matter ? Why dost thou weep ?”

She replied that she did not herself know.

“Ah, that’s all make-believe,” exclaimed he; “something has happened to thee. Art thou vexed ? Has mamma—”

“No.”

“Or the Captain, has he said any thing ?”

“No.”

“Thunder, is it I then ? What ! Is it I ?”

Mrs. Banks took his hand and drew him away, saying, “Papa, thou hast forgotten thy word. She is hurt. Thou hast forgotten her request and again—”

“Reminded her of a certain somebody ! Right—I ought not to have done it. It shall not happen again, Freddy.”

Frederika recovered her composure, and after a while the evening passed off pleasantly.

Mr. Banks kept his word. Not a syllable was breathed of a

certain somebody. Regularly, morning, noon, and evening, Mr. Banks went to the barometer, and shook it to make the quick-silver rise and so indicate good weather for sick people to travel. Frederika also, when nobody was nigh, shook it also to make it fall.

“The weather is evidently clearing up,” said Mr. Banks one day when he was alone in the parlour with his wife, “the clouds are beginning to break. I guess he is on his way.”

“God forbid! papa. For my part I think it advisable that you should write to Mr. Von Hahn, not to come before Christmas. And although I have no faith in the silly story, one cannot help feeling serious.”

“Fie, fie, mamma! thinking of the Dead Guest! nonsense! for shame!”

“I grant you, dear husband, it is foolish—yet if any thing should happen to our child—yes, the bare thought of it—and although I do not believe in ghosts, and Frederika laughs at them, yet neither of us would like to go through the churchyard at midnight. Put off the formal betrothal until after the fatal time. After Advent the young folks will have time enough. Why hasten it just now? What harm is there in a little delay?”

“For shame! mamma. I will not listen to such nonsense. For the very reason the rabble have their foolish fancies about the Dead Guest, Freddy shall be a bride. One must set an example. It is a duty. When folks see that we don’t care for the Dead Guest, that we betroth Frederika, and that her neck is not wrung, then the neck of this silly superstition will be wrung for ever.”

“But suppose, papa,—your child is dear to you,—suppose now—remember, a hundred years ago, according to the register, something unfortunate did happen, and if now—”

“Hush! you do not mean to say that Frederika’s face is to be turned to her back! I’ve no patience with the nonsense.”

“But consider, if Mr. Von Hahn should come at this evil hour in this bad weather, sick as he is, the weather and bad roads might increase his illness. Suppose, then, we had a sick,

perhaps a dead guest, and then by your self-will you will help to confirm the superstition. Do weigh the matter well."

Mr. Banks paused a moment, and then grumbled out, "Mamma, I do not understand how you are always hitting upon chances which would otherwise enter no mortal brain. You are all possessed with this fable of the Advent day. You are, you and Freddy, and even the Captain and all. But you shall not have your way."

"If we are so weak, which I doubt, it is the duty of a prudent housefather to give some quarter to a weakness which hurts nobody."

"All folly hurts. Therefore, no quarter; war, open war! This story about the Dead Guest is an invention of the devil. Things shall remain as they were. I am immoveable!" So said Mr. Banks and ran out of the room.

Matters, however, did not remain with him quite as they were. This conversation left a thorn in his heart. He began to think that it would be better for the peace of the family that the betrothal should be put off till after Christmas. He loved his daughter tenderly, and the tenderness of his love made him timid. The nearer the Advent approached, the more uneasy he became. He secretly wished that his future son-in-law would stay away a little while. He was quite alarmed when the weather completely cleared up and gave promise of a beautiful Indian summer. He went now just as frequently as before to the barometer and shook it to make it fall. He observed with astonishment that with the good weather mamma and Frederika recovered their good spirits, and the Commandant too. But Mr. Banks could not find his.

GOOD WEATHER.

Mrs. Banks saw that Frederika had many objections to the rich banker, and that the Commandant had obtained greater

command over that little heart than he should. Not to favour the Captain, dear as he was to her, but to prevent overhaste and any mischief that might arise, Mrs. Banks laboured to delay the betrothal. She wished the young people to become acquainted, and Frederika to be familiarized to her destiny. Besides she wished to learn whether Mr. Von Hahn really deserved the heart of Frederika. The anxious mother had never breathed a word of objection to her husband's choice. She knew Mr. Banks. Contradiction would only have made him obstinate. She had, therefore, so managed their late conversation as to plant a thorn in his mind, and was rejoiced when she saw that it had had its effect. She wrote on Frederika's birthday to a friend at the Residence for information about Mr. Von Hahn. The answer arrived the very day when the fair weather so alarmed Mr. Banks. Mr. Von Hahn was described as an excellent young man, universally esteemed, and pitied on account of his delicate health and his father's arbitrary disposition. The father, feeling the infirmities of his age, had retired, leaving his business to his son. This good news made pleasant weather for Mrs. Banks.

Another circumstance brought good weather for Frederika and the Commandant on the same day. Waldrich had gone to Frederika's chamber upon an errand for Mrs. Banks. The maiden sate at the window, with her head leaning on the new harp.

"My lady, mamma wishes to know if you will be pleased to ride with us this fine morning?"

Frederika made no reply, but only turned her face a little farther away from him.

"Is your highness angry?" asked Waldrich, supposing she was in a jest. "Did I not at breakfast drink another cup of coffee at your command? Have I not come punctually to dinner from parade?"

There came no answer. He stood silent a moment, then went towards the door, but turned again and said impatiently, "Come, Freddy, the weather is lovely."

Thereupon sounded forth a sullen, No. He was alarmed at the tone. It was evident she was in tears. "What is the matter?" said he, anxiously, and took the hand upon which her head rested, and forced her to look up.

"Does mamma wish us to go and meet him? Is he coming to-day? Has she said any thing?" asked Frederika hastily, wiping her eyes.

Waldrich's countenance grew dark. Half angrily he exclaimed, "Oh, Frederika, it is not kind in you to ask such questions. Do you think I would ask you to ride if I dreamt of such a thing? God grant he may not come till I am off."

"How! off?"

"To another garrison. I have written to the general, begging to be transferred, but as yet there is no answer."

Frederika looked at him vexedly, as she rose and said, "George, that was very silly in you."

"I cannot, I will not, I must not stay."

"Waldrich, are you in earnest? You will make me angry with you as long as I live."

"And you will kill me if you force me to be your wedding guest."

"You shall never be invited to my wedding. But who has told you that I have given my consent?"

"You dare not refuse it."

"And yet I cannot give it!" sobbed the maiden, hiding her face. Waldrich was unmanned. It was the first time they had touched upon the subject. At the last birthday they had discovered how ardently they loved. Since those three treacherous birthday kisses they had looked upon each other with new eyes.

After a while Waldrich said in a true-hearted tone, "Frederika, may we still be to one another what we have been?"

"Waldrich, can we be to each other any thing else than we have been?"

"Can we? Can I? Impossible! Ah, I knew not how happy I was! Now that I lose thee, I am lost."

“Lost! George, say not that, make me not wretched. It is a hateful word! Say it not again.”

“But when he comes?”

“Then God will care for us. There, take my hand, George. Ten thousand times would I rather betroth myself to the Dead Guest. But say not a word to papa or mamma. I will speak to them when the time comes. Take my hand upon this promise, and for my sake be quiet.”

He took her hand and covered it with kisses. “And are you not happy now?” she asked.

“Ah, never so happy as at this moment!” cried he.

“Away then,” said Frederika, “mamma waits. Away! I will make my toilette, and go with you.”

He went like one intoxicated, and informed Mrs. Banks that Frederika was coming. Unconsciously Frederika sank upon a seat, and, lost in a dream of happiness, forgot the ride. Mrs. Banks came herself at last for her daughter, and found her, her head with its golden ringlets sunk upon her breast, her hands folded on her lap.

“Art thou thinking or praying?” asked mamma.

“I have been with God.”

“And is it well with thee?”

“As with an angel of God.”

“Really, my love, thou hast been weeping.”

“Yes, I have wept, but I am happy now, mamma. Let us go.”

She took her bonnet, and the broad rose-coloured riband, which Waldrich had tied to her harp, she put round her waist. Mrs. Banks said nothing, but she determined never again to send the Captain upon errands to Frederika.

THE LEGEND OF THE DEAD GUEST.

On the following evening was assembled at Mr. Banks's the first winter party of the season,—so they called certain sociable gatherings they were accustomed to hold at the several houses

of the good people of Herbesheim. This evening neither music nor play was to be thought of. As it was within three days of the first Advent, the Dead Guest furnished the chief topic. The young ladies turned up their pretty noses incredulously. Many a one blessed her stars that she had no lover, though at any other time she would hardly have disdained one. In many a one the poor little heart beat sorrowfully when a certain somebody was thought of, to whom the poor heart belonged. The old ladies shook their heads. The young gentlemen were all unbelievers. On the whole there was much raillery and laughter.

“But,” cried Mr. Banks, with droll anger, “what sort of amusement is this? Wherever I turn, Dead Guest, Dead Guest! Is this entertainment for my living guests? Away with it all! No more whispering, no corner-gossiping.”

“I should really like to know,” said a young councillor, “how the story ever arose. It is as meagre as a skeleton. It will not serve even for a romance or a ballad.”

“So far from that,” cried Waldrich, “the legend, as it was formerly known, and as I had it from an old huntsman in my childhood, is too long and tedious for these times.”

“How! do you know the story?” eagerly asked several.

“I have only an imperfect recollection of it,” returned Waldrich.

“Oh, you must tell it to us,” cried the young ladies, and crowded round him. “Pray, do tell it.”

No excuse availed. They moved their chairs into a circle. Willingly or unwillingly, Waldrich had to relate the legend. In order to make it interesting, he embellished the story as he could upon the spur of the moment.

It is now, (he began,) full two hundred years since the Thirty Years' War broke out, when the Elector Frederick placed upon his head the crown of Bohemia. But the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, at the head of Catholic Germany, took arms, and the Elector Frederick lost the battle and the crown. All the Catholic cities rejoiced in the downfall of the poor Frederick, who had kept the crown only a few months, and was, on

this account, named the Winter-king. It is known that he escaped in disguise with a few attendants. That was known also to our good ancestors in Herbesheim, two hundred years ago. They gossiped as eagerly about politics as we, their worthy grandchildren, do now.

Three beautiful damsels sate one day talking of the Winter-king. They were all three right good friends, and all three had a lover, that is, each one for herself, or they would not have been good friends. One was named Veronica, another Franciska, and the third Jacobea.

“They ought not to allow the king of the heretics to escape,” said Veronica; “as long as he lives the monster of Lutheranism will not cease to spit forth destruction.”

“Aye,” cried Franciska, “and whoever kills the Winter-king may look for a great reward from the Elector of Bavaria and the Pope, aye, indeed, and from heaven itself.”

“Would,” joined in Jacobea, “that he might come this way! He must die by the hand of my lover. My lover would at least receive a countship for his reward.”

“It is doubtful,” said Veronica, “if thy lover will ever make thee a countess. Were I only to wink, my lover would take his sword and strike the Winter-king to the ground. And so the countship would be carried off from under thy nose.”

“Make yourselves not too sure,” said Franciska, “my bachelor is the bravest of all. And were I to bid him, he would go and cut down the Grand Turk on his throne. So do not please yourselves too much with the countship.”

While the maidens thus disputed, there arose a great clatter in the street of horses passing swiftly by. Instantly all three flew to the window. But it was terrible weather. The rain poured in torrents. The wind roared and dashed the rain in floods against the windows.

“God be merciful!” cried Jacobea; “whoever rides now, surely rides not for pleasure.”

“Some sore need drives him,” said Veronica.

“Or an evil conscience,” added Franciska.

Opposite, at the sign of the Dragon, thirteen horsemen alighted. Twelve stood by their horses; the thirteenth, clad in white, went into the inn. The horses were led into the stall, the knights into the house.

“If that were only the Winter-king!” cried the three damsels, as they turned from the window and gazed at one another. There was a noise on the stairs; and lo! the three lovers entered. “Know ye not,” cried one, “that the Winter-king is within our walls?”

“There would be a capture!” cried the second.

“There is fear in the face of him of the white cloak,” cried the third.

A shudder of joy came over the maidens, and each turned to her lover.

Then Veronica said to hers, “If my lover allows the Winter-king to go alive from the city, I would rather be the Winter-king’s mistress than my lover’s wedded wife. So help me God and his saints!”

Franciska said to hers, “If my lover lets the king survive this night, I would sooner kiss death than my lover. So help me God and his saints!”

“The key of my bridal chamber is for ever lost, if my beloved does not in the morning bring me his sword purple red with the blood of the Winter-king,” said Jacobea.

The three lovers were terrified, but they soon took heart and promised that the Winter-king should never again see the light. They took leave of their mistresses, who sate together and chatted of the eternal renown of their lovers, and of the countship, and how they would divide it among them. The three young men went to the sign of the Dragon.

Before the break of day, twelve of the stranger guests rode hastily away through the storm and rain. The thirteenth lay dead in his bed, swimming in blood. He had three death-wounds. No one could tell who he was. The host declared it

was not the king; and he was right, for the Winter-king, as is well known, escaped to Holland. The Dead Guest was buried the same day, but not in consecrated ground, but as a suspected heretic, in the potter's field, without candle or book.

Anxiously, in the meanwhile, awaited the three damsels the arrival of their lovers, but they came not. They sent for them into all the streets, but no one had seen them since midnight. No one could tell whither they had gone. Then the poor maidens grieved bitterly and wept bitterly, day and night, and repented them sore of the wicked command which they had given to men so good and true. But the lovely Jacobea sorrowed most, for she had been the first to propose the dangerous deed.

Two days had passed, and the third was well-nigh ended. There was a knocking at Jacobea's door. A strange gentleman entered and asked after the weeping maiden. The stranger presented her a letter which he had promised to deliver. O how Jacobea trembled for joy! The dear letter was from her lover. But it was almost dark. The mother brought a light to read the letter, and better to see the stranger. He was a man under thirty years of age, tall, slender, dressed wholly in black, with the large hat of those days covered with black feathers, and a black doublet, black breeches, and large boots. His sword-handle was inlaid with precious stones. Sparkling jewels glittered on his fingers. Yet his countenance was noble, but, notwithstanding the brightness of his eyes, very pale, and his black dress made him look paler. He seated himself, and the father read the letter. It ran thus: "We have struck the wrong one. Therefore, sweetheart, farewell. I will go to the wars in Bohemia, and seek me a bride who will require no such bloody service. I send thee back thy ring." The ring fell out of the letter.

When Jacobea heard this, she well-nigh fainted. The father and mother consoled her, and the stranger said many gracious things. "Had I known that the knave had made me the bearer

of such tidings, as true as I am the Count of Graves, he should have felt the edge of my sword. Dry your beautiful eyes, fair maiden."

But Jacobea could not cease weeping. The Count at last departed, and begged permission to return the next day. He kept his word, and as he was alone with Jacobea, he said, "You owe me at least a smile, for I have not slept the whole night for thinking of your beauty."

"How can I smile?" said Jacobea; "hath not the faithless one sent me back the ring?"

The Count took the ring and threw it out of the window. "Away with it!" he cried; "how gladly would I supply its place with a more beautiful one!" and he laid the most beautiful of his rings before her on the table. Jacobea blushed, and pushed the ring away. "Be not so cruel," said the Count, "for my heart and my countship lie at your feet."

Jacobea feigned to reject him, yet they talked on, and the Count spoke very bewitchingly. His countenance was deadly pale, yet when he spoke so gracefully, it was easy to forget his paleness; and Jacobea ceased weeping.

The presence of the rich gentleman in Herbesheim was soon known, for he had many attendants, and was lavish in expense. When Veronica and Franciska heard of all these things, they hastened to their friend, and asked whether the noble Count knew any thing of the two other lovers, and begged her to inquire of him.

Jacobea did so, and he said he would visit the injured ladies, and she thanked him heartily. She began to treat him more kindly, for she said to herself, "I have only to stretch out my hand and take the countship, without having to share it with the two others." And she showed the ring the Count had left on the table to her parents, and told them of his proposal and of his riches. The parents could hardly believe it. But when the Count came and begged their permission to present their daughter with a trifle for a Sunday ornament, and drew out

a diamond cross, with a sevenfold string of pearls, then they believed, and said, "This son-in-law will please us right well."

The Count came often and made them all beautiful presents. Jacobea exulted in the prospect of being Countess of Graves, and yielded to the passion of her new lover.

But the Count was an ill bird. When he came to see Veronica, he found her more beautiful than Jacobea, and when he saw the fair-haired Franciska, the others seemed almost homely. And he repeated almost the same story to each about her lover, giving them back their rings, and telling them that their lovers bade him tell the damsels that they must find lovers whose fingers these rings fitted better than theirs.

With Veronica the Count swore the ring fitted him exactly, but Franciska's ring, he assured her, seemed as if it was made for him. And he played his part right cunningly with all three. To all he offered his heart and countship, and all soon became accustomed to his pale countenance.

But the three friends made a secret to one another of their intimacy with the Count. They ceased to visit, and all fell in love with the Count, who soon proposed a formal betrothal to each, and a change of rings in the presence of their parents, and after this a still hour at night, when they might settle all about their marriage. And all three acceded, and sealed their consent each with a kiss. And each said, "Dear Count, why are you so pale? Lay aside your black dress; it makes you still paler." And he said, "I wear black to fulfil a vow. On the wedding-day, I will appear in red and white, like your cheeks, best beloved." Then the Count was betrothed to each in the same day; and at night, he stole to the chamber of each. As the maidens slept long the next morning, their parents went to awaken them. There lay all three, ice cold, with their necks wrung, and their faces turned to their backs.

The death-cry from the three homes sounded through the streets. The people assembled in affright, and, as suspicion fell upon the Count, gathered round the sign of the Dragon. There the host complained that his guest had vanished. All the bag-

gage had disappeared, and no one knew how. The horses were gone, too, and none of the watchmen had seen or heard them depart. Then every one crossed himself as he passed the houses of the three unhappy brides. And all were appalled when they learned that all the Count's rich presents had vanished too.

Only a few persons in black mantles followed the corpses of the three maidens out of the gate. And when the coffins were set down in the churchyard of St. Sebaldus, and the service was about to be read, a tall man was seen to leave the procession, and it was seen, with wonder, that although he had before been clad in black, he gradually became wholly white, and three red spots appeared on his doublet, and the blood trickled down over his dress. He disappeared in the potter's field.

"Jesu Maria!" cried the host of the Dragon, "that is the *Dead Guest*, whom we buried twenty-one days ago." Horror seized all in the churchyard, and all ran away in fear. A fearful storm of snow and rain arose. Three days and nights the coffins remained unburied.

When the magistrates at last ordered them to be deposited in the earth,—and large sums of money were offered to strong men to perform this office,—the coffins were found to be as light as if they were empty. One had the courage to go for a hammer, and another called a clergyman. The coffins were opened and found entirely empty, without pillow or shroud. The empty coffins were buried.

Here Waldrich ended. There was a pin-drop silence. The candles burnt dimly. The men sate and stood looking very seriously. The young ladies had crowded themselves together in couples, and the elderly ladies listened, with folded hands and long faces, long after Waldrich had ceased speaking.

"For mercy's sake, snuff the candles!" cried Mr. Banks, "and do talk. This devil's nonsense might well create a panic."

To this speech every one responded. They ran to the candles. They moved in their seats. They rallied one another upon the fear which they saw in others, but no one would con-

fess to. They pronounced the story the silliest that a nurse's brain ever hatched.

But as soon as the Commandant had rested, the company insisted upon having the story of the second appearance of the Dead Guest, and drew themselves into a semicircle, without waiting for Waldrich's consent. There was a new silence.

The present Becker estate, outside of the city, once belonged, (so Waldrich began,) to the noble family Von Rosen, but they have not occupied it for a hundred years. The last Baron who occupied it was a great spendthrift. He came here only occasionally from Vienna or Paris, for the sake of economy. But his residence here was only a continuation of his dissipation. The estate was then highly cultivated. The last time the Baron came to the castle, was at an unusual season, late in autumn, and with a large company, of fifteen or twenty young noblemen. His daughter was then betrothed to the Viscount de Vivienne, a rich young Frenchman.

The pleasures of the table, of hunting, and of gambling for immense sums, and the acting of little French dramas, filled up the time. The master of ceremonies in all these sports was one Count Altenburg, a young free liver from the lower Rhine. He was a professed gamester, and knew all the fashions and practices of all the courts of that day. Nothing could equal his ingenuity in devising amusements. The Baron Von Rosen had only just made his acquaintance, and had brought him with him as a great treasure, partly because Altenburg was not always fortunate at play, and the Baron hoped through him to repair his fortunes.

It was this young rake who suggested the idea, as winter approached, of a masked ball, to which every one should bring a lady from the neighbourhood, selected for her beauty, without regard to birth. There was a great dearth of ladies at the castle. "Why should we always consult the genealogical tree?" said Altenburg; "beauty is on a level with queens." All murmured applause, although the ladies turned up their noses

a little. The milliners and tailors in this little city were set in motion, to furnish suitable dresses. Altenburg sought out the best tailor and the prettiest maiden in Herbesheim. He found both under the same roof. Master Vogel was the best tailor, and his daughter, Henrietta, enraptured the Count with her charms.

The Count was for ever at Master Vogel's, overseeing the work, and watching Henrietta especially. He would have her make the female dresses which he ordered, and he said they must be fitted to her own shape, as the noble lady he was to take to the ball was exactly of her size. In paying Master Vogel he was very liberal, and his presents alone amounted to the price of the work. He said flattering things to the daughter, and at last made love to her. Henrietta would not indeed listen to him, for she was an honourable maiden, and, besides, was engaged to an apprentice of her father's, still she could not find it in her heart to be angry at the sweet words of so gracious a gentleman.

A few days before the ball—the dresses were all finished—Altenburg came to Master Vogel, with an air of great vexation, and requested to speak with him alone.

“Master,” said he, “I am in trouble. You can help me out; and I will reward you generously.”

“I am your highness's most humble servant,” replied the tailor, with a low bow and a smile.

“Just think, Master Vogel,” said Altenburg, “my partner is sick and cannot go to the ball. What shall I do? I could easily find another; but then will the dress fit? You see, Master Vogel, I must beg you for your daughter. The dress fits her, you know. You must beg her to favour me.”

The tailor was quite overcome. He had not dreamed of such an honour. He could not utter a word.

“Henrietta shall never repent it,” added the Count. “The dress shall be hers, and I will provide any thing else that may be necessary.”

“Your highness is too kind,” cried Master Vogel. “I must

tell your highness, the maiden dances beautifully. You should have seen her at the wedding of my neighbour, the tin-founder. Say no more. Remain here. I will send her to your highness."

"But, Master Vogel," rejoined the Count, "perhaps Henrietta's bachelor will be jealous. You must speak a good word to him."

"Oh!" cried Master Vogel, "the clown shall be quiet."

Master Vogel left the room, and Henrietta entered, blushing. The Count covered her hand with kisses. She blushed again. Having told her his wishes, he whispered she would be the belle of the evening, and presented her with a pair of splendid ear-rings.

This was almost too much for a weak, vain maiden. And when she accepted his invitation, he clasped her in his arms and said, "Henrietta, why should I conceal it. Thee alone did I ever think of for my partner. Ah! Henrietta! I would choose thee for something more. Thou art not so beautiful merely to be the wife of a boor. Dost thou—wilt thou understand me?"

She made no answer, but drew herself from his arms. Both went into the shop. Altenburg whispered to her father, "She is content. Take this to defray all expenses." And he pressed into the old man's hand a purse of gold, and departed.

But now arose a stormy scene in the house of the tailor, for Christian, the apprentice, when he found what was going on, was well-nigh crazy. His rage endured all day. Henrietta had a sleepless night. But she could not help thinking that Christian was wanting in love for her when he grudged her so great a pleasure.

The next day Christian did not rave quite so furiously, but he kept saying in a menacing tone, "You will not go to the ball!" to which Henrietta replied, "I shall go though!" Whereupon the father would add, "She shall go in spite of thee." Dancing shoes, silk stockings, &c., were purchased.

But when the ball-day came, Christian tied up his bundle, and came in all ready for travelling, and said: "Since you go, I will go also, and we are now parted for ever." Henrietta grew pale.

The old man cried, "Off with thee, when thou wilt." Henrietta can get a husband any day better ten times than thou." But Henrietta wept. Then came a servant of Count Altenburg with a box in the name of his master. There was a costly veil, and an elegant necklace and diamond rings. And Henrietta struggled between vanity and love. Christian threw down the ring he had received from her, and departed to return no more.

Henrietta sobbed aloud and wished to call him back, but her father consoled her. Evening came. Engrossed with her ornaments she soon forgot her departed lover. A carriage rolled to the door. Altenburg came, and they rode away.

The ball was brilliant. Altenburg and Henrietta appeared in black, in old German costume. They attracted all eyes.

"The black mask is the Count," said Viscount de Vivienne to his lady; "why does he put on a mask? He cannot shorten his tall figure. To make himself known, this knight of the rueful countenance needs no more than his favourite colour, black. But who is his partner? She has a beautiful figure and dances splendidly."

"I warrant," said the Baroness, "only some common thing from the city."

The ball continued far into the night. When the masks were removed, the Viscount could not cease to gaze at the lovely Henrietta. He sat by her at supper, and Altenburg by the Baroness. The two gentlemen appeared to change places.

"As true as I live," said Vivienne to the Count, "I'll rob you of your partner, even if you should become my deadly enemy."

"I have my revenge at hand," replied Altenburg.

The Viscount, whom the new passion and the old wine made lively, said, without thinking that the Baroness was near, "A dozen of my baronesses for the single Venus in the old German costume." And thus he went on notwithstanding all the hints and winks of the Count. At last the latter bade him cease his insults to the Baroness, who left them in anger. It soon came to a dispute. The Viscount became more and more violent, and at last called the Count a rake.

“Viscount!” cried Altenburg, “rake! I! Who says that?”

“Your own leaden face,” scornfully laughed the Viscount.

“If you are not a coward,” returned the other, “you will give me satisfaction. You are a sot.”

At this moment, the Baron Von Rosen, who had met his daughter in tears, and learned the cause, came up, and taking Vivienne aside, “You have insulted my daughter,” said he; “I demand instant satisfaction.” They left the saloon. The Count followed them. “Permit me, Sir Baron,” said he, “to revenge the honour of the Baroness and my own.” The Viscount cried in a rage, “Now then, ashen-face, draw!” But the contest had lasted only a minute or two, when the Viscount’s sword was struck from his hand.

“Wretch!” cried the Count, “thy life is in my power. But go, and never show thyself here again.” And with this he struck the Viscount with the flat of his sword, and with a giant’s strength, threw him out of the door.

However deeply wounded the Baroness was by the rudeness of the Viscount, she had not really loved him, and the Count suddenly became very agreeable to her, and with his flatteries and protestations of love soon had her in his snares.

Henrietta in the meanwhile was intoxicated with delight. She saw herself the object of universal admiration. When, towards morning, the Count carried her home and invited her to the next ball, her delight was without bounds. “Ah! Henrietta!” he sighed, “as Countess of Altenburg, thy whole life should be such a ball-day!”

The next day he did not fail to inquire after the health of his two partners. He continued his addresses to both. The fathers were equally deluded by him. Without the knowledge of the other, each sanctioned the consent already obtained of the vain maidens. Ay, and what was worse, the remorseless seducer had played the same game at the house of a civilian, whose daughter he had ensnared. The betrothal of all three was formally solemnized.

On the evening of the day when this took place there was a

ball at the castle, to which Altenburg obtained permission to bring Henrietta. It was a fearful day in nature. There was a raging storm of snow and hail, and thunder and lightning. The tiles rattled on the roofs. But in the ball-room there shone from a hundred tapers a clear bright day, and all was joy and revelry. Towards morning the young Baroness left the company. The Count followed her to her chamber. When he returned the ball was breaking up. Altenburg accompanied Henrietta home.

The next morning a horrible rumour ran through the town. The daughter of a civilian had been found dead in her bed with her neck wrung. Physicians and police officers hurried to the place. Many then recollected what had happened a hundred years before. A deadly fear fell upon every family.

The report reached Master Vogel, and he thought of Henrietta with secret terror. As he thought of the Count, of his paleness, his black dress, answering to the description of the Dead Guest, his very hair stood on end. He went to the closet for a glass of Madeira, and lo! the wine, a present from the Count, had vanished. He grew sick at heart. Alone and softly he crept up to Henrietta's chamber. He opened the door. He approached the bed, but had not courage to look at it, and when at last he glanced towards it, a cloud came before his eyes—there she lay, her beautiful face turned to her back. Struck dumb, he stood there. Without knowing what he did he restored the pale head of the corpse to its natural position, and hastened away for a physician. The physician came and looked at the beautiful body and shook his head. Master Vogel wailed so loudly that the neighbours rushed terrified into his house.

While all were talking of the fate of the two maidens, there arose a new report of the sudden death of the young Baroness. But the particulars could not be learned. Every one surmised the truth, and believed that the Baron spared no gold to purchase silence.

On one and the same day the three funerals took place. They entered the churchyard at the same time. Then one of the

mourners, veiled in black, stepped aside just as the service began, and he had gone but a few paces when he assumed a different appearance, and was arrayed in a strange white antique dress, with a white feather in his hat, and three dark red spots were seen upon his breast, evidently drops of blood. He turned towards the potter's field, and was seen no more. The coffin-bearers, as they lifted the coffins, found them as light as if they were empty. Full of terror, they threw them into the graves, and hastily threw the earth over them. All fled with fear, and a fierce storm howled after them.

MUTUAL DECLARATIONS.

Here Waldrich ended. His listeners were less affected than by the first story. Still the second part of the legend occasioned much discussion. Foremost among the unbelievers was Mr. Banks, whose wit, however, had very little effect. For he was generally known as a sort of free-thinker. Whatever was thought of Waldrich's narrations, they spread the next day through the whole town. At any other time they would have made hardly any impression; but at this juncture even the most incredulous were curious to know what was the simple truth about the Dead Guest.

Waldrich himself had no idea of the circulation which his stories obtained. For he had to leave Herbesheim almost immediately for a few weeks. This he would gladly have declined doing, not only on account of the bad weather, but also for Frederika's sake, or rather for his own. He did not doubt her constancy. Still he was harassed by the thought of a thousand possibilities. He poured out all his apprehensions to Frederika the evening before his departure. She retired early under the plea of headache. He was to depart in the night. He did violence to his feelings, and tried in the presence of Mr. Banks to appear cheerful. Mrs. Banks saw the struggle; and when, the morning after his departure, she approached Frederika's bed and

asked, how she had slept, she perceived that the poor child's eyes were red with weeping.

"My child," said Mrs. Banks, "why do you hide your suffering from your mother? Do I love you less than formerly, or do you love me less since Waldrich is your love? Why do you blush? There is nothing sinful in your love, but that you do not confide in me—that I must condemn."

Frederika extended her arms, and weeping, drew her mother to her heart: "Yes, I do love him. You know it. I have been wrong in being silent towards my good mother, but I did not wish her to suffer sooner than was necessary. That she must do when my father learns that I would rather die than give my hand to the husband of his choosing."

"My child, I have not come to reproach you. I forgive your distrust of the mother's heart which has never been shut against you. I have long suspected how things stood. Yet be composed. Hope! Pray! He is worthy of you, although he has not, and is not, what thy father desires. I will tell your father how you two stand."

"For Heaven's sake, not yet, not just yet."

"Yes, Frederika, now. It would have been better earlier. I must tell him, for I am his wife. I dare not, I will not keep any thing from him. Have no secret from your future husband."

"But what shall I do?" said Frederika.

"Do you not know? Turn in still prayer to God. That will compose and sanctify you, and then you will do no wrong. And if you do right, all things will come right."

With this, Mrs. Banks departed to join her husband at breakfast.

"What is the matter with the child?" asked he.

"From a too great love for her parents, she wants confidence in you and me."

"Stuff! Mamma, you have something in the background. Yesterday the headache, and to-day no confidence."

"She is afraid she will vex you. Therefore she is ill. She is afraid you will force her to accept Mr. Von Hahn."

“She has never seen him.”

“She would rather not see him: the truth is, she and Waldrich are interested in one another.”

“The deuce they are!” cried Mr. Banks; “what then?”

“Why, you must be cautious. There must be no haste. It is possible, if Frederika knows that Mr. Von Hahn will not be forced upon her, she may by and by find him agreeable; and the Captain may be ordered to another garrison.”

“Right! I’ll write to his General. Frederika wants to be lady-captain, does she? I’ll write by the next post.”

Mrs. Banks had now paved the way. Mr. Banks stormed a little, but confessed that it would not do to build a dam against the stream, or to be arbitrary in such affairs.

“By all that’s good! it’s a bad mishap!” said he; and he said the same when he talked with Frederika herself. “Consider,” said he, “you must not throw yourself away like a little goose. You may love one another for all I care—only you must not think of marriage. I’ll have nothing of that. No haste. Get acquainted with Von Hahn. I will not force thee to have him, but take care and don’t force me.”

Thus, through the wise guidance of Mrs. Banks, the peace of the family was preserved, and a threatening storm turned into a still, rainy day. Frederika looked forward with hope; and so did Mr. Banks, while he planned a letter to the General. Mrs. Banks desired only the happiness of all parties.

THE SURPRISE.

“Ah, poor Waldrich!” said Frederika on Sunday, when she had returned from church with her mother, and was seated at the window, looking out upon the solitary street, on which the rain fell heavily, “I hope he is not now on his way.”

“A soldier should be able to bear every thing,” said Mrs. Banks.

“But just look out, mamma; see how the storm rages.”

Mrs. Banks laughed, for a thought struck her which she hesitated to express. At last she said, "Frederika, do you not know to-day is the first Sunday of Advent, just the time for the Dead Guest! The Wild Prince always announces himself with a storm."

"I wager, mamma, our Herbesheim folks are dreadfully anxious."

At this moment, Mr. Banks entered with a loud, yet strange laugh,—strange, because it was hard to say whether it was natural or forced.

"Stuff! stuff!" he cried; "do go into the kitchen, mamma, and put the girls in order, or we shall lose our dinner."

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Banks.

"Why, don't you know! The whole town's in a fluster. The Dead Guest is come, they say, the fools!—wouldn't listen to the nonsense—just come by the kitchen door—the maids were making a dreadful clatter—just popped my head in and the simpletons screamed at the sight of my wig, and ran off, thinking I was the Dead Guest! Kitty let the eggs fall, and even poor old Molly cut her fingers in her fright."

Frederika laughed outright.

"Put things in order," continued Mr. Banks, "or the first trick of the Dead Guest will be to spoil our dinner."

Frederika ran laughing into the kitchen, while she said, "It shall not be quite so bad as that!"

"See now," said Mr. Banks, "the fine effects of superstition. So it is. Superstition above and below. First Advent, stormy weather—look ye! the fools creep into corners and even cross themselves, and imagine the Dead Guest makes it rain and what not."

Mrs. Banks smiled gently and said, "Don't be so angry, papa; the thing is not worth it."

"Not worth it? ah, you too are infected with the old mouldy faith; but don't plead for superstition. I'll leave ten thousand guilders when I die, to pay a teacher to instruct people in common sense."

“But—but, papa, why worry yourself so?”

“A plague on all superstition! That’s the way the English get the advantage of us. The more stupid the people, the easier they trample on them.”

While Mr. Banks thus continued to thunder forth, walking up and down the room, and from time to time pausing midway, the book-keeper stepped softly in.

“It is all true, Mr. Banks.”

“What is true?”

“He has really arrived. He lodges at the Black Cross.”

“Who lodges at the Black Cross?”

“The Dead Guest.”

“What nonsense! do you, a sensible man, believe every thing the old women tell you?”

“But my eyes are not old women. I went out of curiosity to the Black Cross. The court-clerk was, so to say, my companion. And there he sat.”

“Who? what?”

“I knew him at once. And the landlord knew him too, for as we came out, he turned to the clerk, made great eyes, drew down his mouth, threw up his eyebrows, as much as to say, ‘There he sits, it bodes no good.’”

“Fal-de-lal!”

“The collector has betaken himself to the police lieutenant.”

“The collector is a fool!—ought to be ashamed of himself.”

“May be so. But if it is not the Dead Guest it is his twin brother. A pale face—from head to foot black as a crow—six feet high—gold chain over his breast—brilliant rings—splendid equipage, and comes on the first Advent, and in a terrible storm.”

Mr. Banks stared at the book-keeper with an expression in which unbelief struggled with surprise. He remained for some time silent. At last he passed his hand over his face and said, “Nothing but chance,—a strange coincidence—that’s all—very queer—only a chance.”

Here the conversation ceased. Mr. Banks would listen to nothing more.

THE APPARITION.

The Dead Guest was now the universal topic. In the evening some friends met at the burgomaster's. Thither the ladies went immediately after the afternoon service. Mr. Banks promised to follow them as soon as it was dark.

In accordance with his promise, he was just about to dismiss one of his workmen who had come to speak with him, and take his way to the burgomaster's, when he was startled by a piercing female shriek. "Just go, Paul, and see what's the matter," said Mr. Banks to the workman.

The workman went, but instantly returned in great fright, gasping out the words, "Somebody wants to see you."

"Let him come in," said Mr. Banks impatiently. Paul opened the door and a stranger entered, a tall man, in black, with a pleasing countenance, but very pale. His paleness was rendered deathlike by a black neckcloth. His neat dress, his rich rings, showed him to be of noble rank.

Mr. Banks stared in utter amazement, not wholly unmingled with fear. Here was the Dead Guest from top to toe. But he collected himself as well as he could, and with a bow to the stranger somewhat stiffened by fear, said to Paul, "Paul, stay a little, I have something to say to you."

"I am happy, Mr. Banks, to make your acquaintance," said the stranger mildly and slowly; "I would have waited on you in the morning, but I found I needed rest."

"Highly honoured, highly honoured," stammered Mr. Banks, "but—" A horror came over him. He moved a chair towards the stranger, and wished him a hundred miles off.

The stranger bowed and took the offered seat: "You can guess who I am?"

Mr. Banks felt every hair rising under his peruke. "I have not the honour to know you," said he with a trembling voice.

"I am Hahn, the son of your old friend," said the guest; and his voice sounded hollow, and his smile went with a chill to the

old man's heart. The stranger handed him a letter. It contained only a few lines of introduction. The handwriting looked like the old banker's, yet there was something odd about it.

Mr. Banks read it over and over just to gain time. His mind was in utter confusion. In spite of his terror, he was reluctant to believe that this was the notorious Dead Guest, and yet he could not believe that the son of his friend resembled so exactly that frightful personage. He could not think that imagination was playing him a trick. He suddenly sprang up and with a confused apology ran into an adjoining room for his spectacles, merely to gain time. At the same moment Paul caught fast hold of the handle of the door near which he was standing, and as the Dead Guest slowly turned round his pale face upon him, Paul sprang out in a twinkling and did not return till he heard Mr. Banks come back.

Mr. Banks did, indeed, in his haste, come to a conclusion, and a desperate conclusion it was. Pitiably in doubt which guest he had here, he determined, at least, not to deliver up the poor Frederika to so suspicious a person. With a shrug of the shoulders and a beating of the heart he said: "Harkye, my worthy sir, I have the highest respect for you, but matters have taken a strange turn. Had you only come sooner! There's a love-affair, an engagement, or what not, between my daughter and the Commandant here—knew nothing of it till a few days ago. The Captain is my foster-son. Will ye, nill ye, had to say yes. I meant to write and inform your father of this counter-game. What will my old friend think?"

Here Mr. Banks's voice failed him in perfect horror; for, contrary to all expectation, his guest not only listened with composure, but his features, before sad, absolutely brightened up at the words, 'love-affair,' 'engagement,' as much as to say that the maiden, being engaged, was the very thing for him. Neither did it escape Mr. Banks, that the pale face, as if fearful of betraying itself, sought to recover its former quiet expression.

"Do not be disquieted," said Mr. Von Hahn, "on my father's account or my own."

Mr. Banks thought to himself, 'I see through you,' and became still more resolved to keep his Frederika away from this horrible seducer.

"You will permit me," said Mr. Von Hahn, "to wait upon Miss Banks?"

"But, you—"

"It will never do to come to Herbesheim and not see the lady who was intended for me."

"Certainly, but, you see—"

"I must envy the Commandant—"

"You are very kind."

"May I beg for an introduction to the lady?"

"Sorry, very sorry—she has gone out—"

"I did not mean this evening. I feel myself too much fatigued."

Mr. Banks bowed.

"Will you be so kind as to permit me to see the young lady by herself tête-à-tête? I have something to communicate—"

Mr. Banks thought again: 'There we have it. There he goes straight to his object.'—He cleared his throat. The stranger waited for him to speak. "I hope," continued Von Hahn, "by what I have to say to her to inspire her with respect for my intentions, to set her at ease and secure her esteem."

Mr. Banks ransacked his brain for some 'if,' or 'but,' to ward off this amorous tête-à-tête. He spoke, but what he said was confused, from his anxiety not to seem wanting in politeness. The Dead Guest did not, or would not, understand him, but still urged his request. Only the more painful became the situation of Mr. Banks, who now saw his fair daughter ensnared by hellish arts, and with her neck wrung.

It had become quite dark, and as the Guest gave no sign of going, Mr. Banks started up, and with a profusion of regrets excused himself on the score of petty engagements. He thus forced his guest away, who took his leave somewhat gloomily.

Mr. Banks hastened off to the burgomaster's, where he was remarkably silent. There was nothing talked of but the Dead

Guest. All that was said agreed only too well with what Mr. Banks had seen. As soon as he returned home with his wife and daughter, he told them all about the Dead Guest. At first the ladies were amazed, or rather terrified. But they smiled when they heard the name of the visiter. And they laughed outright when they heard that papa himself had announced Frederika as the betrothed of the Commandant.

“O papa, sweet papa!” cried Frederika, falling upon his neck; “pray keep to that.”

“The deuce take it!” cried the old man, “I shall have to keep to it.”

“But suppose, dearest papa, it should turn out to be Mr. Von Hahn?”

“Do you think I have no eyes? It is not he. It’s a spectre. How could young Hahn come upon the devil’s chance of disguising himself as the Dead Guest, of whom he probably never heard in his life?”

The ladies knew not what to make of it, but they could not doubt the identity of Mr. Von Hahn. Their obstinate incredulity only made Mr. Banks still more angry.

“And so it must be,” cried he in a tone of vexation and dismay, “he has bewitched you both! I am no superstitious old woman. But what I have seen, I have seen. It’s a hellish spectre, and has made me almost crazy. I am of a mind to lock you both up in the cellar, to keep you out of the way of this devil’s ghost!”

“Precious papa!” cried Frederika, “thou shalt have thy way. Be the Dead Guest Mr. Von Hahn or not, I promise thee solemnly I will never love him. But give me your father’s word that you will never separate me from George, whoever comes to woo me.”

“I’d rather give thee to the poorest beggar in the streets, let him only be a living man, than to a ghost, a Satan!”

Frederika slept that night encompassed by bright dreams. Mr. Banks slept not at all. The pale black figure flitted con-

tinually before him. Frederika was full of gratitude to the ghostly unknown, for having turned her father so suddenly round, and made him the fast friend of Waldrich.

The next morning Mr. Banks betook himself to the burgomaster, to beg him to use all his authority to get the stranger out of the town. He related to that officer all that had taken place.

The burgomaster smiled and shook his head, and knew not what to make of this sudden superstition of the otherwise incredulous Mr. Banks. He promised to inquire into the matter, for the whole town was disturbed by this sudden apparition.

As Mr. Banks after some hours returned home, he happened upon reaching his house, to glance in at one of the windows. He dared not believe his eyes. There sate the abominable Dead Guest in close conversation with Frederika, who smiled very kindly, and even made no opposition when the wretch seized her hand and raised it to his lips! Every thing swam before the old man. His first impulse was to rush in and break up this tender interview, but his fears restrained him, and he hastened, deadly pale, to the chamber of his wife, who was alarmed at his looks. Upon learning the cause of his agitation, she assured him that the supposed ghost was indeed the expected lover, a modest young man, with whom she and Frederika had been talking some time.

“Modest enough, no doubt, with thee, mamma, at thy years; but go see how far he has got with Frederika. They are kissing each other!”

“Impossible, papa!”

“There, now, don’t give the lie to my eyes. She is lost! You are bewitched, or you would never have left them alone.”

“Dear husband, he asked leave to explain himself to Freddy alone. Away with these foolish fancies! How can you be so befooled and become so superstitious?”

“Befooled! superstitious! only prudent—on my guard. I won’t be cheated. The maiden is too dear. I command you to break off with this Mr. Von Hahn, as you call him.”

“But what will his father say?”

“No matter what his father says,—he has not death or the devil for a son! Go, I beg thee, send the fellow away.”

Mrs. Banks was embarrassed. “Dear husband,” said she, “think what you are doing from a foolish fancy. If you insist upon it, I will obey; but Frederika and I have invited him to dinner.”

“It’s enough to give one an apoplexy! To dinner, indeed! I’ll not have him here.”

At this moment Frederika entered, looking very happy. “Where is Mr. Von Hahn?” asked her mother with a disturbed air.

“He has just gone for a moment, but he’ll soon be back. He is a delightful man.”

“There, there!” cried Mr. Banks, “in a quarter of an hour see how he has bewitched her! A delightful man! What! do you love Waldrich? O that he were here! But away! I’ll not have that fellow here. Tell him any thing—that I am sick, —that we are very sorry—can’t see him.”

“But listen to me,” said Frederika in alarm; “you shall hear all, papa. He is a most excellent man,—you—”

“Hush!” cried Mr. Banks, “I won’t hear a word. I’ve heard too much. Listen to me, child: I cannot, I will not, have any thing to do with this fellow. If you will induce this excellent man to quit Herbesheim for ever, I give you my word you shall keep George, even though the real son of my friend were to come. I promise you to write to his father and break off the connexion at once. Now tell me, will you induce him to pack up and be off?”

“Agreed!” cried Frederika, “for, you see, he will go, only let me speak with him a few moments privately.”

“There it is again! No, I say, away! write to him—but he shall not come to dinner.”

No expostulation availed; so Frederika wrote to the banker, apologized for being compelled, by her father’s illness, to recall

the invitation to dinner, and begged him, by his regard for her, to leave the town, as the peace of the family hung upon his departure. She promised to write him soon and tell him the reasons of this ungracious but pressing request.

A servant carried Frederika's note to the inn. The knave went with all speed, as he hoped to catch a sight, at a safe distance, of the much talked of Dead Guest. But when he opened the door of the banker's room, to which he had been shown, he started with affright when he saw the black pale gentleman, and heard him ask in a hollow voice, "What do you want?" The figure seemed to him blacker, paler, taller, than he had thought.

"Save your honour!" stammered the terrified fellow; "I want nothing of your honour, but of Mr. Von Hahn."

"I am Mr. Von Hahn."

"You!" said the poor man, while he felt as if his trembling legs were glued to the floor; "for God's sake, let me go!"

"I don't keep you. Who sent you?"

"Miss Banks."

"What for?"

"This letter—you should—" But without waiting to finish the sentence, as the banker stepped towards him, the terrified man threw down the letter and was off.

Mr. Von Hahn muttered, "Are the people here all mad?" read the note, knit his brows, and went whistling up and down the room.

There was a timid knock at the door, and the landlord entered, cap in hand, with many bows.

"You come at the right time, Mr. Landlord. Is dinner ready?" said the black gentleman.

"Our fare will hardly suit your honour."

"It is well cooked; that's enough. I never eat much."

"The fare is better at the Golden Angel."

"I don't care for the Angel. I shall stay at the Cross. You are the most modest host I ever saw. Let me have dinner."

The landlord played with his cap, and seemed to have some-

thing on his mind. The black gentleman did not remark it at first, but walked up and down, lost in thought. As often as he approached the host, the latter instantly shrunk away from him.

“Do you want any thing, Mr. Landlord?” inquired the banker, at last.

“I hope your honour will not take it ill of me—”

“Not in the least. Out with it! Come!” And with this the Dead Guest extended his arm to give the landlord a friendly clap on the shoulder. But mine host, not understanding the movement, fancied the worst, and thought of nothing but that the Guest was going to try upon his neck and head the trick which he had played upon the poor maidens. Thus menaced, the man ducked down almost to the floor, and with one leap was out of the door in a flash.

Vexatious as this conduct was, Mr. Von Hahn could not help laughing. He had observed the same fear of him in all quarters. “Do they hold me,” thought he, “for a second Dr. Faust?”

Again some one knocked. The door opened a little way, and a military head, with a Roman nose and tremendous whiskers, was poked in, with the question, “Am I right? Is it Mr. Von Hahn?”

“It is.”

A stout man in police livery stepped forward. “Mr. Burgomaster requests your honour to come to him instantly.”

“Instantly! That sounds somewhat magisterially. Where does he live?”

“At the end of the street, sir, in the house with a balcony. I will attend you.”

“That is not necessary, my good friend.”

“Mr. Burgomaster has so ordered.”

“And you obey implicitly. You have been a soldier, eh?”

“In the third regiment of hussars.”

“In what battle did you get that pretty scar on your forehead?”

“Hem!—worthy sir, in a skirmish with a comrade about a pretty maiden.”

“ Ah ! then your wife does not like to look at that scar, unless, indeed, she were that pretty maiden.”

“ I have no wife.”

“ A sweetheart, then ? Now tell me, wouldn't she be vexed if she knew all ? ”

The Whiskerando knit his brows. The questioner was amused to read in the face of the hero a sort of confirmation of his conjecture, and he continued : “ But never fear. That very scar proves to your deary how much you would venture for a single glance of her black eyes.”

The police officer changed colour, and his eyes grew big. “ Your honour,” stammered he, “ do you know the maiden already ? ”

“ And why shouldn't I ? Isn't she the prettiest girl in the whole place ? ” replied Mr. Von Hahn, smiling, tickled at the idea of finding out the love-affairs of the police officer, to whom the roguish smile of the pale countenance seemed absolutely demoniacal.

“ Does your honour know her already ? How is it possible ? You came only yesterday. I have kept watch before the milliner's, and when I was not there, another took my place. You did not get into the house by any visible means.”

“ My good friend, it is easy to get acquainted with a pretty girl, and houses have back doors.”

The Blackbeard stood dismayed, for he remembered now that there was a back door. His alarm made Mr. Von Hahn only the more malicious, and he set himself to make the policeman a little jealous.

“ Then she's a little shy, eh ! in spite of all your tenderness ? I thought so ! That scar ! ”

“ Oh no, worthy sir, not the scar ! but—excuse me—you, you yourself—”

“ How ! I ? Don't dream of me. Fie, you are jealous ! But let us make a bargain. Understand me—”

“ I understand you only too well—but nothing of that. God have mercy on me ! ”

“Do you introduce me to the fair milliner, and I will reconcile her to your scar.”

A shudder came over the policeman. And then with a stiff official air, he requested Mr. Von Hahn's attendance at the burgomaster's.

“I will go, but I excuse your company.”

“But I am ordered to attend you.”

“And I order otherwise. So go and tell Mr. Burgomaster. If you make the least demur, look out for your sweetheart.”

“Sir, for God's sake!” cried the worthy officer, in the greatest alarm, “I obey—but, for heaven's sake, let the innocent creature live!”

“Do you suppose I am going to eat her up out of pure love?”

“Your word of honour, worthy sir, that you will spare the poor child, and then I will do as you bid, even if you should ask my life.”

“Be quiet, I give you my word to spare her. But what are you afraid of? Who has any designs against her?”

“You have given your word. It is enough. What pleasure could it give you to wring the neck of poor Kitty? I go. You may go alone. Even the devil must keep his word.”

With this the poor fellow vanished. He heard the Dead Guest laugh after him. It went to his very soul. It was the laugh of Satan. He hastened to the burgomaster, and related, to the astonishment of the same, all that had taken place.

THE EXAMINATION.

Laughing to himself at the agony of the policeman, whose jealousy he fancied he had excited, Mr. Von Hahn took his hat and cane, and went to the burgomaster's. He soon perceived, as he went, that he was in a small town, where a stranger was gaped at like a wild animal; and one might wear out a dozen hats a year in returning salutations. Right and left the way was opened for him with precipitate politeness and low bows.

No king could receive profounder homage. At a little distance from the house of the burgomaster, he came upon a public fountain, around which stood gossiping a number of women with tubs and buckets. Some were scraping fish, some washing salad, while others were placing their vessels under the mouths of the fountain. To be certain of the burgomaster's residence, Mr. Von Hahn stepped aside to inquire of this busy group, who, engrossed with their chat, had not observed him. But when he spoke and they turned to look at him—mercy! what a shriek! what a panic! how they scattered! One let her fish drop, another flung her salad into the dirt, a third let her full bucket fall from her head, and all ran off pale and breathless. But one old woman, whose feet were no longer nimble, backed up against one of the pillars that supported the roof over the fountain, as if she would push it over, crossing herself again and again with her skinny hand,—her mouth wide open, her eyes fastened upon him in utter despair, and every hair rising on her head. So has the reader seen a cat stand before a barking dog, with back raised, hair erect, mouth open, and following with her eyes every motion of her noisy assailant. Vexed at the silly folly of the people, Mr. Von Hahn turned away and went directly to the house with the balcony. The burgomaster received him very politely, and conducted him into his room.

“You have sent for me,” said Mr. Von Hahn, “and indeed I come very willingly, for I hope you will solve the riddle for me. I have been in your city only since yesterday, and have already met with more adventures than in all my life before.”

“I can readily believe it,” said the burgomaster, smiling; “I have heard something of it. You are Mr. Von Hahn from the Residence, and have come because Miss Banks—”

“Just so.” And the young banker drew some papers from his pocket. The burgomaster just glanced over these vouchers of his identity, and returned them with expressions of entire satisfaction. “I have now made you acquainted, Mr. Burgomaster, with every thing you wished to know. Pray give me some information about your strange town. You certainly do

not lie so remote but that strangers sometimes come hither: how comes it that the people here treat me—”

“I know what you would say, Mr. Von Hahn. You shall know all, if you will have the goodness to answer me a few questions.”

“I am at your service.”

“Count my questions as among the strange things of Herbesheim. Do you commonly wear black?”

“I am in mourning for an aunt.”

“Have you ever been here before?”

“Never.”

“Have you not had acquaintance with some persons of this town, or read or heard something of its traditions or legends?”

“I knew nothing of this place but that Mr. Banks resided here, and that Miss Banks was a very lovely young lady; a piece of information which I am now happy to confirm.”

“Have you never read or heard the story of the Dead Guest?”

“I repeat it, I am as ignorant of your town as of the history of Siam.”

“It happens, Mr. Von Hahn, that your adventures among us accord exactly with a popular tradition of ours.”

“What have I to do with your traditions, pray?”

The burgomaster smiled and replied, “They take you for the Dead Guest, a ghost of our legends, and, however ridiculous the fancy may be, I cannot (pardon my frankness) conceal my wonder at the close resemblance between you and the hero of one of our tales of terror. Presuming that you are not playing a joke upon us, and that you are ignorant of the story of the Dead Guest, I will tell it to you as I have heard it.”

As Mr. Von Hahn showed the greatest curiosity, the burgomaster proceeded to relate the story.

“Now I understand it!” said Mr. Von Hahn with a laugh; “the fair ladies of Herbesheim are in fear for their necks.”

“Jesting aside, Mr. Von Hahn, I am still somewhat puzzled. I believe in the oddest tricks of Chance; and yet the wild god

plays so strange a game here, that I cannot help suspecting you a little."

"Mr. Burgomaster, you do not really suppose that I am the ghost?"

"Not exactly, but you may have heard of our legend, and availed yourself of your figure, to amuse yourself with our terrors. Why, for instance, did you choose the first Advent Sunday for your arrival, and even the very moment when the storm was at the worst?"

"It is remarkable, this coincidence. It surprises myself. But I can assure you, I know so little of the calendar that I did not know till now that this is the first of Advent. And I declare I did not order the rain, for it is very disagreeable to me."

"But, Mr. Von Hahn, explain the grip you made this morning at the neck of mine host, if you did not know any thing of the Dead Guest."

"Aha!" said Mr. Von Hahn, laughing aloud, "that's the reason the poor fellow ducked so—I only meant to clap him on the shoulder, but the movement was suspicious, I confess."

"Once more, Mr. Von Hahn, do you know the young woman Weasel?"

"Many weasels I know, but no young woman of that beautiful name."

"Yet they say that you know her, and even went to see her by the back door."

"The back door! The young woman Weasel! Oh! I see,—the goddess of your policeman. Now I understand his entreaties."

"Yet once more, Mr. Von Hahn, you see I know all your steps. So far all is explained—but how came you, in a few moments, so well acquainted with Miss Banks that you—I don't know how to express it."

The blush which this query caused did not escape the sharp eyes of the burgomaster. "I crave your pardon," said he, "but the Dead Guest is famous for his powers of fascination,—

powers, which I can easily believe you to possess, without supposing you the ghost."

Mr. Von Hahn paused and then said: "Mr. Burgomaster, I shall soon be as afraid of you, as you people are of my black dress. I was with Miss Banks only a short time. Either your walls have told you tales, in which case you know all, or not. At all events, it becomes me to let the curtain hang, unless Miss Banks chooses to raise it herself." The burgomaster intimated that he would not press the point, and then turned the conversation.

"Do you remain long with us, Mr. Von Hahn?"

"I go to-morrow. My business is ended, and truly it is not very agreeable to play the scarecrow."

The burgomaster was relieved by this declaration, and Mr. Von Hahn soon took his leave.

After all the affair seemed very strange. For the combination of circumstances that seemed to stamp Mr. Von Hahn as the Dead Guest was quite too extraordinary for the usual course of things. Still less was there reason to doubt the word of the stranger. When his visiter left him, the burgomaster turned to the window to watch the effect which the appearance of Mr. Von Hahn would have in the street. But to his astonishment, the gentleman did not appear. The burgomaster waited, a quarter of an hour, and still he waited in vain. He then rung the bell. A servant came, but declared that he had been at the door a full hour, and no person in black had passed out. The servant was dismissed. "There's something very much like a ghost here!" murmured the burgomaster, and turned again to the window. In a few moments the servant returned and said that the chambermaid, all in a tremble, reported that the Dead Guest was with Miss, the burgomaster's daughter; that the young lady seemed well acquainted with him, and he had given her a splendid pair of bracelets, and whispered something which the chambermaid could not hear. The burgomaster laughed at first, but all inclination to laugh vanished when he heard of the bracelets and the whispering. "Bracelets! Whispering with my Min-

chen! How came he to know her? Jesu Maria!" So he said to himself, and was on the point of running in and taking his daughter and the stranger by surprise; but he became ashamed of his budding superstition, and put the rein upon his anxiety. But the suspense became intolerable. He went to his daughter and found her seated at the window admiring the bracelets. "What have you there, Minchen?" asked he with a faltering voice.

"A present from Mr. Von Hahn for Frederika Banks," said the young lady very calmly; "he leaves to-morrow, and has his reasons for not going again to Mr. Banks's. I am to give her these."

"And where did you get acquainted with him?"

"I was introduced to him this morning by Freddy. I was terribly frightened when I first saw him, the real, living, Dead Guest! But he is a very good man. I met him here again just as he left you, and he gave me this commission."

Minchen stated all this very simply, and it appeared very natural to the burgomaster. The police officer was directed to be on the watch the next morning, and ascertain whether the stranger really took his departure.

The burgomaster, although a man without superstition, had rather a wakeful night. He ran through the whole legend, and compared it with the hour of Mr. Von Hahn's arrival, his figure, his paleness, his black garb, his slippery presents, his quick intimacy with engaged young ladies, for Minchen was about to be betrothed; and the young woman, Weasel, had actually confessed to the policeman that the Black Guest had been in her shop, though she stoutly denied his having come by the back door. On the whole, Mr. Burgomaster had a very uncomfortable night of it.

Before the policeman reached the Black Cross the next morning, he heard on the way that the Dead Guest and his servant had disappeared, bag and baggage, no one knew how. This news the host confirmed. He led the officer into the room which the pretended Mr. Von Hahn had occupied. There all

was in order. The beds stood untumbled. Nothing was left behind, except on the table lay the full amount due in hard dollars.

“Take the devil’s money, who will!” said the host, “no blessing goes with it. I’ll give it to the poor,” and he handed it to the policeman for the hospital.

The rumour of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Guest spread through the whole town. It came to Mr. and Mrs. Banks before they had left their beds.

“Wonderful!” said Mr. Banks, “now then, what do you say to that? I am glad he is gone. I tell you, that never was the son of my old friend. But who would have believed such nonsense, if he had not been an eye-witness!”

Mrs. Banks smiled, but knew not what to say. She was convinced there must be some explanation.

Suddenly Mr. Banks showed signs of extreme terror, and became so pale that Mrs. Banks grew alarmed. At last he exclaimed, with a faltering voice, “Mamma, as one thing is true, so may the rest be.”

“What now, for heaven’s sake?”

“Do you believe Frederika is still asleep? Have you heard the slightest noise, even a footstep, in her room?”

“Speak out, papa, do you really suppose that the child is—”

“If one part is true, so may the rest be; but it would be too horrible, mamma! I dare not go and see.”

“See what? Is it possible you believe she is—”

“Yes, I do believe her neck is wrung!” cried the old man, springing out of the room, full of terrible imaginings. Mrs. Banks tripped after him. He laid his trembling hand on the handle of Frederika’s door. He opened it softly, scarcely able to breathe, and when no voice spoke, he did not venture to glance even at the bed. “Do you look, mamma!” said he, in the most pitiable distress.

“She sleeps sweetly,” said Mrs. Banks.

He looked towards the bed. There lay his fair daughter,

her lovely face in all the serenity of the morning slumber, in its right place.

“But is she alive?” asked Mr. Banks; for the gentle rise and fall of her bosom seemed to him an optical delusion. He touched her warm hand and was relieved, but still more when she opened her eyes, and her first look was a gentle and wondering smile. Mamma explained to her the visit, and all were set at ease.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

But the peace of the family was complete when, at supper, on the evening of the same day, a carriage came rapidly down the street. Frederika listened and then sprang up, exclaiming, “George!” It was he. All rushed to meet him. Never before had Mr. Banks welcomed him so heartily. A thousand questions were asked and answered and asked again. “And just think,” cried Mr. Banks, “just think, my dear fellow, my precious Captain, we have had that devil’s knave, the Dead Guest, here alive in Herbesheim, here in this house! What do you say to that? In less than four-and-twenty hours he had fished out his three brides, Freddy, and the burgomaster’s Minchen, and the young Mistress Weasel. We have been terribly frightened.”

The Captain laughed and said, “But I have dined with him to-day at the post-house. You mean Mr. Von Hahn of course?”

Mr. Banks smiled, but with an air of vexation. “Mr. Von Hahn here, and Mr. Von Hahn there! I don’t care what you call him, but it was the Dead Guest, and he shall not have Freddy, even if he is Mr. Von Hahn. If he is the son of my old friend, so much the worse, for he looks exactly as you described the Dead Guest.”

“Ah!” cried the Captain, “in that he is entirely innocent. When, on that evening, I had to relate the old legend of the Dead Guest, in the haste of the occasion I could think of no

original for my picture but Mr. Von Hahn. He happened to occur to me, because he was just then particularly disagreeable to me. When I was on my way to Herbesheim with my company this summer, I met at an ordinary with a very tall pale man in black, who I was told was Mr. Von Hahn, the son of the great banker. He then awakened in me very little interest, except for the singularity of his appearance. That I could not forget, and it came up vividly before me, when he ceased to be uninteresting, because—permit me to say it—because I knew that he was intended for our Frederika.”

“Thunder!” cried Mr. Banks, laughing out and clapping his hand to his forehead, “the fancy sketch of a rival! Nothing more! Why didn’t I guess, as soon as I saw him, that the roguish Captain probably knew Von Hahn, and carved the Dead Guest out of him? But, Mr. Commandant, you’ll have to pay for it. How the young Hahn will curse and swear at being treated so! He’ll call me an old Hans Kaspar, and what not.”

“No such thing, papa!” cried Waldrich; “on the contrary, he is quite happy at the turn things have taken, and sends his respects to all of you. He and I are right good friends, for we have confided to one another all our secrets. When we first met together to-day at dinner as strangers, we were dull and silent. He did not know me. I knew him and supposed he was on his way hither. Accidentally I heard him say that he had come *from* Herbesheim, and then I grew curious to know more. When he found out who I was, ‘Aha!’ he cried, extending his hand, ‘my lucky rival, for whose luck, however, I am very thankful.’ Frankness became the order of the day. Only think, papa, he asserted that Frederika herself told him that she and I were engaged, and that he had kissed her hand and assured her that his affections were engaged too to a young lady, of whom his father disapproved on account of her poverty, and that he had come to Herbesheim only in blind obedience to his father’s will, and with the hope of breaking off the affair some way or other. He praised the constancy of his beloved, and is resolved to marry her by and by.”

“What!” cried Mr. Banks, “and you, Freddy, knew all this from himself? Why didn’t you tell me something about it?”

Frederika kissed her father’s hand and said: “Dear father, do not reproach your Frederika. Don’t you recollect when I came so happy from my interview with Mr. Von Hahn and I wanted to tell you every thing, how angry you got, and how you forbade me to utter a word, and promised if I would obey you that Mr. Von Hahn should be exchanged for Waldrich? Don’t you remember it?”

“Indeed! did I do all that? O this beautiful filial obedience! there’s nothing like it, when one expects to get something by it!”

“Ought I not then to have obeyed you? Did you not threaten to lock dear mamma and me in the cellar if—”

“Hold your tongue, you little blab! But why could you not have told Mr. Von Hahn all about the foolish stories here? At least you ought to have given him a respectable reason for the manner in which we treated him.”

“I did give him a very good reason, papa. I told him I was engaged, and it appeared that he was too. What better reason could be found? We invited him to dinner, you know, but—”

“Hush!—My dear Commandant, he was not angry, then? But doesn’t he think us all a parcel of ninnies?”

“Something very like it,” replied Waldrich. “The conduct of the people annoyed him till he found out the cause. And then it amused him mightily, and he resolved to carry out the joke.”

“And you, you alone, Mr. Commandant,” cried Frederika, “with your wicked story, you must answer for it all! Who in the world knew how the Dead Guest looked till you told us at the party? The next day the boys were talking about it in the streets.”

“But I confessed my sins to Mr. Von Hahn,” said Waldrich, “as soon as I could get my breath for laughing. That I should have happened to light upon his figure when I described the Dead Guest, was quite pardonable. But I no more thought of the effect it would produce than of the skies falling. Mr. Von

Hahn laughed as heartily as I, and told me how he had come off privately to worry the enlightened Herbesheimers."

Father Banks, although a good deal amused, appeared to be in conflict with himself. Vexation and pleasure were curiously mingled in his countenance. "Let us have done," said he at last, "with all this nonsense. Even the bravest, who has heard dozens of balls whistle by his ears, has his running-away moments, the purest bride of heaven in a cloister is sometimes no better than a daughter of Eve, and the wisest man under the moon has his times when Tom Fool is wiser than he."

"Do let us talk of something else then," said Frederika. "Papa, do you begin."

"Apropos, my dear Commandant," cried Mr. Banks, "do you know I have sold you? To get clear of the Dead Guest, I have sold you to Freddy there. Don't be angry. As your former guardian, I thought I might take something upon myself. There, Freddy, take him and be happy together."

Both sprang up and fell upon his neck.

"But stop!" cried he. "Waldrich, away with your uniform, for Freddy must live with us. I have given you to her, not her to you."

"I will ask my dismissal to-morrow, papa."

"Children!" said Father Banks, while he gave way to his emotion amidst their embraces, "your joy somewhat chokes me or the like. Mamma, bring the wine!"

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity.

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

So long as summer laughs, she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy
falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy
falsehood.



Fig. 1. — Two men in a boat on a river, one holding a long pole and the other a shorter one, with baskets of goods on the boat.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANY.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

MORE proudly on thy winding course,
Dark Alleghany, flow !
The noblest burden thou could'st bear
Is on thy waters now.

But calm be every turbid wave,
And hushed be wind and storm,
There lies a nation's destiny
Within that gallant form.

A spirit that shall stem a tide
More deep and dark than thine ;
That on a night of war shall bid
The star of victory shine.

A spirit that through coming time
Shall bear a hallowed name ;
The glory of old conquerors
Shall pale before his fame.

And young ambition on his course
Shall turn its eagle eye,
And men invoke his sainted shade
In threat'ning anarchy.

No baleful meteor shall he be,
To dazzle from afar,
But in the firmament of fame,
A fixed, a polar star.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A RECLUSE.

Jan. 1st, 183-. To-day it occurred to me that I would keep a journal. The reason I have not done so before is, because I have thought that, where no events transpired, as here, and where one's mind dwelt so uniformly as mine has done on a few general conclusions that have given me the darkest views of life, a journal would be a most monotonous document. What can have led me into such clouds of dark thoughts? I shall never forget with what contempt I turned away from B., who told me I should *outgrow* melancholy. But lately his words have often occurred to me, and I am half inclined to believe that melancholy is but another name for ill health and want of air and exercise. Ennobling thought, that all these immortal longings, these aspirations that neither earth nor heaven can satisfy, 'this perpetual moaning of the soul for sympathy, like the sea-shell for the waters that should fill it,' that these should be the results of a fit of indigestion! No, it cannot be so. It is the struggle of the soul when she feels for the first time her fetters, as she wakes from the unconsciousness of childhood, bewildered with the mystery around her; aspiring, doubting, despairing, she at last falls, overcome with her own violence, and when she rises from the shock it is with the subdued serenity of middle age.

I am often inclined to laugh at the inverted notions of things I used to have, but before a smile is formed tears get the start of it. "Reverence, oh young, the delusions of thy youth," says Schiller. It is traitorous to our own hearts, when we alone have

witnessed their agonies and known their undefinable desires, thus to turn the world's evidence, and join in the smile at their vain aspirations and fruitless struggles, and betray their weaknesses. No, my poor heart! never again will I jest with thy delusions or the tears it has cost thee to part with them. Little indeed hast thou found of sympathy or love in the world, and now that thou wouldst cast away the mantle of the Ideal as unfit for the blasts and frosts thou must encounter, and wouldst gird on thy shrinking form the protecting armour of Philosophy, though thou totterest with its weight,—I would not bereave thee of thy last stronghold, the sympathy of thyself.

2d. I quite like journalizing. It will be company for me, and this is what I most need. To be thus "the cannibal of one's own thoughts" is horrible. To move among our fellow-beings wrapt in ourselves, invisible, scanning the actions, compassing the petty motives, too often detecting other qualities than virtue, this drives us back upon ourselves, and teaches that

"There is no bond that mocks at Fate
Like man's with his own heart."

Moore says, in his *Life of Sheridan*, that the knowledge we acquire in maturity and from inclination, in contradistinction to that received through the medium of the *birch*, has about it a freshness the latter can never possess. This is my daily experience. Knowledge breaks upon me now like light upon the restored vision of the blind. I thank Fortune that I was such a paragon of idleness in my childhood. I am far from being free from it yet, however, though it is quite time. Twenty years of a life is sufficient for hibernation.

I am really pleased with this new acquaintance, myself. She is more companionable than I thought she would be, after being neglected for a lifetime. Not that I have had no thoughts, but they were shadowy from not being expressed in language. Why then have I never written before? I believe it is because life has seemed of too little importance to record even a feeling

of its weariness. But that state has passed away. There is sublimity to me now in existence alone. To know that I am a part of this infinite, mysterious creation,—a conscious atom, capable of beholding the beauty and immensity of the universe,—this is indeed worth a life of suffering.

3*d*. It was my intention in commencing this journal to express some of the thoughts that have agitated me for the last two or three years. I have never given them utterance before—not because my heart was not aching to do so, but because I have never met those who cared what I thought, or who would understand me, perhaps, if I told them. Goethe says somewhere that he was possessed of a surplus of sentiment, and, as he could do nothing else until he had disposed of that, he wrote Werter. And I have an accumulation of egotism that I must throw off here, or I shall not be able to proceed. The action of mind is always interesting to me, particularly when it is under the influence of strong emotions.

Until I was seventeen I was a mere child in thought and action. I think it was studying Natural Philosophy, (albeit I studied sparingly,) that first gave an impulse to my latent faculties. That was the ‘deep-felt ray’ that loosened the avalanche of thought, which, rushing with rapidity and violence through my devoted head, left despair and desolation in its track, and stopped not in its mad career till it reached the very outposts of the universe, till it had boldly questioned time and eternity of their secrets, and nature of her Author. Then my mind, (to drop the avalanche,) stood still, overwhelmed with doubt and confusion: it had flown beyond its natural atmosphere, and could not breathe the rarefied ether that surrounded it; like the meteoric stones that by some strange convulsion are elevated almost without the sphere of the earth’s attraction, but yet revolve with it until some other change once more precipitates them into its bosom, here have I been these three years in this unenviable state of betweenity, till now, suddenly and by some unknown cause, I find myself once more on a mental terra

firma, and on the whole, if no wiser, I think rather better, for the jaunt. In this state of feeling of which I have been speaking, but for a few ties, life would have been an intolerable burden. As it was, I often deliberated on the question of throwing it off. To me,

“ Love, fame, ambition, avarice, were the same ;
 Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst,
 For all were meteors of a different name,
 And death the sable smoke where vanished the flame.”

To trace the cause of this state of mind,—it would seem to have arisen from the intellect's being suddenly excited to action, and then continuing to act without any regulator to its motion, so that it was tossed about like a boat without rudder or ballast on a stormy ocean. If I had then formed the habits of industry I now have, or had become more interested in study and society, I might have been spared much suffering. It is keeping aloof from the bustle and conflict of life, and looking at it through the cold medium of reason, that makes us chilled and indifferent, as often in a ball-room, I have been an uninterested observer, till I became at last an excited actor. He is wrong, then, who calls this indifference to life, and the consequent misery, in one who idealizes rather than acts, the effect of an over-wrought imagination. It is no fancy, it is indeed the truth. All is vanity. But he errs, I admit, who dwells morbidly on it. There is somewhere in Bulwer's ‘*Asmodeus at Large*,’ the story of a youth who, thirsting for forbidden knowledge, would

“ Lift the painted veil that men call life.”

To escape from the horrible sights that his newly acquired power reveals to him, he flies to his mistress, but as he approaches her he discovers ‘no whole but a million of lives loathsome and awful.’ It had such an effect on me when I read it, that I cannot think of it now without a shudder.

The external world is beautiful. Turn which way we will, to

the heavens, the sea, the earth, we are ‘dazzled and drunk with beauty;’ to the graceful forms of animals, and our wonder is lost in admiration; to our own species, to the soul-lit eye, the blushing cheek, and the intellectual brow, and our delight is deepened into love. Life itself is a pleasure—the power of motion in the invisible supporting air, and the thousand exquisite sensations we are so delicately constituted as to receive every moment, are in themselves sufficient to make existence almost rapturous; but wo to him who would penetrate those regions of darkness and doubt that lie beyond the natural boundaries of his mental vision. He is like that lover who, not satisfied that the cheek of his mistress blushes for him, would decompose it to its frightful elements, till, horror-stricken, he turns from the hideous sight. I have not then been acting or thinking falsely, but only foolishly. Henceforth, since there is a bright side to human life, let me keep my eyes steadily fixed on that, and, if possible, be blind to all else. With this page let there be an end to all horrors.

5th. Just finished Latrobe’s Travels in North America. He says, “No man can pass over it, from east to west, from north to south, without bringing away the impression, that if on any part of his earthly creation the finger of God has drawn characters that would seem to indicate the seat of empire, surely it is there.” The desire to travel has been a passion with me for years. If the body is always confined, the mind must remain so in some degree, despite reading and thinking. It convinces us that we are not indeed the centre of the world, and that the sun shines on other lands and other races. Once, my ideas of the delights of travelling were more highly wrought, as my knowledge was more limited, but knowing the facts instead of the poetry has not diminished the desire.

It has always seemed to me that our country presented a noble field for a national poet. The elements of poetry are here, and want but the master hand to combine them. These elements are, its immense extent, its varieties of climate and

scenery, its noble rivers, its boundless prairies, its primeval forests, its aborigines, the sudden dawning of the continent like a radiant vision on the eyes of the Old World, and lastly, its present government and the glorious revolution that established it.

7th. Just read the Court and Camp of Bonaparte, and I half regret it, for the writer with his faint praise has succeeded in belittling Napoleon, in my eyes at least, much more effectually than Scott, whose prejudice is so apparent, that one sees at once that for him nothing good could come out of France. This other writer, instead of dazzling us with glimpses of his comet-like career, gives us petty details that destroy the whole effect. The reading of it is like going behind the curtains at one of those dioramas, which are very beautiful if seen in the proper distance and light.

“Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued,” how few adhered to the Emperor in his fall! What a bitter disappointment to a young and generous nature to find that the world is indeed made of such materials. I used to have a sort of poetic creed that it was selfish, cold, and ungrateful, but at the same time there was a latent hope that it might be poetry after all. It remained for experience, corroborated by history, to demonstrate its sad reality.

8th. To-day I read a book of travels, a poor thing enough, but interesting to me, as it describes

“The scenes my earliest dreams have dwelt upon.”

Can it be that my presentiments will never be realized, and that I shall die without seeing those lands, when I have envied even the waves that kiss their sunny shores?

The author seems to belong to that class of persons who are neither poets nor men of common sense. Poets often lack common sense, or rather, see every thing through a poetic haze, and nothing with vulgar eyes. For instance, Lamartine,

in his Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, while our own countryman was disputing with his guide about the *bucksheesh*, belabouring his doukey, or amusing himself with his servant Paul's personation of the disciple at Jerusalem, he was weeping in holy raptures, prostrated before the sacred relics. Lamartine was a poet without common sense—Stephens a man of common sense, without a spark of poetry. Both are delightful in this case; but I like best those characters which unite these qualities, and where they are united the best poets are produced—that is, poets who delight all—and Goethe says “The poet deserves not the name when he only speaks out those few feelings that are his as an individual. Only when he can appropriate and tell the story of the world is he a poet.” None but the most poetical minds read Shelley, while the most ordinary appreciate Byron. But I am getting into difficulty, for I really think Shelley the greater poet of the two—so I must think it over again.

To-day I have been so lonely! This loneliness I generally contrive to keep at bay by intense occupation of some kind—yet there are times when this fails, and books offer no consolation—when I want a living, breathing, sympathizing friend. But Mashallah! as the Turks say, I am fast reading “Constantinople and its Environs.” As long as I do not travel, I have a strong desire ungratified, and this has something to do in producing happiness, I think. It has always seemed to me that perfect happiness and perfect misery were nearly allied, because both states are hopeless. I remember reading a story of two lovers who died of being perfectly happy—and paradoxical as it seems, I fully believe such a thing might happen.

12th. The last volume of Smollett's continuation of Hume I finished last night. Thank heaven, it is read through. It appears to me that Hume is overrated. Though his history is good as a reference, and it may be a duty to read it, it is hardly a pleasure. He could not easily be more uninteresting.

14th. Read Burr's Memoirs. I recollect a little incident Mr.

T—— told me of him. At some place where he visited there was a pretty child, of which he was very fond and often brought it presents. Caressing it one day the child playfully put her hand in Burr's pocket. Mr. T—— said he should never forget the look of scorn with which he cast the little girl from him—he never spoke to her again. Whatever may have been his faults, it is melancholy to see an old man like him walking among his fellow-men scorning and scorned. I have a fellow-feeling with misanthropes; that is, I can understand how a noble nature should turn from the mass of its fellow-creatures too often with pity or contempt, it should be pity, pity for their selfishness and petty malice—their stupidity, living in such a world of wonders, where every pebble and every blade of grass is a miracle and a mystery, yet living and dying with scarcely a thought above the sod that at length covers their dust. Yet, were we made to soar? May not genius be a disease? Oh dear! it is dull talking to one's self—one wants contradiction sometimes.

20th. Since I wrote here last, I have stood by the dying bed and followed to her narrow home my friend C——. Oh heaven! what a scene! to see the dread conqueror clasp in his embrace the form we have often caressed, and the cold damp earth heaped over the bosom that cherished high aspirations and warm affections! To-night I have been to the grave. One week since I spoke to her, I held her hand, I kissed the cheek that daylight may never more look upon.

“ Answer me, burning stars of night,
Where is the spirit gone?”

How strange, that though I have often thought of death, and even meditated hastening it, I never till now knew the weight of mortality! Hereafter, let me live with the last hour before me. I have not loved my friends enough, I have been exacting of their love, and avaricious of my own. How mad, how insensible I have been! I see myself in a new light,—an intellectual and moral being, by a mysterious destiny brought into existence,

borne irresistibly along towards a gulf, which I cannot fathom, and over whose depths hang clouds dark and impenetrable. Every moment hurries me along, and yet I ask not, I think not, I know not, to what.

21st. 'The moon is beaming silver bright,' the stars are looking down with a melancholy gaze; I have looked on them a moment since: they are the very same that inspired the fantasies of Plato and Pythagoras. There they shine with their pale, sad light, and Plato and Pythagoras are gone, and generations have vanished like the waves that have broken on the sea-shore. Myriads of eyes have looked on them, myriads of beings like myself have 'lived, loved, and died,' yet they are not changed. I look upon them to-night—a few more years and I shall see them not, but still they will shine on. What is humanity amidst such a universe, and what am I? The very trees under my window have lived longer than I can live,—my life, the very breath of heaven can destroy it. Races and generations are nothing; the mighty machine rolls on and sweeps them away. Father of light and life! thou alone knowest the conflicting thoughts that agitate my soul; give me a right spirit, and guide me in the way of truth; thou only canst know my desire for it. Make me submissive to thy decrees, and prepare me for whatever fate awaits me hereafter.

23d. This has been a wretched day to me. I have had another of those paroxysms of tears that I vainly thought had ceased for ever. I thought their fountains were dry. Struggle on, brave spirit! thou dost buffet the billows right bravely. Storms of wild thoughts have rushed over thee; thou hast fed on the gall and wormwood of existence; 'thou hast made idols and hast found them clay;' thou hast looked over the broad universe for one spot where thou mightest repose, but in vain—all is inhospitable, dark, and forbidding—back thou comest to thyself, weary, but finding no rest, yet thou dost struggle on;—courage, good heart! thy pilgrimage shall soon be over, and

though no beam of brightness breaks through the gloom of the future, yet on the mercy of thy Creator thou mayest calmly repose.

24th. This has been a day of continued occupation, and all the thinking that I have done has been to wonder that I could possibly feel so wretchedly as I did yesterday. My occupation has been nothing less than overturning the garret and restoring it to order! As garrets and poets are often connected, perhaps there is something inspiring in the air of one. I feel so well I am ashamed. I have no more sympathy with what is written on my last page than a child. I have but one feeling, that of perfect health, with the liveliness that always gives me. There is an animal for you! I wonder how every one can look so doleful and mope about so,—and yesterday I was on the bed crying my eyes out half the day, in the most hopeless melancholy and despair. All this for breathing the air of the garret! But I shall have another day of rapture to-morrow, gathering paper, rags, emptying old bandboxes, and packing bundles. After that I suppose I shall sink again to the level of the second story and the companionship of musty books.

28th. Finished Guizot's History of Civilization in Europe, a clear and concise view of its progress, speaking of which he says, "Thus man advances in the execution of a plan which he has not conceived, of which he is not aware, and comprehends by its results alone. Conceive a great machine, the design of which is centered in a single individual, though its various parts are entrusted to different workmen, strangers, and separated from each other; none of these understand the work as a whole, which he concurs in producing: and thus by the hand of man are the designs of Providence wrought out in the government of the world." Thus it has often appeared to me that we are the instruments of some great and unknown end. But I forbear to speculate.

I have been quite ill to-day from a blow received on my head yesterday on being unceremoniously thrown out of a sleigh and

dashed against a fence, and but for my quilted bonnet, that honoured member (my head) would have lost all sensibility to pains and aches. As I was riding home I amused myself with thinking how little force was wanting to have quieted me for ever. Then I should have been unconscious. There would have been the same bustle, the preparing of coffin and shroud that there was here a few days since; they would have buried me, canvassed my merits and failings, wept a little, and there it would have ended. In the hearts of a few the shock would be great and lasting; but I have been so long separated from all I love that even were I to die, I should be scarcely a loss to them. Oh this waste of the affections! this hoarding of them up as the miser does his treasures, till they rot and rust! it is death—it is worse than death! To live in such a desert as this I must be made of ‘sterner stuff’ than many. I do not forget my books; they indeed are all my consolation; but they are like the sun in this wintry day—it shines, it lights up the earth with a thousand beautiful hues, but it is distant, it is cold. It warms not, though it gives us light. How often my heart aches for a kind word, an approving smile, from some one who loves me. But, perhaps, this is weakness.

Feb. 1st. Read Mary of Burgundy. The Lord of Hannut says, “Hidden within the bosom of this mortal clay is some fine essence, participating in the affections of the earthly thing it inhabits, but thirsting for knowledge beyond this world, and yearning for joys more pure and love more imperishable than the joy and love of this world can ever be.”

I regret that I do not write here every day. When I think of all the thoughts that have passed over my mind like shadows across a mirror, and left as little trace, it is always with a feeling of regret, and yet why should that be cause for regret more than that the beautiful clouds will disappear, and the flowers and leaves? A beautiful thought is not more beautiful than a flower, yet we see myriads of them die without leaving a trace of their

existence, and never sigh for them,—why should we for lost thoughts?

3d. I determined to write a page here, good or bad, every night, but last night I had no fire, and to-night I have no ideas.

I said to B—— to-day in my letter, that some years ago my imagination took the reins of my mind, and drove off after the manner of Phaeton, leaving the other faculties to come up at their lagging pace. Thinking of it again, I am sure it is so.

Poor C——, how soon I have forgotten her! I have often asked myself if I were willing to be as lightly thought of. I answer, yes. While I live I am avaricious of every breath of affection and love my friends can bestow, but after I have ceased to be conscious in the oblivion of the grave, or have passed into a higher and holier state, why should I demand the tears and vain regrets of those who loved me here? If there were still enjoyments in the world, why should I have their thoughts confined with me?

But would I be forgotten? Oh no! I would have my memory recalled like a strain of remembered music, like a pleasant landscape or a sunset, causing no sorrow when they disappear.

Hitherto I have always been unable to comprehend the desire expressed so often and by so many, for posthumous fame; but to-day as I sat reading, the idea of my thoughts living in the minds of thousands when I existed no longer came across me with an emotion of sublimity I have rarely felt. This power to reach down, if I may say so, and connect one's self with the remotest posterity, is indeed a glorious immortality.

I am quite horrified to think how little I improve the time. Strange, that when these few fitting years are all that we possess, we squander them in such idle pursuits, with a world of science, art, and beauty before us to be explored! Would I could always remember that the moments are flying like arrows, and worlds cannot redeem one of them—that he is unworthy of

life who has lived and made the world no better, and set fainting virtue no bright example.

6th. I often find that when I begin to express my thoughts they are quite new to me, or, before they are clothed in language, I cannot distinguish them. I suppose it is because I have never written them (before now) and for the last year or two have not spoken them at all. My mind will collect materials, but it shrinks from the labour of putting them together—it will form the cocoons, but it does not like to spin and weave them into fabrics.

Read Attila. I like the character of Ildica. After the scenes of terror she passed through, the voice of her lover had no music for her, and she retired to the solitude of a convent, though no obstacle prevented her union. I can conceive it. When the events of our lives call out an unnatural energy, the moment we become conscious of a superhuman power to meet and battle with our fate, that moment life assumes a new aspect. Gifted with a strange power, breathing in a rarer spirit, we are forced against our wills above the passions and feelings whose slaves we once were, and doomed from our elevation to behold them diminish in magnitude and lustre. Alas for that elevation! Alas for that human heart!

It is dreadful to think how I have wasted all my life. The next three months I mean to improve vigorously. The mind is acted on by laws like matter, and the more resistance we overcome the more we have the power of overcoming. If I were to measure the momentum of my mind, however, by the force required to put it in motion, it would be tremendous. It is idle to regret the past; the future I can control. But am I quite sure of that? How do I know that we are not made for a certain destiny, as a watch to strike so often? How this question of destiny haunts me! It is better to act than to speculate, however. I laugh outright often at the stupid wonder that overcomes me when I begin to think—but I oftener cry.

Commenced the History of Rome. What a divine power is

this of acquiring knowledge! Though I often ask myself, "What from this barren being do we reap?"—surely it is not so barren.

We should be thankful for the boon of existence, had we but this one faculty of acquiring knowledge, that is, as I happen to feel just now. Add to this the countless pleasures of eye and ear—of the affections and the senses—and who shall say he is miserable? What a beautiful bond of union is mind! How it carries us back and unites us with the great spirits of the past! Ages have trodden down their graves, worms have eaten their very dust; yet their thoughts live. Ethereal and imperishable, they float down the awful current of time while empires and men are swallowed in its mysterious depths. And I, but a bubble on this mighty ocean, I can comprehend these thoughts, can sympathize and unite my own with them, can make them a part of me, and feel that they at least will be immortal.

8th. I have always delighted in that story of Bulwer's in the 'Pilgrims of the Rhine,' called the 'Life of Dreams,' where a young German student succeeds in continuing a dream night after night, till at length it becomes the reality, and real life the dreaming state. Why, since the beings of the actual world are such, should we not betroth to ourselves the beings of the mind? Speak to them, they answer in our own tongue; love them, and the glowing page tells us eloquently that they would have loved us. Is love a dream or a reality? Once I believed in love, how devoutly! But was not this love of the imagination? I think it was. Yet it is the highest feeling of which our nature is capable. I say it is the love of the imagination, yet I know not that. We call it so, perhaps, because lovers are not often under its influence for a long time. They seem to discover that they have loved an ideal instead of a reality, and then they graduate their love accordingly. This every day's experience proves, but it does not, after all, disprove the existence of love. How much I have dreamed of love when I was younger and more poetical than I am now! I have looked on the dew-drops

and seen them by some strange sympathy draw nearer and nearer, and mingle into one;—I have seen floating blocks of inanimate matter, without any apparent cause, advance till they united; I have heard the strings of a guitar, when you spoke on the key to which it was attuned, thrill back a corresponding tone; I have watched the electric cloud whirling through space, stormy and dark, giving no brightness and uttering no voice till it met its sister cloud; and I turned in bitterness of soul to ask myself if amid all these sympathies of nature the human heart only was doomed to wander on in its pilgrimage, desolate and alone. And is it indeed so? Are all these aspirations and desires to be mocked by the *seeming* of love, as the mirage of the desert mocks the thirsty traveller with green spots and flowing streams? I have struggled against this conviction, but I feel that this love is too elevated for humanity. We may desire, but we cannot attain it. Earliest, brightest, and last of my delusions, I resign thee. I turn from thee as from a guiding star: pale, steady, and bright, thou hast beamed on my dark horizon, and now thou settest for ever. As the idolater, knowing not the true God, lavishes his adoration on some object of his own creation, and invests it with the attributes of the Deity, Spirit of Love! even so have I worshipped thee. I have worshipped thee, and thou art but a phantom of my own mind. I renounce my idolatry. Sweet, radiant dream! throwing over life an ideal drapery, thou comest no more to me; the touch of reason has broken the spell that bound thee to me, and now thou departest for ever.

March 9th. I am delighted with Gibbon. Though I have such a grand plan marked out for study, I cannot follow it up with half the perseverance I wish. Can I not throw off this torpor by exertion, as travellers keep awake in frozen regions, where to sleep is not to wake again? In this case sleep is death also. For what is it to live without the exercise of our powers, like toads that lie buried for years in rocks? I choose to

come out, if it is only like the toad, to hop round a little, and take the air.

Spring has come again with her warm south winds, her loosened waters, and melting snows. What a perpetual miracle is this change of seasons! How they roll on and bear me with them! For some weeks I have not thought of death. Would it not be well to set apart a few minutes every day to reflect on it.

11th. With such a delightful course of study before me how can I weary as I do? It must be that I have no natural fondness for it, but have been driven to it by circumstances. I have long known that I must not place my hopes of happiness in others. Death follows in the rear of the unfaithful and snatches up the few that remain to us. And how melancholy a thing is this change! There has been a friend that we loved, with whose heart our own accorded, and like well-tuned instruments they gave not a discordant note. We part—years intervene—we meet again, but oh! with what sinking of heart, to find that we are strangers! Different scenes and thoughts have turned the currents that ran so smoothly together, and they mingle no longer. That is a bitter and melancholy hour, more bitter and melancholy than death itself, for if death takes those we love, their memory remains fresh and beautiful, and on that we can repose. But the estranged, the cold, the changed! it were well if we could blot out their memory. As I was saying, then, our friends die and change, we ourselves grow old, and as the vigour of our youth decays, and the flowers of our spring wither, some objects must supply their place; and where shall we find them if not in our own minds? and what shall these objects be if not the cultivation of taste and the acquisition of knowledge? These make us independent of time and place. Like the camel in the parched desert, we bear within us the fountain to supply the wants of our solitary pilgrimage. Thus refreshed and invigorated, we patiently travel on, while those around us languish beneath the storm, or die of the feverish thirst. One might ask,

“Will not this course make you selfish, by putting you above the necessity of sympathy?” No, not more than is necessary. Why, when we find nothing to lean upon, should we not support ourselves? I have been too dependent. Like the harp that responds to every breeze, so has my inmost soul vibrated to every adverse breath of unkindness, injustice, and change. Is it not time then that the instrument were new-strung, and the chords made of sterner stuff? Since the midsummer of my life is departing, let it bear with it like the summer of earth its perishing flowers. Bright, beautiful aspirations of my youth! yearnings for that love a God only can satisfy, for that sympathy that earth will never give! ‘radiant and white-robed dreams!’ ye leave me now for ever. Go with the youth that cherished you and the tears that flowed at your coming.

12th. I find myself even now with all my improvements often debating whether this mortal coil is in truth a desirable appendage. A sudden weariness of life comes over me and,

“I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away a life of care.”

But I know this is wrong. I know that it is better to live. We are endowed with beautiful sympathies and divine faculties: we can love and pity; we can think and imagine, and paint those imaginings in words and colours; we can perceive the harmony and beauty of the world about us: and is not this worth living for? And on the arch that history builds over the gulf of the past, we can wander back to remote antiquity, and trace the nations of our kind while they sleep under the weight of centuries. ‘What are our wars and sufferance?’ What if the world is unkind, our friends indifferent, and our affections water but the desert? Nature is true. In the calmness of the sunshine, the terror of the storm, in the beauty of the insect and the flower, in the mysteries of the stars, and in the action of her unchanging laws, does she not alike reveal herself beautiful to our gaze and worthy of our contemplation? Then come those ‘beings of the

mind' that people the visions of the poet, and minister to those finer wants of our nature that reality overlooks. Then there is the power of doing good to those around us. With such objects before you will you call life a burden, when a few brief years at most will deprive you of it? Let me then turn aside this morbid sensibility, and pass at once from the dreaming and sentimental girl to the active, resolute, and high-souled woman, chastened and subdued by thought and adversity.

To-day I finished the reign of Diocletian. Is it not strange that history presents but two instances, that I recollect, of men wearied with the glitter of a throne, voluntarily descending from their elevation! When Maximian remonstrated, Diocletian replied, "You would not wonder if you could see my cabbages grow."

Is it not a proof that we are low in the scale of being, this fact that any thing like greatness of mind, nobility, or generosity, strikes us as something so strange? The world gazes in as much astonishment to see a man perform a really generous action, as if he had suddenly mounted in the air on wings. It must be a low state of existence when the beautiful, the holy, and the elevated, excite such emotions of novelty, rather than that which is base, cowardly, and low. The latter surround us like the air we breathe. Show us the contrary, and we wonder and praise;—praise a good action!—praise virtue!—praise a man because he has done just as he should do!

13th. A lost day.

14th. Almost as bad. I fail to keep constantly before my mind the idea of the shortness of life, and the certainty that I must die. How every disappointment and petty vexation is swallowed up in that awful truth! What a panacea for all ills! How cheerful, how happy I am after thinking of it! It gives my thoughts a freedom they never had before, and my mind a calm and delightful elevation. I say it does this when I think of it, and I was just wondering why it is so little in my thoughts.

Perhaps the reason is that it is unnatural to one of my years and temperament. Hitherto I have rebelled,—now I submit. Since life was so fair I was disappointed that it was not paradise. I have overlooked the actual good, and clamoured for the imaginary.

15th. Despite philosophy and every thing else, there have been two or three hours to-day when life was almost insupportable. Suddenly the fit passed off, and left me as light-hearted as it found me. How many thousand times has this sickness come over me, and I have wept till my tears were exhausted! It is a strange state this abandonment of despair! Friends, foes, art, nature, the beautiful, the deformed, all disappear in the blackness that enshrouds me. Indifference to life, death, heaven, and hell takes the place of my warm affections and lively perceptions. Formerly I felt this often, but of late more rarely. As I have said before, it is not imagination but truth that produces this effect, and the error is in allowing ourselves to think upon that which maddens and overwhelms us. As in crossing some awful precipice the only safety is in fixing your eyes on some distant and motionless object, neglecting which, you are precipitated into the abyss,—so in passing through life if the soul is diverted from heaven and repulsed from earth, concentrated in herself, and intent on her slender foothold, she reels with fearful giddiness, and, perhaps, in madness plunges into the gulf of the unknown future.

Another week is gone irrevocably!—how strange that it should startle us no more! Silently and steadily the days glide along, stealing from us our youth, digging our graves, and hastening our footsteps towards them, and we, fools that we are, heed not the swift-winged messengers. Ye fleeting hours, particles of this existence that is wasting so rapidly away! shall I permit you to depart with no record that you have passed over a being like myself, when like the south wind that sweeps over the flowers, your wings should be laden?

16th. To-day I have read over some old letters,

“Relics of love and life’s enchanted spring,”

and thought of my old friends, the dead and the changed, for change or death has them nearly all. I held in my hand words traced on the most perishable material, yet even they had satisfied the hearts that dictated, the hands that transcribed them. I read over the gushing and glowing thoughts of those who are now as changed and cold to me as I to them, but whom I once met delighted and delighting. Bitter, melancholy truth, that neither love nor friendship endures! Time sweeps over and buries all, as the clouds of sand sweep over the plains of Egypt, burying her magnificent monuments, and gradually entombing the pyramids themselves. As the excavator among these relics removes the sand and soil, and stands in the presence of the past, so I have to-day communed with these spectres of love and friendship.

I wish to write here every day, for I think when I have nothing to say, it is evidence that the day has been wasted, and who is so rich that he can afford to lose a day?

To-day I have painted. What delightful arts are painting and poetry! with the one we can delineate the forms and with the other the emotions of beauty.

17th. I have just been reading two or three of Hazlitt’s Essays, where he expresses my feelings almost in my own words. How delightful thus to meet with a soul that responds to mine, though thousands of miles intervene between the countries of our birth, and beyond rises the impassable barrier of the grave.

As I was walking along on the shore to-day, I found myself musing on a notorious instance of unkindness, and asking myself, “What have you to expect from such a world?” which I think was a very silly question. Of course I have nothing to

expect. And do I ask a reward for whatever good I might chance to do, in the shape of kindness or gratitude? Are my virtues to be sold even at such prices? Then are they paltry indeed. No, I have nothing to sell. Whatever good I can do should be done freely, without hope of reward. If I would live aright, self-sacrifice is the first lesson I must learn. What a low motive for being good, the hope of a reward! And even if it were not a low motive it would be a very useless one, inasmuch as the reward is seldom forthcoming. The greatest benefactor of the race, men crucified. Let me endeavour to imitate his divine humility and love, and his utter abnegation of self.

I continue to read Gibbon. When I think of those massacres of thousands, each one of whom was a creature like myself, and follow the gradual but irresistible march of ages as they move on, bearing down empires, and trampling on humanity as on dust, how do I shrink into nothingness! Often after reading history a mental giddiness comes over me, and the world and the things in it seem gliding like a moving panorama before me, as, after sailing a long time, when we stop, the room takes the motion of the boat.

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25th. This is our first spring day. How delightful it has been!—and yet there is always something melancholy in this season—to me, ‘the saddest of the year.’ I just now returned from an hour’s sitting on the rock by the shore, watching the sunset; surely none could be more lovely—Italian or any other. I leaned my head back and half closed my eyes; the clouds seemed like islands in some land of enchantment, (islands in land,) and while I sat watching, one after another faded, till at last ‘they were gone and all was gray.’ B——’s idea of perfect happiness is floating on a cloud with the one we love. Dreamy enough, yet I could not give a better definition of happiness. There must be moments in love that would atone

for a life of misery. That first consciousness of its presence when

“ We feel that we adore,
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with more,
It could not live with less.”

To feel this, must be to feel the concentrated poetry of existence. In the desert of life, love is the oasis that we pine to reach—that reaching, we weep to part from, and to which we still turn back with longing, lingering look.

As the time approaches for me to leave this place, I grow so impatient that it seems to me the next fortnight will never pass. How two years of solitude and study have changed me! How gay I was once! How subdued and sedate I am now! Those that have known me before, will scarcely recognise me now. In thinking over the list of my early friends, how many have gone to their last repose! Only a few weeks since, H——, among others. She was my earliest friend. How many giddy hours I have frolicked away with her! yet the last time we met how cold was our meeting, how tearless our parting! We had grown strangers.

To-morrow I shall leave this “abomination of desolation” for ever. It will cost me some pain to do so, notwithstanding it has scarcely afforded me a happy moment for the last two years that I have vegetated here. Perhaps I shall be like the old prisoner released from the Bastille, who came back and begged to die there.

This is the last page of my journal. I close this and my exile together.









