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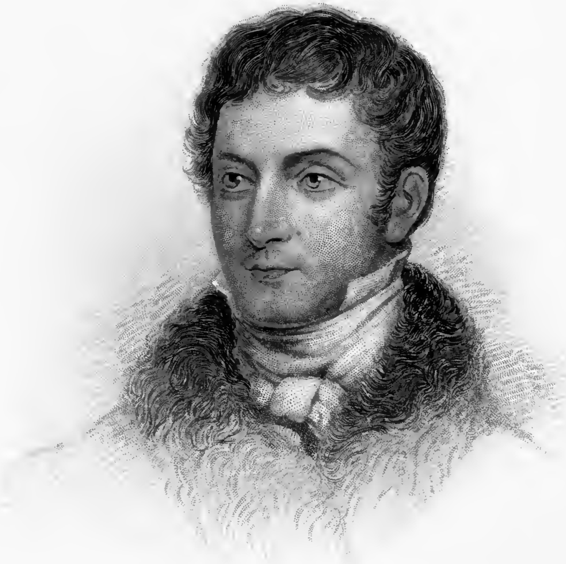

Washington Irving.

(From the Picture by Stuart Newton, 1820.)

HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFACE.

THERE is no occasion that we should here enter into any argument as to the value or the comparative position of American literature. The time has gone by in which a defensive attitude was necessary. This literature to-day stands fairly parallel with the best of that of other nations, and we need but to point to the selections in the following pages in evidence of this assertion. In fact, it will suffice to say that a literature which possesses such names as those of Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley in history, Emerson and Edwards in philosophy, Hawthorne, Cooper, Holmes, and James in fiction, Bryant, Longfellow, Poe, Lowell, and Whittier in poetry, and others of no less merit in other branches of authorship, needs no advocate, but may be left to speak for itself.

Yet the development of this literature has taken place in the face of discouraging obstacles, which fully account for the slowness of its progress, and which have not yet quite passed away. Of these obstacles we may briefly speak. From the first settlement of this country until well within the present century the colonists of America were actively engaged in an absorbing labor, that of subduing a savage country and its equally savage inhabitants to the conditions and the influences of civilization. Ere this contest with nature was ended, an equally severe one with European civilization began,—a mortal struggle against the cupidity, arrogance, and tyranny which the Middle Ages had left as a heritage to Europe, and which sought, like a giant foot, to crush down the eager young vitality of the Western world. A third agency, which long absorbed the highest energies of the American intellect, was that of the establishment of a republican government on a scale of grandeur never before attempted,—and this, not by the slow process of growth, as of old, but by the rapid method of radical experiment and political revolution.

All this undoubtedly exercised and strengthened the American intellect, but it also narrowed the channel in which it flowed. Rapid progress was made in political science, and the effete political ideas which had been long current in Europe were probed to their hollow hearts by the fresh and radical doctrines of the thinkers of America. And the prevailing spirit of practicalism found a voice in the writings of Benjamin Franklin, the truest advocate of hard common sense and every-day wisdom the world has ever known. Europe in the eighteenth century produced no writer superior in intellectual ability to Franklin; yet the influences here detailed long acted to prevent American thought from attaining the width and diversity of expression displayed in European literature. There has been, and still exists, yet another discouraging influence, of which we may speak in passing. This is the total absence of legal protection of our authors against foreign competition. The law-makers of America early and clearly perceived the necessity of protecting the mechanical interests of the country, if any rapid development of industry was desired. But they failed, and still fail, to perceive that the mental interests of the country were exposed to a yet more severe competition and stood still more in need of protection. Every untried American book has been forced to compete in open market with European books of established reputation, which were sure of a profitable sale, and which could be had for the taking, without need of compensation to the author.

No one will deny that the fullest and widest unfoldment of the intellect of a nation is the condition best adapted to the advancement of all the interests of that nation, physical, mental, and spiritual. But it must be affirmed that the inducements to this broad intellectual development in the United States have been in considerable measure withheld, with the resultant tendency to yield a narrowed and one-sided intellectual activity. In this respect our legislators have been derelict in their duty to their constituents, and, while tenderly fostering the physical interests of the country, have left its intellectual interests to take care of themselves, blind to the fact that literature is a tender plant, which needs to be sedulously encouraged, and that a developed intellect is the highest product of any civilization.

Yet in spite of all these restrictions and discouragements there *is* an American literature, and a very considerable and diversified one. We do not propose to enter into any detailed examination of its steps of development. We need simply repeat that up to the beginning of this century very little literary work of a high class of merit had been performed, and that what had appeared was mainly in the line of political thought. In this latter direction several writers of great ability had arisen. With the opening of the nineteenth century a broader development began, with the work of a few writers of diversified intellectual powers. Yet the century was well advanced ere the growing wealth, increased leisure, and advanced education of the people of this country yielded the conditions essential to any decided progress in literature. Of American writers of declared ability in the eighteenth century we may cite the names of Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, Philip Freneau, Thomas Paine, and Thomas Jefferson. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century a grade of literature no higher in thought, but finer in finish and broader in scope, appeared, and in the works of Washington Irving the richest powers and most cultured style of contemporary European authors were equalled. We might name other able writers of that period, but it may best be looked upon as a brooding era, a period of intellectual incubation, during which the young thought of America was gaining its wings and preparing for a free and lofty flight. The true age of high activity of American literature, therefore, may be viewed as that of the last half-century. During this period the physical and political obstructions to the free outgrowth of thought have in great measure disappeared. The lack of copyright protection remains, with its tendency to restrict literary production to its lower and more popular channels and to discourage the publication of works of a higher class. Yet no bonds can confine the mind of a nation when it has once gained a certain strength. American thought has found its voice, in spite of pecuniary restrictions, and the literary product of the United States now fairly vies in quality as well as in quantity with that of any European nation.

The names of our meritorious authors of recent date are far too numerous to be here given, and in evidence of their intellectual ability and literary skill we offer this work, as a repertory of choice selections from the best writers of America. We have endeavored to diversify these selections as much as possible, and to include extracts alike from the provinces of reasoning and description, such as science, theology, philosophy, travel, history, and criticism, and from those of imagination, such as poetry, fiction, and humor.

It has not been our purpose, however, to attempt a survey of the entire field of American literature. Some authors of established reputation have been omitted. Others but little known to general readers have been introduced. We have been controlled rather by the literary merit and diversity of interest in the matter than by the name of the author, our desire being to please and instruct readers, and not to offer any estimate as to the comparative standing of writers. In particular we have avoided works of a technical character, however meritorious in their particular provinces, and also the more solid products of philosophy, theology, and the like weighty subjects; it being borne constantly in mind that it is to the general reading public that this work is offered, and that it should therefore contain nothing that may prove laborious to read or difficult to understand.

From the lighter literature of America we have gleaned more broadly, to the extent that the works of novelists, humorists, and miscellaneous writers offered the opportunity for a judicious short selection. This has not been possible in the case of several writers of good standing in public estimation, particularly of some of our most meritorious novelists, their works being of value as wholes only, and presenting no special interest in a fragmentary state. In many cases, indeed, the stamp of public approbation has been set on works which did not fairly deserve and cannot retain it. But numerous other works have sunk out of sight of the reading world not from lack of merit, but through the pressure of new and often inferior applicants for public favor. From this older wine of thought we have drawn to the extent that space permitted, though the somewhat inconvenient number of meritorious writers has rendered many omissions necessary.

We here take the opportunity to return thanks and express our sense of deep obligation to the several authors and publishers who have, with much courtesy and kindness, granted us permission to use extracts from their copyrighted works. The books and authors from whom selections have been made are sufficiently indicated in the biographical notices attached to the several articles, and we beg to offer to these authors in that form our acknowledgment of their courtesy. To the publishers to whose kindness we are indebted we can but express our thanks for the courteous willingness with which they have permitted us to use extracts from their highly-valuable material.

Acknowledgment of such favors is due to Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Ticknor & Co., Lee & Shepherd, Estes & Lauriat, and Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston; Harper & Brothers, Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, D. Appleton & Co., Henry Holt & Co., Fords, Howard & Hurlbut, American Tract Society, and Funk & Wagnalls, of New York; American Publishing Company, of Hartford; J. B. Lippincott Company, Porter & Coates, and D. McKay, of Philadelphia; S. C. Griggs & Co., and R. R. Donnelley & Sons, of Chicago.

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CHARLES MORRIS.

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HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PARKE GODWIN.

[The paper which we have selected for our opening Half-Hour, on account of its able presentation of the claims of American literature to American readers, is from the pen of Parke Godwin, one of our best-known and most clever journalists. It is chosen from his volume of thoughtful and suggestive essays, entitled "Out of the Past." Mr. Godwin was born at Paterson, New Jersey, February 25, 1816, and is the son of an officer of the war of 1812, and the grandson of a Revolutionary soldier. He has long been identified with New York journalism, and was associated with William Cullen Bryant, his father-in-law, in the editorship of the New York *Evening Post*, from 1837 to 1853. He is the author of very many periodical papers, of the first volume of a "History of France," of a "Life of William Cullen Bryant," published in 1883, and of several other works and translations.]

It would be absurd to expect of us, in this the seventieth year of an independent national existence, as full and rich a literary growth as that of the older nations,—absurd, for the reason that we have had no time to produce it in, while our intellectual energies have been absorbed in other ways. A man who has his fields to clear, his house to build, his shoes and clothing to make, his ways of access to his neighbors to open, and, above all, his government and social order to invent and institute,—in short, who has to provide by dint of the severest toil for the most immediate and pressing wants of his existence,—is not the man who constructs epics, or amuses his fancy with the invention of dramas or tales. His epics and dramas and romances he finds in his work. The giants of the woods are the giants most formidable to him, and whose conquest is more important than any imagination might conjure from the dim twilight of mythology. He is battling face to face with the frost and hail and mud jötuns that Carlyle speaks of; and, while the battle lasts, he has as little relish as he has opportunity for idle songs about them. Let him be deeply engaged the while in a novel and somewhat momentous political experiment, working out into practical and victorious solution a problem in which the destinies of half a world are involved, and the stern and trying task laid upon him will scarcely permit of his turning aside to the gentle and capricious arts. If, therefore, the whole of his earlier life should exhibit an absolute want of literary result, the fact would not argue against his capacity for that kind of production, but simply that his powers had been diverted into other channels. But this consideration is so obvious that we need not press it further.

Again, if in the progress of wealth and leisure, with the growth of intellectual wants and refinements, we should find him prone to imitate the artistic efforts of those who had gone before, it would merely show a very common trait of youth. Nothing is more natural than for juniors to copy their seniors. Even men and nations endowed with indisputable genius are apt, in their first crude endeavors, to pursue the paths and ape the manners of their predecessors, whose successes they admire, and for whose qualities they feel a kindred sympathy, but the secrets of whose self-dependence they have not yet learned. Fearful at first of the strength of their untried wings, though full of impulse for flight, like young birds they watch the motions of their elders, until in due time they may themselves launch forth into the air. Indeed, we remember years ago to have read the work of some unrecognized Western philosopher who maintained—with an abundance of instances to confirm his theory—that early imitation is a characteristic mark of genius, and that the greatest of men have begun their careers by a more or less conscious adoption of some much-loved model. . . .

Now, all this being admitted, the question of American originality narrows itself down to this,—whether the stock has degenerated by crossing the ocean, or in being exposed to the different influences of new natural and social conditions? Do such of us as have devoted our energies to literature give evidence of deterioration and decay, or is the old vigor still in our loins?

We think that no fair mind can hesitate as to the answer. We believe that our authors have at least not retrograded. On the other hand, we believe that they are worthy scions of the old stock; and, more than that, that under the inspiration of a new order of things, such as exists in this country, they have laid the foundations of a peculiar literature,—not yet copious, not yet comparable for richness, depth, variety, or grace with either of the ancient or modern literatures, but still full of native freshness and promise. Like a noble youth rounding into manhood, we are wild, extravagant, and impulsive, betraying the faults of want of discipline and culture, but strong in the consciousness of mighty powers, and bounding forward to a future of glorious developments.

No! we may not point to bright galaxies like those which shed lustre from other heavens; we have no thickly-studded constellations and luminous groups scattered all above us; but we do claim single stars that shine with an unborrowed and unfading brilliancy. Few will be disposed to deny that in metaphysics and moral reasoning Jonathan Edwards is of the same order of men with Locke and Butler; that in experimental philosophy Franklin, and in the science of navigation Bowditch, are names consecrated by history; that Hamilton, Jefferson, and Madison rank with the statesmen of any age; that the historians Bancroft and Prescott take their places by the side of the best modern historians, whether we regard the accuracy of their research or the perspicuity and finish of their style; that Cooper, as a novelist, is only inferior to Scott, to whom all others are inferior; that the pleasant essays of Irving fear no comparison with those of Addison and Goldsmith; and that poems of Bryant will be read with delight as long as Gray's Elegy, or Coleridge's Genevieve, or Milton's Lycidas, or Burns's songs, because, like those immortal productions, they are perfect in their kind. When, moreover, we name the only eloquence in our language which approaches the comprehensive and masterly speeches of Burke, we recall that of Webster; the artist of modern artists who approaches nearest to Titian is Allston; the liveliest magazinist of the day, not excepting Jules Janin, is Willis; the woman who has written a book which has had a wider instant circulation than the book of any other woman is Mrs. Stowe. Well, this is not much: it is not Shakespeare, Milton, or Bacon,—it is not Swift, Fielding, Thackeray; but it is some proof of what we contend for, —that the old Saxon blood has not turned to water in our veins, nor the old fire of the heart become a putrid phosphor.

It is a piece of unworthy prejudice to pretend that our leading writers are only second editions of European celebrities. Cooper is no more an imitator of Scott than is Bulwer or Dickens: his materials and his methods of presenting them are his own; and no man not born in America, in the shadow of her primeval woods, under the inspirations of her unsettled pioneer, could have written any of the best of his works. Bryant is wholly American, or if he resembles Wordsworth or Cowper it is because he writes English with the deep meditative wisdom of the one and the pensive grace of the other; but neither Wordsworth nor Cowper has written more true, beautiful, or indestructible poems than the Waterfowl or the Prairies. Whom does Emerson imitate? Carlyle! Why, with scarcely a quality in common with Carlyle, he is just as much the superior of Carlyle in clearness and depth of insight as he is in simplicity and melody of style. Has Mr. Dana a prototype? has Channing? has Audubon? has Webster? has Hawthorne? has Melville? has Uncle Tom?

There always must be more or less of structural uniformity in the literature of nations which speak the same language. Out of the same deep heart of the national life from which language comes, literature also is born; and those mysterious indwelling causes, and hardly less mysterious external influences, which mould and modify the one, must give form and color to the other. It is impossible to separate ourselves wholly from the features or the predominant traits of our parents. Had the earlier settlers of this country been French or German, as they were English, our subsequent growth would probably have partaken of a French or German bias. What literature we might have created would have borne a family likeness to Voltaire or Goethe, to Victor Hugo or Freiligrath, instead of to Milton and Sir Walter Scott, to Addison and Pope; and we should in that event have had to struggle ourselves clear of German mysticism and French elegance, as we now have to make our way out of the heavy and melancholy gravity of John Bull.

But this resemblance between our own literature and that of England, springing from an identity of race and tongue,—made especially apparent during the formative and transitional stages of our growth,—will not prevent a new, self-prompted development in the maturer future. Already we have cut ourselves loose from the leading-strings which were inevitable to our childhood,—not in our political system only, but in our manners, morals, and arts; and, under the various influences pouring in upon us from the vast accessions to our population from the Old World, our whole literary and social character is undergoing change. This is not the place to speak of the social indications, but, as it regards the literary, we allege that our younger writers abound in the unmistakable evidences of a new and vigorous direction given to their habits of feeling and thought. They are not only less English than their predecessors were, they are not only more universal in their affinities and tastes, the consequence of wider sympathies and the infusion of the European element, but they are more entirely independent and self-sustained. They have a more decided character of their own. A certain ready, open impressibility, which takes in all the wonders of nature and all the excellences of art and has a quick feeling for every variety of human character, is the mark of most of them, accompanied by a fresh, buoyant, genial enthusiasm. Without losing the earnestness of their northern origin, they have had superinduced upon it the volatile and graceful vivacity of the south; they are more external, sensuous, impassioned, but none the less intense and thoughtful. The Saxon and the Celtic bloods unite in their veins, giving brilliancy and facility to a foundation of endurance and power.

It is scarcely time for these new combinations to show themselves in full force, except in practical enterprise, where our achievements both in grandeur of conception and force of execution surpass all that is recorded in modern annals; but in that branch of literature which comes nearest to enterprise—in narratives of travel—there are many signs of departure from the old types. Stephens in Central America, Melville in the South Seas, Curtis in Egypt and Syria, have marked out styles of their own, each differing from the other, and each differing from any travellers that have gone before them. They are full of freshness and broad sensuous life,—not like the worn-out debauchees of Europe, who travel to get rid of themselves or to find a new sensation, but like marvellously wise children, capable of surprises, but accepting all novelties with good-humor,—indeed, with a certain rollicking fun in them,—and yet estimating things at their true value with unerring practical sagacity.

Among our nascent poets, too,—such as Lowell, Boker, Read, Taylor, and Stoddard,—we discern the earnest of a departure from old methods, and an entrance upon a new and original career. They are more free, frank, and expansive than the modern British poets, and superadd to the concentrated force and strength of their insular models a more affluent, richly-colored, and catholic view of life. A luxuriance, as of some deep virgin soil shooting up into weedy extravagance at times, betrays the inspiration of our prolific nature, and reminds us of broad rivers and lakes, flowery prairies and interminable leafy woods. Their faults, mainly, are faults of excess, and not of deficiency. They want discipline, but they do not want sensibility nor native vigor. They have the hale, ruddy-complexioned look of health, and, above all, a sincere, fearless spirit, which betokens the capacity for lusty human growth. Let them be true to the promises of their youth, and their manhood will ripen into luscious and fragrant fulfilments.

AMERICA THE OLD WORLD.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

[Though America may justly be called the New World, so far as the outgrowth of civilization and the knowledge of the earth's surface by enlightened men are concerned, yet geologically it claims precedence as the Old World,—the first region of the earth to lift its head above the primeval ocean and to sustain itself against the encroaching waves of all succeeding seas. This we are told by one not American in birth, but so long a citizen of our country and so thoroughly identified with its interest that we can fairly claim him as a member of the guild of American authors. No man, in fact, has done more for the scientific advancement of America, and for the interest of the higher education in this land, than Louis Agassiz, the Swiss savant, who came to our shores already well laden with years and fame, both of which he doubled upon our soil.

Louis Jean Rudolphe Agassiz was born in Motier, near Lake Neufchâtel, Switzerland, in 1807. His study of the fresh-water and the fossil fishes of Europe, and his splendid works upon these two subjects, brought him into the highest scientific reputation. He visited the United States in 1846, where, in 1847, he was induced to become professor of zoology and geology in Harvard University. This post he continued to hold till his death in 1873. He made a scientific visit to Brazil in 1865, but the labors of his later life were principally in the United States, where he gave a decided impetus to the study of science. Among his works are a "Monograph of Living and Fossil Echinodermata," "Outlines of Comparative Physiology," "Principles of Zoology," and "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States." E. P. Whipple says of him (in his "Character and Characteristic Men"), "In the operation of his mind there is no predominance of any single power, but the intellectual action of what we feel to be a powerful nature. When he observes, his whole mind enters into the art of observation; just as, when he reasons, his whole mind enters into the art of reasoning. . . . He is not merely a scientific thinker; he is a scientific force; and no small portion of the immense influence which he exerts is due to the energy, intensity, and geniality which distinguish the nature of the man. . . . He is at once one of the most dominating and one of the most sympathetic of men, having the qualities of leader and companion combined in singular harmony." From his "Sketches of Creation," a volume of popular geological essays, distinguished for their simplicity, clearness, and attractiveness of diction, we make the following extract.]

FIRST-BORN among the continents, though so much later in culture and civilization than some of more recent birth, America, so far as her physical history is concerned, has been falsely denominated the *New World.* Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters, hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth beside; and while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched an unbroken line of land from Nova Scotia to the Far West. . . .

There is perhaps no part of the world, certainly none familiar to science, where the early geological periods can be studied with so much ease and precision as in the

United States. Along their northern borders, between Canada and the United States, there runs the low line of hills known as the Laurentian Hills. Insignificant in height, nowhere rising more than fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the level of the sea, these are nevertheless the first mountains that broke the uniform level of the earth's surface and lifted themselves above the waters. Their low stature, as compared with that of other more lofty mountain-ranges, is in accordance with an invariable rule by which the relative age of mountains may be estimated. The oldest mountains are the lowest, while the younger and more recent ones tower above their elders, and are usually more torn and dislocated also. This is easily understood, when we remember that all mountains and mountain-chains are the result of upheavals, and that the violence of the outbreak must have been in proportion to the strength of the resistance. When the crust of the earth was so thin that the heated masses within easily broke through it, they were not thrown to so great a height, and formed comparatively low elevations, such as the Canadian hills or the mountains of Bretagne and Wales. But in later times, when young, vigorous giants, such as the Alps, the Himalayas, or, later still, the Rocky Mountains, forced their way out from their fiery prison-house, the crust of the earth was much thicker, and fearful indeed must have been the convulsions which attended their exit.

The Laurentian Hills form, then, a granite range stretching from Eastern Canada to the Upper Mississippi, and immediately along its base are gathered the Azoic deposits, the first stratified beds, in which the absence of life need not surprise us, since they were formed beneath a heated ocean. As well might we expect to find the remains of fish or shells or crabs at the bottom of geysers or of boiling springs, as on those early shores bathed by an ocean of which the heat must have been so intense. Although, from the condition in which we find it, this first granite range has evidently never been disturbed by any violent convulsion since its first upheaval, yet there has been a gradual rising of that part of the continent, for the Azoic beds do not lie horizontally along the base of the Laurentian Hills in the position in which they must originally have been deposited, but are lifted and rest against their slopes. They have been more or less dislocated in this process, and are greatly metamorphized by the intense heat to which they must have been exposed. Indeed, all the oldest stratified rocks have been baked by the prolonged action of heat. . . .

Such, then, was the earliest American land,—a long, narrow island, almost continental in its proportions, since it stretched from the eastern borders of Canada nearly to the point where now the base of the Rocky Mountains meets the plain of the Mississippi Valley. We may still walk along its ridge and know that we tread upon the ancient granite that first divided the waters into a northern and southern ocean; and, if our imaginations will carry us so far, we may look down toward its base and fancy how the sea washed against this earliest shore of a lifeless world. This is no romance, but the bald, simple truth; for the fact that this granite band was lifted out of the waters so early in the history of the world, and has not since been submerged, has, of course, prevented any subsequent deposits from forming above it. And this is true of all the northern part of the United States. It has been lifted gradually, the beds deposited in one period being subsequently raised, and forming a shore along which those of the succeeding one collected, so that we have their whole sequence before us. In regions where all the geological deposits—Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian, Triassic, etc.—are piled one upon another, and we can get a glimpse of their internal relations only where some rent has laid them open, or where their ragged edges, worn away by the abrading action of external influences, expose to view their successive layers, it must, of course, be more difficult to follow their connection. For this reason the American continent offers facilities to the geologist denied to him in the so-called Old World, where the earlier deposits are comparatively hidden, and the broken character of the land, intersected by mountains in every direction, renders his investigation still more difficult. . . .

With what interest do we look upon any relic of early human history! The monument that tells of a civilization whose hieroglyphic records we cannot even decipher, the slightest trace of a nation that vanished and left no sign of its life except the rough tools and utensils buried in the old site of its towns or villages, arouses our imagination and excites our curiosity. Men gaze with awe at the inscription on an ancient Egyptian or Assyrian stone; they hold with reverential touch the yellow parchment-roll whose dim, defaced characters record the meagre learning of a buried nationality; and the announcement that for centuries the tropical forests of Central America have hidden within their tangled growth the ruined homes and temples of a past race stirs the civilized world with a strange, deep wonder.

To me it seems that to look on the first land that was ever lifted above the waste of waters, to follow the shore where the earliest animals and plants were created when the thought of God first expressed itself in organic forms, to hold in one's hand a bit of stone from an old sea-beach, hardened into rock thousands of centuries ago, and studded with the beings that once crept upon its surface, or were stranded there by some retreating wave, is even of deeper interest to men than the relics of their own race, for these things tell more directly of the thoughts and creative acts of God.

Standing in the neighborhood of Whitehall, near Lake George, one may look along such a sea-shore, and see it stretching westward and sloping gently southward as far as the eye can reach. It must have had a very gradual slope, and the waters must have been very shallow; for at that time no great mountains had been uplifted, and deep oceans are always the concomitants of lofty heights. We do not, however, judge of this by inference merely: we have an evidence of the shallowness of the sea in those days in the character of the shells found in the Silurian deposits, which shows that they belonged in shoal waters.

Indeed, the fossil remains of all times tell us almost as much of the physical condition of the world at different epochs as they do of its animal and vegetable population. When Robinson Crusoe first caught sight of the footprint on the sand, he saw in it more than the mere footprint, for it spoke to him of the presence of men on his desert island. We walk on the old geological shores, like Crusoe along his beach, and the footprints we find there tell us, too, more than we actually see in them. The crust of our earth is a great cemetery, where the rocks are tombstones on which the buried dead have written their own epitaphs. They tell us not only who they were and when and where they lived, but much also of the circumstances under which they lived. We ascertain the prevalence of certain physical conditions at special epochs by the presence of animals and plants whose existence and maintenance required such a state of things, more than by any positive knowledge respecting it. Where we find the remains of quadrupeds corresponding to our ruminating animals, we infer not only land, but grassy meadows also, and an extensive vegetation; where we find none but marine animals, we know the ocean must have covered the earth; the remains of large reptiles, representing, though in gigantic size, the half-aquatic, half-terrestrial reptiles of our own period, indicate to us the existence of spreading marshes still soaked by the retreating waters; while the traces of such animals as live now in sand and shoal waters, or in mud, speak to us of shelving sandy beaches and of mud-flats. The eye of the Trilobite tells us that the sun shone on the old beach where he lived; for there is nothing in nature without a purpose, and when so complicated an organ was made to receive the light, there must have been light to enter it. The immense vegetable deposits in the Carboniferous period announce the introduction of an extensive terrestrial vegetation; and the impressions left by the wood and leaves of the trees show that these first forests must have grown in a damp soil and a moist atmosphere. In short, all the remains of animals and plants hidden in the rocks have something to tell of the climatic conditions and the general circumstances under which they lived, and the study of fossils is to the naturalist a thermometer by which he reads the variations of temperature in past times, a plummet by which he sounds the depths of the ancient oceans,—a register, in fact, of all the important physical changes the earth has undergone.

IN THE HEMLOCKS.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

[The author of this attractive study of Nature in Nature's own haunts was born at Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837. He is an enthusiastic observer of life in the woods and fields,—particularly of bird-life,—and enough of the open-air freshness and vitality has crept into his writings to give them a wide-spread popularity. In addition to many contributions to periodicals, he has published "Wake-Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Pepacton," "Fresh Fields," etc.]

MOST people receive with incredulity a statement of the number of birds that annually visit our climate. Very few even are aware of half the number that spend the summer in their own immediate vicinity. We little suspect, when we walk in the woods, whose privacy we are intruding upon,—what rare and elegant visitants from Mexico, from Central and South America, and from the islands of the sea, are holding their reunions in the branches over our heads, or pursuing their pleasure on the ground before us.

I recall the altogether admirable and shining family which Thoreau dreamed he saw in the upper chambers of Spaulding's woods, which Spaulding did not know lived there, and which were not put out when Spaulding, whistling, drove his team through their lower halls. They did not go into society in the village; they were quite well; they had sons and daughters; they neither wove nor spun; there was a sound as of suppressed hilarity.

I take it for granted that the forester was only saying a pretty thing of the birds, though I have observed that it does sometimes annoy them when Spaulding's cart rumbles through their house. Generally, however, they are as unconscious of Spaulding as Spaulding is of them.

Walking the other day in an old hemlock wood, I counted over forty varieties of these summer visitants, many of them common to other woods in the vicinity, but quite a number peculiar to these ancient solitudes, and not a few that are rare in any locality. It is quite unusual to find so large a number abiding in one forest, —and that not a large one,—most of them nesting and spending the summer there. . . .

The ancient hemlocks, whither I propose to take the reader, are rich in many things beside birds. Indeed, their wealth in this respect is owing mainly, no doubt, to their rank vegetable growths, their fruitful swamps, and their dark, sheltered retreats.

Their history is of an heroic cast. Ravished and torn by the tanner in his thirst for bark, preyed upon by the lumberman, assaulted and beaten back by the settler, still their spirit has never been broken, their energies never paralyzed. Not many years ago a public highway passed through them, but it was at no time a tolerable road; trees fell across it, mud and limbs choked it up, till finally travellers took the hint and went around; and now, walking along its deserted course, I see only the footprints of coons, foxes, and squirrels.

Nature loves such woods, and places her own seal upon them. Here she shows me what can be done with ferns and mosses and lichens. The soil is marrowy and full of innumerable forests. Standing in these fragrant aisles, I feel the strength of the vegetable kingdom, and am awed by the deep and inscrutable processes of life going on so silently about me.

No hostile forms with axe or spud now visit these solitudes. The cows have half-hidden ways through them, and know where the best browsing is to be had. In spring the farmer repairs to their bordering of maples to make sugar; in July and August women and boys from all the country about penetrate the old Bark-peelings for raspberries and blackberries; and I know a youth who wonderingly follows their languid stream casting for trout.

In like spirit, alert and buoyant, on this bright June morning go I also to reap my harvest,—pursuing a sweet more delectable than sugar, fruit more savory than berries, and game for another palate than that tickled by trout.

June, of all the months, the student of ornithology can least afford to lose. Most birds are nesting then, and in full song and plumage. And what is a bird without its song? Do we not wait for the stranger to speak? It seems to me that I do not know a bird till I have heard its voice; then I come nearer it at once, and it possesses a human interest to me. I have met the gray-cheeked thrush (*Turdus aliciæ*) in the woods, and held him in my hand; still I do not know him. The silence of the cedar-bird throws a mystery about him which neither his good looks nor his petty larcenies in cherry-time can dispel. A bird's song contains a clue to its life, and establishes a sympathy, an understanding, between itself and the listener.

I descend a steep hill, and approach the hemlocks through a large sugar-bush. When twenty rods distant, I hear all along the line of the forest the incessant warble of the red-eyed fly-catcher (*Vireosylvia olivacea*), cheerful and happy as the merry whistle of a school-boy. He is one of our most common and widely distributed birds. Approach any forest at any hour of the day, in any kind of weather, from May to August, in any of the Middle or

Eastern districts, and the chances are that the first note you hear will be his. Rain or shine, before noon or after, in the deep forest or in the village grove,—when it is too hot for the thrushes or too cold and windy for the warblers,—it is never out of time or place for this little minstrel to indulge his cheerful strain. In the deep wilds of the Adirondack, where few birds are seen and fewer heard, his note was almost constantly in my ear. Always busy, making it a point never to suspend for one moment his occupation to indulge his musical taste, his lay is that of industry and contentment. There is nothing plaintive or especially musical in his performance, but the sentiment expressed is eminently that of cheerfulness. Indeed, the songs of most birds have some human significance, which, I think, is the source of the delight we take in them. The song of the bobolink to me expresses hilarity; the song-sparrow's, faith; the bluebird's, love; the cat-bird's, pride; the white-eyed fly-catcher's, self-consciousness; that of the hermit-thrush, spiritual serenity; while there is something military in the call of the robin. . . .

Passing down through the maple arches, barely pausing to observe the antics of a trio of squirrels,—two gray ones and a black one,—I cross an ancient brush fence and am fairly within the old hemlocks, and in one of the most primitive, undisturbed nooks. In the deep moss I tread as with muffled feet, and the pupils of my eyes dilate in the dim, almost religious light. The irreverent red squirrels, however, run and snicker at my approach, or mock the solitude with their ridiculous chattering and frisking.

This nook is the chosen haunt of the winter wren. This is the only place and these the only woods in which I find him in this vicinity. His voice fills these dim aisles, as if aided by some marvellous sounding-board. Indeed, his song is very strong for so small a bird, and unites in a remarkable degree brilliancy and plaintiveness. I think of a tremulous vibrating tongue of silver. You may know it is the song of a wren, from its gushing lyrical character; but you must needs look sharp to see the little minstrel, especially while in the act of singing. He is nearly the color of the ground and the leaves; he never ascends the tall trees, but keeps low, flitting from stump to stump and from root to root, dodging in and out of his hiding-places, and watching all intruders with a suspicious eye. He has a very pert, almost comical look. His tail stands more than perpendicular: it points straight toward his head. He is the least ostentatious singer I know of. He does not strike an attitude, and lift up his head in preparation, and, as it were, clear his throat, but sits there on a log and pours out his music, looking straight before him, or even down at the ground. As a songster he has but few superiors. I do not hear him after the first week in July. . . .

I am attracted by another warble in the same locality, and experience a like difficulty in getting a good view of the author of it. It is quite a noticeable strain, sharp and sibilant, and sounds well amid the old trees. In the upland woods of beech and maple it is a more familiar sound than in these solitudes. On taking the bird in hand, one cannot help exclaiming, "How beautiful!" So tiny and elegant, the smallest of the warblers; a delicate blue back, with a slight bronze-colored triangular spot between the shoulders; upper mandible black; lower mandible yellow as gold; throat yellow, becoming a dark bronze on the breast. Blue yellow-back he is called, though the yellow is much nearer a bronze. He is remarkably delicate and beautiful,—the handsomest, as he is the smallest, of the warblers known to me. It is never without surprise that I find amid these rugged, savage aspects of Nature creatures so fairy and delicate. But such is the law. Go to the sea or climb the mountain, and with the ruggedest and the savagest you will find likewise the fairest and the most delicate. The greatness and the minuteness of Nature pass all understanding.

Ever since I entered the woods, even while listening to the lesser songsters, or contemplating the silent forms about me, a strain has reached my ears from out the depths of the forest that to me is the finest sound in nature,—the song of the hermit-thrush. I often hear him thus a long way off, sometimes over a quarter of a mile away, when only the stronger and more perfect parts of his music reach me; and through the general chorus of wrens and warblers I detect this sound rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude as no other sound in nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. "O spheral, spheral!" he seems to say; "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain, like the tanager's or the grossbeak's; suggests no passion or emotion,—nothing personal,—but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments. It realizes a peace and a deep solemn joy that only the finest souls may know. A few nights ago I ascended a mountain to see the world by moonlight; and when near the summit the hermit commenced his evening hymn a few rods from me. Listening to this strain on the lone mountain, with the full moon just rounded from the horizon, the pomp of your cities and the pride of your civilization seemed trivial and cheap. . . .

I walk along the old road, and note the tracks in the thin layer of mud. When do these creatures travel here? I have never yet chanced to meet one. Here a partridge has set its foot; there, a woodcock; here, a squirrel or mink; there, a skunk; there, a fox. What a clear, nervous track reynard makes! how easy to distinguish it from that of a little dog,—it is so sharply cut and defined! A dog's track is coarse and clumsy beside it. There is as much wildness in the track of an animal as in its voice. Is a deer's track like a sheep's or a goat's? What winged-footed fleetness and agility may be inferred from the sharp, braided track of the gray squirrel upon the new snow! Ah! in nature is the best discipline. How wood-life sharpens the senses, giving a new power to the eye, the ear, the nose! And are not the rarest and most exquisite songsters wood-birds? . . .

My attention is soon arrested by a pair of humming-birds, the ruby-throated, disporting themselves in a low bush a few yards from me. The female takes shelter amid the branches, and squeaks exultingly as the male, circling above, dives down as if to dislodge her. Seeing me, he drops like a feather on a slender twig, and in a moment both are gone. Then, as if by a preconcerted signal, the throats are all atune. I lie on my back with eyes half closed, and analyze the chorus of warblers, thrushes, finches, and fly-catchers; while, soaring above all, a little withdrawn and alone, rises the divine soprano of the hermit. That richly-modulated warble proceeding from the top of yonder birch, and which unpractised ears would mistake for the voice of the scarlet tanager, comes from that rare visitant, the rose-breasted grossbeak. It is a strong, vivacious strain, a bright noonday song, full of health and assurance, indicating fine talents in the performer, but not genius. As I come up under the tree he casts his eye down at me, but continues his song. This bird is said to be quite common in the Northwest, but he is rare in the Eastern districts. His beak is disproportionately large and heavy, like a huge nose, which slightly mars his good looks; but Nature has made it up to him in a blush rose upon his breast, and the most delicate of pink linings to the under side of his wings. His back is variegated black and white, and when flying low the white shows conspicuously. If he passed over your head, you would note the delicate flush under his wings.

That bit of bright scarlet on yonder dead hemlock, glowing like a live coal against the dark background, seeming almost too brilliant for the severe Northern climate, is his relative the scarlet tanager. I occasionally meet him in the deep hemlocks, and know no stronger contrast in nature. I almost fear he will kindle the dry limb on which he alights. He is quite a solitary bird, and in this section seems to prefer the high, remote woods, even going quite to the mountain's top. Indeed, the event of my last visit to the mountain was meeting one of these brilliant creatures near the summit, in full song. The breeze carried the notes far and wide. He seemed to enjoy the elevation, and I imagined his song had more scope and freedom than usual. When he had flown far down the mountain-side, the breeze still brought me his finest notes In plumage he is the most brilliant bird we have. The bluebird is not entirely blue; nor will the indigo bird bear a close inspection, nor the goldfinch, nor the summer redbird. But the tanager loses nothing by a near view: the deep scarlet of his body and the black of his wings and tail are quite perfect. . . .

But the declining sun and the deepening shadows admonish me that this ramble must be brought to a close, even though only the leading characters in this chorus of forty songsters have been described, and only a small portion of the venerable old woods explored. In a secluded swampy corner of the old Bark-peelings, where I find the great purple orchis in bloom, and where the foot of man or beast seems never to have trod, I linger long, contemplating the wonderful display of lichens and mosses that overrun both the smaller and the larger growths. Every bush and branch and sprig is dressed up in the most rich and fantastic of liveries; and, crowning all, the long bearded moss festoons the branches or sways gracefully from the limbs. Every twig looks a century old, though green leaves tip the end of it. A young yellow birch has a venerable, patriarchal look, and seems ill at ease under such premature honors. A decayed hemlock is draped as if by hands for some solemn festival.

Mounting toward the upland again, I pause reverently as the hush and stillness of twilight come upon the woods. It is the sweetest, ripest hour of the day. And as the hermit's evening hymn goes up from the deep solitude below me, I experience that serene exaltation of sentiment of which music, literature, and religion are but the faint types and symbols.

THE LAND FEVER.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

[The efforts of speculators to get possession of great blocks of Western lands were as strongly marked in the past as they are in the present, and doubtless gave rise to many scenes like that which Mrs. Kirkland has so humorously depicted in her "Western Clearings," an extract from which we give below. The contrast between the natural hospitality of the Western settler and his hatred of the land-grabbing speculator is admirably outlined in this amusing sketch. Mrs. Kirkland, a native of the city of New York, resided for several years after 1830 in Michigan, where she published "A New Home—Who'll Follow?" "Forest Life," and "Western Clearings." There are no more animated and graphic delineations of Western life, which she depicts with equal truth and humor.]

[Mr. Willoughby, a belated traveller, stops in front of a rough log house and accosts its tall and surly tenant.]

THIS individual and his dwelling resembled each other in an unusual degree. The house was, as we have said, of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half filled in with clay; its "looped and windowed raggedness" rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets which had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its stick chimney, so like its owner's hat, open at the top and jammed in at the sides: all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly easy and self-satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long cart-whip, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the india-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

"Can you tell me, my friend——" civilly began Mr. Willoughby.

"Oh, *friend!*" interrupted the settler; "who told you I was your friend? Friends is scuss in these parts."

"You have at least no reason to be otherwise," replied the traveller, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially when there was no use in getting angry.

"I don't know that," was the reply. "What fetched you into these woods?"

"If I should say 'my horse,' the answer would perhaps be as civil as the question."

"Jist as you like," said the other, turning on his heel and walking off.

"I wished merely to ask you," resumed Mr. Willoughby, talking after the nonchalant son of the forest, "whether this is Mr. Pepper's land."

"How do you know it ain't mine?"

"I'm not likely to know at present, it seems," said the traveller, whose patience was getting a little frayed. And, taking out his memorandum-book, he ran over his minutes: "South half of northwest quarter of section fourteen—— Your name is Leander Pepper, is it not?"

"Where did you get so much news? You ain't the sheriff, be ye?"

"Pop," screamed a white-headed urchin from the house, "mam says supper's ready."

"So a'n't I," replied the papa: "I've got all my chores to do yet." And he busied himself at a log pigsty on the opposite side of the road, half as large as the dwelling-house. Here he was soon surrounded by a squealing multitude, with whom he seemed to hold a regular conversation.

Mr. Willoughby looked at the westering sun, which was not far above the dense wall of trees that shut in the small clearing; then at the heavy clouds which advanced from the north, threatening a stormy night; then at his watch, and then at his note-book; and, after all, at his predicament,—on the whole, an unpleasant prospect. But at this moment a female face showed itself at the door. Our traveller's memory reverted at once to the testimony of Ledyard and Mungo Park; and he had also some floating and indistinct poetical recollections of woman's being useful when a man was in difficulties, though hard to please at other times. The result of these reminiscences, which occupied a precious second, was that Mr. Willoughby dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence, and advanced with a brave and determined air, to throw himself upon female kindness and sympathy.

He naturally looked at the lady, as he approached the door, but she did not return the compliment. She looked at the pigs, and talked to the children, and Mr. Willoughby had time to observe that she was the very duplicate of her husband,—as tall, as bony, as ragged, and twice as cross-looking.

"Malviny Jane!" she exclaimed, in no dulcet treble, "be done a-paddlin' in that 'ere water! If I come there, I'll——"

"You'd better look at Sophrony, I guess," was the reply.

"Why, what's she a-doin'?"

"Well, I guess if you look you'll see," responded Miss Malvina, coolly, as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr. Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was obliged to set about making the agreeable to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

"I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam," he began. The dame still looked at the pigs. Mr. Willoughby tried again, in less courtly phrase.

"Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to-night, ma'am? I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting-party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm."

"I don't know nothin' about it; you must ask the old man," said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the new-comer: "with *my* will, we'll lodge nobody."

This was not very encouraging; but it was a poor night for the woods: so our traveller persevered, and, making so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would wait her husband's coming.

And in truth he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts. The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings. The huge open fireplace, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do no good, yet could not help it. The schoolmaster (it was his week) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally when the children cried *too* loud. An old gray-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hoe; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger, for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though he may be sometimes compelled by the fear of starvation or the longing for whiskey to degrade himself by labor. Near the only window was placed the work-bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoemaker, who in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little, bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of that favorite ditty of the West,—

"All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the buck and doe
All down by the banks of the river O-hi-o!"

And children of all sizes, clattering in all keys, completed the picture and the concert.

The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying bedded in the bustling leaves of the acanthus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking-hot potatoes, adding afterward a bowl of salt and another of pork-fat, by courtesy denominated gravy: plates and knives dropped in afterward, at the discretion of the company.

Another call of "Pop! pop!" brought in the host from the pigsty; the heavy rain which had now begun to fall having, no doubt, expedited the performance of the chores. Mr. Willoughby, who had established himself resolutely, took advantage of a very cloudy assent from the proprietor, to lead his horse to a shed and to deposit in a corner his cumbrous outer gear; while the company used in turn the iron skillet which served as a wash-basin, dipping the water from a large trough outside, overflowing with the abundant drippings of the eaves. Those who had no pocket-handkerchiefs contented themselves with a nondescript article which seemed to stand for the family towel; and when this ceremony was concluded, all seriously addressed themselves to the demolition of the potatoes. The grown people were accommodated with chairs and chests; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney-corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

To our citizen, though he felt inconveniently hungry, this primitive meal seemed a little meagre; and he ventured to ask if he could not be accommodated with some tea.

"Ain't my victuals good enough for you?"

"Oh, the potatoes are excellent; but I am very fond of tea."

"So be I; but I can't have everything I want: can you?"

This produced a laugh from the shoemaker, who seemed to think his patron very witty, while the schoolmaster, not knowing but the stranger might happen to be one of his examiners next year, produced only a faint giggle, and then, reducing his countenance instantly to an awful gravity, helped himself to his seventh potato.

The rain, which now poured violently, not only outside but through many a crevice in the roof, naturally kept Mr. Willoughby cool; and, finding that dry potatoes gave him the hiccoughs, he withdrew from the table, and, seating himself on the shoemaker's bench, took a survey of his quarters.

Two double beds and the long cradle seemed all the sleeping-apparatus; but there was a ladder which doubtless led to a lodging above. The sides of the room were hung with abundance of decent clothing, and the dresser was well stored with the usual articles, among which a teapot and canister shone conspicuous: so that the appearance of inhospitality could not arise from poverty, and Mr. Willoughby concluded to set it down to the account of rustic ignorance.

The eating ceased not until the hoop was empty, and then the company rose and stretched themselves and began to guess it was about time to go to bed. Mr. Willoughby inquired what was to be done with his horse.

"Well, I s'pose he can stay where he is."

"But what can he have to eat?"

"I reckon you won't get nothing for him, without you turn him out on the mash."

"He would get off, to a certainty."

"Tie his legs."

The unfortunate traveller argued in vain. Hay was "scuss," and potatoes were "scusser;" and, in short, the "mash" was the only resource, and these natural meadows afford but poor picking after the first of October. But to the "mash" was the good steed despatched, ingloriously hampered, with the privilege of munching wild grass in the rain, after his day's journey.

Then came the question of lodging for his master. The lady, who had by this time drawn out a trundle-bed and packed it full of children, said there was no bed for him, unless he could sleep "up chamber" with the boys.

Mr. Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

"Well, just as you like," said his host; "but Solomon sleeps there, and if you like to sleep by Solomon, it is more than *I* should."

This was the name of the old Indian, and Mr. Willoughby once more cast woful glances toward the ladder.

But now the schoolmaster, who seemed rather disposed to be civil, declared that he could sleep very well in the long cradle, and would relinquish his place beside the shoemaker to the guest, who was obliged to content himself with this arrangement, which was such as was most usual in these times.

The storm continued through the night, and many a crash in the woods attested its power. The sound of a storm in the dense forest is almost precisely similar to that of a heavy surge breaking on a rocky beach; and when our traveller slept, it was only to dream of wreck and disaster at sea, and to wake in horror and affright. The wild rain drove in at every crevice, and wet the poor children in the loft so thoroughly that they crawled shivering down the ladder and stretched themselves on the hearth, regardless of Solomon, who had returned after the others were in bed.

But morning came at last; and our friend, who had no desire farther to test the vaunted hospitality of a Western settler, was not among the latest astir. The storm had partially subsided; and although the clouds still lowered angrily, and his saddle had enjoyed the benefit of a leak in the roof during the night, Mr. Willoughby resolved to push on as far as the next clearing at least, hoping for something for breakfast besides potatoes and salt. It took him a weary while to find his horse, and when he had saddled him, and strapped on his various accoutrements, he entered the house, and inquired what he was to pay for his entertainment,—laying somewhat of a stress on the last word.

His host, nothing daunted, replied that he guessed he would let him off for a dollar.

Mr. Willoughby took out his purse, and as he placed a silver dollar in the leathern palm outspread to receive it, happening to look toward the hearth, and perceiving the preparations for a very substantial breakfast, the long-pent-up vexation burst forth.

"I really must say, Mr. Pepper——" he began; his tone was certainly that of an angry man, but it only made his host laugh.

"If this is your boasted Western hospitality, I can tell you——"

"You'd better tell me what the dickens you are pepperin' me up this fashion for! My name isn't Pepper, no more than yours is! Maybe that *is* your name: you seem pretty warm."

"Your name not Pepper! Pray, what is it, then?"

"Ah! there's the thing, now! You land-hunters ought to know sich things without askin'."

"Land-hunter! I'm no land-hunter!"

"Well, you're a land-shark, then,—swallowin' up poor men's farms. The less I see of such cattle, the better I'm pleased."

"Confound you!" said Mr. Willoughby, who waxed warm, "I tell you I've nothing to do with land. I wouldn't take your whole State for a gift."

"What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for, then?"

And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr. Willoughby's equipment, with the mention of a "hunting-party," had completely misled both host and hostess. And, to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed.

"You needn't judge our new-country folks by me," said Mr. Handy, for such proved to be his name: "any man in these parts would as soon bite off his own nose as to snub a civil traveller that wanted a supper and a night's lodgin'. But, somehow or other, your lots o' fixin', and your askin' after that 'ere Pepper,—one of the worst land-sharks we've ever had here,—made me mad; and I know I treated you worse than an Indian."

"Humph!" said Solomon.

"But," continued the host, "you shall see whether my old woman can't set a good breakfast when she's a mind to. Come, you shan't stir a step till you've had breakfast. And just take back this plaguy dollar: I wonder it didn't burn my fingers when I took it."

Mrs. Handy set forth her very best, and a famous breakfast it was, considering the times. And before it was finished, the hunting-party made their appearance, having had some difficulty in finding their companion, who had made no very uncommon mistake as to section corners and town lines.

"I'll tell ye what," said Mr. Handy, confidentially, as the cavalcade, with its baggage-ponies, loaded with tents, gun-cases, and hampers of provisions, was getting into order for a march to the prairies,—"I'll tell ye what: if you've occasion to stop anywhere in the Bush, you'd better tell 'em at the first goin'-off that you ain't land-hunters."

But Mr. Willoughby had already had "a caution."

RHŒCUS.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

[We hardly need tell our readers who is the author of this charming poetic rendition of an old Greek legend. No name should be better known to cultured Americans than that of James Russell Lowell, who, alike in prose and in poetry, stands almost at the head of American writers. As a poet, indeed, many incline to rank him first among our bards; and for versatility of powers he has nowhere a superior. From biting satire and the richest of humor he freely turns to a tone of deep earnestness and profuse imagination, while in prose he is as easy, fluent, rich in imagery, copious in illustration, and forcible in reasoning as the most brilliant of American essayists. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. Of his works we may name "A Fable for Critics," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Biglow Papers," "Under the Willows," "Fireside Travels," and "Among my Books."]

A YOUTH named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,

He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured, "Rhœcus!"—'Twas as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it;
And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
It murmured, "Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze.
He started, and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"—
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,—
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life:
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answered, "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my nature's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,

"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak;
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low, trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourn
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest;
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked;
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings,—
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them, and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,

And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs,
As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed, and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee;
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened wellnigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur, "Rhœcus!" close at hand;
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœcus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,—
Me, who would fain have blest thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart;
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruiséd wings.

We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
We ever ask an undivided love;
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured, "Nevermore!"
And Rhœcus after heard no other sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him; o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze;
Beauty was all around him, and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

EVERY-DAY WISDOM.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[The man who, of the natives of the Western Hemisphere in the eighteenth century, chiefly redeemed America from the reproach of intellectual mediocrity and placed it on a level with the highest mental standard of Europe, was the author whom we now quote,—Benjamin Franklin, the world's philosopher of common sense. Homely, plain, and simple in diction, devoid of the graces of rhetoric and of imaginative fluency, in fact, the very genius of the practical, in everything he says we can distinguish the flavor of solid thought, and in an apologue he has the art of saying more than many authors can express in a volume. His arrows of every-day wisdom strike home, and have the faculty of clinging in the memory far more firmly than the showily-feathered shafts of many who far surpass him in the graces of style and in brilliancy of illustration. No biographical details of Franklin's life need here be given. His life-story is part of the history of our country, and he has told it himself in an artless autobiography, which is one of the finest bits of eighteenth-century literature.—See "Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself," edited by John Bigelow.]

THE EPHEMERA.

AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

(Written to MADAME BRILLON, of Passy.)

[Human life was never more cleverly satirized than in this neat instance of the modern fable, which needs no formal moral in conclusion, as its moral is woven through its whole texture.]

YOU may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their natural vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people, thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general? for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long and life is short. My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? and what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable Brillante.

Franklin's neat method of putting a sermon into a paragraph is in none of his writings better illustrated than in his short apologue of "The Whistle."

THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man.* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas,* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity,* say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle!*

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

As a good example of Franklin's views upon money-matters, we cite the following:

NECESSARY HINTS TO THOSE THAT WOULD BE RICH.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

For six pounds a year you may have the use of one hundred pounds, provided you are a man of known prudence and honesty.

He that spends a groat a day idly, spends idly above six pounds a year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds.

He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes the privilege of using one hundred pounds each day.

He that idly loses five shillings' worth of time loses five shillings, and might as prudently throw five shillings into the sea.

He that loses five shillings not only loses that sum, but all the advantage that might be made by turning it in dealing, which, by the time that a young man becomes old, will amount to a considerable sum of money.

Again: he that sells upon credit asks a price for what he sells equivalent to the principal and interest of his money for the time he is to be kept out of it: therefore he that buys upon credit pays interest for what he buys, and he that pays ready money might let that money out to use: so that he that possesses anything he has bought pays interest for the use of it.

Yet, in buying goods, it is best to pay ready money, because he that sells upon credit expects to lose five per cent. by bad debts; therefore he charges, on all he sells upon credit, an advance that shall make up that deficiency.

Those who pay for what they buy upon credit pay their share of this advance.

He that pays ready money escapes, or may escape, that charge.

A penny saved is two pence clear;
A pin a day's a groat a year.

To quote the best of Franklin's autobiography would be to quote it nearly all: we must content ourselves with a short extract, descriptive of the first entrance of the roving Boston boy into that city to which his residence was to give one of its chief claims to distinction, and to many of whose most valuable institutions his ideas were to give rise.

FIRST ENTRANCE INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market street as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chesnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

THE FIRST REVOLUTION OF THE HEAVENS WITNESSED BY MAN.

ORMSBY M. MITCHEL.

[Ormsby McKnight Mitchel, the astronomer and soldier, was born in Kentucky, August 28, 1810. He entered West Point in 1825, when but fifteen years old. In 1837 he resigned his military commission, and afterwards became Professor of Mathematics, Philosophy, and Astronomy at the Cincinnati College. The Cincinnati Observatory, built from 1842 to 1847, is solely the result of his enthusiastic efforts. He published "The Planetary and Stellar Worlds" and "An Elemetary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, etc.," which were written in a style of fervid eloquence and were well received by the public. At the outbreak of the civil war he re-entered the military service, with the rank of brigadier-general. He was made major-general in 1862, and died at Beaufort, South Carolina, of yellow fever, October 30 of the same year.]

FAR away from the earth on which we dwell, in the blue ocean of space, thousands of bright orbs, in clusterings and configurations of exceeding beauty, invite the upward gaze of man, and tempt him to the examination of the wonderful sphere by which he is surrounded. The starry heavens do not display their glittering constellations in the glare of day, while the rush and turmoil of business incapacitate man for the enjoyment of their solemn grandeur. It is in the stillness of the midnight hour, when all nature is hushed in repose, when the hum of the world's on-going is no longer heard, that the planets roll and shine, and the bright stars, trooping through the deep heavens, speak to the willing spirit that would learn their mysterious being.

Often have I swept backward in imagination six thousand years, and stood beside our great ancestor as he gazed for the first time upon the going down of the sun. What strange sensations must have swept through his bewildered mind, as he watched the last departing ray of the sinking orb, unconscious whether he should ever behold its return! Wrapt in a maze of thought, strange and startling, his eye long lingers about the point at which the sun had slowly faded from his view.

A mysterious darkness, hitherto unexperienced, creeps over the face of nature. The beautiful scenes of earth, which through the swift hours of the first wonderful day of his existence had so charmed his senses. are slowly fading, one by one, from his dimmed vision. A gloom deeper than that which covers earth steals across the mind of earth's solitary inhabitant. He raises his inquiring gaze towards heaven, and lo! a silver crescent of light, clear and beautiful, hanging in the western sky, meets his astonished eye. The young moon charms his untutored vision, and leads him upward to her bright attendants, which are now stealing, one by one, from out the deep-blue sky. The solitary gazer bows, and wonders, and adores.

The hours glide by,—the silver moon is gone,—the stars are rising, slowly ascending the heights of heaven, and solemnly sweeping downward in the stillness of the night. The first grand revolution to mortal vision is nearly completed. A faint streak of rosy light is seen in the east,—it brightens,—the stars fade,—the planets are extinguished,—the eye is fixed in mute astonishment on the growing splendor, till the first rays of the returning sun dart their radiance on the young earth and its solitary inhabitant. To him "the evening and the morning were the first day."

The curiosity excited on this first solemn night, the consciousness that in the heavens God had declared his glory, the eager desire to comprehend the mysteries that dwell in these bright orbs, have clung to the descendants of him who first watched and wondered, through the long lapse of six thousand years. In this boundless field of investigation human genius has won its most signal victories. Generation after generation has rolled away, age after age has swept silently by; but each has swelled by its contribution the stream of discovery. One barrier after another has given way to the force of intellect,—mysterious movements have been unravelled,—mighty laws have been revealed,—ponderous orbs have been weighed, their reciprocal influences computed, their complex wanderings made clear, until the mind, majestic in its strength, has mounted, step by step, up the rocky height of its self-built pyramid, from whose star-crowned summit it looks out upon the grandeur of the universe, self-clothed with the prescience of a God. With resistless energy it rolls back the tide of time, and lives in the configuration of rolling worlds a thousand years ago, or, more wonderful, it sweeps away the dark curtain from the future, and beholds those celestial scenes which shall greet the vision of generations when a thousand years shall have rolled away, breaking their noiseless waves on the dim shores of eternity.

To trace the efforts of the human mind in this long and ardent struggle,—to reveal its hopes and fears, its long years of patient watching, its moments of despair and hours of triumph,—to develop the means by which the deep foundations of the rock-built pyramid of science have been laid, and to follow it as it slowly rears its stately form from age to age, until its vertex pierces the very heavens,—these are the objects proposed for accomplishment, and these are the topics to which I would invite your earnest attention.

The task is one of no ordinary difficulty. It is no feast of fancy, with music and poetry, with eloquence and art, to enchain the mind. Music is here; but it is the deep and solemn harmony of the spheres. Poetry is here; but it must be read in the characters of light, written on the sable garments of night. Architecture is here; but it is the colossal structure of sun and system, of cluster and universe. Eloquence is here; but "there is neither speech nor language: its voice is not heard;" yet its resistless sweep comes over us in the mighty periods of revolving worlds.

Shall we not listen to this music, because it is deep and solemn? Shall we not read this poetry, because its letters are the stars of heaven? Shall we refuse to contemplate this architecture, because "its architraves, its archways, seem ghostly from infinitude"? Shall we turn away from this surging eloquence, because its utterance is made through sweeping worlds? No! the mind is ever inquisitive, ever ready to attempt to scale the most rugged steeps. Wake up its enthusiasm, fling the light of hope on its pathway, and, no matter how rough and steep and rocky it may prove, *onward* is the word which charms its willing powers.

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT.

F. M. WHITCHER.

[Frances Miriam Berry was born at Whitesborough, New York, in 1812. Her literary life began as a contributor to *Neal's Gazette*, in which she published a series of articles under the title of "Widow Bedott's Table-Talk," which attracted wide-spread attention from their rich vein of humor and their masterly handling of the Yankee dialect. In 1847 she married the Rev. B. W. Whitcher. She continued her contributions to periodical literature after her marriage, and died in 1852. We give two illustrations of her amusing sketches.]

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me, one winter evenin', as we was a-settin' by the fire, I was a-knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was a-smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time). Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything oncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly" (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he ginerally called me Silly, 'cause 'twas handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem, I tell you, he had a sollem countenance naterally, and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and certingly you wouldent wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and havin' the ager a considerable part o' the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights, 'cause he was so put to't for breath when he laid down. Why, it's an onaccountable fact, that when that man died he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married, and for five or six year after, I shouldent desire to see a ruggeder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and, oh dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's, a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a-gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and, lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but, lawful sakes! I 'most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round for evermore, and never comin' to the pint. Now there's Miss Jinkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejusest individooal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was a-gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly;" says I, "What?" I dident say "What, Hezekier?" for I dident like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a-laffin'. "Hezekier Bedott!" says I. "Well, I would give up if I had sich a name;" but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you have this minnit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott; it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gineration to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he *is* a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but, between you and me, I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she's a-gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a *leetle* out of her reckonin'. But I was gwine to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly;" I says, says I, "What?" If I dident say "what" when he said "Silly," he'd a kept on sayin' "Silly" from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and I ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly;" says I, "What?"

though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say; dident know but what 'twas something about his sufferin's, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as *he* did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'; think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but *he* dident. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one-hoss slay out to Boonville, to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them 'ere flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a-settin' there, husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now *that* was what I call a *perdickerment*, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband dident. He only said, says he, "Consarn it!" How did we get out, did you ask? Why, we might a ben settin' there to this day, fur as *I* know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out.

But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I could see by the light o' the fire (there dident happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgitful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company), I could see by the light o' the fire that his mind was oncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly;" I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "*We're all poor critters!*"

["Mrs. Mudlaw's recipe for Potato Pudding," the last published of Mrs. Whitcher's sketches during her lifetime, is one of the most amusing, and capitally shows her power of character-painting.]

Mrs. Mudlaw was a short, fat woman, with a broad, red face—such a person as a stranger would call the very personification of good-nature; though I have never found fat people to be any more amiable than lean ones. Certainly, Mrs. Mudlaw was not a very sweet-tempered woman. On this occasion she felt rather more cross than usual, forced, as she was, to give one of her recipes to a nobody. She, however, knew the necessity of assuming a pleasant demeanor at that time, and accordingly entered the nursery with an encouraging grin on her blazing countenance. Mrs. Philpot, fearing lest her cook's familiarity might belittle her mistress in the eyes of Mrs. Darling, and again asking to be excused for a short time, went into the library, a nondescript apartment, dignified by that name, which communicated with the nursery. The moment she left her seat, a large rocking-chair, Mudlaw dumped herself down in it, exclaiming,—

"Miss Philpot says you want to get my recipe for potater puddin'?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Darling. "I would be obliged to you for the directions." And she took out of her pocket a pencil and paper to write it down.

"Well, 'tis an excellent puddin'," said Mudlaw, complacently; "for my part, I like it about as well as any puddin' I make, and that's sayin' a good deal, I can tell you, for I understand makin' a great variety. 'Taint so awful rich as some, to be sure. Now, there's the Cardinelle puddin', and the Washington puddin', and the Lay Fayette puddin', and the——"

"Yes. Mr. Darling liked it very much. How do you make it?"

"Wal, I peel my potaters and bile 'em in fair water. I always let the water bile before I put 'em in. Some folks let their potaters lie and sog in the water ever so long, before it biles; but I think it spiles 'em. I always make it a pint to have the water bile——"

"How many potatoes?"

"Wal, I always take about as many potaters as I think I shall want. I'm generally governed by the size of the puddin' I want to make. If it's a large puddin', why, I take quite a number, but if it's a small one, why, then I don't take as many. As quick as they're done, I take 'em up and mash 'em as fine as I can get 'em. I'm always very partic'lar about *that*—some folks ain't; they'll let their potaters be full o' lumps. *I* never do; if there's anything I hate, it's lumps in potaters. I *won't* have 'em. Whether I'm mashin' potaters for puddin's or for vegetable use, I mash it till there ain't the size of a lump in it. If I can't git it fine without siftin', why, I *sift* it. Once in a while, when I'm otherways engaged, I set the girl to mashin' on't. Wal, she'll give it three or four jams, and come along. 'Miss Mudlaw, is the potater fine enough?' Jubiter Rammin! that's the time I come as near gittin' mad as I ever allow myself to come, for I make it a pint never to have lumps——"

"Yes, I know it is very important. What next?"

"Wal, then I put in my butter; in winter-time I melt it a little, not enough to make it ily, but jest so's to soften it."

"How much butter does it require?"

"Wal, I always take butter accordin' to the size of the puddin'; a large puddin' needs a good-sized lump o' butter, but not *too* much. And I'm always partic'lar to have my butter fresh and sweet. Some folks think it's no matter what sort o' butter they use for cookin'; but *I* don't. Of all things, I do despise strong, frowy, rancid butter. For pity's sake, have your butter fresh."

"How much butter did you say?"

"Wal, that depends, as I said before, on what sized puddin' you want to make. And another thing that regulates the quantity of butter I use is the 'mount o' cream I take. I always put in more or less cream; when I have abundance o' cream, I put in considerable, and when it's scarce, why, I use more butter than I otherways should. But you must be partic'lar not to get in too much cream. There's a great deal in havin' jest the right quantity; and so 'tis with all the ingrejiences. There ain't a better puddin' in the world than a potater puddin', when it's made *right*, but 'tain't everybody that makes 'em right. I remember when I lived in Tuckertown, I was a-visitin' to Squire Humphrey's one time—I went in the first company in Tuckertown—dear me! this is a changeable world. Wal, they had what they called a potater puddin' for dinner. Good land! Of all the puddin's! I've often occurred to that puddin' since, and wondered what the Squire's wife was a-thinkin' of when she made it. I wa'n't obleeged to do no such things in them days, and didn't know how to do anything as well as I do now. Necessity's the mother of invention. Experience is the best teacher, after all——"

"Do you sweeten it?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure it needs sugar, the best o' sugar, too; not this wet, soggy, brown sugar. Some folks never think o' usin' good sugar to cook with, but for my part I won't have no other."

"How much sugar do you take?"

"Wal, that depends altogether on whether you calculate to have sass for it—some like sass, you know, and then some agin don't. So, when I calculate for sass, I don't take so much sugar; and when I don't calculate for sass, I make it sweet enough to eat without sass. Poor Mr. Mudlaw was a great hand for puddin'-sass. I always made it for him—good rich sass, too. I could afford to have things rich before he was unfortinate in bisness." (Mudlaw went to State's prison for horse-stealing.) "I like sass myself, too; and the curnel and the children are all great sass hands; and so I generally calculate for sass, though Miss Philpot prefers the puddin' without sass, and perhaps *you'd* prefer it without. If so, you must put in sugar accordingly. I always make it a pint to have 'em sweet enough when they're to be eat without sass."

"And don't you use eggs?"

"Certainly: eggs is one o' the principal ingrejiences."

"How many does it require?"

"Wal, when eggs is plenty, I always use plenty; and when they're scarce, why, I can do with less, though I'd ruther have enough. And be sure and beat 'em well. It does distress me, the way some folks beat eggs. I always want to have 'em thoroughly beat for everything I use 'em in. It tries my patience most awfully to have anybody round me that won't beat eggs enough. A spell ago we had a darky to help in the kitchen. One day I was a-makin' sponge cake, and havin' occasion to go upstairs after something, I sot her to beatin' the eggs. Wal, what do you think the critter done? Why, she whisked 'em round a few times, and turned 'em right onto the other ingrejiences that I'd got weighed out. When I come back and saw what she'd done, my gracious! I come as nigh to losin' my temper as I ever allow myself to come. 'Twas awful provokin'! I always want the kitchen help to do things as I want to have 'em done. But I never saw a darky yet that ever done anything right. They're a lazy, slaughterin' set. To think o' her spilin' that cake so, when I'd told her over and over agin that I always made it a pint to have my eggs thoroughly beat!"

"Yes, it was too bad. Do you use fruit in the pudding?"

"Wal, that's jest as you please. You'd better be governed by your own judgment as to *that.* Some like currants, and some like raisins, and then agin some don't like nary one. If you use raisins, for pity's sake pick out the stuns. It's awful to have a body's teeth come grindin' onto a raisin stun. I'd rather have my ears boxed any time."

"How many raisins must I take?"

"Wal, not too many—it's apt to make the puddin' heavy, you know; and when it's heavy it ain't so light and good. I'm a great hand——"

"Yes. What do you use for flavoring?"

"There agin you'll have to exercise your own judgment. Some likes one thing, and some another, you know. If you go the hull figger on temperance, why, some other kind o' flavorin' 'll do as well as wine or brandy, I s'pose. But whatever you make up your mind to use, be partic'lar to git in a sufficiency, or else your puddin' 'll be flat. I always make it a pint——"

"How long must it bake?"

"There's the great thing after all. The bakin' 's the main pint. A potater puddin', of all puddin's, has got to be baked jest right. For if it bakes a leetle too much, it's apt to dry it up; and then if it don't bake quite enough, it's sure to taste potatery,—and that spiles it, you know."

"How long should you think?"

"Wal, that depends a good deal on the heat o' your oven. If you have a very hot oven, 'twon't do to leave it in too long; and if your oven ain't so very hot, why, you'll be necessiated to leave it in longer."

"Well, how can I tell anything about it?"

"Wal, I always let 'em bake till I think they're done,—that's the safest way. I make it a pint to have 'em baked exactly right. It's very important in all kinds o' bakin'—cake, pies, bread, puddin's, and everything—to have 'em baked *pre*cisely long enough, and jest right. Some folks don't seem to have no system at all about their bakin'. One time they'll burn their bread to a crisp, and then agin it'll be so slack 'tain't fit to eat. Nothin' hurts my feelin's so much as to see things overdone or slack-baked. Here only t'other day Lorry, the girl that Miss Philpot dismissed yesterday, come within an ace o' lettin' my bread burn up. My back was turned for a minnit, and what should she do but go to stuffin' wood into the stove at the awfullest rate! If I hadn't a found it out jest when I did, my bread would a ben spilt as sure as I'm a live woman. Jubiter Rammin! I was about as much decomposed as I ever allow myself to git! I told Miss Philpot I wouldn't stan' it no longer,—one of us must quit,—either Lorry or me must walk."

"So you've no rule about baking this pudding?"

"No rule!" said Mudlaw, with a look of intense surprise.

"Yes," said Mrs. Darling; "you seem to have no rule for anything about it."

"No rule!" screamed the indignant cook, starting up, while her red face grew ten times redder, and her little black eyes snapped with rage. "No rules! do *you* tell *me* I've no rules! Me! that's cooked in the first families for fifteen years, and always gin satisfaction, to be told by such as *you* that I hain't no rules!"

THE JOURNEY TO PALMYRA.

WILLIAM WARE.

[The imaginative and beautiful description of antique scenery and conditions which we give below is from the "Zenobia" of William Ware, one of the earliest delvers in that field of Oriental and antique manners and customs which has been recently so attractively wrought by several popular novelists. As an author Mr. Ware belongs to the first half of the nineteenth century, his early literary essays having been published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1836, under the title of "Letters from Palmyra." He afterwards published a sequel, entitled "Probus," the scenes of which are laid in Rome during the final persecutions of the Christians. These works are now known as "Zenobia" and "Aurelian." He also published "Julian," "Sketches of European Capitals," and "Lectures on Allston." He died in 1852, in his fifty-fifth year. His classical works vividly display the characteristics of life in the Roman empire, and unite fine descriptive powers and earnest reflection with a just and graphic rendition of the scenes and events of ancient history.]

I WILL not detain you long with our voyage, but will only mark out its course. Leaving the African shore, we struck across to Sicily, and, coasting along its eastern border, beheld with pleasure the towering form of Ætna, sending up into the heavens a dull and sluggish cloud of vapors. We then ran between the Peloponnesus and Crete, and so held our course till the island of Cyprus rose like her own fair goddess from the ocean, and filled our eyes with a beautiful vision of hill and valley, wooded promontory, and glittering towns and villas. A fair wind soon withdrew us from these charming prospects, and, after driving us swiftly and roughly over the remainder of our way, rewarded us with a brighter and more welcome vision still,—the coast of Syria, and our destined port, Berytus.

As far as the eye could reach, both toward the north and the south, we beheld a luxuriant region, crowded with villages, and giving every indication of comfort and wealth. The city itself, which we rapidly approached, was of inferior size, but presented an agreeable prospect of warehouses, public and private edifices, overtopped here and there by the lofty palm, and other trees of a new and peculiar foliage. Four days were consumed here in the purchase of slaves, camels, and horses, and in other preparations for the journey across the Desert. Two routes presented themselves, one more, the other less, direct: the last, though more circuitous, appeared to me the more desirable, as it would take me within sight of the modern glories and ancient remains of Heliopolis. This, therefore, was determined upon; and on the morning of the fifth day we set forward upon our long march. Four slaves, two camels, and three horses, with an Arab conductor, constituted our little caravan; but for greater safety we attached ourselves to a much larger one than our own, in which we were swallowed up and lost, consisting of travellers and traders from all parts of the world, and who were also on their way to Palmyra, as a point whence to separate to various parts of the vast East. It would delight me to lay before you, with the distinctness and minuteness of a picture, the whole of this novel and to me most interesting route; but I must content myself with a slight sketch, and reserve fuller communications to the time when, once more seated with you upon the Cœlian, we enjoy the freedom of social converse.

Our way through the valleys of Libanus was like one long wandering among the pleasure-grounds of opulent citizens. The land was everywhere richly cultivated, and a happier peasantry, as far as the eye of the traveller could judge, nowhere exists. The most luxuriant valleys of our own Italy are not more crowded with the evidences of plenty and contentment. Upon drawing near to the ancient Baalbec, I found, on inquiry of our guide, that we were not to pass through it, as I had hoped, nor even very near it,—not nearer than between two and three miles. So that in this I had been clearly deceived by those of whom I had made the most exact inquiries at Berytus. I thought I discovered great command of myself, in that I did not break the head of my Arab, who, doubtless to answer purposes of his own, had brought me thus out of my way for nothing. The event proved, however, it was not for nothing; for soon after we had started on our journey, on the morning of the second day, turning suddenly round the projecting rock of a mountain-ridge, we all at once beheld, as if a veil had been lifted up, Heliopolis and its suburbs, spread out before us in all their various beauty. The city lay about three miles distant. I could only, therefore, identify its principal structure, the Temple of the Sun, as built by the first Antonine. This towered above the walls and over all the other buildings, and gave vast ideas of the greatness of the place, leading the mind to crowd it with other edifices that should bear some proportion to this noble monument of imperial magnificence. As suddenly as the view of this imposing scene had been revealed, so suddenly was it again eclipsed by another short turn in the road, which took us once more into the mountain-valleys. But the overhanging and impenetrable foliage of a Syrian forest shielding me from the fierce rays of a burning sun, soon reconciled me to my loss,—more especially as I knew that in a short time we were to enter upon the sandy desert which stretches from the Anti-Libanus almost to the very walls of Palmyra.

Upon this boundless desert we now soon entered. The scene which it presented was more dismal than I can describe. A red, moving sand,—or hard and baked by the heat of a sun such as Rome never knows,—low, gray rocks just rising here and there above the level of the plain, with now and then the dead and glittering trunk of a vast cedar, whose roots seemed as if they had outlasted centuries,—the bones of camels and elephants scattered on either hand, dazzling the sight by reason of their excessive whiteness, —at a distance occasionally an Arab of the desert, for a moment surveying our long line, and then darting off to his fastnesses,—these were the objects which, with scarce any variation, met our eyes during the four wearisome days that we dragged ourselves over this wild and inhospitable region. A little after noon of the fourth day, as we started on our way, having refreshed ourselves and our exhausted animals at a spring which here poured out its warm but still grateful waters to the traveller, my ears received the agreeable news that toward the east there could now be discerned the dark line which indicated our approach to the verdant tract that encompasses the great city. Our own excited spirits were quickly imparted to our beasts, and a more rapid movement soon revealed into distinctness the high land and waving groves of palm-trees which mark the site of Palmyra.

It was several miles before we reached the city that we suddenly found ourselves—landing as it were from a sea upon an island or continent—in a rich and thickly-peopled country. The roads indicated an approach to a great capital in the increasing numbers of those who thronged them, meeting and passing us, overtaking us, or crossing our path. Elephants, camels, and the dromedary, which I had before seen only in the amphitheatres, I here beheld as the native inhabitants of the soil. Frequent villas of the rich and luxuriant Palmyrenes, to which they retreat from the greater heats of the city, now threw a lovely charm over the scene. Nothing can exceed the splendor of these sumptuous palaces. Italy itself has nothing which surpasses them. The new and brilliant costumes of the persons whom we met, together with the rich housings of the animals which they rode, served greatly to add to all this beauty. I was still entranced, as it were, by the objects around me, and buried in reflection, when I was aroused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, "Palmyra! Palmyra!" I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld—no, I cannot except even Rome—burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the east, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both toward the north and toward the south. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be,—that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm-trees shooting up among its temples and palaces, and, on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay, it is impossible, at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divides the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun stretched upward its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the Eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of those renowned cities have I beheld anything that I can allow to approach, in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids, pointed obelisks, domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for number and for form beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm-trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel for the moment as if in such a scene I should love to dwell and there end my days. Nor was I alone in these transports of delight. All my fellow-travellers seemed equally affected; and from the native Palmyrenes, of whom there were many among us, the most impassioned and boastful exclamations broke forth. "What is Rome to this?" they cried. "Fortune is not constant. Why may not Palmyra be what Rome has been—mistress of the world? Who more fit to rule than the great Zenobia? A few years may see great changes. Who can tell what shall come to pass?" These, and many such sayings, were uttered by those around me, accompanied by many significant gestures and glances of the eye. I thought of them afterwards. We now descended the hill, and the long line of our caravan moved on toward the city.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

[The author of this stirring and pathetic poem of the war, Constance Fenimore Woolson, is known in literature principally as a novelist. Her works of fiction, particularly the later ones, are written with a power and originality which have given her a high rank among American authors. Her principal novels are "Castle Nowhere," "Rodman, the Keeper," "Anne," "For the Major," and "East Angels." She was born at Claremont, New Hampshire, about 1848. She lived for a period in Ohio and in the South, and in 1879 removed to England.]

SUMMER of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county town, sir, to sell our first load of hay:
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio,—a German he is, you know,—
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon.
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Routh's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called—"Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the door-way with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And fording the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his
face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the
place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you
see,
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on
the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the
boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the
South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through
and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words
wouldn't do;—
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began
to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought
him to;
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And when the lad got better, and the noise in his head
was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go!" he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly:
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways—
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.

When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell,
But I stole down to that gully and brought up Kentucky
Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining
high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and
well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip
or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses since, but never a horse like
her!

THE LOVE OF TREES.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[The reputation of Henry Ward Beecher has been made in another field than that of literature. He is best known as an orator of the pulpit and of the lecture-stage, where his racy manner and his flow of original thought and brilliant illustration have brought him a reputation second to that of none in America. Beneath his genial humor lie an earnestness which redoubles his power, and an independence of spirit which will call no man's opinion master. As an essayist and a novelist he manifests the same originality, geniality, and earnestness which have made him famous in the pulpit. His novel of "Norwood" is full of appreciation of character and love of nature, an illustration of the latter of which traits we give below. Mr. Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813. In his boyhood, as we are told by his sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, he gave little promise of the oratorical ability which he has since so strikingly displayed. His powers, however, quickly unfolded, and, after an early desire to enter the navy, he matriculated at Amherst College, whence he graduated in theology in 1834. In 1847 he became pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn, where he still remains, and where he has gathered around him one of the largest and most discriminative congregations in the United States.]

To the great tree-loving fraternity we belong. We love trees with universal and unfeigned love, and all things that do grow under them, or around them—the whole leaf and root tribe. Not alone when they are in their glory, but in whatever state they are—in leaf, or rimed with frost, or powdered with snow, or crystal-sheathed in ice, or in severe outline stripped and bare against a November sky—we love them. Our heart warms at the sight of even a board or a log. A lumber-yard is better than nothing. The *smell* of wood, at least, is there, the savory fragrance of resin, as sweet as myrrh and frankincense ever was to a Jew. If we can get nothing better, we love to read over the names of trees in a catalogue. Many an hour have we sat at night, when, after exciting work, we needed to be quieted, and read nurserymen's catalogues, and Loudon's Encyclopedias, and Arboretum, until the smell of the woods exhaled from the page, and the sound of leaves was in our ears, and sylvan glades opened to our eyes that would have made old Chaucer laugh and indite a rapturous rush of lines.

But how much more do we love trees in all their summer pomp and plenitude! Not for their names and affinities, not for their secret physiology and as material for science; not for any reason that we can give, except that when with them we are happy. The eye is full, the ear is full, the whole sense and all the tastes solaced, and our whole nature rejoices with that various and full happiness which one has when the soul is suspended in the midst of Beethoven's symphonies and is lifted hither and thither, as if blown by sweet sounds through the airy passages of a full, heavenly dream. . . .

First in our regard, as it is first in the whole nobility of trees, stands the white elm, no less esteemed because it is an American tree, known abroad only by importation, and never seen in all its magnificence, except in our own valleys. The old oaks of England are very excellent in their way, gnarled and rugged. The elm has strength as significant as they, and a grace, a royalty, which leaves the oak like a boor in comparison. Had the elm been an English tree, and had Chaucer seen and loved and sung it; had Shakespeare and every English poet hung some garlands upon it, it would have lifted up its head now, not only the noblest of all growing things, but enshrined in a thousand rich associations of history and literature.

Who ever sees a hawthorn or a sweetbrier (the eglantine) that his thoughts do not, like a bolt of light, burst through ranks of poets, and ranges of sparkling conceits which have been born since England had a written language, and of which the rose, the willow, the eglantine, the hawthorn, and other scores of vines or trees, have been the cause, as they are now and for evermore the suggestions and remembrancers? Who ever looks upon an oak and does not think of navies, of storms, of battles on the ocean, of the noble lyrics of the sea, of English glades, of the fugitive Charles, the tree-mounted monarch, of the Herne oak, of parks and forests, of Robin Hood and his merry men, Friar Tuck not excepted, of old baronial halls with mellow light streaming through diamond-shaped panes upon oaken floors, and of carved oaken wainscotings? And who that has ever travelled in English second-class cushionless cars has not other and less genial remembrances of the enduring solidity of the impervious, unelastic oak?

One stalwart oak I have, and only one, yet discovered. On my west line is a fringe of forest, through which rushes in spring, trickles in early summer, and dies out entirely in August, the issues of a noble spring from the near hill-side. On the eastern edge of this belt of trees stands the monarchical oak, wide-branching on the east toward the open pasture and the free light, but on its western side lean and branchless, from the pressure of neighboring trees; for trees, like men, cannot grow to the real nature that is in them when crowded by too much society. Both need to be touched on every side by sun and air, and by nothing else, if they are to be rounded out into full symmetry. Growing right up by its side, and through its branches, is a long, wifely elm—beauty and grace imbosomed by strength. Their leaves come and go together, and all the summer long they mingle their rustling harmonies. Their roots pasture in the same soil, nor could either of them be hewn down without tearing away the branches and marring the beauty of the other. And a tree, when thoroughly disbranched, may, by time and care, regain its health again, but never its beauty.

Under this oak I love to sit and hear all the things which its leaves have to tell. No printed leaves have more treasures of history or of literature to those who know how to listen. But, if clouds kindly shield us from the sun, we love as well to couch down on the grass some thirty yards off, and, amidst the fragrant smell of crushed herbs, to watch the fancies of the trees and clouds. The roguish winds will never be done teasing the leaves, that run away and come back, with nimble playfulness. Now and then a stronger puff dashes up the leaves, showing the downy under-surfaces that flash white all along the up-blown and tremulous forest edge. Now the wind draws back his breath, and all the woods are still. Then some single leaf is tickled, and quivers all alone. I am sure there is no wind. The other leaves about it are still. Where it gets its motion I cannot tell, but there it goes fanning itself and restless among its sober fellows. By and by one or two others catch the impulse. The rest hold out a moment, but soon catching the contagious merriment, away goes the whole tree and all its neighbors, the leaves running in ripples all down the forest side. I expect almost to hear them laugh out loud.

A stroke of wind upon the forest, indolently swelling and subsiding, is like a stroke upon a hive of bees, for sound; and like stirring a fire full of sparks, for upspringing thoughts and ideal suggestions. The melodious whirl draws out a flitting swarm of sweet images that play before the eye like those evening troops of gauzy insects that hang in the air between you and the sun, and pipe their own music, and flit in airy rounds of mingled dance as if the whole errand of their lives was to swing in mazes of sweet music.

Different species of trees move their leaves very differently, so that one may sometimes tell by the motion of shadows on the ground, if he be too indolent to look up, under what kind of tree he is dozing. On the tulip-tree (which has the finest name that ever tree had, making the very pronouncing of its name almost like the utterance of a strain of music—*Liriodendron tulipifera*),—on the tulip-tree, the aspen, and on all native poplars, the leaves are apparently Anglo-Saxon or Germanic, having an intense individualism. Each one moves to suit itself. Under the same wind one is trilling up and down, another is whirling, another slowly vibrating right and left, and others still, quieting themselves to sleep, as a mother gently pats her slumbering child; and each one intent upon a motion of its own. Sometimes other trees have single frisky leaves, but usually the oaks, maples, beeches, have community of motion. They are all acting together, or all are alike still.

What is sweeter than a murmur of leaves, unless it be the musical gurgling of water that runs secretly and cuts under the roots of these trees, and makes little bubbling pools that laugh to see the drops stumble over the root and plump down into its bosom! In such nooks could trout lie. Unless ye would become mermaids, keep far from such places, all innocent grasshoppers and all ebony crickets! Do not believe in appearances. You peer over and know that there is no danger. You can see the radiant gravel. You know that no enemy lurks in that fairy pool. You can see every nook and corner of it, and it is as sweet a bathing-pool as ever was swum by long-legged grasshoppers. Over the root comes a butterfly with both sails a little drabbled, and quicker than light he is plucked down, leaving three or four bubbles behind him, fit emblems of a butterfly's life. There! did I not tell you? Now go away, all maiden crickets and grasshoppers! These fair surfaces, so pure, so crystalline, so surely safe, have a trout somewhere in them lying in wait for you.

But what if one sits between both kinds of music, leaves above and water below? What if birds are among the leaves, sending out random calls, far-piercing and sweet, as if they were lovers saying, "My dear, are you there?" If you are half reclining upon a cushion of fresh new moss, that swells up between the many-plied and twisted roots of a huge beech-tree, and if you have been there half an hour without moving, and if you will still keep motionless, you may see what they who only walk through forests never see. . . .

To most people a grove is a grove, and all groves are alike. But no two groves are alike. There is as marked a difference between different forests as between different communities. A grove of pines without underbrush, carpeted with the fine-fingered russet leaves of the pine, and odorous of resinous gums, has scarcely a trace of likeness to a maple woods, either in the insects, the birds, the shrubs, the light and shade, or the sound of its leaves. If we lived in olden times among young mythologies, we should say that pines held the imprisoned spirits of naiads and water-nymphs, and that their sounds were of the water for whose lucid depths they always sighed. At any rate, the first pines must have grown on the sea-shore, and learned their first accents from the surf and the waves; and all their posterity have inherited the sound, and borne it inland to the mountains.

I like best a forest of mingled trees, ash, maple, oak, beech, hickory, and evergreens, with birches growing along the edges of the brook that carries itself through the roots and stones toward the willows that grow in yonder meadow. It should be deep and sombre in some directions, running off into shadowy recesses and coverts beyond all footsteps. In such a wood there is endless variety. It will breathe as many voices to your fancy as might be brought from any organ beneath the pressure of some Handel's hands. By the way, Handel and Beethoven always remind me of forests. So do some poets, whose numbers are various as the infinity of vegetation, fine as the choicest cut leaves, strong and rugged in places as the unbarked trunk and gnarled roots at the ground's surface. Is there any other place, except the sea-side, where hours are so short and moments so swift as in a forest? Where else, except in the rare communion of those friends much loved, do we awake from pleasure whose calm flow is without a ripple, into surprise that whole hours are gone which we thought but just begun—blossomed and dropped, which we thought but just budding!

THE PURLOINED LETTER.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[As a writer of the short story Poe has had few equals in this country. The artful ingenuity with which he works up the details of his plot, and his minute attention to the smallest illustrative particular which bears upon the conduct of the story, give his tales a vivid interest from which no reader can escape. The scenes of gloom and terror which he loves to depict, the forms of horror to which he seems to give actual life, render his mastery over his reader as exciting as it is absorbing. His skill in analysis is as marked as his power of painting scenes of horror. We give below one of these analytic stories, as illustrative of his method of handling a subject of this character,—

though, as Griswold indicates, he but unties the knot he has himself carefully tied. As a poet, Poe ranks with the most original of American authors, and brings into his poetry all that weirdness, subtilty, artistic detail, and facility of word-painting which give the charm to his stories, together with a musical flow of language in which he has never been excelled. He was born in Boston in 1811, graduated at the University of Virginia in 1826, and successively became editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," the "Gentleman's Magazine," "Graham's Magazine," and the "Broadway Journal." He died in Baltimore in 1849.]

"Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio."—SENECA.

("There is nothing more odious in knowledge than too much acuteness.")

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 Rogêt. 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 the fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe and rolled toward him a 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 our visitor, 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 honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendency over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendency," 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 especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor 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, recognizes 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 ascendency 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 the 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."

"Oh, 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 apartment, 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 honor 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 is 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 doggerel myself."

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

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere.* 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 bed-posts 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 instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, 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."

"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 admeasurement, and applied to each 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."

"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 research 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 afterward 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 labor 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 sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, 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 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 thunderstricken. 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 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 confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors 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. . . .

"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 a 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 over-largely 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 have always 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 filigree card-rack of pasteboard that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon 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 hyperobtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, 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, redirected and resealed. 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 mean time I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals), 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 behavior 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 afterward 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 might never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might 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 Catalani 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 anything particular in it?"

"Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank: that would have been insulting. D——, at

Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, 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.' "

THE BLIND PREACHER.

WILLIAM WIRT.

[William Wirt, for many years Attorney-General of the United States, and the author of a notable "Life of Patrick Henry," was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1772. He studied law in his native State, and in 1807 took part, as assistant to the then attorney-general, in the trial of Aaron Burr. In this celebrated trial he showed great powers of oratory, and made a speech of unusual brilliancy and effectiveness, a portion of which was his glowing sketch of the home of Blennerhasset on the Ohio, one of the most attractive and popular instances of American eloquence. The sketch of the *Blind Preacher*, which we give, is from his "Letters of the British Spy." In addition he published "The Rainbow," and "The Bachelor," two series of essays, the latter of which, on the model of the *Spectator*, attracted considerable attention. He was a florid and rhetorical writer, whose works, though criticised for their inaccuracy, were well calculated to arouse popular interest. He died in 1834.]

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human, solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour, his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies,—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious, standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and, slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice,—"but Jesus Christ like a God!" If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart with a sensation which

I cannot describe,—a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Saviour as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—"a God!"

If this description give you the impression that this incomparable minister had anything of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any other orator such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him as if "his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence; the link between men and angels."

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard:

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
  Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
  With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air),
And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

SPEECH ON DULUTH.

J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

[J. Proctor Knott, a member of the House of Representatives from Kentucky, rose on January 27, 1871, to address the House on a bill then before it, proposing to make an extensive land-grant to a projected railroad from the St. Croix River to Duluth, Minnesota, at the western extremity of Lake Superior. This bill had already passed the Senate, and was pressed by a powerful lobby and many interested members in the House. But the member from Kentucky, in a speech which for telling humor has rarely been equalled upon that floor, so covered the whole scheme with ridicule as effectually to kill it, and to convulse with laughter not only the House of Representatives, but the whole country. We append this amusing specimen of Congressional wit.]

MR. SPEAKER,—If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor: if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth: friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice not involving my personal honor or my fidelity as the trustee of an expressed trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain to the passage of this bill not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

Now, sir, I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring, or down at the foot-log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction it should run, or where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land-grant die on their hands years and years ago rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piney woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for water-brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance, that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the Library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things;

that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonyme for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand, if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Troy it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is Duluth?"

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands, and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of paradise. There, there, for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word "Duluth."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity, and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skilful palæologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, Duluth is pre-eminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it.

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior; but, as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frost-work, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain, which I am told are ever flitting in the form of towns and cities along those lines of railroad, built with government subsidies, luring the unwary settlers, as the mirage of the desert lures the famished traveller on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon, or whether it is a real, *bona fide*, substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owner's name, like that proud commercial metropolis lately discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabout; for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke-stack off a locomotive. But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly half-way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other must see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody,—

> "Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
> Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
> Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom:
> Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
> Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
> In color though varied, in beauty may vie?"

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at it, sir. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal-measures, wide-extended plains of richest pasturage, all—all embraced in the vast territory which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth.

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours and expatiate with rapture on the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short, and the time of this house far too valuable, to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor of "women's rights," should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah, sir! you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted; and, in the second place, these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust?

Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclone of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Love and poetry are woven of the same thread and painted with the same hues. Emotion and enthusiasm are elements necessary to the life of both, and every true lover becomes a poet for once in his life, just as every poet is a lover, by nature if not in actual fact. Whatever the poet's theme, be it art or nature, war or woman, he must be thoroughly in love with it, and the heart-beat of his love must throb through his verses, or they will be but dead timber,—words without soul. The realm of the poet is a fairy-land of fancy, with an atmosphere made up of splendor and unrealism. And chief among the many legends upon the portal of this fairy-land are the lines of the poet Moore:

> "There is nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream."

The truth of this sentiment has been recognized by every poet, from Homer down to the most recent rhymester, and it has formed the inspiring theme of countless numbers of verse. It seems eminently fitting, therefore, to devote our present Half-Hour to the poets of America in their rendition of this most ancient yet youngest and freshest of poetic themes. And first Bayard Taylor comes to us with a love-song of the Bedouins, a strain of passionate sentiment from that land where love is life, and life is love.

FROM the desert I come to thee
  On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
  In the speed of my desire.

Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

We may fitly follow this passionate serenade with Aldrich's tender love-song from the Persian, though its strain breathes of the thoughtful West rather than of the fiery East.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
  But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
  The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
  Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,—
  Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
  Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
  Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray!
  They stand in everlasting light,
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
  And nestle in his heart by night.

E. C. Pinkney's "Health" breathes another strain.

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of earth than heaven

Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
  The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
  A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
  So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
  Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
Her health! and would on earth there stood
  Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
  And weariness a name.

Love, indeed, is the law of life, or, as Whittier tells us, it is above all law beyond that which it makes for itself.

> "Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
> And high and low mate ill;
> But love has never known a law
> Beyond its own sweet will!"

It has the power of the magnet in drawing souls together, whose union Longfellow has happily compared to the rapid inflow of two meeting streams:

> "So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
> Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
> Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
> Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other."

Poe, the weirdest in thought, yet the most musical in diction, of American poets, sings of his lost love in the following melodious yet somewhat artificial strain.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her high-born kinsman came
  And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
  In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
  Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
  In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
  Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we,—
  Of many far wiser than we,—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
  In the sepulchre there by the sea,
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

In conclusion may be given Whittier's wise warning to those in whom marriage, with its cares and crosses, threatens to dim or extinguish the light of love.

And if the husband or the wife
  In home's strong light discovers

Such slight defects as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living:
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

THE DUKE'S PLOT.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

[John Lothrop Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 15, 1814. He graduated at Harvard in 1831, and then studied at Göttingen for about a year, after which he spent some time in European travel. Upon his return home he studied law, but soon relinquished the legal profession for the more congenial pursuit of literature. His early works were two novels of no great success,—"Morton's Hope, or the Memoirs of a Young Provincial," and "Merry Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." He also contributed to the *North American Review* and other periodicals. His works of fiction are spirited, with well-elaborated descriptions and much humor. In 1851 he revisited Europe, to collect materials for a projected history of Holland. The result of this visit was the brilliant historical work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," one of the most scholarly productions in the whole range of American historical compositions. This work, published in 1856, was followed in 1860–67 by "The History of the United Netherlands from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort," and in 1874 by the "Life of John of Barneveldt," in completion of his valuable study of the history of the Netherlands. Mr. Motley served the government as minister-plenipotentiary to Austria from 1861 to 1867, and as ambassador to England in 1869–70. He died May 29, 1877. As an historian, Motley is very animated in style; and his great work is exceedingly attractive in its illustrations of the manners and customs of the period of which it treats, and in its graphic details of the stirring events of the Netherlandish wars. We give as an example the description of the result of the Duke of Anjou's treacherous effort to seize upon Antwerp.]

ON the 16th of January, suspicion was aroused in the city. A man in a mask entered the mainguard-house in the night, mysteriously gave warning that a great crime was in contemplation, and vanished before he could be arrested. His accent proved him to be a Frenchman. Strange rumors flew about the streets. A vague uneasiness pervaded the whole population as to the intention of their new master, but nothing was definitely known, for of course there was entire ignorance of the events which were just occurring in other cities. The colonels and captains of the burgher guard came to consult the Prince of Orange. He avowed the most entire confidence in the Duke of Anjou, but, at the same time, recommended that the chains should be drawn, the lanterns hung out, and the drawbridge raised an hour earlier than usual, and that other precautions, customary in the expectation of an attack, should be duly taken. He likewise sent the burgomaster of the interior, Dr. Alostanus, to the Duke of Anjou, in order to communicate the suspicions created in the minds of the city authorities by the recent movements of troops.

Anjou, thus addressed, protested in the most solemn manner that nothing was farther from his thoughts than any secret enterprise against Antwerp. He was willing, according to the figure of speech which he had always ready upon every emergency, "to shed every drop of his blood in her defence." He swore that he would signally punish all those who had dared to invent such calumnies against himself and his faithful Frenchmen, declaring earnestly, at the same time, that the troops had only been assembled in the regular course of their duty. As the duke was so loud and so fervent; as he, moreover, made no objections to the precautionary measures which had been taken; as the burgomaster thought, moreover, that the public attention thus aroused would render all evil designs futile, even if any had been entertained; it was thought that the city might sleep in security for that night at least.

On the following morning, as vague suspicions were still entertained by many influential persons, a deputation of magistrates and militia officers waited upon the duke, the Prince of Orange—although himself still feeling a confidence which seems now almost inexplicable—consenting to accompany them. The duke was more vehement than ever in his protestations of loyalty to his recent oaths, as well as of deep affection for the Netherlands,—for Brabant in particular, and for Antwerp most of all,—and he made use of all his vivacity to persuade the prince, the burgomasters, and the colonels, that they had deeply wronged him by such unjust suspicions. His assertions were accepted as sincere, and the deputation withdrew, Anjou having first solemnly promised—at the suggestion of Orange—not to leave the city during the whole day, in order that unnecessary suspicion might be prevented.

This pledge the duke proceeded to violate almost as soon as made. Orange returned with confidence to his own house, which was close to the citadel, and therefore far removed from the proposed point of attack; but he had hardly arrived there when he received a visit from the duke's private secretary, Quinsay, who invited him tc accompany his highness on a visit to the camp. Orange declined the request, and sent an earnest prayer to the duke not to leave the city that morning. The duke dined as usual at noon. While at dinner he received a letter, was observed to turn pale on reading it, and to conceal it hastily in a muff which he wore on his left arm. The repast finished, the duke ordered his horse. The animal was restive, and so strenuously resisted being mounted that, although it was his usual charger, it was exchanged for another. This second horse started in such a flurry that the duke lost his cloak and almost his seat. He maintained his self-possession, however, and placing himself at the head of his body-guard and some troopers, numbering in all three hundred mounted men, rode out of the palace-yard towards the Kipdorp gate.

This portal opened on the road towards Borgerhout, where his troops were stationed, and at the present day bears the name of that village. It is on the side of the city farthest removed from and exactly opposite the river. The town was very quiet, the streets almost deserted; for it was one o'clock, the universal dinner-hour, and all suspicion had been disarmed by the energetic protestations of the duke. The guard at the gate looked listlessly upon the cavalcade as it approached, but as soon as Anjou had crossed the first drawbridge he rose in his stirrups and waved his hand. "There is your city, my lads," said he to the troopers behind him; "go and take possession of it."

At the same time he set spurs to his horse, and galloped off towards the camp at Borgerhout. Instantly afterwards, a gentleman of his suite, Count Rochepot, affected to have broken his leg through the plunging of his horse, a circumstance by which he had been violently pressed against the wall as he entered the gate. Kaiser, the commanding officer at the guard-house, stepped kindly forward to render him assistance, and his reward was a desperate thrust from the Frenchman's rapier. As he wore a steel cuirass, he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.

The expression "broken leg" was the watchword, for at one and the same instant the troopers and guardsmen of Anjou set upon the burgher watch at the gate and butchered every man. A sufficient force was left to protect the entrance thus easily mastered, while the rest of the Frenchmen entered the town at full gallop, shrieking, "*Ville gaignée! ville gaignée! vive la messe! vive le Duc d'Anjou!*" They were followed by their comrades from the camp outside, who now poured into the town at the preconcerted signal, at least six hundred cavalry and three thousand musketeers, all perfectly appointed, entering Antwerp at once. From the Kipdorp gate two main arteries—the streets called the Kipdorp and the Meer—led quite through the heart of the city towards the town-house and the river beyond. Along these great thoroughfares the French soldiers advanced at a rapid pace; the cavalry clattering furiously in the van, shouting, "*Ville gaignée! ville gaignée! vive la messe! vive la messe! tue, tue, tue!*"

The burghers coming to door and window to look for the cause of all this disturbance were saluted with volleys of musketry. They were for a moment astonished, but not appalled, for at first they believed it to be merely an accidental tumult. Observing, however, that the soldiers, meeting with but little effective resistance, were dispersing into dwellings and warehouses, particularly into the shops of the goldsmiths and lapidaries, the citizens remembered the dark suspicions which had been so rife, and many recalled to mind that distinguished French officers had during the last few days been carefully examining the treasures of the jewellers, under pretext of purchasing, but, as it now appeared, with intent to rob intelligently.

The burghers, taking this rapid view of their position, flew instantly to arms. Chains and barricades were stretched across the streets; the trumpets sounded through the city; the municipal guards swarmed to the rescue. An effective rally was made, as usual, at the Bourse, whither a large detachment of the invaders had forced their way. Inhabitants of all classes and conditions, noble and simple, Catholic and Protestant, gave each other the hand, and swore to die at each other's side in defence of the city against the treacherous strangers. The gathering was rapid and enthusiastic. Gentlemen came with lance and cuirass, burghers with musket and bandoleer, artisans with axe, mallet, and other implements of their trade. A bold baker standing by his oven—stark naked, according to the custom of bakers at that day—rushed to the street as the sound of the tumult reached his ear. With his heavy bread-shovel, which he still held in his hand, he dealt a French cavalry officer, just riding and screaming by, such a hearty blow that he fell dead from his horse. The baker seized the officer's sword, sprang, all unattired as he was, upon his steed, and careered furiously through the streets, encouraging his countrymen everywhere to the attack, and dealing dismay through the ranks of the enemy. His services in that eventful hour were so signal that he was publicly thanked afterwards by the magistrates for his services, and rewarded with a pension of three hundred florins for life.

The invaders had been forced from the Bourse, while another portion of them had penetrated as far as the market-place. The resistance which they encountered became every instant more formidable, and Fervacques, a leading French officer, who was captured on the occasion, acknowledged that no regular troops could have fought more bravely than did these stalwart burghers. Women and children mounted to roof and window, whence they hurled not only tiles and chimney-pots, but tables, ponderous chairs, and other bulky articles, upon the heads of the assailants, while such citizens as had used all their bullets loaded their pieces with the silver buttons from their doublets, or twisted gold and silver coins with their teeth into ammunition. With a population so resolute, the four thousand invaders, however audacious, soon found themselves swallowed up. The city had closed over them like water, and within an hour nearly a third of their whole number had been slain. Very few of the burghers had perished, and fresh numbers were constantly advancing to the attack. The Frenchmen, blinded, staggering, beaten, attempted to retreat. Many threw themselves from the fortifications into the moat. The rest of the survivors struggled through the streets—falling in large numbers at every step—towards the point at which they had so lately entered the city. Here at the Kipdorp gate was a ghastly spectacle, the slain being piled up in the narrow passage full ten feet high, while some of the heap, not quite dead, were striving to extricate a hand or foot, and others feebly thrust forth their heads to gain a mouthful of air.

From the outside, some of Anjou's officers were attempting to climb over this mass of bodies in order to enter the city; from the interior, the baffled and fugitive remnant of their comrades were attempting to force their passage through the same horrible barrier; while many dropped at every instant upon the heap of slain, under the blows of the unrelenting burghers. On the other hand, Count Rochepot himself, to whom the principal command of the enterprise had been intrusted by Anjou, stood directly in the path of his fugitive soldiers, not only bitterly upbraiding them with their cowardice, but actually slaying ten or twelve of them with his own hands, as the most effectual mode of preventing their retreat. Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time when the Duke of Anjou first rode out of the Kipdorp gate, before nearly the whole of the force which he had sent to accomplish his base design was either dead or captive. Two hundred and fifty nobles of high rank and illustrious name were killed; recognized at once as they lay in the streets by their magnificent costume. A larger number of the gallant chivalry of France had been sacrificed—as Anjou confessed—in this treacherous and most shameful enterprise, than had often fallen upon noble and honorable fields. Nearly two thousand of the rank and file had perished, and the rest were prisoners. It was at first asserted that exactly fifteen hundred and eighty-three Frenchmen had fallen, but this was only because this number happened to be the date of the year, to which the lovers of marvellous coincidences struggled very hard to make the returns of the dead correspond. Less than one hundred burghers lost their lives.

Anjou, as he looked on at a distance, was bitterly reproached for his treason by several of the high-minded gentlemen about his person, to whom he had not dared to confide his plot. The Duke of Montpensier protested vehemently that he washed his hands of the whole transaction, whatever might be the issue. He was responsible for the honor of an illustrious house, which should never be stained, he said, if he could prevent it, with such foul deeds. The same language was held by Laval, by Rochefoucauld, and by the Maréchal de Biron, the last gentleman, whose two sons were engaged in the vile enterprise, bitterly cursing the duke to the face, as he rode through the gate after revealing his secret undertaking.

Meanwhile, Anjou, in addition to the punishment of hearing these reproaches from men of honor, was the victim of a rapid and violent fluctuation of feeling. Hope, fear, triumph, doubt, remorse, alternately swayed him. As he saw the fugitives leaping from the walls, he shouted exultingly, without accurately discerning what manner of men they were, that the city was his, that four thousand of his brave soldiers were there, and were hurling the burghers from the battlements. On being made afterwards aware of his error, he was proportionably depressed; and when it was obvious at last that the result of the enterprise was an absolute and disgraceful failure, together with a complete exposure of his treachery, he fairly mounted his horse and fled conscience-stricken from the scene.

MY CHATEAUX.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

[There are no more delightful essays in the language, for those who are ready to cut loose from the solid shore of facts and bask in "that light which never was on sea or land," than those which we find embalmed in the pages of "Prue and I," the most imaginative work of George William Curtis, one of our most imaginative prose authors. The "admirable fooling" of *My Chateaux*, from which we extract the present Half-Hour, does not need the dress of verse to make it poetry. There are few who have not indulged in day-dreams like those which it with such pleasant humor portrays. Mr. Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1824. He was an active traveller in his younger years, and has given us, in his "Nile Notes of a Howadji" and "The Howadji in Syria," two of the most picturesque books of travel in American literature. They are full of the softness and exuberance of the Orient, and in reading them we seem lapped in a sunshine not our own. He has written, besides, "The Potiphar Papers," "Lotus-Eating," a work full of brilliant word-painting, and "Trumps," an able character novel of New York society. For many years past Mr. Curtis has been editorially connected with the Harper periodicals.]

I AM the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset, when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible, to my eyes at least, from any part of the world in which I chance to be. In my long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy and a supercargo), if I fell homesick, or sank into a revery of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had but to wait until sunset, and then, looking toward the west, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers brightly burnished as if to salute and welcome me.

So, in the city, if I get vexed and wearied, and cannot find my wonted solace in sallying forth at dinner-time to contemplate the gay world of youth and beauty hurrying to the congress of fashion, or if I observe that years are deepening their tracks around the eyes of my wife Prue, I go quietly up to the house-top, toward evening, and refresh myself with a distant prospect of my estates. . . .

I have never been to Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travellers to that country; although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there. The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather that each one considers his own castles much the largest and in the loveliest positions. And, after I had heard this said, I verified it, by discovering that all my immediate neighbors in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

One day as I raised my head from entering some long and tedious accounts in my books, and began to reflect that the quarter was expiring, and that I must begin to prepare the balance-sheet, I observed my subordinate, in office but not in years (for poor old Titbottom will never see sixty again!), leaning on his hand, and much abstracted.

"Are you not well, Titbottom?" asked I.

"Perfectly; but I was just building a castle in Spain," said he.

I looked at his rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eye, and white hair, for a moment, in great surprise, and then inquired,—

"Is it possible that you own property there too?"

He shook his head silently; and, still leaning on his hand, and with an expression in his eye as if he were looking upon the most fertile estate of Andalusia, he went on making his plans; laying out his gardens, I suppose, building terraces for the vines, determining a library with a southern exposure, and resolving which should be the tapestried chamber. . . .

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscape that I have not yet seen, are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps,—so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The neighboring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy, and my desire of standing in the Coliseum, and of seeing the shattered arches of the Aqueducts stretching along the Campagna and melting into the Alban Mount, is entirely quenched. The rich gloom of my orange groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of flavor as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of southern Italy, hand to the youthful travellers climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand, also, that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden Horn is my fish-preserve; my flocks of golden fleece are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hymettus is distilled from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna,—all in my Spanish domains.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone glance at evening in the vaulted halls, upon banquets that were never spread. The bands I have never collected play all night long, and enchant the brilliant company, that was never assembled, into silence.

In the long summer mornings the children that I never had play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices sounding low and far away, calling, "Father! father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, grown now into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden; but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother! mother!"

But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawny slopes on which, when a child, I played, in my father's old country-place, which was sold when he failed, are all there, and not a flower faded nor a blade of grass sere. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years among the trees I remember.

Chestnuts are not especially sweet to my palate now, but those with which I used to prick my fingers when gathering them in New Hampshire woods are exquisite as ever to my taste, when I think of eating them in Spain. I never ride horseback now at home; but in Spain, when I think of it, I bound over all the fences in the country, barebacked upon the wildest horses. Sermons I am apt to find a little soporific in this country; but in Spain I should listen as reverently as ever, for proprietors must set a good example on their estates.

Plays are insufferable to me here,—Prue and I never go, Prue, indeed, is not quite sure it is moral; but the theatres in my Spanish castles are of a prodigious splendor, and when I think of going there, Prue sits in a front box with me,—a kind of royal box,—the good woman attired in such wise as I have never seen her here, while I wear my white waistcoat, which in Spain has no appearance of mending, but dazzles with immortal newness and is a miraculous fit.

Yes, and in those castles in Spain, Prue is not the placid, breeches-patching helpmate with whom you are acquainted, but her face has a bloom which we both remember, and her movement a grace which my Spanish swans emulate, and her voice a music sweeter than those that orchestras discourse. She is always there what she seemed to me when I fell in love with her, many and many years ago. The neighbors called her then a nice, capable girl; and certainly she did knit and darn with a zeal and success to which my feet and my legs have testified for nearly half a century. But she could spin a finer web than ever came from cotton, and in its subtle meshes my heart was entangled, and there has reposed softly and happily ever since. The neighbors declared she could make pudding and cake better than any girl of her age; but stale bread from Prue's hand was ambrosia to my palate.

"She who makes everything well, even to making neighbors speak well of her, will surely make a good wife," said I to myself when I knew her; and the echo of a half-century answers, "a good wife."

So, when I meditate my Spanish castles, I see Prue in them as my heart saw her standing by her father's door. "Age cannot wither her." There is a magic in the Spanish air that paralyzes Time. He glides by unnoticed and unnoticing. I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows; I delight in the taste of the southern fruit that ripens upon my terraces; I enjoy the pensive shade of the Italian ruins in my gardens; I like to shoot crocodiles and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile, flowing through my domain; I am glad to drink sherbet in Damascus and fleece my flocks on the plains of Marathon; but I would resign all these forever rather than part with that Spanish portrait of Prue for a day. Nay, have I not resigned them all forever, to live with that portrait's changing original?

I have often wondered how I should reach my castles. The desire of going comes over me very strongly sometimes, and I endeavor to see how I can arrange my affairs so as to get away. To tell the truth, I am not quite sure of the route,—I mean, to that particular part of Spain in which my estates lie. I have inquired very particularly, but nobody seems to know precisely. . . .

At length I resolved to ask Titbottom if he had ever heard of the best route to our estates. He said that he owned castles, and sometimes there was an expression in his face as if he saw them. I hope he did. I should long ago have asked him if he had ever observed the turrets of my possessions in the West, without alluding to Spain, if I had not feared he would suppose I was mocking his poverty. I hope his poverty has not turned his head, for he is very forlorn.

One Sunday I went with him a few miles into the country. It was a soft, bright day; the fields and hills lay turned to the sky, as if every leaf and blade of grass were nerves, bared to the touch of the sun. I almost felt the ground warm under my feet. The meadows waved and glittered, the lights and shadows were exquisite, and the distant hills seemed only to remove the horizon farther away. As we strolled along, picking wild flowers, for it was in summer, I was thinking what a fine day it was for a trip to Spain, when Titbottom suddenly exclaimed,—

"Thank God, I own this landscape!"

"You!" returned I.

"Certainly," said he.

"Why," I answered, "I thought this was part of Bourne's property!"

Titbottom smiled.

"Does Bourne own the sun and sky? Does Bourne own that sailing shadow yonder? Does Bourne own the golden lustre of the grain, or the motion of the woods, or those ghosts of hills that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise how could I own castles in Spain?"

That was very true. I respected Titbottom more than ever.

"Do you know," said he, after a long pause, "that I fancy my castles lie just beyond those distant hills? At all events, I can see them distinctly from their summits."

He smiled quietly as he spoke, and it was then I asked,—

"But, Titbottom, have you never discovered the way to them?"

"Dear me! yes," answered he. "I know the way well enough; but it would do no good to follow it. I should give out before I arrived. It is a long and difficult journey for a man of my years and habits—and income," he added, slowly.

As he spoke he seated himself upon the ground; and while he pulled long blades of grass, and, putting them between his thumbs, whistled shrilly, he said,—

"I have never known but two men who reached their estates in Spain."

"Indeed!" said I. "How did they go?"

"One went over the side of a ship, and the other out of a third-story window," said Titbottom, fitting a broad blade between his thumbs and blowing a demoniacal blast.

"And I know one proprietor who resides upon his estates constantly," continued he.

"Who is that?"

"Our old friend Slug, whom you may see any day at the asylum, just coming in from the hunt, or going to call upon his friend the Grand Lama, or dressing for the wedding of the Man in the Moon, or receiving an ambassador from Timbuctoo. Whenever I go to see him, Slug insists that I am the Pope, disguised as a journeyman carpenter, and he entertains me in the most distinguished manner. He always insists upon kissing my foot, and I bestow upon him, kneeling, the apostolic benediction. This is the only Spanish proprietor in possession with whom I am acquainted."

And, so saying, Titbottom lay back upon the ground, and, making a spy-glass of his hand, surveyed the landscape through it. This was a marvellous book-keeper of more than sixty!

"I know another man who lived in his Spanish castle for two months, and then was tumbled out head first. That was young Stunning, who married old Buhl's daughter. She was all smiles, and mamma was all sugar, and Stunning was all bliss, for two months. He carried his head in the clouds, and felicity absolutely foamed at his eyes. He was drowned in love; seeing, as usual, not what really was, but what he fancied. He lived so exclusively in his castle that he forgot the office down town, and one morning there came a fall, and Stunning was smashed."

Titbottom arose, and, stooping over, contemplated the landscape with his head down between his legs.

"It's quite a new effect, so," said the nimble book-keeper.

"Well," said I, "Stunning failed?"

"Oh, yes, smashed all up, and the castle in Spain came down about his ears with a tremendous crash. The family sugar was all dissolved into the original cane in a moment. Fairy times are over, are they? Heigh-ho! the falling stones of Stunning's castle have left their marks all over his face. I call them his Spanish scars."

"But, my dear Titbottom," said I, "what is the matter with you this morning? Your usual sedateness is quite gone."

"It's only the exhilarating air of Spain," he answered. "My castles are so beautiful that I can never think of them, nor speak of them, without excitement; when I was younger I desired to reach them even more ardently than now, because I heard that the philosopher's stone was in the vault of one of them."

"Indeed," said I, yielding to sympathy; "and I have good reason to believe that the fountain of eternal youth flows through the garden of one of mine. Do you know whether there are any children upon your grounds?"

"'The children of Alice call Bartrum father!'" replied Titbottom, solemnly, and in a low voice, as he folded his faded hands before him, and stood erect, looking wistfully over the landscape. The light wind played with his thin white hair, and his sober black suit was almost sombre in the sunshine. The half-bitter expression, which I had remarked upon his face during part of our conversation, had passed away, and the old sadness had returned to his eye. He stood, in the pleasant morning, the very image of a great proprietor of castles in Spain.

"There is wonderful music there," he said: "sometimes I awake at night and hear it. It is full of the sweetness of youth, and love, and a new world. I lie and listen, and I seem to arrive at the great gates of my estates. They swing open upon noiseless hinges, and the tropic of my dreams receives me. Up the broad steps, whose marble pavement mingled light and shadow print with shifting mosaic, beneath the boughs of lustrous oleanders, and palms, and trees of unimaginable fragrance, I pass into the vestibule, warm with summer odors, and into the presence-chamber beyond, where my wife awaits me. But castle, and wife, and odorous woods, and pictures, and statues, and all the bright substance of my household, seem to reel and glimmer in the splendor, as the music fails.

"But when it swells again, I clasp the wife to my heart, and we move on with a fair society, beautiful women, noble men, before whom the tropical luxuriance of that world bends and bows in homage; and through endless days and nights of eternal summer the stately revel of our life proceeds. Then, suddenly, the music stops. I hear my watch ticking under the pillow. I see dimly the outline of my little upper room. Then I fall asleep, and in the morning some one of the boarders at the breakfast-table says,—

"'Did you hear the serenade last night, Mr. Titbottom?'"

I doubted no longer that Titbottom was a very extensive proprietor. The truth is, that he was so constantly engaged in planning and arranging his castles that he conversed very little at the office, and I had misinterpreted his silence.

As we walked homeward, that day, he was more than ever tender and gentle. "We must all have something to do in this world," said he, "and I, who have so much leisure,—for you know I have no wife nor children to work for,—know not what I should do if I had not my castles in Spain to look after."

When I reached home, my darling Prue was sitting in the small parlor, reading. I felt a little guilty for having been so long away, and upon my only holiday, too. So I began to say that Titbottom invited me to go to walk, and that I had no idea we had gone so far, and that——

"Don't excuse yourself," said Prue, smiling, as she laid down her book; "I am glad you have enjoyed yourself. You ought to go out sometimes and breathe the fresh air, and run about the fields, which I am not strong enough to do. Why did you not bring home Mr. Titbottom to tea? He is so lonely, and looks so sad. I am sure he has very little comfort in this life," said my thoughtful Prue, as she called Jane to set the tea-table.

"But he has a good deal of comfort in Spain, Prue," answered I.

"When was Mr. Titbottom in Spain?" inquired my wife.

"Why, he is there more than half the time," I replied.

Prue looked quietly at me and smiled. "I see it has done you good to breathe the country air," said she. "Jane, get some of the blackberry jam, and call Adoniram and the children."

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

[Of the history of Thomas Jefferson we have no need to speak. As an author he must be credited with a document which will live as long as America remains a nation, "The Declaration of Independence," which, as Edward Everett says, "is equal to anything ever born on parchment or expressed in the visible signs of thought." His other literary labors may be found in his "Notes on Virginia," his State Papers, and the Autobiography, Correspondence, etc., embraced in the published volumes of his writings. He has an easy and flexible style, and a critical discernment that might have made him famous as an author but for the all-embracing political interests of his times. His "Character of Washington" is of interest as a clearly-drawn pen-picture from one who had every opportunity to know the great man of whom he wrote.]

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order, his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within-doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

THE RIDE OF THE AVENGERS.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

[There is nothing in American literature more stirring in incident, more vivid in description, and more original in manner than the novel of prairie and mountain from which we make the following extract. Life in the Western border-land has never been more forcibly depicted than in "John Brent," with his wonderful horse, and the life of open-air adventure and clearly-outlined scenery through which he leads us. Winthrop's other works, all published after his death, were "Cecil Dreeme," a tale of university life in New York City, with an originality as marked as that of "John Brent," though quite unlike it in tone and manner, "Edwin Brothertoft," "The Canoe and the Saddle," "Life in the Open Air," and "Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests." Born in New Haven in 1828, he spent a portion of his life in the West, where he gathered the materials for several of his works. He entered the army at the outbreak of the civil war, with the rank of major, and was shot during the attack on Big Bethel, June 10, 1861, almost at the beginning of the war.]

[Ellen Clitheroe, the daughter of a weak old man who has joined the Mormons, has been abducted by two villains, Larrap and Murker. They are pursued by John Brent, the lover of the abducted girl, with his friend Richard Wade and a man named Armstrong, whose brother has been murdered by these villains, and who rides up on their trail just in time to join the other two in their pursuit. We take up the thread of the story at an advanced point on the trail.]

WE were ascending now all the time into subalpine regions. We crossed great sloping savannas, deep in dry, rustling grass, where a nation of cattle might pasture. We plunged through broad wastes of hot sand. We flung ourselves down and up the red sides of water-worn gullies. We took breakneck leaps across dry quebradas in the clay. We clattered across stony arroyos, longing thirstily for the gush of water that had flowed there not many months before.

The trail was everywhere plain. No prairie craft was needed to trace it. Here the chase had gone, but a few hours ago; here, across grassy slopes, trampling the grass as if a mower had passed that way; here, ploughing wearily through the sand; here, treading the red, crumbling clay; here, breaking down the side of a bank; here, leaving a sharp hoof-track in the dry mud of a fled torrent. Everywhere a straight path, pointing for that deepening gap in the Sierra, Luggernel Alley, the only gate of escape.

Brent's unerring judgment had divined the course aright. On he led, charging along the trail, as if he were trampling already on the carcasses of the pursued. On he led, and we followed, drawing nearer, nearer to our goal.

Our horses suffered bitterly for water. Some five hours we had ridden without a pause. Not one drop or sign of water in all that arid waste. The torrents had poured along the dry water-courses too hastily to let the scanty alders and willows along their line treasure up any sap of growth. The wild-sage bushes had plainly never tasted fluid more plenteous than seldom dew-drops doled out on certain rare festal days, enough to keep their meagre foliage a dusty gray. No pleasant streamlet lurked anywhere under the long, dry grass of the savannas. The arroyos were parched and hot as rifts in lava.

It became agonizing to listen to the panting and gasping of our horses. Their eyes grew staring and bloodshot. We suffered, ourselves, hardly less than they. It was cruel to press on. But we must hinder a crueller cruelty. Love against Time,—Vengeance against Time! We must not flinch for any weak humanity to the noble allies that struggled on with us, without one token of resistance.

Fulano suffered least. He turned his brave eye back, and beckoned me with his ear to listen, while he seemed to say, "See, this is my Endurance! I hold my Power ready still to show."

And he curved his proud neck, shook his mane like a banner, and galloped the grandest of all.

We came to a broad strip of sand, the dry bed of a mountain-torrent. The trail followed up this disappointing path. Heavy ploughing for the tired horses! How would they bear the rough work down the ravine yet to come?

Suddenly our leader pulled up and sprang from the saddle.

"Look!" he cried, "how those fellows spent their time and saved ours. Thank heaven for this! We shall save her, surely, now."

It was WATER! No need to go back to Pindar to know that it was "the Best."

They had dug a pit deep in the thirsty sand and found a lurking river buried there. Nature never questioned what manner of men they were that sought. Murderers flying from vengeance and planning now another villain outrage,—still impartial Nature did not change her laws for them. Sunshine, air, water, life,—these boons of hers,—she gave them freely. That higher boon of death, if they were to receive it, must be from some other power, greater than the undiscriminating force of Nature. . . .

We drank thankfully of this well by the wayside. No gentle beauty hereabouts to enchant us to delay. No grand old tree, the shelter and the landmark of the fountain, proclaiming an oasis near. Nothing but bare, hot sand. But the water was pure, cool, and bright. It had come underground from the Sierra, and still remembered its parent snows. We drank, and were grateful, almost to the point of pity. Had we been but avengers, like Armstrong, my friend and I could wellnigh have felt mercy here, and turned back pardoning. But rescue was more imperative than vengeance. Our business tortured us, as with the fanged scourge of Tisiphone, while we dallied. We grudged these moments of refreshment. Before night fell down the west, and night was soon to be climbing up the east, we must overtake; and then ?

I wiped the dust and spume away from Fulano's nostrils and breathed him a moment. Then I let him drain deep, delicious draughts from the stirrup-cup. He whinnied thanks and undying fealty,—my noble comrade! He drank like a reveller. When I mounted again, he gave a jubilant curvet and bound. My weight was a feather to him. All those leagues of our hard, hot gallop were nothing.

The brown Sierra here was close at hand. Its glittering, icy summits, above the dark and sheeny walls, far above the black phalanxes of clambering pines, stooped forward and hung over us as we rode. We were now at the foot of the range, where it dipped suddenly down upon the plain. The gap, our goal all day, opened before us, grand and terrible. Some giant force had clutched the mountains and riven them narrowly apart. The wild defile gaped, and then wound away and closed, lost between its mighty walls, a thousand feet high, and bearing two brother pyramids of purple cliffs aloft far above the snow-line. A fearful portal into a scene of the throes and agonies of earth! and my excited eyes seemed to read, gilded over its entrance, in the dead gold of that hazy October sunshine, words from Dante's inscription,—

> "Per me si va tra la perduta gente;
> Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate!"

"Here we are," said Brent, speaking hardly above his breath. "This is Luggernel Alley at last, thank God!

In an hour, if the horses hold out, we shall be at the Springs; that is, if we can go through this breakneck gorge at the same pace. My horse began to flinch a little before the water. Perhaps that will set him up. How are yours?"

"Fulano asserts that he has not begun to show himself yet. I may have to carry you *en croupe*, before we are done."

Armstrong said nothing, but pointed impatiently down the defile. The gaunt white horse moved on quicker at this gesture. He seemed a tireless machine, not flesh and blood,—a being like his master, living and acting by the force of a purpose alone.

Our chief led the way into the cañon.

Yes, John Brent, you were right when you called Luggernel Alley a wonder of our continent.

I remember it now,—I only saw it then,—for those strong scenes of nature assault the soul whether it will or no, fight in against affirmative or negative resistance, and bide their time to be admitted as dominant over the imagination. It seemed to me then that I was not noticing how grand the precipices, how stupendous the cleavages, how rich and gleaming the rock faces in Luggernel Alley. My business was not to stare about, but to look sharp and ride hard; and I did it.

Yet now I can remember, distinct as if I beheld it, every stride of that pass; and everywhere, as I recall foot after foot of that fierce chasm, I see three men with set faces, —one deathly pale and wearing a bloody turban,—all galloping steadily on, on an errand to save and to slay.

Terrible riding it was! A pavement of slippery, sheeny rock; great beds of loose stones; barricades of mighty boulders, where a cliff had fallen an æon ago, before the days of the road-maker race; crevices where an unwary

foot might catch; wide rifts where a shaky horse might fall, or a timid horseman drag him down. Terrible riding! A pass where a calm traveller would go quietly picking his steps, thankful if each hour counted him a safe mile.

Terrible riding! Madness to go as we went! Horse and man, any moment either might shatter every limb. But man and horse neither can know what he can do, until he has dared and done. On we went, with the old frenzy growing tenser, heart almost broken with eagerness.

No whipping or spurring. Our horses were a part of ourselves. While we could go, they would go. Since the water, they were full of leap again. Down in the shady Alley, too, evening had come before its time. Noon's packing of hot air had been dislodged by a mountain-breeze drawing through. Horses and men were braced and cheered to their work; and in such riding as that, the man and the horse must think together and move together,—eye and hand of the rider must choose and command, as bravely as the horse executes. The blue sky was overhead, the red sun upon the castellated walls a thousand feet above us, the purpling chasm opened before. It was late; these were the last moments. But we should save the lady yet.

"Yes," our hearts shouted to us, "we shall save her yet."

An arroyo, the channel of a dry torrent, followed the pass. It had made its way as water does, not straightway, but by that potent feminine method of passing under the frowning front of an obstacle, and leaving the dull rock staring there, while the wild creature it would have held is gliding away down the valley. This zigzag channel baffled us; we must leap it without check wherever it crossed our path. Every second now was worth a century. Here was the sign of horses, passed but now. We could not choose ground. We must take our leaps on that cruel rock wherever they offered.

Poor Pumps!

He had carried his master so nobly! There were so few miles to do! He had chased so well; he merited to be in at the death.

Brent lifted him at a leap across the arroyo.

Poor Pumps!

His hind feet slipped on the time-smoothed rock. He fell short. He plunged down a dozen feet among the rough boulders of the torrent-bed. Brent was out of the saddle almost before he struck, raising him.

No, he would never rise again. Both his forelegs were broken at the knee. He rested there, kneeling on the rocks where he fell.

Brent groaned. The horse screamed horribly, horribly,—there is no more agonized sound,—and the scream went echoing high up the cliffs where the red sunlight rested.

It costs a loving master much to butcher his brave and trusty horse, the half of his knightly self; but it costs him more to hear him shriek in such misery. Brent drew his pistol to put poor Pumps out of pain.

Armstrong sprang down and caught his hand.

"Stop!" he said, in his hoarse whisper.

He had hardly spoken since we started. My nerves were so strained that this mere ghost of a sound rang through me like a death-yell, a grisly cry of merciless and exultant vengeance. I seemed to hear its echoes, rising up and swelling in a flood of thick uproar, until they burst over the summit of the pass and were wasted in the crannies of the towering mountain-flanks above.

"Stop!" whispered Armstrong. "No shooting! They'll hear. The knife!"

He held out his knife to my friend.

Brent hesitated one heart-beat. Could he stain his hand with his faithful servant's blood?

Pumps screamed again.

Armstrong snatched the knife and drew it across the throat of the crippled horse.

Poor Pumps! He sank and died without a moan. Noble martyr in the old, heroic cause!

I caught the knife from Armstrong. I cut the thong of my girth. The heavy California saddle, with its macheers and roll of blankets, fell to the ground. I cut off my spurs. They had never yet touched Fulano's flanks. He stood beside me, quiet, but trembling to be off.

"Now, Brent! up behind me!" I whispered; for the awe of death was upon us.

I mounted. Brent sprang up behind. I ride light for a tall man. Brent is the slightest body of an athlete I ever saw.

Fulano stood steady till we were firm in our seats.

Then he tore down the defile.

Here was that vast reserve of power; here the tireless spirit; here the hoof striking true as a thunderbolt, where the brave eye saw footing; here that writhing agony of speed; here the great promise fulfilled, the great heart thrilling to mine, the grand body living to the beating heart. Noble Fulano!

I rode with a snaffle. I left it hanging loose. I did not check or guide him. He saw all. He knew all. All was his doing.

We sat firm, clinging as we could, as we must. Fulano dashed along the resounding pass.

Armstrong pressed after: the gaunt white horse struggled to emulate his leader. Presently we lost them behind the curves of the Alley. No other horse that ever lived could have held with the black in that headlong gallop to save.

Over the slippery rocks, over the sheeny pavement, plunging through the loose stones, staggering over the barricades, leaping the arroyo, down, up, on, always on,—on went the horse, we clinging as we might.

It seemed one beat of time, it seemed an eternity, when between the ring of the hoofs I heard Brent whisper in my ear,—

"We are there."

The crags flung apart, right and left. I saw a sylvan glade. I saw the gleam of gushing water.

Fulano dashed on, uncontrollable!

There they were,—the Murderers.

Arrived but one moment!

The lady still bound to that pack-mule branded A. & A.

Murker just beginning to unsaddle.

Larrap not dismounted, in chase of the other animals as they strayed to graze.

The men heard the tramp, and saw us, as we sprang into the glade.

Both my hands were at the bridle.

Brent, grasping my waist with one arm, was awkward with his pistol.

Murker saw us first. He snatched his six-shooter and fired.

Brent shook with a spasm. His pistol arm dropped.

Before the murderer could cock again, Fulano was upon him!

He was ridden down. He was beaten, trampled down upon the grass,—crushed, abolished.

We disentangled ourselves from the *mêlée.*

Where was the other?

The coward, without firing a shot, was spurring Armstrong's Flathead horse blindly up the cañon whence we had issued.

We turned to Murker.

Fulano was up again, and stood there shuddering. But the man?

A hoof had battered in the top of his skull; blood was gushing from his mouth; his ribs were broken; all his body was a trodden, massacred carcass.

He breathed once, as we lifted him.

Then a tranquil, childlike look stole over his face,—that well-known look of the weary body, thankful that the turbulent soul has gone. Murker was dead.

Fulano, and not we, had been executioner. *His* was the stain of blood.

MY CHILD.

JOHN PIERPONT.

[One of the most pathetic poems in our language is that which we append from John Pierpont, a poet of the earlier days of the present century. The beautiful image with which the eighth verse closes has become part of the world's stock of poetical aphorisms. The author was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1785. He was long pastor of the Hollis Street Church, Boston, and was closely identified with the anti-slavery and temperance movements. His poems are characterized by great beauty of thought and earnestness of purpose, and few American poets surpass him in finish of versification, truth of sentiment, "love of right, freedom, and man, and hearty hatred of everything that is at war with them."]

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;

Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes,—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair,
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air

My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked:—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

A BEE-HUNT.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783 His literary life began in 1807, when he joined with his brother William and with James K. Paulding in the issue of *Salmagundi*, a satirical and humorous magazine. In 1809 was published the most humorous of his works, "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," one of the most admirable bits of burlesque history in our language. "The Sketch-Book" appeared in 1819, and at once gained its author the highest reputation as an essayist, and as one of the most elegant and polished writers in English literature. "Bracebridge Hall" soon followed, after which he began that series of admirable histories on which his fame chiefly rests. "The History of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," "Mahomet and his Successors," with biographies of Oliver Goldsmith and George Washington, and a number of works of a more general character, complete the list of his publications. No man did more in the early days of our nation to bring American literature up to the level of that of England than Washington Irving, and he stands to-day among the classic writers of the English language. The selection we give below is from "A Tour on the Prairies," published in 1835.]

THE beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the Far West within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man, and say that in proportion as the bee advances the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

At present the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests which skirt and intersect the prairies and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow in homespun garb that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles, for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the mean time, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full-freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack which announced the disrupture of the trunk failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge; they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date and a deep brown color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community: as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore,—plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full-freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the "melancholy Jaques" might have moralized by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will all be cleared off by varmint," said one of the rangers. "What vermin?" asked I. "Oh, bears, and skunks, and raccoons, and 'possums. The bears is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees, and all."

APPROACHING THE ALPS.

CORNELIUS C. FELTON.

[Cornelius Conway Felton was born at West Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1807. He graduated from Harvard in 1827, and held the professorship of Greek literature in that institution from 1834 to 1860, when he became President of the University. He died in 1862. Professor Felton published a number of works on classical subjects, besides numerous contributions to periodical literature. His letters of travel, of which we give two specimens, are admirably written.]

BUT this is a digression from the Alps. The road up St. Gothard is a wonderful piece of engineering, mounting apparently inaccessible heights by a series of terraces or *tourniquets*, so that carriages are very easily driven up. The Reuss flows down, and the sound of the water is heard the whole distance, though the river is sometimes so deep below the road that one can scarcely see it. Then the rocky walls rise steep and bare on either side, seeming to rest on the deep foundations of the earth and to support the sky on their summits.

I walked a considerable part of the way, to enjoy the wonderful scene more completely. It was a good day's journey to the Hospitenthal, or valley of the hospice, on the height of the pass. This valley is a beautiful spot, green and lovely itself, though at so immense a height, and surrounded by snow-capped pinnacles. We spent the night here.

The next morning we started for the Furca Pass, and the Grimsel; but no more carriage-roads. I was strongly tempted to walk the whole distance from the Hospitenthal to Meyringen, but reflected that I was twenty years older than I was twenty years ago, and much heavier than when I was much lighter: so I finally decided to compromise the matter by taking one horse for myself and our courier. The rest of the party had each a horse, and two men were employed to take Edie the whole distance, some fifty miles, in a chair.

Now, if I were animated by the proper traveller's spirit, I should rise into the sublime, in my description of the appalling dangers from which we miraculously escaped. I should make each particular hair stand on end by telling you what dizzy heights we scaled by paths scarce a foot in width, along the edges of perpendicular precipices ten thousand feet or more in depth. I should freeze your blood with horror by depicting the mountainous masses of rock just tottering to their fall, by which we had to pass. I should make you shudder to think of the mighty glaciers we crossed, and the yawning crevasses, a thousand feet deep, over which we were obliged to jump. I should thrill you with the thunder of the descending avalanche that came within a hair's-breadth of burying us five hundred feet deep in snow. I should—— But enough of these awful adventures, that trip so freely from the pens of summer tourists.

In plain prose and rigid truth, the whole journey was exciting in the highest degree. The path *does* wind along the edge of tremendous precipices, and above it the rocky mountain-sides *do* rise sheer and awful up to heaven. Sometimes the path descends so steeply that it seems impossible to go down without breaking your neck; again it seems to go straight up into the air, and the wonder is how any four footed beast can possibly climb it without rolling over backwards. If you look up, you half believe the mountain is coming down upon you; if you look down, you are struck by the exceeding probability that you may reach the bottom a great deal sooner than you intend. With all this, you have an abiding confidence in your sure-footed and faithful beast, and you know that he will carry you safely through.

I walked about half the whole distance, but it so happened that I rode over the worst parts of the way. I felt astonished, delighted, and constantly amazed by the grandeur of the gigantic scenery; and only once did I feel in the least startled with any sense of danger. In one place, in the steep side of an enormous rock, a way is scooped out just deep enough for a horse to pass and high enough for the rider if he stoops. The side of the road towards the abyss is guarded by a wooden railing. Near this spot a beggar-girl had placed herself; and as my horse entered this rather critical passage, she came up and spoke in the peculiar, inarticulate whine they all employ, standing between the horse and the rocky side. The horse shied an instant, pressed my leg against the slender railing, and I looked over into what really seemed a fathomless abyss.

There was no actual danger, for the horse knew his footing exactly; but the appearance of danger set my blood in motion for a moment and made my pulse beat at a pretty rapid rate. Agassiz will remember this spot.

The ordinary conception of the largeness of frame of the knights of old, of which romance has given us very exaggerated ideas, is rather depreciated by the following narration, in which we find a quiet university professor experiencing great difficulty in getting inside the armor of one of the doughty knights of ancient Burgundy.

Having finished all that I desired to do there, we left Constance for Zurich, passing through Zug, and by the Lake of Zug, one of those exquisite mountain-lakes so numerous in Switzerland. The scenery all the way was beautiful. At Zurich we saw all that was to be seen,—not a great deal, but, among other things, the Zeughaus, as they call it, or collection of ancient and mediæval arms, some of them curious and valuable as memorials of the early wars of Switzerland against the Burgundians. Many complete suits of armor from the old battle-fields were there,—spears, battle-axes, and a peculiarly heavy lance, with a heavy head set all over with spikes, and called a *morning star*,—a singular name for such a bloody and destructive instrument.

The place is not much visited: nobody else was there with us. I always try to vivify an idea by embodying it in some manner. I had often tried to imagine how a knight of the Middle Ages would feel, buckled up in his "complete steel," on a hot day. Being a middle-aged man myself, and the day being very hot, I asked permission of the keeper to try the experiment of equipping myself in one of those old Burgundian panoplies. He willingly complied with the request, looking, however, a little amused and surprised. I selected one of the two largest in the collection, and, the keeper acting as squire, I was soon encased from head to foot, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "armed *cap-à-pie.*"

I could, however, just squeeze myself into it; it pinched in many places; and as this belonged to one of the stoutest knights of the Burgundian host, it is very evident that the notion of the greater size of the warriors of the Middle Ages as compared with our own is, like that of the greater size of Englishmen as compared with Americans, a mere superstition. I had the most difficulty in getting the helmet on, but at last pushed my head into it, buckled it securely, took off my spectacles, and drew the visor down. Next, I seized a huge battle-axe, and then marched across the hall, while G—— and the girls were sitting down and laughing.

I could walk well enough, except that I seemed to be a little stiff in the joints; there was also a slight difficulty in breathing through the visor, and a little hardness of hearing through the iron side-pieces. I could not see much, except directly in front, and there only in spots. Add to this, the heat was excessive, and the weight of the armor was rather more than one wants in a summer day. The battle-axe was something of a load, too,—about as much as Satan's spear in Milton, taller than "the mast of some great ammiral."

With these exceptions, the armor was comfortable enough, and I think our ancestors must have had a cosey time after they got used to it. I walked about in it for several minutes, swinging the axe in the most formidable manner, and could have borne it a good while longer. But, having satisfied my wish to embody an idea, I requested my squire to help me out of the harness, and I must confess I breathed more freely. It was easier walking, seeing, hearing, talking. I could wear my spectacles, which I could not under the visor; and, upon the whole, I congratulate myself on having been born in the present age, rather than in the time of Charles the Bold of Burgundy.

THE MONARCH OF TEZCUCO.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

[The historian Prescott was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He studied in Harvard University, which he left in 1814, with the intention of studying law. But in a preliminary course of historical reading his sight became seriously affected, one eye having already been deprived of its power of vision through an accident in college. For a time he was totally blind, but eventually he recovered some feeble power of vision. At a later period he became able to use his eyes sufficiently to engage to some extent in study, and to write a number of historical and critical essays, preliminary to the brilliant series of histories on which his fame rests. By the aid of a reader he was enabled to make the extensive researches necessary to these works, and in the face of extraordinary discouragements he completed his "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," "Philip the Second," and "Charles the Fifth after his Abdication." He died in 1859. His works have given him a position in the front rank of historians. Their style is clear and fluent, while their descriptive passages are peculiarly vivid and attractive, and the selections from the mass of often conflicting material are made with great judgment and sagacity. There is no more popular historian than Prescott, in whose pages the stirring scenes he describes seem acted out in life rather than coldly narrated. The extract which we append, from the "Conquest of Mexico," gives a vivid idea of the degree of culture and luxury attained by the civilized races of the New World, who certainly in many particulars were in advance of their conquerors, however greatly their inferiors in the art of war.]

THE hours of the Tezcucan monarch were not all passed in idle dalliance with the Muse, nor in the sober contemplations of philosophy, as at a later period. In the freshness of youth and early manhood he led the allied armies in their annual expeditions, which were certain to result in a wider extent of territory to the empire. In the intervals of peace he fostered those productive arts which are the surest sources of public prosperity. He encouraged agriculture above all; and there was scarcely a spot so rude, or a steep so inaccessible, as not to confess the power of cultivation. The land was covered with a busy population, and towns and cities sprang up in places since deserted or dwindled into miserable villages.

From resources thus enlarged by conquest and domestic industry, the monarch drew the means for the large consumption of his own numerous household, and for the costly works which he executed for the convenience and embellishment of the capital. He filled it with stately edifices for his nobles, whose constant attendance he was anxious to secure at his court. He erected a magnificent pile of buildings which might serve both for a royal residence and for the public offices. It extended, from east to west, twelve hundred and thirty-four yards, and from north to south, nine hundred and seventy-eight. It was encompassed by a wall of unburnt bricks and cement, six feet wide and nine high for one-half of the circumference, and fifteen feet high for the other half. Within this enclosure were two courts. The outer one was used as the great market-place of the city, and continued to be so until long after the Conquest,—if, indeed, it is not now. The interior court was surrounded by the council-chambers and halls of justice. There were also accommodations there for the foreign ambassadors; and a spacious saloon, with apartments opening into it, for men of science and poets, who pursued their studies in this retreat or met together to hold converse under its marble porticoes.

In this quarter, also, were kept the public archives, which fared better under the Indian dynasty than they have since under their European successors.

Adjoining this court were the apartments of the king, including those for the royal harem, as liberally supplied with beauties as that of an Eastern sultan. Their walls were incrusted with alabasters and richly-tinted stucco, or hung with gorgeous tapestries of variegated featherwork. They led through long arcades, and through intricate labyrinths of shrubbery, into gardens where baths and sparkling fountains were overshadowed by tall groves of cedar and cypress. The basins of water were well stocked with fish of various kinds, and the aviaries with birds glowing in all the gaudy plumage of the tropics. Many birds and animals which could not be obtained alive were represented in gold and silver so skilfully as to have furnished the great naturalist Hernandez with models for his work.

Accommodations on a princely scale were provided for the sovereigns of Mexico and Tlacopan when they visited the court. The whole of this lordly pile contained three hundred apartments, some of them fifty yards square. The height of the building is not mentioned. It was probably not great, but supplied the requisite room by the immense extent of ground which it covered. The interior was doubtless constructed of light materials, especially of the rich woods which, in that country, are remarkable, when polished, for the brilliancy and variety of their colors. That the more solid materials of stone and stucco were also liberally employed is proved by the remains at the present day,—remains which have furnished an inexhaustible quarry for the churches and other edifices since erected by the Spaniards on the site of the ancient city.

We are not informed of the time occupied in building this palace. But two hundred thousand workmen, it is said, were employed on it. However this may be, it is certain that the Tezcucan monarchs, like those of Asia and ancient Egypt, had the control of immense masses of men, and would sometimes turn the whole population of a conquered city, including the women, into the public works. The most gigantic monuments of architecture which the world has witnessed would never have been reared by the hands of freemen.

Adjoining the palace were buildings for the king's children, who, by his various wives, amounted to no less than sixty sons and fifty daughters. Here they were instructed in all the exercises and accomplishments suited to their station; comprehending, what would scarcely find a place in a royal education on the other side of the Atlantic, the arts of working in metals, jewelry, and feather-mosaic. Once in every four months, the whole household, not excepting the youngest, and including all the officers and attendants on the king's person, assembled in a grand saloon of the palace, to listen to a discourse from an orator, probably one of the priesthood. The princes, on this occasion, were all dressed in *nequen*, the coarsest manufacture of the country. The preacher began by enlarging on the obligations of morality and of respect for the gods, especially important in persons whose rank gave such additional weight to example. He occasionally seasoned his homily with a pertinent application to his audience, if any member of it had been guilty of a notorious delinquency. From this wholesome admonition the monarch himself was not exempted, and the orator boldly reminded him of his paramount duty to show respect for his own laws. The king, so far from taking umbrage, received the lesson with humility; and the audience, we are assured, were often melted into tears by the eloquence of the preacher. This curious scene may remind one of similar usages in the Asiatic and Egyptian despotisms, where the sovereign occasionally condescended to stoop from his pride of place and allow his memory to be refreshed with the conviction of his own mortality. It soothed the feelings of the subject to find himself thus placed, though but for a moment, on a level with his king; while it cost little to the latter, who was removed too far from his people to suffer anything by this short-lived familiarity. It is probable that such an act of public humiliation would have found less favor with a prince less absolute.

Nezahualcoyotl's fondness for magnificence was shown in his numerous villas, which were embellished with all that could make a rural retreat delightful. His favorite residence was at Tezcotzinco, a conical hill about two leagues from the capital. It was laid out in terraces, or hanging gardens, having a flight of steps five hundred and twenty in number, many of them hewn in the natural porphyry. In the garden on the summit was a reservoir of water, fed by an aqueduct that was carried over hill and valley, for several miles, on huge buttresses of masonry. A large rock stood in the midst of this basin, sculptured with the hieroglyphics representing the years of Nezahualcoyotl's reign and his principal achievements in each. On a lower level were three other reservoirs, in each of which stood a marble statue of a woman, emblematic of the three states of the empire. Another tank contained a winged lion, (?) cut out of the solid rock, bearing in its mouth the portrait of the emperor. His likeness had been executed in gold, wood, feather-work, and stone; but this was the only one which pleased him.

From these copious basins the water was distributed in numerous channels through the gardens, or was made to tumble over the rocks in cascades, shedding refreshing dews on the flowers and odoriferous shrubs below. In the depths of this fragrant wilderness, marble porticoes and pavilions were erected, and baths excavated in the solid porphyry, which are still shown by the ignorant natives as the "Baths of Montezuma." The visitor descended by steps cut in the living stone and polished so bright as to reflect like mirrors. Towards the base of the hill, in the midst of cedar groves, whose gigantic branches threw a refreshing coolness over the verdure in the sultriest seasons of the year, rose the royal villa, with its light arcades and airy halls, drinking in the sweet perfumes of the gardens. Here the monarch often retired, to throw off the burden of state and refresh his wearied spirits in the society of his favorite wives, reposing during the noontide heats in the embowering shades of his paradise, or mingling, in the cool of the evening, in their festive sports and dances. Here he entertained his imperial brothers of Mexico and Tlacopan, and followed the hardier pleasures of the chase in the noble woods that stretched for miles around his villa, flourishing in all their primeval majesty. Here, too, he often repaired in the latter days of his life, when age had tempered ambition and cooled the ardor of his blood, to pursue in solitude the studies of philosophy and gather wisdom from meditation.

The extraordinary accounts of the Tezcucan architecture are confirmed, in the main, by the relics which still cover the hill of Tezcotzinco or are half buried beneath its surface. They attract little attention, indeed, in the country, where their true history has long since passed into oblivion; while the traveller whose curiosity leads him to the spot speculates on their probable origin, and, as he stumbles over the huge fragments of sculptured porphyry and granite, refers them to the primitive races who spread their colossal architecture over the country long before the coming of the Acolhuans and the Aztecs.

The Tezcucan princes were used to entertain a great number of concubines. They had but one lawful wife, to whose issue the crown descended. Nezahualcoyotl remained unmarried to a late period. He was disappointed in an early attachment, as the princess who had been educated in privacy to be the partner of his throne gave her hand to another. The injured monarch submitted the affair to the proper tribunal. The parties, however, were proved to have been ignorant of the destination of the lady, and the court, with an independence which reflects equal honor on the judges who could give and the monarch who could receive the sentence, acquitted the young couple. This story is sadly contrasted by the following.

The king devoured his chagrin in the solitude of his beautiful villa of Tezcotzinco, or sought to divert it by travelling. On one of his journeys he was hospitably entertained by a potent vassal, the old lord of Tepechpan, who, to do his sovereign more honor, caused him to be attended at the banquet by a noble maiden, betrothed to himself, and who, after the fashion of the country, had been educated under his own roof. She was of the blood royal of Mexico, and nearly related, moreover, to the Tezcucan monarch. The latter, who had all the amorous temperament of the South, was captivated by the grace and personal charms of the youthful Hebe, and conceived a violent passion for her. He did not disclose it to any one, however, but, on his return home, resolved to gratify it, though at the expense of his own honor, by sweeping away the only obstacle which stood in his path.

He accordingly sent an order to the chief of Tepechpan to take command of an expedition set on foot against the

Tlascalans. At the same time he instructed two Tezcucan chiefs to keep near the person of the old lord, and bring him into the thickest of the fight, where he might lose his life. He assured them this had been forfeited by a great crime, but that, from regard for his vassal's past services, he was willing to cover up his disgrace by an honorable death.

The veteran, who had long lived in retirement on his estates, saw himself with astonishment called so suddenly and needlessly into action, for which so many younger men were better fitted. He suspected the cause, and, in the farewell entertainment to his friends, uttered a presentiment of his sad destiny. His predictions were too soon verified; and a few weeks placed the hand of his virgin bride at her own disposal.

Nezahualcoyotl did not think it prudent to break his passion publicly to the princess so soon after the death of his victim. He opened a correspondence with her through a female relative, and expressed his deep sympathy for her loss. At the same time, he tendered the best consolation in his power, by an offer of his heart and hand. Her former lover had been too well stricken in years for the maiden to remain long inconsolable. She was not aware of the perfidious plot against his life; and, after a decent time, she was ready to comply with her duty, by placing herself at the disposal of her royal kinsman.

It was arranged by the king, in order to give a more natural aspect to the affair and prevent all suspicion of the unworthy part he had acted, that the princess should present herself in his grounds at Tezcotzinco, to witness some public ceremony there. Nezahualcoyotl was standing in a balcony of the palace when she appeared, and inquired, as if struck with her beauty for the first time, "who the lovely young creature was, in his gardens."

When his courtiers had acquainted him with her name and rank, he ordered her to be conducted to the palace, that she might receive the attentions due to her station. The interview was soon followed by a public declaration of his passion; and the marriage was celebrated not long after with great pomp, in the presence of his court, and of his brother monarchs of Mexico and Tlacopan.

This story, which furnishes so obvious a counterpart to that of David and Uriah, is told with great circumstantiality, both by the king's son and grandson, from whose narratives Ixtlilxochitl derived it. They stigmatize the action as the basest in their great ancestor's life. It is indeed too base not to leave an indelible stain on any character, however pure in other respects, and exalted.

The king was strict in the execution of his laws, though his natural disposition led him to temper justice with mercy. Many anecdotes are told of the benevolent interest he took in the concerns of his subjects, and of his anxiety to detect and reward merit, even in the most humble. It was common for him to ramble among them in disguise, like the celebrated caliph in the "Arabian Nights," mingling freely in conversation, and ascertaining their actual condition with his own eyes.

On one such occasion, when attended only by a single lord, he met with a boy who was gathering sticks in a field for fuel. He inquired of him "why he did not go into the neighboring forest, where he would find a plenty of them." To which the lad answered, "It was the king's wood, and he would punish him with death if he trespassed there." The royal forests were very extensive in Tezcuco, and were guarded by laws full as severe as those of the Norman tyrants in England. "What kind of man is your king?" asked the monarch, willing to learn the effect of these prohibitions on his own popularity. "A very hard man," answered the boy, "who denies his people what God has given them." Nezahualcoyotl urged him not to mind such arbitrary laws, but to glean his sticks in the forest, as there was no one present who would betray him. But the boy sturdily refused, bluntly accusing the disguised king, at the same time, of being a traitor, and of wishing to bring him into trouble.

Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to the palace, ordered the child and his parents to be summoned before him. They received the orders with astonishment, but, on entering the presence, the boy at once recognized the person with whom he had discoursed so unceremoniously, and he was filled with consternation. The good-natured monarch, however, relieved his apprehensions by thanking him for the lesson he had given him, and, at the same time, commended his respect for the laws, and praised his parents for the manner in which they had trained their son. He then dismissed the parties with a liberal largess, and afterward mitigated the severity of the forest laws so as to allow persons to gather any wood they might find on the ground, if they did not meddle with the standing timber.

Another adventure is told of him, with a poor woodman and his wife, who had brought their little load of billets for sale to the market-place of Tezcuco. The man was bitterly lamenting his hard lot, and the difficulty with which he earned a wretched subsistence, while the master of the palace before which they were standing lived an idle life, without toil, and with all the luxuries in the world at his command.

He was going on in his complaints, when the good woman stopped him, by reminding him he might be overheard. He was so, by Nezahualcoyotl himself, who, standing screened from observation, at a latticed window which overlooked the market, was amusing himself, as he was wont, with observing the common people chaffering in the square. He immediately ordered the querulous couple into his presence. They appeared trembling and conscience-struck before him. The king gravely inquired what they had said. As they answered him truly, he told them they should reflect, that, if he had great treasures at his command, he had still greater calls for them; that, far from leading an easy life, he was oppressed with the whole burden of government; and concluded by admonishing them "to be more cautious in future, as walls had ears." He then ordered his officers to bring a quantity of cloth and a generous supply of cacao (the coin of the country), and dismissed them. "Go," said he: "with the little you now have, you will be rich; while, with all my riches, I shall still be poor."

THE ENERGY OF YOUTH.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

[Edwin Percy Whipple, born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1819, was the author of several works, and of numerous essays, in which he carried the art of criticism to a height not surpassed by that of the most noted English critical writers. His style is easy and idiomatic, marked by apt illustration and grace of handling. His "Character and Characteristic Men" shows fine powers of judgment and appreciation, and his word-pictures of our authors leave little to be added. He died June 16, 1886. We offer a short extract from his writings in illustration of his manner.]

IN passing from the sphere of politics to the serener region of literature, art, science, and philosophy, there is an increasing difficulty in estimating youth by years, and an increasing necessity to estimate it by qualities. One thing, however, is certain,—that the invention of new methods, the discovery of new truth, and the creation of new beauty—intellectual acts which are among the most important of historical events—all belong to that thoroughly *live* condition of mind which we have called young. In this sense of youth, it may be said that Raphael, the greatest painter of moral beauty, and Titian, the greatest painter of sensuous beauty, were both almost equally young, though Raphael died at thirty-seven, while Titian was prematurely cut off by the plague when he was only a hundred. These, of course, are the extreme cases. But, it may be asked, were not the greatest poems of the world, the "Iliad" of Homer, the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, the creations of comparative old age? The answer to this question is, that each was probably organized round a youthful conception, and all were coextensive with the whole growth and development of their creators. Thus, we do not call Milton old when he produced "Paradise Lost," but when this mental growth was arrested; and accordingly "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," works produced after his prime, are comparatively bleak and bare products of a withering imagination and a shrunken personality.

But, confining the matter to the mere question of years, it may be said that, allowing for some individual exceptions, the whole history of the human intellect will bear out the general assertion that the power in which great natures culminate, and which fixes fatal limits to their loftiest aspirations, namely, that flashing conceptive and combining genius which fuses force and insight in one executive intelligence, which seizes salient points and central ideas, which darts in an instant along the whole line of analogies and relations, which leaps with joyous daring the vast mental spaces that separate huddled facts from harmonizing laws,—that this power, to say the least, rarely grows after thirty-five or forty. The mental stature is then reached, though it may not dwindle and be dwarfed until long afterwards. Thus, Shakespeare completed "Hamlet" when he was about thirty-six. Mozart, the Shakespeare of composers, died at thirty-six. But why enumerate? Amid the scores of instances which must crowd into every mind, let us select five men, of especial historical significance, and who are commonly imaged to our minds with heads silvered over with age,—let us take Goethe in poetry, Newton in science, Bacon in philosophy, Columbus in discovery, Watt in mechanics. Now, how stand the facts? The greatest works of Goethe were conceived and partly executed when he was a young man; and if age found him more widely and worldly wise, it found him weak in creative passion, and, as a poet, living on the interest of his youthful conceptions. Newton, in whose fertile and capacious intellect the dim, nebulous elements of truth were condensed by patient thinking into the completed star, discovered the most universal of all natural laws, the law of gravitation, before he was twenty-five, though an error of observation, not his own, prevented him from demonstrating it until he was forty. Bacon had "vast contemplative ends," and had taken "all knowledge for his province," had deeply meditated new methods and audaciously doubted old ones, before the incipient beard had begun timidly to peep from his youthful chin. The great conception of Columbus sprang from the thoughts and studies of his youth; and it was the radiance shed from this conception which gave him fortitude to bear the slow martyrdom of poverty, contempt, and sickness of heart which embittered the toiling years preceding its late realization. The steam-engine was invented by James Watt before he was thirty; but then Watt was a thinker from his cradle. Everybody will recollect his grandmother's reproof of what she called his idleness, at the time his boyish brain was busy with meditations destined to ripen in the most marvellous and revolutionizing of all industrial inventions,—an invention which, of itself alone, has given Great Britain an additional productive power equal to ten millions of workmen, at the cost of only a halfpenny a day,—an invention which supplies the motive power by which a single county in England is enabled to produce fabrics representing the labor of twenty-one millions of men,—an invention which, combined with others, annually, in England, weaves into cloth a length of cotton thread equal to fifty-one times the distance between the earth and the sun, five thousand millions of miles,—an invention which created the wealth by which England was enabled to fight or subsidize the whole continent of Europe from 1793 to 1815, and which made that long war really a contest between the despotic power of Napoleon Bonaparte and the productive genius of James Watt. All this vast and teeming future was hidden from the good grandmother, as she saw the boy idling over the tea-kettle. "James," she said, "I never saw such an idle young fellow as you are. Do take a book and employ yourself usefully. For the last half-hour you have not spoken a single word. Do you know what you have been doing all this time? Why, you have taken off, and replaced, and taken off again, the teapot-lid, and you have held alternately in the steam, first a saucer and then a spoon; and you have busied yourself in examining and collecting together the little drops formed by the condensation of the steam on the surface of the china and the silver. Now, are you not ashamed to waste your time in this disgraceful manner?" Was ever idleness so productive before?

A SUMMER DAY'S IDYL.

L. M. ALCOTT.

[Louisa May Alcott, whose reputation rests on her attractive stories of young girl life, has written nothing fuller of thought and character than her earlier novel of "Moods," from which we make our extract. The poetically-told story of the long float down the river, and the amusing night-scare that followed, form a most charming picture of the poetry of life. Miss Alcott was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1832.]

SYLVIA, too full of genuine content to talk, sat listening to the musical dip of well-pulled oars, watching the green banks on either side, dabbling her hands in the eddies as they rippled by, and singing to the wind, as cheerful and serene as the river that gave her back a smiling image of herself. What her companions talked of she neither heard nor cared to know, for she was looking at the great picture-book that always lies ready for the turning of the youngest or the oldest hands; was receiving the welcome of the playmates she best loved, and was silently yielding herself to the power which works all wonders with its benignant magic. Hour after hour she journeyed along that fluent road,—under bridges where early fishers lifted up their lines to let them through; past gardens tilled by unskilful townsmen who harvested an hour of strength to pay the daily tax the city levied on them; past honeymoon cottages where young wives walked with young husbands in the dew, or great houses shut against the morning. Lovers came floating down the stream with masterless rudder and trailing oars. College race-boats shot by with modern Greek choruses in full blast and the frankest criticisms from their scientific crews. Fathers went rowing to and fro with argosies of pretty children, who gave them gay good-morrows. Sometimes they met fanciful nutshells manned by merry girls, who made for shore at sight of them with most erratic movements and novel commands included in their Art of Navigation. Now and then some poet or philosopher went musing by, fishing for facts or fictions where other men catch pickerel or perch.

All manner of sights and sounds greeted Sylvia, and she felt as if she were watching a panorama painted in water-colors by an artist who had breathed into his work the breath of life and given each figure power to play its part. Never had human faces looked so lovely to her eye, for morning beautified the plainest with its ruddy kiss; never had human voices sounded so musical to her ear, for daily cares had not yet brought discord to the instruments tuned by sleep and touched by sunshine into pleasant sound; never had the whole race seemed so near and dear to her, for she was unconsciously pledging all she met in that genuine elixir vitæ which sets the coldest blood aglow and makes the whole world kin; never had she felt so truly her happiest self, for of all the costlier pleasures she had known not one had been so congenial as this, as she rippled farther and farther up the stream and seemed to float into a world whose airs brought only health and peace. Her comrades wisely left her to her thoughts, a smiling Silence for their figure-head, and none among them but found the day fairer and felt himself fitter to enjoy it for the innocent companionship of maidenhood and a happy heart.

At noon they dropped anchor under a wide-spreading oak that stood on the river's edge, a green tent for wanderers like themselves; there they ate their first meal spread among white clovers, with a pair of squirrels staring at them as curiously as human spectators ever watched royalty at dinner, while several meek cows courteously left their guests the shade and went away to dine at a side-table spread in the sun. They spent an hour or two talking or drowsing luxuriously on the grass; then the springing up of a fresh breeze roused them all, and, weighing anchor, they set sail for another port.

Now Sylvia saw new pictures, for, leaving all traces of the city behind them, they went swiftly countryward,—sometimes by hay-fields, each an idyl in itself, with white-sleeved mowers all arow; the pleasant sound of whetted scythes; great loads rumbling up lanes, with brown-faced children shouting atop; rosy girls raising fragrant windrows or bringing water for thirsty sweethearts leaning on their rakes. Often they saw ancient farm-houses with mossy roofs, and long well-sweeps suggestive of fresh draughts and the drip of brimming pitchers; orchards and cornfields rustling on either hand, and grandmotherly caps at the narrow windows, or stout matrons tending babies in the door-way as they watched smaller selves playing keep house under the "laylocks" by the wall. Villages, like white flocks, slept on the hill-sides; martinbox school-houses appeared here and there, astir with busy voices, alive with wistful eyes; and more than once they came upon little mermen bathing, who dived with sudden splashes, like a squad of turtles tumbling off a sunny rock.

Then they went floating under vernal arches, where a murmurous rustle seemed to whisper, "Stay!" along shadowless sweeps, where the blue turned to gold and dazzled with its unsteady shimmer; passed islands so full of birds they seemed green cages floating in the sun, or doubled capes that opened long vistas of light and shade, through which they sailed into the pleasant land where summer reigned supreme. To Sylvia it seemed as if the inhabitants of these solitudes had flocked down to the shore to greet her as she came. Fleets of lilies unfurled their sails on either hand, and cardinal flowers waved their scarlet flags among the green. The sagittaria lifted its blue spears from arrowy leaves; wild roses smiled at her with blooming faces; meadow-lilies rang their flame-colored bells; and clematis and ivy hung garlands everywhere, as if hers were a floral progress and each came to do her honor. . . .

The wind served them till sunset; then the sail was lowered and the rowers took to their oars. Sylvia demanded her turn, and wrestled with one big oar while Warwick sat behind and did the work. Having blistered her hands and given herself as fine a color as any on her brother's palette, she professed herself satisfied, and went back to her seat to watch the evening-red transfigure earth and sky, making the river and its banks a more royal pageant than splendor-loving Elizabeth ever saw along the Thames.

Anxious to reach a certain point, they rowed on into the twilight, growing stiller and stiller as the deepening hush seemed to hint that Nature was at her prayers. Slowly the "Kelpie" floated along the shadowy way, and as the shores grew dim, the river dark with leaning hemlocks or an overhanging cliff, Sylvia felt as if she were making the last voyage across that fathomless stream where a pale boatman plies and many go lamenting.

The long silence was broken first by Moor's voice, saying,—

"Adam, sing."

If the influences of the hour had calmed Mark, touched Sylvia, and made Moor long for music, they had also softened Warwick. Leaning on his oar, he lent the music of a mellow voice to the words of a German volkslied, and launched a fleet of echoes such as any tuneful vintager might have sent floating down the Rhine. Sylvia was no weeper, but, as she listened, all the day's happiness which had been pent up in her heart found vent in sudden tears, that streamed down noiseless and refreshing as a warm south rain. Why they came she could not tell, for neither song nor singer possessed the power to win so rare a tribute, and at another time she would have restrained all visible expression of this indefinable yet sweet emotion Mark and Moor had joined in the burden of the song, and when that was done took up another; but Sylvia only sat and let her tears flow while they would, singing at heart, though her eyes were full and her cheeks wet faster than the wind could kiss them dry.

After frequent peerings and tackings here and there, Mark at last discovered the haven he desired, and with much rattling of oars, clanking of chains, and splashing of impetuous boots, a landing was effected, and Sylvia found herself standing on a green bank with her hammock in her arms and much wonderment in her mind whether the nocturnal experiences in store for her would prove as agreeable as the daylight ones had been. Mark and Moor unloaded the boat and prospected for an eligible sleeping-place. Warwick, being an old campaigner, set about building a fire, and the girl began her sylvan housekeeping. The scene rapidly brightened into light and color as the blaze sprang up, showing the little kettle slung gypsy-wise on forked sticks, and the supper prettily set forth in a leafy table-service on a smooth, flat stone. Soon four pairs of wet feet surrounded the fire; an agreeable oblivion of *meum* and *tuum* concerning plates, knives, and cups did away with etiquette, and every one was in a comfortable state of weariness, which rendered the thought of bed so pleasant that they deferred their enjoyment of the reality, as children keep the best bite till the last. . . .

Presently some one suggested bed, and the proposition was unanimously accepted.

"Where are you going to hang me?" asked Sylvia, as she laid hold of her hammock and looked about her with nearly as much interest as if her suspension was to be of the perpendicular order.

"You are not to be swung up in a tree to-night, but laid like a ghost, and requested not to walk till morning. There is an unused barn close by, so we shall have a roof over us for one night longer," answered Mark, playing chamberlain while the others remained to quench the fire and secure the larder.

An early moon lighted Sylvia to bed, and when shown her half the barn—which, as she was a marine, was very properly the bay, Mark explained—she scouted the idea of being nervous or timid in such rude quarters, made herself a cosy nest, and bade her brother a merry good-night.

More weary than she would confess, Sylvia fell asleep at once, despite the novelty of her situation and the noises that fill a summer night with fitful rustlings and tones. How long she slept she did not know, but woke suddenly and sat erect with that curious thrill which sometimes startles one out of deepest slumber and is often the forerunner of some dread or danger. She felt this hot tingle through blood and nerves, and stared about her, thinking of fire. But everything was dark and still, and after waiting a few moments she decided that her nest had been too warm, for her temples throbbed and her cheeks were feverish with the close air of the barn half filled with new-made hay.

Creeping up a fragrant slope, she spread her plaid again and lay down where a cool breath flowed through wide chinks in the wall. Sleep was slowly returning, when the rustle of footsteps scared it quite away and set her heart beating fast, for they came toward the new couch she had chosen. Holding her breath, she listened. The quiet tread drew nearer and nearer till it paused within a yard of her, then some one seemed to throw themselves down, sigh heavily a few times, and grow still as if falling asleep.

"It is Mark," thought Sylvia, and whispered his name; but no one answered, and from the other corner of the barn she heard her brother muttering in his sleep. Who was it, then? Mark had said there were no cattle near; she was sure neither of her comrades had left their bivouac, for there was her brother talking as usual in his dreams; some one seemed restless and turned often with decided motion,—that was Warwick, she thought; while the quietest sleeper of the three betrayed his presence by laughing once with the low-toned merriment she recognized as Moor's. These discoveries left her a prey to visions of grimy strollers, maudlin farm-servants, and infectious emigrants in dismal array. A strong desire to cry out possessed her for a moment, but was checked; for with all her sensitiveness Sylvia had much common sense, and that spirit which hates to be conquered even by a natural fear. She remembered her scornful repudiation of the charge of timidity, and the endless jokes she would have to undergo if her mysterious neighbor should prove some harmless wanderer or an imaginary terror of her own: so she held her peace, thinking valiantly, as the drops gathered on her forehead and every sense grew painfully alert,—

"I'll not call if my hair turns gray with fright and I find myself an idiot to-morrow. I told them to try me, and I won't be found wanting at the first alarm. I'll be still, if the thing does not touch me, till dawn, when I shall know how to act at once, and so save myself from ridicule at the cost of a wakeful night."

Holding fast to this resolve, Sylvia lay motionless, listening to the cricket's chirp without, and taking uncomfortable notes of the state of things within, for the new-comer stirred heavily, sighed long and deeply, and seemed to wake often, like one too sad or weary to rest. She would have been wise to have screamed her scream and had the rout over, for she tormented herself with the ingenuity of a lively fancy, and suffered more from her own terrors than at the discovery of a dozen vampires. Every tale of *diablerie* she had ever heard came most inopportunely to haunt her now, and, though she felt their folly, she could not free herself from their dominion. She wondered till she could wonder no longer what the morning would show her. She tried to calculate in how many springs she could reach and fly over the low partition which separated her from her sleeping body-guard. She wished with all her heart that she had stayed in her nest which was nearer the door, and watched for dawn with eyes that ached to see the light.

In the midst of these distressful sensations, the far-off crow of some vigilant chanticleer assured her that the short summer night was wearing away and relief was at hand. This comfortable conviction had so good an effect that she lapsed into what seemed a moment's oblivion, but was in fact an hour's restless sleep, for when her eyes unclosed again the first red streaks were visible in the east, and a dim light found its way into the barn through the great door which had been left ajar for air. An instant Sylvia lay collecting herself, then rose on her arm, looked resolutely behind her, stared with round eyes a moment, and dropped down again, laughing with a merriment which, coming on the heels of her long alarm, was rather hysterical. All she saw was a little, soft-eyed Alderney, which lifted its stag-like head and regarded her with a confiding aspect that won her pardon for its innocent offence.

Through the relief of both mind and body which she experienced in no small degree, the first thought that came was a thankful "what a mercy I didn't call Mark, for I should never have heard the last of this;" and, having fought her fears alone, she enjoyed her success alone, and, girl-like, resolved to say nothing of her first night's adventures. Gathering herself up, she crept nearer and caressed her late terror, which stretched its neck toward her with a comfortable sound and munched her shawl like a cosset lamb. But before this new friendship was many minutes old, Sylvia's heavy lids fell together, her head dropped lower and lower, her hand lay still on the dappled neck, and with a long sigh of weariness she dropped back upon the hay, leaving little Alderney to watch over her much more tranquilly than she had watched over it.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

JOEL BARLOW.

[From the works of Joel Barlow, the author of the ponderous American epic "The Columbiad," we extract a portion of his serio-comic "Hasty Pudding," his best and most celebrated poem. He was born at Reading, Connecticut, in 1755, and died in 1812. In his era he belonged to the first class of American authors, though he would by no means be accorded this rank at the present day. We give the whole of the first and parts of the second and third cantos.]

CANTO I.

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,

But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.
  Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
  Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame,
But, rising grateful to the accustom'd ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!
  Assist me first with pious toil to trace,
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw in days of yore
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore)
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:

The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.
  Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
If 'twas Oella, whom I sang before,
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.
  Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.
  For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wander'd up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea;
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.*

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* A certain king, at the time when this was written, was publishing proclamations to prevent American principles from being propagated in his country.

From climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize;
A grain, whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
Short, gentle showers, and bright, ethereal fires.
  But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more;
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, through every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.
  But man, more fickle, the bold license claims
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call, the French, of course, *Polente.*
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn!*
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth.
Thy name is *Hasty Pudding;* thus my sire
Was wont to greet thee fuming from his fire;
And, while he argued in thy just defence
With logic clear, he thus explain'd the sense:
"In *haste* the boiling caldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste,*
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,

By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound, to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
Preserve my pure hereditary taste.
There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food because it feeds the brute;
In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursling, man, to pamper'd pigs;
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
The milk nutritious, am I then a calf?
Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Though nursed on pudding, claim a kin to mine?
Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.
My song resounding in its grateful glee
No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.
My father loved thee through his length of days:
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigor he possess'd,
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee.
Let the green succotash with thee contend,
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side,

Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of *Hoe-Cake*, fair Virginia's pride,
Rich *Johnny-Cake* this mouth has often tried;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot,
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast,
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides,
The yellow bread whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bake-pan knows,—
You tempt me not,—my favorite greets my eyes,
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.
Not so the Yankee: his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd and with plainness dress'd,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord,

Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
And health attends them from the short repast.
While the full pail rewards the milkmaid's toil,
The mother sees the morning caldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their care,
To spread the table and the bowls prepare;
To feed the children as their portions cool,
And comb their heads and send them off to school.

CANTO III.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.
A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise,
A great resource in those bleak wintry days
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas drives the shivering cow.
Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy;
How oft thy teats these pious hands have press'd!
How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!
And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!
Ye swains, who know her various worth to prize,
Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies.
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;
When spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.
Milk, then, with pudding I would always choose;
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake

Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand; you've got the portion due:
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.*

VAGRANT CHILDREN.

THEODORE PARKER.

[In the religious history of America no man has occupied a more prominent place, and won a greater host of decided friends and declared enemies, than the writer from whom we now select. Beginning his pastoral life as a Unitarian clergyman, he soon promulgated radical views concerning the absolute humanity of Christ, and other points of doctrine, which forced him from the bosom of the Church and into an independent position as pastor and lecturer. In this relation to the community his ardent and powerful intellect, his incessant activity, and his great learning gave him a wide-spread influence, and the extended radicalism which now prevails is in considerable part the result of his teachings. He was an active worker in the interests of reform, and, in particular, opposed with all his strength and intellectual vigor the institution of slavery. Many of his sermons, addresses, and essays have been published. We give a short extract in illustration of his style and of his interest in the subject of reform. He was born in Massachusetts in 1810, and died at Florence, Italy, in 1860.]

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* The following note was added:

"There are various ways of preparing and eating it,—with molasses, butter, sugar, cream, and fried. Why so excellent a thing cannot be eaten alone? Nothing is perfect alone: even man, who boasts of so much perfection, is nothing without his fellow-substance. In eating, beware of the lurking heat that lies deep in the mass; dip your spoon gently, take shallow dips, and cool it by degrees. It is sometimes necessary to blow. This is indicated by certain signs which every experienced feeder knows. They should be taught to young beginners. I have known a child's tongue blistered for want of this attention, and then the school-dame would insist that the poor thing had told a lie. A mistake: the falsehood was in the faithless pudding. A prudent mother will cool it for her child with her own sweet breath. The husband, seeing this, pretends his own wants blowing too from the same lips. A sly deceit of love. She knows the cheat, but, feigning ignorance, lends her pouting lips and gives a gentle blast which warms the husband's heart more than it cools his pudding."

WHAT will be the fate of these two thousand children? Some men are superior to circumstances,—so well born they defy ill breeding. There may be children so excellent and strong they cannot be spoiled. Surely there are some who will learn with no school,—boys of vast genius, whom you cannot keep from learning. Others there are of wonderful moral gifts, whom no circumstances can make vulgar; they will live in the midst of corruption and keep clean through the innate refinement of a wondrous soul. Out of these two thousand children there may be two of this sort; it were foolish to look for more than one in a thousand. The nineteen hundred and ninety-eight depend mainly on circumstances to help them; yes, to make their character. Send them to school, and they will learn. Give them good precepts, good examples, they will also become good. Give them bad precepts, bad examples, and they become wicked. Send them half clad and uncared for into your streets, and they grow up hungry savages, greedy for crime.

What have these abandoned children to help them? Nothing, literally nothing! They are idle, though their bodies crave activity. They are poor, ill clad, and ill fed. There is nothing about them to foster self-respect; nothing to call forth their conscience, to awaken and cultivate their sense of religion. They find themselves beggars in the wealth of a city; idlers in the midst of its work; yes, savages in the midst of civilization. Their consciousness is that of an outcast, one abandoned and forsaken of men. In cities, life is intense amongst all classes. So the passions and appetites of such children are strong and violent. Their taste is low, their wants clamorous. Are religion and conscience there to abate the fever of passion and regulate desire? The moral class and the cultivated shun these poor wretches, or look on with stupid wonder. Our rule is that the whole need the physician, not the sick. They are left almost entirely to herd and consort with the basest of men; they are exposed early and late to the worst influences, and their only comrades are men whom the children of the rich are taught to shun as the pestilence. To be poor is hard enough in the country, where artificial wants are few, and those easily met, where all classes are humbly clad, and none fare sumptuously every day. But to be poor in the city, where a hundred artificial desires daily claim satisfaction, and where, too, it is difficult for the poor to satisfy the natural and unavoidable wants of food and raiment; to be hungry, ragged, dirty, amid luxury, wantonness, and refinement; to be miserable in the midst of abundance,—that is hard beyond all power of speech. Look, I will not say at the squalid dress of these children, as you see them prowling about the markets and wharves, or contending in the dirty lanes and by-places into which the pride of Boston has elbowed so much of her misery; look at their faces! Haggard as they are, meagre and pale and wan, want is not the worst thing written there, but cunning, fraud, violence, and obscenity, and, worst of all, fear!

Amid all the science and refined culture of the nineteenth century, these children learn little; little that is good, much that is bad. In the intense life around them, they unavoidably become vicious, obscene, deceitful, and violent. They will lie, steal, be drunk. How can it be otherwise?

If you could know the life of one of those poor lepers of Boston, you would wonder and weep. Let me take one of them at random out of the mass. He was born, unwelcome, amid wretchedness and want. His coming increased both. Miserably he struggled through his infancy, less tended than the lion's whelp. He becomes a boy. He is covered only with rags, and those squalid with long-accumulated filth. He wanders about your streets, too low even to seek employment, now snatching from a gutter half-rotten fruit which the owner flings away. He is ignorant; he has never entered a schoolhouse; to him even the alphabet is a mystery. He is young in years, yet old in misery. There is no hope in his face. He herds with others like himself, low, ragged, hungry, and idle. If misery loves company, he finds that satisfaction. Follow him to his home at night; he herds in a cellar, in the same sty with father, mother, brothers, sisters, and perhaps yet other families of like degree. What served him for dress by day is his only bed by night.

Well, this boy steals some trifle,—a biscuit, a bit of rope, or a knife from a shop-window. He is seized and carried to jail. The day comes for trial. He is marched through the streets in handcuffs, the companion of drunkards and thieves, thus deadening the little self-respect which Nature left even in an outcast's bosom. He sits there chained like a beast; a boy in irons! the sport and mockery of men vulgar as the common sewer. His trial comes. Of course he is convicted. The show of his countenance is witness against him. His rags and dirt, his ignorance, his vagrant habits, his idleness, all testify against him. That face, so young and yet so impudent, so sly, so writ all over with embryo villany, is evidence enough. The jury are soon convinced, for they see his temptations in his look, and surely know that in such a condition men will steal; yes, they themselves would steal. The judge represents the law, and that practically regards it a crime even for a boy to be weak and poor. Much of our common law, it seems to me, is based on might, not right. So he is hurried off to jail at a tender age, and made legally the companion of felons. Now the State has him wholly in her power; by that rough adoption has made him her own child, and sealed the indenture with the jailer's key. His handcuffs are the symbol of his sonship to the State. She shuts him in her college for the Little. What does that teach him? science, letters? even morals and religion? Little enough of this, even in Boston, and in most counties of Massachusetts, I think, nothing at all, not even a trade which he can practise when his term expires! I have been told a story, and I wish it might be falsely told, of a boy, in this city, of sixteen, sent to the house of correction for five years because he stole a bunch of keys, and coming out of that jail at twenty-one, unable to write, or read, or calculate, and with no trade but that of picking oakum. Yet he had been five years the child of the State, and in that college for the poor! Who would employ such a youth; with such a reputation; with the smell of the jail in his very breath? Not your shrewd men of business, they know the risk; not your respectable men, members of churches and all that; not they! Why, it would hurt a man's reputation for piety to do good in that way. Besides, the risk is great, and it argues a great deal more Christianity than it is popular to have, for a respectable man to employ such a youth. He is forced back into crime again. I say forced, for honest men will not employ him when the State shoves him out of the jail. Soon you will have him in the court again, to be punished more severely. Then he goes to the State prison, and then again, and again, till death mercifully ends his career!

Who is to blame for all that? I will ask the best man among the best of you, what he would have become if thus abandoned, turned out in childhood, and with no culture, into the streets, to herd with the wickedest of men! Somebody says there are "organic sins" in society which nobody is to blame for. But by this sin organized in society these vagrant children are training up to become thieves, pirates, and murderers. I cannot blame them. But there is a terrible blame somewhere, for it is not the will of God that one of these little ones should perish. Who is it that organizes the sin of society?

THE PLEASURES OF GARDENING.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

[We extract from "My Summer in a Garden" the following humorous and philosophical description of the pleasures and pains of horticulture, and of the highly agreeable and sociable character of mechanics who work by the hour. Mr. Warner is a native of Plainfield, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1829. "Saunterings," "Back-Log Studies," "My Winter on the Nile," and several other works from his pen, are all marked by the genial humor which appears in our extract. In combination with S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") he produced "The Gilded Age," a highly humorous novel, which has been successfully dramatized.]

PERHAPS, after all, it is not what you get out of a garden, but what you put into it, that is the most remunerative. What is a man? A question frequently asked, and never, so far as I know, satisfactorily answered. He commonly spends his seventy years, if so many are given him, in getting ready to enjoy himself. How many hours, how many minutes, does one get of that pure content which is happiness? I do not mean laziness, which is always discontent; but that serene enjoyment in which all the natural senses have easy play, and the unnatural ones have a holiday. There is probably nothing that has such a tranquillizing effect, and leads into such content, as gardening. By gardening, I do not mean that insane desire to raise vegetables which some have; but the philosophical occupation of contact with the earth, and companionship with gently-growing things and patient processes; that exercise which soothes the spirit and develops the deltoid muscles.

In half an hour I can hoe myself right away from this world, as we commonly see it, into a large place where there are no obstacles. What an occupation it is for thought! The mind broods like a hen on eggs. The trouble is, that you are not thinking about anything, but are really vegetating like the plants around you. I begin to know what the joy of the grape-vine is in running up the trellis, which is similar to that of the squirrel in running up a tree. We all have something in our nature that requires contact with the earth. In the solitude of garden-labor, one gets into a sort of communion with the vegetable life, which makes the old mythology possible. For instance, I can believe that the dryads are plenty this summer; my garden is like an ash-heap. Almost all the moisture it has had in weeks has been the sweat of honest industry.

The pleasure of gardening in these days, when the thermometer is at ninety, is one that I fear I shall not be able to make intelligible to my readers, many of whom do not appreciate the delight of soaking in the sunshine. I suppose that the sun, going through a man, as it will on such a day, takes out of him rheumatism, consumption. and every other disease, except sudden death—from sunstroke. But, aside from this, there is an odor from the evergreens, the hedges, the various plants and vines, that is only expressed and set afloat at a high temperature, which is delicious; and, hot as it may be, a little breeze will come at intervals, which can be heard in the tree-tops, and which is an unobtrusive benediction. I hear a quail or two whistling in the ravine; and there is a good deal of fragmentary conversation going on among the birds, even on the warmest days. The companionship of Calvin,* also, counts for a good deal. He usually attends me, unless I work too long in one place,—sitting down on the turf, displaying the ermine of his breast, and watching my movements with great intelligence. He has a feline and genuine love for the beauties of Nature, and will establish himself where there is a good view, and look on it for hours. He always accompanies us when we go to gather the vegetables, seeming to be desirous to know what we are to have for dinner. He is a connoisseur in the garden; being fond of almost all the vegetables, except the cucumber,—a dietetic hint to man. I believe it is also said that the pig will not eat tobacco. These are important facts. It is singular, however, that those who hold up the pigs as models to us never hold us up as models to the pigs.

I wish I knew as much about natural history and the habits of animals as Calvin does. He is the closest observer I ever saw; and there are few species of animals on the place that he has not analyzed. I think that he has, to use a euphemism very applicable to him, got outside of every one of them, except the toad. To the toad he is entirely indifferent; but I presume he knows that the toad is the most useful animal in the garden. I think the Agricultural Society ought to offer a prize for the finest toad. When Polly comes to sit in the shade near my strawberry-beds, to shell peas, Calvin is always lying near in apparent obliviousness; but not the slightest unusual sound can be made in the bushes that he is not alert and prepared to investigate the cause of it. It is this habit of observation, so cultivated, which has given him such a trained mind and made him so philosophical. It is within the capacity of even the humblest of us to attain this.

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* That is the name of our cat, given him on account of his gravity, morality, and uprightness.

And, speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is that they are agreeable by the hour. In the dryest days, my fountain became disabled: the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it,—talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little,—as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find, upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool; and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it, and his comrade would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk,—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said that I never observed anything of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only wishes there was some work he could do for *them* by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of Life: it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job, you are perpetually driven: the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty, refractory nut, in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off, would swear; but I never heard one of them swear, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

BOSTON TRANSCENDENTALISM.

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

[Mrs. Whitney's "Hitherto" furnishes the subjoined neatly-drawn and amusing description of Boston in those days when "the intellectual metropolis" had gone a little mad with its first over-deep draught of the "New Philosophy." The fever has somewhat abated since then. Mrs. Whitney is a native of Boston, where she was born in 1824. She is the author of a considerable number of meritorious novels, all marked by naturalness, sprightliness, excellent powers of characterization, and a high moral earnestness. "The Gayworthys," "Hitherto: A Story of Yesterdays," "Patience Strong's Outings," "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," and "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" may be named as her best-known works.]

BOSTON was in her pleasant young matronhood then. She wore her own hair, as it were, and had not capped it with any foreign tawdriness, or taken to false, staring fronts. She had not had her dear old irregular teeth out, that gave half the home sweetness to her smile, and replaced them with the square, stiff, polished blocks that grin from old, care-lined, art-finished faces.

Boston was individual, and not conglomerate, as it is to-day. There is only a little bit of the old place left now: streets of charming houses without any modern improvements, over behind Beacon Hill and beyond the State-House. The South End is a piece of New York patched on, and Back Bay has been filled up and a section of Paris dumped down into it.

I am glad I remember it as it was.

In this still, simple Boston, where, just behind her busy wharves, there were places to live and to think in, there were many things beginning besides railroads and steamships. We came into the midst of these, or the sound of them.

It was the time of the first flush and ferment of rational, moral, physiological, philanthropic, transcendental, æsthetical philosophy. Miss Sedgwick had written "Home," and the "Rich Poor Man," and "Means and Ends." "Combe's Physiology" was being desperately studied in young ladies' schools. There was unlimited and unmitigated cold bathing; and calisthenics were coming into vogue. Theodore Parker was preaching; Emerson was thinking great thoughts aloud to a wondering world; Brownson had come out with "New Views;" Margaret Fuller was expanding the rare, strange blossom of her womanhood; and girls of seventeen were reading Carlyle. "The True, the Good, and the Beautiful," bound into a watchword, were rampant on men's lips. A grand watchword; so is "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality:" the thing is to rise to the real height of it,—to reach by it to the more, not to pervert it to an excuse for dropping to the less; or the worse.

Coming to stay with Mrs. Holgate, Aunt Ildy and Hope Devine and I—three diverse and unaccustomed souls—entered into the midst—or the edge of the midst—of all this.

The Holgates had gone to a lecture when we arrived. The "family-reliance," Liefie, or Relief, got tea for us and made us comfortable. People had family-reliances in that old time, which gave them leisure to run after the new ideas. Now they have been running after them so long that family-reliances have ceased to be educated, and the stock has run out. There is danger that we may have to begin anew this circle of humanity, and not come round to the "true, the good, and the beautiful" again, in the abstract, for a few generations of women more. . . .

Mrs. Holgate was a woman whom I should shortly describe as having begun æsthetics rather late in life. They sat somehow curiously on the substratum of homely habit and unintrospective common sense. She had a way of snatching up her raptures, as if she had all at once remembered them; or of making a supererogatory use of them, as of a new mental elegance or contrivance, that she had done without all her life, but which it was the right and proper thing to find essential and inevitable now.

She was stout, and looked externally what people call "settled down." Very much so, indeed; and as if the settling had taken place a long time ago, and could not easily be disturbed; as if you would hardly expect new modes of thought or action from her, or a new expression in her face, any more than new ways of doing up her hair, which women past forty were not apt to affect in those days.

I noticed all this of her in five minutes after she had come in with her daughters, a good deal heated with her summer-evening walk, and looking as if dog-days and metaphysics together were considerably too much for her.

Boston, as I said, was still green with gardens then, and there were hushes of home quiet in cool, watered streets and unprofaned "Places," where vines covered the house-fronts and caged birds sang in the windows, that almost feigned a feeling of the country and the woods; and people were content to abide there, for the most part, even amid the August heats.

The two young ladies were bright-looking, handsome girls, with hair tucked plain behind their ears, and prompt, straightforward manners, and a very Boston-y air of determined sense and intellectuality. A process-of-culture expression pervaded themselves and the house: A little anticipative it was, also, claiming result by faith and purpose. As, for instance, a reading-stand in a window, which we afterward found to be the younger sister's particular corner, held a large German dictionary open upon it, and a volume of Schiller in the original rested beside. We noticed subsequently that her actual studies were as yet limited to the rudiments of the language; but she set what was to be before herself and others with a truly apostolic pressing forward to the things before.

In her children's babyhood, Mrs. Holgate had been simply a little romantic, in an old fashion of romance, and had named her daughters, respectively, Harriet Byron and Corinna. At the present time she especially felicitated herself upon this second baptismal choice, which I think she had probably rather hit upon originally for its prettiness than through any enthusiastic and appreciative intimacy with Madame de Staël. Corinna herself evidently blessed her fate in this respect, and tried to live faithfully up to her christening, as Harriet did to her nose, which was rarely and delicately classic. Corinna undertook severe literature and deep research; Harriet devoted herself more to the beautiful in art and poetry.

They had been this evening to a conversational class,—after Margaret Fuller; subject, "the mythology of the Greeks."

To unravel an old myth,—to find the why of it, the abstract principle,—this was just now what interested and excited above all, and rewarded with its highest delight the mental enterprise of a certain portion of the young, progressive intellect of the city of progress.

It was all exceedingly well; place and time according and proportionate; but there was a New England excess in it all. Everybody must needs do the same style of thinking; and they must be at it all the time. Because great minds were comparing the old and the new, finding the lights that fall from different and far-off points in all the ages, sifting truths, and giving grand abstractions to the world, all they who listened, and who were fired by the watchwords, Progress! Culture! must dip into the self-same abstractions,—must find a myth in everything, and begin all their sentences with adverbs.

They were like children rolling their forlorn and much-manipulated bits of dough from the maternal pie-boards, till, seeing it, one got sick of the pies beforehand, and mistrusted the whole baking.

There were circles *and* circles; as there are in everything. There were those who were, and those who only ambitioned to be; those who rode their chariots of thought for the sake of the whither they might bear them, and they who liked the equipage and its blazonry, and the stepping in and out before the eyes of the multitude.

There were restless spirits also, to whom the old was tasteless and lifeless; who seized eagerly these roundabout fashions of coming back to what they had and knew already through fresh and toilsome reasonings; taking back and forth from each other's fingers the threads of truth in a perpetual cat's-cradle of fancied discovery and invention; crying out to each other without ceasing, Behold, now, that is truly something new; that, indeed, is wonderful!

It was a fever that had its day; that rages yet, as fever always does, in its breeding-haunts, whence it bursts forth now and then as epidemic.

The Holgates had taken it—badly; we came, as it were, into the midst of an infection. Aunt Ildy looked about her, at first, in pure mystification; then she began to behave as if she thought they had got a plague, and to go round with her nostrils metaphorically stuffed, and to do her duty vigorously, by scattering, from time to time, some pungent, if not ill-savoring, antiseptics.

It was certainly a change for me, and a break upon the old wearing lines of thought; but it was not precisely what Aunt Ildy had meant and looked for.

It stirred in me some of my own old wonderings and speculations; I could not help entering into it enough to find out a little of what it was; sometimes I got light, and sometimes I grew confused.

But I was stayed on the right and left,—by Aunt Ildy's uncompromising orthodoxy and sarcastic practicability; by Hope Devine's strange, straight vision, right through all mysticism and bewilderment, to what truly was.

I do not believe that in all the community, so touched with strange fire, there was such a curious conjunction of elements, to test and neutralize each other and evolve some safe result of life to a true longing for the living reality, as was met here in Mrs. Holgate's house.

I remember bits of conversation that sprang up now and then over a breakfast or a tea, after a chapter of some new book, or a surprising modern aphorism, or a fresh "Orphic saying," or in our rooms at night, between Hope and me, and sometimes with Aunt Ildy also, when we asked each other how it all seemed, and what we supposed would be the upshot and the outcome of it all.

I remember little momentary situations, and the look of everybody, stamped like a picture upon my imagination by the force of some sudden peculiarity of act or word.

I shall never forget how funnily Corinna Holgate startled us one day, as we all sat in the back parlor with our different morning work,—she in her window with portfolio on lap and various sheets of scribbled paper lying about her, on which she was making up some abstract of a "conversational," or sketching some outline of ideas preparatory to one that was to be.

Still on the Grecian myths; still puzzling for clever solutions and brilliant suggestions; trying to recollect clearly what had been propounded and explained last time, or put forth in questions to be answered next.

"*Why*," she demanded electrically, like a thunder-clap out of a far-off cloud of philosophic abstraction, across the unthinking and unexpectant summer silence of our commonplace,—"*why* was Venus fabled to have arisen from the foam of the sea?"

"Because you must be clean before you can be beautiful!" shot back Aunt Ildy, quick as a flash,—an irony of common sense out of a swift, frowning cloud of contempt.

Hope and I laughed. Harriet and Mrs. Holgate, slow to receive and discern, looked up as if they did not quite know whether it were meant as Orphic or not; but Corinna, after a second's breathlessness, jumped to her feet, let fall her papers in a Sibylline shower, rushed to Miss Chism, and, dropping on a cricket at her feet, accepted her and her word as an advent and an inspiration.

"Why, that's grand!" she cried. "That's a real thought! That's insight! I've found—a soul!"

"Better keep quiet about your luck, then," said Miss Chism, drawing away her knitting-yarn from under Corinna's elbow, and shifting slightly her position away from the heroics. "A chicken doesn't peep when it's really got its mouth full!"

Corinna did not care a bit for her snubbing. It was only a spur.

"Why won't you own up? You *do* think, Miss Chism. What do you deny yourself for?" And then she quoted Emerson, about "our own rejected thought returning to us, with a kind of offended majesty, from the lips of others."

It was sufficiently ridiculous; and I believed, myself, that Corinna was half funny and dexterous in defence, as a bright girl might be, and half in earnest, determined to win Aunt Ildy over.

"Whatever I think, I choose to *think*, and be done with it; I wasn't made to chew a cud—or to count my breaths, to see how many I take in a day."

"Miss Ildy! You're epigrammatic! You don't know how clever you are!"

"There,—let me alone. Don't snarl my yarn! I don't believe you know how big a fool *you* are, or will be if you go on!"

"I mean to go on till I *have* found out; and that's the height and extreme small apex of human knowledge. See how you've snarled *my* yarn!"

And she went back and began to gather up her scattered papers.

REPLY TO HAYNE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

[As an illustrative instance of Webster's splendid oratory we offer an extract from his celebrated "Reply to Hayne," which is by all acknowledged to rank highest among his Congressional orations. For beauty of language, loftiness of eloquence, logical consistency, imaginative beauty, and earnest patriotism, it has never been surpassed; and if it stood alone, without the support of his other remarkable speeches, it would suffice to stamp him as one of the noblest and truest orators the world has ever known. We confine our selection to two short sections of this oration,—those most striking and admirable,—leaving out its more personal portions, though in doing so we must omit the keen and crushing sarcasm with which he overwhelmed his opponent.

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. In 1813 he entered the House of Representatives, where he very quickly became a power from the brilliance and force of his oratory. He was elected to the Senate in 1828, and remained there for twelve years. He was Secretary of State under Harrison, and sat again in the Senate from 1845 to 1850. He died in 1852.]

THE eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans all,—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to

American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue, in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood around the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation, and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it, and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

Mr. President,—I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

THANATOPSIS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[The poem given below is one of the most remarkable ever penned by any poet of any land, when we consider the age of the author at the time of its composition,—not yet nineteen,—and the lofty conception, striking imagery, and philosophical depth of thought involved. Yet Bryant had been writing verses from the age of nine, and at fourteen had prepared a collection of poems, which were published in 1809. The poems of his after-life were not very numerous, but they were all marked by a close and poetic observation of nature and fine powers of reflective thought, which have placed him in the front rank of American authors. He was born in 1794, and died in 1878. In addition to his original poems, Bryant made translations of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," of high excellence, while the ability displayed in his prose works would have given him a high reputation in this field, but for the overshadowing merit of his poetry.]

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away

Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between,—
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE USE OF TIME.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

[The author from whom we now quote is a prominent Unitarian clergyman, who was born at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1810. After preaching for a number of years in Kentucky and Pennsylvania, he settled in 1841 in Boston, where he formed a new church organization, called "The Church of the Disciples." It has since remained one of the leading religious institutions of Boston. Mr. Clarke is a speaker and writer of great ability, combining a firm belief in the supernatural and transcendental views in philosophy with an earnest devotion to practical reforms. In addition to his many strictly theological works, he is the author of a valuable historical work, "The Ten Great Religions," with a recently-published sequel, "A Comparison of all Religions." Our selection is from his suggestive and useful volume on "Self-Culture."]

FEW of the facts of our life are more mysterious and inexplicable, more paradoxical and contradictory, than the commonest and simplest of all,—that is, the progress of time. Time is the most rigid, and at the same time the most elastic, of all things. Time is a stream which bears all creatures on at the same rate. All beings who live on the surface of the earth are living in the same day of the same month and year. Time and events happen alike to all. No one can hold back longer than the rest; no one can hurry forward so as to get a month, a day, an hour, a minute, a second, in advance of the rest. Why should it not be so? Why should not sluggishness of hand and laziness of mind drop back, and be left a month or a year behind in time, as they would be left a mile or ten miles behind in space? Why should not genius and energy get on faster, and arrive sooner? But no! We are all immersed in the same *now*. The same moment arrives at once to all the thousand millions of beings on the earth. Ah, if we could only go back when we choose, and live the past over again! What a gift, more wonderful than that imagined in any fairy story, this would be! If some angel should come, and say, You may be as you were a year ago, before that fatal crime was committed, that terrible mistake made; before that opportunity came which you threw away and lost forever; before that dear friend was taken from you by death, so that you could show him the love you felt in your heart, but neglected to manifest in action! If in the light of those results, of that experience, which is the divine judgment here on all human actions, we could begin our lives anew!

No. The moment which has not yet come is perfectly fluid. It is open to us all. We can put into it what we please. It arrives out of the future a shadowy possibility; it crystallizes, in that infinitesimal moment we call the present, around whatever we think, or feel, or say, or do, and is gone forever, unalterable, holding in its adamantine grasp the changeable, irrecoverable action. What is done is done forever; what is omitted is omitted forever. The good action is sealed up and made immortal; the bad action is sealed up and can never be recalled, though we seek to repent of it diligently, and with tears. No awful fate, no tremendous doom, no iron necessity, can compare with this relentless grasp of Time, which seizes and retains, inexorable, unforgiving, all that passes into its irresistible embrace. So that time, of all things the most airy and impalpable before it comes, seems to be of all things the most solid and substantial when it has gone by.

Yet, on the other hand, this same element of time is a very flexible and elastic material. How it stretches out to some persons! How much more a day, an hour, is to one person than to another! How much more some people put into a month or a year than others do! Yes, how much more to each of us are our few hours of fiery inspiration and insight than the months in which we hammer mechanically this experience into opinion on the anvils of logic! How much more we live in the deep, momentary experiences of faith, generosity, love, than in the dreary years of routine which follow them! We see then what is meant by *redeeming* time. It is to fill the hours full of the richest freight; to fill them with the life of thought, feeling, action, as they pass by.

It is to live so as to be glad, not sad, when we look back. It is to conquer in the great struggle with the devil, with incarnate evil, and to have the sentence pronounced by the Rhadamanthine voice of the past,—Well done! This is the safety-vault into which we can put our treasure, sure that no thieves can break in and steal. One moment of self-conquest, one good action really done, one generous deed actually performed, yes, one effort to do right really made, has the seal of time put on it, and no power in heaven nor all the fires of hell can melt that wax from the eternal bond. This last year, one man has made a fortune and invested it in the best securities,—in mortgages, in houses, in railroads. But houses burn; thieves steal your bonds; robbers of a worse kind, who walk about

State Street and Wall Street with unblushing faces, devour the property of the stockholders in a sham corporation. Another man has given his wealth for a good object, and that is safe forever; no thief can touch it, and no railroad president or bank teller can ever run away with that money.

What a difference between two lives, equally long, of which one has been wasted, the other redeemed! One has gone on without a purpose or aim; the other, steadily directed to some noble object; the one empty of love, thought, action; the other, crowded with hours of glorious life; the one, in which, as we look back, we can see nothing but eating and sleeping, and mechanical, empty labor; in the other, the lowest toil made bright by a good and generous purpose, the humblest lot gilded and glorified by high thoughts and large loves. This is the real everlasting punishment,—to remember the irrevocable past. Just as far as we have wasted our time we go into everlasting punishment; for what shall ever annihilate the black record of the evil we have done? I suppose that even the most blessed saint must sometimes go into this kind of everlasting punishment. And just as far as we have redeemed time we go into everlasting bliss; for the record of good is equally indestructible. One man looks back—yes, we all look back sometimes—with a sense of utter loss, like that of Coleridge. Coleridge, in one of the most pathetic passages in English literature, speaks of the

> "Sense of past youth, and manhood come—in vain!
> And genius given and knowledge won—in vain!
> And all that I have culled in wood-walks wild,
> And all that patient toil has reared, and all
> Commune with thee has opened out—but flowers
> Strewed on my hearse, and scattered on my bier.
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave."

And sometimes we look back, thinking of one good act done, one great truth seen, one deep affection experienced; and then we can use the lofty strain of Dryden, in his noble translation of Horace, and say,—

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call the hour his own,
He who, secure within, can say,
'To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to day!
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joy I have possessed, in spite of Fate, is mine!
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
For what has been has been, and I have had my hour.'"

Life becomes solemn enough when we look at it from this point of view. It becomes vastly more solemn than death; for we are not responsible for dying; we are responsible for living. Why talk of a judgment to come on some great day in the future, when every day is a day of judgment; when every moment, as it goes by, judges us; when the act we put into it is carved into this terrible past in letters more lasting than those which have resisted for five thousand years the sands and the revolutions of Egypt? Carved on the granite there, you may read the actions done fifty centuries ago; you may see the task-masters, by the command of the great Rameses, beating the poor Hebrew slaves at their work of building his cities. Those stones may decay at last, and that record be lost. But not an idle word, not an unkind word that we say, not a moment of our life, but gives an account of itself in the imperishable record of the past.

As regards self-culture, all depends on the use of time. All those who have unfolded great powers have been hard workers. Genius itself is nothing but an immense power of work. It is the power of immersing one's self in work, but making it all play and joy by the quantity of life put into it. Genius always "redeems the time."

There were four men who lived during the last century, who all lived to be very old, whose lives were contemporaneous during the largest part of the period from 1700 to 1800, who were different in many respects, but who were all alike in this power of turning time into thought and action. They were Swedenborg, Voltaire, Wesley, and Franklin. Swedenborg died in 1772, aged eighty-four; Voltaire died in 1778, also aged eighty-four; Franklin died in 1790, also aged eighty-four; Wesley died in 1791, aged eighty-eight. Perhaps no four men of the century exercised a greater influence on the age than these. Swedenborg's thought has been slowly filtering into philosophy and theology, spiritualizing both. To him, the whole world, both in this life and the life to come, is a shining web of divine laws,—God descending into nature, into the soul, into the body, and making everything divine. His thought, so subtle and so deep, is gradually conquering the materialism of philosophy and theology, and so bringing down what he called the New Jerusalem, or the sight of divine truth incarnate in all actual facts and laws. But what a vast amount of thought and study; what patient labor on works which no one in that day, and but few even in ours, have cared to read; what entire confidence in the power of truth; what fidelity to his thought, persistency in his purpose, cool ardor, patient energy, marked the life of the solitary thinker! He was the most lonely man on the earth in his day; hardly a soul sympathized with him, or understood him. Yet he worked on, without haste or rest, an incarnation of thought, sure that somewhere men would be found to read and understand what God told him to say. Surely *he* "redeemed the time."

How different was Voltaire! The man of society, the man of the world, the man who wrote for the day and hour,—whose every book and pamphlet had an immediate answer and welcome; the critic, the wit, the superficial but acute thinker on all subjects under heaven, but who seldom lifted his eyes to the heaven itself; the man from whose soul religious sentiment seemed to have been eliminated, in whose organization reverence was omitted. He also did his work,—to expose shams, to dethrone superstitions, to attack hoary abuses, to claim for man justice, freedom, opportunity. He worked, not by faith, but by sight, in the present moment, but with indefatigable energy, redeeming the time. And if, as the preacher says, "there is a time for everything," that time was certainly the time for Voltaire, when the world was so full of evils and abuses, which needed such stinging scorn as his for their correction. The pulpit has used Voltaire only as the type of the worst unbelief and sin. But do him this justice, he put his whole soul into his rather barren work of destruction. It was the best he knew, and he did it. And he did it well.

How different again, both from Swedenborg and Voltaire, was Wesley! No mystic like Swedenborg, but with an intense practical desire to turn all the doctrinal truth he saw into instant life, he made the new heavens and earth in England of which the Northern sage dreamed. No man ever so fully believed that "now is the day of salvation" as John Wesley. No man ever went so entirely out of the religion of form, doctrine, ceremony, into that of life, as he. His profoundest conviction was this: that no human being lived on earth so bad or base, so stupid or worldly, so utterly corrupt and worthless, but that, if he could believe it, God was ready to kindle in his soul a fire of love which would wholly consume this evil. His business was to make men believe it. For this faith he lived. In this faith he worked, redeeming the time. He saw the dead in sin coming to life all around him, he passed his happy years in this divinest of labors; he died a soldier with his armor on, having done a work which neither God nor man can ever willingly let die.

And now look at the fourth whom I have named, Dr. Franklin,—differing from the three, with none of the mysticism of Swedenborg in his nature, yet with none of the sneering scepticism of Voltaire. A practical man, bent on doing work,—not living, like Voltaire, for literary success, not feeding on flattery and popular applause. He had also his share of hard trial and opposition and lonely struggle. But he rose out of it, higher and higher, by the steady strength with which he did his work,—plucking the lightning from the clouds, and the sceptre of America from the hand of obstinate, stupid, conscientious George the Third. When he stood before the English Lords in Council, the object of abuse and ridicule; when he stood in the midst of the glittering court of France, the object of praise and admiration; when he stood in the American Congress, with his calm good sense directing its counsels; and when he tried experiments with his kite and his key,—he was still the faithful servant of his highest thought, he also was "redeeming the time," and he redeemed it well.

We see, then, how it is. We see, by these examples, that if a man will be faithful to his highest conviction, to the best thought which God gives him to say, the best act given him to do, he will change time into life. He will bring forth fruit in youth, and in age will be still green and flourishing, like all the four men I have named. This is the first condition, then, of making the most of time, that we shall be always true to our best thought, that we shall do with our might whatever our hand finds to do. We must understand the value of the present moment. We must not spend our days in grieving over the past, but forget the things that are behind. We must not look with anxiety or fear to the future, but let to-morrow take thought for the things of itself. On this point philosophy and Christianity are at one. Jesus says, "Take no thought for the morrow," and Horace, the epicurean, says the same. "What may happen to-morrow, do not inquire, but whatever Fortune brings to-day count as clear gain." . . .

It is not the longest lives that have been the most full. Rafaelle died when he was thirty-seven, while Michel Angelo lived to be ninety. During his thirty-seven years, Rafaelle seems to have done as much as Michel Angelo did in his ninety years, though the genius and industry of the latter were, perhaps, fully equal to those of the other. For a single work perfectly done is enough to make a full life. Handel lived to be eighty; Mozart died when he was only thirty-six. But who remembers how many years they lived? As you listen to the music of Mozart, and as you look at the infants of Rafaelle, you find that each of them attained that marvellous summit of human experience in which joy and grief become one. They solve the problem of evil by showing that the deepest sorrow may be one with the highest joy. When we look at the face of the infant Jesus in the pictures of Rafaelle, and listen to the music of Mozart, we perceive in both a perfect union of pathos and joy, of sadness and gladness, of gloom and glory, of light and shade, of sunshine and shadow, of tender pity and triumphant praise. That which no philosophy and no theology can do, art has done, to show us the element of good in evil, to show that evil is the black carbon out of which Nature manufactures her most brilliant diamonds.

The death of Christ has given this faith to the world. Jesus lived only thirty-one or thirty-three years. The first thirty years were years of preparation, of silence, obscurity, apparent inaction. Then came one year of real life, which has transformed the world, created a new faith in God and man, caused us to believe in good in spite of all appearance, and by means of this undying faith in good has made goodness real. What a meaning in the death of Jesus is this,—that the most cruel and wicked action has been so transfigured and glorified that we forget all the horror of the cross, and make it the symbol of triumph! I presume that the cross which Constantine saw in the skies was not miraculous, in the common meaning of that term. But can anything be more miraculous in reality than this fact,—that in three hundred years from the death of Jesus this instrument of a slave's torture should become the standard of the Roman Empire? This miracle was but one of the results of Christ's single year of labor.

To make the best use of time, we must have life in the soul. He who is something will do something; he who is more will do more; and he who is most will do most. Jesus, in a single year of active life, has done the greatest work which has ever been done in the world: hence we may infer that his was the fullest soul that has ever been in the world.

Therefore, it is not a quantity of time that is needed in order to do a great work, but the power of using time. What we need is the eternal youth of the heart, the undying love of truth, which will lift us above the hard conservatism which refuses to see what it has never yet seen, and so never learns anything new.

To make the best use of time we must keep the old and accept the new. There are two kinds of men who can make no progress,—the conservative who is so conservative as never to accept the new births of time, and the radical who is so radical as to drop the old truth in order to take the new one. This obstinate conservatism, which shuts its eyes and closes its ears and hardens its heart against every new revelation of the divine spirit, is typified by the friend of Galileo, who refused to look through his telescope to see the satellites of Jupiter, because, according to his theory, there ought not to be any satellites there. "Look and see them," said Galileo. "I will not look," replied the other. "What is the use of looking? I know that there are none there." But the emblem of that radicalism which can only get on new ground by deserting the old ground is the little child, whose hands are so small that he drops the apple he already holds, in order to take another. True progress is in keeping all the old truth and accepting all the new truth. So we save the time, and go on from good years to better years.

HOW I CAME TO BUY A FARM.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Of the many travellers whom America has sent out to explore and report upon the wonders of the Old World, there have been none more ardent in exploration and with more facile powers of description than Bayard Taylor. Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1825, he inaugurated his life-work by a pedestrian tour of Europe while still quite young. His "Views Afoot," published after his return, at once brought him into repute. His succeeding travels were extensive, and are described in a series of interesting works. At a later date he wrote several novels, and published some volumes of poetry. One of his latest works was his translation of Goethe's "Faust," undoubtedly the best and most vitalized rendition into English verse yet made of the great German poem. He died at Berlin, Prussia, December 19, 1878. Taylor's works of travel are marked by a fresh, flowing, and vigorous style, a quick perception of the attractive features of a scene or situation, and graphic descriptive powers. His poems are easy and animated and of fine imaginative quality, while his novels present excellent pictures of real life, and prove him to be as expert in seizing the salient points of a character as in noting those of a landscape. From one of his latest descriptive works, "At Home and Abroad," we select the following attractive relation of the realization of a boyish dream].

In the first place, it runs in the blood. If there is any law I believe in, it is that of the hereditary transmission of traits, qualities, capacities, and passions. My father *is* a farmer; my grandfather *was*, and his father before him, and his, and his again, to the seventh ancestor, who came over in one of William Penn's vessels and immediately set about reducing the superfluous sylvanism of that Apostle's *Sylvania.* If I could brush away the clouds which hang about this portion of the genealogical tree, I have no doubt but that I should find its trunk striking through cottages or country halls for some centuries further, and that "Roger (*ob.* 1614), the son of Thomas, the son of Roger," who wore the judicial ermine upon his escutcheon, had his favorite country-house in the neighborhood of London.

The child that has tumbled into a newly-ploughed furrow never forgets the smell of the fresh earth. He thrives upon it as the butcher's boy thrives upon the steam of blood, but a healthier apple-red comes into his cheeks, and his growing muscle is subdued in more innocent pastimes. Almost my first recollection is that of a swamp, into which I went barelegged at morning, and out of which I came, when driven by hunger, with long stockings of black mud and a mask of the same. If the child was missed from the house, the first thing that suggested itself was to climb upon a mound which overlooked the swamp. Somewhere among the tufts of the rushes and the bladed leaves of the calamus a little brown ball was sure to be seen moving, now dipping out of sight, now rising again, like a bit of drift on the rippling green. It was my head. The treasures I there collected were black terrapins with orange spots, baby frogs the size of a chestnut, thrushes' eggs, and stems of purple phlox.

I cannot say that my boyish experience of farm-work was altogether attractive. I had a constitutional horror of dirty hands, and my first employments—picking stones and weeding corn—were rather a torture to this superfine taste. But almost every field had its walnut-tree, and many of the last year's nuts retained their flavor in the spring; melons were planted among the corn, and the meadow which lay between never exhausted its store of wonders. Besides, there were eggs to hide at Easter; cherries and strawberries in May; fruits all summer; fishing-parties by torch-light; lobelia and sumach to be gathered, dried, and sold for pocket-money; and in the fall, chestnuts, persimmons, wild grapes, cider, and the grand butchering after frost came: so that all the pleasures I knew were those incidental to a farmer's life. The books I read came from the village library, and the task of helping to "fodder" on the dark winter evenings was lightened by the anticipation of sitting down to Gibbon's Rome, or "Thaddeus of Warsaw," afterwards. To be sure, I sometimes envied the store-keeper's boy, whom I had once seen shovelling sugar out of a hogshead, and who now and then stealthily dipped his hand into the raisin-box; but it is not in the nature of any child to be perfectly satisfied with his lot.

A life of three years in a small country town effectually cured me of all such folly. When I returned to the homestead as a youth, I first felt the delight and the refreshment of labor in the open air. I was then able to take the plough-handle, and I still remember the pride I felt when my furrows were pronounced even and well turned. Although it was already decided that I should not make farming the business of my life, I thrust into my plans a slender wedge of hope that I might one day own a bit of ground, for the luxury of having, if not the profit of cultivating it. The aroma of the sweet soil had tinctured my blood; the black mud of the swamp still stuck to my feet.

It happened that adjoining my father's property there was an old farm which was fast relapsing into a state of nature. Thirty or forty years had passed since the plough had touched any part of it. The owner, who lived upon another estate at a little distance, had always declined to sell,—perhaps for the reason that no purchaser could be found to offer an encouraging price. Left thus to herself, Nature played all sorts of wild and picturesque pranks with the property. Two heaps of stones were all that marked the site of the house and barn; half a dozen ragged plum- and peach-trees hovered around the outskirts of the vanished garden, the melancholy survivors of all its bloom and fruitage; and a mixture of tall sedge-grass, sumachs, and blackberry-bushes covered the fields. The hawthorn hedges which lined the lane had disappeared, but some clumps of privet still held their ground, and the wild grape and scarlet-berried celastrus clambered all over the tall sassafras- and tulip-trees.

Along the road which bounded this farm on the east stood a grove of magnificent oaks, more than a hundred feet in height. Standing too closely to permit of lateral boughs near the earth, their trunks rose like a crowded colonnade clear against the sky, and the sunset, burning through, took more gorgeous hues of orange and angry crimson.

Knowing that if the farm were sold those glorious trees would probably be the first to fall, and that the sunset would thereby for me lose half its splendor, I gradually came to contemplate them with the interest which an uncertain, suspended fate inspires. At the foot of the oaks, on the border of the field, there was an old, gnarled mother-pine, surrounded by her brood of young ones, who, always springing up in the same direction, from the fact that the seeds were scattered by the nor'west winds, seemed to be running off down the slope, as if full-fledged and eager to make their way into the world. The old pine had an awful interest to me as a boy. More than once huge black snakes had been seen hanging from its boughs, and the farm-hands would tell mysterious stories of an old mother-serpent, as long as a fence-rail and as swift as a horse. In fact, my brother and I, on our way to the peach-trees, which still produced some bitter-flavored fruit, had more than once seen snakes in our path. On a certain occasion, as my memory runs, I chased the snake, while he ran away. *His* story is, that he chased and I ran; and the question remains unsettled to this day.

In another wood of chestnuts, beyond the field, the finest yellow violets were to be found; the azaleas blossomed in their season, and the ivory Indian-pipe sprang up under the beech-trees. Sometimes we extended our rambles to the end of the farm, and looked down into the secluded dells beyond the ridge which it covered. Such glimpses were like the discovery of unknown lands. How far off the other people lived! How strange it must be to dwell continually down in that hollow, with no other house in sight! But when I build a house, I thought, I shall build it up on the ridge, with a high steeple, from the top of which I can see far and wide. That deserted farm was to me like the Ejuxria of Hartley Coleridge, but my day-dreams were far less ambitious than his. If I had known then, what I learned long afterwards, that a tradition of buried treasure still lingers about the old garden, I should no doubt have dug up my millions in my imagination, roofed my house with gold, and made the steeple thereof five hundred feet high.

At last came the launch into the world,—a slide, a plunge, a shudder, and the ship rides the waves. Absence, occupation, travel, substituted realities for dreams, and the farm, if not forgotten, became a very subordinate object in the catalogue of things to be attained. Whenever I visited the homestead, however, I saw the sunset through its grating of forest, and remembered the fate that still hung suspended over the trees. Fifty years of neglect had given the place a bad name among the farmers, while Nature, as if delighted to recover possession, had gone on adorning it in her own wild and matchless way. I looked on the spot with an instructed eye, and sighed, as I counted up my scanty earnings, at the reflection that years must elapse before I could venture to think of possessing it. My wish, nevertheless, was heard and remembered.

In July, 1853, I was on the island of Loo-Choo. Returning to the flag-ship of the squadron one evening, after a long tramp over the hills to the south of Napa-Kiang in a successful search for the ruins of the ancient fortress of Tima-gusku, I was summoned by the officer of the deck to receive a package which had been sent on board from one of the other vessels. Letters from home, after an interval of six months without news! I immediately asked permission to burn a lamp on the orlop-deck, and read until midnight, forgetting the tramp of the sentry and the sounds of the sleepers in their hammocks around me. Opening letter after letter, and devouring, piece by piece, the banquet of news they contained, the most startling as well as the most important communication was—the old farm was mine! Its former owner had died, the property was sold, and had been purchased in my name. I went on deck. The midwatch had just relieved the first. The night was pitch-dark, only now and then a wave burst in a flash of white phosphoric fire. But as I looked westward over the stern-rail I saw the giant oaks, rising black against the crimson sunset, and knew that they were waiting for me,—that I should surely see them again.

Five months afterwards I approached home, after an absence of nearly two years and a half. It was Christmas Eve,—a clear, sharp winter night. The bare earth was hard frozen; the sun was down, a quarter-moon shone overhead, and the keen nor'west wind blew in my face. I had known no winter for three years, and the bracing stimulus of the cold was almost as novel as it was refreshing. Presently I recognized the boundaries of *my property*,—yes, I actually possessed a portion of the earth's surface! After all, I thought, possession—at least so far as Nature is concerned—means simply *protection.* This moonlit wilderness is not more beautiful to my eyes than it was before; but I have the right, secured by legal documents, to preserve its beauty. I need not implore the woodman to spare those trees: I'll spare them myself. This is the only difference in my relation to the property. So long as any portion of the landscape which pleases me is not disturbed, I possess it quite as much as this.

During these reflections I had reached the foot of the ridge. A giant tulip-tree, the honey of whose blossoms I had many a time pilfered in boyhood, crowned the slope, drooping its long boughs as if weary of stretching them in welcome. Behind it stood the oaks, side by side, far along the road. As I reached the first tree, the wind, which had-fallen, gradually swelled, humming through the bare branches until a deep organ-bass filled the wood. It was a hoarse yet grateful chorus of welcome,—inarticulate, yet intelligible. "Welcome, welcome home!" went booming through the trees; "welcome, our master and our preserver! See, with all the voice we can catch from the winds, we utter our joy. For now there is an end to fear and suspense: he who knows us and loves us spreads over us the shelter of his care. Long shall we flourish on the hill: long shall our leaves expand in the upper air: long shall our grateful shadows cover his path. We shall hail his coming from afar: our topmost boughs will spy him across the valleys, and whisper it to the fraternal woods. We are old; we never change; we shall never cease to remember and to welcome our master!"

So the trees were first to recognize me. Listening to their deep, resonant voices (which I would not have exchanged for the dry rattle of a hundred-league-long forest of tropical palms), I was conscious of a new sensation, which nothing but the actual sight of my own property could have suggested. I felt like a tired swimmer when he first touches ground,—like a rudderless ship, drifting at the will of the storm, when her best bower takes firm hold,—like a winged seed when, after floating from bush to bush and from field to field, it drops at last upon a handful of mellow soil and strikes root. My life had now a *point d'appui*, and, standing upon these acres of real estate, it seemed an easier thing to move the world. A million in bank stock or railroad bonds could not have given me the same positive, tangible sense of *property*.

When I walked over my fields (yes, actually *my* fields!)

the next day, this sensation returned in an almost ridiculous excess. "You will of course cut down that ugly old tree," said some one. It impressed me very much as if I had been told, "That chapter in your book is inferior to the others; tear it out!" or, "Your little finger is crooked; have it amputated!" Why, even the sedge-grass and sumachs,—how beautiful they were! Could I ever make up my mind to destroy them? As for the cedars, the hawthorn, the privet, the tangled masses of climbing smilax,—no, by the bones of Belshazzar, they shall stand! "This field will not be worth much for grain." Well, what if it isn't? "Everything is wild and neglected; it wants clearing, sadly." Everything is grand, beautiful, charming: there is nothing like it! So ran the course of remark and counter-remark. I did not suffer my equanimity to be disturbed: was I not sole owner, appellator, and disposer of all? Nor did the trees appear to be sensible of the least fear. They leaned their heads against one another in a sort of happy, complacent calm, as if whispering, "It's all right; let us enjoy the sunshine; he'll take care of us!"

Yes, one cannot properly be considered as a member of the Brotherhood of Man, an inhabitant of the Earth, until he possesses a portion of her surface. As the sailors say, he *stays*, he don't actually *live*. The Agrarians, Communists, Socialistic Levellers, and Flats of all kinds are replenished from the ranks of the non-owners of real estate. Banks break; stocks and scrips of all kinds go up and down on the financial see-saw; but a fee-simple of solid earth is ☞There! You see it, you feel it, you walk over it. It is yours, and your children's, and their progeny's (unless mortgaged and sold through foreclosure) until the Millennium.

And this is how I came to buy a Farm.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES AT NÎMES.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

[Henry James, Jr., who holds a high rank among recent American novelists, was born in New York City in 1843. His principal productions are "Daisy Miller," "Roderick Hudson," "The American," "The Europeans," "The Portrait of a Lady," etc., with some works of travel and criticism. From one of the most recent of his publications, "A Little Tour in France," we offer an extract, illustrative of his descriptive powers. As a novelist he has attracted much attention by his psychological analysis of character, in which department of literary art he displays marked skill and critical discernment.]

It was a pleasure to feel one's self in Provence again,—the land where the silver-gray earth is impregnated with the light of the sky. To celebrate the event, as soon as I arrived at Nîmes I engaged a calèche to convey me to the Pont du Gard. The day was yet young, and it was perfectly fair: it appeared well, for a longish drive, to take advantage, without delay, of such security. After I had left the town I became more intimate with that Provençal charm which I had already enjoyed from the window of the train, and which glowed in the sweet sunshine and the white rocks and lurked in the smoke-puffs of the little olives. The olive-trees in Provence are half the landscape. They are neither so tall, so stout, nor so richly contorted as I have seen them beyond the Alps; but this mild, colorless bloom seems the very texture of the country. The road from Nîmes, for a distance of fifteen miles, is superb; broad enough for an army, and as white and firm as a dinner-table. It stretches away over undulations which suggest a kind of harmony; and in the curves it makes through the wide, free country, where there is never a hedge or a wall and the detail is always exquisite, there is something majestic, almost processional. Some twenty minutes before I reached the little inn that marks the termination of the drive, my vehicle met with an accident which just missed being serious, and which engaged the attention of a gentleman who, followed by his groom and mounted on a strikingly handsome horse, happened to ride up at the moment. This young man, who, with his good looks and charming manner, might have stepped out of a novel of Octave Feuillet, gave me some very intelligent advice in reference to one of my horses that had been injured, and was so good as to accompany me to the inn, with the resources of which he was acquainted, to see that his recommendations were carried out. The result of our interview was that he invited me to come and look at a small but ancient château in the neighborhood, which he had the happiness—not the greatest in the world, he intimated—to inhabit, and at which I engaged to present myself after I should have spent an hour at the Pont du Gard. For the moment, when we separated, I gave all my attention to that great structure. You are very near it before you see it; the ravine it spans suddenly opens and exhibits the picture. The scene at this point grows extremely beautiful. The ravine is the valley of the Gardon, which the road from Nîmes has followed some time without taking account of it, but which, exactly at the right distance from the aqueduct, deepens and expands, and puts on those characteristics which are best suited to give it effect. The gorge becomes romantic, still, and solitary, and, with its white rocks and wild shrubbery, hangs over the clear, colored river, in whose slow course there is here and there a deeper pool. Over the valley, from side to side, and ever so high in the air, stretch the three tiers of the tremendous bridge. They are unspeakably imposing, and nothing could well be more Roman. The hugeness, the solidity, the unexpectedness, the monumental rectitude of the whole thing leave you nothing to say,—at the time,—and make you stand gazing. You simply feel that it is noble and perfect, that it has the quality of greatness. A road, branching from the highway, descends to the level of the river and passes under one of the arches. This road has a wide margin of grass and loose stones, which slopes upward into the bank of the ravine. You may sit here as long as you please, staring up at the light, strong piers: the spot is extremely natural, though two or three stone benches have been erected on it. I remained there an hour, and got a complete impression; the place was perfectly soundless, and for the time, at least, lonely; the splendid afternoon had begun to fade, and there was a fascination in the object I had come to see. It came to pass that at the same time I discovered in it a certain stupidity, a vague brutality. That element is rarely absent from great Roman work, which is wanting in the nice adaptation of the means to the end. The means are always exaggerated; the end is so much more than attained. The Roman rigidity was apt to overshoot the mark, and I suppose a race which could do nothing small is as defective as a race that can do nothing great. Of this Roman rigidity the Pont du Gard is an admirable example. It would be a great injustice, however, not to insist upon its beauty,—a kind of manly beauty, that of an object constructed not to please but to serve, and impressive simply from the scale on which it carries out this intention. The number of arches in each tier is different; they are smaller and more numerous as they ascend. The preservation of the thing is extraordinary: nothing has crumbled or collapsed; every feature remains; and the huge blocks of stone, of a brownish yellow (as if they had been baked by the Provençal sun for eighteen centuries), pile themselves, without mortar or cement, as evenly as the day they were laid together. All this to carry the water of a couple of springs to a little provincial city! The conduit on the top has retained its shape and traces of the cement with which it was lined. When the vague twilight began to gather, the lonely valley seemed to fill itself with the shadow of the Roman name, as if the mighty empire were still as erect as the supports of the aqueduct; and it was open to a solitary tourist, sitting there sentimental, to believe that no people has ever been, or will ever be, as great as that, measured, as we measure the greatness of an individual, by the push they gave to what they undertook. The Pont du Gard is one of the three or four deepest impressions they have left: it speaks of them in a manner with which they might have been satisfied.

I feel as if it were scarcely discreet to indicate the whereabouts of the château of the obliging young man I had met on the way from Nîmes. I must content myself with saying that it nestled in an enchanting valley,—*dans le fond*, as they say in France,—and that I took my course thither on foot, after leaving the Pont du Gard. I find it noted in my journal as "an adorable little corner." The principal feature of the place is a couple of very ancient towers, brownish yellow in hue, and mantled in scarlet Virginia creeper. One of these towers, reputed to be of Saracenic origin, is isolated, and is only the more effective; the other is incorporated in the house, which is delightfully fragmentary and irregular. It had got to be late by this time, and the lonely *castel* looked crepuscular and mysterious. An old housekeeper was sent for, who showed me the rambling interior; and then the young man took me into a dim old drawing-room, which had no less than four chimney-pieces, all unlighted, and gave me a refection of fruit and sweet wine. When I praised the wine and asked him what it was, he said, simply, "C'est du vin de ma mère!" Throughout my little journey I had never yet felt myself so far from Paris; and this was a sensation I enjoyed more than my host, who was an involuntary exile, consoling himself with laying out a *manège*, which he showed me as I walked away. His civility was great, and I was greatly touched by it. On my way back to the little inn where I had left my vehicle, I passed the Pont du Gard, and took another look at it. Its great arches made windows for the evening sky, and the rocky ravine, with its dusky cedars and shining river, was lonelier than before. At the inn I swallowed, or tried to swallow, a glass of horrible wine with my coachman; after which, with my reconstructed team, I drove back to Nîmes in the moonlight. It only added a more solitary whiteness to the constant sheen of the Provençal landscape. . . .

What nobler ornament can there be than the Roman baths at the foot of Mont Cavalier, and the delightful old garden that surrounds them? All that quarter of Nîmes has every reason to be proud of itself; it has been revealed to the world at large by copious photography. A clear, abundant stream gushes from the foot of a high hill (covered with trees and laid out in paths), and is distributed into basins which sufficiently refer themselves to the period that gave them birth,—the period that has left its stamp on that pompous Peyrou which we admired at Montpellier. Here are the same terraces and steps and balustrades, and a system of water-works less impressive, perhaps, but very ingenious and charming. The whole place is a mixture of old Rome and of the French eighteenth century; for the remains of the antique baths are in a measure incorporated in the modern fountains. In a corner of this umbrageous precinct stands a small Roman ruin, which is known as a temple of Diana, but was more apparently a *nymphæum*, and appears to have had a graceful connection with the adjacent baths. I learn from Murray that this little temple, of the period of Augustus, "was reduced to its present state of ruin in 1577;" the moment at which the towns-people, threatened with a siege by the troops of the crown, partly demolished it, lest it should serve as a cover to the enemy. The remains are very fragmentary, but they serve to show that the place was lovely. I spent half an hour in it on a perfect Sunday morning (it is enclosed by a high *grille*, carefully tended, and has a warden of its own), and with the help of my imagination tried to reconstruct a little the aspect of things in the Gallo-Roman days. I do wrong, perhaps, to say that I *tried;* from a flight so deliberate I should have shrunk. But there was a certain contagion of antiquity in the air; and among the ruins of baths and temples, in the very spot where the aqueduct that crosses the Gardon in the wondrous manner I had seen discharged itself, the picture of a splendid paganism seemed vaguely to glow. Roman baths,—Roman baths; those words alone were a scene. Everything was changed: I was strolling in a *jardin français;* the bosky slope of the Mont Cavalier (a very modest mountain), hanging over the place, is crowned with a shapeless tower, which is as likely to be of mediæval as of antique origin; and yet, as I leaned on the parapet of one of the fountains, where a flight of curved steps (a hemicycle, as the French say) descended into a basin full of dark, cool recesses, where the slabs of the Roman foundations gleam through the clear green water,—as in this attitude I surrendered myself to contemplation and revery, it seemed to me that I touched for a moment the ancient world. Such moments are illuminating, and the light of this one mingles, in my memory, with the dusky greenness of the Jardin de la Fontaine.

The fountain proper—the source of all these distributed waters—is the prettiest thing in the world, a reduced copy of Vaucluse. It gushes up at the foot of the Mont Cavalier, at a point where that eminence rises with a certain cliff-like effect, and, like other springs in the same circumstances, appears to issue from the rock with a sort of quivering stillness. I trudged up the Mont Cavalier,—it is a matter of five minutes,—and having committed this cockneyism enhanced it presently by another. I ascended the stupid Tour Magne, the mysterious structure I mentioned a moment ago. The only feature of this dateless tube, except the inevitable collection of photographs to which you are introduced by the door-keeper, is the view you enjoy from its summit. The view is, of course, remarkably fine, but I am ashamed to say I have not the smallest recollection of it; for while I looked into the brilliant spaces of the air I seemed still to see only what I saw in the depths of the Roman baths,—the image, disastrously confused and vague, of a vanished world. This world, however, has left at Nîmes a far more considerable memento than a few old stones covered with water-moss. The Roman arena is the rival of those of Verona and of Arles; at a respectful distance it emulates the Colosseum. It is a small Colosseum, if I may be allowed the expression, and is in a much better preservation than the great circus at Rome. This is especially true of the external walls, with their arches, pillars, cornices. I must add that one should not speak of preservation, in regard to the arena at Nîmes, without speaking also of repair. After the great ruin ceased to be despoiled, it began to be protected, and most of its wounds have been dressed with new material. These matters concern the archæologist; and I felt here, as I felt afterwards at Arles, that one of the profane, in the presence of such a monument, can only admire and hold his tongue. The great impression, on the whole, is an impression of wonder that so much should have survived. What remains at Nîmes, after all dilapidation is estimated, is astounding. I spent an hour in the Arènes on that same sweet Sunday morning, as I came back from the Roman baths, and saw that the corridors, the vaults, the staircases, the external casing, are still virtually there. Many of these parts are wanting in the Colosseum, whose sublimity of size, however, can afford to dispense with detail. The seats at Nîmes, like those at Verona, have been largely renewed; not that this mattered much, as I lounged on the cool surface of one of them and admired the mighty concavity of the place and the elliptical sky-line, broken by uneven blocks and forming the rim of the monstrous cup,—a cup that had been filled with horrors. And yet I made my reflections; I said to myself that though a Roman arena is one of the most impressive of the works of man, it has a touch of that same stupidity which I ventured to discover in the Pont du Gard. It is brutal; it is monotonous; it is not at all exquisite.

THE ROYAL GORGE.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

[The following sketch is from "The Crest of the Continent," an excellent description of Rocky Mountain scenery and of the mining regions of Colorado, by an author who has but recently come into the literary field. The amusing story with which our extract closes is not an unfair specimen of the "drawing of the long bow" in which many of our far-Western friends are adepts.]

THE Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, and its culminating chasm, the Royal Gorge, lie between Salida and Cañon City, and form a sufficient theme for a chapter by themselves. It was on our return from Silver Cliff that we went there.

Situated only half a dozen miles west of Cañon City, the traveller going either to Leadville or Gunnison begins to watch for the cañon as soon as he has passed the city limits, the penitentiary, and the mineral springs. If he looks ahead, he sees the vertically-tilted, whitish strata of sandstone and limestone, which the upthrust of the interior mountains has set on edge, broken at a narrow portal through which the graceful river finds the first freedom of the plains,—becomes of age, so to speak, and commences, however awkwardly, that manly progress that by and by will enable it to take its important place in the commerce of the world,—

> "the river
> Which through continents pushes its pathway forever,
> To fling its fond heart in the sea."

Running the gauntlet of these scraggy warders of the castle of the mountain-gods within, the train boldly assaults the gates of the castle itself. From the smoothness of the outer world, where the eye can range in wide vision, taking in the profiles of countless noble chains and lowlier but serviceable ridges, where the sun shines broadly and its light and heat are reflected in shimmering volumes from expanses of whitened soil, the eager traveller now finds himself locked between precipitous hill-sides, strewn with jagged fragments, as though the

Titans had tossed in here the chips from their workshop of the world. He strives for language large enough to picture the heights that with ceaselessly-growing altitude hasten to meet him. He searches his fancy after images and similitudes that shall help him comprehend and recall the swiftly-crowding forms of Nature's massive architecture. He taxes his eyes and mind and memory to see and preserve until he can have leisure to study this exhibition of the depth and breadth of the barrier that so long has loomed before him in silent majesty, yet for which the world has found no better name than the Rocky Mountains. He has gone past it,—gone over it, it may be; now he is going *through* it. The track, as he rushes ahead, seems bodily to sink deeper and deeper into the earth, as though the apparent progress forward only resulted in impotent struggles to keep from sinking deeper, like an exhausted swimmer in swift waters. The roar of the yeasty, nebulous-green river at his side mingles with the crashing echoes of the train, reverberating heavenward through rocks that rise perpendicularly to unmeasured heights. The ear is stunned, and the mind refuses to sanction what the senses report to it.

Then a new surprise, and almost terror, comes. The train rolls round a long curve, close under a wall of black and banded granite, beside which the ponderous locomotive shrinks to a mere dot, as if swinging on some pivot in the heart of the mountain, or captured by a centripetal force that would never resign its grasp. Almost a whole circle is accomplished, and the grand amphitheatrical sweep of the wall shows no break in its smooth and zenith-cutting façade. Will the journey end here? Is it a mistake that this crevice goes *through* the range? Does not all this mad water gush from some powerful spring, or boil out of a subterranean channel impenetrable to us?

No, it opens. Resisting centripetal, centrifugal force claims the train, and it breaks away at a tangent past the edge or round the corner of the great black wall which compelled its détour, and that of the river before it. Now what glories of rock-piling confront the wide-distended eye! How those sharp-edged cliffs, standing with upright heads that play at hand-ball with the clouds, alternate with one another, so that first the right, then the left, then the right one beyond strike on our view, each one half obscured by its fellow in front, each showing itself level-browed with its comrades as we come even with it. each a score of hundreds of dizzy feet in height, rising perpendicular from the water and the track, splintered atop into airy pinnacles, braced behind against the almost continental mass through which the chasm has been cleft.

This is the Royal Gorge!

But how faintly I tell it!—how inexpressible are the wonders of plutonic force it commemorates, how magnificent the pose and self-sustained majesty of its walls, how stupendous the height as we look up, the depth if we were to gaze timidly down, how splendid the massive shadows at the base of the interlocking headlands, the glint of sunlight on the upper rim, and the high polish of the crowning points! One must catch it all as an impression on the retina of his mind's eye,—must memorize it instantly and ponder it afterward. It is ineffable, but the thought of it remains through years and years a legacy of vivid recollection and delight, and you never cease to be proud that you have seen it.

There is more cañon after that,—miles and miles of it,—the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. In and out of all the bends and elbows, gingerly round the promontories whose very feet the river laves, rapidly across the small, sheltered nooks where soil has been drifted and a few adventurous trees have grown, noisily through the echoing cuttings, the train rushes westward, letting you down gradually from the tense excitement of the great chasm, to the cedar-strewn ledges that fade out into the gravel bars and the park-like spaces of the open valley beyond Cotopaxi.

Thomas Paine tells us in his "Age of Reason," "The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately." It is good philosophy, also, that the higher the strain the longer the rebound : so no excuse is needed for asking you to enjoy as heartily as we did the story an old fellow told us at the supper station, who dropped the hint that he had been one of the "boys" who had helped push the railway through this cañon. Moreover, he helped us to a new phase of human nature as exemplified in the mind of an "old-timer."

The influence of the cañon on the ordinary tourist, perhaps, will be comparatively transient, fading into a dream-like memory of amazing mental impressions. Not so with the man who has dwelt, untutored, for many years, amid these stupendous hills and abysmal gorges. His imagination, once aroused and enlarged, continues to expand; his fiction, once created, hardens into fact; his veracity, once elongated, stretches on and on forever. Of all natural curiosities he is the most curious,—more marvellous than even the Grand Cañon itself.

Strictly sane and truthful in the daytime, he speaks only of commonplace things; but when the night comes, and the huge mountains group themselves around his camp-fire like a circle of black Cyclopean tents, he shades his face from the blaze and bids his imagination stalk forth with Titanic strides. Then, if his hearers are in sympathy, with self-repressed and nonchalant gravity, he pours forth in copious detail his strange experiences with bears and bronchos, Indians and serpents, footpads and gamblers, mines and mules, tornadoes and forest-fires. He never for a moment weakens the effect of his story by giving way to gush and enthusiasm; he makes his facts eloquent, and then relates them in the careless monotone of one who is superior to emotion under any circumstances.

We could not find our old-timer in these most favorable circumstances, but ensconced behind

> "Sublime tobacco! which, from east to west,
> Cheers the tar's labors, or the Turkman's rest,"

he seized his opportunity in our discussion of the heroic engineering by which the *penetralia* of the Royal Gorge was opened to the locomotive, and began:

"Talk about blastin'! The boy's yarn about blowin' up a mountain's nothin' but a squib to what we did when we blasted the Ryo Grand Railroad through the Royal Gorge.

"One day the boss sez to me, sez he, 'Hyar, you, do you know how to handle gunpowder?'

"Sez I, 'You bet.'

"Sez he, 'Do you see that 'ere ledge a thousand feet above us, stickin' out like a hat-brim?'

"Sez I, 'You bet I do.'

"'Wall,' sez he, 'that'll smash a train into a grease-spot some day, ef we don't blast it off.'

"'Jess so,' sez I.

"Wall, we went up a gulch, and clum the mountain an' come to the prissipass, and got down on all fours, an' looked down straight three thousand feet. The river down there looked like a lariat a-runnin' after a broncho. I begun to feel like a kite a-sailin' in the air like. Forty church steeples in one warn't nowhar to that 'ere pinnacle in the clouds. An' after a while it begun rainin' an' snowin' an' hailin' an' thundrin' an' doin' a reglar tornado biznis down thar, an' a reglar summer day whar we wuz on top. Wall, there wuz a crevice from whar we wuz, an' we sorter slid down into it, to within fifty feet o' the ledge, an' then they let me down on the ledge with a rope an' drill. When I got down thar, I looked up an' sez to the boss, 'Boss, how are ye goin' to get that 'cussion powder down?' Yer see, we used this 'ere powder as'll burn like a pine-knot 'thout explodin', but if yer happen to drop it it'll blow yer into next week 'fore ye kin wink yer eye.

"'Wall,' sez the boss, sez he, 'hyar's fifty pound, an' yer must ketch it.'

"'Ketch it,' sez I. 'Hain't ye gettin' a little keerless? S'pose I miss it?' I sez.

"'But ye mustn't miss it,' sez he. ''T seems to me yer gettin' mighty keerful of yourself all to wunst.'

"Sez I, 'Boss, haul me up. I'm a fool, but not an idgit. Haul me up. I'm not so much afeared of the blowin' up ez of the comin' down. If I should miss comin' onto this ledge, thar's nobody a thousan' feet below thar to ketch me, an' I might get drownded in the Arkansaw, for I kain't swim.'

"So they hauled me up, an' let three other fellers down, an' the boss discharged me, an' I sot down sorter behind a rock, an' tole 'em they'd soon have a fust-class funeral, and might need me for pall-bearer.

"Wall, them fellers ketched the dynamite all right, and put 'er in, an' lit their fuse, but afore they could haul 'em up she went off. Great guns! 'Twas wuss'n forty thousan' Fourth o' Julys. A million coyotes an' tin pans an' horns an' gongs ain't a sarcumstance. Th' hull gorge fur ten mile bellered, an' bellered, an' kep' on bellerin' wuss'n a corral o' Texas bulls. I foun' myself on my back a-lookin' up, an' th' las' thing I seed wuz two o' them fellers a-whirlin' clean over the mountain, two thousan' feet above. One of 'em had my jack-knife an' tobacker, but 'twas no use cryin'. 'Twas a good jack-knife, though; I don't keer so much fur the tobacker. He slung suthin' at me as he went over, but it didn't come nowhar near, 'n' I don't know yet what it was. When we all kinder come to, the boss looked at his watch, 'n' tole us all to witness that the fellers was blown up just at noon, an' was only entitled to half a day's wages, an' quit 'thout notice. When we got courage to peep over an' look down, we found that the hat-brim wasn't busted off at all; the hull thing was only a squib. But we noticed that a rock ez big ez a good-sized cabin hed loosened, an' hed rolled down on top of it. While we sat lookin' at it, boss sez, sez he,—

"'Did you fellers see more'n two go up?'

"'No,' sez we, an' pretty soon we heern t'other feller a-hollerin', 'Come down 'n' get me out!'

"Gents, you may have what's left of my old shoe, if the ledge hadn't split open a little, 'n' that chap fell into the crack, 'n' the big rock rolled onto the ledge an' sorter gently held him thar. He warn't hurt a har. We warn't slow about gettin' down. We jist tied a rope to a pint o' rock an' slid. But you may hang me for a chipmuck ef we could git anywhar near him, an' it was skeery business a-foolin' roun' on that 'ere verandy. 'Twarn't much bigger'n a hay-rack, an' a thousan' foot up. We hed some crowbars, but boss got a leetle excited, an' perty soon bent every one on 'em tryin' to prize off that boulder, that'd weigh a hundred ton like. Then agin we wuz all on it, fer it kivered th' hull ledge, 'n' whar'd we ben ef he'd prized it off? All the while the chap kep' a-hollerin', 'Hurry up; pass me some tobacker!' Oh, it was the pitterfulest cry you ever heern, an' we didn't know what to do till he yelled, 'I'm a-losin' time; hain't you goin' to git me out?' Sez boss, 'I've bent all the crowbars, an' we can't git you out.'

"'Got any dynamite powder?' sez the feller.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, then, why 'n the name of the Denver 'n' Ryo Grand don't you blast me out?' sez he.

"'We can't blast you out,' sez boss, 'fer dynamite busts down, an' it'll blow you down the canyon.'

"'Well, then,' sez he, 'one o' ye swing down under the ledge, an' put a shot in whar it's cracked below.'

"'You're wiser 'n a woman,' sez boss. 'I'd never thought o' that.'

"So the boss took a rope, 'n' we swung him down, 'n' he put in a shot, 'n' was goin' to light the fuse, when the feller inside smelt the match.

"'Hev ye tumbled to my racket?' sez he.

"'You bet we have, feller-priz'ner!' sez the boss.

"'Touch 'er off!' sez the feller.

"'All right,' sez boss.

"'Hold on!' yells the feller as wuz inside.

"'What's the racket now?' sez the boss.

"'You hain't got the sense of a blind mule,' sez he. 'Do you s'pose I want to drop down the canyon when the shot busts? Pass in a rope through the crack, 'n' I'll tie it roun' me, 'n' then you can touch 'er off kind o' easy like.'

"Wall, that struck us all as a pious idea. That feller knowed more'n a dozen blind mules,—sed mules weren't fur off, neither. Wall, we passed in the rope, 'n' when we pulled boss up, he guv me t'other eend 'n' tole me to hole on tighter 'n a puppy to a root. I tuck the rope, wrapped it 'round me, 'n' climb up, fifty feet to a pint o' rock right under 'nuther pint 'bout a hundred feet higher, that kinder hung over the pint whar I wuz. Boss 'n' t'other fellers skedaddled up the crevice 'n' hid.

"Purty soon suthin' happened. I can't describe it, gents. The hull canyon wuz full o' blue blazes, flyin' rocks, 'n' loose volcanoes. Both sides o' the gorge, two thousan' feet straight up, seemed to touch tops 'n' then swing open. I wuz sort o' dazed 'n' blinded, 'n' felt ez if the prissipasses 'n' the mountains wuz all on a tangle-foot drunk, staggerin' like. The rope tightened 'round my stummick, 'n' I seized onto it tight, 'n' yelled,—

"'Hole on, pard, I'll draw you up! Cheer up, my hearty,' sez I, 'cheer up! Jess as soon's I git my footin', I'll bring ye to terry firmy!'

"Ye see, I wuz sort o' confused 'n' blinded by the smoke 'n' dust, 'n' hed a queer feelin', like a spider a-swingin' an' a-whirlin' on a har. At last I got so's I could see, 'n' looked down to see if the feller wuz a-swingin' clar of the rocks, but I couldn't see him. The ledge wuz blown clean off, 'n' the canyon seemed 'bout three thousan' feet deep. My stummick begun to hurt me dreadful, 'n' I squirmed 'round 'n' looked up, 'n' durn my breeches, gents, ef I wasn't within ten foot of the top of the gorge, 'n' the feller ez wuz blasted out wuz a-haulin' on me up.

"Sez I when he got me to the top, sez I, 'Which eend of this rope wuz *you* on, my friend?'

"'I dunno,' sez he. 'Which eend wuz *you* on?'

"'I dunno,' sez I.

"An', gents, to this day we can't tell ef it was which or t'other ez wuz blasted out."

THE MEANING OF INFANCY.

JOHN FISKE.

[No man has done more to popularize the modern evolutionary theories than John Fiske, the author of "Myths and Myth-Makers," "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," and many other works, in which the views of Darwin, Spencer, and others of the radical scientists of the present day are relieved of their technicalities and brought within the range of popular comprehension. He has a fresh, easy, and flowing style, and possesses in an unusual degree the art of giving transparency to opaque subjects. From one of his later works, "Excursions of an Evolutionist," we make the following extract. Mr. Fiske is a native of Hartford, Connecticut, where he was born in 1842.]

What is the Meaning of Infancy? What is the meaning of the fact that man is born into the world more helpless than any other creature, and needs for a much longer season than any other living thing the tender care and wise counsel of his elders? It is one of the most familiar of facts that man, alone among animals, exhibits a capacity for progress. That man is widely different from other animals in the length of his adolescence and the utter helplessness of his babyhood, is an equally familiar fact. Now, between these two commonplace facts is there any connection? Is it a mere accident that the creature which is distinguished as progressive should also be distinguished as coming slowly to maturity, or is there a reason lying deep down in the nature of things why this should be so? I think it can be shown with very few words that between these two facts there is a connection that is deeply inwrought with the processes by which life has been evolved upon the earth. It can be shown that man's progressiveness and the length of his infancy are but two sides of one and the same fact; and in showing this, still more will appear. It will appear that it was the lengthening of infancy which ages ago gradually converted our forefathers from brute creatures into human creatures. It is babyhood that has made man what he is. The simple unaided operation of natural selection could never have resulted in the origination of the human race. Natural selection might have gone on forever improving the breed of the highest animal in many ways, but it could never *unaided* have started the process of civilization or have given to man those peculiar attributes in virtue of which it has been well said that the difference between him and the highest of apes immeasurably transcends in value the difference between an ape and a blade of grass. In order to bring about that wonderful event, the Creation of Man, natural selection had to call in the aid of other agencies, and the chief of these agencies was the gradual lengthening of babyhood.

Such is the point which I wish to illustrate in few words, and to indicate some of its bearings on the history of human progress. Let us first observe what it was that lengthened the infancy of the highest animal, for then we shall be the better able to understand the character of the prodigious effects which this infancy has wrought. A few familiar facts concerning the method in which men learn how to do things will help us here.

When we begin to learn to play the piano, we have to devote much time and thought to the adjustment and movement of our fingers, and to the interpretation of the vast and complicated multitude of symbols which make up the printed page of music that stands before us. For a long time, therefore, our attempts are feeble and stammering, and they require the full, concentrated power of the mind. Yet a trained pianist will play a new piece of music at sight, and perhaps have so much attention to spare that he can talk with you at the same time. What an enormous number of mental acquisitions have in this case become almost instinctive or automatic! It is just so in learning a foreign language, and it was just the same when in childhood we learned to walk, to talk, and to write. It is just the same, too, in learning to think about abstruse subjects. What at first strains the attention to the utmost, and often wearies us, comes at last to be done without effort and almost unconsciously. Great minds thus travel over vast fields of thought with an ease of which they are themselves unaware. Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch once said that in translating the "Mécanique Céleste" he had come upon formulas which Laplace introduced with the word "obviously," where it took nevertheless many days of hard study to supply the intermediate steps through which that transcendent mind had passed with one huge leap of inference. At some time in his youth no doubt Laplace had to think of these things, just as Rubinstein had once to think how his fingers should be placed on the keys of the piano; but what was once the object of conscious attention comes at last to be wellnigh automatic, while the flight of the conscious mind goes on ever to higher and vaster themes.

Let us now take a long leap from the highest level of human intelligence to the mental life of a turtle or a codfish. In what does the mental life of such creatures consist? It consists of a few simple acts mostly concerned with the securing of food and the avoiding of danger, and these few simple acts are repeated with unvarying monotony during the whole lifetime of these creatures. Consequently these acts are performed with great ease and are attended with very little consciousness, and moreover the capacity to perform them is transmitted from parent to offspring as completely as the capacity of the stomach to digest food is transmitted. In all animals the new-born stomach needs but the contact with food in order to begin digesting, and the new-born lungs need but the contact with air in order to begin to breathe. The capacity for performing these perpetually-repeated visceral actions is transmitted in perfection. All the requisite nervous connections are fully established during the brief embryonic existence of each creature. In the case of lower animals it is almost as much so with the few simple actions which make up the creature's mental life. The bird known as the fly-catcher no sooner breaks the egg than it will snap at and catch a fly. This action is not so very simple; but because it is something the bird is always doing,—being indeed, one out of the very few things that this bird ever does,—the nervous connections needful for doing it are all established before birth, and nothing but the presence of the fly is required to set the operation going.

With such creatures as the codfish, the turtle, or the fly-catcher, there is accordingly nothing that can properly be called infancy. With them the sphere of education is extremely limited. They get their education before they are born. In other words, heredity does everything for them, education nothing. The career of the individual is predetermined by the careers of his ancestors, and he can do *almost* nothing to vary it. The life of such creatures is conservatism cut and dried, and there is nothing progressive about them.

In what I just said I left an "almost." There is a great deal of saving virtue in that little adverb. Doubtless even animals low in the scale possess some faint traces of educability; but they are so very slight that it takes geologic ages to produce an appreciable result. In all the innumerable wanderings, fights, upturnings, and cataclysms of the earth's stupendous career, each creature has been summoned under penalty of death to use what little wit he may have had, and the slightest trace of mental flexibility is of such priceless value in the struggle for existence that natural selection must always have seized upon it, and sedulously hoarded and transmitted it for coming generations to strengthen and increase. With the lapse of geologic time the upper grades of animal intelligence have doubtless been raised higher and higher through natural selection. The warm-blooded mammals and birds of to-day no doubt surpass the cold-blooded dinosaurs of the Jurassic age in mental qualities as they surpass them in physical structure. From the codfish and turtle of ancient family to the modern lion, dog, and monkey it is a very long step upward. The mental life of a warm-blooded animal is a very different affair from that of reptiles and fishes. A squirrel or a bear does a good many things in the course of his life. He meets various vicissitudes in various ways; he has adventures. The actions he performs are so complex and so numerous that they are severally performed with less frequency than the few actions performed by the codfish. The requisite nervous connections are accordingly not fully established before birth. There is not time enough. The nervous connections needed for the visceral movements and for the few simple instinctive actions get organized, and then the creature is born before he has learned how to do all the things his parents could do. A good many of his nervous connections are not yet formed, they are only formable. Accordingly, he is not quite able to take care of himself; he must for a time be watched and nursed. All mammals and most birds have thus a period of babyhood that is not very long, but is, on the whole, longest with the most intelligent creatures. It is especially long with the higher monkeys, and among the man-like apes it becomes so long as to be strikingly suggestive. An infant orang-outang, captured by Mr. Wallace, was still a helpless baby at the age of three months, unable to feed itself, to walk without aid, or to grasp objects with precision.

But this period of helplessness has to be viewed under another aspect. It is a period of *plasticity*. The creature's career is no longer exclusively determined by heredity. There is a period after birth when its character can be slightly modified by what happens to it after birth, that is, by its experience as an individual. It becomes educable. It is no longer necessary for each generation to be exactly like that which has preceded. A door is opened through which the capacity for progress can enter. Horses and dogs, bears and elephants, parrots and monkeys, are all teachable to some extent; and we have even heard of a learned pig. Of learned asses there has been no lack in the world.

But this educability of the higher mammals and birds is, after all, quite limited. By the beginnings of infancy the door for progressiveness was set ajar, but it was not all at once thrown wide open. Conservatism still continued in fashion. One generation of cattle is much like another. It would be easy for foxes to learn to climb trees, and many a fox might have saved his life by doing so; yet, quick-witted as he is, this obvious device never seems to have occurred to Reynard. Among slightly teachable mammals, however, there is one group more teachable than the rest. Monkeys, with their greater power of handling things, have also more inquisitiveness and more capacity for sustained attention than any other mammals; and the higher apes are fertile in varied resources. The orang-outang and gorilla are for this reason dreaded by other animals, and roam the undisputed lords of their native forests. They have probably approached the critical point where variations in intelligence, always important, have come to be supremely important, so as to be seized by natural selection in preference to variations in physical constitution. At some remote epoch of the past—we cannot say just when or how—our half-human forefathers reached and passed this critical point, and forthwith their varied struggles began age after age to result in the preservation of bigger and better brains, while the rest of their bodies changed but little. This particular work of natural selection must have gone on for an enormous length of time, and as its result we see that while man remains anatomically much like an ape, he has acquired a vastly greater brain, with all that this implies. Zoölogically the distance is small between man and the chimpanzee; psychologically it has become so great as to be immeasurable.

But this steady increase of intelligence, as our forefathers began to become human, carried with it a steady prolongation of infancy. As mental life became more complex and various, as the things to be learned kept ever multiplying, less and less could be done before birth, more and more must be left to be done in the earlier years of life. So, instead of being born with a few simple capacities thoroughly organized, man came at last to be born with the germs of many complex capacities which were reserved to be unfolded and enhanced or checked and stifled by the incidents of personal experience in each individual. In this simple yet wonderful way there has been provided for man a long period during which his mind is plastic and malleable, and the length of this period has increased with civilization until it now covers nearly one-third of our lives. It is not that our inherited tendencies and aptitudes are not still the main thing. It is only that we have at last acquired great power to modify them by training, so that progress may go on with ever-increasing sureness and rapidity.

OLD VIRGINIA.

JAMES PARTON.

[James Parton, though noted for his work in the field of American biography, is a native of England, where he was born, at Canterbury, in 1822. He came when young to the United States, and engaged in literary labors, the principal result of which is his series of admirable biographies, which have attained an exceptional popularity with American readers for their fulness and freshness of incident and their judicious selection and handling of the salient features in the life of each person treated. From his "Life of Thomas Jefferson" we select the following episodial description of business methods and extravagance in Old Virginia.]

WHEN John Rolfe, not yet husband of Pocahontas, planted the first tobacco-seed in Jamestown, in 1612, good tobacco sold in London docks at five shillings a pound, or two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a hogshead of a thousand pounds' weight. Fatal facility of money-making! It was this that diverted all labor, capital, and enterprise into one channel, and caused that first ship-load of negroes in the James River to be so welcome. The planter could have but one object,—to get more slaves in order to raise more tobacco. Hence the price was ever on the decline, dropping first from shillings to pence, and then going down the scale of pence, until it remained for some years at an average of about two pence a pound in Virginia and three pence in London. In Virginia it often fell below two pence; as, during brief periods of scarcity, it would rise to six pence and seven pence. . . .

Old Virginia is a pathetic chapter in Political Economy. *Old* Virginia indeed! She reached decrepitude while contemporary communities were enjoying the first vigor of youth; while New York was executing the task which Virginia's George Washington had suggested and foretold, that of connecting the waters of the great West with the ocean; while New England was careering gayly over the sea, following the whale to his most distant retreat, and feeding belligerent nations with her superabundance. One little century of seeming prosperity; three generations of spendthrifts; then the lawyer and the sheriff! Nothing was invested, nothing was saved for the future. There were no manufactures, no commerce, no towns, no internal trade, no great middle class. As fast as that virgin richness of soil could be converted into tobacco, and sold in London docks, the proceeds were expended in vast, ugly mansions, heavy furniture, costly apparel, Madeira wine, fine horses, huge coaches, and more slaves. The planters lived as though virgin soil were revenue, not capital. They tried to maintain in Virginia the lordly style of English grandees, *without* any Birmingham, Staffordshire, Sheffield, or London docks to pay for it. Their short-lived prosperity consisted of three elements,—virgin soil, low-priced slaves, high-priced tobacco. The virgin soil was rapidly exhausted; the price of negroes was always on the increase; and the price of tobacco was always tending downward. Their sole chance of founding a stable commonwealth was to invest the proceeds of their tobacco in something that would absorb their labor and yield them profit when the soil would no longer produce tobacco.

But their laborers were ignorant slaves, the possession of whom destroyed their energy, swelled their pride, and dulled their understandings. Virginia's case was hopeless from the day on which that Dutch ship landed the first twenty slaves; and, when the time of reckoning came, the people had nothing to show for their long occupation of one of the finest estates in the world, except great hordes of negroes, breeding with the rapidity of rabbits; upon whose annual increase Virginia subsisted, until the most glorious and beneficial of all wars set the white race free and gave Virginia her second opportunity.

All this was nobody's fault. It was a combination of circumstances against which the unenlightened human nature of that period could not possibly have made head. Few men saw anything wrong in slavery. No man knew much about the laws that control the prosperity of States. No man understood the science of agriculture. Every one with whom those proud and thoughtless planters dealt plundered them, and the mother-country discouraged every attempt of the colonists to manufacture their own supplies. There were so many charges upon tobacco, in its course from the planter's packing-house to the consumer's pipe, that it was no very uncommon thing, in dull years, for the planter to receive from his agent in London, in return for his hogsheads of tobacco, not a pleasant sum of money, nor even a box of clothes, but a bill of charges which the price of the tobacco had not covered. One of the hardships of which the clergy complained was, that they did not "dare" to send their tobacco to London, for fear of being brought in debt by it, but had to sell it on the spot to speculators much below the London price. The old Virginia laws and records so abound in tobacco information that we can follow a hogshead of tobacco from its native plantation on the James to the shop of the tobacconist in London.

In the absence of farm-vehicles,—many planters who kept a coach had no wagon,—each hogshead was attached to a pair of shafts with a horse between them, and "rolled" to a shed on the bank of the stream. When a ship arrived in the river from London, it anchored opposite each plantation which it served, and set ashore the portion of the cargo belonging to it,—continuing its upward course until the hold was empty. Then, descending the river, it stopped at the different plantations, taking in from each its hogsheads of tobacco, and the captain receiving long lists of articles to be bought in London with the proceeds of the tobacco. The rivers of Virginia, particularly the Potomac and the James, are wide and shallow, with a deep channel far from either shore: so that the transfer of the tobacco from the shore to the ship, in the general absence of landings, was troublesome and costly. To this day, as readers remember, the piers on the James present to the wondering passenger from the North a stretch of pine planks from an eighth to half a mile long. The ship is full at length, drops down past Newport News, salutes the fort upon Old Point Comfort, and glides out between the capes into the ocean.

Suppose her now safe in London docks, say about the year 1735, the middle of the prosperous period, when the great houses were building in Virginia, with stabling for "a hundred horses" and pretext of work for "a hundred servants." By the time she is fast at her berth the vultures have alighted upon her deck. Two "land-waiters" represent the authorities of the custom-house, and are sworn to see that the king gets his own. A personage called the "ship's husband" is not long behind them. He, representing the merchant to whom the tobacco is consigned, would naturally be the antagonist of the land-waiters; but he is only too glad to establish an understanding with them. And behind each of these two powers there is a train of hangers-on, hungry for a morsel of the prey. There is already a charge of two pounds for freight upon each hogshead. As soon as the ship is reported at the custom-house, the king demands his "old subsidy" of three farthings upon every pound of tobacco on board,—more than three pounds sterling on a hogshead of a thousand pounds' weight. The "duty" of five and one-third pence per pound has next to be calculated, and a bond given for its payment when the tobacco is sold for home consumption. The purchaser, it is true, pays these duties; but the planter is responsible and bound for the payment.

Then there is a continuous fire of petty charges at each unfortunate hogshead, some of which it is difficult now to explain. I copy the following items from an agent's bill of 1733: "primage, 6*d.*;" "wharfage and lighterage, 6*d.*;" "Mr. Perry, 3*d.*;" "husbanding the ship, 4*d.*;" "watching and drink, 3*d.*;" "entry inwards and bonds, 6*d.*;" "land-waiters' fees, 3*d.*; "dinners, breakfasts to the husband and officers while landing the ship, with other incident expenses, 9*d.*;" "entry outwards and searchers, 8*d.*;" "cocket* money, etc., 3*d.*;" "debentures one with another, 13*d.*;" "cooperage on board, 2*d.*;" "ditto, landing, 1*s.*;" "ditto, outwards, 9*d.*;" "refusing and hoops, 1*d.*;" "porterage, re-housing, and extraordinary rummaging, 6*d.*;" "weighing and shipping, 6*d.*;" "wharfage and lighterage outwards, 6*d.*;" "cartage, 1*s.*;" "warehouse rent for three months, 1*s.* 6*d.*;" "brokerage, 2*s.*;" "postage, as charged by the post-office;" "agent's commission, 2½ per cent." In other bills I observe such words as "suttle,"† and the old familiar "tare" and "tret."

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* COCKET.—A scroll of parchment, sealed and delivered by the officers of the custom-house to merchants, as a warrant that their merchandise is entered.

† SUTTLE.—Suttle-weight, in commerce, is the weight when the tare has been deducted, and tret has yet to be allowed.

Besides these vexatious charges, each of which could be a pretext for fraud, the London agent had other modes of despoiling the planter who was quaffing his Madeira, or chasing the fox, three thousand miles away. Two pounds of tobacco were allowed to be taken from each hogshead for a sample; but a cooper who knew what was due to a British merchant and to himself could draw eight pounds as well as two, and a weigher who had been previously "seen" could mark down the weight of a hogshead two hundred pounds or ten pounds, according to the size of the hogshead, leaving the planter to decide whether *his* scales or those of the London custom-house were untrustworthy. In a word, all those fraudulent devices complained of by honest merchants in the bad days of the New York Custom-House were familiar in the custom-house of London in 1733, and the frauds were concealed by precisely the same means. Upon the arrival of a ship, the merchant to whom the tobacco was consigned would apply for the services of certain land-waiters, "*whose friendship he could rely upon*," to superintend the landing of his tobacco. Perhaps they were engaged at the time. Then he delayed landing his tobacco till they were at leisure. The rest can be imagined. The weighers, the coopers, and the "ship's husband" understand one another; and "if," as an old remonstrance has it, "any two of them agree in their account, the third alters his book to make it agree with theirs."*

We read, besides, of British merchants sweeping the refuse of their warehouses into casks, putting a little good tobacco at the top and bottom, and, after getting a drawback of duty from their own government, sending this mass of dust and stalks to defraud a foreign country. In 1750, when tobacco yielded the British government one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum, it gave the planter an average profit of one pound sterling per hogshead.

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* Case of the Tobacco Planters of Virginia, as represented by themselves: signed by the President of the Council and Speaker of the House of Burgesses. London, 1733.

The same factors who sold the Virginia tobacco were usually charged to purchase the merchandise which the planters required. Doubtless many of them performed both duties with sufficient correctness; but, down to the Revolution, it was a standing complaint with the planters that their tobacco brought them less and their merchandise cost them more than they had expected. Readers remember the emphatic expostulations of General Washington on both these points. The very ships that carried the tobacco and brought back the merchandise were nearly all owned in London. When a Yankee merchant had a prosperous year, or made a lucky voyage, he built another schooner; so that, when Jefferson made his first bow to a jury, in 1767, New England owned seven-eighths of the shipping that frequented New England ports. But of all the great fleet trading with Virginia,—about three hundred vessels in 1767,—seven-eighths belonged to British merchants. The Yankee's new schooner proved a better investment than the Virginian's "likely negro wenches," whom the Yankee's schooner brought for him from the coast of Guinea; and the Virginian's pipes of Madeira consumed his acres, while the Yankee, with his New England rum, added acres to his estate.

How little the planters foresaw the desolation of their Province is affectingly attested by many of the relics of their brief affluence. They built their parish churches to last centuries, like the churches to which they were accustomed "at home." In neighborhoods where now a congregation of fifty persons could not be collected, there are the ruins of churches that were evidently built for the accommodation of numerous and wealthy communities: a forest, in some instances, has grown up all around them, making it difficult to get near the imperishable walls. Sometimes the wooden roof has fallen in, and one huge tree, rooted among the monumental slabs of the middle aisle, has filled all the interior. Other old churches long stood solitary in old fields, the roof sound, but the door standing open, in which the beasts found nightly shelter, and into which the passing horseman rode and sat on his horse before the altar till the storm passed. Others have been used by the farmers as wagon-houses, by fishermen to hang their seines in, by gatherers of turpentine as storehouses. One was a distillery, and another was a barn A poor drunken wretch reeled for shelter into an abandoned church of Chesterfield County,—the county of the first Jeffersons,—and he died in a drunken sleep at the foot of the reading-desk, where he lay undiscovered until his face was devoured by rats. An ancient font was found doing duty as a tavern punch-bowl; and a tombstone, which served as the floor of an oven, used to print memorial words upon loaves of bread. Fragments of richly-colored altar-pieces, fine pulpit-cloths, and pieces of old carving used to be preserved in farm-houses and shown to visitors. When the late Bishop Meade began his rounds, forty years ago, elderly people would bring to him sets of communion-plate and single vessels which had once belonged to the parish church, long deserted, and beg him to take charge of them.

Those pretty girls of the Apollo, who turned young Jefferson's head in 1762, and most of the other bright spirits of that generation,—where does their dust repose? In cemeteries so densely covered with trees and tangled shrubbery that no traces of their tombstones can be discovered; in cemeteries over which the plough and the harrow pass; in cemeteries through the walls of which some stream has broken, and where the bones and skulls of the dead may be seen afloat upon the slime.

The suddenness of the collapse was most remarkable. Westmoreland County, the birthplace of Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Marshall, called absurdly enough "the Athens of Virginia," was still the most polite and wealthy region of Virginia when Thomas Jefferson was a young lawyer. In thirty years it became waste and desolate. A picket-guard in 1813, posted on the Potomac to watch for the expected British fleet, were seeking one day a place to encamp, when they came upon an old church, the condition of which revealed at once the completeness and the recentness of the ruin. It stood in a lonely dell, where the silence was broken only by the breeze whispering through the pines and cedars and dense shrubbery that closed the entrance. Huge oaks, standing near the walls, enveloped the roof with their long, interlacing branches. The doors all stood wide open; the windows were broken; the roof was rotten and had partly fallen in; and a giant pine, uprooted by a tempest, was lying against the front, choking up the principal door. The church-yard, which was extensive and enclosed by a high brick wall of costly structure, was densely covered all over with tombstones and monuments; many of which, though they bore names once held in honor throughout Virginia, were broken to pieces or prostrate, with brambles and weeds growing thick and tangled between them everywhere. The parish had been important enough to have a separate building for a vestry just outside the church-yard wall. This had rotted away from its chimney, which stood erect in a mass of ruin.

With some difficulty the soldiers forced their way through the fine old porch, between massive doors, into the church. What a picture of desolation was disclosed! The roof, rotted away at the corners, had let in for years the snow and rain, staining and spoiling the interior. The galleries, where in the olden time the grandees of the parish sat, in their square, high pews, were sloping and leaning down upon the pews on the floor, and on one side had quite fallen out. The remains of the great Bible still lay open on the desk, and the tattered canvas which hung from the walls showed traces of the Creed and Commandments which had once been written upon it. The marble font was gone: it was a punch-bowl, the commander of the picket was told. The communion-table, which had been a superb piece of work, of antique pattern, with a heavy walnut top, was in its place, but roughened and stained by exposure. It was afterwards used as a chopping-block. The brick aisles showed that the church was the resort of animals, and the wooden ceiling was alive with squirrels and snakes. The few inhabitants of the vicinity—white trash—held the old church and its wilderness of graves in dread, and scarcely dared enter the tangled dell in which they were. It was only the runaway slave, overcome by a greater terror, flying from a being more awful than any ghost,—savage man,—that ventured to go into the church itself and crouch among the broken pews.

Such is the ruin that befalls a community which subsists upon its capital.

THE REVOLVING SEASONS.

POETS, good, bad, and indifferent, have settled upon the seasons as their peculiar property, and have sung the vernal charms of spring and the ripe lustiness of autumn,—May with her eyes of blue, and October with his cheeks of brown,—until many volumes might be made up of these tributes to the revolving beauties of the year. The rapid changes of nature in our temperate clime, and the quick succession of new phases of attractiveness, are remarkably calculated to arouse the poetic temperament to an endeavor to embalm these fleeting charms in the more enduring form of verse,—more enduring, that is, if the verse have in it any of the staying quality of original thought. The great sum of these written leaves of sentiment perish more quickly than the fallen leaves of autumn. Others there are, however, with "life in their veins," and of these we present a serial succession from the season-songs of American bards. Emerson, to whom nature was an ever-enduring inspiration, thus chronicles the coming of April:

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And trumpet-lowing of the herds.
The scarlet maple-keys betray
What potent blood hath modest May,
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
What joy in rosy waves outpoured
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord.

Another of our poets, who has ever her finger on the pulse of Nature, thus gives us the *meaning of May:*

The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!—HELEN HUNT.

An older poet thus sings his song of the May:

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

The richest month of the year, throbbing-hearted June, the season of the rose and of the fullest chorus of the birds, the embowered gateway between the realms of the blossom, and the fruitage, has always been a favorite theme of the poets. We cull a pair of June roses for our poetic bouquet:

Never was my life's neglected garden
  Half so full of fragrance as to-day,—
Never has the world been half so radiant,
  Nor its shapes of sorrow and dismay
  Ever seemed so few and far away.

Wide the chestnut waves its spreading branches,
  In a white bewilderment of bloom,
And the lilacs, overwhelmed with blossoms,
  Dropping like a wounded warrior's plume,
  Hang their faint heads heavy with perfume.

On the sea a veil of silvery softness,
  Faint, and filmy, and mysterious, lies,
Blending doubtfully the fair horizon
  With the azure of the smiling skies,
  Tender as the blue of loving eyes.

On the grass the fallen apple-blossoms
  Heap a pillow rosy-hued and rare,
While the dim ghosts of the dandelions
  Sail serenely in the untroubled air,
  And the clover blushes everywhere.

In the leaves a bobolink is pouring
  Passion-songs which brook no pause or rest:
Hark! how gushingly the liquid music
  Swells and overflows his trembling breast,
  Like a love that cannot be repressed!

Oh, the joy, the luxury, the rapture,
  Thus to brush away the chains of care,
Thus to drop the mask from heart and forehead,
  To be glad and young again, and wear
  Lilies-of-the-valley in my hair!

Far away, unfelt and scarce remembered,
  Seems the world-life, harsh and turbulent:
So much harmony, and joy, and beauty,
  In this matchless day of days are blent,
  I desire no more: I am content!

Elizabeth Akers

We quote next one of the most imaginatively beautiful of American poems, the June song of James Russell Lowell. In richness of imagery it is unsurpassed, and in reading it we seem transported into the very heart of June itself, even though the snows of winter be drifting without.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest:
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue:
  'Tis the natural way of living.

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

A poetess of the past generation thus gracefully sings of the dawning summer:

The early spring hath gone; I see her stand
Afar off on the hills, white clouds, like doves,
Yoked by the south wind to her opal car,
And at her feet a lion and a lamb
Couched, side by side. Irresolute spring hath gone!
And summer comes like Psyche, zephyr-borne
To her sweet land of pleasures.
                                                  She is here!
Amid the distant vales she tarried long,
But she hath come, oh, joy!—for I have heard
Her many-chorded harp the livelong day
Sounding from plains and meadows, where, of late,
Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
The wild north wind careering like a steed
Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
Into the forest, and its poiséd leaves
Are platformed for the zephyr's dancing feet.
Under its green pavilions she hath reared
Most beautiful things; the spring's pale orphans lie
Sheltered upon her breast; the bird's loud song
At morn outsoars his pinion, and when waves
Put on night's silver harness, the still air
Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized

Earth with her joyful weeping. She hath blessed
All that do rest beneath the wing of Heaven,
And all that hail its smile. Her ministry
Is typical of love. She hath disdained
No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
The grape's light tendrils and to pluck apart
The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
Unmindful the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
The trodden weed; and when her lowlier children
Faint by the wayside like worn passengers,
She is a gentle mother, all night long
Bathing their pale brows with her healing dews.
The hours are spendthrifts of her wealth; the days
Are dowered with her beauty.—EDITH MAY.

A midsummer day's dream is thus beautifully chronicled in song by Rose Terry:

When o'er the mountain steeps
The hazy noontide creeps,
And the shrill cricket sleeps
Under the grass,—
When soft the shadows lie,
And clouds sail o'er the sky,
And the idle winds go by,
With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass,—

Then when the silent stream
Lapses as in a dream,
And the water-lilies gleam
Up to the sun,—
When the hot and burdened day
Rests on its downward way,
When the moth forgets to play,
And the plodding ant may dream her work is done,—

Then, from the noise of war
And the din of earth afar,
Like some forgotten star
  Dropt from the sky,—
The sounds of love and fear,
All voices sad and clear,
Banished to silence drear,—
The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale
Breathes its mysterious tale,
Till the rose's lips grow pale
  With her sighs,—
And o'er my thoughts are cast
Tints of the vanished past,
Glories that faded fast,
Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,
Where its sweet treasure swings,
The honey-lover clings
  To the red flowers,
So, lost in vivid light,
So, rapt from day and night,
I linger in delight,
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

Autumn comes to us as a lusty harvester, personified by one of our most charming poets, Richard Henry Stoddard:

Sometimes we see thee stretched upon the ground,
  In fading woods where acorns patter fast,
Dropping to feast thy tusky boars around,
  Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;

Sometimes at work where ancient granary doors
  Are open wide, a thresher stout and hale,
  Whitened with chaff upwafted from thy flail.
While south winds sweep along the dusty floors;
And sometimes fast asleep at noontide hours,
  Pillowed on sheaves, and shaded from the heat,
      With Plenty at thy feet,
Braiding a coronet of oaten straw and flowers.
What time, emerging from a low-hung cloud,
  The shining chariot of the Sun was driven
Slope to its goal, and Day in reverence bowed
  His burning forehead at the gate of Heaven,—
Then I beheld thy presence full revealed
Slow trudging homeward o'er a stubble field;
Around thy brow, to shade it from the west,
  A wisp of straw entwisted in a crown;
  A golden wheat-sheaf, slipping slowly down,
Hugged tight against thy waist, and on thy breast,
Linked to a belt, an earthen flagon swung;
      And o'er thy shoulder flung,
Tied by their stems, a bundle of great pears,
Bell-shaped and streaky, some rich orchard's pride;
A heavy bunch of grapes on either side,
  Across each arm, tugged downward by the load,
Their glossy leaves blown off by wandering airs;
  A yellow-rinded melon in thy right,
  In thy left hand a sickle caught the light,
    Keen as the moon which glowed
      Along the fields of night:
One moment seen, the shadowy masque was flown,
And I was left, as now, to meditate alone.

With this fragmentary extract from Stoddard's picturesque poem we may step beyond the jocund season of the harvest into that charming second summer which is thus delightfully pictured in Longfellow's "Evangeline":

That beautiful season,
. . . the Summer of All Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
. . . And the great sun
Looked with eyes of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flushed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Winter, with its snows, comes to us in the thoughtful imagery of Emerson, who is a poet in whatever form he writes, whether prose or verse, and whose imagination is unsurpassed in depth and richness by that of any other American writer.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

In a more sprightly vein is Hannah F. Gould's tribute of verse to

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
  In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
  But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
  Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
  Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
  By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers, and these
  All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—
  "Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
  Shall '*tchick!*' to tell them I'm drinking."

As fit conclusion to this group of poems of the seasons we append "The Closing Year" of George D. Prentice, with its thoughtful but sombre review of the record of Time in its pitiless onward march:

'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell

Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form

Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink

Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiads, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void: yet Time,
Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

[The following attractive description of the ways and wiles of the mocking-bird, and the subsequent short sketch of "The Wood-Thrush," are from the "American Ornithological Biography" of Audubon, a work full of correct and admirably vivid pictures of bird-life in the New World. The great work on which Audubon's fame rests is his "Birds of America," the fruit of many years of solitary exploration of the American forests, whose feathered tenants were studied and drawn from life in their native haunts. This work, containing life-sized and life-colored portraits of over one thousand American birds, is, in the words of Cuvier, "the most magnificent monument which art has yet erected to nature." In addition to the works mentioned, his "Biography of American Quadrupeds" has all the vital interest of his "Ornithological Biography." Audubon was born in Louisiana in 1781. He died on the Hudson, near New York, in 1851.]

IT is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered Stuartia, and, mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step; in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and, opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and, again bouncing upwards, opens his bill and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For a while, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear-tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick brier-patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. The female has laid an egg, and the male redoubles his caresses. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed, the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking-birds and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dewberries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do.

THE WOOD-THRUSH.

This bird is my greatest favorite of the feathered tribes of the woods. To it I owe much. How often has it revived my drooping spirits, when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, after passing a restless night in my slender shed, so feebly secured against the violence of the storm as to show me the futility of my best efforts to rekindle my little fire, whose uncertain and vacillating light had gradually died away under the destructive weight of the dense torrents of rain that seemed to involve the heavens and the earth in one mass of fearful murkiness, save when the red streaks of the flashing thunderbolt burst on the dazzled eye, and, glancing along the huge trunk of the stateliest and noblest tree in my immediate neighborhood, were instantly followed by an uproar of crackling, crashing, and deafening sounds, rolling their volumes in tumultuous eddies far and near, as if to silence the very breathings of the unformed thought! How often, after such a night, when far from my dear home and deprived of the presence of those nearest to my heart, wearied, hungry, drenched, and so lonely and desolate as almost to question myself why I was thus situated, when I have seen the fruits of my labors on the eve of being destroyed, as the water, collected into a stream, rushed through my little camp and forced me to stand erect, shivering in a cold fit like that of a severe ague, when I have been obliged to wait with the patience of a martyr for the return of day, trying in vain to destroy the tormenting mosquitoes, silently counting over the years of my youth, doubting, perhaps, if ever again I should return to my home and embrace my family!—how often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully amongst the dusky masses of the forest-trees, has there come upon my ear, thrilling along the sensitive cords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day!—and how fervently, on such occasions, have I blessed the Being who formed the wood-thrush, and placed it in those solitary forests, as if to console me amidst my privations, to cheer my depressed mind, and to make me feel, as I did, that never ought man to despair, whatever may be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand.

The wood-thrush seldom commits a mistake after such a storm as I have attempted to describe; for no sooner are its sweet notes heard than the heavens gradually clear, the bright, refracted light rises in gladdening rays from beneath the distant horizon, the effulgent beams increase in their intensity, and the great orb of day at length bursts on the sight. The gray vapor that floats along the ground is quickly dissipated, the world smiles at the happy change, and the woods are soon heard to echo the joyous thanks of their many songsters. At that moment all fears vanish, giving place to an inspiriting hope. The hunter prepares to leave his camp. He listens to the wood-thrush, while he thinks of the course which he ought to pursue, and as the bird approaches to peep at him, and learn somewhat of his intentions, he raises his mind towards the Supreme Disposer of events. Seldom, indeed, have I heard the song of this thrush without feeling all that tranquillity of mind to which the secluded situation in which it delights is so favorable. The thickest and darkest woods always appear to please it best. The borders of murmuring streamlets, overshadowed by the dense foliage of the lofty trees growing on the gentle declivities, amidst which the sunbeams seldom penetrate, are its favorite resorts. There it is that the musical powers of this hermit of the woods must be heard to be fully appreciated and enjoyed.

QUOTATION AND ORIGINALITY.

R. W. EMERSON.

[Anything like a just biographical notice of Ralph Waldo Emerson is far beyond the space at our command. We can but say that he was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1803, that his life's residence was in Concord, near Boston, where he died in 1882, and that he was descended from a family of the first thinkers in New England, cultured through many generations. His biographical record is that of a thinker. His life presents few interesting incidents, but many interesting thoughts. It was passed as a Unitarian minister and as a lecturer, in which latter field his fine oratorical powers and the originality and depth of his thought gained him a host of admirers among the cultured classes of the United States and Europe. His published works are but collections of his orations, their original adaptation for effect upon the lecture-platform rendering them less suitable for ease of reading than they otherwise might have been. Their principal defects are an overfulness of thought and a certain lack of consecutiveness. They are made up of short, sparkling sentences, many of which are complete wholes in themselves, and are very likely to become constituent parts of the proverbial philosophy of the future. But in reading these essays we frequently seem to be stepping from rung to rung of a ladder instead of following a continuous highway. Like all great thinkers, Emerson leaps to conclusions, and neglects to supply those intermediate steps of reasoning which many of his readers need. As Holmes says, "Emerson's style is epigrammatic, incisive, authoritative, sometimes quaint, never obscure, except when he is handling nebulous subjects. His paragraphs are full of brittle sentences that break apart and are independent units, like the fragments of a coral colony. His imagery is frequently daring, leaping from the concrete to the abstract, from the special to the general and universal, and *vice versa*, with a bound that is like a flight."

He is looked upon as a philosopher and is classed with the mystics, though neither of these views of his position in literature seems quite correct. He is a philosophical thinker rather than a philosopher. He beholds all things from a stand-point above that of the immediately practical, looks through every fact to its ultimate, and from the imperfections of the present deduces the perfection of the coming time.

But these deeply philosophic views are woven into no combined system of philosophy. Each stands alone, with no necessary dependence upon the others, and if Emerson's mind contained a broad and consecutive ideal scheme of the universe he failed to put it upon record. Philosophically he seems to stand between the German and the English school,—that is, between the purely ideal and the materialistic. He is deeply interested in the practical affairs of life, enthusiastic for reform in its every aspect; yet he is ever a teacher, never an actor, and his mental grasp reaches through all evil to its core of good. For this reason Emerson is innately cheerful. He never despairs of the regeneration of the world, but is so sure of it that his philosophy is ever a decided optimism. He reminds us of an observer who stands at a remote distance and sees past, present, and future in one sweeping glance, and to whom existing evils vanish in the splendor of the ultimate good. His mysticism is never more than partial. He is too deeply interested in facts to become a confirmed mystic. There is nothing now going on or that has gone on in the world that escapes the vision of his far-seeing eyes, and, in the words of the proverb, "all is fish that comes to his net." Yet all facts in his hands become enveloped in a net-work of idealism, and his mind, like a veritable philosopher's stone, has translated the hard, work-a-day world into the pure gold of optimistic thought. We have dwelt at such length upon our biographical notice of Emerson from the highly-important position which he occupies in literature. He is among the first thinkers, if not decidedly the first, not only of America, but of the nineteenth century, and, despite his limitations and imperfections as a literary artist, this seems likely to become the verdict of the future. The taste of the world in thought is growing steadily towards idealism and analysis, and Emerson may yet be looked upon as the Shakespeare of modern philosophy. We have said nothing of his poems. It will suffice to state that they are rough diamonds,—weak in versification, but rich in thought. His works are all poems in grain, the cast of his mind being essentially imaginative and poetic and almost utterly devoid of the prosaic element.]

WE prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise. Our debt to tradition through reading and conversation is so massive, our protest or private addition so rare and insignificant,—and this commonly on the ground of other reading or hearing,—that, in a large sense, one would say there is no pure originality. All minds quote. Old and new make the warp and woof of every moment. There is no thread that is not a twist of these two strands. By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote. We quote not only books and proverbs, but arts, sciences, religion, customs, and laws; nay, we quote temples and houses, tables and chairs, by imitation. The Patent Office Commissioner knows that all machines in use have been invented and reinvented over and over; that the mariner's compass, the boat, the pendulum, glass, movable types, the kaleidoscope, the railway, the power-loom, etc., have been many times found and lost, from Egypt, China, and Pompeii down; and if we have arts which Rome wanted, so also Rome had arts which we have lost; that the invention of yesterday of making wood indestructible by means of vapor of coal-oil or paraffine was suggested by the Egyptian method which has preserved its mummy-cases four thousand years.

The highest statement of new philosophy complacently caps itself with some prophetic maxim from the oldest learning. There is something mortifying in this perpetual circle. This extreme economy argues a very small capital of invention. The stream of affection flows broad and strong; the practical activity is a river of supply; but the dearth of design accuses the penury of intellect. How few thoughts! In a hundred years, millions of men and not a hundred lines of poetry, not a theory of philosophy that offers a solution of the great problems, not an art of education that fulfils the conditions. In this delay and vacancy of thought we must make the best amends we can by seeking the wisdom of others to fill the time.

If we confine ourselves to literature, 'tis easy to see that the debt is immense to past thought. None escape it. The originals are not original. There is imitation, model, and suggestion to the very archangels, if we knew their history. The first book tyrannizes over the second. Read Tasso, and you think of Virgil; read Virgil, and you think of Homer; and Milton forces you to reflect how narrow are the limits of human invention. The "Paradise Lost" had never existed but for these precursors; and if we find in India or Arabia a book out of our horizon of thought and tradition, we are soon taught by new researches in its native country to discover its foregoers and its latent, but real, connection with our own Bibles.

Read in Plato, and you shall find Christian dogmas, and not only so, but stumble on our evangelical phrases. Hegel pre-exists in Proclus, and, long before, in Heraclitus and Parmenides. Whoso knows Plutarch, Lucian, Rabelais, Montaigne, and Bayle will have a key to many supposed originalities. Rabelais is the source of many a proverb, story, and jest, derived from him into all modern languages; and if we knew Rabelais's reading we should see the rill of the Rabelais river. Swedenborg, Behmen, Spinoza, will appear original to uninstructed and to thoughtless persons: their originality will disappear to such as are either well read or thoughtful; for scholars will recognize their dogmas as reappearing in men of a similar intellectual elevation throughout history. Albert, the "wonderful doctor," St. Buonaventura, the "seraphic doctor," Thomas Aquinas, the "angelic doctor" of the thirteenth century, whose books made the sufficient culture of these ages, Dante absorbed, and he survives for us. "Renard the Fox," a German poem of the thirteenth century, was long supposed to be the original work, until Grimm found fragments of another original a century older. M. Le Grand showed that in the old Fabliaux were the originals of the tales of Molière, La Fontaine, Boccaccio, and of Voltaire.

Mythology is no man's work; but, what we daily observe in regard to the *bon-mots* that circulate in society,—that every talker helps a story in repeating it, until, at last, from the slenderest filament of a fact a good fable is constructed,—the same growth befalls mythology: the legend is tossed from believer to poet, from poet to believer, everybody adding a grace, or dropping a fault, or rounding the form, until it gets an ideal truth. . . .

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this, that line will be quoted east and west. Then there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies, "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." And we must thank Karl Ottfried Müller for the just remark, "Poesy, drawing within its circle all that is glorious and inspiring, gave itself but little concern as to where its flowers originally grew." So Voltaire usually imitated, but with such superiority that Dubuc said, "He is like the false Amphitryon; although the stranger, it is always he who has the air of being master of the house." Wordsworth, as soon as he heard a good thing, caught it up, meditated upon it, and very soon reproduced it in his conversation and writing. If De Quincey said, "That is what I told you," he replied, "No: that is mine,—mine, and not yours." On the whole, we like the valor of it. 'Tis on Marmontel's principle, "I pounce on what is mine, wherever I find it;" and on Bacon's broader rule, "I take all knowledge to be my province." It betrays the consciousness that truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men. And inasmuch as any writer has ascended to a just view of man's condition, he has adopted this tone. In so far as the receiver's aim is on life, and not on literature, will be his indifference to the source. The nobler the truth or sentiment, the less imports the question of authorship. It never troubles the simple seeker from whom he derived such or such a sentiment. Whoever expresses to us a just thought makes ridiculous the pains of the critic who should tell him where such a word had been said before. "It is no more according to Plato than according to me." Truth is always present: it only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles. But the moment there is the purpose of display, the fraud is exposed. In fact, it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others, as it is to invent. Always some steep transition, some sudden alteration of temperature, or of point of view, betrays the foreign interpolation.

There is, besides, a new charm in such intellectual works as, passing through long time, have had a multitude of authors and improvers. We admire that poetry which no man wrote,—no poet less than the genius of humanity itself,—which is to be read in a mythology, in the effect of a fixed or national style of pictures, of sculptures, or drama, or cities, or sciences, on us. Such a poem also is language. Every word in the language has once been used happily. The ear, caught by that felicity, retains it, and it is used again and again, as if the charm belonged to the word, and not to the life of thought which so enforced it. These profane uses, of course, kill it, and it is avoided. But a quick wit can at any time reinforce it, and it comes into vogue again. Then people quote so differently: one finding only what is gaudy and popular; another, the heart of the author, the report of his select and happiest hour; and the reader sometimes giving more to the citation than he owes to it. Most of the classical citations you shall hear or read in the current journals or speeches were not drawn from the originals, but from previous quotations in English books; and you can easily pronounce, from the use and relevancy of the sentence, whether it had not done duty many times before,—whether your jewel was got from the mine or from an auctioneer. We are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates. We read the quotation with his eyes, and find a new and fervent sense; as a passage from one of the poets, well recited, borrows new interest from the rendering. As the journals say, "the italics are ours." The profit of books is according to the sensibility of the reader. The profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine until an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it. The passages of Shakespeare that we most prize were never quoted until within this century; and Milton's prose, and Burke, even, have their best fame within it. Every one, too, remembers his friends by their favorite poetry or other reading.

Observe also that a writer appears to more advantage in the pages of another book than in his own. In his own he waits as a candidate for your approbation; in another's he is a law-giver.

Then another's thoughts have a certain advantage with us simply because they are another's. There is an illusion in a new phrase. A man hears a fine sentence out of Swedenborg, and wonders at the wisdom, and is very merry at heart that he has now got so fine a thing. Translate it out of the new words into his own usual phrase, and he will wonder again at his own simplicity, such tricks do fine words play with us. . . .

Swedenborg threw a formidable theory into the world, that every soul existed in a society of souls, from which all its thoughts passed into it, as the blood of the mother circulates in her unborn child; and he noticed that, when in his bed,—alternately sleeping and waking,—sleeping, he was surrounded by persons disputing and offering opinions on the one side and on the other side of a proposition; waking, the like suggestions occurred for and against the proposition as his own thoughts; sleeping again, he saw and heard the speakers as before: and this as often as he slept or waked. And if we expand the image, does it not look as if we men were thinking and talking out of an enormous antiquity, as if we stood, not in a coterie of prompters that filled a sitting-room, but in a circle of intelligences that reached through all thinkers, poets, inventors, and wits, men and women, English, German, Celt, Aryan, Ninevite, Copt,—back to the first geometer, bard, mason, carpenter, planter, shepherd,—back to the first negro, who, with more health or better perception, gave a shriller sound or name for the thing he saw and dealt with? Our benefactors are as many as the children who invented speech, word by word. Language is a city to the building of which every human being brought a stone; yet he is no more to be credited with the grand result than the acaleph which adds a cell to the coral reef which is the basis of the continent. *Πάντα ῥεῖ:* all things are in flux. It is inevitable that you are indebted to the past. You are fed and formed by it. The old forest is decomposed for the composition of the new forest. The old animals have given their bodies to the earth to furnish through chemistry the forming race, and every individual is only a momentary fixation of what was yesterday another's, is to-day his, and will belong to a third to-morrow. So it is in thought. Our knowledge is the amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds: our language, our science, our religion, our opinions, our fancies, we inherited. Our country, customs, laws, our ambitions, and our notions of fit and fair,—all these we never made; we found them ready-made; we but quote them. Goethe frankly said, "What would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand things: wise and foolish have brought me, without suspecting it, the offering of their thoughts, faculties, and experience. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature: it bears the name of Goethe."

But there remains the indefeasible persistency of the individual to be himself. One leaf, one blade of grass, one meridian, does not resemble another. Every mind is different; and the more it is unfolded, the more pronounced is that difference. He must draw the elements into him for food, and, if they be granite and silex, will prefer them cooked by sun and rain, by time and art, to his hand. But, however received, these elements pass into the substance of his constitution, will be assimilated, and tend always to form, not a partisan, but a possessor of truth. To all that can be said of the preponderance of the Past, the single word Genius is a sufficient reply. The divine resides in the new. The divine never quotes, but is, and creates. The profound apprehension of the Present is Genius, which makes the Past forgotten. Genius believes its faintest presentiment against the testimony of all history; for it knows that facts are not ultimates, but that a state of mind is the ancestor of everything. And what is Originality? It is being, being one's self, and reporting accurately what we see and are. Genius is, in the first instance, sensibility, the capacity of receiving just impressions from the external world, and the power of co-ordinating these after the laws of thought. It implies Will, or original force, for their right distribution and expression. If to this the sentiment of piety be added, if the thinker feels that the thought most strictly his own is not his own, and recognizes the perpetual suggestion of the Supreme Intellect, the oldest thoughts become new and fertile whilst he speaks them.

Originals never lose their value. There is always in them a style and weight of speech which the immanence of the oracle bestowed, and which cannot be counterfeited. Hence the permanence of the high poets. Plato, Cicero, and Plutarch cite the poets in the manner in which Scripture is quoted in our churches. A phrase or a single word is adduced, with honoring emphasis, from Pindar, Hesiod, or Euripides, as precluding all argument, because thus had they said: importing that the bard spoke not his own, but the words of some god. True poets have always ascended to this lofty platform and met this expectation. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, were very conscious of their responsibilities. When a man thinks happily, he finds no foot-track in the field he traverses. All spontaneous thought is irrespective of all else. Pindar uses this haughty defiance, as if it were impossible to find his sources: "There are many swift darts within my quiver, which have a voice for those with understanding; but to the crowd they need interpreters. He is gifted with genius who knoweth much by natural talent."

Our pleasure in seeing each mind take the subject to which it has a proper right is seen in mere fitness in time. He that comes second must needs quote him that comes first. The earliest describers of savage life, as Captain Cook's account of the Society Islands, or Alexander Henry's travels among our Indian tribes, have a charm of truth and just point of view. Landsmen and sailors freshly come from the most civilized countries, and with no false expectation, no sentimentality yet about wild life, healthily receive and report what they saw,—seeing what they must, and using no choice; and no man suspects the superior merit of the description, until Chateaubriand, or Moore, or Campbell, or Byron, or the artists, arrive, and mix so much art with their picture that the incomparable advantage of the first narrative appears. For the same reason we dislike that the poet should choose an antique or far-fetched subject for his muse, as if he avowed want of insight. The great deal always with the nearest. Only as braveries of too prodigal power can we pardon it when the life of genius is so redundant that out of petulance it flings its fire into some old mummy, and, lo! it walks and blushes again here in the street.

We cannot overstate our debt to the Past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present. Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor. We must not tamper with the organic motion of the soul. 'Tis certain that thought has its own proper motion, and the hints which flash from it, the words overheard at unawares by the free mind, are trustworthy and fertile when obeyed and not perverted to low and selfish account. This vast memory is only raw material. The divine gift is ever the instant life, which receives and uses and creates, and can well bury the old in the omnipotency with which Nature decomposes all her harvest for recomposition.

LONG TOM COFFIN.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

[Of Cooper's sea-tales "The Pilot" is acknowledged by all readers as the best, and of his sea-characters there are none that equal in originality and truth to life Long Tom Coffin, the giant cockswain. We have selected from this work the passage in which Tom's character and peculiarities are most strikingly displayed, and in which the simple-minded but cool and ready seaman disconcerts the treacherous plan which has been laid to entrap him. "Mr. Cooper," as Griswold says, "has the faculty of giving to his pictures an astonishing reality. They are not mere transcripts of nature, but actual creations, embodying the very spirit of intelligent and genial experience and observation." James Fenimore Cooper, the only one of our early novelists whose works are yet popular, and who is alike able in the widely-separate fields of ocean and forest life, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. He died in 1851. In addition to his long list of novels, he is the author of a "Naval History of the United States," and of "The Lives of American Naval Officers."]

TOM stood with infinite composure, leaning on his harpoon, and surveying, with a countenance where wonder was singularly blended with contempt, the furniture and arrangements of an apartment that was far more splendid than any he had before seen. In the mean time, Borroughcliffe entirely disregarded the private communications that passed between his host and Dillon, which gradually became more deeply interesting, and finally drew them to a distant corner of the apartment, but, taking a most undue advantage of the absence of the gentleman who had so lately been his boon companion, he swallowed one potation after another, as if a double duty had devolved on him in consequence of the desertion of the veteran. Whenever his eye did wander from the ruby tints of his glass, it was to survey with unrepressed admiration the inches of the cockswain, about whose stature and frame there were numberless excellent points to attract the gaze of a recruiting officer. From this double pleasure the captain was, however, at last summoned to participate in the councils of his friends.

Dillon was spared the disagreeable duty of repeating the artful tale he had found it necessary to palm on the colonel, by the ardor of the veteran himself, who executed the task in a manner that gave to the treachery of his kinsman every appearance of a justifiable artifice, and of unshaken zeal in the cause of his prince. In substance, Tom was to be detained as a prisoner, and the party of Barnstable were to be entrapped, and of course to share a similar fate. The sunken eye of Dillon cowered before the steady gaze which Borroughcliffe fastened on him, as the latter listened to the plaudits the colonel lavished on his cousin's ingenuity; but the hesitation that lingered in the soldier's manner vanished when he turned to examine their unsuspecting prisoner, who was continuing his survey of the apartment, while he innocently imagined the consultations he witnessed were merely the proper and preparatory steps to his admission into the presence of Mr. Griffith.

"Drill," said Borroughcliffe, aloud, "advance and receive your orders." The cockswain turned quickly at this sudden mandate, and, for the first time, perceived that he had been followed into the gallery by the orderly and two files of the recruits, armed. "Take this man to the guard-room, and feed him, and see that he dies not of thirst."

There was nothing alarming in this order; and Tom was following the soldiers, in obedience to a gesture from their captain, when their steps were arrested in the gallery by the cry of "Halt!"

"On recollection, Drill," said Borroughcliffe, in a tone from which all dictatorial sounds were banished, "show the gentleman into my own room, and see him properly supplied."

The orderly gave such an intimation of his comprehending the meaning of his officer, as the latter was accustomed to receive, when Borroughcliffe returned to his bottle, and the cockswain followed his guide with an alacrity and good-will that were not a little increased by the repeated mention of the cheer that awaited him.

Luckily for the impatience of Tom, the quarters of the captain were at hand, and the promised entertainment by no means slow in making its appearance. The former was an apartment that opened from a lesser gallery, which communicated with the principal passage already mentioned; and the latter was a bountiful but ungarnished supply of that staple of the British isles, called roast beef; of which the kitchen of Colonel Howard was never without a due and royal provision. The sergeant, who certainly understood one of the signs of his captain to imply an attack on the citadel of the cockswain's brain, mingled, with his own hands, a potation that he styled a rummer of grog, and which he thought would have felled the animal itself that Tom was so diligently masticating, had it been alive and in its vigor. Every calculation that was made on the infirmity of the cockswain's intellect under the stimulus of Jamaica was, however, futile. He swallowed glass after glass with prodigious relish, but, at the same time, with immovable steadiness; and the eyes of the sergeant, who felt it incumbent to do honor to his own cheer, were already glistening in his head, when, happily for the credit of his heart, a tap at the door announced the presence of his captain, and relieved him from the impending disgrace of being drunk blind by a recruit.

As Borroughcliffe entered the apartment, he commanded his orderly to retire, adding,—

"Mr. Dillon will give you instructions, which you are implicitly to obey."

Drill, who had sense enough remaining to apprehend the displeasure of his officer should the latter discover his condition, quickened his departure, and the cockswain soon found himself alone with the captain. The vigor of Tom's attacks on the remnant of the sirloin was now much abated, leaving in its stead that placid quiet which is apt to linger about the palate long after the cravings of the appetite have been appeased. He had seated himself on one of the trunks of Borroughcliffe, utterly disdaining the use of a chair, and, with the trencher in his lap, was using his own jack-knife on the dilapidated fragment of the ox, with something of that nicety with which the female ghoul of the Arabian Tales might be supposed to pick her rice with the point of her bodkin. The captain drew a seat nigh the cockswain; and with a familiarity and kindness infinitely condescending, when the difference in their several conditions is considered, he commenced the following dialogue:

"I hope you have found your entertainment to your liking, Mr. a—a—I must own my ignorance of your name."

"Tom," said the cockswain, keeping his eyes roaming over the contents of the trencher; "commonly called Long Tom by my shipmates."

"You have sailed with discreet men, and able navigators, it will seem, as they understood longitude so well," rejoined the captain; "but you have a patronymic—I would say another name?"

"Coffin," returned the cockswain. "I'm called Tom, when there is any hurry, such as letting go the haulyards, or a sheet; Long Tom, when they want to get to windward of an old seaman, by fair weather; and Long Tom Coffin, when they wish to hail me, so that none of my cousins of the same name about the islands shall answer; for I believe the best man among them can't measure much over a fathom, taking him from his headworks to his heel."

"You are a most deserving fellow," cried Borroughcliffe, "and it is painful to think to what a fate the treachery of Mr. Dillon has consigned you."

The suspicions of Tom, if he ever entertained any, were lulled to rest too effectually by the kindness he had received, to be awakened by this equivocal lament: he therefore, after renewing his intimacy with the rummer, contented himself by saying, with a satisfied simplicity,—

"I am consigned to no one, carrying no cargo but this Mr. Dillon, who is to give me Mr. Griffith in exchange, or go back to the Ariel himself, as my prisoner."

"Ah, my good friend, I fear you will find, when the time comes to make this exchange, that he will refuse to do either."

"But I'll be d—d if he don't do one of them! my orders are to see it done, and back he goes, or Mr. Griffith, who is as good a seaman, for his years, as ever trod a deck, slips his cable from this here anchorage."

Borroughcliffe affected to eye his companion with great commiseration,—an exhibition of compassion that was, however, completely lost on the cockswain, whose nerves were strung to their happiest tension by his repeated libations, while his wit was, if anything, quickened by the same cause, though his own want of guile rendered him slow to comprehend its existence in others. Perceiving it necessary to speak plainly, the captain renewed the attack in a more direct manner:

"I am sorry to say that you will not be permitted to return to the Ariel; and that your commander, Mr. Barnstable, will be a prisoner within the hour; and, in fact, that your schooner will be taken before the morning breaks."

"Who'll take her?" asked the cockswain, with a grim smile, on whose feelings, however, this combination of threatened calamities was beginning to make some impression.

"You must remember that she lies immediately under the heavy guns of a battery that can sink her in a few minutes; an express has already been sent to acquaint the commander of the work with the Ariel's true character; and, as the wind has already begun to blow from the ocean, her escape is impossible."

The truth, together with its portentous consequences, now began to glare across the faculties of the cockswain. He remembered his own prognostics on the weather, and the helpless situation of the schooner, deprived of more than one-half her crew, and left to the keeping of a boy, while her commander himself was on the eve of captivity. The trencher fell from his lap to the floor, his head sunk on his knees, his face was concealed between his broad palms, and, in spite of every effort the old seaman could make to conceal his emotion, he fairly groaned aloud.

For a moment the better feelings of Borroughcliffe prevailed; and he paused as he witnessed this exhibition of suffering in one whose head was already sprinkled with the marks of time; but his habits, and the impression left by many years passed in collecting victims for the wars, soon resumed their ascendency, and the recruiting officer diligently addressed himself to an improvement of his advantage:

"I pity from my heart the poor lads whom artifice or mistaken notions of duty may have led astray, and who will thus be taken in arms against their sovereign; but, as they are found in the very island of Britain, they must be made examples to deter others. I fear that, unless they can make their peace with government, they will all be condemned to death."

"Let them make their peace with God, then: your government can do but little to clear the log-account of a man whose watch is up for this world."

"But by making their peace with those who have the power, their lives may be spared," said the captain, watching with keen eyes the effect his words produced on the cockswain.

"It matters but little, when a man hears a messenger pipe his hammock down for the last time; he keeps his watch in another world, though he goes below in this. But to see wood and iron, that has been put together after such moulds as the Ariel's, go into strange hands, is a blow that a man may remember long after the purser's books have been squared against his name forever! I would rather that twenty shot should strike my old carcass, than one should hull the schooner that didn't pass out above her water-line."

Borroughcliffe replied, somewhat carelessly, "I may be mistaken, after all; and, instead of putting any of you to death, they may place you all on board the prison-ships, where you may yet have a merry time of it these ten or fifteen years to come."

"How's that, shipmate!" cried the cockswain, with a start; "a prison-ship, d'ye say? you may tell them they may save the expense of one man's rations by hanging him, if they please, and that is old Tom Coffin."

"There is no answering for their caprice: to-day they may order a dozen of you to be shot for rebels; to-morrow they may choose to consider you as prisoners of war, and send you to the hulks for a dozen years."

"Tell them, brother, that I'm a rebel, will ye? and ye'll tell 'em no lie,—one that has fou't them since Manly's time, in Boston Bay, to this hour. I hope the boy will blow her up! it would be the death of poor Richard Barnstable to see her in the hands of the English!"

"I know of one way," said Borroughcliffe, affecting to muse, "and but one, that will certainly avert the prison-ship; for, on second thoughts, they will hardly put you to death."

"Name it, friend," cried the cockswain, rising from his seat in evident perturbation, "and if it lies in the power of man, it shall be done."

"Nay," said the captain, dropping his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the other, who listened with the most eager attention, "'tis easily done, and no dreadful thing in itself. You are used to gunpowder, and know its smell from otto of roses?"

"Ay, ay," cried the impatient old seaman, "I have had it flashing under my nose by the hour; what then?"

"Why, then, what I have to propose will be nothing to a man like you. You found the beef wholesome, and the grog mellow?"

"Ay, ay, all well enough; but what is that to an old sailor?" asked the cockswain, unconsciously grasping the collar of Borroughcliffe's coat in his agitation; "what then?"

The captain manifested no displeasure at this unexpected familiarity, but smiled with suavity as he unmasked the battery from behind which he had hitherto carried on his attacks.

"Why, then, you have only to serve your King as you have before served the Congress; and let me be the man to show you your colors."

The cockswain stared at the speaker intently, but it was evident he did not clearly comprehend the nature of the proposition, and the captain pursued the subject:

"In plain English, enlist in my company, my fine fellow, and your life and liberty are both safe."

Tom did not laugh aloud, for that was a burst of feeling in which he was seldom known to indulge; but every feature of his weather-beaten visage contracted into an expression of bitter, ironical contempt. Borroughcliffe felt the iron fingers, that still grasped his collar, gradually tightening about his throat like a vice; and, as the arm slowly contracted, his body was drawn, by a power that it was in vain to resist, close to that of the cockswain, who, when their faces were within a foot of each other, gave vent to his emotions in words:

"A messmate, before a shipmate; a shipmate, before a stranger; a stranger, before a dog,—but a dog, before a soldier!"

As Tom concluded, his nervous arm was suddenly extended to the utmost, the fingers relinquishing their grasp at the same time; and, when Borroughcliffe recovered his disordered faculties, he found himself in a distant corner of the apartment, prostrate among a confused pile of chairs, tables, and wearing-apparel. In endeavoring to rise from this humble posture, the hand of the captain fell on the hilt of his sword, which had been included in the confused assemblage of articles produced by his overthrow.

"How now, scoundrel!" he cried, baring the glittering weapon, and springing on his feet: "you must be taught your distance, I perceive."

The cockswain seized the harpoon which leaned against the wall, and dropped its barbed extremity within a foot of the breast of his assailant, with an expression of the eye that denoted the danger of a nearer approach. The captain, however, wanted not for courage, and, stung to the quick by the insult he had received, he made a desperate parry, and attempted to pass within the point of the novel weapon of his adversary. The slight shock was followed by a sweeping whirl of the harpoon, and Borroughcliffe found himself without arms, completely at the mercy of his foe. The bloody intentions of Tom vanished with his success; for, laying aside his weapon, he advanced upon his antagonist and seized him with an open palm. One more struggle, in which the captain discovered his incompetency to make any defence against the strength of a man who managed him as if he had been a child, decided the matter. When the captain was passive in the hands of his foe, the cockswain produced sundry pieces of sennit, marline, and ratline-stuff from his pockets, which appeared to contain as great a variety of small cordage as a boatswain's store-room, and proceeded to lash the arms of the conquered soldier to the posts of his bed, with a coolness that had not been disturbed since the commencement of hostilities, a silence that seemed inflexible, and a dexterity that none but a seaman could equal. When this part of his plan was executed, Tom paused a moment, and gazed around him as if in quest of something. The naked sword caught his eye, and, with this weapon in his hand, he deliberately approached his captive, whose alarm prevented his observing that the cockswain had snapped the blade asunder from the handle, and that he had already encircled the latter with marline.

"For God's sake," exclaimed Borroughcliffe, "murder me not in cold blood!"

The silver hilt entered his mouth as the words issued from it, and the captive found, while the line was passed and repassed, in repeated involutions, across the back of his neck, that he was in a condition to which he often subjected his own men when unruly, and which is universally called being "gagged." The cockswain now appeared to think himself entitled to all the privileges of a conqueror; for, taking the light in his hand, he commenced a scrutiny into the nature and quality of the worldly effects that lay at his mercy. Sundry articles, that belonged to the equipments of a soldier, were examined, and cast aside with great contempt, and divers garments of plainer exterior were rejected as unsuited to the frame of the victor. He, however, soon encountered two articles, of a metal that is universally understood. But uncertainty as to their use appeared greatly to embarrass him. The circular prongs of these curiosities were applied to either hand, to the wrists, and even to the nose, and the little wheels at their opposite extremity were turned and examined with as much curiosity and care as a savage would expend on a watch, until the idea seemed to cross the mind of the honest seaman that they formed part of the useless trappings of a military man; and he cast them aside also, as utterly worthless. Borroughcliffe, who watched every movement of his conqueror with a good-humor that would have restored perfect harmony between them could he but have expressed half what he felt, witnessed the safety of a favorite pair of spurs with much pleasure, though nearly suffocated by the mirth that was unnaturally repressed. At length the cockswain found a pair of handsomely-mounted pistols, a sort of weapon with which he seemed quite familiar. They were loaded, and the knowledge of that fact appeared to remind Tom of the necessity of departing, by bringing to his recollection the danger of his commander and of the Ariel. He thrust the weapons into the canvas belt that encircled his body, and, grasping his harpoon, approached the bed, where Borroughcliffe was seated in duress.

"Harkye, friend," said the cockswain, "may the Lord forgive you, as I do, for wishing to make a soldier of a seafaring man, and one who has followed the waters since he was an hour old, and one who hopes to die off soundings, and to be buried in brine. I wish you no harm, friend; but you'll have to keep a stopper on your conversation till such time as some of your messmates call in this way, which I hope will be as soon after I get an offing as may be."

With these amicable wishes, the cockswain departed, leaving Borroughcliffe the light, and the undisturbed possession of his apartment, though not in the most easy or the most enviable situation imaginable. The captain heard the bolt of his lock turn, and the key rattle as the cockswain withdrew it from the door,—two precautionary steps which clearly indicated that the vanquisher deemed it prudent to secure his retreat, by insuring the detention of the vanquished, for at least a time.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

HORACE MANN.

[Of American reformers no name stands higher than that of the writer of the present article. His fine abilities and thorough culture were devoted solely to the good of humanity, without heed to the personal advancement which they might have brought him. He devoted himself particularly and persistently to the cause of education, and was remarkably successful in imparting his enthusiasm on this subject to the many young men who passed under his care as

President of Antioch College. It is doubtful if any man of his time did as much as he for the general advancement of education. He was born in 1796, and died in 1859.]

EDUCATION is to inspire the love of truth, as the supremest good, and to clarify the vision of the intellect to discern it. We want a generation of men above deciding great and eternal principles upon narrow and selfish grounds. Our advanced state of civilization has evolved many complicated questions respecting social duties. We want a generation of men capable of taking up these complex questions, and of turning all sides of them towards the sun, and of examining them by the white light of reason, and not under the false colors which sophistry may throw upon them. . . . Many—may I not say most?—of those great questions which make the present age boil and seethe like a caldron will never be settled until we have a generation of men who were educated from childhood to seek for truth and to revere justice. In the middle of the last century, a great dispute arose among astronomers respecting one of the planets. Some, in their folly, commenced a war of words, and wrote hot books against each other; others, in their wisdom, improved their telescopes, and soon settled the question forever. Education should imitate the latter. If there are momentous questions which, with present lights, we cannot demonstrate and determine, let us rear up stronger and purer and more impartial minds for the solemn arbitrament. Let it be for ever and ever inculcated that no bodily wounds or maim, no deformity of person, nor disease of brain or lungs or heart, can be so disabling or so painful as error, and that he who heals us of our prejudices is a thousandfold more our benefactor than he who heals us of mortal maladies. Teach children, if you will, to beware of the bite of a mad dog; but teach them still more faithfully that no horror of water is so fatal as a horror of truth because it does not come from our leader or our party. Then shall we have more men who will think, as it were, under oath,—not thousandth and ten-thousandth transmitters of falsity,—not copyists of copyists, and blind followers of blind followers; but men who can track the Deity in his ways of wisdom. A love of truth,—*a love of truth*,—this is the pool of a moral Bethesda, whose waters have miraculous healing. And though we lament that we cannot bequeath to posterity this precious boon, in its perfectness, as the greatest of all patrimonies, yet let us rejoice that we can inspire a love of it, a reverence for it, a devotion to it, and thus circumscribe and weaken whatever is wrong, and enlarge and strengthen whatever is right, in that mixed inheritance of good and evil which, in the order of Providence, one generation transmits to another.

If we contemplate the subject with the eye of a statesman, what resources are there, in the whole domain of nature, at all comparable to that vast influx of power which comes into the world with every incoming generation of children? Each embryo life is more wonderful than the globe it is sent to inhabit, and more glorious than the sun upon which it first opens its eyes. Each one of these millions, with a fitting education, is capable of adding something to the sum of human happiness and of subtracting something from the sum of human misery; and many great souls amongst them there are, who may become instruments for turning the course of nations, as the rivers of water are turned. It is the duty of moral and religious education to employ and administer all these capacities of good for lofty purposes of human beneficence, as a wise minister employs the resources of a great empire. "Suffer little children to come unto me," said the

Saviour, "and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And who shall dare say that philanthropy and religion cannot make a better world than the present, from beings like those in the kingdom of heaven!

Education must be universal. It is well when the wise and the learned discover new truths; but how much better to diffuse the truths already discovered amongst the multitude! Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power; and while a philosopher is discovering one new truth, millions may be propagated amongst the people. Diffusion, then, rather than discovery, is the duty of our government. With us, the qualification of voters is as important as the qualification of governors, and even comes first in the natural order. . . . The theory of our government is, not that all men, however unfit, shall be voters, but that every man, by the power of reason and the sense of duty, shall become fit to be a voter.

Education must bring the practice as nearly as possible to the theory. As the children now are, so will the sovereigns soon be. How can we expect the fabric of the government to stand, if vicious materials are daily wrought into its framework? Education must prepare our citizens to become municipal officers, intelligent jurors, honest witnesses, legislators, or competent judges of legislation,—in fine, to fill all the manifold relations of life. For this end, it must be universal. The whole land must be watered with the streams of knowledge. It is not enough to have here and there a beautiful fountain playing in palace-gardens; but let it come like the abundant fatness of the clouds upon the thirsting earth.

Finally, education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is at once best in quality and infinite in quantity. God has revealed to us—not by ambiguous signs, but by his mighty works; not in the disputable language of human invention, but by the solid substance and reality of things—what he holds to be valuable, and what he regards as of little account. The latter he has created sparingly, as though it were nothing worth; while the former he has poured forth with immeasurable munificence. I suppose all the diamonds ever found could be hid under a bushel. Their quantity is little because their value is small. But iron ore, without which mankind would always have been barbarians,—without which they would now relapse into barbarism,—he has strewed profusely all over the earth. Compare the scantiness of pearl with the extent of forests and coal-fields. Of one, little has been created, because it is worth little; of the others, much, because they are worth much. His fountains of naphtha, how few, and myrrh and frankincense, how exiguous! but who can fathom his reservoirs of water, or measure the light and the air? This principle pervades every realm of nature. Creation seems to have been projected upon the plan of increasing the quantity in the ratio of the intrinsic value.

Emphatically is this plan manifested when we come to that part of creation we call *ourselves.* Enough of the materials of worldly good has been created to answer this great principle,—that, up to the point of competence, up to the point of independence and self-respect, few things are more valuable than property; beyond that point few things are of less. And hence it is that all acquisitions of property, beyond that point, considered and used as mere property, confer an inferior sort of pleasure in inferior quantities. However rich a man may be, a certain number of thicknesses of woollens or of silks is all he can comfortably wear. Give him a dozen palaces, he can live in but one at a time. Though the commander be worth the whole regiment, or ship's company, he can have the animal pleasure of eating only his own rations; and any other animal eats with as much relish as he. Hence the wealthiest, with all their wealth, are driven back to a cultivated mind, to beneficent uses and appropriations; and it is then, and then only, that a glorious vista of happiness opens out into immensity and immortality.

Education, then, is to show to our youth, in early life, this broad line of demarcation between the value of those things which can be owned and enjoyed by but one, and those which can be owned and enjoyed by all. If I own a ship, a house, a farm, or a mass of the metals called precious, my right to them is, in its nature, sole and exclusive. No other man has a right to trade with my ship, to occupy my house, to gather my harvests, or to appropriate my treasures to his use. They are mine, and are incapable both of a sole and of a joint possession. But not so of the treasures of knowledge which it is the duty of education to diffuse. The same truth may enrich and ennoble all intelligences at once. Infinite diffusion subtracts nothing from depth. None are made poor because others are made rich. In this part of the Divine economy, the privilege of primogeniture attaches to all, and every son and daughter of Adam are heirs to an infinite patrimony. If I own an exquisite picture or statue, it is mine exclusively. Even though publicly exhibited, but few could be charmed by its beauties at the same time. It is incapable of bestowing a pleasure simultaneous and universal. But not so of the beauty of a moral sentiment; not so of the glow of sublime emotion; not so of the feelings of conscious purity and rectitude. These may shed rapture upon all, without deprivation of any; be imparted, and still possessed; transferred to millions, yet never surrendered; carried out of the world, and still left in it. These may imparadise mankind, and, undiluted, unattenuated, be sent round the whole orb of being. Let education, then, teach children this great truth, written as it is on the fore-front of the universe, that God has so constituted this world, into which he has sent them. that whatever is really and truly valuable may be possessed by all, and possessed in exhaustless abundance.

And now, you, my friends, who feel that you are patriots and lovers of mankind, what bulwarks, what ramparts for freedom can you devise, so endurable and impregnable as intelligence and virtue? Parents, among the happy groups of children whom you have at home—more dear to you than the blood in the fountain of life—you have not a son nor a daughter who, in this world of temptation, is not destined to encounter perils more dangerous than to walk a bridge of a single plank over a dark and sweeping torrent beneath. But it is in your power and at your option, with the means which Providence will graciously vouchsafe, to give them that firmness of intellectual movement and that keenness of moral vision, that light of knowledge and that omnipotence of virtue, by which, in the hour of trial, they will be able to walk with unfaltering step over the deep and yawning abyss below, and to reach the opposite shore in safety and honor and happiness.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

WILL CARLETON.

[Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads," is a native of Michigan, where he was born in 1845. His early life was spent on his father's farm, and afterwards as teacher of a country school. During this latter period, in his "boarding around," he doubtless gathered the experiences which are so graphically detailed in his poems. Of these poems, the two we quote, "Betsey and I are Out," and "How Betsey and I made up," have gained a high place in the affections of the reading public, and possess a homely pathos that is seldom equalled. In others of his poems there is a rich humor that has given them an enduring popularity.]

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and
stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are
out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to
tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man,—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with
me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her
own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven,—a difference in our
creed;

We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain,—the question was only, How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl,
And she said I was mean and stingy and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way,
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer,—the very first paragraph,—
Of all the farm and live stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!

True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever,—I won't forget it soon,—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon,—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper,—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No,—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No,—for I was travellin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me,—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side-coat-pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;

And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself,—
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyer's writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir,—I didn't come to inquire,—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash,
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;

And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open and know just what to do:
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment,—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks.

I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

THE ARABIAN CIVILIZATION IN SPAIN.

JOHN W. DRAPER.

[It is seldom that an author attains to an eminence in two distinct fields of thought equal to that gained by Dr. Draper, whose standing as a scientist is surpassed only by his position as an historian. The influence of the scientific mind, indeed, is evident throughout his histories, yet they have a brilliancy of style, an imaginative fluency, and a wealth of illustration which have placed them among the most widely read of modern historical works. His "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," to which we owe our extract, has run through numerous editions, and has been translated into nearly every European language. A smaller work, the "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," has had an equal good fortune. His "History of the American Civil War" is less well known, yet it displays the same powers of thoughtful and philosophical analysis of the underlying causes of social and political phenomena. In science Dr. Draper must be credited with several discoveries of high importance, which we need not particularize here. He was born in England, near Liverpool, in 1811, but came to America in 1833, graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1839 became professor of chemistry in the University of New York, which post he held till his death in 1882. His brilliant picture of the conditions of the Arab civilization in Spain is one of his most effective pieces of writing.]

Scarcely had the Arabs become firmly settled in Spain when they commenced a brilliant career. Adopting what had now become the established policy of the Commanders of the Faithful in Asia, the Emirs of Cordova distinguished themselves as patrons of learning, and set an example of refinement strongly contrasting with the condition of the native European princes. Cordova, under their administration, at its highest point of prosperity, boasted of more than two hundred thousand houses and more than a million of inhabitants. After sunset, a man might walk through it in a straight line for ten miles by the light of the public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved. In Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day stepped up to his ankles in mud. Other cities, as Granada, Seville, Toledo, considered themselves rivals of Cordova. The palaces of the khalifs were magnificently decorated. Those sovereigns might well look down with supercilious contempt on the dwellings of the rulers of Germany, France, and England, which were scarcely better than stables,—chimneyless, windowless, and with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, like the wigwams of certain Indians. The Spanish Mohammedans had brought with them all the luxuries and prodigalities of Asia. Their residences stood forth against the clear blue sky, or were embosomed in woods. They had polished marble balconies, overhanging orange-gardens; courts with cascades of water; shady retreats provocative of slumber in the heat of the day; retiring-rooms vaulted with stained glass, speckled with gold, over which streams of water were made to gush; the floors and walls were of exquisite mosaic. Here, a fountain of quicksilver shot up in a glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a tranquil sound like fairy-bells; there, apartments into which cool air was drawn from the flower-gardens in summer, by means of ventilating towers, and in winter through earthen pipes, or caleducts, embedded in the walls,—the hypocaust, in the vaults below, breathing forth volumes of warm and perfumed air through these hidden passages. The walls were not covered with wainscot, but adorned with arabesques, and paintings of agricultural scenes and views of Paradise. From the ceilings, corniced with fretted gold, great chandeliers hung, one of which, it is said, was so large that it contained eighteen hundred and four lamps. Clusters of frail marble columns surprised the beholder with the vast weights they bore. In the boudoirs of the sultanas they were sometimes of verd-antique, and incrusted with lapis-lazuli. The furniture was of sandal and citron wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, silver, or relieved with gold and precious malachite. In orderly confusion were arranged vases of rock crystal, Chinese porcelains, and tables of exquisite mosaic. The winter apartments were hung with rich tapestry; the floors were covered with embroidered Persian carpets. Pillows and couches, of elegant forms, were scattered about the rooms, perfumed with frankincense. It was the intention of the Saracen architect, by excluding the view of the external landscape, to concentrate attention on his work; and since the representation of the human form was religiously forbidden, and that source of decoration denied, his imagination ran riot with the complicated arabesques he introduced, and sought every opportunity of replacing the prohibited works of art by the trophies and rarities of the garden. For this reason, the Arabs never produced artists; religion turned them from the beautiful, and made them soldiers, philosophers, and men of affairs. Splendid flowers and rare exotics ornamented the court-yards and even the inner chambers. Great care was taken to make due provision for the cleanliness, occupation, and amusement of the inmates. Through pipes of metal, water, both warm and cold, to suit the season of the year, ran into baths of marble; in niches, where the current of air could be artificially directed, hung dripping alcarazzas. There were whispering-galleries for the amusement of the women; labyrinths and marble play-courts for the children; for the master himself, grand libraries. The Khalif Alhakem's was so large that the catalogue alone filled forty volumes. He had also apartments for the transcribing, binding, and ornamenting of books. A taste for caligraphy and the possession of splendidly-illuminated manuscripts seems to have anticipated in the khalifs, both of Asia and Spain, the taste for statuary and paintings among the later popes of Rome.

Such were the palace and gardens of Zehra, in which Abderrahman III. honored his favorite sultana. The edifice had twelve hundred columns of Greek, Italian, Spanish, and African marble. Its hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls. Through the long corridors of its seraglio black eunuchs silently glided. The ladies of the harem, both wives and concubines, were the most beautiful that could be found. To that establishment alone sixty-three hundred persons were attached. The bodyguard of the sovereign was composed of twelve thousand horsemen, whose cimeters and belts were studded with gold. This was that Abderrahman who, after a glorious reign of fifty years, sat down to count the number of days of unalloyed happiness he had experienced, and could only enumerate fourteen. "O man!" exclaimed the plaintive khalif, "put not thy trust in this present world."

No nation has ever excelled the Spanish Arabs in the beauty and costliness of their pleasure-gardens. To them we owe the introduction of very many of our most valuable cultivated fruits, such as the peach. Retaining the love of their ancestors for the cooling effect of water in a hot climate, they spared no pains in the superfluity of fountains, hydraulic works, and artificial lakes in which fish were raised for the table. Into such a lake, attached to the palace of Cordova, many loaves were cast each day to feed the fish. There were also menageries of foreign animals; aviaries of rare birds; manufactories in which skilled workmen, obtained from foreign countries, displayed their art in textures of silk, cotton, linen, and all the miracles of the loom; in jewelry and filigree-work, with which they ministered to the female pride of the sultanas and concubines. Under the shade of cypresses cascades disappeared; among flowering shrubs there were winding walks, bowers of roses, seats cut out of the rock, and crypt-like grottos hewn in the living stone. Nowhere was ornamental gardening better understood; for not only did the artist try to please the eye as it wandered over the pleasant gradation of vegetable color and form, he also boasted his success in the gratification of the sense of smell by the studied succession of perfumes from beds of flowers.

To these Saracens we are indebted for many of our personal comforts. Religiously cleanly, it was not possible for them to clothe themselves, according to the fashion of the natives of Europe, in a garment unchanged till it dropped to pieces of itself, a loathsome mass of vermin, stench, and rags. No Arab who had been a minister of state, or the associate or antagonist of a sovereign, would have offered such a spectacle as the corpse of Thomas à Becket when his hair-cloth shirt was removed. They taught us the use of the often-changed and often-washed under-garment of linen or cotton, which still passes among ladies under its old Arabic name. But to cleanliness they were not unwilling to add ornament. Especially among women of the higher classes was the love of finery a passion. Their outer garments were often of silk, embroidered and decorated with gems and woven gold. So fond were the Moorish women of gay colors and the lustre of chrysolites, hyacinths, emeralds, and sapphires, that it was quaintly said that the interior of any public building in which they were permitted to appear looked like a flower-meadow in the spring besprinkled with rain.

In the midst of all this luxury, which cannot be regarded by the historian with disdain, since in the end it produced a most important result in the south of France, the Spanish khalifs, emulating the example of their Asiatic compeers, and in this strongly contrasting with the popes of Rome, were not only the patrons but the personal cultivators of all the branches of human learning. One of them was himself the author of a work on polite literature in not less than fifty volumes; another wrote a treatise on algebra. When Zaryab the musician came from the East to Spain, the Khalif Abderrahman rode forth to meet him in honor. The College of Music in Cordova was sustained by ample government patronage, and produced many illustrious professors.

The Arabs never translated into their own tongue the great Greek poets, though they so sedulously collected and translated the Greek philosophers. Their religious sentiments and sedate character caused them to abominate the lewdness of our classical mythology, and to denounce indignantly any connection between the licentious, impure Olympian Jove and the Most High God as an insufferable and unpardonable blasphemy. Haroun Alraschid had gratified his curiosity by causing Homer to be translated into Syriac, but he did not adventure on rendering the great epics into Arabic. Notwithstanding this aversion to our graceful but not unobjectionable ancient poetry, among them originated the Tensons, or poetic disputations, carried afterward to perfection among the Troubadours; from them, also, the Provençals learned to employ jongleurs. Across the Pyrenees, literary, philosophical, and military adventurers were perpetually passing; and thus the luxury, the taste, and, above all, the chivalrous gallantry and elegant courtesies of Moorish society found their way from Granada and Cordova to Provence and Languedoc. The French and German and English nobles imbibed the Arab admiration of the horse; they learned to pride themselves on skilful riding. Hunting and falconry became their fashionable pastimes; they tried to emulate that Arab skill which had produced the celebrated breed of Andalusian horses. It was a scene of grandeur and gallantry; the pastimes were tilts and tournaments. The refined society of Cordova prided itself in its politeness. A gay contagion spread from the beautiful Moorish miscreants to their sisters beyond the mountains; the south of France was full of the witcheries of female fascinations, and of dancing to the lute and mandolin. Even in Italy and Sicily the love-song became the favorite composition; and out of these genial but not orthodox beginnings the polite literature of modern Europe arose. The pleasant epidemic spread by degrees along every hill-side and valley. In monasteries, voices that had vowed celibacy might be heard carolling stanzas of which St. Jerome would hardly have approved; there was many a juicy abbot who could troll forth in jocund strains, like those of the merry sinners of Malaga and Xeres, the charms of women and wine, though one was forbidden to the Moslem and one to the monk. The sedate graybeards of Cordova had already applied to the supreme judge to have the songs of the Spanish Jew, Abraham Ibn Sahal, prohibited; for there was not a youth, nor woman, nor child in the city who could not repeat them by heart. Their immoral tendency was a public scandal. The light gayety of Spain was reflected in the coarser habits of the northern countries. It was an archdeacon of Oxford who some time afterward sang,—

> "Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori,
> Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
> Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
> 'Deus sit propitius huic potatori,'" etc.

Even as early as the tenth century, persons having a taste for learning and for elegant amenities found their way into Spain from all adjoining countries; a practice in subsequent years still more indulged in when it became illustrated by the brilliant success of Gerbert, who, as we have seen, passed from the Infidel University of Cordova to the papacy of Rome.

The khalifs of the West carried out the precepts of Ali, the fourth successor of Mohammed, in the patronage of literature. They established libraries in all their chief towns: it is said that not fewer than seventy were in existence. To every mosque was attached a public school, in which the children of the poor were taught to read and write, and instructed in the precepts of the Koran. For those in easier circumstances there were academies, usually arranged in twenty-five or thirty apartments, each calculated for accommodating four students; the academy being presided over by a rector. In Cordova, Granada, and other great cities, there were universities frequently under the superintendence of the Jews; the Mohammedan maxim being that the real learning of a man is of more public importance than any particular religious opinions he may entertain. In this they followed the example of the Asiatic khalif, Haroun Alraschid, who actually conferred the superintendence of his schools on John Masué, a Nestorian Christian. The Mohammedan liberality was in striking contrast with the intolerance of Europe. Indeed, it may be doubted whether at this time any European nation is sufficiently advanced to follow such an example. In the universities some of the professors of polite literature gave lectures on Arabic classical works; others taught rhetoric, or composition, or mathematics, or astronomy. From these institutions many of the practices observed in our colleges were derived. They held Commencements, at which poems were read and orations delivered in presence of the public. They had also, in addition to these schools of general learning, professional ones, particularly for medicine.

With a pride perhaps not altogether inexcusable, the Arabians boasted of their language as being the most perfect spoken by man. Mohammed himself, when challenged to produce a miracle in proof of the authenticity of his mission, uniformly pointed to the composition of the Koran, its unapproachable excellence vindicating its inspiration. The orthodox Moslems—the Moslems are those who are submissively resigned to the Divine will—are wont to assert that every page of that book is indeed a conspicuous miracle. It is not then surprising that, in the Arabian schools, great attention was paid to the study of language, and that so many celebrated grammarians were produced. By these scholars, dictionaries, similar to those now in use, were composed; their copiousness is indicated by the circumstance that one of them consisted of sixty volumes, the definition of each word being illustrated or sustained by quotations from Arab authors of acknowledged repute. They had also lexicons of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and cyclopædias such as the Historical Dictionary of Sciences of Mohammed Ibn Abdallah of Granada. In their highest civilization and luxury they did not forget the amusements of their forefathers,—listening to the tale-teller, who never failed to obtain an audience in the midst of Arab tents. Around the evening fires in Spain the wandering literati exercised their wonderful powers of Oriental invention, edifying the eager listeners by such narrations as those that have descended to us in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The more sober and higher efforts of the educated were, of course, directed to pulpit eloquence, in conformity with the example of all the great Oriental khalifs, and sanctified by the practice of the Prophet himself. Their poetical productions embraced all the modern minor forms,—satires, odes, elegies, etc.; but they never produced any work in the higher walks of poesy, no epic, no tragedy. Perhaps this was due to their false fashion of valuing the mechanical execution of a work. They were the authors and introducers of rhyme; and such was the luxuriance and abundance of their language that in some of their longest poems the same rhyme is said to have been used alternately from the beginning to the end. Where such mechanical triumphs were popularly prized, it may be supposed that the conception and spirit would be indifferent. Even among the Spanish women there were not a few who, like Velada, Ayesha, Labana, Algasania, achieved reputation in these compositions; and some of them were daughters of khalifs. And this is the more interesting to us since it was from the Provençal poetry, the direct descendant of these efforts, that European literature arose. Sonnets and romances at last displaced the grimly-orthodox productions of the wearisome and ignorant fathers of the Church.

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I have to deplore the systematic manner in which the literature of Europe has contrived to put out of sight our scientific obligations to the Mohammedans. Surely they cannot be much longer hidden. Injustice founded on religious rancor and national conceit cannot be perpetuated forever. What should the modern astronomer say when, remembering the contemporary barbarism of Europe, he finds the Arab Abul Hassan speaking of tubes to the extremities of which ocular and object diopters, perhaps sights, were attached, as used at Meragha? what when he reads of the attempts of Abderrahman Sufi at improving the photometry of the stars? Are the astronomical tables of Ebn Junis (A.D. 1008), called the Hakemite tables, or the Ilkanic tables of Nasser Eddin Tasi, constructed at the great observatory just mentioned, Meragha, near Tauris, A.D. 1259, or the measurement of time by pendulum-oscillations, and the methods of correcting astronomical tables by systematic observations,—are such things worthless indications of the mental state? The Arab has left his intellectual impress on Europe, as, before long, Christendom will have to confess; he has indelibly written it on the heavens, as any one may see who reads the names of the stars on a common celestial globe.

Our obligations to the Spanish Moors in the arts of life are even more marked than in the higher branches of science, perhaps only because our ancestors were better prepared to take advantage of things connected with daily affairs. They set an example of skilful agriculture, the practice of which was regulated by a code of laws. Not only did they attend to the cultivation of plants, introducing very many new ones, they likewise paid great attention to the breeding of cattle, especially the sheep and horse. To them we owe the introduction of the great products, rice, sugar, cotton, and also, as we have previously observed, nearly all the fine garden and orchard fruits, together with many less important plants, as spinach and saffron. To them Spain owes the culture of silk;

they gave to Xeres and Malaga their celebrity for wine. They introduced the Egyptian system of irrigation by flood-gates, wheels, and pumps. They also promoted many important branches of industry; improved the manufacture of textile fabrics, earthenware, iron, steel; the Toledo sword-blades were everywhere prized for their temper. The Arabs, on their expulsion from Spain, carried the manufacture of a kind of leather, in which they were acknowledged to excel, to Morocco, from which country the leather itself has now taken its name. They also introduced inventions of a more ominous kind,—gunpowder and artillery. The cannon they used appear to have been made of wrought iron. But perhaps they more than compensated for these evil contrivances by the introduction of the mariner's compass.

The mention of the mariner's compass might lead us correctly to infer that the Spanish Arabs were interested in commercial pursuits, a conclusion to which we should also come when we consider the revenues of some of their khalifs. That of Abderrahman III. is stated at five and a half million sterling,—a vast sum if considered by its modern equivalent, and far more than could possibly be raised by taxes on the produce of the soil. It probably exceeded the entire revenue of all the sovereigns of Christendom taken together. From Barcelona and other ports an immense trade with the Levant was maintained, but it was mainly in the hands of the Jews, who from the first invasion of Spain by Musa had ever been the firm allies and collaborators of the Arabs. Together they had participated in the dangers of the invasion; together they had shared its boundless success; together they had held in irreverent derision, nay, even in contempt, the woman-worshippers and polytheistic savages beyond the Pyrenees, as they mirthfully called those whose long-delayed vengeance they were in the end to feel; together they were expelled. Against such Jews as lingered behind the hideous persecutions of the Inquisition were directed. But in the days of their prosperity they maintained a merchant marine of more than a thousand ships. They had factories and consuls on the Tanais. With Constantinople alone they maintained a great trade: it ramified from the Black Sea and East Mediterranean into the interior of Asia; it reached the ports of India and China, and extended along the African coast as far as Madagascar. Even in these commercial affairs the singular genius of the Jew and Arab shines forth. In the midst of the tenth century, when Europe was about in the same condition that Caffraria is now, enlightened Moors, like Abul Cassem, were writing treatises on the principles of trade and commerce. As on so many other occasions, on these affairs they have left their traces. The smallest weight they used in trade was the grain of barley, four of which were equal to one sweet pea, called in Arabic carat. We still use the grain as our unit of weight, and still speak of gold as being so many carats fine.

Such were the Khalifs of the West; such their splendor, their luxury, their knowledge; such some of the obligations we are under to them,—obligations which Christian Europe, with singular insincerity, has ever been fain to hide. The cry against the misbeliever has long outlived the Crusades. Considering the enchanting country over which they ruled, it was not without reason that they caused to be engraven on the public seal, "The servant of the Merciful rests contented in the decrees of God." What more, indeed, could Paradise give them? But, considering also the evil end of all this happiness and pomp, this learning, liberality, and wealth, we may well appreciate the solemn truth which these monarchs, in their day of pride and power, grandly wrote in the beautiful mosaics on their palace walls, an ever-recurring warning to him who owes dominion to the sword, "There is no conqueror but God."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TRUTH AND PEACE.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

[Our present author is the one victim of the Puritan persecution in New England who turned this evil into good, and has stamped his name indelibly upon the historical tablet of America. Born in Wales in 1599, he emigrated to Massachusetts in 1631 in search of that religious liberty which was the controlling demand of his life. He failed to find it here, and was banished from the colony in 1635, though rather on political than on religious grounds. Proceeding to Rhode Island, he gained great influence over the Indians of that region, founded the city of Providence, and established a community in which men of all creeds might find tolerance and liberty of opinion. His works are principally in advocacy of religious liberty. We transcribe a quaint dialogue, of no special literary merit, but curious in character, and full of the inspiring spirit of its writer.]

Truth. In what dark corner of the world (sweet Peace) are we two met? How hath this present evil world banished me from all the coasts and quarters of it? and how hath the righteous God in judgment taken thee from the earth, Rev. vi. 4.

Peace. 'Tis lamentably true (blessed Truth) the foundations of the world have long been out of course: the gates of earth and hell have conspired together to intercept our joyful meeting and our holy kisses: with what a weary, tired wing have I flown over nations, kingdoms, cities, towns, to find out precious truth!

Truth. The like inquiries in my flights and travels have I made for Peace, and still am told, she hath left the earth and fled to heaven.

Peace. Dear Truth, what is the earth but a dungeon of darkness, where Truth is not?

Truth. And what is the Peace thereof but a fleeting dream, thine ape and counterfeit?

Peace. Oh, where's the promise of the God of Heaven, that Righteousness and Peace shall kiss each other?

Truth. Patience (sweet Peace), these heavens and earth are growing old, and shall be changed like a garment, Psal. cii. They shall melt away, and be burnt up, with all the works that are therein; and the most high Eternal Creator shall gloriously create new heavens and new earth, wherein dwells righteousness, 2 Peter iii. Our kisses shall then have their endless date of pure and sweetest joys; till then both thou and I must hope, and wait, and bear the fury of the dragon's wrath, whose monstrous lies and furies shall with himself be cast into the lake of fire, the second death, Rev. xx.

Peace. Most precious Truth, thou knowest we are both pursued and laid for. Mine heart is full of sighs, mine eyes with tears. Where can I better vent my full oppressed bosom, than into thine, whose faithful lips may for these few hours revive my drooping, wandering spirits, and here begin to wipe tears from mine eyes, and the eyes of my dearest children?

Truth. Sweet daughter of the God of Peace, begin, pour out thy sorrows, vent thy complaints; how joyful am I to improve these precious minutes to revive our hearts, both thine and mine, and the hearts of all that love the Truth and Peace, Zach. viii.

Peace. Dear Truth, I know thy birth, thy nature, thy delight. They that know thee, will prize thee far above themselves and lives, and sell themselves to buy thee.

Well spake that famous Elizabeth to her famous attorney, Sir Edward Coke: "Mr. Attorney, go on as thou hast begun, and still plead, not *pro Domina Regina*, but *pro Domina Veritate.*"

Truth. 'Tis true, my crown is high, my sceptres strong to break down strongest holds, to throw down highest crowns of all that plead (though but in thought) against me. Some few there are, but oh, how few, are valiant for the Truth and dare to plead my cause, as my witnesses in sackcloth, Rev. ii.; while all men's tongues are bent like boughs to shoot out lying words against me!

Peace. Oh, how could I spend eternal days and endless dates at thy holy feet, in listening to the precious oracles of thy mouth! All the words of thy mouth are Truth, and there is no iniquity in them. Thy lips drop as the honey-comb. But oh! since we must part anon, let us (as thou saidst) improve our minutes, and (according as thou promisedst) revive me with thy words, which are sweeter than the honey, and the honey-comb.

CONCLUSION.

Peace. We have now (dear Truth) through the gracious hand of God clambered up to the top of this our tedious discourse.

Truth. Oh, 'tis mercy unexpressible that either thou or I have had so long a breathing time, and that together!

Peace. If English ground must yet be drunk with English blood, oh, where shall Peace repose her wearied head and heavy heart?

Truth. Dear Peace, if thou find welcome, and the God of Peace miraculously please to quench these all-devouring flames, yet where shall Truth find rest from cruel persecutions?

Peace. Oh, will not the authority of holy scriptures, the commands and declarations of the Son of God, therein produced by thee, together with all the lamentable experiences of former and present slaughters, prevail with the sons of men (especially with the sons of Peace) to depart from the dens of lions, and mountains of leopards, and to put on the bowels (if not of Christianity, yet) of humanity each to other?

Truth. Dear Peace, Habacuck's fishes keep their constant bloody game of persecutions in the world's mighty ocean; the greater taking, plundering, swallowing up the lesser: O happy he whose portion is the God of Jacob! who hath nothing to lose under the sun, but hath a state, a house, an inheritance, a name, a crown, a life, past all the plunderers, ravishers, murtherers reach and fury!

Peace. But lo! Who's there?

Truth. Our sister Patience, whose desired company is as needful as delightful! 'Tis like the wolf will send the scattered sheep in one: the common pirate gathers up the loose and scattered navy: the slaughter of the witnesses by that bloody beast unites the Independents and the Presbyterians. The God of Peace, the God of Truth, will shortly seal this truth, and confirm this witness, and make it evident to the whole world,

That the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience is most evidently and lamentably contrary to the doctrine of Christ Jesus the Prince of Peace. Amen.

IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

ISAAC I. HAYES, M.D.

[The narrative of life in the kingdom of ice given by this explorer is full of interest. We extract two scenes from his story of Arctic adventure,—one a picturesque description of peril among icebergs, and the other a stirring relation of a walrus-hunt in the Northern seas. Dr. Hayes was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1832. He accompanied Dr. Kane in his expedition to the Polar region in 1853, and himself conducted an expedition to the same region in 1860. He died in 1881.]

FOUR days of almost constant calm would tax the patience of even Job-like resignation. We had a breath of wind now and then to tantalize us, treacherous currents to keep us ever anxious, icebergs always threatening us; now at anchor, then moored to a berg, and again keeping free from danger through a hard struggle with the oars. We had many narrow escapes, one of which, as illustrating a peculiar feature of Arctic navigation, is perhaps worthy of more particular record.

We had made a little progress during the night, but soon after breakfast the wind died away, and the schooner lay like a log upon the water. Giving too little heed to the currents, we were eagerly watching the indications of wind which appeared at the south, and hoping for a breeze, when it was discovered that the tide had changed, and was stealthily setting us upon a nest of bergs which lay to leeward. One of them was of that description known among the crew by the significant title of "Touch me not," and presented that jagged, honey-combed appearance indicative of great age. They are unpleasant neighbors. The least disturbance of their equilibrium may cause the whole mass to crumble to pieces, and woe be unto the unlucky vessel that is caught in the dissolution!

In such a trap it seemed, however, that we stood a fair chance of being ensnared. The current was carrying us along at an uncomfortably rapid rate. A boat was lowered as quickly as possible, to run out a line to a berg which lay grounded about a hundred yards from us. While this was being done, we grazed the side of a berg which rose a hundred feet above our topmasts, then slipped past another of smaller dimensions. By pushing against them with our ice-poles we changed somewhat the course of the schooner; but when we thought that we were steering clear of the mass which we so much dreaded, an eddy changed the direction of our drift, and carried us almost broadside upon it.

The schooner struck on the starboard quarter, and the shock, slight though it was, disengaged some fragments of ice that were large enough to have crushed the vessel had they struck her, and also many little lumps which rattled about us; but fortunately no person was hit. The quarter-deck was quickly cleared, and all hands, crowding forward, anxiously watched the boat. The berg now began to revolve, and was settling slowly over us; the little lumps fell thicker and faster upon the after-deck, and the forecastle was the only place where there was the least chance of safety.

At length the berg itself saved us from destruction. An immense mass broke off from that part which was beneath the surface of the sea, and this—a dozen times larger than the schooner—came rushing up within a few yards of us, sending a vast volume of foam and water flying from its sides. This rupture arrested the revolution, and the berg began to settle in the opposite direction. And now came another danger. A long tongue was protruding immediately underneath the schooner; already the keel was slipping and grinding upon it; and it seemed probable that we should be knocked up into the air like a foot-ball, or at least capsized. The side of our enemy soon leaned from us, and we were in no danger from the worse than hail-stone showers which had driven us forward: so we sprang to the ice-poles, and exerted our strength in endeavoring to push the vessel off. There were no idle hands. Danger respects not the dignity of the quarter-deck.

After we had fatigued ourselves at this hard labor without any useful result, the berg came again to our relief. A loud report first startled us; another and another followed in quick succession, until the noise grew deafening, and the whole air seemed a reservoir of frightful sound. The opposite side of the berg had split off, piece after piece tumbling a vast volume of ice into the sea, and sending the berg revolving back upon us. This time the movement was quicker; fragments began again to fall; and, already sufficiently startled by the alarming dissolution which had taken place, we were in momentary expectation of seeing the whole side nearest to us break loose and crash bodily upon the schooner, in which event she would inevitably be carried down beneath it, as hopelessly doomed as a shepherd's hut beneath an Alpine avalanche.

By this time, Dodge, who had charge of the boat, had succeeded in planting an ice-anchor and attaching his rope, and greeted us with the welcome signal, "Haul in." We pulled for our lives, long and steadily. Seconds seemed minutes, and minutes hours. At length we began to move off. Slowly and steadily sank the berg behind us, carrying away the main boom, and grazing hard against the quarter. But we were safe. Twenty yards away, and the disruption occurred which we had all so much dreaded. The side nearest to us now split off, and came plunging wildly down into the sea, sending over us a shower of spray, raising a swell which set us rocking to and fro as if in a gale of wind, and left us grinding in the *débris* of the crumbling ruin.

At last we succeeded in extricating ourselves, and were far enough away to look back calmly upon the object of our terror. It was still rocking and rolling like a thing of life. At each revolution fresh masses were disengaged; and, as its sides came up in long sweeps, great cascades tumbled and leaped from them hissing into the foaming sea. After several hours it settled down into quietude, a mere fragment of its former greatness, while the pieces that were broken from it floated quietly away with the tide.

Whether it was the waves created by the dissolution which I have just described, or the sun's warm rays, or both combined, I cannot pretend to say, but the day was filled with one prolonged series of reports of crumbling icebergs. Scarcely had we been moored in safety when a very large one about two miles distant from us, resembling in its general appearance the British House of Parliament, began to go to pieces. First a lofty tower came plunging into the water, starting from their inhospitable perch an immense flock of gulls, that went screaming up into the air; over went another; then a whole side settled squarely down; then the wreck capsized, and at length, after five hours of rolling and crashing, there remained of this splendid mass of congelation not a fragment that arose fifty feet above the water. Another, which appeared to be a mile in length and upwards of a hundred feet in height, split in two with a quick, sharp, and at length long, rumbling report, which could hardly have been exceeded by a thousand pieces of artillery simultaneously discharged, and the two fragments kept wallowing in the sea for hours before they came to rest. Even the berg to which we were moored chimed in with the infernal concert, and discharged a corner larger than St. Paul's Cathedral.

No words of mine can adequately describe the din and noise which filled our ears during the few hours succeeding the encounter which I have narrated, and therefore I borrow from the "Ancient Mariner:"

> "The ice was here,
> The ice was there,
> The ice was all around;
> It creaked and growled,
> And roared and howled
> Like demons in a swound."

It seemed, indeed, as if old Thor himself had taken a holiday, and had come away from his kingdom of Thrudwanger and his Winding Palace of five hundred and forty halls, and had crossed the mountains with his chariot and he-goats, armed with his mace of strength, and girt about with his belt of prowess, and wearing his gauntlets of iron, for the purpose of knocking these giants of the frost to right and left for his own special amusement.

It is, however, only at this season of the year that the bergs are so unneighborly. They are rarely known to break up except in the months of July and August. It must be then owing to an unevenly-heated condition of the interior and exterior, caused by the sun's warm rays playing upon them. From the sunny side of a berg I have not unfrequently seen pieces discharged in a line almost horizontal, with great force, and with an explosive report like a quarryman's blast. These explosions and the crumbling of the ice are always attended with a cloud of vapor, no doubt caused by the colder ice of the interior being brought suddenly in contact with the warmer air. The effect is often very remarkable as well as beautiful, especially when the cloud reflects the rays of the sun.

If, however, my pen cannot convey a picture of these icebergs in their more terrible aspects, it will, I fear, be equally impotent to portray their wondrous beauties. I have tried it once before, and was much dissatisfied with the result. I had then, however, a soft sky, when the whole heavens were a mass of rich, warm color, the sea a dissolved rainbow, and the bergs great floating monoliths of malachite and marble bathed in flame. Now the sky was gray, the air clear, and the ice everywhere a dead white or a cold, transparent blue.

I clambered up the sloping side of the berg to which we were tied, and, from an elevation of nearly two hundred feet, obtained a view which well repaid me for the trouble of the venture. I am glad to say, however, that I came down again before St. Paul's Cathedral tumbled from its corner,—an event which sent us drifting away to a less uncomfortable neighborhood, at the expense of an ice-anchor and eighty fathoms of manilla line.

As I approached the berg, I was struck with the remarkable transparency of the water. Looking over the gunwale of the boat, I could trace the ice stretching downward apparently to an interminable distance. Looking back at the schooner, its reflection was a perfect image of itself, and it required only the separation of it from the surrounding objects to give to the mind the impression that two vessels, keel to keel, were floating in mid-air. This singular transparency of the water was further shown when I had reached the top of the berg. Off to the southeast a high, rocky bluff threw its dark shadow upon the water, and the dividing line between sunlight and shade was so marked that it required an effort to dispel the illusion that the margin of sunlight was not the edge of a fathomless abyss.

It is difficult for the mind to comprehend the immense quantity of ice which floated upon the sea around me. To enumerate the separate bergs was impossible. I counted five hundred, and gave up in despair. Near by they stood out in all the rugged harshness of their sharp outlines; and from this, softening with the distance, they melted away into the clear gray sky, and there, far off upon the sea of liquid silver, the imagination conjured up effigies both strange and wonderful. Birds and beasts and human forms and architectural designs took shape in the distant masses of blue and white. The dome of St. Peter's loomed above the spire of Old Trinity; and under the shadow of the Pyramids nestled a Byzantine tower and a Grecian temple.

To the eastward the sea was dotted with little islets,—dark specks upon a brilliant surface. Icebergs, great and small, crowded through the channels which divided them, until in the far distance they appeared massed together, terminating against a snow-covered plain that sloped upward until it was lost in a dim line of bluish whiteness. This line could be traced behind the serrated coast as far to the north and south as the eye would carry. It was the great *mer de glace* which covers the length and breadth of the Greenland continent. The snow-covered slope was a glacier descending therefrom,—the parent stem from which had been discharged, at irregular intervals, many of the icebergs which troubled us so much, and which have supplied materials for this too long description.

A WALRUS-HUNT.

I have had a walrus-hunt and a most exciting day's sport. Much ice has broken adrift and come down the Sound during the past few days; and, when the sun is out bright and hot, the walrus come up out of the water to sleep and bask in the warmth on the pack. Being upon the hill-top this morning to select a place for building a cairn, my ear caught the hoarse bellowing of numerous walrus; and upon looking over the sea I observed that the tide was carrying the pack across the outer limit of the bay, and that it was alive with the beasts which were filling the air with such uncouth noises. Their numbers appeared to be even beyond conjecture, for they extended as far as the eye could reach, almost every piece of ice being covered. There must have been, indeed, many hundreds or even thousands.

Hurrying from the hill, I called for volunteers, and quickly had a boat's crew ready for some sport. Putting three rifles, a harpoon, and a line into one of the whale-boats, we dragged it over the ice to the open water, into which it was speedily launched.

We had about two miles to pull before the margin of the pack was reached. On the cake of ice to which we first came, there were perched about two dozen animals; and these we selected for the attack. They covered the raft almost completely, lying huddled together, lounging in the sun or lazily rolling and twisting themselves about, as if to expose some fresh part of their unwieldy bodies to the warmth,—great, ugly, wallowing sea-hogs, they were evidently enjoying themselves, and were without apprehension of approaching danger. We neared them slowly, with muffled oars.

As the distance between us and the game steadily narrowed, we began to realize that we were likely to meet with rather formidable antagonists. Their aspect was forbidding in the extreme, and our sensations were perhaps not unlike those which the young soldier experiences who hears for the first time the order to charge the enemy. We should all, very possibly, have been quite willing to retreat had we dared own it. Their tough, nearly hairless hides, which are about an inch thick, had a singularly iron-plated look about them, peculiarly suggestive of defence; while their huge tusks, which they brandished with an appearance of strength that their awkwardness did not diminish, looked like very formidable weapons of offence if applied to a boat's planking or to the human ribs, if one should happen to find himself floundering in the sea among the thick-skinned brutes. To complete the hideousness of a facial expression which the tusks rendered formidable enough in appearance, Nature had endowed them with broad, flat noses, which were covered all over with stiff whiskers, looking much like porcupine quills, and extending up to the edge of a pair of gaping nostrils. The use of these whiskers is as obscure as that of the tusks; though it is probable that the latter may be as well weapons of offence and defence as for the more useful purpose of grubbing up from the bottom of the sea the mollusks which constitute their principal food. There were two old bulls in the herd who appeared to be dividing their time between sleeping and jamming their tusks into each other's faces, although they appeared to treat the matter with perfect indifference, as they did not seem to make any impression on each other's thick hides. As we approached, these old fellows—neither of which could have been less than sixteen feet long, nor smaller in girth than a hogshead—raised up their heads, and, after taking a leisurely survey of us, seemed to think us unworthy of further notice, and then, punching each other again in the face, fell once more asleep. This was exhibiting a degree of coolness rather alarming. If they had showed the least timidity, we should have found some excitement in extra caution; but they seemed to make so light of our approach that it was not easy to keep up the bold front with which we had commenced the adventure. But we had come quite too far to think of backing out: so we pulled in and made ready for the fray.

Besides the old bulls, the group contained several cows, and a few calves of various sizes,—some evidently yearlings, others but recently born, and others half or three-quarters grown. Some were without tusks, while on others they were just sprouting, and above this they were of all sizes up to those of the big bulls, which had great curved cones of ivory nearly three feet long. At length we were within a few boat's-lengths of the ice-raft, and the game had not taken alarm. They had probably never seen a boat before. Our preparations were made as we approached. The walrus will always sink when dead, unless held up by a harpoon-line; and there were therefore but two chances for us to secure our game,—either to shoot the beast dead on the raft, or to get a harpoon well into him after he was wounded, and hold on to him until he was killed. As to killing the animal where he lay, that was not likely to happen, for the thick skin destroys the force of the ball before it can reach any vital part, and indeed, at a distance, actually flattens it; and the skull is so heavy that it is hard to penetrate with an ordinary bullet, unless the ball happens to strike through the eye.

To Miller, a cool and spirited fellow, who had been after whales on the "nor'west coast," was given the harpoon, and he took his station at the bows; while Knorr, Jensen, and myself kept our places in the stern-sheets, and held our rifles in readiness. Each selected his animal, and we fired in concert over the heads of the oarsmen. As soon as the rifles were discharged, I ordered the men to "give way," and the boat shot right among the startled animals as they rolled off pell-mell into the sea. Jensen had fired at the head of one of the bulls, and hit him in the neck; Knorr killed a young one, which was pushed off in the hasty scramble and sank; while I planted a minie-ball somewhere in the head of the other bull and drew from him a most frightful bellow,—louder, I venture to say, than ever came from wild bull of Bashan. When he rolled over into the water, which he did with a splash that sent the spray flying all over us, he almost touched the bows of the boat, and gave Miller a good opportunity to get in his harpoon, which he did in capital style.

The alarmed herd seemed to make straight for the bottom, and the line spun out over the gunwale at a fearful pace; but, having several coils in the boat, the end was not reached before the animals began to rise, and we took in the slack and got ready for what was to follow. The strain of the line whipped the boat around among some loose fragments of ice, and, the line having fouled among it, we should have been in great jeopardy had not one of the sailors promptly sprung out, cleared the line, and defended the boat.

In a few minutes the whole herd appeared at the surface, about fifty yards away from us, the harpooned animal being among them. Miller held fast to his line, and the boat was started with a rush. The coming up of the herd was the signal for a scene which baffles description. They uttered one wild, concerted shriek, as if an agonized call for help; and then the air was filled with answering shrieks. The "huk! huk! huk!" of the wounded bulls seemed to find an echo everywhere, as the cry was taken up and passed along from floe to floe, like the bugle-blast passed from squadron to squadron along a line of battle; and down from every piece of ice plunged the startled beasts, as quickly as the sailor drops from his hammock when the long-roll beats to quarters. With their ugly heads just above the water, and with mouths wide open, belching forth the dismal "huk! huk! huk!" they came tearing toward the boat.

In a few moments we were completely surrounded, and the numbers kept multiplying with astonishing rapidity. The water soon became alive and black with them.

They seemed at first to be frightened and irresolute, and for a time it did not seem that they meditated mischief; but this pleasing prospect was soon dissipated, and we were forced to look well to our safety.

That they meditated an attack there could no longer be a doubt. To escape the onslaught was impossible. We had raised a hornets' nest about our ears in a most astonishingly short space of time, and we must do the best we could. Even the wounded animal to which we were fast turned upon us, and we became the focus of at least a thousand gaping, bellowing mouths.

It seemed to be the purpose of the walrus to get their tusks over the gunwale of the boat, and it was evident that, in the event of one such monster hooking on to us, the boat would be torn in pieces and we would be left floating in the sea helpless. We had good motive, therefore, to be active. Miller plied his lance from the bows, and gave many a serious wound. The men pushed back the onset with their oars, while Knorr, Jensen, and myself loaded and fired our rifles as rapidly as we could. Several times we were in great jeopardy, but the timely thrust of an oar, or the lance, or a bullet, saved us. Once I thought we were surely gone. I had fired, and was hastening to load; a wicked-looking brute was making at us, and it seemed probable that he would be upon us. I stopped loading, and was preparing to cram my rifle down his throat, when Knorr, who had got ready his weapon, sent a fatal shot into his head. Again, an immense animal, the largest that I had ever seen, and with tusks apparently three feet long, was observed to be making his way through the herd with mouth wide open, bellowing dreadfully. I was now, as before, busy loading, Knorr and Jensen had just discharged their pieces, and the men were well engaged with their oars. It was a critical moment, but, happily, I was in time. The monster, his head high above the boat, was within two feet of the gunwale, when I raised my piece and fired into his mouth. The discharge killed him instantly, and he went down like a stone.

This ended the fray. I know not why, but the whole herd seemed suddenly to take alarm, and all dove down with a tremendous splash almost at the same instant. When they came up again, still shrieking as before, they were some distance from us, their heads all now pointed seaward, making from us as fast as they could go, their cries growing more and more faint as they retreated in the distance.

We must have killed at least a dozen, and mortally wounded as many more. The water was in places red with blood, and several half-dead and dying animals lay floating about us. The bull to which we were made fast pulled away with all his might after the retreating herd, but his strength soon became exhausted; and, as his speed slackened, we managed to haul in the line, and finally approached him so nearly that our rifle-balls took effect, and Miller at length gave him the *coup de grâce* with his lance. We then drew him to the nearest piece of ice, and I had soon a fine specimen to add to my natural-history collections. Of the others we secured only one: the rest had died and sunk before we reached them.

I have never before regarded the walrus as a really formidable animal; but this contest convinces me that I have done their courage great injustice. They are full of fight; and, had we not been very active and self-possessed, our boat would have been torn to pieces and we either drowned or killed. A more fierce attack than that which they made upon us could hardly be imagined, and a more formidable-looking enemy than one of these huge monsters, with his immense tusks and bellowing throat, would be difficult to find.

IMPERISHABLE MEMORIES.

EDWARD EVERETT.

[Edward Everett was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794. During his long and active life he filled many positions, political and professional. At the age of twenty he was ordained minister of one of the largest churches in Boston. After a year in this service he became professor of Greek literature at Harvard, and editor of the *North American Review*. He afterwards served for many years as United States representative, senator, secretary of state, and in other positions. But his reputation rests mainly on his brilliant oratory, in which field of labor he was unexcelled. When little more than a boy, he had attained to great influence and popularity, and in his later years he became the most polished and highly considered of American lecture orators. His orations were by no means of the ephemeral nature of the great sum of such efforts, but were carefully-studied and diligently-prepared productions, well worthy of the permanent position they have attained in American literature. His oration on Washington, before the outbreak of the civil war, was delivered nearly one hundred and twenty-five times, in almost every section of the Union, and did much to allay the irritation which then existed. His last great oration was delivered at Gettysburg, on the occasion of the consecration of the national cemetery at that place. He died in January, 1865. His orations have been published in four volumes, and have become an important feature of every American library of reference.]

IT has been the custom, from the remotest antiquity, to preserve and to hand down to posterity, in bronze and in marble, the counterfeit presentment of illustrious men. Within the last few years modern research has brought to light, on the banks of the Tigris, huge slabs of alabaster buried for ages, which exhibit in relief the faces and the persons of men who governed the primeval East in the gray dawn of history. Three thousand years have elapsed since they lived, and reigned, and built palaces, and fortified cities, and waged war, and gained victories of which the trophies are carved upon these monumental tablets,—the triumphal procession, the chariots laden with spoil, the drooping captive, the conquered monarch in chains,—but the legends inscribed upon the stone are imperfectly deciphered, and little beyond the names of the personages and the most general tradition of their exploits is preserved. In like manner the obelisks and the temples of ancient Egypt are covered with the sculptured images of whole dynasties of Pharaohs,—older than Moses, older than Joseph,—whose titles are recorded in the hieroglyphics with which the granite is charged, and which are gradually yielding up their long-concealed mysteries to the sagacity of modern criticism. The plastic arts, as they passed into Hellas, with all the other arts which give grace and dignity to our nature, reached a perfection unknown to Egypt or Assyria; and the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome, immortalized by the sculptor, still people the galleries and museums of the modern world.

In every succeeding age and in every country, in which the fine arts have been cultivated, the respect and affection of survivors have found a pure and rational gratification in the historical portrait and the monumental statue of the honored and loved in private life, and especially of the great and good who have deserved well of their country. Public esteem and confidence and private affection, the gratitude of the community and the fond memories of the fireside, have ever sought, in this way, to prolong the sensible existence of their beloved and respected objects. What though the dear and honored features and person on which, while living, we never gazed without tenderness or veneration, have been taken from us,—something of the loveliness, something of the majesty, abides in the portrait, the bust, and the statue. The heart bereft of the living originals turns to them; and, cold and silent as they are, they strengthen and animate the cherished recollections of the loved, the honored, and the lost.

The skill of the painter and sculptor, which thus comes in aid of the memory and imagination, is, in its highest degree, one of the rarest, as it is one of the most exquisite, accomplishments within our attainment, and in its perfection as seldom witnessed as the perfection of speech or of music. The plastic hand must be moved by the same ethereal instinct as the eloquent lips or the recording pen. The number of those who, in the language of Michael Angelo, can discern the finished statue in the heart of the shapeless block, and bid it start into artistic life,—who are endowed with the exquisite gift of moulding the rigid bronze or the lifeless marble into graceful, majestic, and expressive forms,—is not greater than the number of those who are able, with equal majesty, grace, and expressiveness, to make the spiritual essence—the finest shades of thought and feeling—sensible to the mind, through the eye and the ear, in the mysterious embodiment of the written and the spoken word. If Athens, in her palmiest days, had but one Pericles, she had also but one Phidias.

Nor are these beautiful and noble arts, by which the face and the form of the departed are preserved to us,—calling into the highest exercise, as they do, all the imitative and idealizing powers of the painter and the sculptor,—the least instructive of our teachers. The portraits and the statues of the honored dead kindle the generous ambition of the youthful aspirant to fame. Themistocles could not sleep for the trophies in the Ceramicus; and when the living Demosthenes had ceased to speak, the stony lips remained to rebuke and exhort his degenerate countrymen. More than a hundred years have elapsed since the great Newton passed away; but from age to age his statue by Roubillac, in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, will give distinctness to the conceptions formed of him by hundreds and thousands of ardent youthful spirits, filled with reverence for that transcendent intellect which, from the phenomena that fall within our limited vision, deduced the imperial law by which the Sovereign Mind rules the entire universe. We can never look on the person of Washington; but his serene and noble countenance, perpetuated by the pencil and the chisel, is familiar to far greater multitudes than ever stood in his living presence, and will be thus familiar to the latest generation.

What parent, as he conducts his son to Mount Auburn or to Bunker Hill, will not, as he passes before their monumental statues, seek to heighten his reverence for virtue, for patriotism, for science, for learning, for devotion to the public good, as he bids him contemplate the form of that grave and venerable Winthrop, who left his pleasant home in England to come and found a new republic in this untrodden wilderness; of that ardent and intrepid Otis, who first struck out the spark of American independence; of that noble Adams, its most eloquent champion on the floor of Congress; of that martyr, Warren, who laid down his life in its defence; of that self-taught Bowditch, who, without a guide, threaded the starry mazes of the heavens; of that Story, honored at home and abroad as one of the brightest luminaries of the law, and, by a felicity of which I believe there is no other example, admirably portrayed in marble by his son?

What citizen of Boston, as he accompanies the stranger around our streets,—guiding him through our busy thoroughfares, to our wharves crowded with vessels which range every sea and gather the produce of every climate,—up to the dome of this capitol, which commands as lovely a landscape as can delight the eye or gladden the heart, will not, as he calls his attention at last to the statues of Franklin and Webster, exclaim, "Boston takes pride in her natural position, she rejoices in her beautiful environs, she is grateful for her material prosperity; but richer than the merchandise stored in palatial warehouses, greener than the slopes of sea-girt islets, lovelier than this encircling panorama of land and sea, of field and hamlet, of lake and stream, of garden and grove, is the memory of her sons, native and adopted; the character, services, and fame of those who have benefited and adorned their day and generation. Our children and the schools at which they are trained, our citizens and the services they have rendered,—these are our jewels,—these our abiding treasures."

Yes, your long rows of quarried granite may crumble to the dust; the corn-fields in yonder villages, ripening to the sickle, may, like the plains of stricken Lombardy a few weeks ago, be kneaded into bloody clods by the madding wheels of artillery; this populous city, like the old cities of Etruria and Campagna Romagna, may be desolated by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, may decay with the lapse of time, and the busy mart, which now rings with the joyous din of trade, become as lonely and still as Carthage or Tyre, as Babylon or Nineveh: but the names of the great and good shall survive the desolation and the ruin; the memory of the wise, the brave, the patriotic, shall never perish.

Yes, Sparta is a wheat-field; a Bavarian prince holds court at the foot of the Acropolis; the travelling *virtuoso* digs for marble in the Roman Forum, and beneath the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; but Lycurgus and Leonidas, and Miltiades and Demosthenes, and Cato and Tully, "still live;" and HE* still lives, and all the great and good shall live in the heart of ages, while marble and bronze shall endure; and when marble and bronze have perished, they shall "still live" in memory, so long as men shall reverence law, and honor patriotism, and love liberty!

ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

[Charles Brockden Brown, the earliest of American novelists, was of Quaker lineage, and was born in Philadelphia in 1771. His profession of the law was given up at an early age for the pursuit of literature, and several novels appeared in rapid succession from his pen, the best known of these being "Wieland," "Arthur Mervyn," and "Edgar Huntly." These works are faulty in many respects, yet they are of sufficient originality and power to give them an abiding place in literature. The least unhealthy in tone is "Edgar Huntly," in which the hero follows a somnambulist through dangerous scenes of cave, forest, and mountain, which are described with much ability. The adventure with the panther, which we quote, is very animated and exciting.]

AT that moment, torrents of rain poured from above, and stronger blasts thundered amidst these desolate recesses and profound chasms. Instead of lamenting the prevalence of this tempest, I now began to regard it with pleasure. It conferred new forms of sublimity and grandeur on the scene. As I crept with hands and feet along my imperfect bridge, a sudden gust had nearly whirled me into the frightful abyss. To preserve myself, I was obliged to loose my hold of my burden, and it fell into the gulf. This incident disconcerted and distressed me. As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. . . .

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*Daniel Webster.

While occupied with these reflections, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro, in the wildest commotion, and their trunks, occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibres by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another would be experienced by myself. . . .

I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibres which were already stretched almost to breaking.

To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak, and of the volume which I carried in the pocket of my cloak. I believed there was no reason to dread these being destroyed or purloined if left for a few hours or a day in this recess. If laid beside a stone, under shelter of this cliff, they would, no doubt, remain unmolested till the disappearance of the storm should permit me to revisit this spot in the afternoon or on the morrow.

Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly occur. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untamable of that detested race.

The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod without caution the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defence. . . .

The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision, made me neglect on this occasion to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed and prepared for defence.

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eying the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and, should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum. . . .

Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every new gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security.

My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was propitious and lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrific visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit, in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place, and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me, in so short a period, in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind-legs and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his fore-legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

THANKSGIVING.

ALICE CARY.

[Of the several American instances of a poetic sisterhood, that of Alice and Phœbe Cary is of the most interest, from the rich poetic power possessed by both these "gifted sisters." As a poet Alice was more inclined to look at life through pensive eyes, while Phœbe's muse was of a more cheerful mould. But in respect to ability it would be difficult to discriminate between them. Alice Cary was born near Cincinnati, in 1820, and died in 1871. In addition to her poems she wrote several novels, but it is on the former that her reputation rests. Her verse is full of melody and grace, and is everywhere marked with original and beautiful thought and imagery. From one of her longer poems we select the following eloquent picture of life and nature.]

THRICE happy is the man who doth obey
The Lord of Love through love; who fears to break
The righteous law for th' law's righteous sake;
And who, by daily use of blessings, gives
Thanks for the daily blessings he receives;

His spirit grown so reverent, it dares
Cast the poor shows of reverence away,
Believing they
More glorify the Giver who partake
Of his good gifts, than they who fast and make
Burnt-offerings and Pharisaic prayers.

The wintry snows that blind
The air, and blight what things were glorified
By summer's reign, we do not think unkind
When that we see them changed, afar and wide,
To rain, that, fretting in the rose's face,
Brings out a softer grace,
And makes the troops of rustic daffodils
Shake out their yellow skirts along the hills,
And all the valleys blush from side to side. . . .

I thank thee for my common blessings, still
Rained through thy will
Upon my head; the air
That knows so many tunes which grief beguile,
Reaching its light love to me everywhere,
And that will still be kissing all the while.

I thank thee that my childhood's vanished days
Were cast in rural ways,
Where I beheld, with gladness ever new,
That sort of vagrant dew
Which lodges in the beggarly tents of such
Vile weeds as virtuous plants disdain to touch,
And with rough-bearded burs, night after night,
Upgathered by the morning, tender and true,
Into her clear, chaste light.

Such ways I learned to know
That free will cannot go
Outside of mercy; learned to bless His name
Whose revelations, ever thus renewed
Along the varied year, in field and wood,
His loving care proclaim.

I thank thee that the grass and the red rose
Do what they can to tell
How spirit through all forms of matter flows;
For every thistle by the common way
Wearing its homely beauty,—for each spring
That, sweet and homeless, runneth where it will,—
For night and day,—
For the alternate seasons,—everything
Pertaining to life's marvellous miracle;

Even for the lowly flower
That, living, dwarfed and bent
Under some beetling rock, in gloom profound,
Far from her pretty sisters of the ground,
And shut from sun and shower,
Seemeth endowed with human discontent.

Ah! what a tender hold
She taketh of us in our own despite,—
A sadly-solemn creature,
Crooked, despoiled of nature,
Leaning from out the shadows, dull and cold,
To lay her little white face in the light.

The chopper going by her rude abode
Thinks of his own rough hut, his old wife's smile,

And of the bare young feet
That run through th' frost to meet
His coming, and forgets the weary load
Of sticks that bends his shoulders down the while.

I thank thee, Lord, that Nature is so wise,
So capable of painting in men's eyes
Pictures whose airy hues
Do blend and interfuse
With all the darkness that about us lies,—
That clearly in our hearts
Her law she writes,
Reserving cunning past our mortal arts,
Whereby she is avenged for all her slights.

And I would make thanksgiving
For the sweet, double living,
That gives the pleasures that have passed away,
The sweetness and the sunshine of to-day.

I see the furrows ploughed and see them planted,
See the young cornstalks rising green and fair;
Mute things are friendly, and I am acquainted
With all the luminous creatures of the air,
And with the cunning workers of the ground
That have their trades born with them, and with all
The insects, large and small,
That fill the summer with a wave of sound.
I watch the wood-bird line
Her pretty nest, with eyes that never tire,
And watch the sunbeams trail their wisps of fire
Along the bloomless bushes, till they shine.

The violet, gathering up her tender blue
From the dull ground, is a good sight to see;

And it delighteth me
To have the mushroom push his round head through
The dry and brittle stubble, as I pass,
His smooth and shining coat, half rose, half fawn,
But just put on;
And to have April slip her showery grass
Under my feet, as she was used to do
In the dear spring-times gone.

I make the brook my Nile,
And hour by hour beguile,
Tracking its devious course
Through briery banks to its mysterious source,
That I discover, always, at my will,—
A little silver star,
Under the shaggy forehead of some hill,
From travelled ways afar.

Forgetting wind and flood,
I build my house of unsubstantial sand,
Shaping the roof upon my double hand,
And setting up the dry and sliding grains,
With infinite pains,
In the similitude
Of beam and rafter,—then
Where to the ground the dock its broad leaf crooks,
I hunt long whiles to find the little men
That I have read of in my story-books.

Often, in lawless wise,
Some obvious work of duty I delay,
Taking my fill
Of an uneasy liberty, and still
Close shutting up my eyes,

As though it were not given me to see
The avenging ghost of opportunity
Thus slighted, far away.

I linger, when I know
That I should forward go;
Now haply for the katydid's wild shrill,
Now listening to the low,
Dull noise of mill-wheels,—counting now the row
Of clouds about the shoulder of the hill.

My heart anew rejoices
In th' old familiar voices
That come back to me like a lullaby;
Now 'tis the church-bell's call,
And now a teamster's whistle,—now, perhaps,
The silvery lapse
Of waters in among the reeds that meet;
And now, down-dropping to a whispery fall,
Some milkmaid chiding with love's privilege,
Through the green wall
Of the dividing hedge,
And the so sadly eloquent reply
Of the belated cow-boy, low and sweet. . . .

I thank thee, Lord, for every saddest cross;
Gain comes to us through loss,
The while we go,
Blind travellers holding by the wall of time
And seeking out through woe
The things that are eternal and sublime.

Ah! sad are they of whom no poet writes
Nor ever any story-teller hears,—

The childless mothers, who on lonesome nights
Sit by their fires and weep, having the chores
Done for the day, and time enough to see
All the wide floors
Swept clean of playthings; they, as needs must be,
Have time enough for tears. . . .

My cross is not as hard as theirs to bear,
And yet alike to me are storms or calms;
My life's young joy,
The brown-cheeked farmer-boy,
Who led the daisies with him like his lambs,
Carved his sweet picture on my milking-pail,
And cut my name upon his threshing-flail,
One day stopped singing at his plough; alas!
Before that summer-time was gone, the grass
Had choked the path which to the sheep-field led,
Where I had watched him tread
So oft on evening's trail,
A shining oat-sheaf balanced on his head
And nodding to the gale.

Rough wintry weather came, and, when it sped,
The emerald wave
Swelling above my little sweetheart's grave
With such bright, bubbly flowers was set about,
I thought he blew them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
And hence believed whatever things I saw
Were the expression of a hidden law,
And, with a wisdom wiser than I knew,
Evoked the simple meanings out of things
By childlike questionings.

And he they named with shudderings of fear
Had never in his life been half so near
As when I sat all day with cheeks unkissed
And listened to the whisper, very low,
That said our love above death's wave of woe
Was joined together like the seamless mist.
          God's yea and nay
          Are not so far away,
I said, but I can hear them when I please;
          Nor could I understand
Their doubting faith, who only touch his hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.

And often yet, upon the shining track
          Of the old faith, come back
My childish fancies, never quite subdued;
And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
And Night, with misty locks that loosely drop
About his ears, brings rest, a welcome boon,
Playing his pipe with many a starry stop
That makes a golden snarling in his tune,

          I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see;
          Laugh, you who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
          That these our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
          Do introvert upon eternity,

And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall,
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light,
Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about them lie,
Gross and material, on the external sight.

THE INDIANS.

JOSEPH STORY.

[That Judge Story was one of the ablest of the legal writers and authorities of America is a well-recognized fact. His "Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States," "Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws," "Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence," and "Treatise on the Law of Agency" form a compend of legal literature unsurpassed in quantity, and seldom surpassed in quality, by the writings of any other of the most eminent American jurists. It is surprising that he had any time left to devote to general literature. Nevertheless, he is the author of a volume of poems of tolerable merit, and of many prose essays of great harmony of language, rhetorical skill, and eloquence of manner. He was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, in 1779, and was a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1811 till his death in 1845.]

THERE is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure, extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades; the thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth, the sachems and the tribes, the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker which has eaten into their heart-cores,—a plague which the touch of the white man communicated,—a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark forebodings.

[We may add to the above extract from Judge Story's miscellaneous writings two others, short in scope, yet eloquent and beautiful in handling. Just at present, when the party opposed to the long-continued devotion to classical study in the universities is growing rapidly in strength, this forcibly-written appeal from a friend of the classics may not be misplaced. The peroration, however, must be looked on rather as a vigorous rhetorical outburst than as a series of just and truthful comparisons. Certainly our translations from classic authors are not so immeasurably behind the originals in merit as this would indicate.]

THE IMPORTANCE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

The importance of classical learning to professional education is so obvious that the surprise is that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments, but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century, the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate translations. What should we say of the jurist who never aspired to learn the maxims of law and equity which adorn the Roman codes? What of the physician who could deliberately surrender all the knowledge heaped up for so many centuries in the Latinity of continental Europe? What of the minister of religion who should choose not to study the Scriptures in the original tongue, and should be content to trust his faith and his hopes, for time and for eternity, to the dimness of translations, which may reflect the literal import, but rarely can reflect with unbroken force the beautiful spirit, of the text? . . .

I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions in which wisdom speaks as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay! as one remembers the face of a dead friend, by gathering up the broken fragments of his image; as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told; as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet; as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

FREE SCHOOLS.

I know not what more munificent donation any government can bestow than by providing instruction at the public expense, not as a scheme of charity, but of municipal policy. If a private person deserves the applause of all good men, who founds a single hospital or college, how much more are they entitled to the appellation of public benefactors who, by the side of every church in every village, plant a school of letters! Other monuments of the art and genius of man may perish, but these, from their very nature, seem, as far as human foresight can go, absolutely immortal. The triumphal arches of other days have fallen; the sculptured columns have crumbled into dust; the temples of taste and religion have sunk into decay; the pyramids themselves seem but mighty sepulchres hastening to the same oblivion to which the dead they cover have long since passed. But here, every successive generation becomes a living memorial of our public schools, and a living example of their excellence. Never, never may this glorious institution be abandoned or betrayed by the weakness of its friends or the power of its adversaries! It can scarcely be abandoned or betrayed while New England remains free and her representatives are true to their trust. It must forever count in its defence a majority of all those who ought to influence public affairs by their virtues or their talents; for it must be that here they first felt the divinity of knowledge stir within them. What consolation can be higher, what reflection prouder, than the thought that in weal and in woe our children are under the public guardianship, and may here gather the fruits of that learning which ripens for eternity!

ANECDOTES OF THACKERAY.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

[In his long business relations with authors, as a member of the firm of Ticknor & Fields and of other Boston publishing firms, Mr. Fields came frequently into friendly contact with prominent writers. His relations with some of these are agreeably told in his "Yesterdays with Authors," from which we extract a portion of his essay on Thackeray. Mr. Fields was the author of a number of poems of marked ability. He was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1817, and died in Boston in 1881.]

QUESTIONS are frequently asked as to the habits of thought and composition of authors one has happened to know, as if an author's friends were commonly invited to observe the growth of works he was by and by to launch from the press. It is not customary for the doors of the writer's workshop to be thrown open, and for this reason it is all the more interesting to notice, when it is possible, how an essay, a history, a novel, or a poem is conceived, grows up, and is corrected for publication. One would like very much to be informed how Shakespeare put together the scenes of Hamlet or Macbeth, whether the subtile thought accumulated easily on the page before him, or whether he struggled for it with anxiety and distrust. We know that Milton troubled himself about little matters of punctuation, and obliged the printer to take special note of his requirements, scolding him roundly when he neglected his instructions. We also know that Melanchthon was in his library hard at work by two or three o'clock in the morning both in summer and winter, and that Sir William Jones began his studies with the dawn.

The most popular female writer of America, whose great novel struck a chord of universal sympathy throughout the civilized world, has habits of composition peculiarly her own, and unlike those belonging to any author of whom we have record. She *croons*, so to speak, over her writings, and it makes very little difference to her whether there is a crowd of people about her or whether she is alone during the composition of her books. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was wholly prepared for the press in a little wooden house in Maine, from week to week, while the story was coming out in a Washington newspaper. Most of it was written by the evening lamp, on a pine table, about which the children of the family were gathered together conning their various lessons for the next day. Amid the busy hum of earnest voices, constantly asking questions of the mother, intent on her world-renowned task, Mrs. Stowe wove together those thrilling chapters which were destined to find readers in so many languages throughout the globe. No work of similar importance, so far as we know, was ever written amid so much that seemed hostile to literary composition.

I had the opportunity, both in England and America, of observing the literary habits of Thackeray, and it always seemed to me that he did his work with comparative ease, but was somewhat influenced by a custom of procrastination. Nearly all his stories were written in monthly instalments for magazines, with the press at his heels. He told me that when he began a novel he rarely knew how many people were to figure in it, and, to use his own words, he was always very shaky about their moral conduct. He said that sometimes, especially if he had been dining late and did not feel in remarkably good humor next morning, he was inclined to make his characters villanously wicked; but if he rose sereno with an unclouded brain, there was no end to the lovely actions he was willing to make his men and women perform. When he had written a passage that pleased him very much he could not resist clapping on his hat and rushing forth to find an acquaintance to whom he might instantly read his successful composition. Gilbert Wakefield, universally acknowledged to have been the best Greek scholar of his time, said he would have turned out a much better one if he had begun earlier to study that language, but unfortunately he did not begin till he was fifteen years of age. Thackeray, in quoting to me this saying of Wakefield, remarked, "My English would have been very much better if I had read Fielding before I was ten." This observation was a valuable hint, on the part of Thackeray, as to whom he considered his master in art.

James Hannay paid Thackeray a beautiful compliment when he said, "If he had had his choice he would rather have been famous as an artist than as a writer; but it was destined that he should paint in colors which will never crack and never need restoration." Thackeray's characters are, indeed, not so much *inventions* as *existences*, and we know them as we know our best friends or our most intimate enemies.

When I was asked, the other day, which of his books I like best, I gave the old answer to a similar question, "*The last one I read.*" If I could possess only *one* of his works, I think I should choose "Henry Esmond." To my thinking, it is a marvel in literature, and I have read it oftener than any of the other works. Perhaps the reason of my partiality lies somewhat in this little incident. One day, in the snowy winter of 1852, I met Thackeray sturdily ploughing his way down Beacon Street with a copy of "Henry Esmond" (the English edition, then just issued) under his arm. Seeing me some way off, he held aloft the volumes and began to shout in great glee. When I came up to him he cried out, "Here is the *very* best I can do, and I am carrying it to Prescott as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it, when I go, as my card."

As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapters till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom he had invited to a six-o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon, several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assemble in a particular room at the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock, *sharp*. Accordingly we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception-room at the appointed time. When the clock struck six, our host had not fulfilled his part of the contract. His burly figure was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive. This untoward state of things went on for one hour, still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious, and a gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler, and the waiters rushed in and out the room, shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidentially whispered by a fat gentleman, with a hungry look, that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the entry and Thackeray bounced into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible upon his fingers. Clapping his hands and pirouetting briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank heaven, the last sheet of The Virginians has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody, and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overdone throughout.

The most finished and elegant of all *lecturers*, Thackeray often made a very poor appearance when he attempted to deliver a set speech to a public assembly. He frequently broke down after the first two or three sentences. He prepared what he intended to say with great exactness, and his favorite delusion was that he was about to astonish everybody with a remarkable effort. It never disturbed him that he commonly made a woful failure when he attempted speech-making, but he sat down with such cool serenity if he found that he could not recall what he wished to say, that his audience could not help joining in and smiling with him when he came to a stand-still. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that city. All the way down he was discoursing of certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester dons by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephen, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should be seated directly in front of him, so that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one; tickets had been in demand at unheard-of prices several weeks before the day appointed; the great hall, then opened for the first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened, even in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray was called upon were admirably suited to the occasion, and most eloquently spoken. Sir John Potter, who presided, then rose, and, after some complimentary allusions to the author of "Vanity Fair," introduced him to the crowd, who welcomed him with ringing plaudits. As he rose, he gave me a half-wink from under his spectacles, as if to say, "Now for it; the others have done very well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence he suddenly stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers' pockets, and deliberately sat down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's unfinished speeches, and there were no signs of surprise or discontent among his audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner; and when the meeting was over he said to me, without a sign of discomfiture, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again.

Thackeray rarely took any exercise, thus living in striking contrast to the other celebrated novelist of our time, who was remarkable for the number of hours he daily spent in the open air. It seems to me almost certain now, from concurrent testimony, gathered from physicians and those who knew him best in England, that Thackeray's premature death was hastened by an utter disregard of the natural laws. His vigorous frame gave ample promise of longevity, but he drew too largely on his brain and not enough on his legs. *High* living and high *thinking*, he used to say, was the correct reading of the proverb.

He was a man of the tenderest feelings, very apt to be cajoled into doing what the world calls foolish things, and constantly performing feats of unwisdom, which performances he was immoderately laughing at all the while in his books. No man has impaled snobbery with such a stinging rapier, but he always accused himself of being a snob, past all cure. This I make no doubt was one of his exaggerations, but there was a grain of truth in the remark, which so sharp an observer as himself could not fail to notice, even though the victim was so near home. . . .

I wish I could recall half the incidents connected with the dear, dear old Thackeray days, when I saw him so constantly and enjoyed him so hugely; but, alas! many of them are gone, with much more that is lovely and would have been of *good report*, could they be now remembered;—they are dead as—(Holmes always puts your simile quite right for you),—

> "Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
> On the old banks of the Nile."

But while I sit here quietly, and have no fear of any bad, unsympathizing listeners who might, if some other subject were up, frown upon my levity, let me walk through the dusky chambers of my memory and report what I find there, just as the records turn up, without regard to method.

I once made a pilgrimage with Thackeray (at my request, of course, the visits were planned) to the various houses where his books had been written, and I remember when we came to Young Street, Kensington, he said, with mock gravity, "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned! And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." He was always perfectly honest in his expressions about his own writings, and it was delightful to hear him praise them when he could depend on his listeners. A friend congratulated him once on that touch in "Vanity Fair" in which Becky "*admires*" her husband when he is giving Steyne the punishment which ruins *her* for life. "Well," he said, "when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table and said, '*That* is a touch of genius!'"

He told me he was nearly forty years old before he was recognized in literature as belonging to a class of writers at all above the ordinary magazinists of his day. "I turned off far better things then than I do now," said he, "and I wanted money sadly (my parents were rich but respectable, and I had spent my guineas in my youth), but how little I got for my work! It makes me laugh," he continued, "at what The Times pays me now, when I think of the old days, and how much better I wrote for them then, and got a shilling where I now get ten."

One day he wanted a little service done for a friend, and I remember his very quizzical expression as he said, "Please say the favor asked will greatly oblige a man of the name of Thackeray, whose only recommendation is that he has seen Napoleon and Goethe, and is the owner of Schiller's sword." . . .

The enormous circulation achieved by the Cornhill Magazine, when it was first started with Thackeray for its editor in chief, is a matter of literary history. The announcement by his publishers that a sale of a hundred and ten thousand of the first number had been reached made the editor half delirious with joy, and he ran away to Paris to be rid of the excitement for a few days. I met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and found him wild with exultation and full of enthusiasm for excellent George Smith, his publisher. "London," he exclaimed, "is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence! Great heavens," said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst comes to the worst, New York, also, may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress!" Those days in Paris with him were simply tremendous. We dined at all possible and impossible places together. We walked round and round the glittering court of the Palais Royal, gazing in at the windows of the jewellers' shops, and all my efforts were necessary to restrain him from rushing in and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles," as he called them; "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the Cornhill, unless I begin instantly somewhere?" If he saw a group of three or four persons talking together in an excited way, after the manner of that then riant Parisian people, he would whisper to me, with immense gesticulation, "There, there, you see the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London." His spirits during those few days were colossal, and he told me that he found it impossible to sleep, "for counting up his subscribers."

I happened to know personally (and, let me modestly add, with some degree of sympathy) what he suffered editorially when he had the charge and responsibility of a magazine. With first-class contributors he got on very well, he said, but the extortioners and revilers bothered the very life out of him. He gave me some amusing accounts of his misunderstandings with the "fair" (as he loved to call them), some of whom followed him up so closely with their poetical compositions that his house (he was then living in Onslow Square) was never free of interruption. "The darlings demanded," said he, "that I should re-write, if I could not understand their —— nonsense, and put their halting lines into proper form." "I was so appalled," said he, "when they set upon me with their 'ipics and their ipecacs,' that you might have knocked me down with a feather, sir. It was insupportable, and I fled away into France." As he went on, waxing drolly furious at the recollection of various editorial scenes, I could not help remembering Mr. Yellowplush's recommendation, thus characteristically expressed: "Take my advice, honrabble sir,—listen to a humble footmin: it's generally best in poatry to understand pufficklу what you mean yourself, and to igspress your meaning clearly afterwoods,—in the simpler words the better, p'r'aps."

He took very great delight in his young daughter's first contributions to the Cornhill, and I shall always remember how he made me get into a cab, one day in London, that I might hear, as we rode along, the joyful news he had to impart, that he had just been reading his daughter's first paper, which was entitled "Little Scholars." "When I read it," said he, "I blubbered like a child, it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

During his second visit to Boston I was asked to invite him to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member. I was very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he could be easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological speech might ensue, and I knew he would be exasperated with me, even although I were the *innocent* cause of his affliction. My worst fears were realized. We had hardly got seated, before a dull, bilious-looking old gentleman rose, and applied his auger with such pertinacity that we were all bored nearly to distraction. I dared not look at Thackeray, but I felt that his eye was upon me. My distress may be imagined, when he got up quite deliberately from the prominent place where a chair had been set for him, and made his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom leading into the larger room, and in which no one was sitting. The small apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew *he* was there. Then commenced a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe adequately. He threw an imaginary person (myself, of course) upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper-folder, which he caught up for the purpose. After disposing of his victim in this way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. Still the droning speaker proceeded with his frozen subject (it was something about the Arctic regions, if I remember rightly), and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all, namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player king is disposed of in Hamlet. Thackeray had found a small vial on the mantel-shelf, and out of that he proceeded to pour the imaginary "juice of cursed hebenon" into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The whole thing was inimitably done, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards, a ponderous, fat-witted young man put the question squarely to me, "What *was* the matter with Mr. Thackeray, that night the club met at Mr. ——'s house?" . . .

Thackeray was a *master* in every sense, having as it were, in himself, a double quantity of being. Robust humor and lofty sentiment alternated so strangely in him that sometimes he seemed like the natural son of Rabelais, and at others he rose up a very twin brother of the Stratford Seer. There was nothing in him amorphous and unconsidered. Whatever he chose to do was always perfectly done. There was a genuine Thackeray flavor in everything he was willing to say or to write. He detected with unfailing skill the good or the vile wherever it existed. He had an unerring eye, a firm understanding, and abounding truth. "Two of his great master powers," said the chairman at a dinner given to him many years ago in Edinburgh, "are *satire* and *sympathy*." George Brimley remarked, "That he could not have painted Vanity Fair as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye." He had, indeed, an awful insight, with a world of solemn tenderness and simplicity, in his composition. Those who heard the same voice that withered the memory of King George the Fourth repeat "The spacious firmament on high" have a recollection not easily to be blotted from the mind; and I have a kind of pity for all who were born so recently as not to have heard and understood Thackeray's Lectures. But they can read him, and I beg of them to try and appreciate the tenderer phase of his genius, as well as the sarcastic one. He teaches many lessons to young men, and here is one of them, which I quote *memoriter* from "Barry Lyndon:" "Do you not, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?" My dear friend John Brown, of Edinburgh (whom may God long preserve to both countries where he is so loved and honored!), chronicles this touching incident. "We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when Thackeray was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh,—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening; such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the granary below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, Thackeray gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice to what all were feeling, in the word 'CALVARY!' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things,—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour."

Thackeray was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning, and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted; but there had been years of sorrow, years of labor, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.

BOOKS AND READING.

NOAH PORTER.

[Noah Porter, one of our ablest writers on psychology, was born at Farmington, Connecticut, in 1811. In 1846 he became professor of moral philosophy and metaphysics in Yale College, his *alma mater*, and from 1871 to 1886 was its president. His greatest work is "The Human Intellect," in which the spiritual and theistic view, as contrasted with the materialistic one now widely entertained, is advocated with great clearness, judgment, and ability. He has written several other works. From his "Books and Reading," a highly useful and suggestive work, we make the following interesting extract.]

WERE a South-Sea-Islander to be suddenly taken up from his savage home and set down in one of the great cities of Europe, among the many strange objects which he would see, one of the most incomprehensible would be *a public library.*

A cathedral he would at once understand. Its vast area would suggest a counterpart in the enclosure which from his childhood onward he had known and feared as a place of worship. Its clustered pillars and lofty arches would bring to mind a well-remembered grove of old and stately trees, "with sounding walks between,"—the dreaded dwelling of some cruel deity, or the fit arena for some "abhorred rite." The altar, the priests, the reverent worshippers, would speak to his mind their own meaning.

A military parade he might comprehend without an interpreter's aid. The measured tread of gathered legions would, indeed, differ not a little from the wild rush of his own barbarous clan; the inspiring call of trumpet and horn, of fife and drum, blending with all those nameless instruments which make the music of war so splendid and so spirit-stirring, would be unlike the horrid, dissonant noises with which the savage sounds out his bloody errand; but the object and purpose of the show would be seen at a glance, and would wake up all the warrior in his bosom.

A festive gathering of lords and ladies gay would be quite an intelligible affair, and the more closely he should look into the particulars of the transaction, the more numerous, it is possible, might be the points of resemblance between the barbaric and the fashionable assembly.

A gallery of paintings, adorned with the proudest trophies of genius, might not be altogether without meaning; for though the savage would look upon the creations of Raphael or Titian with somewhat such an eye as that with which Caliban looked upon Miranda, yet the uses of such a collection, which the price of his own kingdom could not buy, would not be entirely beyond his comprehension.

But *a public library* would be too much for him. It would prove a mystery quite beyond his reach. Its design and its utility would be alike incomprehensible. The front of the edifice within which the library was placed might indeed command his admiration; and, within, the lofty arches, the lengthened aisles, and the labyrinthine succession of apartments might attract and bewilder him. The books, even, rising one above another in splendid lines and dressed in gilt and purple and green, might seem to his savage eye a very pretty sight; though they would please that eye just as well if carved and colored upon the solid wall, or if, as has been the fancy of certain owners of libraries, the volumes had been wrought from solid wood,—fit books for the wooden heads that owned them.

The mystery of the library, to the savage, would be *the books in it*,—what they were, what they were for, and why they were thought worthy to be lodged in a building so imposing, and watched with such jealous care. If he should linger among the apartments for reading, and watch the movements of the inmates, his wonder would be likely to increase. His eye might rest upon Dr. Dryasdust, the antiquarian, as with anxious look and bustling air he rushes into one closet after another, takes volume after volume from its dusty retreat, looks into each as the conjuring priest at home looks into a tree or a stone to see the spirit within, and, after copying from each in strange characters, stuffs the manuscript into his pocket, and walks off as proudly as though, like the self-same priest, he had caught and bagged the spirit in some fetich, amulet, or medicine-bag. The man of science sits for hours unconscious of the presence of the wondering savage, and seems more and more bewildered as he gazes upon a single page. The savage watches the poet reading a favorite author, and marvels at the mysterious influence that dilates his eye, and kindles his cheek, and sends madness through his frame. He is astonished at the reader of fiction, looking upon what seems to him a vacant page, and yet seeming to see in its enchanted lines a world of spirits,—living, moving, talking, walking, loving, hating, fighting, dying. Should he seek an explanation of the enigma, the explanation would rather deepen than solve the mystery. Here is a volume, his interpreter might say, by the aid of whose characters the shipmaster can guide his vessel to your island-home as easily as you can follow a forest path. From this volume you can learn the story of that famous white captain who first landed upon your shores, in the days of your great-grandfather, and was there killed and buried; and—mystery above mystery—in this little book, which gives an account of the discovery of your country by the white man, will be found the sufficient reason why his majesty, our king, has a right to burn your towns, to shoot down your people, to take possession of your land and bring you hither as a captive; all by authority of discovery, and of a title-deed from some king or other potentate who never saw the country which he gave away.

This lesson concerning the nature and value of books would probably be quite enough for once, and would send the poor barbarian away, well satisfied that a book was indeed a very wonderful thing, and that a collection of books well deserved to be deposited in a building so adorned and so secure.

Were our savage to remain longer among his civilized brethren, and gradually to master the mysteries of their social state, his estimate of the influence of books would be likely to gather strength. To say nothing of their past influence in bringing a nation up to a point at which he could only wonder and be silent, their present power to determine the character and destiny of single individuals might startle and surprise him. A few pages in a single volume fall as it were by chance under the eye of a boy in his leisure hours. They fascinate and fix his attention; they charm and hold his mind; and the result is that the boy becomes a sailor and is wedded to the sea for his life. No force nor influence can undo the work begun by those few pages; no love of father or mother, no temptation of money or honor, no fear of suffering or disgrace, is an overmatch for the enchantment conjured up and sustained by that exciting volume. A single book has made the boy a seaman for life,—perhaps a pirate, wretched in his life and death. Another book meets the eye of another youth, and wakes in his bosom holy aspirations, which, all his life after, burn on in the useless flames of a painful asceticism, or in a kindly love to God and man. Another youth in an unhappy hour meets still another volume, and it makes him a hater of his fellow-man and a blasphemer of his God. One book makes one man a believer in goodness and love and truth; another book makes another man a denier or doubter of these sacred verities. . . .

Books, as an element of influence, are becoming more and more important, and reading is the employment of a widening circle. Books of all sorts are now brought within the reach of most persons who desire to read them. The time has gone by when the mass of the community were restricted to a score or two of volumes,—the Bible, one or two works of devotion, two or three standard his tories, and a half-dozen novels. Many intelligent men can recollect the time when all the books on which they could lay their hands were few, and were read and re-read till they were dry as a remainder biscuit or as empty as a thrice-threshed sheaf.

There are ladies now living, who were well educated for their time, to whom the loan or the gift of a new book was an important event in their history, making a winter memorable, and now their daughters or grand-daughters despatch a novel or a poem before dinner. All the known books for children, two generations ago, were some half a score; whereas at present new "juveniles" are prepared by the hundred a year, and the library of a child ten years old is very often more numerous and costly than was that of many a substantial and intelligent household. The minds of tens of thousands are stimulated and occupied with *books*, *books*, *books*, from three years old onward through youth and manhood. We read when we sit, when we lie down, and when we ride; sometimes when we eat and when we walk. When we travel we encounter a moving library on every railway-car and a fixed library at every railway-station. Books are prepared for railway reading, and *Railway Library* is the title of more than one series of books in America, England, France, and Germany. We read when we are well and when we are ill, when we are busy and when we are idle, and some even die with a book in hand. There is little use for the caution nowadays, "Beware of the man of one book." If it be true, as it may be, that single books make an impression less marked and decisive than formerly, so that a bad or inferior book may do less harm than it once did, it is also true that bad books and inferior books are far more common than they once were. Their poison is also more subtle and less easily detected, for as the taste of readers becomes omnivorous it becomes less discriminating. Besides, the readiness with which good men, and men sturdy in their principles too, read books which they despise and abhor, has introduced a freedom of practice on this subject at which other generations would have stood aghast. In many cases, too, if the principles are not corrupted by reading, the taste is vitiated; or, if nothing worse happens, delicacy of appreciation suffers from the amount of intellectual food which is forced upon us, and the satisfaction is far less keen and exquisite than was enjoyed by readers of a few books of superior merit. . . .

It was said of Edmund Burke, who was a great reader and a great thinker also, that he read every book as if he were never to see it a second time, and thus made it his own, a possession for life. Were his example imitated, much time would be saved that is spent in recalling things half remembered, and in taking up the stitches of lost thoughts. A greater loss than that of time would be avoided,—the loss of the dignity and power which are possessed by him who keeps his mind tense, active, and wakeful. It is very common to give the rule thus: "Whatever is worth reading at all is worth reading well." If by "well" is intended with the utmost stretch of attention, it is not literally true; for there are books which serve for pastime and amusement, books which can be run through when we are more or less fagged or ill, and cannot and ought not to put forth our utmost energies of body and mind. Then there are books which we may look through, as a merchant runs over the advertisements in a newspaper,—taking up the thoughts that interest and concern us especially, as the magnet takes and holds the iron filings that are scattered through a handful of sand. But if every part of a book be equally worthy our regard, as the writings of Arnold, Grote, Merivale, Gibbon, Burke, Webster, Milton, Shakespeare, or Scott, then should the entire energy of attention be aroused during the time of reading. The page should be read as if it were never to be seen a second time; the mental eye should be fixed as if there were no other object to think of; the memory should grasp the facts (*i.e.*, the dates, incidents, etc.) like a vice; the impressions should be distinctly and sharply received; the feelings should glow intensely at all that is worthy and burn with indignation at everything which is bad. For the want of this habit, thoroughly matured and made permanent, time is wasted, negligent habits are formed, the powers of the mind are systematically weakened by the very exercise which should give them strength, and reading, which ought to arouse and strengthen the intellect, produces, with many, no deeper and more abiding impression than the shifting pictures of a magic-lantern, or the fantastic groupings of the kaleidoscope,—first a bewildering show, then confusion and vacancy.

There is nowadays a special danger from this inattention. So many books are written which are good enough in their way, and yet are the food for easy—*i.e.*, lazy—reading, and they are so cheap withal, so much excitement prevails in respect to them, that an active mind is in danger of knowing many things superficially and nothing well, of being driven through one volume after another with such breathless haste as to receive few clear impressions and no lasting influences.

Passive reading is the evil habit against which most readers need to be guarded, and to overcome which, when formed, requires the most manful and persevering efforts. The habit is the natural result of a profusion of books and the indolence of our natures and our times, which desires to receive thoughts,—or, more exactly, pictures,—

many of which are thin, hazy, and evanescent, rather than vigorously to react against them by an effort that thinks them over and makes them one's own. It is the intellectual dyspepsia which is induced by a plethora of intellectual diet, if that may be called intellectual which is the weak dilution of thought. Almost better not read at all than to read in such a way. Certainly it is better to be forced to steal a half-hour from sleep, after a day of bodily toil, or to depend for your reading on an hour at a mid-day nooning when your fellow-laborers are asleep, if you but fix your whole mind on what you read, than to dawdle away weeks and months in turning over the leaves of hundreds of volumes in search for something new, which is feebly conceived, as lazily dismissed, and as stupidly forgotten. Better read one history, one poem, or one novel, well, if it takes a year to despatch it at stolen intervals of time, than lazily to consume twelve hours of the day in a process which wastes the time, and, what is worse, wastes the intellect, the fancy, and the living soul.

But how is the attention to be controlled? How can this miserable passiveness be prevented or overcome? Rules in great number have been prescribed. All sorts of directions have been devised. An ingenious author has advised that each sentence should be read through at a single breath, the breath being retained until the sentence is finished. Some advise to read with the pen in hand; others, to make a formal analysis of every volume; others, to repeat to ourselves, or to recite to others, the substance of each page and chapter. These, and other devices, are all of service in their way, and some of them we will consider in their appropriate place. But their chief value turns upon this, that they induce an interest or require an interest, either direct or indirect, in the subject-matter which is read. Whatever awakens the interest will be certain to fix and hold the attention. The hired lad in the country who steals an hour from sleep or rest, that he may get on a few pages in the odd volume of Plutarch or Rollin, which, having fallen in his way, has begun to unfold before his astonished gaze the till then unknown history of the ancient world,—the errand-boy of the city, who stands trembling at the book-stall, lest the surly proprietor should cut short his borrowed pleasure from the page which he devours,—these need no artificial device to teach them to hold the mind to the book, or to retain its contents. The great secret of their attention is to be found in the fresh interest with which they lay hold of the thoughts of the pictured page, and this remains ever the great secret of the habit of successful reading even to the mind that has been disciplined to the most amazing feats of application. There are no arts of attention, no arts of memory, which can be compared with this natural and certain condition of success.

Daniel Webster was one of the most earnest and intelligent of readers all his life long. His favorite authors were read and re-read with a passionate fondness. His critical conversations upon the standard poets and essayists and orators of the English tongue are still remembered and quoted by those who were present to hear when the mood and opportunity of discourse were upon him. In one of the last evenings of his life he beguiled the weariness of his attendants by reciting a poem from Cowper. How he came to be so successful and so intelligent a reader is explained in his autobiography. Whatever he read, he read so often and so earnestly that he learned to repeat it. "We had so few books," he says, "that to read them once or twice was nothing; we thought they were all to be got by heart." A small circulating library had been established in the neighborhood by his father and other persons, and among the books which he obtained from it was the Spectator. "I could not understand why it was necessary that the author of the Spectator should take such great pains to prove that Chevy Chase was a good story; that was the last thing I doubted." He tells us, "In those boyish days there were two things which I did dearly love, viz., reading and playing,—passions which did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over."

The man or boy who reads with attention thus quickened cannot read amiss if what he reads is worth perusing. Of his habits when a student he says, "Many other students read more than I did and knew more than I did. But so much as I read I made my own. When a half-hour, or an hour at most, had elapsed, I closed my book, and thought on what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in my memory, and commonly could effect my object."

Sir Edward Sugden explained to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton the secret of his professional success in the following words: "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but at the end of the twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection." (*Mem. of Sir T. F. Buxton*, ch. xxiv.)

He who would read with attention must learn to be interested in what he reads. He must feel wants or learn to create wants which must be supplied. If it be history that he would read with attention, he must feel deficiencies that will not let him rest till they are supplied; he must be moved by a desire that will command its object. Is it poetry or fiction? He must be excited by a restless appetite that longs to be amused with new pictures, or diverted by humorous scenes, or stirred by lofty ideals, or charmed by poetical melody, and that grows by what it feeds on. And the man must master, and not be mastered by, his increasing stock of knowledge and his treasured products of the imagination. He must exercise great and still greater energy in judging and applying the acquisitions he has made, making them accompany his musings, feed his memory, animate his principles, and guide his life.

AN ANCIENT CHARIOT-RACE.

LEWIS WALLACE.

[General Wallace struck a rich vein when he entered the field of the historical novel. Not that it had not been abundantly worked before, but that he is peculiarly qualified for the task. His romance of "Ben-Hur" probably owes its success mainly to its vivid delineation of scenes from the life of Jesus, but as a general picture of life and character in the Roman empire at that period it is admirable. From its many striking scenes we extract the following description of a chariot-race, which is told with such spirit that the reader seems bodily transported to the amphitheatre of fair Antioch and made a personal witness of its sports. General Wallace was born in Indiana about 1828. He served with distinction in the civil war, becoming major-general in 1862. In 1881 he was appointed United States minister to Constantinople, which position he held until 1885.]

THE trumpet sounded short and sharp; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable.

Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the trampling of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men; instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the Circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited!—this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

"He is come!—there—look!" cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

"I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a multitude came to her, and she understood ever afterward how, at such times, the souls of men, in the frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the Circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

This line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for,—the position next the division wall on the inner line of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true,—

> "It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
> And to be swift is less than to be wise,"—

all on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance—just one—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them, —Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths,—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought,—in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage-poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them,—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted,—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn,—limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers,—every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly; and with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction of the deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable,—a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore-leg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds: a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined,—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life, even, should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion, on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune: he did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction,—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity, and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the four but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvellous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches: the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy, eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face,—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared, and then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Cæsarean period,—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened,—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centred chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent—or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see! I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us! Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect: slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed.

As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound: they screamed, and howled, and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story:

> "First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
> With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
> Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
> And seem just mounting on his car behind;
> Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
> And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees."

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunction.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for halfway round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment, Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again, and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs,—

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse,—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women,—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent-home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! steady! The work is done,—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction,—that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given,—the magnificent response,—the four close outside Messala's outer wheel,—Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car: all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another, and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

AN ARTIST IN WHITEWASH.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

[The author from whom we now quote, familiarly known by his *nom de plume* of Mark Twain, is a native of Missouri, where he was born in 1835. In early life he was a Mississippi steamboat pilot, and afterwards lived in Nevada and California, where his fine powers as a humorist first began to display themselves. He has since travelled much, and has written several works, mainly devoted to the results of actual observation, yet so brimming over with fun, and giving such ludicrous interpretations to simple facts, as to have made Mark Twain the most popular of American humorists. His wit is never simple extravagance, but has a distinct flavor of its own; nor does it ever descend into coarseness, like the fun of many of our popular humorists. To the extract from the life of "Tom Sawyer" we append one of the most amusing of his conversational episodes,—his description of the befogging of the Genoese guide in "The Innocents Abroad."]

[Tom Sawyer, having offended his guardian, Aunt Polly, is punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.]

TOM appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. . . .

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work,—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it,—bits of toys, marbles, and trash,—enough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently,—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump,—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard, and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance,—for he was personating the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!"—his right hand, mean time, describing stately circles, for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line. *Lively* now! Come—out with your spring line—what're you about there? Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! *Sh't! sh't! sh't!*" (trying the gauge-cocks).

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment, and then said,—

"Hi-*yi! you're* up a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said, "Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly, and said,—

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work*, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said,—

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered, carelessly,—

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said,—

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind: "No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know; but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it——"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say, I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here— No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard——"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer "Big Missouri" worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it,—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain.

BEFOGGING A GUIDE.

European guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would; and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration. It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more,—we never admired anything,—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our own serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice, than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion, before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation,—full of impatience. He said,—

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself! —write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen? Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down, and said,—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo——"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now, you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass,—procured for such occasions:

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America, oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America? No,—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, *corpo di Bacco!*—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know. I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,—happy combination,—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner: guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last,—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name? he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. '*Gyptian* mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before.

Foreign locality, likely. Mummy,—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"Oh, *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now! what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!* Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or, by George, we'll brain you!"

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say. . . .

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

A GARLAND OF FLOWER-POEMS.

We might fairly look upon flowers as created for the use of the poets, when we consider their lack of adaptation to life's practical uses, and their beauty and delicacy of form and color, which make each flower almost a poem in itself. Or we might rather view the flowers as brilliant similes in Nature's great poem, into which they flash new meanings, as a poet's simile often lights up a weary length of verse. Though the varied charms of the flower-kingdom have lent their grace to long epochs of poetry, they still reveal new and deeper beauties and relations to the imaginative intellect, and the modern bard finds them as indispensable to his song as did old Chaucer, or remote singers far older than Chaucer. As the bee still finds new honey in the flower-cup, so the poet never fails to discover fresh meaning in rose and lily, daisy and violet. As an introduction to our floral garland, we may give in full Longfellow's charming tribute to the flowers. In his verses they seem to gain new significance, and to fill as wide and brilliant a *rôle* in the world of thought as they do in the world of facts.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
  One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
  Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
  As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
  Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
  God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
  Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
  Written all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation
  In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
  Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being
  Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,—
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield.

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink.

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
  In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
  Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
  Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
  How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
  We behold their tender buds expand,—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
  Emblems of the bright and better land.

A poet of the last century thus sings the beauty and grace of one of the gems of the woodland depths:

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
  Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
  Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
  She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
  And sent soft waters murmuring by:
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
  I grieve to see your future doom;

They died,—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

The trailing arbutus, one of the earliest, and certainly the most fragrant and delicately beautiful, of the wild flowers of spring, is thus harmoniously wrought into verse by Rose Terry:

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone,
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or, more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,—
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
  Out of air and dew,
Starlight unimpassioned,
  Dawn's most tender hue,
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
  From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
  Veiled from Nature's heart
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
  An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
  Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood
    played.

Next in our garland of verse, as it is among the next to bloom in Nature's floral garland, comes the blue-eyed violet, the darling of spring. It calls up old and sad memories in the soul of our poet, reminiscences of vanished hopes and days of happiness long since flown.

O faint, delicious, spring-time violet,
  Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
  A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
  Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low,
  And sadder, than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
  And that beloved hour,
When Life hung ripening in Love's golden grace,
  Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
  The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky—Oh, pass, ye visions, pass!
  I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
  From which I ever flee?
O vanished Joy! O Love that art no more,
  Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
  Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
  Thy velvet leaf.

W. W. STORY.

To another of our poets the violet brings hopeful aspirations, and comes as a harbinger of a higher promise.

A VIOLET.

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
    The violet is here.

It all comes back: the odor, grace, and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated:
    It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be.
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places:
The old love shall look out from the old faces.
Veilchen! I shall have thee!

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

One of our most melodious and suggestive poets thus gracefully sings for us the song of

THE BLUEBELLS OF NEW ENGLAND.

The roses are a regal troop,
And modest folk the daisies;
But, Bluebells of New England,
To you I give my praises,—

To you, fair phantoms in the sun,
Whom merry Spring discovers,
With bluebirds for your laureates
And honey-bees for lovers.

The south wind breathes, and, lo! you throng
This rugged land of ours:
I think the pale-blue clouds of May
Drop down, and turn to flowers!

By cottage doors along the roads
You show your winsome faces,
And, like the spectre lady, haunt
The lonely woodland places.

All night your eyes are closed in sleep,
Kept fresh for day's adorning:
Such simple faith as yours can see
God's coming in the morning!

You lead me, by your holiness,
  To pleasant ways of duty;
You set my thoughts to melody,
  You fill me with your beauty.

Long may the heavens give you rain,
  The sunshine its caresses;
Long may the woman that I love
  Entwine you in her tresses.

T. B. ALDRICH.

In his tribute to the rhodora, Emerson gives us one of the most thoughtfully conceived and suggestive of his songs. It is like a well-cut jewel, all sparkle and beauty.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
  Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
  And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
  I never thought to ask, I never knew.
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
  The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

In conclusion we may offer the reader one of the most beautiful poems that Bryant ever wrote. It is the epitaph of the dying flowers,

and is a worthy successor to the bright forms whose passing away it chronicles.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

[Of our later historians none have attained a more deservedly high position than Francis Parkman, whose literary life-theme has been the relations of the French colonists of North America with the English and Indians. His works on this subject are almost exhaustive, and now comprise seven distinct historical essays, bringing the subject down from the first steps of colonization in Canada to the story of the French and Indian war, as detailed in his recently-published

"Montcalm and Wolfe." From the latter we extract an account of Braddock's defeat, presenting a clearly-detailed picture of the locality and incidents of the fight. Mr. Parkman is a native of Boston, where he was born in 1823.]

THE garrison consisted of a few companies of the regular troops stationed permanently in the colony, and to these were added a considerable number of Canadians. Contrecœur still held the command. Under him were three other captains, Beaujeu, Dumas, and Ligneris. Besides the troops and Canadians, eight hundred Indian warriors, mustered from far and near, had built their wigwams and camp-sheds on the open ground, or under the edge of the neighboring woods,—very little to the advantage of the young corn. Some were baptized savages settled in Canada,—Caughnawagas from Saut St. Louis, Abenakis from St. Francis, and Hurons from Lorette, whose chief bore the name of Anastase, in honor of that Father of the Church. The rest were unmitigated heathen,—Pottawattamies and Ojibwas from the northern lakes under Charles Langlade, the same bold partisan who had led them, three years before, to attack the Miamis at Pickawillany; Shawanoes and Mingoes from the Ohio; and Ottawas from Detroit, commanded, it is said, by that most redoubtable of savages, Pontiac. The law of the survival of the fittest had wrought on this heterogeneous crew through countless generations; and with the primitive Indian the fittest was the hardiest, fiercest, most adroit, and most wily. Baptized and heathen alike, they had just enjoyed a diversion greatly to their taste. A young Pennsylvanian named James Smith, a spirited and intelligent boy of eighteen, had been waylaid by three Indians on the western borders of the province and led captive to the fort. When the party came to the edge of the clearing, his captors, who had shot and scalped his companion, raised the scalp-yell; whereupon a din of responsive whoops and firing of guns rose from all the Indian camps, and their inmates swarmed out like bees, while the French in the fort shot off muskets and cannon to honor the occasion. The unfortunate boy, the object of this obstreperous rejoicing, presently saw a multitude of savages, naked, hideously bedaubed with red, blue, black, and brown, and armed with sticks or clubs, ranging themselves in two long parallel lines, between which he was told that he must run, the faster the better, as they would beat him all the way. He ran with his best speed, under a shower of blows, and had nearly reached the end of the course, when he was knocked down. He tried to rise, but was blinded by a handful of sand thrown into his face; and then they beat him till he swooned. On coming to his senses he found himself in the fort, with the surgeon opening a vein in his arm and a crowd of French and Indians looking on. In a few days he was able to walk with the help of a stick; and, coming out from his quarters one morning, he saw a memorable scene.

Three days before, an Indian had brought the report that the English were approaching; and the Chevalier de la Perade was sent out to reconnoitre. He returned on the next day, the seventh, with news that they were not far distant. On the eighth the brothers Normanville went out, and found that they were within six leagues of the fort. The French were in great excitement and alarm; but Contrecœur at length took a resolution, which seems to have been inspired by Beaujeu. It was determined to meet the enemy on the march, and ambuscade them, if possible, at the crossing of the Monongahela, or some other favorable spot. Beaujeu proposed the plan to the Indians, and offered them the war-hatchet; but they would not take it. "Do you want to die, my father, and sacrifice us besides?" That night they held a council, and in the morning again refused to go. Beaujeu did not despair. "I am determined," he exclaimed, "to meet the English. What! will you let your father go alone?" The greater part caught fire at his words, promised to follow him, and put on their war-paint. Beaujeu received the communion, then dressed himself like a savage and joined the clamorous throng. Open barrels of gunpowder and bullets were set before the gate of the fort, and James Smith, painfully climbing the rampart with the help of his stick, looked down on the warrior rabble as, huddling together, wild with excitement, they scooped up the contents to fill their powder-horns and pouches. Then, band after band, they filed off along the forest track that led to the ford of the Monongahela. They numbered six hundred and thirty-seven; and with them went thirty-six French officers and cadets, seventy-two regular soldiers, and a hundred and forty-six Canadians, or about nine hundred in all. At eight o'clock the tumult was over. The broad clearing lay lonely and still, and Contrecœur, with what was left of his garrison, waited in suspense for the issue.

It was near one o'clock when Braddock crossed the Monongahela for the second time. If the French made a stand anywhere, it would be, he thought, at the fording-place; but Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, whom he sent across with a strong advance-party, found no enemy, and quietly took possession of the farther shore. Then the main body followed. To impose on the imagination of the French scouts, who were doubtless on the watch, the movement was made with studied regularity and order. The sun was cloudless, and the men were inspirited by the prospect of near triumph. Washington afterwards spoke with admiration of the spectacle. The music, the banners, the mounted officers, the troop of light cavalry, the naval detachment, the red-coated regulars, the blue-coated Virginians, the wagons and tumbrils, cannon, howitzers, and coehorns, the train of pack-horses, and the droves of cattle, passed in long procession through the rippling shallows, and slowly entered the bordering forest. Here, when all were over, a short halt was ordered for rest and refreshment.

Why had not Beaujeu defended the ford? This was his intention in the morning; but he had been met by obstacles, the nature of which is not wholly clear. His Indians, it seems, had proved refractory. Three hundred of them left him, went off in another direction, and did not rejoin him till the English had crossed the river. Hence perhaps it was that, having left Fort Duquesne at eight o'clock, he spent half the day in marching seven miles, and was more than a mile from the fording-place when the British reached the eastern shore. The delay, from whatever cause arising, cost him the opportunity of laying an ambush either at the ford or in the gullies and ravines that channelled the forest through which Braddock was now on the point of marching.

Not far from the bank of the river, and close by the British line of march, there was a clearing and a deserted house that had once belonged to the trader Fraser. Washington remembered it well. It was here that he found rest and shelter on the winter journey homeward from his mission to Fort Le Bœuf. He was in no less need of rest at this moment; for recent fever had so weakened him that he could hardly sit his horse. From Fraser's house to Fort Duquesne the distance was eight miles by a rough path, along which the troops were now beginning to move after their halt. It ran inland for a little, then curved to the left and followed a course parallel to the river along the base of a line of steep hills that here bordered the valley. These and all the country were buried in dense and heavy forest, choked with bushes and the carcasses of fallen trees. Braddock has been charged with marching blindly into an ambuscade; but it was not so. There was no ambuscade; and had there been one he would have found it. It is true that he did not reconnoitre the woods very far in advance of the head of the column; yet, with this exception, he made elaborate dispositions to prevent surprise. Several guides, with six Virginian light-horsemen, led the way. Then, a musket-shot behind, came the vanguard; then three hundred soldiers, under Gage; then a large body of axe men, under Sir John Sinclair, to open the road; then two cannon, with tumbrils and tool-wagons; and lastly the rear-guard, closing the line, while flanking-parties ranged the woods on both sides. This was the advance-column. The main body followed with little or no interval. The artillery and wagons moved along the road, and the troops filed through the woods close on either hand. Numerous flanking-parties were thrown out a hundred yards and more to right and left; while, in the space between them and the marching column, the pack-horses and cattle, with their drivers, made their way painfully among the trees and thickets; since, had they been allowed to follow the road, the line of march would have been too long for mutual support. A body of regulars and provincials brought up the rear.

Gage, with his advance-column, had just passed a wide and bushy ravine that crossed their path, and the van of the main column was on the point of entering it, when the guides and light-horsemen in the front suddenly fell back; and the engineer, Gordon, then engaged in marking out the road, saw a man, dressed like an Indian, but wearing the gorget of an officer, bounding forward along the path. He stopped when he discovered the head of the column, turned, and waved his hat. The forest behind was swarming with French and savages. At the signal of the officer, who was probably Beaujeu, they yelled the war-whoop, spread themselves to right and left, and opened a sharp fire under cover of the trees. Gage's column wheeled deliberately into line, and fired several volleys with great steadiness against the now invisible assailants. Few of them were hurt; the trees caught the shot, but the noise was deafening under the dense arches of the forest. The greater part of the Canadians, to borrow the words of Dumas, "fled shamefully, crying, 'Sauve qui peut!'" Volley followed volley, and at the third Beaujeu dropped dead. Gage's two cannon were now brought to bear, on which the Indians, like the Canadians, gave way in confusion, but did not, like them, abandon the field. The close, scarlet ranks of the English were plainly to be seen through the trees and the smoke; they were moving forward, cheering lustily, and shouting, "God save the King!" Dumas, now chief in command, thought that all was lost. "I advanced," he says, "with the assurance that comes from despair, exciting by voice and gesture the few soldiers that remained. The fire of my platoon was so sharp that the enemy seemed astonished." The Indians, encouraged, began to rally. The French officers who commanded them showed admirable courage and address; and while Dumas and Ligneris, with the regulars and what was left of the Canadians, held the ground in front, the savage warriors, screeching their war-cries, swarmed through the forest along both flanks of the English, hid behind trees, bushes, and fallen trunks, or crouched in gullies and ravines, and opened a deadly fire on the helpless soldiery, who, themselves completely visible, could see no enemy, and wasted volley after volley on the impassive trees. The most destructive fire came from a hill on the English right, where the Indians lay in multitudes, firing from their lurking-places on the living target below. But the invisible death was everywhere,—in front, flank, and rear. The British cheer was heard no more. The troops broke their ranks and huddled together in a bewildered mass, shrinking from the bullets that cut them down by scores.

When Braddock heard the firing in the front, he pushed forward with the main body to the support of Gage, leaving four hundred men in the rear, under Sir Peter Halket, to guard the baggage. At the moment of his arrival Gage's soldiers had abandoned their two cannon, and were falling back to escape the concentrated fire of the Indians. Meeting the advancing troops, they tried to find cover behind them. This threw the whole into confusion. The men of the two regiments became mixed together; and in a short time the entire force, except the Virginians and the troops left with Halket, were massed in several dense bodies within a small space of ground, facing some one way and some another, and all alike exposed without shelter to the bullets that pelted them like hail. Both men and officers were new to this blind and frightful warfare of the savage in his native woods. To charge the Indians in their hiding-places would have been useless. They would have eluded pursuit with the agility of wildcats, and swarmed back, like angry hornets, the moment that it ceased. The Virginians alone were equal to the emergency. Fighting behind trees like the Indians themselves, they might have held the enemy in check till order could be restored, had not Braddock, furious at a proceeding that shocked all his ideas of courage and discipline, ordered them, with oaths, to form into line. A body of them under Captain Waggoner made a dash for a fallen tree lying in the woods, far out towards the lurking-places of the Indians, and, crouching behind the huge trunk, opened fire; but the regulars, seeing the smoke among the bushes, mistook their best friends for the enemy, shot at them from behind, killed many, and forced the rest to return. A few of the regulars also tried in their clumsy way to fight behind trees; but Braddock beat them with his sword, and compelled them to stand with the rest, an open mark for the Indians. The panic increased; the soldiers crowded together, and the bullets spent themselves in a mass of human bodies. Commands, entreaties, and threats were lost upon them. "We would fight," some of them answered, "if we could see anybody to fight with." Nothing was visible but puffs of smoke. Officers and men who had stood all the afternoon under fire afterwards declared that they could not be sure they had seen a single Indian. Braddock ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Burton to attack the hill where the puffs of smoke were thickest, and the bullets most deadly. With infinite difficulty that brave officer induced a hundred men to follow him; but he was soon disabled by a wound, and they all faced about. The artillerymen stood for some time by their guns, which did great damage to the trees and little to the enemy. The mob of soldiers, stupefied with terror, stood panting, their foreheads beaded with sweat, loading and firing mechanically, sometimes into the air, sometimes among their own comrades, many of whom they killed. The ground strewn with dead and wounded men, the bounding of maddened horses, the clatter and roar of musketry and cannon, mixed with the spiteful report of rifles and the yells that rose from the indefatigable throats of six hundred unseen savages, formed a chaos of anguish and terror scarcely paralleled even in Indian war. "I cannot describe the horrors of that scene," one of Braddock's officers wrote three weeks after: "no pen could do it. The yell of the Indians is fresh on my ear, and the terrific sound will haunt me till the hour of my dissolution."

Braddock showed a furious intrepidity. Mounted on horseback, he dashed to and fro, storming like a madman. Four horses were shot under him, and he mounted a fifth. Washington seconded his chief with equal courage; he too no doubt using strong language, for he did not measure words when the fit was on him. He escaped as by miracle. Two horses were killed under him, and four bullets tore his clothes. The conduct of the British officers was above praise. Nothing could surpass their undaunted self-devotion; and in their vain attempts to lead on the men, the havoc among them was frightful. Sir Peter Halket was shot dead. His son, a lieutenant in his regiment, stooping to raise the body of his father, was shot dead in turn. Young Shirley, Braddock's secretary, was pierced through the brain. Orme and Morris, his aides-de-camp, Sinclair, the quartermaster-general, Gates and Gage, both afterwards conspicuous on opposite sides in the War of the Revolution, and Gladwin, who, eight years later, defended Detroit against Pontiac, were all wounded. Of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or disabled; while out of thirteen hundred and seventy-three non-commissioned officers and privates, only four hundred and fifty-nine came off unharmed.

Braddock saw that all was lost. To save the wreck of his force from annihilation, he at last commanded a retreat; and as he and such of his officers as were left strove to withdraw the half-frenzied crew in some semblance of order, a bullet struck him down. The gallant bull-dog fell from his horse, shot through the arm into the lungs.

It is said, though on evidence of no weight, that the bullet came from one of his own men. Be this as it may, there he lay among the bushes, bleeding, gasping, unable even to curse. He demanded to be left where he was. Captain Stewart and another provincial bore him between them to the rear.

It was about this time that the mob of soldiers, having been three hours under fire, and having spent their ammunition, broke away in a blind frenzy, rushed back towards the ford, "and when," says Washington, "we endeavored to rally them, it was with as much success as if we had attempted to stop the wild bears of the mountains." They dashed across, helter-skelter, plunging through the water to the farther bank, leaving wounded comrades, cannon, baggage, the military chest, and the general's papers, a prey to the Indians. About fifty of these followed to the edge of the river. Dumas and Ligneris, who had now only about twenty Frenchmen with them, made no attempt to pursue, and went back to the fort, because, says Contrecœur, so many of the Canadians had "retired at the first fire." The field, abandoned to the savages, was a pandemonium of pillage and murder.

THE IDEA OF DEITY.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

[Octavius B. Frothingham may be regarded as the most radical and rationalistic of living Unitarian divines. In this religious position he succeeds Theodore Parker, though he differs from the latter both mentally and theologically. Intellectually he is of marked ability, while his culture has been broad and liberal. He was born in Boston in 1822. His father, Nathaniel B. Frothingham, was a Unitarian clergyman, of note both as a divine and as an author. Mr. Frothingham has published a number of works, from one of which, "The Religion of Humanity," we extract the following thoughtful essay on the persistence of the idea of God in the mind of man:]

AT the heart of all religions lie certain great ideas which they make it their business to interpret. They are the staple of religious thought. They are not the property of one faith, but are the common property of mankind; no more prominent in one faith than in another, but central in all faiths. Whence they come we know not. They always have been, and they are. Buddha did not invent them, nor Zoroaster. They are not the discovery of Moses or of Jesus. Each found them, took them, used them, built upon them the system that bears his name. These ideas give life to all religious speculation, warmth to all religious feeling. They constitute the framework which the heart and soul clothe with flesh. There has never been a religion without them; it is hard to conceive that there ever should be a religion without them. Science may rule them out of its province, philosophy may decline to deal with them; but religion stakes on them its very existence. It may be that religion will one day decline and pass away, giving place to philosophy and science; but until that day comes they will hold their ancient place and command their ancient respect, exercising thought and feeling and conviction as of old. What are these ideas which science disavows, of which philosophy takes no cognizance, and which religion claims as peculiarly its own? Here are some of them: God, Revelation, Incarnation, Atonement, Providence, Immortality. There may be others, but these are vital and cardinal. These every religion interprets after its manner, but no religion has authority to interpret them finally, or for any save its own adherents. Christianity offers an interpretation of them,—an interpretation that has stood two thousand years and has gained the assent of the most intelligent portions of mankind,—but the interpretation of Christianity is not the sole, authoritative, or final one. Though Christianity as a system of faith should pass away, these ideas would remain, to be set in new lights and loaded with fresh significance. Religions may succeed one another for thousands of years to come, but till the heart that warms them with life grows cold, till the devout affections from which they spring dry up, till awe and reverence and fear and hope and love and aspiration cease, these ideas will excite and charm and exalt, will try the mind, and test experience, and sound the deeps of feeling, and put imagination on new quest after the secret of spiritual life.

Let us look at the first-mentioned idea,—the idea of God by the light of the Religion of Humanity. About a century ago, in France and elsewhere in Europe the belief in God seemed passing away. The very name of God was spoken in derision, as a word that was no longer powerful to conjure by. A philosopher declined an article on God for his encyclopædia, saying the question of God had no significance. He who professed belief in God was blackballed at the clubs. A distinguished philosopher— I think it was David Hume—remarking in a philosophical company in Paris that he never saw an atheist, and did not believe there was one, a gentleman replied, "Well, you may have that pleasure now. Every man here is an atheist." In fact, for a brief period the belief in God had lost its hold on cultivated minds; materialism had the argument. But since then the ancient conviction has been taking heart, and has steadily pushed its antagonist to the wall. And this in the face of physical science, which has in these latter days attained prodigious growth, and has been sweeping gods and demi-gods out of the world as the housemaid sweeps chips and cobwebs from a parlor. Definitions of God have been vanishing, idols have been tumbling, symbols have been fading away, trinities have been dissolving, personalities have been waning and losing themselves in light or in shadow; but the Being has been steadily coming forward from the background, looming up from the abyss, occupying the vacant spaces, flowing into the dry channels, and taking possession of every inch of matter and mind. The mystery of it deepens, but the conviction of it deepens also. The great John Newman, the English Catholic, says, "Of all points of faith, the being of a God is encompassed with most difficulty and *borne in upon our minds with most power*." Ernest Renan, to whom the word "religion" means about as little as it does to anybody, writes in a somewhat similar strain: "Under one form or another, God will always stand for the full expression of our supersensual needs. He will ever be the category of the Ideal, the form under which things eternal and divine are conceived. The word may be a little clumsy, perhaps, it may need to be interpreted in senses more and more refined, but it will never be superseded." Etienne Vacherot, a scholar and a philosopher of the finest intellectual grain, a man of pure intelligence, who believes that religion under every form belongs to the childhood of mankind and is destined to pass away and be supplanted by philosophy, as it is already in educated minds, will not let go the thought of the absolutely perfect Being. Pantheism is to him the last impiety, because it identifies this Being with an imperfect, undeveloped universe, and so drags perfection down to mere conditions. Atheism is intolerable because it abolishes the ideal world altogether, and leaves man nothing to aspire after. The personal God of the theist he will not accept, for He is too much like a man. His deity must be of the most refined intellectuality, the most ethereal texture of spirit; but so far from being unreal or attenuated, He is the most solid and positive entity there is. The avowed atheist—for there are such—finds it harder to put his creed into words and to adjust it to the human mind than ever Athanasius did to define his doctrine of trinity. You cannot push him into a corner; you cannot make him avow his unbelief in unqualified terms; you cannot compel him to back out of the region of confessed divinity. He retires beyond the reach of definition, but not beyond the reach of thought.

Comte says, "The principle of theology is to explain everything by supernatural wills. That principle can never be set aside until we acknowledge the search for *causes* to be beyond our reach, and limit ourselves to the knowledge of *laws*." And again, "The universal religion adopts as its fundamental dogma the fact of the existence of an order which admits of no variation, and to which all events of every kind are subject. That there is such an order can be shown as a fact, but it cannot be explained." How can a man who uses those tremendous words "law" and "order" hesitate to use the other tremendous words "cause" and "God"? What is *law* but steady, continuous, persistent, consistent power; cumulative, urgent, regulated power; power moving along even tracks and pressing towards distinct aims; power with a past behind it and a future before; power that is harmonious, rhythmical, as he calls it himself, *orderly?* Can he conceive of such a power as unintelligent? Can he conceive of it as intelligent and purposeless? Can he conceive of it as purposeful and yet as uncausing? Does not the very word "force," as science uses it, compel the association with mind and will? And can we think of mind and will without thinking with the same brain-throb of wisdom and goodness? It seems as if one must have completely suppressed in his memory the constitution of the human mind, to help being dragged by such overbearing words as "law" and "force" and "order" upward out of all the meshes of materialism towards the Infinite and Perfect One. It is logical precision itself that lends wings. The very stones of fact become ethereal, and float us upon the eternal sea.

Whither, cries the Psalmist, whither shall I go from thy spirit, whither shall I flee from thy presence? Whither, indeed! In the metaphysical as in the physical world the divine Omnipresence is inevitable. If we ascend up into the thin ether of thought, there, in the still, rarefied atmosphere of ideas, is He. If we make our bed in hell among coarse conceptions and wild, animal passions, there, among sensualists, scoffers, and blasphemers, a dark, shadowy, brooding terror, is He. If we take the wings of the morning and speed away to the uttermost parts of the sea, there, among fossil shells and petrified bones, the skeletons of monstrous creatures, the hideous wastes and wildernesses of the pre-Adamite world, there, in the formless void, there, in the writhing convolutions of the cooling fire-mist, is He, leading and holding with his unseen but omnipotent hand.

But, while thus with firm and eager asseveration we declare that God is, with asseveration equally firm and resolute we declare that He is unsearchable. This is as truly, as universally, a doctrine of religion as the other. The old Hebrew Bible is emphatic on this point: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" "It is high as heaven: what canst thou do? deeper than hell: what canst thou know?" "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters: thy footsteps are not known." The Christian Scriptures echo the strain: "The Light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." "No man hath seen God at any time." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." Job is dumb, lays his hand on his mouth, and says, penitently, "I have spoken what I did not understand, what I did not know." The Psalmist exclaims, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me." The prophet hides his face before the Lord.

Christian teachers have with one voice proclaimed the doctrine of a hidden God. It was the background of every other doctrine. The eloquent language of Hooker embodies in devout and tender phrase the thought of generations of theologians, divines, and mystics: "It is dangerous for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High, whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him, and that our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, whereby we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness beyond our capacity and reach." Henry Mansell, the champion of the severest orthodoxy, writes, "The conception of the Absolute and Infinite, from whatever side we view it, appears encompassed with contradictions. There is a contradiction in supposing such an object to exist, and there is a contradiction in supposing it not to exist. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as one, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as many. There is a contradiction in conceiving it as personal, and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as impersonal. It cannot, without contradiction, be represented as active, nor, without equal contradiction, be represented as inactive. It cannot be conceived as the sum of all existence; nor yet can it be conceived as a part only of that sum." With equal force and solemnity Herbert Spencer, whom the unreflecting call a foe to religion, writes, "In all directions, our investigations bring us face to face with an insoluble enigma; and we ever more clearly perceive it to be an insoluble enigma. We learn at once the greatness and littleness of the human intellect,—its power in dealing with all that comes within the range of experience, its impotence in dealing with all that transcends experience. We realize with a special vividness the utter incomprehensibleness of the simplest fact considered in itself. The scientific man, more truly than any other, *knows* that in its essence nothing can be known." Thus from all sides comes the same confession. Thus in all places we see all sorts of men building altars to the unknown and unknowable God. From the orthodox dogmatist, who affirms that "a God understood would be no God at all," that "to think that God is, as we can think him to be, is blasphemy," to the Unitarian believer, who says, "Until we touch upon the mysterious we are not in contact with religion, nor are any objects reverently regarded by us except such as from their nature or their vastness are felt to transcend our comprehension," the testimony is unanimous.

Every seeker brings back the same report. Science scales all heights and sounds all abysses, counts the stars, turns over the granite leaves of the globe's history, bathes in the light of the morning and broods amid the shadows of the evening, and comes back from ocean-caverns and mountain-peaks, from beds of fossils and from the silvery pavement of the Milky Way, with the same unvarying message: "There are footprints, but He that made them could not be found."

Intellect takes up the quest. The designed shows the Designer. But what does the apparently undesigned show? The watchmaker makes a watch; but who makes the gold, the platinum, the steel, the diamond? Who sets on foot the laws that bid its mechanism run? The watchmaker puts things nicely together; but whence came the things? Whence came the properties in the metals and springs? Whence came the possibility of their doing anything when put together? Whence came the watchmaker? Whence the watchmaker's brain? Whence the tingling sensation that he calls thought? Again the hand is upon the mouth.

The heart sends out over the waste of waters the dove of its tender feeling; but the wearied wing finds no resting-place on the boundless billow. The timid bird hurries back to its home, in its mouth no message but an olive-branch, the symbol of peace.

With sturdy resolution conscience goes forth to sound the dim and perilous way. But the scent is lost amidst the jungles and rocky passes of the world. Terrified by the glare of the tiger, the spring of the leopard, the coil of the serpent, the sting of the reptile, horror-stricken by triumphant iniquity and bleeding equity, shocked at seeing a Tiberius on the throne and a Jesus on the cross, Nero an emperor and Epictetus a slave, it loses the thread of the moral law, and recoils from problems it cannot confront. With the lamp of duty pressed faithfully against its bosom, it stands with bended head and waits.

Boldest of all, the soul plumes her wings of faith for a flight to the very empyrean itself. Her pinions of aspiration bear her above the earth; she distances vision, outruns the calculations of the mathematician, leaves time and space behind, with open eye looks steadily at the sun. But the sun itself is a shadow. Light there is, a shoreless ocean of light, atmospheres glowing with its radiance, throbbing with its gracious undulations; on its waves she floats serenely; in its silence she rests at peace. But no voice breaks the silence, no form of creative godhead walks on the sea of glory. The soul must be content to find a home as wide as infinite thought, as warm as eternal love, but never to see the fashioner of it, never to find the soft bosom of the mother in whose breast it can nestle. She dwells in a castle of air, built by the vapors exhaled from tears, and made gorgeous by the upward-slanting light of her hope.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

[Of the American authors who have dealt with the history, manners, and customs of the American Indians, Henry Rowe Schoolcraft stands first as a close and exhaustive student, and in his voluminous works has done more than any one man besides to preserve from loss the legends, conditions, and customs of the rapidly-vanishing and as rapidly-changing tribes of North America. Mr. Schoolcraft was born near Albany, New York, in 1793, and died in 1864. His life was spent in great part among the Indians, mainly in the employment of the government, his most important work being "On the Indian Tribes of the United States," in six quarto volumes, published by Congress, 1851–57. From the first volume of this work we make the following extract. It must be admitted that in it we have the simplicity of the Indian legend translated into imaginative English and adorned with graces not native to the original. But it is certainly the more readable from this civilized new dressing.]

THERE was once a beautiful girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young hunter. He had also proved his bravery in war, so that he enjoyed the praises of his tribe; but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He wholly neglected both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and, as he walked on, finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found he had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became pure and mild, the dark clouds had rolled away from the sky, a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went forward in his journey he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the song of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It took him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young man began to tell his story, but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a short time since, and, being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, and refreshed himself by rest, they both issued forth from the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said he, "and the wide-stretching plain beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle and your dog. You will find them safe upon your return." So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no bloodshed there. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the images or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in the land of souls.

When he had travelled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of white shining stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. It seemed to be the shadow of his own. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from the shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and, at a distance, looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; but what added to it was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of bones of beings who had perished before.

The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the thoughts and acts of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females, of all ages and ranks, were there: some passed and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests; there was no ice, nor chilly winds; no one shivered for the want of warm clothes; no one suffered for hunger; no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. Animals ran freely about, but there was no blood spilled in hunting them; for the air itself nourished them. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice, as if it were a soft breeze. "Go back," said the voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the acts of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you will observe will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit which you have followed, but whom you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."

When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy-work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows and hunger, death and tears.

MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.

HENRY CLAY.

[Political oratory in America displayed a more rapid development than any other field of thought, and in this direction the New World had attained to the full European standard while yet its literary evolution had scarcely begun. This is mainly due to the fact of the freedom of opinion in politics, and the rapid succession of new and vital questions in American statesmanship, through which thought was irresistibly drawn in this direction, while the audience for purely literary labors was yet unborn. Of the celebrated orators of the first half of this century Henry Clay shared with Webster the honor of being the "first in place," though his efforts have not gained the standing in literature attained by the vigorously logical orations of his great contemporary. Clay's power lay largely in his faculty of pleasing his audiences, almost of fascinating them,—a quality in which no other American orator has equalled him. His orations, as read, do not show the source of his entrancing power, which was personal rather than logical. Yet he had great knowledge of human nature, and quickness in perceiving salient points, with a brilliancy of language and a charm of manner which won him many senatorial victories. We can say little here of his political life. He was always a strong advocate of protection of American industries, and originated the Whig party of a generation ago. He early, also, sought to relieve Kentucky, his adopted State, from the stain of slavery. Yet he was the great advocate of "Compromises," and succeeded for years in checking the spirit of conflict which broke out in irrepressible fury after his death. He was born in 1777, and died in 1852.]

I WILL not trespass much longer upon the time of the committee; but I trust I shall be indulged with some few reflections upon the danger of permitting the conduct on which it has been my painful duty to animadvert, to pass without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this House. Recall to your mind the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

> "Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
> A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian whether he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties shall be eternal. If a Roman citizen had been asked whether he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country! The celebrated Madame de Staël, in her last and perhaps her best work, has said that in the very year, almost the very month, when the president of the Directory declared that monarchy would never show its frightful head in France, Bonaparte with his grenadiers entered the palace of St. Cloud, and, dispersing with the bayonet the deputies of the people, deliberating on the affairs of the state, laid the foundation of that vast fabric of despotism which overshadowed all Europe.

I hope not to be misunderstood; I am far from intimating that General Jackson cherishes any designs inimical to the liberties of the country. I believe his intentions to be pure and patriotic. I thank God that he would not, but I thank Him still more that he could not if he would, overturn the liberties of the Republic. But precedents, if bad, are fraught with the most dangerous consequences. Man has been described, by some of those who have treated of his nature, as a bundle of habits. The definition is much truer when applied to governments. Precedents are their habits. There is one important difference between the formation of habits by an individual and by government. He contracts it only after frequent repetition. A single instance fixes the habit and determines the direction of governments.

Against the alarming doctrine of unlimited discretion in our military commanders, when applied even to prisoners of war, I must enter my protest. It begins upon them; it will end on us. I hope our happy form of government is to be perpetual. But if it is to be preserved, it must be by the practice of virtue, by justice, by moderation, by magnanimity, by greatness of soul, by keeping a watchful and steady eye on the executive; and, above all, by holding to a strict accountability the military branch of the public force.

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest, portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the west, to enlighten and animate and gladden the human heart. Obscure that, by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness.

To you, Mr. Chairman, belongs the high privilege of transmitting unimpaired to posterity the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust by trampling or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity and cruelty and ambition? When the minions of despotism heard, in Europe, of the seizure of Pensacola, how did they chuckle, and chide the admirers of our institutions, tauntingly pointing to the demonstration of a spirit of injustice and aggrandizement made by our country in the midst of an amicable negotiation! "Behold," said they, "the conduct of those who are constantly reproaching kings!" You saw how those admirers were astounded and hung their heads. You saw, too, when that illustrious man who presides over us adopted his pacific, moderate, and just course, how they once more lifted up their heads, with exultation and delight beaming in their countenances. And you saw how those minions themselves were finally compelled to unite in the general praises bestowed upon our government. Beware how you forfeit this exalted character. Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet twoscore years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

I hope gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition; they may even vote the general the public thanks; they may carry him triumphantly through this House. But, if they do, in my humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination, a triumph of the military over the civil authority, a triumph over the powers of this House, a triumph over the Constitution of the land; and I pray most devoutly to heaven that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people.

A RIDE IN A PALACE-CAR.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

[Mrs. Jackson, long known in literature only by the anonymous title of H. H., gained under that alphabetic designation a high position in American authorship, both for the thoughtful character of her poetry and for the grace and beauty of her prose. Her two volumes of "Bits of Travel" are of high excellence as artistic works of literature, while their picturesque descriptions are exceedingly interesting. She subsequently gained fame as a novelist of the higher class, and as a defender of the Indians against persecution. Two of the most notable of her recent works are "A Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona," in the latter of which the Indian question is vigorously dealt with in a character-novel of unusual brilliancy. Mrs. Jackson was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1831, and was the daughter of Professor N. W. Fiske. She died in 1885.]

"THREE nights and four days in the cars!" These words haunted us and hindered our rest. What should we eat and drink, and wherewithal should we be clothed? No scripture was strong enough to calm our anxious thoughts; no friend's experience of comfort and ease on the journey sounded credible enough to disarm our fears. "Dust is dust," said we, "and railroad is railroad. All restaurant cooking in America is intolerable. We shall be wretched. Nevertheless, we go."

There is a handsome black boy at the Sherman House, Chicago, who remembers, perhaps, how many parcels of "life-preservers" of one kind and another were lifted into our drawing-room on the Pullman cars. But nobody else will ever know.

Our drawing-room? Yes, our drawing-room; and this is the plan of it. A small, square room, occupying the whole width of the car, excepting a narrow passage-way on one side; four windows, two opening on this passage-way and two opening out of doors; two doors, one opening into the car and one opening into a tiny closet, which held a washstand-basin. This closet had another door, opening into another drawing-room beyond. No one but the occupants of the two drawing-rooms could have access to the bath-closet. On one side of our drawing-room a long sofa; on the other two large arm-chairs, which could be wheeled so as to face the sofa. Two shining spittoons and plenty of looking-glass, hooks high up on the sides, and silver-plated rods for curtains overhead, completed the list of furniture. Room on the floor for bags and bundles and baskets; room, too, for a third chair,—and a third chair we had for a part of the way,—an easy-chair, with a sloping back, which belonged to another of these luxurious Pullman cars. A perplexing sense of domesticity crept over us as we settled into corners, hung up our cologne-bottles, and missed the cat! Then we shut both our doors, and smiled triumphantly into each other's faces, as the train glided out of the station. No one can realize until he has journeyed in the delightful quiet and privacy of these small drawing-rooms on the Pullman cars how much of the wear and tear of railroad travel is the result of the contact with people. Be as silent, as unsocial, as surly as you please, you cannot avoid being more or less impressed by the magnetism of every human being in the car. Their faces attract or repel; you like, you dislike, you wonder, you pity, you resent, you loathe. In the course of twenty-four hours you have expended a great amount of nerve-force, to no purpose; have borne hours of vicarious suffering, by which nobody is benefited. Adding to this hardly calculable amount of mental wear and tear the physical injury of breathing bad air, we sum up a total of which it is unpleasant to think. Of the two evils the last is the worst. The heart may, at least, try to turn away from unhappy people and wicked people to whom it can do no good. But how is the body to steel itself against unwashed people and diseased people with whom it is crowded, elbow to elbow, and knee to knee, for hours? Our first day in our drawing-room stole by like a thief. The noon surprised us, and the twilight took us unawares! By hundreds of miles the rich prairie-lands had unrolled themselves, smiled, and fled. On the very edges of the crumbling, dusty banks of our track stood pink, and blue, and yellow flowers, undisturbed. The homesteads in the distances looked like shining green fortresses, for nearly every house has a tree wall on two sides of it. The trees looked like poplars, but we could not be sure. Often we saw only the solid green square, the house being entirely concealed from view. As we drew near the Mississippi River, soft, low hills came into view on each side; tangled skeins of little rivers, shaded by tall trees, wound and unwound themselves side by side with us. A big bridge lay ready, on which we crossed; everybody standing on the platform of the cars, at their own risk, according to the explicit prohibition of the railroad company. Burlington looked well, high up on red bluffs; fine large houses on the heights, and pleasant little ones in the suburbs, with patches of vineyard in the gardens.

"Make your beds now, ladies?" said the chamber-man, whose brown face showed brighter brown for his gray uniform and brass buttons.

"Yes," we replied. "That is just what we most desire to see."

Presto! The seats of the arm-chairs pull out, and meet in the middle. The backs of the arm-chairs pull down, and lie flat on a level with the seats. The sofa pulls out, and opens into double width. The roof of our drawing-room opens and lets down, and makes two more bedsteads, which we, luckily, do not want; but from under their eaves come mattresses, pillows, sheets, pillow-cases, and curtains. The beds are made; the roof shut up again; the curtains hung across the glass part of the door; the curtains drawn across the passage-way windows; the doors shut and locked; and we undress as entirely and safely as if we were in the best bedroom of a house not made with wheels. Because we are so comfortable we lie awake a little, but not long; and that is the whole story of nights on the cars when the cars are built by Pullman and the sleeping is done in drawing-rooms.

Next morning, more prairie,—unfenced now, undivided, unmeasured, unmarked save by the different tints of different growths of grass or grain; great droves of cattle grazing here and there; acres of willow saplings, pale yellowish-green; and solitary trees, which look like hermits in a wilderness. These, and now and then a shapeless village, which looks even lonelier than the empty loneliness by which it is surrounded,—these are all for hours and hours. We think, "Now we are getting out into the great spaces." "This is what the word 'West' has sounded like." At noon we come to a spot where railway-tracks cross each other. The eye can follow their straight lines out and away, till they look like fine black threads flung across the green ground, purposeless, accidental. A train steams slowly off to the left; the passengers wave handkerchiefs to us, and we to them. They are going to Denver; but it seems as if they might be going to any known or unknown planet. One man alone—short, fat—is walking rapidly away into the wide Southern hemisphere. He carries two big, shining brass trombones. Where can he be going, and what can be the use of trombones? He looks more inexplicable than ten comets.

We cross the Missouri at Council Bluffs; begin grumbling at the railroad corporations for forcing us to take a transfer-train across the river; but find ourselves plunged into the confusion of Omaha before we have finished railing at the confusion of her neighbor. Now we see for the first time the distinctive expression of American overland travel. Here all luggage is weighed and rechecked for points further west. An enormous shed is filled with it. Four and five deep stand the anxious owners, at a high wooden wall, behind which nobody may go. Everybody holds up checks, and gesticulates and beckons. There seems to be no system; but undoubtedly there is. Side by side with the rich and flurried New-Yorker stands the poor and flurried emigrant. Equality rules. Big bundles of feather-beds, tied up in blue check, red chests, corded with rope, get ahead of Saratoga trunks. Many languages are spoken. German, Irish, French, Spanish, a little English, and all varieties of American, I heard during thirty minutes in that luggage-shed. Inside the wall was a pathetic sight,—a poor German woman on her knees before a chest which had burst open on the journey. It seemed as if its whole contents could not be worth five dollars,—so old, so faded, so coarse were the clothes and so battered were the utensils. But it was evidently all she owned; it was the home she had brought with her from the Fatherland, and would be the home she would set up in the prairie. The railroad men were good to her, and were helping her with ropes and nails. This comforted me somewhat; but it seemed almost a sin to be journeying luxuriously on the same day and train with that poor soul.

"Lunches put up for people going West." This sign was out on all corners. Piles of apparently ownerless bundles were stacked all along the platforms; but everybody was too busy to steal. Some were eating hastily, with looks of distress, as if they knew it would be long before they ate again. Others, wiser, were buying whole chickens, loaves of bread, and filling bottles with tea. Provident Germans bought sausage by the yard. German babies got bits of it to keep them quiet. Murderous-looking rifles and guns, with strapped rolls of worn and muddy blankets, stood here and there; murderous but jolly-looking miners, four-fifths boots and the rest beard, strode about, keeping one eye on their weapons and bedding. Well-dressed women and men with polished shoes, whose goods were already comfortably bestowed in palace-cars, lounged up and down, curious, observant, amused. Gay placards, advertising all possible routes; cheerful placards, setting forth the advantages of travellers' insurance policies; insulting placards, assuming that all travellers have rheumatism and should take "Unk Weed;" in short, just such placards as one sees everywhere,—papered the walls. But here they seemed somehow to be true and merit attention, especially the "Unk Weed." There is such a professional croak in that first syllable: it sounds as if the weed had a diploma.

All this took two or three hours; but they were short. "All aboard!" rung out like the last warning on Jersey City wharves when steamers push off for Europe; and in the twinkling of an eye we were out again in the still, soft, broad prairie, which is certainly more like sea than like any other land.

Again flowers and meadows, and here and there low hills, more trees, too, and a look of greater richness. Soon the Platte River, which seems to be composed of equal parts of sand and water, but which has too solemn a history to be spoken lightly of. It has been the silent guide for so many brave men who are dead! The old emigrant road, over which they went, is yet plainly to be seen; at many points it lies near the railroad. Its still, grass-grown track is strangely pathetic. Soon it will be smooth prairie again, and the wooden head-boards at the graves of those who died by the way will have fallen and crumbled.

Dinner at Fremont. The air was sharp and clear. The disagreeable guide-book said we were only eleven hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea; but we believed we were higher. The keeper of the dining-saloon apologized for not having rhubarb-pie, saying that he had just sent fifty pounds of rhubarb on ahead to his other saloon. "You'll take tea there to-morrow night."

"But how far apart are your two houses?" said we.

"Only eight hundred miles. It's considerable trouble to go back an' forth an' keep things straight; but I do the best I can."

Two barefooted little German children, a boy and girl, came into the cars here, with milk and coffee to sell. The boy carried the milk, and was sorely puzzled when I held out my small tumbler to be filled. It would hold only half as much as his tin measure, of which the price was five cents.

"Donno's that's quite fair," he said, when I gave him five cents. But he pocketed it, all the same, and ran on, swinging his tin can and pint cup, and calling out, "Nice fresh milk. Last you'll get! No milk any further west." Little rascal! We found it all the way; plenty of it, too, such as it was. It must be owned, however, that sage-brush and prickly pear (and if the cows do not eat these, what do they eat?) give a singularly unpleasant taste to milk; and the addition of alkali water does not improve it.

Toward night of this day, we saw our first Indian woman. We were told it was a woman. It was, appar ently, made of old india-rubber, much soaked, seamed, and torn. It was thatched at top with a heavy roof of black hair, which hung down from a ridge-like line in the middle. It had sails of dingy-brown canvas, furled loosely around it, confined and caught here and there irregularly, fluttering and falling open wherever a rag of a different color could be shown underneath. It moved about on brown, bony, stalking members, for which no experience furnishes name; it mopped, and mowed, and gibbered, and reached out through the air with more brown, bony, clutching members; from which one shrank as from the claws of a bear. "Muckee! muckee!" it cried, opening wide a mouth toothless, but red. It was the most abject, loathly living thing I ever saw. I shut my eyes and turned away. Presently I looked again. It had passed on; and I saw on its back, gleaming out from under a ragged calash-like arch of basket-work, a smooth, shining, soft, baby face, brown as a brown nut, silken as silk, sweet, happy, innocent, confiding, as if it were babe of a royal line, born in royal state. All below its head was helpless mummy,—body, legs, arms, feet bandaged tight, swathed in a solid roll, strapped to a flat board, and swung by a leathern band going around the mother's breast. Its great, soft, black eyes looked fearlessly at everybody. It was as genuine and blessed a baby as any woman ever bore. Idle and thoughtless passengers jeered the squaw, saying, "Sell us the pappoose." "Give you greenbacks for the pappoose." Then, and not till then, I saw a human look in the india-rubber face. The eyes could flash, and the mouth could show scorn, as well as animal greed. The expression was almost malignant, but it bettered the face; for it made it the face of a woman, of a mother.

At sunset, the clouds, which had been lying low and heavy all the afternoon, lifted and rolled away from the outer edge of the world. Thunder-storms swept around the horizon, followed by broken columns of rainbow, which lasted a second and then faded into gray. When we last looked out, before going to bed, we seemed to be whirling across the middle of a gigantic green disk, with a silver rim turned up all around, to keep us from falling off in case we should not put down the brakes quick enough on drawing near the edge.

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On the morning of the fourth day we looked out on a desert of sage-brush and sand; but the desert had infinite beauties of shape and the sage had pathos of color. Why has the sage-brush been so despised, so held up to the scorn of men? It is simply a miniature olive-tree. In tint, in shape, the resemblance is wonderful. Travellers never tire of recording the sad and subtle beauty of Mediterranean slopes, gray with the soft, thick, rounded tops of olive-orchards. The stretches of these sage-grown plains have the same tints, the same roundings and blendings of soft, thick foliage; the low sand-hills have endless variety of outline, and all strangely suggestive. There are fortresses, palisades, roof-slopes with dormer windows, hollows like cradles, and here and there vivid green oases. In these oases cattle graze. Sometimes an Indian stands guarding them, his scarlet legs gleaming through the sage, as motionless as the cattle he watches. A little further on we come to his home,—a stack of bare bean-poles, apparently on fire at the top; his family sitting by, in a circle, cross-legged, doing nothing. Then comes a tract of stony country, where the rocks seem also as significant and suggestive as the sand-hills,—castles, and pillars, and altars, and spires: it is impossible to believe that human hands have not wrought them.

For half of a day we looked out on such scenes as these, and did not weary. It is monotonous; it is desolate; but it is solemn and significant. The day will come when this gray wilderness will be red with roses, golden with fruit, glad and rich and full of voices.

At noon, at Evanstown, the observation-car was attached to the train: (when will railroad companies be wise enough to know that no train ought to be run anywhere without such an open car?) Twice too many passengers crowded in; everybody opened his umbrella in somebody else's eye and unfolded his map of the road on other knees than his own; but after a few miles the indifferent people and those who dreaded cinders, smoke, and the burning of skin drifted back again into the other cars, leaving the true lovers of sky, air, and out-door room to enjoy the cañons in peace.

What is a cañon? Only a valley between two high hills; that is all, though the word seems such a loud and compound mystery of warfare, both carnal and spiritual. But when the valley is thousands or tens of thousands of feet deep, and so narrow that a river can barely make its way through by shrinking and twisting and leaping; when one wall is a mountain of grassy slope and the other wall is a mountain of straight, sharp stone; when from a perilous road, which creeps along on ledges of the wall which is a mountain of stone, one looks across to the wall which is grassy slope, and down at the silver line of twisting, turning, leaping river, the word cañon seems as inadequate as the milder word valley! This was Echo Cañon. We drew near it through rocky fields almost as grand as the cañon itself. Rocks of red and pale-yellow color were piled up and strewn on either hand in a confusion so wild that it was majestic; many of them looked like gateways and walls and battlements of fortifications; many of them seemed poised on points, just ready to fall; others rose massive and solid, from terraces which stretched away beyond our sight. The railroad-track is laid (is hung would seem a truer phrase) high up on the right-hand wall of the cañon,—that is, on the wall of stone. The old emigrant road ran at the base of the opposite wall (the wall of grassy slopes), close on the edge of the river. Just after we entered the cañon, as we looked down to the river, we saw an emigrant party in sore trouble on that road. The river was high and overflowed the road; the crumbling, gravelly precipice rose up hundreds of feet sheer from the water; the cattle which the poor man was driving were trying to run up the precipice, but all to no purpose; the wife and children sat on logs by the wagon, apathetically waiting,—nothing to be done but to wait there in that wild and desolate spot till the river chose to give them right of way again. They were so many hundred feet below us that the cattle seemed calves and the people tiny puppets, as we looked over the narrow rim of earth and stone which upheld us in the air. But I envied them. They would see the cañon, know it. To us it would be only a swift and vanishing dream. Even while we are whirling through, it grows unreal. Flowers of blue, yellow, purple, are flying past, seemingly almost under our wheels. We look over them down into broader spaces, where there are homesteads and green meadows. Then the cañon walls close in again, and, looking down, we see only a silver thread of river; looking up, we see only a blue belt of sky. Suddenly we turn a sharp corner and come out on a broad plain. The cañon walls have opened like arms, and they hold a town named after their own voices, Echo City. The arms are mighty, for they are snow-topped mountains. The plain is green, and the river is still. On each side are small cañons, with green threads in their centres, showing where the streams come down. High up on the hills are a few little farm-houses, where Americans live and make butter, like the men of the Tyrol. A few miles further the mountains narrow again, and we enter a still wider gorge. This is Weber Cañon. Here are still higher walls and more wonderful rocks. Great serrated ledges crop out lengthwise the hills, reaching from top to bottom, high and thin and sharp. Two of these, which lie close together, with apparently only a pathway between (though they are one hundred feet apart), are called the Devil's Slide. Why is there so much unconscious tribute to that person in the uncultivated minds of all countries? One would think him the patron saint of pioneers. The rocks still wear shapes of fortifications, gateways, castle-fronts, and towers, as in Echo Cañon; but they are most exquisitely lined, hollowed, grooved, and fretted.

As we whirl by, they look as the fine Chinese carvings in ivory would chiselled on massive stones by tools of giants.

The cañon opens suddenly into a broad, beautiful meadow, in which the river seems to rest rather than to run. A line of low houses, a Mormon settlement, marks the banks; fields of grain and grass glitter in the early green; great patches of blue lupine on every hand look blue as blue water at a distance, the flowers are set so thick. Only a few moments of this, however, and we are again in a rocky gorge, where there is barely room for the river, and no room for us, except on a bridge. This, too, is named for that same popular person, "Devil's Gate." The river foams and roars under our feet as we go through. Now comes another open plain,—wide, sunny, walled about by snow mountains, and holding a town. This is Ogden, and the shining water which lies in sight to the left is the Great Salt Lake!

SYMPHONY.

SIDNEY LANIER.

[Among recent American poets Sidney Lanier has attained a high position, despite his somewhat strained and frequently abstruse manner. His mental ability is sufficiently high to atone for his mannerisms, though greater simplicity of diction would doubtless have added much to his popularity. Our extract is from one of the most earnest and eloquent of his musical odes. He was born in Georgia in 1842, and died in 1881. He served in the Confederate army from 1861 to 1865, and afterwards published several prose works of an historical character, and numerous poems, of which his "Centennial Ode" first brought him into prominence as a poet.]

"O TRADE! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
The age needs heart—'tis tired of head:
We're all for love," the violins said.
"Of what avail the rigorous tale
Of coin for coin and box for bale?
Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost hope,
Level red gold with blue sky-slope,
And base it deep as devils grope,
When all's done, what hast thou won
Of the only sweet that's under the sun?
Ay, canst thou buy a single sigh
Of true love's least, least ecstasy?"
Then, like a bridegroom's heart-beats trembling,
All the mightier strings assembling
Ranged them on the violins' side,
As when the bridegroom leads the bride,
And, heart in voice, together cried,
"Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land,—
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand

Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore:
They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
Into a heavenly melody.
'Each day, all day' (these poor folks say),
'In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?—
Such manner of ills as brute-flesh thrills.
The beasts they hunger, eat, sleep, die,
And so do we; our world's a sty;
And, fellow-swine, why nuzzle and cry?
Swinehood hath never a remedy,
Say many men, and pass us by,
With nostril clamped and blinking eye.
Did God say once, in marvellous tone,
Man shall not live by bread alone,
But all that cometh from his throne?
Yea: God said so,
But Trade saith No:
And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say **No:**
There's plenty that can, if you can't: Go to:
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
Business is business; a trade is a trade,
Over and over they have said.'"

And then these passionate protestings
Merged in grieving moods, until

They sank to sad requestings
And suggestings sadder still:
"And oh, if men might some time see
How piteous-false the poor decree
That trades just naught but trades must be!
Does business mean, *Die you—live I?*
Then 'Trade is trade,' but sings a lie:
'Tis only war grown miserly.
If traffic is battle, name it so:
War-crimes less will shame it so,
And victims less will blame it so.
But oh for the poor to have some part
In yon sweet living lands of Art,
Makes problem not for head, but heart.
Vainly might Plato's brain revolve it:
Plainly the heart of a child could solve it."

And then, as when from words that seem but rude
We pass to pain that dimly sits abrood
Back in our heart's great dark and solitude,
So sank the strings to gentle throbbing
Of long chords change-marked with sobbing—
Motherly sobbing, not distinctlier heard
Than half wing-openings of the sleeping bird
Some dream of danger to her young hath stirred.

Then stirring and demurring ceased, and, lo!
Every least ripple of the string's song-flow
Died to a level with each level bow
And made a great chord tranquil-surfaced so,
As a brook beneath his curving bank doth go
To linger in the sacred dark and green
Where many boughs the still pool overlean
And many leaves make shadow with their sheen.

But presently
A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did float,
As if a rose might somehow be a throat:
"When Nature from her far-off glen
Flutes her soft messages to men,
The flute can say them o'er again;
Yes, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
Breathes through life's strident polyphone
The flute-voice in the world of tone.
Sweet friends,
Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.
For I, e'en I,
As here I lie,
A petal on a harmony,
Demand of Science whence and why
Man's tender pain, man's inward cry,
When he doth gaze on earth and sky?
I am not overbold:
I hold
Full powers from Nature manifold.
I speak for each no-tonguéd tree
That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,

And dumbly and most wistfully
His mighty prayerful arms outspreads
Above men's oft-unheeding heads,
And his big blessing downward sheds.
I speak for all-shaped blooms and leaves,
Lichens on stones and moss on eaves,
Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves,
Broad-fronded ferns and keen-leaved canes,
And briery mazes bounding lanes,
And marsh-plants, thirsty-cupped for rains,
And milky stems and sugary veins;
For every long-armed woman-vine
That round a piteous tree doth twine;
For passionate odors, and divine
Pistils, and petals crystalline;
All purities of shady springs,
All shynesses of film-winged things
That fly from tree-trunks and bark-rings;
All modesties of mountain-fawns
That leap to covert from wild lawns,
And tremble if the day but dawns;
All sparklings of small beady eyes
Of birds, and sidelong glances wise
Wherewith the jay hints tragedies;
All piquancies of prickly burs,
And smoothnesses of downs and furs
Of eiders and of minevers;
All limpid honeys that do lie
At stamen-bases, nor deny
The humming-birds' fine roguery,
Bee-thighs, nor any butterfly;
All gracious curves of slender wings,
Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
Fern-wavings and leaf-flickerings;

Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
Wherewith in every lonesome dell
Time to himself his hours doth tell;
All tree-sounds, rustlings of pine-cones,
Wind-sighings, doves' melodious moans,
And night's unearthly under-tones;
All placid lakes and waveless deeps,
All cool reposing mountain-steeps,
Vale-calms and tranquil lotos-sleeps;—
Yea, all fair forms, and sounds, and lights,
And warmths, and mysteries, and mights,
Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,—
These doth my timid tongue present,
Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
And servant, all love-eloquent.
I heard, when '*All for love*' the violins cried:
So, Nature calls through all her system wide,
Give me thy love, O man, so long denied.
Much time is run, and man hath changed his ways,
Since Nature, in the antique fable-days,
Was hid from man's true love by proxy fays,
False fauns and rascal gods that stole her praise.
The nymphs, cold creatures of man's colder brain,
Chilled Nature's streams till man's warm heart was
  fain
Never to lave its love in them again.
Later, a sweet Voice *Love thy neighbor* said;
Then first the bounds of neighborhood outspread
Beyond all confines of old ethnic dread.
Vainly the Jew might wag his covenant head:
'*All men are neighbors,*' so the sweet Voice said.
So, when man's arms had circled all man's race,
The liberal compass of his warm embrace
Stretched bigger yet in the dark bounds of space;

With hands a-grope he felt smooth Nature's grace,
Drew her to breast and kissed her sweetheart face:
His heart found neighbors in great hills and trees
And streams and clouds and suns and birds and bees,
And throbbed with neighbor-loves in loving these.
But oh, the poor! the poor! the poor!
That stand by the inward-opening door
Trade's hand doth tighten ever more,
And sigh their monstrous foul-air sigh
For the outside hills of liberty,
Where Nature spreads her wild blue sky
For Art to make into melody!
Thou Trade! thou king of the modern days!
        Change thy ways,
        Change thy ways;
Let the sweaty laborers file
        A little while,
        A little while,
Where Art and Nature sing and smile.
Trade! is thy heart all dead, all dead?
And hast thou nothing but a head?
I'm all for heart," the flute-voice said,
And into sudden silence fled,
Like as a blush that while 'tis red
Dies to a still, still white instead.

Thereto a thrilling calm succeeds,
Till presently the silence breeds
A little breeze among the reeds
That seems to blow by sea-marsh weeds;
Then from the gentle stir and fret
Sings out the melting clarionet,
Like as a lady sings while yet
Her eyes with salty tears are wet.

"O Trade! O Trade!" the lady said,
"I too will wish thee utterly dead
If all thy heart is in thy head.
For O my God! and O my God!
What shameful ways have women trod
At beckoning of Trade's golden rod!
Alas when sighs are traders' lies,
And heart's-ease and violet eyes
Are merchandise!
O purchased lips that kiss with pain!
O cheeks coin-spotted with smirch and stain!
O trafficked hearts that break in twain!
—And yet what wonder at my sisters' crime?
So hath Trade withered up Love's sinewy prime,
Men love not women as in olden time.
Ah, not in these cold, merchantable days
Deem men their life an opal gray, where plays
The one red Sweet of gracious ladies' praise.
Now, comes a suitor with sharp prying eye,—
Says, *Here, you Lady, if you'll sell, I'll buy:*
Come, heart for heart—a trade? What! weeping? why?
Shame on such wooer's dapper mercery!
I would my lover kneeling at my feet
In humble manliness should cry, *O sweet!*
I know not if thy heart my heart will greet:
I ask not if thy love my love can meet:
Whate'er thy worshipful soft tongue shall say,
I'll kiss thine answer, be it yea or nay:
I do but know I love thee, and I pray
To be thy knight until my dying day.
Woe him that cunning trades in hearts contrives!
Base love good women to base loving drives.
If men loved larger, larger were our lives;
And wooed they nobler, won they nobler wives."

THE AUTOCRAT'S OPINIONS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[As "good wine needs no bush," so Dr. Holmes needs no introduction to American readers. His sparkling humor, his felicity of expression and illustration, and his striking powers of analyzation of the deeper relations of human life and the human soul, place him at a high level both as a writer and as a thinker. His humorous poetry is admirable, his novels are characterized by a clear and vigorous handling of psychologically abstruse themes, and in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" there is a combination of humor, wit, and deep insight which has given this work an enduring popularity. We extract from the "Autocrat" some of its most incisive and neatly-rendered passages.]

THE UNDERSTONE WORLD.

DID you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges,—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over, as a housewife turns a cake when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time"? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled,—turtle-bugs one wants to call them,—some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like lepine watches; black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being. . . .

There is meaning in each of those images,—the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men, as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted.

You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

When we are as yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules, there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written, in letters of gold—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world: they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white, angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

THE SIDE-DOOR TO THE HEART.

Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted,—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an anteroom, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!

If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim,—*The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time,—or, if you are a man, run off, and die with your head on a curbstone in Melbourne or San Francisco,—or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrifaction that moves about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy or other.

Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones,—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well,—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves, sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the overtired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest!—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos?—that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath?—that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking-vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that,—the kind city fathers,—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself on the very plain and serviceable upholstery. If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery!

GROWING BEYOND.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old school-mate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love.

CONDITIONS OF LANGUAGE-VARIATION.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

[From "Words and their Uses" we select the following study of some of the growth-characteristics of English speech. Its author, Richard Grant White, was born in the city of New York in 1822, and died there in 1885. He was an active worker in the philological field, and the learning evinced in his "Shakespeare's Scholar" early gave him a prominent position among critical writers. His anonymous political satire, "The New Gospel of Peace," issued in 1863, had an enormous sale. Besides the above-mentioned works, he published an "Essay on the Authorship of Henry VI.," two editions of Shakespeare's collected works (one in twelve volumes, and one in three), and "Everyday English." Not long before his death there appeared from his pen a work of marked interest, descriptive of English character and scenery. His style is characterized by great clearness and purity,

and his works have had a powerful influence in all the various fields of thought to which his attention was turned.]

WHAT the phrase so often heard, "pure English," really means, it would, probably, puzzle those who use it to explain. For our modern tongues are like many buildings that stand upon sites long swept over by the ever-advancing, though backward and forward shifting, tide of civilization. They are built out of the ruins of the work of previous generations; to which we and our immediate predecessors have added something of our own. This process has been going on since the disappearance of the first generation of speaking men; and it will never cease. But there will be a change in its mode and rate. The change has begun already. The invention of printing, the instruction of the mass of the people, and the ease of popular intercommunication, will surely prevent any such corruption and detrition of language as that which has resulted in the modern English, German, French, Spanish, and Italian tongues. Phonetic degradation will play a less important part than it has heretofore played in the history of language. Changes in the forms and variation in the meanings of words will be slow, and, if not deliberate, at least half conscious; and the corruptions that we have to guard against are chiefly those consequent upon pretentious ignorance and aggressive vulgarity.

It may be reasonably doubted whether there ever was a pure language two generations old; that is, a language homogeneous, of but one element. All tongues known to philology show, if not the mingling in considerable and nearly determinable proportions of two or three linguistic elements, at least the adoption and adaptation of numerous foreign words. English has for many centuries been far from being a simple language. Chaucer's "well of English undefiled" is very pleasant and wholesome drinking;

but, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, and "auxiliary" verbs aside, it is a mixture in which Normanized, Gallicized Latin is mingled in large proportion with a base of degraded Anglo-Saxon. And yet the result of this hybridity and degradation is the tongue in which Shakespeare wrote, and the translators of the Bible, and Milton, and Bunyan, and Burke, and Goldsmith, and Irving, and Hawthorne; making in a language without a superior a literature without an equal.

But the presence in our language of two elements, both of which are essential to its present fulness and force, no less than to its fineness and flexibility, does not make it sure that these are of equal or of nearly equal importance. Valuable as the Latin adjuncts to our language are, in the appreciation of their value it should never be forgotten that they are adjuncts. The frame, the sinews, the nerves, the heart's blood, in brief, the body and soul of our language is English; Latin and Greek furnish only its limbs and outward flourishes. If what has come to us through the Normans, and since their time from France and Italy and the Latin lexicon, were turned out of our vocabulary, we could live, and love, and work, and talk, and sing, and have a folk-lore and a higher literature. But take out the former, the movement of our lives would be clogged, and the language would fall to pieces for lack of framework and foundation, and we could do none of those things. We might teach in the lecture-room, and formulate the results of our work in the laboratory, but we should be almost mute at home, and our language and our literature would be no more ours than it would be France's, or Spain's, or Italy's.

To the Latin we owe, as the most cursory student of our language must have observed, a great proportion of the vocabulary of philosophy, of art, of science, and of morals; and by means of words derived from the Latin we express, as it is assumed, shades of thought and of feeling finer than those of which our simple mother-tongue is capable. But it may at least be doubted whether we do not turn too quickly to the Latin lexicon when we wish a name for a new thought or a new thing, and whether out of the simples of our ancient English, or Anglo-Saxon, so called, we might not have formed a language copious enough for all the needs of the highest civilization and subtle enough for all the requisitions of philosophy. For instance, what we call, in Latinish phrase, remorse of conscience, our forefathers called againbite of inwit; and in using the former we express exactly the same ideas as are expressed by the latter. As the corresponding compounds and the corresponding elements have the same meaning, what more do we gain by putting together *re* and *morse*, *con* and *science*, than by doing the same with *again* and *bite*, *in* and *wit?* The English words now sound uncouth and provoke a smile, but they do so only because we are accustomed to the Latin derivatives. No advantage seems likely to be pleaded for the use of the latter, other than that they produce a single impression on the mind of the English-speaking man, causing him to accept *remorse* and *conscience* as simple words, expressing simple things, without the suggestion of a biting again and an inner witting. But it may first be doubted whether this thoughtless, unanalytic acceptance of a word is without some drawback of dissipating and enfeebling disadvantage; and next, and chiefly, it may be safely asserted that the English compounds would produce, if in common use, as single and as strong an impression as the Latin do. Who that does not stop to think and take to pieces receives other than a single impression from such words as *insight* (bereaved twin of *inwit*), *gospel*, *falsehood*, *worship*, *homely*, *breakfast*, *truthful*, *boyhood*, *household*, *brimstone*, *twilight*, *acorn*, *chestnut*, *instead*, *homestead*, and the like, of which our common current English would furnish numberless examples?

In no way is our language more wronged than by the weak readiness with which many of those who, having neither a hearty love nor a ready mastery of it, or lacking both, fly to the Latin tongue or to the Greek for help in the naming of a new thought or thing, or the partial concealment of an old one, calling, for instance, nakedness nudity, and a bathing-tub a lavatory. By so doing they help to deface the characteristic traits of our mother-tongue, and to mar and stunt its kindly growth.

No one denies—certainly I do not deny—the value of the Latin element of our modern English in the expression of abstract ideas and general notions. It also gives amplitude and ease and grace to a language which without it might be admirable only for compact and rugged strength. All which being granted, it still remains to be shown that there is not in simple English—that is, Anglo-Saxon without inflections—the power of developing a vocabulary competent to all the requirements of philosophy, of science, of art, no less than of society and of sentiment. I believe that pure English has, in this respect at least, the full capacity of the German language. Nevertheless, one of the advantages of English over German, in form and euphony, is in this very introduction of Anglicized Latin and Greek words for the expression of abstract ideas, which relieves us of such quintuple compounds, for instance, as *sprachwissenschaftseinheit*. With the expression of abstract ideas and scientific facts, however, the Latinization of our language should stop, or it will lose its home character and kin traits, and become weak, flabby, and inflated, and, thus, ridiculous.

One of the changes to which language is subject during the healthy intellectual condition of a people, and in its progress from rudeness to refinement, is the casting off of rude, clumsy, and insufficiently worked-out forms of speech, sometimes mistakenly honored under the name of idioms. Speech, the product of reason, tends more and more to conform itself to reason; and when grammar, which is the formulation of usage, is opposed to reason, there arises, sooner or later, a conflict between logic, or the law of reason, and grammar, the law of precedent, in which the former is always victorious. And this has been notably the case in the history of the English language. Usage, therefore, is not, as it is often claimed to be, the absolute law of language; and it never has been so with any people,—could not be, or we should have an example of a language which had not changed from what it was in its first stage, if indeed under such a law there could be a first stage in language. Horace, indeed, in a passage often quoted, seems to have accepted usage as the supreme authority in speech:

> "si volet usus,
> Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

But if this dictum were unconditional, and common usage were the absolute and rightful arbiter in all questions of language, there would be no hope of improvement in the speech of an ignorant and degraded society, no rightful protest against its mean and monstrous colloquial phrases, which, indeed, would then be neither mean nor monstrous,—the fact that they were in use being their full justification. The truth is, however, that the authority of general usage, or even of the usage of great writers, is not absolute in language. There is a misuse of words which can be justified by no authority, however great, by no usage, however general.

And, as usage does not justify that which is essentially unreasonable, so in the fact that a word or a phrase is an innovation, a neologism, there is nothing whatever to deter a bold, clear-headed thinker from its use. Otherwise language would not grow. New words, when they are needed, are rightly formed, and so clearly discriminated that they have a meaning peculiarly their own, enrich a language, while the use of one word to mean many things, more or less unlike, is the sign of poverty in speech, and the source of ambiguity, the mother of confusion. For these reasons the objection on the part of a writer upon language to a word or a phrase should not be that it is new, but that it is inconsistent with reason, incongruous in itself, or opposed to the genius of the tongue into which it has been introduced. Something must and surely will be sacrificed in language to convenience; but too much may be sacrificed to brevity. A periphrasis which is clear and forcible is not to be abandoned for a shorter phrase, or even a single word, which is ambiguous, barbarous, grotesque, or illogical. Unless much is at stake, it is always better to go clean and dry-shod a little way about than to soil our feet by taking a short cut.

For two centuries and a half, since the time when King Lear was written and our revised translation of the Bible made, the English language has suffered little change, either by loss or gain. Excepting that which was slang, or cant, or loose colloquialism in his day, there is little in Shakespeare's plays which is not heard now, more or less, from the lips of English-speaking men; and to his vocabulary they have added little except words which are names for new things. The language has not sensibly improved, nor has it deteriorated. In the latter part of the last century it was in some peril. We ran the risk, then, of the introduction of a scholarly diction and a formal style into our literature, and of a separation of our colloquial speech, the language of common folk and common needs, from that of literary people and grand occasions. That danger we happily escaped, and we still speak and write a common, if not a homogeneous, language, in which there is no word which is excluded by its commonness or its meanness from the highest strain of poetry.

Criticism, however, is now much needed to keep our language from deterioration, to defend it against the assaults of presuming half-knowledge, always bolder than wisdom, always more perniciously intrusive than conscious ignorance. Language must always be made by the mass of those who use it; but when that mass is misled by a little learning,—a dangerous thing only as edge-tools are dangerous to those who will handle them without understanding their use,—and undertakes to make language according to knowledge rather than by instinct, confusion and disaster can be warded off only by criticism. Criticism is the child and handmaid of reflection. It works by censure; and censure implies a standard. As to words and the use of words, the standard is either reason, whose laws are absolute, or analogy, whose milder sway hinders anomalous, barbarous, and solecistic changes, and helps those which are in harmony with the genius of a language. Criticism, setting at naught the assumption of any absolute authority in language, may check bad usage and reform degraded custom. It may not only resist the introduction of that which is debasing or enfeebling, but it may thrust out vicious words and phrases which through carelessness or perverted taste may have obtained a footing. It is only by such criticism that our language can now be restrained from license and preserved from corruption. Criticism cannot at once with absolute and omnipotent voice banish the bad and establish or introduce the good; but by watchfulness and reason it may gradually form such a taste in those who are, if not the framers, at least the arbiters, of linguistic law, that thus, by indirection finding direction out, it may insure the effectual condemnation of that which itself could not exclude.

Until comparatively late years language was formed by the intuitive sense of those who spoke it; but now, among highly-civilized peoples, the element of consciousness is entering into its production. If consciousness must be present, it should be, at least in the last resort, the consciousness of trained and cultivated minds; and such consciousness is critical,—indeed, is criticism. And those who feel the need of support in giving themselves to the study of verbal criticism may find it in the comfortable words of Scaliger the younger, who says, "The sifting of these subtleties, although it is of no use to machines for grinding corn, frees the mind from the rust of ignorance, and sharpens it for other matters."* And it may reassure us to remember that in the crisis of the great struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, Cicero, being then in the zenith of his power, turned aside, in a letter to Atticus upon weighty affairs of state, to discuss a point of grammar with that eminent critic.

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* "Harum indagatio subtilitatum, etsi non est utilis ad machinas farinarias conficiendas, exuit animum tamen inscitiæ rubigine, acuitque ad alia."

AN HEROIC COMBAT.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[The great versatility of Irving's genius is admirably illustrated in his burlesque "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," as compared with the classical elegance of his "Sketch-Book" and other works and the graceful ease and polish of his historical writings. The selection we make, describing the terrible battle between the Dutch and the Swedes, is a ludicrous parody of the combats of the Greeks and Trojans on the plain of Troy, with the interferences of the deities, which excellently displays one phase of American humor.]

Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast, and, finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript,—Expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray,—like a round-bellied alderman watching the combat of two chivalrous flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavoring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their inkhorns; the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose-quills, or because they could not get anything to eat. Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to see itself outdone; while even Posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field.

The immortal deities, who whilom had seen service at the "affair" of Troy, now mounted their feather-bed clouds, and sailed over the plain, or mingled among the combatants in different disguises, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter sent off his thunderbolt to a noted coppersmith, to have it furbished up for the direful occasion. Venus vowed by her chastity to patronize the Swedes, and in semblance of a blear-eyed trull paraded the battlements of Fort Christina, accompanied by Diana, as a sergeant's widow, of cracked reputation. The noted bully, Mars, stuck two horse-pistols into his belt, shouldered a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered at their elbow, as a drunken corporal; while Apollo trudged in their rear, as a bandy-legged fifer, playing most villanously out of tune.

On the other side, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes overnight, in one of her curtain-lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beauties on a baggage-wagon; Minerva, as a brawny gin-sutler, tucked up her skirts, brandished her fists, and swore most heroically, in exceeding bad Dutch (having but lately studied the language), by way of keeping up the spirits of the soldiers; while Vulcan halted as a club-footed blacksmith lately promoted to be a captain of militia. All was silent awe, or bustling preparation: war reared his horrid front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful crest of bristling bayonets.

And now the mighty chieftains marshalled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks,—incrusted with stockades, and intrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His valiant soldiery lined the breastwork in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased, and his hair pomatumed back, and queued so stiffly that he grinned above the ramparts like a grisly death's-head.

There came on the intrepid Peter,—his brows knit, his teeth set, his fists clinched, almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged within his bosom. His faithful squire Van Corlear trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribbons, the remembrances of his fair mistresses at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry of the Hudson. There were the Van Wycks, and the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks; the Van Nesses, the Van Tassels, the Van Grolls; the Van Hoesens, the Van Giesons, and the Van Blarcoms; the Van Warts, the Van Winkles, the Van Dams; the Van Pelts, the Van Rippers, and the Van Brunts. There were the Van Hornes, the Van Hooks, the Van Bunschotens; the Van Gelders, the Van Arsdales, and the Van Bummels; the Vander Belts, the Vander Hoofs, the Vander Voorts; the Vander Lyns, the Vander Pools, and the Vander Spiegles; then came the Hoffmans, the Hooghlands, the Hoppers, the Cloppers, the Ryckmans, the Dyckmans, the Hogebooms, the Rosebooms, the Oothouts, the Quackenbosses, the Roerbacks, the Garrebrantzes, the Bensons, the Brouwers, the Waldrons, the Onderdonks, the Varra Vangers, the Schermerhorns, the Stoutenburghs, the Brinkerhoffs, the Bontecous, the Knickerbockers, the Hockstrasses, the Ten Breecheses and the Tough Breecheses, with a host more of worthies, whose names are too crabbed to be written, or, if they could be written, it would be impossible for man to utter,—all fortified with a mighty dinner, and, to use the words of a great Dutch poet,—

> "Brimful of wrath and cabbage."

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the midst of his career, and, mounting on a stump, addressed his troops in eloquent Low Dutch, exhorting them to fight like *duyvels*, and assuring them that if they conquered, they should get plenty of booty,—if they fell, they should be allowed the satisfaction, while dying, of reflecting that it was in the service of their country, and, after they were dead, of seeing their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and handed down, in company with all the other great men of the year, for the admiration of posterity. Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a governor (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment), that if he caught any mother's son of them looking pale, or playing craven, he would curry his hide till he made him run out of it like a snake in spring-time. Then lugging out his trusty sabre, he brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to sound a charge, and, shouting the words "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed forward. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them into their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning Risingh not to fire until they could distinguish the whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence on the covert-way until the eager Dutchmen had ascended the glacis. Then did they pour into them such a tremendous volley, that the very hills quaked around. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten the dust beneath that dreadful fire, had not the protecting Minerva kindly taken care that the Swedes should, one and all, observe their usual custom of shutting their eyes and turning away their heads at the moment of discharge.

The Swedes followed up their fire by leaping the counterscarp and falling tooth and nail upon the foe with furious outcries. And now might be seen prodigies of valor, unmatched in history or song. Here was the sturdy Stoffel Brinkerhoff brandishing his quarter-staff, like the giant

Blanderon his oak-tree (for he scorned to carry any other weapon), and drumming a horrific tune upon the hard heads of the Swedish soldiery. There were the Van Kortlandts, posted at a distance, like the Locrian archers of yore, and plying it most potently with the long-bow, for which they were so justly renowned. On a rising knoll were gathered the valiant men of Sing-Sing, assisting marvellously in the fight by chanting the great song of St. Nicholas; but as to the Gardeniers of Hudson, they were absent on a marauding party, laying waste the neighboring watermelon-patches.

In a different part of the field were the Van Grolls of Antony's Nose, struggling to get to the thickest of the fight, but horribly perplexed in a defile between two hills, by reason of the length of their noses. So also the Van Bunschotens of Nyack and Kakiat, so renowned for kicking with the left foot, were brought to a stand for want of wind, in consequence of the hearty dinner they had eaten, and would have been put to utter rout but for the arrival of a gallant corps of voltigeurs, composed of the Hoppers, who advanced nimbly to their assistance on one foot. Nor must I omit to mention the valiant achievements of Antony Van Corlear, who, for a good quarter of an hour, waged stubborn fight with a little pursy Swedish drummer, whose hide he drummed most magnificently, and whom he would infallibly have annihilated on the spot, but that he had come into the battle with no other weapon but his trumpet.

But now the combat thickened. On came the mighty Jacobus Varra Vanger and the fighting-men of the Wallabout; after them thundered the Van Pelts of Esopus, together with the Van Rippers and the Van Brunts, bearing down all before them; then the Suy Dams and the Van Dams, pressing forward with many a blustering oath, at the head of the warriors of Hellgate, clad in their thunder-and-lightning gaberdines; and, lastly, the standard-bearers and body-guard of Peter Stuyvesant, bearing the great beaver of the Manhattoes.

And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missives. Bang! went the guns; whack! went the broadswords; thump! went the cudgels; crash! went the musket stocks; blows, kicks, cuffs, scratches, black eyes, and bloody noses swelling the horrors of the scene! Thick thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, head-over-heels, rough-and-tumble! Dunder and blixum! swore the Dutchmen; splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes. Storm the works! shouted Hardkoppig Peter. Fire the mine! roared stout Risingh. Tanta-rar-ra-ra! twanged the trumpet of Antony Van Corlear,—until all voice and sound became unintelligible,—grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph mingling in one hideous clamor. The earth shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke; trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight; rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits; and even Christina Creek turned from its course, and ran up a hill in breathless terror!

Long hung the contest doubtful; for though a heavy shower of rain, sent by the "cloud-compelling Jove," in some measure cooled their ardor, as doth a bucket of water thrown on a group of fighting mastiffs, yet did they but pause for a moment, to return with tenfold fury to the charge. Just at this juncture a vast and dense column of smoke was seen slowly rolling toward the scene of battle. The combatants paused for a moment, gazing in mute astonishment, until the wind, dispelling the murky cloud, revealed the flaunting banner of Michael Paw, the Patroon of Communipaw. That valiant chieftain came fearlessly on at the head of a phalanx of oyster-fed Pavonians and a *corps de réserve* of the Van Arsdales and Van Bummels, who had remained behind to digest the enormous dinner they had eaten. These now trudged manfully forward, smoking their pipes with outrageous vigor, so as to raise the awful cloud that has been mentioned, but marching exceedingly slow, being short of leg, and of great rotundity in the belt.

And now, the deities who watched over the fortunes of the Nederlanders having unthinkingly left the field, and stepped into a neighboring tavern to refresh themselves with a pot of beer, a direful catastrophe had wellnigh ensued. Scarce had the myrmidons of Michael Paw attained the front of battle, when the Swedes, instructed by the cunning Risingh, levelled a shower of blows full at their tobacco-pipes. Astounded at this assault, and dismayed at the havoc of their pipes, these ponderous warriors gave way, and like a drove of frightened elephants broke through the ranks of their own army. The little Hoppers were borne down in the surge; the sacred banner emblazoned with the gigantic oyster of Communipaw was trampled in the dirt; on blundered and thundered the heavy-sterned fugitives, the Swedes pressing on their rear and applying their feet *a parte poste* of the Van Arsdales and the Van Bummels with a vigor that prodigiously accelerated their movements; nor did the renowned Michael Paw himself fail to receive divers grievous and dishonorable visitations of shoe-leather.

But what, oh Muse! was the rage of Peter Stuyvesant when from afar he saw his army giving way! In the transports of his wrath he sent forth a roar, enough to shake the very hills. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage at the sound, or, rather, they rallied at the voice of their leader, of whom they stood more in awe than of all the Swedes in Christendom. Without waiting for their aid, the daring Peter dashed, sword in hand, into the thickest of the foe. Then might be seen achievements worthy of the days of the giants. Wherever he went, the enemy shrank before him ; the Swedes fled to right and left, or were driven, like dogs, into their own ditch ; but as he pushed forward singly with headlong courage, the foe closed behind and hung upon his rear. One aimed a blow full at his heart ; but the protecting power which watches over the great and good turned aside the hostile blade and directed it to a side-pocket, where reposed an enormous iron tobacco-box, endowed, like the shield of Achilles, with supernatural powers, doubtless from bearing the portrait of the blessed St. Nicholas. Peter Stuyvesant turned like an angry bear upon the foe, and seizing him, as he fled, by an immeasurable queue, "Ah, whoreson caterpillar," roared he, "here's what shall make worms' meat of thee!" So saying, he whirled his sword, and dealt a blow that would have decapitated the varlet, but that the pitying steel struck short and shaved the queue forever from his crown. At this moment an arquebusier levelled his piece from a neighboring mound, with deadly aim ; but the watchful Minerva, who had just stopped to tie up her garter, seeing the peril of her favorite hero, sent old Boreas with his bellows, who, as the match descended to the pan, gave a blast that blew the priming from the touch-hole.

Thus waged the fight, when the stout Risingh, surveying the field from the top of a little ravelin, perceived his troops banged, beaten, and kicked by the invincible Peter. Drawing his falchion and uttering a thousand anathemas, he strode down to the scene of combat with some such thundering strides as Jupiter is said by Hesiod to have taken when he strode down the spheres to hurl his thunderbolts at the Titans.

When the rival heroes came face to face, each made a prodigious start in the style of a veteran stage-champion. Then did they regard each other for a moment with the bitter aspect of two furious ram-cats on the point of a clapper-clawing. Then did they throw themselves into one attitude, then into another, striking their swords on the ground, first on the right side, then on the left; at last at it they went, with incredible ferocity. Words cannot tell the prodigies of strength and valor displayed in this direful encounter,—an encounter compared to which the far-famed battles of Ajax with Hector, of Æneas with Turnus, Orlando with Rodomont, Guy of Warwick with Colbrand the Dane, or of that renowned Welsh knight, Sir Owen of the Mountains, with the giant Guylon, were all gentle sports and holiday recreations. At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a blow, enough to cleave his adversary to the very chine; but Risingh, nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly that, glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen in which he carried his liquor,—thence pursuing its trenchant course, it severed off a deep coat-pocket, stored with bread and cheese,—which provant rolling among the armies, occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course. The biting steel clove through the stubborn ram beaver, and would have cracked the crown of any one not endowed with supernatural hardness of head; but the brittle weapon shivered in pieces on the skull of Hardkoppig Piet, shedding a thousand sparks, like beams of glory, round his grizzly visage.

The good Peter reeled with the blow, and, turning up his eyes, beheld a thousand suns, besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmament; at length, missing his footing, by reason of his wooden leg, down he came on his seat of honor with a crash which shook the surrounding hills. . . .

The furious Risingh, in despite of the maxim, cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's fall; but, as he stooped to give a fatal blow, Peter Stuyvesant dealt him a thwack over the sconce with his wooden leg which set a chime of bells ringing triple bob-majors in his cerebellum. The bewildered Swede staggered with the blow, and the wary Peter, seizing a pocket-pistol, which lay hard by, discharged it full at the head of the reeling Risingh. Let not my reader mistake; it was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a little sturdy stone pottle charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowing Antony Van Corlear carried about him by way of replenishing his valor, and which had dropped from his wallet during his furious encounter with the drummer. The hideous weapon sang through the air, and, true to its course as was the fragment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully Ajax, encountered the head of the gigantic Swede with matchless violence.

This heaven-directed blow decided the battle. The ponderous pericranium of General Jan Risingh sank upon his breast; his knees tottered under him; a death-like torpor seized upon his frame, and he tumbled to the earth with such violence that old Pluto started with affright, lest he should have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

His fall was the signal of defeat and victory: the Swedes gave way, the Dutch pressed forward; the former took to their heels, the latter hotly pursued. Some entered with them, pell-mell, through the sally-port; others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain. Thus in a little while the fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side. Victory, in the likeness of a gigantic ox-fly, sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyvesant; and it was declared, by all the writers whom he hired to write the history of his expedition, that on this memorable day he gained a sufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes in Christendom!

END OF VOL. I.

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