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My cave life in Vicksburg. p. 566.

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THE CAUSES AND DANGERS OF SOCIAL EXCITEMENTS.

It was said of a well-known people, in the first century of our era, that they were like children in the market-place, complaining of each other, and perhaps calling each other hard names, because they could not agree about the sports they were to engage in, nor the manner of performing them; and we are not sure that the same might not be very truly said about the present generation of our own country. It, too, is prone to call hard names, very hard, and to quarrel with those who do not agree with it, and to take many other vicious ways of showing how wicked it is for any one not to be convinced that its views and measures are wise and right; and yet there is no certainty that they are so.

And we do not radically nor adequately distinguish the cases of the boys and the men by objecting that, in the one case, it is play, and in the other it is serious, social affairs that are the subject of contention; for the sports of children are their proper work, in which they engage with all their might, and upon their success in which depend their early glory and happiness, and much of the progress of their future life; for them their plays, as we call them, are their serious and all-engrossing social affairs, and contribute most important elements of the training which is to fit them for taking part in a more developed society. The apparent, and even the real, importance of affairs to us depends on the progress we have made in mental growth. For a child, a well-selected plaything, called a toy, is really of more value than a kingdom, because it is more adapted to his capacity of appreciation, and more fitted to a regular development of his faculties.

We are all, more or less, children in this disposition to censure and denounce all who do not fully sympathize with us in present purposes and in the modes of executing them, especially if very earnest in them; and yet 'wisdom is justified of her children,' and with wisdom in ourselves we may know how to make allowance for such differences, and divine wisdom is proved even by the fact and by the result of those differences that occur in the process of human growth. No good wine is produced without some previous warmth and fermentation; and our social quarrels seem to be necessary for our growth in sociality. In this way children work out this result quite unconsciously; and they alone can do it consciously and wisely, who see clearly that such differences can be cured, not by hard names, hard speeches, and hard knocks, but only by some higher social principle, turning all minds in a new direction—charity, that vaunteth not itself, thinketh no evil and beareth all things.

But children cannot look at things in

this way. They see only the outer act and its opposition to their plans, and they suppose the intention to be as hostile to them as the act is to their wishes, and hence their frequent misunderstandings and squabbles and unmeasured denunciations in the midst of their sports. All this is very natural, and some grow better and some worse by it. Such trials are valuable to those who early learn to make a proper improvement of them.

In many things we are all mere children, however indisposed to admit the special intellectual deficiency or deficiencies which justify the charge. None of us like to confess our weaknesses or ignorance, although a very candid person will admit it rather than mislead, or run the risk of misleading, any one who may unduly rely on him. But most men do not know their ignorance; and very many will risk the consequences of error rather than confess it. A very thoughtful philosopher has said that 'the last attainment of the understanding is a knowledge of our ignorance;' and, of course, without this attainment, we must act as though we think ourselves wise.

Our confidence is as often measured by our ignorance as by our knowledge; and perhaps much more so. It is not our actual so much as our fancied knowledge that makes us really confident. And this kind of confidence is very imposing on other men of honest minds, because it is itself honest, so far as opinions can properly be called honest, which are formed without careful investigation. And we do not mean, by this qualification, to question the general honesty of mere traditional opinions; for all of us would have but few opinions left; should we abandon all that we have not studied out ourselves. But when we find our opinions widely doubted or disputed, and that the interests of multitudes may depend upon our acts, then a very conscientious honesty would seem to demand of us to study well our opinions before we act on them. We act as mere children when we refuse to do so. From the beginning the world has been blundering out its history through countless errors, and our conceit must be quite extravagant if we suppose that *we* can be making no mistakes.

It seems to us so common for men to hide their ignorance, that we assume this to be quite natural, and find no fault with it. Indeed, it would be childish to find fault with nature; for it alone, taking it both materially and spiritually, can furnish the foundations for all our constructions, and the seeds and germs of principles which, by proper culture, are to grow up to the dignity of manly systems. Many of these foundations remain untouched by us, and often unknown to us; and many of these principles continue as undeveloped germs during our whole lifetime, and hence, as to them, we always continue as mere children.

But to hide our ignorance, implies that we are conscious of it, and thus we shall do a right honest act by limiting our zeal in acting and speaking by the measure of our knowledge, and making our zeal in learning proportional to our ignorance, if we find that we have any active duty in the matter imposed on us. We do not, however, or ought not, to condemn people for acting ignorantly, or even for being unduly zealous in their ignorance; for this, too, is very natural. We cannot wait to learn before we act, for, in most matters, we are to learn by acting. We learn that fire burns by the feeling of the fact, and we have no other way of learning that a spark of social controversy, ignorantly managed, may grow into a general conflagration. Children are always growing in this way, even at the expense of rent clothes, and broken windows and dishes, and spoiled books, and sad defeats, and other worse catastrophes, to the great and proper grief of parents; and grown men, and even States, must submit to this mode of learning, and to its greater cost.

No doubt it were well to be sure we

are right before we venture; but a caution to be so has very little influence, for, before we act, we are almost always sure we *are* right. And yet we are very often mistaken, and it is only thus we learn what caution means, and how we are to apply it. Caution may itself be a most pernicious vice by being run into excess. Perhaps as many minds are wrecked by timidity as by recklessness, and no one can define the caution that is to balance the conflict between them. In the order of nature, neither of them can be known without the other; and they have an elective affinity for each other, which, under proper circumstances, may generate wisdom.

Children do not at first hide their ignorance, for they are unconscious of it, not having yet learned how much there is to learn. But after a while the jeers and scoffs of their more experienced companions teach them that a candid ignorance is less esteemed than pretentious ignorance or pretended knowledge, and then they are in danger of casting off their natural garb of modest simplicity, and disguising themselves in the trappings of disingenuous impudence. Doubtless, many will say that the man comes from the boy, and exaggerates his vices, and therefore men imitate children in this sort of disingenuousness; but we do not wish to say so now, because we have not much faith in doing good by finding fault; while we have great faith in the attractive power of all that is good and timely, if we can succeed in so presenting it that its goodness can be seen, and in bringing it so near as to make it seem attainable.

In saying that we are all children, we do it in no censorious mood, for we think it well that we are so. We are all children, in relation to all sorts of business and affairs in which we have little or no experience, skill, or knowledge, unless in those subjects on which our minds have taken such a set, as to be unwilling or otherwise unfitted to make any further progress. All men are apt to take such a set, some in relation to one class of subjects, and some to another; and thus, in such subjects, all improvement is hopeless; their minds take a dwarfed and stunted form, and we may let them alone. No sane mind is in so hopeless a condition as to have taken such a set on all subjects; for no mind can have sufficiently thought on all subjects to have fallen into such a state. It requires persistent effort to become hopelessly in error.

On some subjects, therefore, we are all children, and thus far in a hopeful state, especially if we can allow ourselves to be so frank as to admit the fact. We ought to know that we are so on all subjects that we have not thoroughly studied out for ourselves, and on which we find great differences of opinion among men who have the reputation of having studied them. If we have not ourselves so studied such subjects, we have no moral right to be confident of the opinions we have received, and censorious of opposite ones, unless it be the right of children who have no opinions but those that they have received from others, or which come spontaneously; and who, in the excitement of their sports and other efforts, must approve or condemn according to these opinions. Such excitements and such judgments are natural and indispensable elements of their growth, and if ever men's judgments become perfect, they will cease to be excited and to grow, and will no longer be children in any thing.

The differences of children are continually resulting in angry words, separations, and open quarrels, and are very often settled by spontaneous concessions to each other, and hardly ever well done by the arbitrary force of the stronger party, though this is very apt to be tried. Peace may be commanded by authority or enforced by the intervention of a superior power, and thus they may learn the value of authority and the force of superior will, but not how to deal with each other, so as to maintain peace themselves; and without such means of order they are apt to forget that their own

wishes are not the sole measure of social right. And in an earlier age of the world we find the same phenomenon taking place among neighboring clans and tribes. Their wars were frequent, and were never considered settled by any number of victories of the stronger party; whilst their common king, or some more powerful neighbor, might compel and maintain peace by authority or force, until old feuds were forgotten and harmony restored.

In all great social movements great friction is to be expected, and it will generate great heat unless constantly lubricated with the oil of charity. If this be forgotten, and the heat becomes intense, a good engineer would stop the engine or cast off the gearing of the heated part until it gets time to cool. And so, when parties become heated, they ought to drop the subject of controversy and take time to cool, or submit the management of it to the umpirage of cooler minds. Among themselves they will find none to prescribe any thing else than the most energetic treatment by purgatives and blood-letting; for all their doctors have the common disease upon them, with so high a fever, that they spread it wherever they go, and are incompetent to study its diagnosis. Usually, we seek impartial men for judges, and not one of the parties nor any of his kindred; and this means that, in all matters, none are fit to decide who have become excited in the cause.

If the parties must decide their own cause, then they must have reason enough to come to some common standard by which their differences are to be tried, and moderation enough to follow moderate leaders. Many of the leaders we now have, and who have brought us into these difficulties, are thoughtless and excited herdsmen, not casting pearls to swine and sacred things to dogs, but treating all their followers as swine and dogs, and giving them little else than swill and garbage. We cast off such leaders when we appeal to a common standard, with a mind ready to submit to it, even if it should find against us. We are as apt to be in error now as all nations and all the world have been in all past ages, and we are no more competent than they were to decide our own cause rightly. If we sincerely appeal to common standards, we thereby submit our passions and our judgment to their decision, and thus make a large advance in moderation and reason, whether that standard be a common constitution, the common sense of quiet times, or the law of nations. It is absurd to suppose that we ever can attain social harmony so long as we, or any party of us, continue to test our social conduct by our own opinions of social duty. People 'measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise.' Even children often settle their disputes by appealing to the rules of the game. Perhaps our standards might be improved; but until they are, we can have nothing better to go by, and they will surely answer the purpose if we admit their light, unrefracted by the ruffled surface of an excited mind, into a 'single eye' that collects the rays into a common focus.

Relying on standards for our social course, we fortify the mind against the shifting gusts of popular and selfish excitements. In the steady course of the trade-winds we set our sails with confidence, and feel sure of our voyage. Appeals to standards call us to reflect on the correctness of our principles and of our application of them to others, and therefore to moderation and modesty. We know how hard it is for men to make this appeal sincerely. It is usually made to obtain a voucher for their conduct; they alloy the standard metal with the mettle of their minds before making the comparison; they suborn the witness before bringing him into court.

Men are mere children when their dislike or opposition to any class or party is roused into excitement, and they are therefore inclined to resort to any meas-

ure that promises to make their opposition successful. Their ablest opponents most excite their hate, and to destroy their power they willingly join in the most strange alliances, even with the open enemies of their most cherished principles, which, for the time being, are made subordinate. Agreement in a common hatred begets union among enemies. Hostile principles harmonize to crush a common foe. This is so natural and ordinary that we do not complain of it, but only of the ignorance that makes such unions passionate. The law of force is already inaugurated, and that of reason excluded, when opposition becomes excited and arrogant.

Where a contest becomes one of force and not of reason, the interests of the day become more important than enduring principles. In so far as we foment social excitement, we banish reason and demand the umpirage of force, in some form or other, to settle our differences. We rally voters by stirring up well or ill-founded excitements against our opponents, that we may gain by counting what we cannot gain by the real merits of our cause. In fear or hate, we dispose of powerful opponents by means of state or military inquisitions; majorities are forced by forged election returns; new oaths are required at the polls that disfranchise all who do not think as we do on a given subject; and the army becomes the constabulary force that keeps order on election-day by excluding all differences of opinion; and even honest men approve of such things or apologize for them.

Great popular excitements arise only from great collisions of interests or opinions, and then even patriotism becomes involved in perplexity and confusion, and seems to demand division or to aid in it; because the excited principles of each party become vital and essential elements of patriotism, and those of its opponents seem destructive of the country's dearest institutions. That may be an ardent and honest patriotism that would violate any fundamental institution of the country; but it can be neither wise nor true. Great popular excitements endanger all institutions that embarrass their action, and with them the very cause of liberty.

It is our respect for each other that gives to the will of the majority all its natural authority; but when partisan excitement becomes so intense as to suppress this respect, the will of the majority loses its natural authority by becoming the will of our enemies demanding our submission. Reason ceases when mutual disrespect begins. Excitement asserts, not a recognized and thus a natural and rational authority, but physical force, to legitimate its acts; however plausible its show of forms of right, it lacks the reality; however regular its official vestments, they prove no true authority if they have been obtained by an agitation which it has helped to raise, and which has divided the hearts of the country. Official position thus obtained by rulers or by parties cannot be cheerfully submitted to and cannot endure; for it cannot be respected by those who feel that it was gained by conquest or by a violation of our mental nature.

Intestine war begins when a partisan aim is set to rally forces by motives which tend to social division, and by reasons that are incompatible with unity. It is begun when our reason is used to invent epithets and denunciations designed to cast opprobrium or contempt on opposite sections of the country, or to draw up recruits to carry measures which must be offensive to any section, and to which it would not have assented as one of the terms of the Constitution at the time it was framed.

No amount of patriotism, or loyalty, or oaths of allegiance can hold us in fraternal unity, if it cannot prevent or suppress our unfraternal passions, and moderate our partisan strifes. Treason and disloyalty lurk as surely in excited and unsocial rivalries as murder does in unfraternal anger, or theft in covetous-

ness. The scorn that calls a brother 'fool' is no more a step towards murder than that rivalry is towards treason which attempts to force success by hard names and the terror of state and social inquisitions. Such dire results are not at first intended, and yet they are the natural consequences of such conduct, and very often that proceeds from calculated and reckless selfishness and malice, seeking only a present success.

Patriotism means love of the institutions and customs and people of one's country, in the general. Loyalty is allegiance, not, as elsewhere or in former times, to kings and nobles, but to the Constitution and laws of our country, in both its State and Federal forms. Loyalty to an administration or party may be disloyalty in the true sense of the word, and must be so, if the administration or party be itself unfaithful to the Constitution and laws. Our oath and duty of allegiance are to the Constitution, and not to any administration. The President is not the government, but an administrator of it, according to the laws and the Constitution, and he, as every other officer, is sworn to administer it according to that standard and in allegiance to it. They owe the same allegiance that we do.

However patriotically intended may be the unconstitutional measures of the administration, they are unpatriotic and disloyal in fact and in law, because the Constitution is and must be the standard of legal loyalty. To call our neighbors traitors, disloyal, copperheads, doughfaces, etc., is not legal disloyalty to the Constitution, for it does not forbid such conduct; but it is moral disloyalty, because it violates the principle of social unity on which all constitutions depend. It is the voice, not of patriotism, but of faction and excited partisanship, ignorantly supposing itself patriotic while it is blowing the sparks of civil discord.

Patriotism has for its fundamental principle the mutual affection and respect of the people of the same country for each other, and hence affection and respect for their common institutions; and therefore it is mined at its foundations when this affection is destroyed by mutual jealousies and hostile recriminations. Even patriotism does not demand submission to hostile forces armed with either scorn or sword against our principles. We cannot love our country when it is in the hands of our enemies, except with the love that requires us to wrest it from them, or to convert them from the error of their ways. When the Leaguers of France, under pretence that their religion was in danger, took up arms to destroy the Huguenots, their great captain, afterwards Henry the Fourth, or the Great, said his heart was always open to conversion, but not after the manner of St. Bartholomew, with a dagger at his throat.

When we discover the misleading power of great popular excitements, we set ourselves to watch against them; and when we learn that they grow out of our ignorance, we have taken a sure step towards wisdom. It is only ignorant men who go into an excited money-market to seek permanent investments, and gamblers go there to prey upon such people. We are not so weak as to intend this for a complaint; for that could do no good. The follies of ignorance can be cured only by knowledge, and that is mostly to be paid for by 'much tribulation.' We have the same experience in political matters; he is usually considered the greatest statesman who can draw us into the greatest social excitement, and he becomes the leader of it, and is thereby fitted for a senator. In a quiet state of the political market, such men would be passed by for men of quiet worth.

And this is quite natural; and it is by studying human nature, very superficially, however, that such men know how to play upon and take advantage of its simple honesty, by creating alarms so as to maintain excitements, and make suspicion watchful and denunciatory, and moderation hateful; as quacks ex-

cite fears so as to secure patients. Men who have no value in a quiet market loom up like stocks, in most promising proportions, in an excited one, and sink again when the excitement subsides. The value of both depends on social estimates; and when the minds which make the estimate are excited, they attribute a proportionate growth to their objects. It is not, therefore, the estimate that is to be corrected, so much as the ignorance and consequent excitement on which it is founded; and this can be done only by suspecting the errors of our first impressions and seeking a moderating caution.

Owing to such popular excitements, the estimates of men and opinions in the market are exceedingly variable. Excitement is naturally wearying and wearing, and must abate by mere nervous exhaustion. Display is what it wants; but that palls on the taste so soon as it becomes common, and dies out when its authors have exhausted themselves in giving it variety. Steady and enduring worth is not usually to be found in such markets. If you want it, you must seek it in a quiet and thoughtful way. It sends out no false nor dazzling handbills to create a reputation. Like genuine coin, it keeps its temper and its real value, even when social excitements and ignorant legislation attempt to force an irredeemable paper currency into an unnatural equality with it. It may seem hard that such social estimates are the standards of value of men and opinions; but we see it everywhere, in relation to dress, decorum, houses, furniture, language, every thing, and it is inevitable. The only remedy for false estimates is an increase of intelligence. History will value the men and opinions of our day differently from what we do now.

We ought to expect great ignorance in the management of social affairs, even in those who devote themselves to this work; for of little else has history to tell us. And the wisest of us are so ignorant in such matters that we cannot keep uniform harmony in our own families; we know not how to deal with our children and friends and most intimate acquaintances without giving or receiving offence; and yet most people, in excited times, talk more confidently on politics than they would on domestic economy, and seem to think the management of a nation a simpler affair than that of a family. Knowledge is not the parent of *such* confidence.

Popular excitements are sure to generate divisions, and to grow by them. We suppress the fevers of the body by starving them out or subjecting them to some counteractive medicine; but excitements feed on the very substance that gave them life, and continue to increase by it. They start by forcing unusual and repulsive measures on society, and their own existence makes other unusual and repulsive measures seem necessary in order to suppress the opposition excited by the first. Society can be quiet and harmonious only when it is allowed to live according to its common-sense and common usages, customs, and institutions; and then these and it grow and improve steadily and peaceably together, and the new elements and principles which experience and science are ever adding to the common stock are received and assimilated without any serious disturbance of the system. Force the same elements suddenly and rudely upon it, and you may derange many vital organs and functions, and wreck the strongest system or reduce it to helpless imbecility.

The leaders of the now dominant party do not understand these principles; and the people did not understand when they joined in support of such a party. They were not understood when the secession began, and conference and compromise were demanded by almost the entire people of the North; else we should have had moderate men, and not excited and extreme partisans, to conduct that conference. We concede that nothing better was to be expected from our weak human nature. They were

not understood when the rebellion became war, and therefore it was natural that the excitement should be increased by that event, and consequently that the extreme men, the very fanatics of the party, should soon become the leaders of its subsequent measures, as they did.

Hence have proceeded all the violent and unconstitutional measures which have afflicted the country for over two years. A war to suppress rebellion has become a war to subjugate our erring sister States; a war to plunder all the people of the South of their lands and goods; a war to break down all their institutions and subject them to others, dictated by one man. For the regular courts instituted by the Constitution, we have military inquisitions; for our State remedy of *habeas corpus*, we have the pleasure of the President; we may have free elections, if we agree with him; all State and federal authorities are set aside that cannot be used by the military and executive chief, under the dictation of the fanatical leaders; the system of checks and balances provided for in the Constitution, in order to secure caution and prudence, and prevent disorder and the fanaticism of extreme parties, is trampled under foot; the militia, secured to the States as a guarantee against such a party, is swallowed up in a federal army and subjected to the will of one man, and not to the Constitution; without a word of authority in the Constitution, a federal paper currency has been established instead of money, and the dishonesty of paying antecedent debts, not according to contract, has been sanctioned by law, and this currency has become so expanded and so variable in value that it is demoralizing the public by the extravagance and the gambling and reckless speculations which it has generated; and the freedom of the press everywhere, and the freedom of speech in the very halls of Congress, have been ruthlessly and despotically violated.

With such extreme measures pursued by the party in power, with such departures from the common highway of social travel, constructed by mutual contracts, how strange it would be if we were not divided among ourselves! Honest men refuse to travel the road they have contracted not to travel. Cautious men must decline to venture the fate of their friends and their country on new and untried routes. Men of steady principles cannot yield enough to satisfy the exactions of fanatical leaders. All of the people cannot read the history of such characters of former times; but they have been reading it fast in the current events of the last three years. It is by its old customs and institutions that a nation or federation moves together, and in harmony and energy. We witnessed this when the war broke out and the nation bounded, with one heart, to the support of the Union. But that scene was ended when fanatics took the control of our social movements.

Well-settled laws, customs, and institutions, well guarded, are the moral bulwarks of a nation, the walls that protect it from the invasion of disorderly and heterogeneous principles; and when these give way, it is like a vineyard with its walls broken down and trodden by the beasts of the field, or like a city with its walls demolished in token of its subjection to a strange power. It is open to every invader, the prey of every new political theory, the free lists for every form of intellectual tournaments, the disordered field of a new moral and political feudal system, where countless party leaders will rally their discordant clans to contend for the mastery. It is like a mind full of notions and theories, and with no firm and settled moral or intellectual habits to give it force or dignity. Like Italy in the sixteenth century, its only habit is a habit of revolution; and like it, it will take centuries to recover a respectable and consistent national character.

And we may add, that the ignorance and folly of such dividing measures is

revealed by the state of our financial credit. This depends on a united and firm social estimate of its soundness, and this cannot be maintained by an administration that so recklessly violates the Constitution, customs, and liberties of the country. How can there be any enduring confidence in the promises of a party which makes the obligation of its official oaths depend on circumstances; which authorizes the disregard of private contracts; and which, in the pursuit of fanatical theories, suffers its own credit to go down so low? Had it continued, as it set out, in the broad and beaten road of the Constitution, we might long since have had a suppression of the rebellion. It is at least fair to presume that we should have been exempt from serious division among ourselves.

THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

We are willing to concede to President Lincoln as much honesty as belongs to human nature in general, as little ambition as usually torments men on the verge of power; and yet to believe him to be above the ordinary aspirations of man, stripped of the passions and propensities which characterize humanity, were, at once, to deify or angelify a fallen creature, or, at least, to bow down in a humiliating hero-worship.

There is something, indeed, which inspires a sort of worship of the person in power, who embodies our ideas and sentiments, and marches right on, in the realization of them. And if, in consummating his plans and aims, he surmount all obstacles, even at the expense of right, hosannas fill the air, and the loudest laudations reach his ear. The one idea overshadows all, and that realized and made potent, it matters little how the thing has been done, or what ill consequences may ultimately flow from it.

Certain very prominent notions in some men's minds, notions for the supremacy of which over all else they have long toiled and labored, have, under the present administration of our government, been partially realized, and others, it is hoped, will be. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that, from certain quarters and in certain magazines, the idea of the election to the Presidency, for the next term, of any other man than Mr. Lincoln should seem preposterous, and not to be thought of for a moment.

But the argument to this end, of the article on the 'Presidential Election,' in the 'Atlantic' for May, seems to us to rest on wrong principles, and to be carried out rather sophistically.

In the first place, in order to set off the present case as distinguished from every other, it is attempted to show that no election has, ever before, been held in the midst of war. It is contended that such was the case, in the war of 1812, with Great Britain, in the Texan and in the Mexican wars. Granting this to be literally true, yet it is evident that in all these cases did the war question seriously affect and deeply enter into the elections of the day, just as the ruddy hues still illume the horizon, after the fiery sun has set. The speeches of Mr. Webster, in the latter cases, would prove very satisfactorily to all candid writers and readers that war was taken into the account in those elections, and was no obstacle to a free exercise of the elective franchise, and indeed never should be. If the passions of men are so uncontrollable, roused by stretches of power, on the one hand, and, on the other, by a strong sense of wrong which cuts into the very

vitals, there might be found, in that state of things, some reason for avoiding occasions of bitter social agitation, such as calling hard names, putting the ban on social intercourse, etc. ; but that one portion of the community entertaining very decided opinions as to the incapacity of the official agents of Government, and the baleful tendency of both their principles and their practice, should sit quietly down and let the car of Juggernaut roll over and grind its thousands, is like expecting the *paterfamilias* to be easy and content, whilst the robber and murderer are in the house, ready for their deeds of blood. No matter though he should be mistaken, and those in the semblance of robbers should prove to be angels in disguise, yet, believing as he did, would he be guilty of the blood of his children, if he hesitated to call the watch, and himself to resist, meanwhile, as he could.

The text of the article is, that there must be no change of the Republican for a Democratic administration, nor even of the present members of the Cabinet. This text is not, indeed, formally announced at the beginning, as in a sermon, but immediately follows the prefatory remarks on the state of war. Arguments both precede and follow the text. The 'spirit of patriotism' is the initiative and the potent spell which solves the riddle of the hour. This is not an expository discourse, and therefore terms are left undefined, and the reader may easily imagine patriotism to be, not love of country, but sustentation of a policy adopted by the President and his Cabinet. *This* spirit of patriotism, a substitute for love of country, very readily settles the whole difficulty, and makes the Presidential election the most facile thing possible. But if A and B differ in their views of what constitutes *love of country*, how is the difficulty met? If, although A think the theories and practice of the administration the very essence of patriotism, B entertains a totally variant opinion, what then? Suppose B to hold it among his deep convictions, that consolidation, centralization, annihilation of *State* Rights and *Federal* union, do not represent the ideas of his *country*, derived from the action of the Fathers, and that the tendency of measures of administration is strongly in that direction, whilst A's patriotism consists in adopting into his axioms those very ideas and giving his whole soul to those measures, must not the 'spirit of patriotism' in the one dictate a course opposite to that of the other? How, then, is it to solve all the difficulty of a 'Presidential election?'

The position, therefore, is not accepted by us, that patriotism demands the support of the administration, nor, consequently, that he cannot be a very good patriot who does not. The term government is uniformly employed by such writers as the author of this article, as the synonym of administration; and hence, not to approve the latter is not to 'uphold the arm of the Government.'

Mr. Webster, as well as Mr. Seward, both recognize and make a clear distinction. In measures of policy, even in a civil war, it is entirely competent for us to dissent decidedly from those of the President, and yet uphold the Government proper. In so far as it is clear that the policy is simply that which is essential to the maintenance of the Constitution and the Federal Union, so far are we bound to sustain it, for to both these are we pledged by compact, and they are our life. This, too, is loyalty, in the only proper sense of the word, *fealty to law* or *Constitution.*

But if a policy is adopted, in carrying on the war, totally adverse to the Federative bond, and subversive of all real union, then no more is it either loyalty or patriotism to abet it, but rather to endeavor to avert it.

It is not, then, so palpable, that the only policy of voters at the coming Presidential election, which will sustain the arm of Government, and be patri-

otic, is to either stay at home in quiet submission, or else to swell the number of ballots for Mr. Lincoln. To vote for another, even for a Democrat, is not at all necessarily to abandon either the war or the country.

If the main policy, that of securing the unity of the country, and establishing law and order among the people, be maintained, it is not so very apparent as to need only the statement, that Government cannot be 'strengthened' without reëlecting Mr. Lincoln.

It is conceded by the writer just here that the feeling of dissatisfaction with the Administration was very deep in 1862, and had the election then occurred, would have resulted in its defeat, and inadvertently it is also implied that the recovery of lost ground in 1863, was owing to the prominence given to Mr. Vallandingham. Very well. What does this prove? Not that the people put their stamp on the acts and deeds of Mr. Lincoln as constitutional, or necessary, or right, but only expressed their dissatisfaction with representatives of extreme measures in the other direction. Even in Ohio, where Brough's majority over Vallandingham was so overwhelming, the Democracy can now show a solid phalanx of nearly 200,000 voters.

Yet, in order to 'preserve peace at home,' that is, in the North, it is boldly asserted that 'that which was done in Ohio, not seven months since, must be done in the nation (the North) not seven months hence.' An overwhelming majority must, in other words, be given for Mr. Lincoln in the nation, as for Mr. Brough in his State. The declaration is here plainly made that peace at home, and respect abroad, too, can only thus be preserved. Should this not, then, be the result, and Mr. Lincoln not be retained in power, who is to disturb the peace? We should be sorry to be obliged to think it a part of the Administration or Republican programme, *to hold power at all hazards*, to disturb the quiet of the North by war, in case of defeat at the polls. And yet it seems here to loom up; for surely the Democrats in power could not but desire the preservation of peace.

And though an overwhelming vote for the *war policy* should be a *sine qua non* for securing respect abroad, and damping all hopes in the Confederacy South, yet does it not follow, it is a *non sequitur*, that only a vote for Lincoln can be a vote 'for the support of the war.'

Indeed, it might be well argued, that the election of a war Democrat must be the most powerful support of the war, for the Republican vote would be necessarily so, and that added to the Democratic majority would be most effectually and effectively doing 'in the nation seven months hence, what was done in Ohio seven months since.'

The next great dogma announced is, in fact, the text of the discourse: 'The Democratic party should not be restored to power, happen what may.' That is, *ex cathedra*, a Papal Bull. As already remarked, part of the argument preceded the theme; the rest follows.

Whilst conceding the 'loyalty and patriotism' of the Democratic party, it is contended that there should be no change, either in the position of parties or in the *personnel* of the Government, that is, the Administration. The doctors here, in consultation over the 'sick man,' are evidently not homœopathic, but disposed to prescribe and administer quite heavy doses of disagreeable drugs. The prescription, however, like many others, when the doctor's back is turned, will probably lie on the shelf. The patients, for whom the prescription is given, after grave and deliberate consultation, are not likely to take it; chiefly because they have lost all confidence in the physicians who have undertaken the case. Should it be swallowed by some, it would probably soon show its poisonous ingredients, in making the patients sick unto death.

But, seriously, how simple it is to presume that the leaders and masses of the

Democratic party can be wheedled into submission to power, by such manifestations of subserviency, and of determination to hold the reins of government at all hazards, or be so blinded by sophistical reasoning as to go quietly hoodwinked into nonentity. It is asking a great deal of that great party to ask it to regard itself as naught, to surrender its prestige and its moral power, to confess that its silence is essential to the welfare of the Union, its triumph equivalent to its knell.

But, says the wizard author, to 'replace the Democratic party in power would be a restoration, of all things the worst in times of civil commotion.' One might suppose that the Democratic party was an essential tyrant, notwithstanding the mild, genial success with which it has so long administered the government of this country. We are led to think of a Charles, or of a Robespierre or worse, when it is intimated that the replacement of the Democratic party in power would be of all things the worst; worse even than slavery, which Mr. Lincoln has lately pronounced the sum of all villainies; for, 'if slavery is not a sin, then nothing is a sin,' a monstrous, untheological, anti-Biblical dogma.

No other restoration surely can here be meant than that of the assumption of the reins of Government by the Democratic party. This arguing is really like attempting to frighten children with a bugbear, and not reasoning with men of intelligence. To show some semblance of reason at least, it is however contended that no reliance is to be placed on the Democratic party, because it would necessarily 'be governed by its most violent members.' It is by no means unnatural that such a presumption should lie as a fact in the mind of such writers as the author, since it is very evident that Mr. Lincoln, by his own recent confession, and the Republican party, have been brow-beaten and controlled by the extremist wing of that party, by its 'most violent members.' That wing, with them, has the vigor, the boldness, the persistence, the sagacity, which secure predominance; but there is no parallelism here with the Democratic party, because the intelligence, courage, and sagacity here belong to the abettors of gentle manners, mild treatment, and, above all, constitutional rights and duties. A restoration in this case would simply be taking the reins out of the hands of drivers like Jehu, and putting them into the hands of those used to both the horses and the roads; would be only replacing the inexperienced with men of experience and of tried statesmanship. Such a restoration is a consummation most devoutly to be wished, and may God grant it to our almost ruined country!

This European idea of restoration is followed by a most dramatic and tragic representation of the horrors to settle on the land, in consequence of this awful *restoration!* Why, there would be a 'proscription quite as bad as any thing known to the Romans!' 'deeds that would make our country a by-word, a hissing!' 'an end of all our fine hopes!' 'prosperity would never return!' 'our *constitutional* (?) polity would give way to a cannonarchy!' 'the Confederacy would become the greatest power in North-America!' and so many other tearfully tragic issues are to come out of *this restoration*, that they defy quotation, and even startle us in the very reading. If some Republican manager will only take the material and work it up into form and figure, bring it out on the stage with sympathizing actors, we promise a full house, and should the spectators also be sympathetic, a tearful, dolorous, tragic house.

For our part, we had thought that this very restoration is to be the only averter of all these ills, most of them already upon us; the only restorer of health and life and vigor to the bleeding, mangled body of the State.

The only remaining argument consists in replying to the oft-repeated saying, that the rebels would lay down their arms and return into the Union on the restoration to power of the Democratic

party; and the reply is the mere assertion that it would not be so, and, furthermore, that it must be a craven people which could thus, by its vote, concede that only one party was fit to govern in this Republic.

Now, it is not very apparent how the aforesaid restoration would prove any craven spirit in the people, or at all demonstrate to the world that only one party is fit to rule, and that, defeated at the ballot, it would be entitled to resort to the bayonet. This is pure sophistry; for, however unjustifiable the secession of the South may have been, it certainly was not simply because the Republican party acceded to power, but because of its antecedents, its declarations, its platforms, its proceedings, doggedly adverse, as they thought, to their interest in the Republic, and subversive of the thitherto recognized interpretation of the compacts and the Constitution, and violative of their rights and our duties.

Irritated, wounded, and then probed to the core with rusty, unpolished iron, by the leaders of this party, it were no great wonder if they should feel the sores to be painful, shrink from further contact with surgeons so rough and rude, and prefer a return to loyalty in the Union under the milder and more genial sway of the Democratic party. We certainly all know, for a wiser than we has taught us, that 'charity, *love*, covereth a multitude of sins.'

We do believe most heartily that there is immeasurably more hope of the healing of the breach under the sway of Democratic administrations, than under the adopted and enforced policy of the present incumbents, adding inflammation to irritation. But that this would grow out of any obsequiousness or any yielding of *the right*, on the part of the *restoration*, it is a mere whim, or a passion, or a hypocrisy, to assert.

The key-note of this whole piece of fine, impassioned music is found at the close of the last bar: 'The Baltimore Convention *will* meet next month, and *will* place Mr. Lincoln before the American people as their candidate; and that he *will be reëlected*, *admits of no doubt*.'

This may all be so, but it is yet prophecy; and there are, even now, the opening of seals which mutter thunders, and which may descend in lightning-bolts, and peal the bark from this prophetic tree, blast its trunk, wither its foliage, and leave its imaginative creator sitting, himself smitten, at its roots, to look on its utter prostration.

That there are loud and powerful demands for a postponement of the Baltimore Convention, and serious opposition to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln by that Convention, admits now of no doubt, for trumpet-blasts are heralding it every day.

In your patience, therefore, ye hideous Democratic demons! possess ye your souls, calmly awaiting the issues of the hour, remembering, the meanwhile, that God helps them who help themselves, as He honors those who honor Him.

The bald assertions about the noble State of Ohio, that '*it would have been arrayed against the Federal Government almost as decisively as South-Carolina*,' in the event of Vallandigham's election, and that, '*had he been defeated by a small majority, his party would have taken arms against the State government, and Ohio would have done nothing for the national cause*,' are both monstrous in conception, flagitious in utterance, revolutionary in tendency, and utterly unworthy of any reply.

FOUND WANTING.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Christmas Eve! and no star in the East nor in the darkling West, where the sun had gone down in cloud; no silvery moonbeams to glimmer over window-sill and threshold; no soft evening light to fold the earth in a sweet expectant glow for the coming of the birth-morn of Christ.

But the Bethlehem star may appear on the morrow, and Christmas-day be gladdened by the sunlight. At any rate, the gloom which fell from the cloudy tapestry of that wintry sky did not dampen the expectant mirth of happy children, thinking of torch-lit Christmas-trees and the presents that Santa Claus would bring them in his wonderful chariot; nor did the Yule log burn less brightly in the fires that flame for that time-honored custom a welcome at every Christmas. The new world has homes on its broad surface, where old customs are hallowed with as hearty a zeal as in the fatherland, which gave birth to so many strange and beautiful fancies. And by many a fireside flickered a transitory joy that flashed love-beams into eyes dim with age, and the bright flush of joy over the face of happy youth. There sat, perhaps, a returned warrior, come to bring starlight and moonbeam—ay, and more than the glory of sunset to that Christmas eve. How many a mother clasped with delight her first-born to her bosom! how many a father gazed proudly on a reünited family — none missing, not even the soldier, whose bronzed face, perhaps marked with a scar, gave evidence that he had been put to the proof, or the halting gait betrayed some hidden wound! How little cared lovers again united, happy in a joyous present, for the darkness without! Here was plenteous light within, and but few recked of the desolate hearths, where vacant places cast shadows blacker than midnight, and no sound of gladness awoke the stillness that was broken only, perhaps, by the wail of the widow and fatherless. God help those poor stricken ones, and send them peace with the New Year! This was the prayer that arose from hearts not unmindful in their own joy of the woes of others, whose orisons, with large breadth of desire, uprose from a spirit of universal love most pleasing to God and the angels.

Clarice sat in her chamber alone. Her thoughts must have been very pleasing, very delightful; for frequent smiles dimpled the cheek that had regained much of its lost bloom and roundness, and *something*, pressed many, many times to heart and lip, seemed to produce a magical effect, for the Clarice of that Christmas eve was literally transfigured with happiness. But the words that invoked such rosy light to brow and lip, such sparkling joy to her eyes, seem almost impious to us. It was evident that all doubt and fear were forgotten. Again and again bright glances swept the closely-written page. She had worshipped there for hours; yes, worshipped — for such devotion is idolatrous and sinful. She had again permitted her soul to be wrapped in an earthly love, exceeding and obscuring that which alone had sustained her when the deep and cold waters of affliction had well-nigh closed over her bowed head. O Clarice! why distil thine own bitterness from the alluring dews that steep thy spirit in forgetfulness of the true heaven, while thou makest a mirage Paradise for thyself?

It was some time before Clarice could realize the change which had come so suddenly, light upon gloom. She almost feared to trust in its reality; and better for her had she continued to hold with a slight hand so beautiful an illusion. She had even spoken of a final separation as inevitable; shrouding with

foreboding the most eloquent expressions of her joy. And Carleton strove to convince the anxious heart that no cloud could henceforth darken the horizon, whose clear azure had yet the 'little cloud' that he could not see.

'Thank you, dearest,' he said, 'for all your loving words, only do not talk any more of separation; I have you fast now, and you can't get out of it.' Then, after words that we are not permitted to see, he concluded: 'Good-night now, beloved, and remember me in your prayers. Never fear, never doubt, but believe that I love you with all my heart and soul, and so shall I ever.' But, looking further up the page, we see: 'You may trust in my love as implicitly as in that of the Saviour.' Impious words, that poor Clarice regarded with a shudder in the cold, dreary time of disappointment which followed.

What was Clarice expecting, sitting there so patiently? Carleton himself; he had thought to meet her in Washington with her brothers, who could not obtain a furlough for going home at Christmas. So Clarice had used all her powers of persuasion to induce her mother to go; but for some wise reason Mrs. Wylmer had not consented, and now he would come to her. The letter she held in her hand was several days old—he *must* be coming home for Christmas. Home! Strange how the bounding heart sank as the thought of his mother arose with the word. Out into the darkness she peered. She would have no light in the room, lest her straining vision be dimmed of what was passing without. Presently came the lamplighter; and directly opposite her window, merrily humming snatches of a popular song, he applied his torch to the spectral-looking lamp that cast its broad glow, in a moment, on the white pavement beneath. The light seemed to penetrate her heart, for a pleased expectancy again irradiated the expressive features. No need to watch there, Clarice! He will not come. Slowly faded the joy-beams from her eye as the heavy moments crept on, each longer than the last, until a church-bell near by struck the hour of nine. It was like a knell. Her mother, who had been spending the evening out, now returned.

'Clarice, my dear child, you will surely take cold sitting here so long by the window, and so little heat in your room. I cannot really allow it. He will be here to-morrow, no doubt. He may come by a late train, and in that case would, of course, be obliged to go to his own home first. To-morrow, you will see him, never fear.'

But 'to-morrow' came and went, and the next day and the next. There was no letter nor any message to relieve the wearing misery of suspense. Every footstep, eagerly listened for, smote chill disappointment into her heart; each evening she watched and waited by the window, fancying that every carriage which rolled by on the frosty road must contain — Carleton. And day by day the sun rose and set on the birth and burial of a hope.

New-Year's Day! Bright, clear, and beautiful as sunlight unbarred by cloud could make it. A mild but bracing air fanned her cheek, as Clarice threw open her window, and stood for a while enjoying its invigorating influence; for she was not one of those who exclude the breath of heaven from their homes all winter. 'He intends to make me a New-Year's call,' she murmured, as she went about the duties of the day. They were few, and she soon arrayed herself with loving care in garments that she knew *he* would admire, in colors that she had heard him say became her best. And in her mirror she pictured their meeting a thousand different ways; for who does not know the infinitude of a single thought! Then, with external calmness, she assisted her mother in the reception of their little list of visitors, each ring at the door-bell bringing a heart-throb and flush of joyful hope. But at last they were alone; still no Carleton. It was a long, long day.

I do not think Clarice doubted for a moment that, before the nightfall, her joy would be complete; certain it is that when the moon arose, a veil of silvery light floated softly around her, as with mild glances the steadfast beamings looked in at her window. Almost unearthly pale looked the eager, wistful face; almost unearthly bright the shining orbs, that, fixed in habitual watching, had in them a strange and far-off look.

Six—seven—eight—nine—ten! Carriage after carriage has rolled swiftly by, merry voices have rung clearly out upon the still night-air, many footsteps have echoed along the moon-lit street, some mockingly seeming to halt at her very door, making her bend eagerly forward, to find that it was 'only some one for the next house.' And now it is too late. 'He will not come to-night. To-morrow—to-morrow!'

When midnight fell upon the earth, and the moonbeams stretched lengthening with intense light upon the house-tops and along the way, ministering angels looked in upon Clarice. Her heart had been torn in sudden conflict. A voice, heard once before, had whispered in her ear:

'*Thou shalt have no other gods before* ME.'

And she had knelt down by the glittering window that looked like a gateway of pearl, letting in starlight and moonbeam from a glimpse of the jewelled sky. Before her, also enamelled by that mystical glow, lay the picture of Carleton; and urged by an impulse she was powerless to resist, she asked for strength to renounce, should she be called upon to do so, the idol she had enthroned, where none but God should be. In anguish and tears she fought with the struggling desires of earth, with the mighty human love that sought to hold its own in spite of all. 'Not my will but Thine,' cried the bleeding heart, so strangely wounded; and the precious drops, whitening that stricken soul, escaped not the eye of the All-Merciful. Then she arose in a wonderful calm, for those kind spirits had soothed her with sweet promises and thoughts of peace.

That night Clarice dreamed of being in some strange place with Carleton and his mother. Now he was moody and silent, then affectionate and genial; but Mrs. Ashe spoke only to him, never a word to her. Then it seemed that he had sent her away on a difficult journey, giving her much money, which she was to keep safely for him. She knew not where she was going; and soon lost her way. Then a woman of repulsive aspect, meeting her, stopped and looked her full in the face. 'I have lost my way,' said Clarice, in distress, 'and do not know where to go.' Then the woman asked her the reason of her journey; and, in bewilderment, she said she did not know, only Carleton had sent her. She wanted now to go back to him, since the way had become so rugged and difficult. She feared to lose her footing in the uncertain road, so slippery and uneven, with dangerous precipices on either side. She had lost the road by which she had come; could the witch-like woman help her to find it? 'Yes, but you must pay me some money,' said the hag; and, without thinking, Clarice gave her nearly all she carried with her. Then a sinister look gleamed in the cunning eyes, and Clarice remembered that the money was Carleton's. 'But he will not be angry,' she thought, after a momentary pang, 'if I only return to him safely.' And so she took a different course, fearing to pursue the road to which the skinny finger of that dark-browed woman had pointed, lest it be the wrong one. Many dangers met her by the way, and vague terrors filled her mind; but she never once looked back, lest she should again see the woman whose glance had so alarmed her. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, she pressed on, until at last, O joy! she found her beloved in a place full of all delights, but of which it was ever impossible to speak.

Awaking, profoundly impressed with her dream, Clarice related it to her mother. She, too, had dreamed of a black and wrathful sea, which threatened to tower its heaving waves far above their heads, and lashed a distant shore with tempestuous fury. But to her dream there was no ending, only great darkness and pain.

They both smiled at the strange fantasies; and Clarice, happy in a belief that if she no longer *worshipped* her idol, it would not be taken from her, went out into the fresh morning air to make some necessary calls.

She hastened home at noon, half expecting to find Carleton there, and found — a letter. With cheek and lip blanched to a marble whiteness, she recognized the postmark. That glance revealed a cruel certainty. He was at home, and had not been to see her! Mechanically she broke the seal, with a terrible prescience of what was to come. A coldness, as of death, came upon her as she read; her eyes grew strong and tearless, her lips rigid and strained.

'Clarice!' cried her mother, in affright.

But she only motioned to the letter, and, like a ghost, glided from the room. Smitten with sudden darkness, she groped her way up the stairs, her teeth chattering as with an ague fit, and strong shudders shaking her frame, but no weeping. Whatever may be the great blow which fell with crushing weight upon her spirit, that relief was denied the tortured heart. With effort reaching her own chamber, she crept into the bed, and as if to hide herself from the daylight, drew the clothes completely over her head.

Her mother read the letter:

'Dear Clarice: It is easy to reason coldly on the abstract principles of justice and duty, but the most unerring deductions of logic fade away before the actual sight of a mother's tears.

'It is useless to struggle longer against the inevitable result. Strong in the consciousness of right, I thought I had steeled my heart sternly to do what I considered my duty to you, to myself, and to justice, let the consequences be what they might.

'I was mistaken. Right or wrong, my mother is — my mother; one to whom, besides the obligation of existence, I owe *every thing.* I cannot break her heart; (and I know her heart would break if our engagement were persisted in, so thoroughly is she persuaded of the justice of her opposition to it.) I cannot do that. It is impossible.

'But do not think that, in this decision, I forget *you.* It is with the keenest anguish I write these words. If, by any sacrifice of myself merely, I could spare you this pain, how gladly would I make it! I can only hope that, in this sore trial, you will have the moral courage to bear calmly what you have often prophetically foreseen, and that you will justify me in this most bitter but unavoidable decision.

'I thought it best to make this communication in writing. I could not bear to see you under such circumstances. I could not bear to come before you, fresh from the perusal of my words of love and promised faith, with such a tale. It is best so. To see you would only cause additional and unavailing anguish.

'I pray you to forget me, who, under the cloak of love, have caused you more and bitterer grief in a few months than, I trust, will be your lot during all the rest of your life.

'I had thought of writing to your mother, but of what avail? What I have done was inevitable. The reason is simple, and does not admit of argument. The fewer the words the better.

'You will show her this letter. You will tell her that I have tried to do all that an honorable man *should* do, and that nothing but a conviction of absolute necessity could have induced me to retract my solemnly renewed vows.

'All that I feel and might say you know. It would be worse than useless to say it. Farewell!

'Carleton.'

The troubled heart of the mother, bleeding now from the wounds that had been inflicted on her child, for one long moment of agony stood still within her. Then that divine instinct of protection— the enduring strength of motherhood

over all suffering—asserted itself, and she sought Clarice.

A faint moan from beneath the covering tore anew the mother's heart, as she stood many moments in the door-way, almost fearing to enter. She could do naught but mutely caress the stricken deer, which lay writhing in such bitter agony as words would but mock, not soothe. It was no time yet to speak; she could only pray for her suffering child, while tears fell like rain above her. She must have *felt* her mother's tears.

'I'm so cold, mother;' and the shivering frame told how true were her plaintive words. She could not speak of *that*. Her heart was frozen, her brain benumbed. She was conscious only of an overwhelming misery, so great that it could not be understood. Yes, she might well be cold. That day belongs to God and those two.

The shock well-nigh cost Clarice her life. When the icy thraldom of the first terrible hours passed away, a grasping pain, holding back the pulsations of her heart, and a distressful shortening of the breath, with convulsive strictures of every muscle, brought physical suffering, along with a full perception of her unutterable misery. Even sleep was denied her at first. Two terrible nights she kept watch over her dead, longing with intense desire that the sleep which knows no waking might in mercy fall upon her, and shroud her sorrows in eternal silence. But *in mercy* that wish was disregarded in heaven, and Clarice was spared to come out of the furnace, let us hope, refined and purified by suffering.

Such a woe cannot be described; only natures as fatally sensitive, as largely gifted with a power of concentrative devotion, perhaps happily rare, because of the suffering it entails on its possessor, can in any degree comprehend it. The sacrifice of possession alone she could have borne bravely; had it been a voluntary yielding, which none knew better than *that one*, she would promptly have made for his sake had he asked it, when the fatal necessity was revealed to his mind. But this sudden, heartless breaking of the solemn vows he had so lately rendered more emphatic, while, as he himself had said, the words of love and promised faith yet echoed in her heart. Oh! it was cruel, most cruel! and she could but think, with keener pang, that he had again yielded to some mysterious but terrible appearance of certainty, brought by her unscrupulous adversary to bear upon him in the very first moments of his return. And though he denied this, his conduct was capable of no other construction.

Time alone can tell; time which is proving both Clarice and Carleton, and will testify which, when weighed in the balance, will be 'found wanting.'

The blow to her child-like faith in humanity she will probably never recover. Forced to witness the annihilation of a faith so perfect, that it seemed no storm could again convulse it, of a love which had been compared to that of an all-enduring Saviour, she could never again trust an earthly love, or believe in any human constancy. Since Carleton, in whom all the hopes of her life had been centred, on whom she had prodigally lavished all the wealth of her nature, had failed her; to whom, on the broad earth, could she confide even the remnant of what was once a priceless possession?

So thought Clarice, as she folded away, in silence and tears, this page of her life.

Out of these ruins, a settled determination to suffer and be strong arose in the mind of Clarice Wylmer. That mind, asserting itself, refused to be crushed beneath the iron wheel of Fate, where her poor heart lay torn and bleeding on the wayside of life. She will do and be something yet, we are fain to believe. Those God-given talents, that glowed with a new lustre after the season of her trance, no longer enchained by the flowery bonds of earthly love, will win for Clarice something better than fame—honor, and the esteem of the

world. And though her sorrow is not dead, it will not stay the spirit in its journey, nor weaken the mental power it stung into new life.

> 'GOD's idea fills the heart that bleeds;
> The best fruit loads the broken bough;
> And in the wounds our suff'rings plough,
> Immortal love sows sov'rin seeds.'

CHAPTER FIFTH.

'Do not sit up late to-night, Clarice,' said Mrs. Wylmer, looking in on her daughter before retiring to rest. 'Come, you have had enough of books and papers for to-day. You had better put them away, now.'

Clarice lifted a pale face from the hand on which it had rested through hour after hour of wearisome study. 'Is it so late, mamma? Don't try to keep awake till I come. I *must* stay a while longer.' And as the door of her sanctum closed softly on the retreating form of her mother, a little sigh escaped the tremulous lips, that, startled from their long calm, seemed at the mercy of some sudden emotion.

'It is hard work,' said she to her struggling heart; 'and nothing to cheer.'

'Nothing to cheer, Clarice? Oh! yes; the faithful effort always brings its own reward, and yours is not far distant.' And the closely written pages she had thrown off one by one from her facile pen seemed all aglow that moment with prophetic lustre. She had wished for fame; should she not have it? Again she pored over her book, but the author's subtle meanings were less distinct than before, and soon her gaze returned to the unfinished manuscript. She had lost a thought, and left her work in despair till it should come again. And it *had* come, as was evident from the quick flash of intelligence that lit with strange beauty eye and lip, as her eager fingers once more traced the sheet.

The hours came and went, never heeded by Clarice, whose rapt gaze, though fixed on her manuscript, seemed absorbed in some delightful vision. She sat as if entranced; her whole being wrapped in a kind of ecstasy; all previous mental pain forgotten, in the sweet effluence of a beautiful thought. When, the last page completed, she laid aside her pen, no trace of weariness obscured the strange brightness of her look. Her soul, emancipated from the thraldom of material things, had illumined its casket with a glory as evanescent as it was wonderful. Clarice, transfigured with this new delight, every pulse thrilled with rapture almost painful in its intensity, fancied she communed with the angels, and *almost* imagined herself vested with supernatural power, as she read the words she had written, not of herself, but the invisible force that controlled her.

'Oh! if they but move others so!' came, with a sigh from her lips, as the spell was suddenly withdrawn, and she looked upon her actual work with a sense of unspeakable relief. 'Oh! how happy I have been!' And with a shudder she saw the real living shadow of her life returning as she spoke.

But she dwelt with ever-increasing wonder and delight on the experience of those marvellous hours. Would she ever enter that charmed palace again, where thoughts were angels, gifted with such sweet utterance as made divinest harmony in the soul unto which they loved to minister?

Seldom, indeed, is such a joy vouchsafed to a finite mind, however lofty its estate; and Clarice might well tremble with awe when she saw the shining messengers depart. But it was the dawning of a new era for her. Able to withdraw from the world, from her very self, into an upper region of pure intellect, she was not, and never could be again, the slave of any earthly passion, however strong.

'I can make others happy,' she murmured, 'even though my own life is shadowed for ever.' There was a strange thrill in the thought. Here was indeed a glorious gift if rightly improved. She

would give herself no time for introspective views of her own peculiar griefs. A lamp had been placed in her feeble hand, with which to light the way of others. *Her* lamp, burning brightly above, shone just then, without the cloud that had seemed to her inevitable; and the precious light she held flashed with quickened lustre from its intenser glow.

We will not seek to know what she has written this January night. Folding it away almost reverently, as if the thoughts it contains are far beyond and above herself, Clarice leaves her precious manuscript, not to go forth on the morrow, nor perhaps for many another day. With a sort of superstitious awe she is waiting for some indication of its mission.

A glimpse of dawn through the curtained window startles her as she extinguishes the low shaded lamp on her table. Morning has come in a double sense to her; and hushed with a strange calm, she creeps softly to her waiting pillow, and nestling there with a sweet sense of contentment, sinks at once into a profound and dreamless sleep.

The sunbeams stretched broad golden bars across the pure white blinds, and peered through every crevice of the closed shutters with quick, penetrating glances, that filled Clarice with dismay as she awoke. Raising herself on one arm, she looked at the watch which ticked its clear warning above her pillow. How many precious morning hours had been wasted in slumber! She began to think a little doubtfully of her midnight labors as she sprang to her feet and commenced a hurried toilette.

'Don't scold, mother dear,' she began as the door opened, admitting Mrs. Wylmer and a small tray on which was spread a dainty meal.

'I have brought your breakfast and a letter,' was the reply. 'I am not going to scold, Clarice; but really, my dear, you are injuring your health by these late hours.'

'Yes, I know; I am ashamed to think *how* late it is,' said the delinquent, brushing her curls with rather unnecessary vehemence. 'I couldn't help it though, indeed, mamma. It seemed such a *little* while, and I was so happy.'

Her mother thought, as she watched the bright head bending over her letter, that a little joy for her suffering child was cheaply purchased by the bright morning hours she had before regretted.

'What does your brother say, Clarice?' she asked cheerily, catching a stray gleam of something very like pleasurable surprise from the quick glancing eye.

'O mamma! Just listen:

''You will see me so soon, dear Clarice, that I mean to reserve all my fine tales for our own fireside. You know my passion for a good fire, that one can *look* at. Tell mother to get the larder well filled, in anticipation; for I shall also want to gratify *another* proclivity.

''I would bring my friend Willis along, as Charles cannot come, but that I know, dear, you are not in the mood for company.' (Is he not a darling, mamma? The good John! He was always the kindest, most considerate of brothers.) 'I did not know in time to apprize mother in my letter to her; so remembering that I owed you one, I thought I would announce the glad tidings through you.'

'There! I have quite an appetite now for my breakfast,' said Clarice, sipping the fragrant coffee. 'I'm so pleased, dear mamma. I think I'm almost happy; that is, I should be, if——'

Her lip quivered, and the grieved look that had become habitual of late returned to the face so suddenly shadowed again.

'Come, darling; put away all the sadness, and look happy for John's sake—and mine,' she added with a sigh, as she noticed how very slight had become the little hand Clarice had laid caressingly on hers. Could this be indeed the bright, happy girl, so full of joyous hope but a few short weeks before? Yes, the shock had been too sudden, too

cruel; it was no wonder the slow torture of those dreadful days had left such sorrowful traces.

A long, tearful look, and then she spoke again:

'You are getting too pale and thin, my child. I cannot allow you to seclude yourself so utterly; staying in the house day after day like this. It is like keeping a plant from the sunshine. *You* were always fond of sunshine, Clarice.'

It was an unfortunate reminder.

'Yes—O mamma! but you know *my* sun never shines on me now, and I am withering in this cold, dreary shade. I believe,' she added with a shudder, 'that all the warmth has gone out with the sun. I feel so cold nearly all the while; such a strange chill creeps over me at times; I feel quite helpless and miserable except when I forget myself entirely, as I did last night.' And the very thought seemed to bring with it a strange calm, for Clarice looked up into the pitying face, bending down on her its yearning mother-love, with a smile.

'Suppose you take a little walk, Clarice, before dinner. The air is quite mild, and will bring a tinge of color into those pale cheeks, perhaps.'

'Will you go too, mother dear?

'No. Cannot you leave me something to read while you are gone? May I see what you wrote last night?'

Clarice hesitated. 'I feel strangely about that,' she said. 'It scarcely seems to belong to me. Mamma, I believe I'm getting superstitious.'

'Then I am not to read it, Clarice?'

'Oh! yes, if you desire it. I should show it to *you* some time, certainly, if not now. Yes, you may read it, mother dear; only don't say any thing to me about it afterwards.' And having donned her walking-dress, Clarice started for her walk.

'I'm going to see Miss Brandt,' said she, reëntering the room a moment after; 'and let me see—yes, I believe I'll recite that old, old lesson I have neglected so long. Where's my Wallenstein? I must translate a little, I suppose. Alas! for my steady resolves! Very little German has resulted from them, as yet. Ah! here are my books, just as I left them. Good-by, mamma.' And outwardly cheerful, at least, Clarice went on her way.

Miss Brandt was, or rather had been, the mutual friend of Clarice and Carleton; now, however, true to her woman's nature, with all the force of her honest indignation, kindled by what she considered the unworthy conduct of one whom hitherto she had heartily admired, she manifested her displeasure. Her first step was to destroy all the old exercises she had kept as souvenirs ever since the time when she gave him German lessons, long before he ever dreamed of Clarice. Then she mounted a chair, with grim resolution, and deliberately took down his portrait which he had given her when his law studies necessitated the relinquishment of all extraneous pursuits, the study of German included; in which he had made such progress as to astonish and delight his teacher, who boasted of 'Mr. Carle' wherever she went.

After this, no more was heard of the beautiful translations Mr. Carle had made of her favorite poems. Decidedly his star had fallen from her firmament.

'I do no more care for Mr. Carle,' she would say. 'No, I tought he was the most faithful. I now find him zo much vorse than veak. I have zeaced to think him any more zo goot as oder men. I found him once much better.'

'Why, you need not be so bitter, dear Miss Brandt, for *my* sake. You should be good friends with him still for that. Remember how sorely he was tried. His whole life's education was at fault; and then his mother—he is son, husband, *all* to her, you know. He had to choose between us; do you think I would have had him leave his mother?'

'My dear,' said Miss Brandt with a peculiar lengthened inflection she often used in speaking to Clarice, and which

was inexpressibly tender, 'he is now no more vorthy, and you vill yet love him? I tought you once proud.'

'And so I am still.'

'But you find excuses. I give him none. No, if Mr. Carle is so veak, he is unvorthy of zo kind toughts. He never should have broken his vord. He knew just zo before he became engaged. He is now no more a man. You must forget him.'

Clarice would cease to argue at this point. Miss Brandt was inexorable.

The good lady was thinking of her young friend, when the door of her room was pushed gently open, and a noiseless step tarried behind her chair. So deep were her meditations, however, that she was quite unconscious of the intrusion, till a pair of soft hands were pressed over her eyes, and a voice whispered close at her ear:

'Guess.'

There was no need. The kind heart knew well that voice and touch. 'I just was thinking of you, darling,' she said, fondly embracing her visitor. 'Come, zit you close to the fire, and heat yourself. You look vehr cold.'

'Your sister said I might come right up, Miss Lotta. Do you mind?'

'My dear!' was the sole reply; but there was a world of meaning in the gentle exclamation. It implied that at no time could Clarice be unwelcome.

'Will you hear me recite to-day, Miss Lotta?'

'You are zo goot child. You are vehr right. Vork helps to forget. Come, then, my dear.' There was always a lingering emphasis on 'my.'

And the lesson began in good earnest.

When Mrs. Wylmer met her daughter on her return, there was a dewy light in her eyes; an added earnestness in the warm greeting.

She had read the manuscript.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SERMONS BY A *NON*-REVEREND.

Love.

'God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us.'—Tennyson.

'To be wise and love exceeds man's might.'
Shakspeare.

God *gives* us love; something to love He *lends* us. The love he never resumes, as he does, alas! so often, the loved. The love is ours for ever, if we uproot it not from our hearts, or it perish not through our neglect. The fiercest heat of the summer sun cannot wither it; the wildest winter storm cannot lay it low; not even the frost of death can blight it. No; love the consoler, love the purifier, love the healer, may ever be ours. 'Love is strong as death;' yea, love has sometimes prevailed over death. Have you never owed your life to the care, or, it may be, to the strong yearning that would not let you go, of a loved one, it may be of a sister? Such a sister I had. A great sorrow came to me, such a sorrow as visits one but once in a lifetime; yet this guest, as long as I had my sister's soothing presence, could not entirely exclude the many pleasant ones that for years had daily visited me. But our parson coveted this presence for his lonely parsonage, and, *non*-Reverend though I am, I could not be selfish enough even to wish it otherwise, for he was a noble fellow. But they must needs go away for a short time, leaving me to hear, night after night, an old unused water-wheel, not far from our home, creak out: 'All gone, all gone.' I mention this water-wheel, for it is ever associated with my misery, and it seemed a fit emblem of my soul; its creaking, a suitable utterance of my

misery. Ever turning, no rest, detached from all the uses of life, the flood ever pouring over it, accomplishing nothing but the doleful creaking, 'All gone, all gone,' I believe that wheel helped give me a brain fever; certain it is, when the meaning of every thing else was distorted by and ever changing with the varying moods of my delirium, it never changed its tone or its meaning; neither did I become accustomed to it, monotonous as it was. . . . . For days, life hung in the balance with death; I could hear the great dim eternity 'break, break, break at the foot of the crags' of time; 'cold grey' crags they were. But my sister came back, and her loving care turned the scale. Life weighed down death; but the dark angel, that eagerly watched the balance, avenged himself, ah! too soon. One year after he crossed the threshold of the parsonage, close on the footsteps of the angel of life, and broke the link but just forged, and, no longer a *dark* angel, but all radiant, like him who came to Peter, and 'light shined in his prison,' *this*, too, said, 'Arise up quickly,' and *her* chains fell off. That night the heavenly choir gained two voices. . . . . Let us thank God that *death*, *life's horizon*, *is not its boundary line.*

Why is it that, though we never make a jest of a sister's love, a father's, a mother's, the sweet home affections, yet that *other* love has always been a subject of jest? Now, *non*-reverend though I am, I do not like to jest with so sacred a subject. It is to me a strange fancy, the god of love, a smiling boy, the very picture of innocence, doing nothing with malice prepense, *blindly* shooting his sometimes poisoned arrows, which, all unaimed as they are, never fail to pierce some heart. Though some of these arrows, not being *barbed*, are very easily withdrawn, and leave no rankling wound. Such are those that first pierce a young man's heart, opening the hitherto sealed fountain of poetry which gushes forth in madrigals. I cannot find it in my heart even to laugh at this boyish fancy, hardly to be dignified with the name of love. You will know the difference some day, my boy. This *fancy* is, as electricity is said to be, *limited to the surface;* there has not yet been given to your being that mysterious gravitation, its *centripetality*, if I may so speak. This fancy, call it love if you will, is but a ripple to the tossing, heaving, raging *unrest.* It is true this unrest is, at first, but a gentle undulation; but beware when love looks steadily into the deep of your soul. You remember how, through the magic influence imparted to him by the 'little master,' 'Sintram,' fixing his gaze on the Norwegian Sea, raised a tempest that strewed the coast with wrecks. Such a tempest love's gaze raises in the human soul; and were it not that I must stick to my text, which says, '*God* gives us love,' I would insinuate that the 'little master' (that is, the Devil) *sometimes* imparts the magic influence.

Sometimes God gives us love, as He sends afflictions, *all for our good*, no doubt. But beware, my young friend, of this little adversary of yours, this enemy to your happiness, that will pawn-like creep up steadily, till it has taken the highest place in your heart, thenceforth to be the great sweeping passion, the snatcher-up of every little joy, of all peace. Need I name this insignificant pawn, that may become a haughty, desolating queen? *Love.*

Thenceforth to be the great, sweeping passion, did I say? I retract that. The soul that has not recuperative energy enough to *slough off* an unrequited or unworthy love, with all its misery, has not vitality enough to throw off a sin.

It is, after all, a good thing to have loved once in one's life. Love mellows the heart, deepens the soul, indeed, it develops a new soul-sense; thus giving a fuller meaning to every thing in life. This enables us more fully to comprehend the poets; we find, in many a rich passage, a fragrance where we before only perceived beauty. Though to the

disappointed, desolate heart these once sweet, aromatic passages may have the odor of faded flowers; those love-poems may have a dreary meaning, like a summer song of birds and flowers, heard in winter; yet it is something to feel a chord in one's bosom vibrate with as sweet a thrill as any within the grandest of them all, though its melody may not be flung out on every passing breeze, to be able to say:

> 'I loved thee, Spirit, and love;
> Nor can the soul of *Shakspeare* love thee more.'

As along the dry bed of a stream many trees and plants flourish that, but for the once flowing stream, would not have been there, so you can trace even a vanished love's course by many sweet and tender affections. Though in a worldly sense Shakspeare speaks truth when he says, 'To be wise, and love, exceeds man's might;' yet in a nobler sense, *love is the highest wisdom*, for it is the great cultivator of the noblest affections of the soul.

Man.

'However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.'—Tennyson.

'How august, how complicate, how wonderful is man!'—Young.

Here seems to be a slight discrepancy. Which is right, Young or Tennyson? or are both right? Let us decide from facts. We shall begin with Adam, skulking away from his Maker, crouching with Eve in Eden's most shaded nook, probably nestling close to her, that he might, when summoned by the dread Voice, drag her with him. He could not stand alone in the *Presence.* Hear him, in whining tone: 'The *woman* whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.' What repetition in speaking of her fault, crowding his own weak compliance into as small a compass as possible; crouching behind a *woman*, in the vain hope that she will shield him from the full force of the Divine wrath. 'We men *are* a little breed.'

> 'The fox ne'er so tame, so cherished, and locked up,
> Will have a wild trick of his ancestor.'

Towards woman man's first littleness was shown, and conspicuous on his list of littlenesses for all past time, stands his treatment of her, so often burdened with his crimes, the sharer of his punishment, the participator of his sorrows, even his attendant to those shades darker than Eden's inmost recesses; sometimes, too, the fear to meet the consequences of his crimes has driven him there, dragging her with him. Often has she been compelled to follow him into the *Beyond*, a sacrifice on his funeral-pyre. Why? Because he was afraid to go alone into the dark? But what have we to do with *heathen* customs? In free, enlightened America doesn't the law secure to the widow 'her thirds,' and doesn't she often 'flourish like the green bay-tree,' and, instead of sacrificing herself on the *late-lamented's* funeral-pyre, isn't she at liberty to sacrifice herself on the hymeneal altar? That's it, *sacrifice* herself—she must still be looked upon as a sacrifice. In a figurative sense, this is too often true; it has sometimes been true in a literal sense; for instance, in the time of the eighth Henry, the head of the Anglican Church, who, unlike the Jewish priest, wrung off the heads of the turtle-doves *after* they had been laid on the altar, instead of before.

How often does a man sacrifice even a hair of his own, unless to save the whole precious head? He is, in blustering words, ready, like Mutius, to sacrifice his right hand to prove his loyalty; probably he would sacrifice it to escape a draft. O man! so great in promise, so little in performance; so great, in swelling words of vanity, as patriot, soldier, philanthropist, patriot! How the word once conjured up before the mind the noble form of a Washington, or some grand old historic shade, looming up, through the mists of time, in gigantic proportions! What a contrast to the present '*little breed*' that claim the

name. It is no wonder that they are obliged constantly to assert their patriotism. Hear one of the 'little breed' of patriots with hand on his heart, or rather over where the heart ought to be, swearing that he is a *patriot.* By the way, according to the gauge of the dark ages, the criminality of this kind of perjury is not very great, for not even the relics of a heart are his; his breast is but an *empty reliquary.* By way of explanation, allow me to quote a passage of Hallam:

'Robert, King of France, perceiving how often men forswore themselves on the holy relics, and less shocked apparently by the crime than the sacrilege, caused an *empty reliquary* to be made, that those who used it might incur less guilt, in fact, though not in intention.'

One could almost think the opposite of the Pythagorean doctrine true, only it would require a great many souls of other animals to compound one man's soul, as 'whole fields of Persian roses go to the concoction of an ounce of the precious attar.'

This doctrine would account for man's many inconsistencies. You can often detect in him a trace of almost every known animal, and those unreferable traits may have belonged to the iguanodon, the mastodon, the dinotherium, etc. etc.

But I wrong man. May I be forgiven for thus lowering him, even in jest? Whatever may be his elements, they are all fused and transfused by the celestial fire. And when we look at a Dante, a Shakspeare, a Milton, we can but, with Young, exclaim: 'How august, how complicate, how wonderful is man!' And our admiration rises to adoration, as we behold that sublime One into whose soul no *littleness* ever entered, in that grandest of sacrifices, baptizing with his blood Mount Calvary, consecrating it for ever.

THE COUNTRY BOARDER'S LAMENT.

BY LIEUT. EGBERT PHELPS, U.S.A.

Ah! woe betide the luckless day
  When, led by hapless fate to roam,
I cast my lot—a castaway—
  Among the hills so far from home!
And yet 'tis folly to repine
  Or grumble at the bill of fare,
Though, like their native mountain-pine,
  The board is very thin and spare.

For virtues, where they don't belong,
  Have only changed their proper places;
The tea is weak, the butter strong,
  The meals far shorter than the 'graces.'
The lengthy prayer is often said,
  The revel never is begun;
The roast is almost never red,
  The chickens very rarely dun.

Each viand has its virtue too,
  However noxious it may seem;
The bread—'twas baked a month ago —
  Like Fulton, shows the power of steam.
To teach us to encounter toil,
  The steak is better than a master;
The salt to fertilize the soil,
  For lack of—Nova-Scotia plaster.

Of game our hostess knows no lack,
  For, when we miss the usual treat,
We make it up, behind her back,
  By making game of all we eat.
We quail at quails that never rise
  Above the platter's mystic ring,
And oft our dancing-master tries
  In vain to cut the pigeon-wing.

Then our dessert—oh! dire intent!
  Promiscuous mixtures, froth and flummux,
With murderous purpose must be meant
  For waging war upon our stomachs.
Though once devoured, we're sure to meet
  These custards, tarts, and pies again,
For every morsel that we eat,
  Like Truth, is sure to 'rise again.'

A broader record might be shown
  Than even this in sultry weather,
When cheese is sure to run alone,
  And butter sure to run together;
When angry words and sharp reply
  From every heated lip recoil,
Till, in the universal fry,
  Both men and meat are in a broil.

Our hostess' figure, tall and slight,
  Defies all forms of architecture;
So many 'styles' in her unite,
  Her own is far beyond conjecture.
In such a 'composite' array
  Each morn appears her form majestic,
She seems decidedly *au fait*
  In every 'order' save domestic.

With grizzled front our hungry host
  She rules with more than queenly sway;
Yet while below she rules the roast,
  She seems a 'fry-er of 'orders' gray.'
And though we dare not frown, 'tis true,
  Before those Argus eyes of hers,
We often *wish* the dame would do
  Like Error mid its worshippers.'

BREAKING HEARTS.

BY MARY A. HOWE.

CHAPTER TENTH.

CASUAL MEETINGS.

Sabbath morning came; and on his way to church Mr. Althorp overtook Miss Clayton, and slackened his rapid pace to accommodate her more leisurely gait.

After the exchange of commonplace courtesies suitable to such chance encounter, he pointedly asked:

'Have you seen your intimate friend, Miss Mosby, lately?'

'I had the pleasure of calling on Miss Mosby yesterday; but when you term her my intimate friend, such term is misapplied. Do not misunderstand me; I do not mean to give you the impression that I would undervalue such friendship, but merely to state that I do not seem to have the right qualities for winning that confidence which is the very corner-stone to a strong and abiding attachment.'

The speaker sighed a little, dropped her eyes and looked sentimentally pensive, all of which demonstrations were thrown away on the insensate clod who was deaf, dumb, and blind to her attractions.

'I should have supposed,' said the recipient of Miss Clayton's undisguised preference, 'that Miss Mosby was just the sort of person to repose unlimited confidence in one to whom she is as readily accessible as to yourself.'

'The exact opinion I formed of her during the earlier period of our acquaintance; but I have changed my estimate of her character since then. Not that I intend speaking ill of her, or could do so with truth. It was my fault that I mistook her for a frank, outspoken, warm-hearted girl, when, in reality, she is as capable of concealing or revealing, hiding or exposing, her own counsel as many a woman of treble her years and experience. I couldn't help thinking, after leaving her yesterday, that, so far as any admission of her own was concerned, I came away as wise as I went; but her admissions were not all on which I had to depend. I flatter myself that my penetration is not often at fault, and from more than one indication I drew the conclusion that she was learning painfully, as many have learned the lesson before her, that the course of true love never does run smooth.'

This disclosure was emphasized by tone and look, serving no better purpose than that of sweetness wasted on the desert air.

Mr. Althorp's interest was too deeply aroused to vent itself in question or remark.

'Let me tell you,' resumed Miss Clayton, 'on what trifles I founded my belief. When I saw the lovely butterfly she was coloring, its wings as resplendent as a rainbow, and with a neck-tie as nicely knotted as your own, about its throat, I was curious to know why she took so much pains with her task. To forestall my suspicions, no doubt, she informed me, with great apparent candor, that the painted insect was intended as a present to Lieutenant Lee, off duty from the effects of an accidental hurt. A valuable gift—the portrait of a butterfly—to a disabled soldier; do you not think so?'

'You forget, Miss Clayton, that regard for the donor often imparts an inestimable value to the least valuable of gifts.'

'I forget it! when the very choicest treasure in my whole collection of preserved plants is a common leaf plucked from a wayside hedge by a hand whose touch would render precious the most

humble offering. Pardon my having been betrayed into an avowal so indiscreet; I am such a creature of impulse, so irresistibly swayed by the torrent of overmastering emotion, that —— '

The speaker paused abruptly on catching sight of her hearer's face, expressive of nothing more complimentary than an uneasy desire of escape, and added:

'I see that your suspicions point in the same direction as my own. If it was a love-quarrel that so suddenly added your cousin's name to our list of volunteers, I can only say that stranger things have happened. That lingering illness, directly after his departure, tells its own tale, according to my way of thinking, and she has not been the same person since. From the most engaging frankness she passed, at once, to its opposite extreme of cold and cautious reserve.'

Mr. Althorp gave no response; he was calling to mind several circumstances connected with that sudden attack of illness, and accounting for the same on a supposition widely at variance from the one advocated by his companion.

'These lovers' quarrels are fearfully serious matters, sometimes,' she resumed with a becoming blush; 'and those who can merge the pain of temporary alienation in the pleasure of permanent reünion are objects of my sincerest envy.'

So antagonistic to his own current of thought were the observations of his companion, that he availed himself with alacrity of the first plausible pretext for escape.

'There is the last stroke of the bell,' he declared, 'and as I have farther than yourself to go, I must hurry along or I shall be late.'

With all his hurry, it was impossible for him to reach the house of worship he ordinarily attended in season for the commencement of services, and thus it came to pass that he entered the nearer church, to the ministrations of whose pastor his neighbors weekly lent ear. There is no use in trying to gloze over the fact, albeit it may create distrust as to his devotional frame of mind, that the chief recommendation of the obscure seat in the gallery to which Mr. Althorp found his way, was its overlooking the pew occupied by the Mosbys.

The undivided attention Miss Sallie bestowed on the expounded word of holy writ proved that, in her case, no haunting memories had power to transmute into meaningless sound the lessons enforced from the sacred desk. Eloquently inveighed the speaker against the many forms of sin committed in the interests of expediency—the grasping, uncharitable, mercenary spirit of the age, leading its possessors to screen their shortcomings by mean and paltry subterfuge, and the deception which is unspoken falsehood, eating into the soul as a spot of corroding rust into the polished surface of an untarnished buckler. Miss Mosby's eyes, withdrawn from the face of the speaker, looked unheedingly into space, for in searching self-communings she had lost all sense of surrounding objects.

After the benediction had been pronounced, Mr. Althorp lingered in the gallery until the aisles were nearly empty below before leaving the church. On descending its outer steps, he caught sight of Miss Mosby on the opposite sidewalk, and hastened to join her. As he crossed the street, she sensibly quickened her pace to overtake Ned, for whom Emery Clayton was waiting still farther on.

'She has learned to recognize my step, even in a crowd,' thought Mr. Althorp, not ill pleased at her proficiency in the acquisition of this species of knowledge; 'and with time and attention may be taught not to flee its approach.'

Paying no heed to her evident desire of escape, he, with the well-bred assurance of one to whom the idea of repulse scarcely occurs as on the list of possibilities, took the vacant position at her side. He noticed that her hand trem-

bled as she reluctantly yielded it to the proffered grasp of his own, and that there was a vaguely apprehensive look in the startled eyes, quickly raised to, quickly withdrawn from, the face expressive only of cool determination and calm serenity.

'I do not see your father out this morning, Miss Sallie. I hope he is very well.'

'Quite well, I thank you, or was yesterday, when he was unexpectedly called away on business. I am glad he is to be back with us to-morrow, for it is doubly lonely, out of town, to have the head of the family absent.'

They walked on in silence until a little freed from the throng of the several dispersing congregations.

His manner lost a portion of its repose as he then said:

'You were kind enough, at our last interview, to grant me permission to choose the terms, whether of friendship or of enmity, on which our future acquaintance was to be conducted. I have made my choice — we remain friends.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Althorp; you essentially mistook my meaning; it was of our parting, not of our continued acquaintance, that I spoke. I do not wish to part with you on terms of enmity; but you have dealt me blows, both by word and deed, that have cost me an intensity of suffering such as I will never again willingly subject myself to. I have no desire to speak to you a rude or unkind word, but I do most decidedly decline the friendship that would bring me within striking distance of its giver.'

'I cannot deny, Miss Mosby, that my harshness has given you just grounds of complaint; of the sharp provocation I received, we will not speak. When I proffered you my friendship but now, it was with the firm intention of burying all past causes of dissension amongst the dead memories it is best never to revive. From this time forth, you shall find no occasion to take exception to any word or look of mine. Accept or reject my friendship, it is still your own. What is once given, I do not take unto myself again. You will not, at least, refuse me the neighborly privilege of making an occasional call.'

'Certainly not,' she replied, in tones not wholly unmoved; for the generously conciliatory spirit manifested by Mr. Althorp had not failed of effect. 'Father enjoys your games at chess together, and might think it strange if your visits were suddenly discontinued.'

'He would, of course, know to what cause to attribute such discontinuance,' asserted Mr. Althorp in a questioning tone and with a searching glance.

Misapprehending the purpose inducing this interrogatory form of assertion, she impulsively repelled what she deemed an implied accusation.

'I am not at all given to concealments with my father, Mr. Althorp. He has, and deserves, my entire confidence. So far as I am concerned, he might know what you seem to think he ought already to have been made aware of; but I couldn't tell him of the new footing our acquaintance has assumed without betraying matters strictly personal to yourself—matters as strictly in your own keeping, as much yours to give or to withhold, as though an unfortunate misapprehension had not forced them upon my knowledge. I trust, small cause as you have given me for coveting your good opinion, that you do not hold me in such contemptuously low estimation as to suppose that I could be guilty of referring even to a declaration to which I could not favorably respond.'

Mr. Althorp bent on the speaker a look of unutterable surprise. Was this the woman who had so glibly talked of breaking hearts to retain as trophies to the potency of her charms, and who now so indignantly repelled the suspicion of disclosing an avowal whose disclosure alone could make patent her claim to conquest? Where was the use of trophies, save for purposes of exhibition? Had he attached to light,

heedless expressions a significance they did not merit? or had the speaker changed since their utterance, learning through sufferings of her own to compassionate those of others?

So absorbed was he in these contradictory suggestions, that the remainder of their walk was completed without any additional remark worthy of record.

All that Sabbath afternoon, a heavy leaden-hued sky, precursor of approaching storm, drooped over the sere earth with sombre gloom. Evening's darkening shades fell on tree and shrub like the clinging folds of a sable pall. The plaintive wail of the wind swelled, once and again, into the piercing shriek of the northern blast, torn and rent by the coming tempest's breath. There was an indescribable dreariness in earth and sky; and succumbing to its oppressive influence, Mr. Althorp looked vainly for cheer into the flickering blaze of the fitful flame on his hearth. A sound as of some person fumbling at the bell-handle outside the small entry connecting with his sitting-room, caught his attention.

On going to the door, he discerned outside the meagre outlines of a female figure, thin, bent, wretchedly clad, the outlines of a bundle faintly disclosed beneath the worn and faded shawl.

'What will you have, my good woman?' he asked, compassionating her forlorn plight.

She strove to reply, but the chattering of her teeth rendered her words unintelligible. Pushing back from her face the folds of the shawl in which her head was enveloped, he recognized her at once as the wife of a day-laborer whose intemperate habits had driven his family to beggary and destitution.

'Come in to the fire, Janet Conlin; you must be sore pressed to come out for help such a bitter cold night as this.'

A second time she essayed to speak, but was interrupted by Mr. Althorp taking her by the arm, passing her into the warm room, and shutting out the searching blast.

"Now lay aside your bundle, and make yourself comfortable.'

She shook her head, but sitting down in the chair he had placed by the hearth, drew forth the bundle, unfolded its woollen wrappings, and held towards the fire the tiny purple feet of a young infant.

'Are you crazy, woman, to come out with a babe like that on such a blustering night?'

'We are all out of wood, sir, and it would have frozen if I had left it behind.'

'Why did you not come to me sooner?'

'I knew more about your brother, the one that built the big house on the hill, where my first cousin is cook, and so I went to see if he wouldn't give us a sup and a bit, with something to keep us from perishing with the cold. I heard he had spent hundreds of dollars at the fair to raise money for the sick soldiers, and I thought he surely wouldn't see a body want that was as easy got as we was; but he said he'd given away all he could spare for the present, and more too. He told me to go to his wife and she would do something for me; but she was busy with her hair-dresser, and I couldn't see her. She sent over the cook, yesterday afternoon, with some jelly, and said she might stay all night, so I went home; but afterwards they had some grand company, all the way from Washington, at the big house, and nobody but Biddy knew about the jelly-moulds and cream-freezers; so she was sent for, and poor Nora left all sole alone till I got back there this forenoon.'

'Nora? not Nora McLane?'

'Yes, sir; my own half-sister Nora, and this is her baby. You know poor Michael went off in the draft; and after that Nora didn't seem to have the heart to do any thing, and now it's worse than ever, for he'll never set foot over his own threshold again; he's dead. She will follow him if something isn't done to save her. I mustn't stop another in-

stant, for she is all alone and very low.'

'Go, then; and I will be with her nearly as soon as you are.'

Mr. Althorp only waited to put on his overcoat, thrust a bottle of cordial into one of its pockets, and dispatched Dan for a doctor, before starting upon a run for the humble abode to which he had been summoned. Owing to the darkness and his own haste, Mr. Althorp, in passing his neighbor's front-gate, from which Ned and his sister had just issued, ran against the latter, pushing her with some violence against the iron garden railing.

'A thousand pardons for my carelessness,' he cried; 'I hope you are not much hurt, madam.'

'Not in the least; there is no occasion for apology.'

'Ah! is that you, Miss Mosby. Then if you are disposed to overlook my awkwardness, and are well wrapped up, come with me to visit a poor sick woman; you will know better than I what to do for her relief.'

'Must I go, too?' asked Ned, taking for granted his sister's compliance with this appeal for charitable aid.

'Certainly, you will come with us,' she replied, 'as I may wish to come away before Mr. Althorp is ready to leave.'

'You can be of no use,' returned the latter, 'and might be in the way.'

'Then I will go and see Emery Clayton; for I do n't want to be left in the house alone,' declared Ned, hurrying off at a brisk pace.

'Nora McLane, the sick woman,' explained Mr. Althorp, to his companion, as they hastened away in an opposite direction, 'worked for my mother as seamstress in former years, and married a well-digger, who found steady employment in the village and vicinity. Quite an intelligent fellow he was, too, with his daily paper and shelf of well-thumbed books. A diligent and faithful workman, he might have accumulated a snug little fortune; but he was improvident, or rather too open-handed, for his own good, and could n't bear to see another want, with plenty in his own store. That worthless, carousing Conlin fastened on his substance like a leech; and when McLane was drafted, there was nothing for it but to go. It seems that he is amongst the killed. Nora has had the small house over by the ledge, as I promised she should have it; but, in other respects, I have failed to keep my agreement with him as I intended, and as I ought. I engaged to look after his wife, and see that she did not come to want; and the engagement I have not faithfully fulfilled. Pray heaven such omission be not laid to my charge. I seem to have had thought for no object on earth save one; and hope from the bottom of my heart it may not be too late to remedy my neglect.'

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

CONCLUSION.

It was only the merciful nature of the mission on which Miss Mosby was bent that induced her to undertake it; and, as it was, the *tête-à-tête* walk with her rejected suitor was performed under strong mental protest. But at first glimpse of the scene, presenting itself as they entered the diminutive dwelling of the freshly-bereaved widow, every thought of self was merged in feelings of womanly sympathy and commiseration for the afflicted sufferer. The chill, comfortless room was lighted only by the feeble rays of a greasy, ill-trimmed, sputtering oil-lamp. A woman in faded gingham, with deeply-furrowed cheeks, and hair prematurely whitened, was kneeling on the hearth and striving with her breath to blow some damp leaves and sticks into a blaze.

Sallie Mosby approached the bed whereon lay a woman, some half-dozen years her own senior, who, in the flush of health, must have been fair to look upon; but whose features had grown pallid and shrunken in the withering blight of disease. The dark hair had become tangled and matted in the rest-

less tossings and turnings of unsolaced anguish. The colorless face was rigid, the eyes half open, the lids motionless, only the heavy-labored breathing giving token of life.

'She is insensible,' promptly pronounced Miss Mosby, 'and the first thing to be done is to make the room warm.'

In furtherance of this suggestion, Mr. Althorp, hatchet in hand, left the house, speedily returning with an armful of chopped brush, and soon the genial warmth of a crackling wood-fire was diffused throughout the apartment. Bottles of hot water, with flannels dipped in boiling vinegar and sprinkled with mustard, were resorted to for restoring the vital warmth that had nearly fled. It was not until she turned back the bedclothes to apply this impromptu irritant to the chest of the sufferer that Sallie Mosby, for the first time, perceived the puny morsel of humanity lying beside its mother, scarcely less white and still than she.

'Poor little creature; it is nearly frozen,' she exclaimed, taking one of its cold purple arms in her hand.

'The little things can't bear the least mite of a chill,' volunteered Janet Conlin; 'but they die easy, that's one comfort.'

'How old is the babe?'

'Not quite a fortnight, miss.'

'Hasn't Nora had the advice of a physician?' asked Mr. Althorp, with a pang of self-reproach at being forced to seek information on such a point. 'Dr. Hurd came to see her last week, and said she was doing very well; and so she was, till a soldier, that went away tough and hearty, but come back all broke down, just able to crawl, come and told her that Michael had been tore limb from limb by the bursting of a shell. She went off in a swoon that I thought she never would come out of, it lasted so long. And when she did come to, I almost wished she had staid as she was, she took on so. If Michael hadn't been so tender of her, never allowing of her to feel any hardships he could stave off, I think she could have put up with his loss a good deal easier. As it was, she wrung her hands and took on till she was all tired out; and then she cried herself to sleep; and when she waked up, it was the same thing over and over again, till she grew stupid—like as you see her now, and wouldn't take a drop of the porridge I made for her. I would have sent my biggest boy, Barney, what tends the gate at the railroad-crossing, for Dr. Hurd to come again; but Barney said the doctor's horse slipped and fell on the track, and threw him out of the gig, and he was carried off on a shutter. I didn't want to send for a strange doctor, without the money to pay him; for you know that, with all my saving and scrubbing and scraping, I have hard enough work to keep my own young ones from perishing with the cold and the hunger.'

Mr. Althorp did know it; and furthermore, that her sottish, embruted husband, whenever he could lay hands on her hard earnings at the wash-tub, or even the charitable donations of her employers, squandered the same at the low tippling-shops coming within easy reach.

While Janet had been speaking, Sallie had taken the little one in her arms, and carried it to the blazing fire for warmth. The purple hue of its feet and hands gradually changed from a sickly pallor to a faint pink glow.

'Give me something to feed it with, now it has opened its eyes,' requested its self-constituted nurse.

Mrs. Conlin handed the speaker a pewter spoon and a porringer of water-gruel.

'A little cream and hot water would be better,' the latter suggested.

'There is no milk in the house,' was the reply.

'Then a little sugar in the spoon, if you please.'

'We haven't any, and—I know all about babies—if we had, it wouldn't do that one any good. Hold it to the fire, and make it as comfortable like as you're a mind to, but let it breathe its last in peace.'

A tear fell on the face of this tender human floweret, doomed to fade before it might bloom.

Mr. Althorp, turning hastily aside, poured some of the cordial he had brought into a tin cup, heated the same, and moistened with the restorative the pale lips of the sick woman, who rallied to some show of consciousness after a time. Her eyes were fully opened, resting an instant in vacant bewilderment on the inmates of the room, and then the livid lids drooped wearily over the dim and lustreless orbs. With a second look came recognition.

'It was very good of you to come,' she feebly articulated, with a pitiable attempt at a smile, as Mr. Althorp pushed back from her damp forehead the tangled locks of matted hair. Memory assumed fuller sway, and the welcoming smile was displaced by quick-gushing tears. 'O Mr. Althorp! I did not think I could suffer so much and live. Poor Michael! he will never see his baby.'

Her voice, lost in sobs, died away to an inarticulate murmur.

'It is a terrible trial, Nora; but you must bear up under it as well as you can for the sake of the babe which has nobody but you to look to for care,' said Mr. Althorp, feelingly, with the purpose of moderating this paroxysm of grief on which she was exhausting her failing strength.

Her tears ceased to flow; she lay quite still, but her lips still moved.

Thinking she might be asking for something, Mr. Althorp bent to catch the import of her whispered words. The following were the only ones he could clearly distinguish:

'O Michael! my darling—never any more—I shall look on your loved face never any more.'

'What is it that she wants?' asked Sallie Mosby, in a hushed undertone.

'Nothing, kind little woman, that is in your power of gift or in mine,' Mr. Althorp gravely replied.

The lips of the stricken mourner ceased to move, and she sank into a state of lethargy which was hailed by those watching about her as a welcome respite to her sufferings. No fresh outburst of sorrowing lament marked her next return to consciousness. All power of resistance had gone; and the wan face wore a look of placid resignation as she requested that the babe might be placed where she could see it. It was laid beside her in such a position that her desire could be gratified.

Mr. Althorp exchanged glances with his companion; both saw the dread change—the impress of death's signet on the brow of the young mother, who, throwing up her arms with a quick convulsive movement, faintly gasped out: 'I am sinking; save me!'

Mrs. Conlin snatched the infant from its mother's side, and Mr. Althorp, taking the thin bloodless hands that had been so imploringly outstretched to him for succor, held them firmly in his grasp until the last feeble flutter at the wrist had ceased; while Sallie Mosby, impressed with a solemn awe the occasion was well fitted to inspire, sank upon her knees by the bedside, murmuring brokenly some portions of the Service for the Dying. As he was about to cross on her breast the hands of the departed, Mrs. Conlin silently pillowed on the arm of the dead mother the head of the infant that had breathed away without a sigh its little remnant of an existence of briefest span.

'They have gone,' said Mr. Althorp, gently raising his companion from her kneeling posture—'husband, wife, and babe, they are all together now.'

'All together now,' she repeated, unconsciously bestowing on the speaker such a look of trust, sympathy, and appreciative approval as he had never received from her before.

Dan burst in, breathless with haste, followed by Mrs. Chapman and the doctor.

'We were all too late,' with gravely regretful air, confessed Mr. Althorp to the new-comers.

After a few words of direction to Mrs. Conlin, the speaker folded Sallie Mosby's shawl about her, saying in the low subdued tone we are accustomed to use in the presence of those past all fear of disturbance from earthly sound: 'There is nothing more to be done here that others cannot do as well as we.'

They went forth into the driving storm, the beating wind, the pitchy darkness; but not all the discordant warring of the elements could disturb the solemn serenity possessing the soul of either. A misstep on the uneven roadside caused her to lose her hold on his supporting arm, and she fell heavily to the ground, bruising her temple on the rough edge of a projecting rock. He raised her quickly.

'You must walk more slowly, with greater caution, trusting more to my strength for guidance and support,' he warningly suggested, retaining in his steady grasp the slender hand he once more drew through his arm.

The biting wind blew full in their faces; the driving sleet cut like sharp needle-points, and both combined made every step a work of toil; yet they pressed steadily forward, needed aid by the stronger as freely bestowed, as by the weaker it was graciously accepted—pressed forward in a silence less meaningless than many a word not earnestly spoken.

The buffet with wind and storm, although, under the circumstances, scarcely presenting itself in the light of a grievance, was, nevertheless, deeply exhaustive of physical strength; and the heavy drops standing on the brows of the pedestrians, as they ascended the steps leading to the porch of entrance fronting the dwelling of the Mosbys, had not all been placed there by the driving sleet.

Mr. Althorp rang the bell; no one obeyed the summons. 'Now I think of it, Abby is out,' confessed Miss Mosby, with an air of extreme annoyance—"Ned, too, with the latch-key in his pocket. I regret exceedingly to be forced to encroach on your time and patience by requesting you to accompany me to the Claytons; but I see no way of avoiding this fresh tax on your kindness.'

'My time and patience would bear a much more severe test than that you propose, if employed in rendering you good service, Sallie Mosby; but think what you ask! a fresh struggle, for a full half-mile, with this raging gale and blinding storm. I will not countenance such an undertaking, fatigued and exhausted as you already are.'

'Then leave me here. I shall be quite safe; the porch-door has a sliding lock, and either Ned or Abby will soon be in.'

"What a proposition! leave you here alone! in the cold! in the darkness! with not so much as a bench to sit down upon. Absurd! preposterous! Then these long, shutterless side-windows! have you no feminine tremors?—no nerves?'

'I do not always give way to them if I have. It is absurd and preposterous for you to remain here, locked out of the house as we are; I dare not go past the horse-car depot unattended, and as you think best not to attend me, I would much prefer being left alone.'

'You are not to be thus left,' protested Mr. Althorp, with that imperious assumption which was part of his nature—an assumption, truth to tell, that had been much aggravated during the preceding half-hour, by the fact of a slender hand having so long rested without apparent reluctance in his broad palm. 'I will not leave you here by yourself. You must have a high opinion of my gallantry to dream of such a possibility. Your good sense, I am sure, will induce you to spare me the necessity of remaining in so comfortless a place as

this by accepting my invitation to the cottage.'

'I thank you for your courtesy; but it would be so awkward, with no hostess to receive me,' she uneasily faltered; her confusion and embarrassment betraying the real cause of her perplexed uncertainty as to the best mode of extrication from the unpleasant dilemma in which she so unexpectedly found herself involved.

Mr. Althorp, in an instant, saw his way clearly to the solution of the difficulty.

'I do not see the indispensable need of a hostess,' he asserted, with haughty dignity, 'where the host is so thoroughly accustomed to the honor of receiving and entertaining lady-guests as to be perfectly conversant with the veriest punctilios of etiquette such occasions demand.'

Miss Mosby, sensible of the delicate reproach conveyed in this assertion, hastily rejoined:

'I have already detained you too long, and accept, with thanks, the shelter you so kindly offer me.'

He carefully assisted her down the slippery steps; and for brief space was renewed their buffet with wind and storm.

Instead of going to the side-entrance, and admitting himself, as was his wont on returning alone or with relatives to his dwelling, Mr. Althorp led his guest up the broad granite steps leading to the main hall and rang. The quickly averted look of surprise bestowed on Miss Mosby by the maid who admitted them was not calculated to increase the composure of the former.

'What a lovely statue,' she remarked, to hide her embarrassment, glancing at a figure of Ceres, in bronze, her head garlanded with clustering grain, and in her hand a lighted lamp in the form of a veritable antique torch.

'I thought so once,' he quietly rejoined, leading the way to the parlor; 'but familiarity has bred indifference in the present instance, and I look far oftener at these time-hallowed portraits that never grow old for me.

He took her shawl and hood, of light gray fur, handing both to Maggie.

'Hang them where they will dry, if you please. I will ring for them when Miss Mosby is ready to leave.'

He followed the maid to the door, giving an order in a low tone, which resulted in her return with bottle and glasses on a small silver tray.

Miss Mosby handed the girl her drenched scarf.

'If it will put you to no additional trouble, I would be glad to have this also dried.'

Maggie took the article with an obliging smile, given in response to the gentle tone and courteous manner in which her good offices had been solicited.

Slightly discomposed, not wholly at ease, Sallie Mosby stood at the broad window, from which she had pushed aside the heavy draperies, striving vainly, with eager glance, to pierce the thick darkness veiling the habitation from which she had been accidentally excluded.

'Why do you remain at the window, when you cannot catch so much as the outline of the nearest tree?' asked Mr. Althorp, approaching, and awaiting her reply.

'I like to keep a little watch on the house, that is all. Abby has the key to the back-door; it is nearly time for her to be in; I shall see a light in the kitchen as soon as she returns.'

'I consider that a very ungrateful speech on your part, implying as it does a disposition to shorten the period of your stay beneath the sheltering roof of your most humble and most devoted. I feel your words as a direct implication on my resources for the hospitable entertainment of a chance guest; and must do my best to disprove an opinion so disparaging to my claims as an agreeable host. Pray, make yourself comfortable, for the brief time during which I may have the pleasure of seeing and listening to you, or you will make me otherwise.

These heavy curtains keep out this high wind, and deaden the sound of its dismal roar; let me drop them over the window again.'

He took from her unresisting hand the thick damask folds, restoring them to their place.

'You are shivering with cold; come to the register.'

A light reception-chair was placed for her, and she unhesitatingly obeyed the intimation.

'You once asked me, in song,' he reminded her, 'to pledge you in joy's ruby wine; permit me to return the compliment in draught of more material vintage. Let me act as your cup-bearer, and, pray you, drink to our better acquaintance.'

The edges of the glasses clinked; and through the sparkling crystal, scarcely more brightly glowed the ruby tints of the nectared dolcenheim than on the cheek of the pledged, the rosy signal of sweet and gentle emotion.

'Now that you have kindly granted me the pleasure of looking on a guest not ill-entertained,' he resumed, taking her half-emptied glass, 'come and look with me at the photographed faces of nearly every member of the Althorp connection.'

Wheeling a *têtę-â-tête* lounge up to centre-table, he motioned her to a seat beside him.

While she critically commented on the beauties and defects of the sun-pictures gracing his well-filled album, he furnished her with particulars of name and relationship held by those who had sat for such pictured memorials.

'I suppose you find a sort of companionship in these mute shadows of reality,' she reflectively observed; 'and they have one advantage over the originals, that of never proving wearisome, for you can put them aside at pleasure.'

'You are right, but not entirely so. I do find a sort of companionship in these shadows, as you call them, but they weary through sameness. They give not back look for look, or thought for thought; and so the beholder is still alone. Time never flies when with them, as it flies with you beside me. Perhaps it is a folly on my part to tell you how essential your companionship has become to my happiness—how hardly, and yet how vainly, I have striven to free myself from the power of your attractions; for still your presence has power to charm, your tone to soften, and the lightest touch of this slender hand to thrill — if so, I will be foolish, for once, and speak out my real thought. You are generously natured, and cannot be insensible to the value of a gift which has never been offered to the acceptance or rejection of any other woman, and which cannot be a second time bestowed—the gift of a first love; the hoarded heart-treasures of a mature manhood which I have lavished on you without stint or measure. Has it all been without return? Then, so be it; you shall not be persecuted into an unwilling compliance with my selfish wishes. Refuse me, and that, finally, if your own heart dictates such refusal, but not with an air of cruel triumph that would darken and embitter the future your verdict may compel me to walk alone.'

She averted her head, and was silent. He did not see that her lips were quivering, and her eyes blinded by tears — that she was too deeply moved for speech.

Misinterpreting her silence, he rested his arm on the back of the lounge, laying his hand reässuringly on her shoulder.

'I see I had no cause to fear from you any exhibition of cruel triumph in my defeat; but do not go to the opposite extreme, and distress yourself through fear of wounding me. If I can never hope to win a warmer place in your regard than that accorded by mere friendship, tell me so plainly that I may meet my disappointment fairly and squarely, and learn to bear what must be borne. Why do you still shrink? You surely cannot believe that I would have you secure my happiness at the expense of

your own. If you cannot love me, tell me so in as few and as plain words as you can possibly find to freight your meaning.'

'It is not that, Mr. Althorp, not that; but you have taught me to fear and to dread you. I have been always accustomed to kindness and considerate forbearance; perhaps I have been over-indulged, and thus acquired a temper too little submissive, a disposition less gentle and yielding than woman's should be; but my distinctive personal individuality is a fact accomplished now, and to surrender it would be to surrender the identity that, for me, gives to existence its highest value. Your haughty, indomitable will would make of me not a helpful sharer of your labor, as well as of your rest, but a spiritless slave; and, with my character and my training, even your love would not atone for the galling irritation of the bonds in which you would hold me. I have suffered from the oppression of your iron will, the tyranny of your inflexible purpose, such wretchedness as no act of mine, knowingly undertaken, shall ever subject me to a second time.'

'Speak no rash words, Sallie Mosby; but calm yourself, and listen to what I have to say, before fully committing yourself to a decision adverse to my hopes. We exercise over each other a powerful influence, whether for happiness or for misery, for weal or for woe, remains to be proved; and it becomes us to look well to it, that through no mutual misunderstanding, no ill-considered resolve, do we convert into a bane what might be rendered a blessing. Those slighting, scornful remarks I overheard you make in reference to myself would not thus deeply have moved me to wrath, had they been spoken by any other living person. It was because I so deeply prized your good opinion, that expressions, implying the contemptuous estimation in which my own was held, cut me to the very soul. The sweetest wine, if left exposed to feed on its own sweetness, turns to sourest vinegar; so the best affections, if turned back to prey upon themselves, as were mine by the knowledge that it was only as a trophy to swell your list of triumphs they were valued, are changed to the bitterest hatred.'

'O Mr. Althorp! if you did but know the circumstances provoking me to the utterance of those unfortunate words, you might be more inclined to pardon them; but I cannot tell you all.'

'Cannot yet trust me! when I have given my most guarded thoughts to your keeping, and suffered you to read my innermost soul as my nearest of kin can never aspire to do.'

'It is not lack of trust compelling me to reserve; but a woman may, without intentional fault on her part, find herself in a position where she must hold her peace or violate the deepest intuitions of her nature—where she must wear the mask of concealment or risk the chance of painful humiliation through a pity only to be tolerated by those who like to be despised.'

'I have not the clue to your meaning, Sallie Mosby, and do but perplex myself with vain conjectures. This enigmatical form of speech is not what I would have you use. Speak so plainly that your words can admit of no possible misconstruction, and I am confident no more harassing misunderstandings will arise between us. If there are palliative circumstances connected with the expressions I overheard, you should by all means take the benefit of them; so speak out unreservedly, receiving my assurance that your confidence shall be held in sacred and inviolable trust.'

'I cannot longer refuse to comply with your request, although, in doing so, I shall be obliged to reveal disclosures relating to yourself, and confidentially imparted to me by another person. The expressions you overheard were made in answer to words of accusation and of warning from Miss Clayton. I would never repeat them to you, were it not absolutely essential to your correct un-

derstanding of the case. I cannot exactly repeat her remarks; but they gave me the impression that you were that odious creature, a male flirt; and she gave me the assurance that you had, for a long period, lavished on herself the most devoted and lover-like attentions, such as no high-toned gentleman would persist in bestowing without the subsequent declaration rendering such attentions justifiable.'

'A wilful and malicious misstatement,' he promptly rejoined. 'You shall know exactly the real grounds she has on which to found her charge. I do not deny that I was pleased with her appearance, when they first came to the village, half-a-dozen years since; so much so, indeed, that I begged the favor of improving her acquaintance; but, in my humble opinion, she did not improve on acquaintance, and, repenting me of my request, I no longer desired the acquaintance to be improved. I may seem inexcusably ungallant to falsify such soft impeachment, when coming from a lady's lips; but, positively, I never looked upon myself in the light of a lover, so far as Miss Clayton is concerned.'

A brilliant blush told that Miss Mosby felt the full embarrassment of the theme she was called upon to discuss; and she proceeded hastily, with veiled glance: 'I have little more to tell. I was informed that you had manifested your pretended preference for Miss Clayton by the same softened tones, the same speaking looks, the same air of tender solicitude, with which she said you was then striving to undermine my peace. More humiliating still, she accused me of having yielded favorable response to such 'unspoken language of affection,' as she termed it, earnestly warning me against becoming the dupe of tones and looks committing you to no course of action from which you could not retreat at pleasure, and entreating me to resist the influence of your many fascinations before my own feelings became so deeply involved as to make such resistance a prolonged torture. It was while writhing under the implied taunt of having been won unsought that I made use of the hasty, ill-considered words you overheard me speak. What I said was untrue; I never wished to win any man's heart as a trophy. I strove to screen myself from a deeply mortifying accusation — all the more unbearable, I beg your pardon, if I be over-bold and unfeminine in making such admission, that I felt it to be not wholly undeserved— by an uttered falsehood. My punishment has been very severe. Whether penitence and confession can in any degree atone for my fault, is for you to decide. Can you forgive me?'

'Forgive you, love! it is I who should rather entreat your forgiveness for having, through dilatory caution, exposed you to an accusation as unjust as it was unmerited,' he protested, drawing her more closely to his embrace, and — well—when lovers begin to talk rhapsodical nonsense, converting the same, by aid of looks, tones, and caresses, into the most delicious sense, it is time for minute chronicles to cease, and for obtrusive chroniclers to withdraw.

FINEO AND FIAMMA.

INTRODUCTION.

The following story, or incident, is from a curious volume published in the sixteenth century, 'conteinyng,' as it is announced on the title-page, 'verie pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable tyme: Gathered together for the onely delight of courteous Gentlewomen, both of Englande and Irelande, for whose onely pleasure thei were collected together, and unto whom thei are directed and dedicated by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman. *Malim me divitem esse quam vocari.* Imprinted at London, by Robart Walley, 1581.' This volume contains several short stories in the form of novels, which, for the most part, are translated from the Italian, and were frequently used by dramatists in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The incident of this romance is taken from the novel of the above title.

ARGUMENT.

Fineo, a member of a noble family of Savona, (an ancient city near Genoa,) and Fiamma, a lady of rank whose family live at Genova, (Genoa,) are lovers. They are opposed by their parents through a spirit of rivalry. The lady's brother and Fineo being in the king's service and both on duty at Genoa, the former provokes a duel with the latter, and thus causes him to be condemned to death. The sentence is finally commuted, but Fineo is lashed to a boat and left to the mercy of the sea. Fiamma, through a sense of honor, submits herself to a similar fate. They are both taken by different crews of Moors, who meet, fight, and Fineo's captors prove victors. The lovers are taken to the king of the Moors, who, after hearing the story of their misery, releases them, and sends them in safety to Italy.—Finale.

'There never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.'—Shakspeare.

I.

Amid the shores of Italy,
In stately pride, Genova rears
Her fair proportions, and the sea
Reflects her spires as age her years,
And many a tale of love and sword
Her ancient aspects now record;
Her tinted skies wear softer hue,
And waters mingle lovelier blue,
When romance sheds its melting lights
Of passion on her days and nights;
In heavenly song the wild birds fear
No rival save the gondolier,
Whose notes swell up from shore to shore,
And rise and fall with wave and oar,
While echoing groves serve but to tell
The power of rival charms too well.
Her scenes are still, in lingering shade,
The lifetime of the Present made,
And languid peace, though it should reign,
Reminds us of the Past again.

II.

Fair Fiamma, for charms alone,
Italian fame long loved to own;
Through life she shone a star of love,
As pure on earth as proud above—
For beauty in its earthly dress
Gives future souls their loveliness.
In passionate delight, her heart,
Warm with the flush of youth, was part
Of her whole being; and it grew
In lustre like the morning sky,
Which, though it but reflects its hue,
We must admire and care not why.
This boon unto a youth she gave,
As lords give grace unto a slave,
Yet, in love's menial service, he
Was prouder than the high degree
Of rank and fortune, which his name
From noble ancestry could claim!
'T was in Savona where his life
Was spent in kindling up the strife
Of duty with his soul's desire;
For Fineo had defied his sire
When on Fiamma he bestowed
The birthright he to family owed.
And so the lady's heart, too, found
Its fetters by her parents bound,
For reason that a stranger's hand
And fortune, though they could command
More than her own, were but the dower
Claimed at the foot of rival power.
But love had knit their lives so close—
Their passion found such soft repose
While nestled in the same dark hour,
Reality lost all its power.

Their dreams came when the clear sunshine
Of mutual presence—mine and thine—
Unfolded what their lives must win
Against the tempting clouds of sin.

III.

Fineo's rank as captain had
Placed him in power equal to
His lady's brother, and he led
A band as noble, tried, and true;
And the two chieftains both were placed
As guard around the forts which graced
Genova's walls; though the King's word
Made it a crime to wear a sword,
Their duty warranted them to feel
For danger with a trusty steel.
The brother, day by day, could trace
The nurturing of the sure disgrace
His envious mind forced to portend
Must on their heritage descend;
And like the snake, whose stealthy eye
Is calm against an enemy
For whom he hides a venomed stroke,
Fineo's foe in all bespoke
The secret purpose of his soul,
Which longed to burst its feigned control.
The moment came—the silent street
Chanced as the place the two should meet,
Where brother would in friendship shed
The blood of him whose love had fed
A sister's hope and faith, for more
Than all her future could restore,
If only a brother's hand could aid
Her in her gropings through its shade!
They met as foes, and stinging words
Soon brought their honor to their swords,
And as a stranger, there alone
The right could not the wrong atone;
Fineo dare not try his skill,
And though the insults sent a thrill
Of biting fever through his brain,
On fairer fields he would maintain
The honor of his love before
The truest blade a false friend bore!
At this his foe rushed madly on
To strike him while his guard was lost,
But Fineo's eye quickly had won
The range his steel had taken most,
And lightnings never sent a glance
Into the cloudy depths around,
As the lover's steel made its advance;
His foeman fell—'t was but a wound—
A slight one—though must sadly be
The harbinger of misery.
The crime—for such before the King
The act must stand—was sure to bring
The victor in the power of those
Who now found claim to open foes.
And so the King's stern fiat came;
And, brave Fineo! he could name
No friend in all the kingdom near
Whose envious heart he could not fear.
The deed was plain—no proof of cause—
Sentence lay open to the laws;
Unto the block he must confide
The life so long his lady's pride!
But in Genova, men of state
Believed not in so stern a fate,
For love, when maddened, might provoke
An aimless though a deadly stroke.
Though not to pardon, to commute
The rash decree became their suit;
And to a fate, if less in show,
To pride by much a heavier blow,
They doomed him; for into a boat
They bound him fast, and then afloat
On the mad waves they set it free,
And yet to fortune they might be
As kindly as the world's proud sea!

IV.

The lady learned her lover's fate,
But not, alas! until too late.
Her grief was lost—the lonely hour
Of melting heart could have no power!
The lover's sigh—a soul then dumb—
The noble maid did not become,
Whose grace and beauty held the brave
In prostrate honor as her slave;
Though fevered doubt must sore depress,
And sadness sicken loveliness—
Though he, who won from her the gem
That women's power makes dear to them,
Had left her without hope or light,
Her planet soul still ruled the night!
The die was cast—the simple fact
Left nothing for her but to act.
When her sire found Fineo gone—
The victim of a favored son—
Who stole from him the peace which gives
A spirit to the man who lives
For selfish gain and falsehood's show—
A peace found in another's woe—
The time gave accent to his plan
To sell the hand of her whose life
Was now dissevered, and again
Redouble all of passion's strife;
And so upon a rival's hand
He placed her honor by command:
A man of rank—of fortune proud—
Of cold self-will—who had allowed
The iron grasp of stranger foes
With pleasure crush her love in woes.
But misery has a cunning eye,
On which the darkest minds rely
And when an enemy most feels
Exultant o'er this worst of fates,
The god-like fire of virtue steals
Into the soul, and thus creates
A being armed anew for strife,
Whose lustre hides all former life!
And in the hour they sought to claim
This soul with all its matchless frame

Of beauty, grace, accomplishment,
And all the claims of high descent,
She sadly knew how to defeat
The wiles and workings of deceit!
Though rank bestowed its envious power,
It could not serve her in the hour
When filial influence lent its aid
Against the joy her love had laid
Up in her heart for after-life.
One power was left—to be the wife
Of him who held such guilty share
In Fineo's doom and her despair,
Was not so noble as to be
Fineo's bride beneath the sea!
She called to her a Moorish slave,
Who in long service had been brave
His master's fortunes to uphold,
And lavished on him sums of gold,
To aid her in her firm resolve,
As on his faith all must devolve.
He promised true, for he had heart
Of sympathy to bear in part
The wrong for which his mistress grieved,
And all her sorry tale believed.

V.

The morrow's sun her sire had set
For her bridal day's crown-coronet;
The night was calm; the blushing sky,
Sprinkled with starlets, seemed to sigh
In quiet sadness as it spread
A sacred glow on Nature's head;
Fiamma, decked in bridal dress,
Came forth in all the loveliness
That art can lend to Nature's grace,
And as her own met Luna's face,
Such soft expression—such resigned
And radiant looks stole from her mind!
As the rays of gold and jewels rare
Strove with the moonlight in the air,
As her silken, snowy robes careered
On the waves of wind as they appeared,
As her stately step the firmness bore
Of the Queen of Love, as it traced the shore—
If Fineo's spirit—long thought fled—
Could break the darkness of the dead,
And see that form in the angel grace
Which won his heart, seek too his place,
Then Dante's song were the ideal
Of what to him was more than real!
With no one near her but her slave,
No hope but heaven to light her grave,
She moved down to the water's side,
A goddess fit for Neptune's bride,
And in a gondola resigned
Her fate unto the wave and wind.
With a slave to row, no will to guide,
The boat shot out on the surges wide;
And now the lovers both were free
On the bosom of the same wild sea.
At the morrow's feast the bridegroom came
To find his bride lived but in name.

VI.

What pen can estimate the power
That rules a being in the hour
When helpless, hopeless, he is cast
To wild seas, stormy, boundless, vast
As shadows of that one great deep
Wherein the world at last must sleep?
Fineo's boat had struggled brave
For many hours above the wave;
At work or play, it stoutly stood
The angry menace of the flood;
If whirlwinds lashed it in embrace,
Or thrust it forth, it found a place
In hollow cradles formed between
The surges where the wind had been;
If its career was backward tossed,
It soon regained the power lost
By the driving current of a wake
In the bursting waves which whirlwinds make;
If the voice of Fineo could compete
With the coarse, strange noises which the sleet
Made in the air around the boat,
'Twas in the anguish of its note
In calling on Jehovah's name,
And Fiamma's, that he became
Most reconciled unto the lot
In which he all but them forgot.
And when the last hope seemed to steal
From his faint heart, and he could feel
The creeping chill of dark despair
Crush out his senses everywhere,
Except those dreams which stand before
The great hereafter's open door,
In the last moments of the soul
With human life and earth's control,
A Moorish barge came rowing by
Fineo's boat, and drawing nigh,
Perceived its inmate firmly bound,
Moveless and deadly; but the sound
Of struggling sighs and tangled breath
Denied the evidence of death.
They quickly burst his fettered fate,
And roused him to a conscious state,
In which, instead of being free,
The price of life was slavery.
He joyed not in the change, and yet
His love would not let him forget
That, for the sake of Fiamma,
To live and hope should be his law.
These corsair Moors divined his birth,
But that their prize made only worth
The more in gold, and to the oar
They placed him, and made towards the shore.

VII.

Fiamma's barge sped fast before
The strength and skill of manly oar;
League after league it left behind
As it held the current of the wind;

And when the lady found the light
Showed nearing morn, she knew the night
Was long between them and pursuit,
And action left naught for dispute.
Her will was now to land again
At some place where her slave could gain
His safety, and leave her to ride
The waves alone; she wished no guide
To find the bottom of the sea,
When she and slave would both be free.
But he was false, and from the hour
She fed his soul with lucre's power,
The demon Lust usurped the claim
That linked his honor to her name;
The Moor, forsooth, designed to bring
His mistress to the Moorish King,
Whose harem-shores he labored fast
To safely reach, but she at last,
When he her wishes failed to heed,
Divined the object of his speed.
Once more her spirit sank within
The breast where courage once had been
Once more the wiles of falsehood stung
Her vitals, and her anguish rung
The tear-drops from her woeful eye:
To live was darker than to die!
More dreadful still to live a slave
Through him from whom she bought a grave!
She made an effort then to throw
Herself into the surge below.
The Moor saw quickly what she meant,
And more the certain to prevent
His victim's death, both hand and foot,
He bound her to the prison-boat.
She knew no more. Her master's strain
Upon the oar fast cleared the main;
With one base impulse fast he bore
His victim towards the fatal shore.

VIII.

A merchant crew of Moors espied
The slave's strong breasting of the tide,
As he tugged the oar that bore along
His helpless lady, and a throng
Of sturdy boatmen stopped his course;
But he had dared to use his force
Against their numbers, and a blow
From a foeman's sabre laid him low.
There on the damp floor of the boat.
In bridal robes that seemed to float,
On a tinsel glow of gold and lace,
Fiamma lay; the lovely grace
That rested on her form and brows
Was that which hovers round the sleep
Of beauty only, and which throws
A soul into repose so deep!
It was with awe they gazed upon
The prize before them, for she won
That high respect from servile hands
Which woman's every stage commands;
And as her slave writhed in the blood
That from his wound profusely flowed,
His soul revealed his guilty meed
Of treachery—more foul, indeed,
In wronging one who could repose
In him the burden of her woes—
Told how the fortunes of her state
Brought love unto so dire a fate;
And then they threw him to the sea,
Where falsehood's allies all should be.

IX.

The Moorish boats together met
Just as the morn stole o'er the main;
Fineo and Fiamma yet
Were willed by fate to live again,
Though each in the respective power
Of deadly foes in such an hour.
With frantic fury then began
The fight between them—man to man—
The leaden blow of crushing oar—
The clang of sabres in the air—
The dipping stern and wracking prow—
The rallyings of wild despair—
The death-like grip at breast to breast,
Of muscle brought to muscle's test,
Until the strength of either foe
Was smothered in the deep below—
The seething wound in head and heart—
The last wild look of mortal part—
The shout of victory that rose
Above the last soul of their foes
As it passed from out its sinking frame,
Had now full well revealed the fame
Of triumph for the pirate band,
O'er all the merchants could command.
When Fineo saw a female form
Stand bearing through the battle's storm—
For the noise of conflict roused the heart
Of Fiamma, and like a sprite
Of Thetis-birth, she formed in part
The genius of the deadly fight—
His skill was surer and her charm
Bore up the vigor of his arm;
And by his valor he now gained
The rights his sword had so maintained—
No longer served the galley-slave,
But held the fruits their victory gave.
The battle o'er, alone the bride
Remained of all the crew beside,
And stained and clotted with the gore
Of conflict, thus the pirates bore
Fiamma to their own strong barge,
And placed her under careful charge.
'T were vain to tell how sharp the ties
Of recognition pierced the eyes
Of these two lovers, face to face,
In meeting in so strange a place;
And though expression plainly spoke
The joy such meeting must provoke
In hearts long deluged in despair,
No word nor sign must then and there,

To those whose power they now must own,
Tell they had e'er each other known.
Thus free again the oarsmen bore
Their barge upon the breaking shore,
For they determined now to bring
The lovers to the Moorish King,
From whom they deemed Fineo's skill
And worth would gain deserving will;
And more desired, that beauty's prize
Would prove more tempting to the eyes
Of sovereignty than gold or grace.
Fiamma thus might find a place
Beside the harem-lights that shed
Such pleasure round their kingdom's head.

X.

But now the lovers saw again
Within their hearts a doubt, and when
They could conceive what might befall
  Their presence on a foreign shore—
That separation would recall
  The ills that marred their life before,
They welcomed not their present state,
But dared the more to question fate.

They came before the King at last,
And kneeling, they their troubles cast
At the feet of all his pomp and power.
Their honor moved him from that hour;
And when their story had revealed
The misery that lay concealed
So long within their faithful breasts,
That sympathy which so invests
A monarch's virtue when distress
Comes clothed in truth's most simple dress,
Prevailed against the Moorish heart:
He gave them escort to depart
To Italy's fair shores, and live
In all the joy such love can give.

The feuds and follies which so long
  Requited envy, now at last
Sank to the burden of this song—
  A simple relic of the past;
The union of this faith and love
The glory of the Muse must prove,
Who dared so much of life to draw
In Fineo and his Fiamma.

ALFRED LEONARDSON.

BRAZIL AND BRAZILIAN SOCIETY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, BY ASHER HALL.

INTRODUCTORY.

NEARLY four centuries have elapsed since Pedro Alvarez Cabral took possession of the Southern portion of the New World in the name of the crown of Portugal; yet, save in a few general aspects of its social and moral history, and excepting the seaports upon its coast daily visited by the commerce of the world, Brazil is very imperfectly known. This is not a matter of surprise, for the colonist is always inclined to take up his abode on the coast or at the mouths of rivers. The exploitation of mineral wealth only has drawn a few scattered groups of population to certain points in the interior. As for those travellers whose love of science brings them to this immense continent at long intervals, their observations, nearly always buried in special treatises, are lost to most readers. There remains to be traced a faithful picture of social life in Brazil; to show where, amid the various parts of that empire, the work of civilization has progressed. Perhaps a sojourn of several years in that country may have given us some title to attempt the task. The same picture must embrace the entire creole society, from the wealthy planter to the humble *feitor* or overseer, and must especially reproduce the peculiar characteristics of each of the various classes. But this society, the offspring of conquest, is based upon slavery. The white has pressed back the Indian, and with the lash bends the negro to the earth. Previously, therefore, to studying the industrial and political forces of the nation in the *fazenza*, or interior development, and in the *cidade* or city, it is necessary to acquaint

ourselves with the disinherited races—the Indian, the negro, and the 'people of color.'* It is in the *rancho* that we are best able to observe them. The term *rancho* is applied to the hut of branches that shelters the Indian in the forest; it is likewise applied to the more substantially built but equally open structure where caravans of men of color and negroes stop with their animals, when transporting merchandise from the coast into the interior. In a word, it is the asylum of the wandering or slave population who form the subject of our first investigation.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE INDIAN RACES.

The Indian of the eastern coast is wholly intractable to civilization. Like the jaguar, he retreats as the axe of the white man penetrates the forests. The creoles, who are unfortunately too much interested in the question to be implicitly believed, attribute this antipathy to every species of progress to an inherent want of capacity, natural, as they affirm, to all American races. It would be more just, perhaps, to seek its cause in the fixed hatred which the native has cherished against his conquerors ever since their appearance upon the coast.

HANS STADE.

The story of Hans Stade, the Dutchman, is a striking example of this. A prisoner of the Botocudos, who were only awaiting the time when he should be fat enough for the spit, he was unable to convince his terrible guardians that he did not belong to the race of their persecutors.

'I have already eaten five white men,' said the chief who came to feel of him one day, 'and all five pretended, like yourself, that they were not Portuguese.'

Having exhausted all his arguments, it at last struck the prisoner to invoke the color of his hair, which was of a fiery red, as was that, he said, of all his countrymen. This idea saved him. The Botocudos, recollecting that the prisoners they had roasted were dark, restored him to liberty.

THE SWORD AND THE CROSS.

This savage hatred, cherished by the red men against the dark-haired whites, is easily explained if we recall the unceremonious manner in which the Spaniards and Portuguese took possession of their forests. Columbus seized San Salvador in the name of the double crown of Castile and Aragon, landing with the sword and erecting a fort. Cabral, on arriving in Brazil, instead of building a fort, erected side by side upon the seashore a cross and a gallows. On the news of his discovery, all the adventurers of Portugal flocked to these shores, which had been described to them as so fertile and charming. Having come in search of a rapid fortune, they could not reconcile themselves to clearing the ground with their own hands, whatever might be its wealth. Slaves then were necessary. The land of the negro was beyond the sea, across an ocean yet unknown. The Indians were upon the spot, unsuspecting, daily bringing provisions and never doubting the gratitude of the whites. The latter did not hesitate. They tracked the natives like wild beasts, and even surpassed in atrocity their rivals of Castile. In vain the Popes, who in those days prided themselves upon marching at the head of humanity, at different times declared the Indian a son of Adam, and therefore worthy to enjoy all the rights pertaining to the human family. The pursuit of slaves continued in spite of pontifical bulls, and the Indian was compelled to recede before European invasion. This retreat, however, was valiantly disputed. Brazil had not, like Mexico and Peru, a timid population, who were put to flight by a discharge of artillery; but a race of lusty warriors who defended their soil with a ferocity that astonished the Portuguese themselves, who were at that time the first

* Mulattoes and other mixed races.

soldiers in the world. The advantage at last remained with the latter, and the Indian disappeared from the Atlantic coast. At the present day, one must penetrate the distant forests that skirt the great rivers to find the remnants of the Guaranis, and this exploration is not always unattended with danger. Still remembering the ferocity with which the Portuguese pursued their ancestors, they instinctively seize their arrows at the sight of a white man who ventures upon their river-banks, and whose presence reminds them of the enemy of their race. Moreover, civilization has no hold upon these wild characters.

TWO INDIAN CHILDREN.

A few years ago, two young Indian children found in the forest were brought to the mansion of the Emperor of Brazil. The sister, it is true, readily received the care lavished upon her; she learned the Portuguese language, was baptized, was afterwards married to a white man, and was still alive when I was in Rio de Janeiro; but the young man would never permit any approaches; he bit at all who came within his reach like a wild animal. He at last died, suffocating with rage and despair.

INDIOS MANSOS AND INDIOS BRAVOS.

This indocile character has caused the Indians of the forests to be called *Indios bravos*, or wild Indians, in contradistinction to the Indians of the frontier, who are called *Indios mansos*, or tame Indians. Like their ancestors, the bravos live upon fruits, and by hunting and fishing. Each tribe obeys a chief whose authority it is difficult to analyze. Superior in physical strength to other aboriginal Americans, they appear inferior in intelligence; for no historical tradition, no monument bearing traces of civilization, has been found among them.

MYTHOLOGY.

As for their religion, it is doubtless the same as that of their ancestors. A Frenchman whom recent political agitations had transferred from his native country to Brazil, has observed these savage tribes with special attention, and made investigations as to their religion. 'Among the hundred tribes scattered between the mouth of the Amazon and the Rio de la Plata,' says M. Ribeyrolles in his work on Brazil, 'the greater number lived without gods, and no worship was practised beneath the evergreen arches of the virgin forest. This great temple had no other incense than that of flowers. The historians of the conquest and those of the missions nevertheless attribute a very clear mythology to one of the original tribes, the Tupic race. They say that these Indians recognized a god—a veritable Jehovah—whom they called Tupan, (Thunder.) As in all legendary theogonies, whether they come from India, Persia, or Sinai, this god Tupan had an opposite, an adversary, a devil, whom they called Anhanga. Below these two majesties of heaven came two series of genii, the good and the wicked, and lower still, as simple ministers or interpreters, were the priests, or sorcerers, who sold the secrets of the gods to the people.'

The transition between the wild tribes and the civilized population of the Brazilian coast is marked by the *Indios mansos*. It is this class who gather caoutchouc, ipecacuanha, vanilla, sarsaparilla, and in short all those products found only in the distant forests. Having finished their harvest, they proceed to the settlements of the whites to deliver it, receiving in exchange the products of civilized industry—knives, calicoes, spirits, etc. The remainder of the year is spent in hunting, and more particularly fishing, which is their favorite employment.

INDIAN SWIMMERS.

Born in a country traversed by numerous rivers, which in the solstices of each year overflow and sometimes cover immense extents of forest, they acquire from childhood such a habit of swimming that water seems to be their nat-

ural element. It may be safely said they are the best swimmers in the world. I have frequently seen little Indians, scarcely from the breast, throw themselves into the water and frolic there for a whole day, never troubling themselves about the alligators that swarm in the rivers of Brazil. The adults wear scarcely any clothing, and as for the children, they go, like the little negroes, entirely naked.

TALISMANS.

The greater portion wear a string of beads around the neck. These beads, sold by the sorcerers, and which the Indians consider a powerful talisman against the bites of serpents, are generally formed of small red grains which grow in great abundance in the woods. Those who visit the whites sometimes replace these necklaces with a medal. One day, curious to know the name of the madonna charged with watching over the destinies of an ugly little red-skin, who was demeaning himself like an imp in a stream we were traversing, I requested my half-negro, half-Indian guide to go and speak to the urchin, so that I might approach him. It was with difficulty that the attempt succeeded, owing in a great measure to my foreign costume, which he now saw probably for the first time. At last, however, thanks to my companion, who held his arms and head to keep him from biting, I was able to seize the medal, and what was my astonishment as I recognized a French coin of fifty centimes, bearing the effigy of the republic of 1848!

THE INDIANS AND THE PADRES.

Like the negro, the Indian knows little of religion except the form of baptism; nevertheless, there is a difference between them. The negro, who is a slave, takes his children to the *padre* with perfect indifference, interested neither more nor less than if he were carrying an arrobe of coffee to market. The Indian, on the contrary, likes to be persuaded; he makes it a principle to do nothing without an equivalent, and only consents to receive the evangelical ablution upon the promise of a glass of *cachaça*, (brandy,) a piece of calico, or some other material compensation. He would make an excellent Christian if the missionaries could only draw upon exhaustless stores. If he hears there is to be preaching in the neighborhood, he forthwith sets out, piously crouches near the bearer of glad tidings, and impatiently waits the end of the sermon to demand his portion of the good things. These being exhausted, he retraces the road to his hut, till the time arrives when the faithful, for the propagation of religion, shall have again filled the coffers of their ambassadors. If the missionaries are ever able to precede each religious exercise with a distribution of brandy and red silks, men and women will flock in crowds to hear 'the word of God.' It is not rare, according to the people of the country, to meet with Indians who make their conversion a business, and present themselves to every padre that comes along, asking for a new ablution and exacting the reward attending it. In the early time of the conquest, when the extent of wilderness and the absence of roads rendered communication impossible between different parts of the empire, some tribes practised this species of baptismal brokerage on an extensive scale. Whenever a captain-general arrived in a province, he proceeded, according to his humor, either to pursue the red-skins and make them slaves, or to convert them in order to found a colony. The latter willingly allowed themselves to be approached when it was only a matter of being catechised, for they knew the Gospel was always accompanied with numerous little advantages very much to their taste, such as garments, knives, and particularly a support less precarious than that afforded by forest-life.

Every thing going so well at first, the missionaries were astonished at the fervor of their converts, and augured well for the future. But when the provi-

sions were nearly exhausted, and the new converts were informed that it was necessary to plant maize and manioc, under pain of soon seeing their rations suppressed, their neophyte zeal began to grow cool. At last the time came when the laziness of the converts and the impossibility of providing for them any longer wearied the patience of the missionaries. Exasperated at having been duped by red-skins, the Portuguese replaced the *padre* with the *feitor*, and declared the Indians slaves to punish them for their rebelliousness to Christianity. The latter gave themselves no great concern about their new condition, feeling secure in their proximity to the forest, whither they took refuge on the first opportunity. But these first relations with the whites perverted their habits and their tastes; forest-life appeared to them too rude, and, like the Hebrews in the wilderness, they sighed for the flesh-pots of fertile Egypt. Therefore they went in quest of another baptism, and one day an Indian tribe was seen to arrive an hundred leagues from the province where they formerly dwelt, offering themselves for conversion. The bishop and the captain-general were written to, who, charmed by the proposal, sent monks, garments, tools, and provisions, with directions to evangelize the new-comers and found a Christian colony. It is needless to say that this colony ended like the rest, after passing through the same phases, and moved further on in quest of a new baptism.

INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

If religion little disturbs the Indian, politics concern him scarcely more. Each village is governed by a *capitao*, selected from among the most respectable of the tribe. Many a time has a mulatto fleeing from slavery or deserting from military service been proclaimed *capitao* by an Indian tribe with whom he took refuge! The selection is easily explained. The Indian is conscious of his inferiority, even to the dark-colored mulatto, who, moreover, is almost always his superior in physical strength. Add to this consciousness the prestige of dress and sometimes of arms upon people who go nearly naked and are acquainted only with the bow and arrow, and lastly the need of having a chief conversant with the language and customs of the whites, to make themselves heard by the latter when chance or necessity requires it, and the fact is not surprising.

FICKLE HABITS.

The efforts hitherto made to employ the Brazilian Indians as domestics have been almost thrown away. Several *fazendeiros* who have tried it, and whom I have questioned on the subject, have unanimously replied that they were obliged to give it up, on account of the incredible fickleness with which they performed their service. If they felt a longing for the forest, they left the house without saying a word to any one, returned to the woods, built themselves a hut with stakes fixed in the earth and a few palm-branches, and there rested themselves from their pretended fatigues, only interrupting their *far niente* to gather a little fruit or catch a few fish. Some time afterwards, say after two, three, or six months' absence, being satiated with savage life, they came to resume their work as if they had only left it the day before, never comprehending why the master looked astonished at seeing them, and asked them for an explanation. They thus went on with their work for a little while, but soon, wearied a second time of civilized life, they silently effected their escape from the plantation to recruit themselves in the forest and reappear again the following year. These escapades especially occurred upon the day when they received their wages. It is needless to say that all their money went to purchase *cachaça*, and it was not till the last of this was gone that the memory of their former master returned.

A population of such indolent humor

is little adapted to the labor of agriculture. This element, therefore, can never be counted on for the colonization of the country. Nevertheless, there are some among these semi-savages who term themselves planters, because they have abandoned the bow of their ancestors and manage to cultivate a little manioc and maize to sustain their families. As soon as this labor, which lasts but a few days, is finished, they return to their huts of wood and clay, lie down upon their straw mats, and pass the remainder of the year in absolute idleness, occasionally thrumming a miserable guitar which they always keep at their side, to amuse themselves, music being one of their favorite passions.

INSECURITY OF THE FOREST—AN EXPENSIVE BARGAIN.

Though the forests they inhabit have been the time-honored dwelling-places of their ancestors, they are now insecure when in the vicinity of a settlement, for it often happens that the colonist burns down the wood in order to prepare a new field of coffee-plants to replace the exhausted plantations. Our Indian friend then takes his guitar, which constitutes all his personal property, and proceeds to the neighboring mountains to build another hut. Affairs do not always go on so peaceably, however. Not long ago, in the province of Minas, one of these forcible dispossessions came near resulting in tragical consequences, and cost the fazendeiro dearly.

The fazendeiro, one of the wealthiest proprietors of the country, owned immense tracts of virgin forest, which he had never visited except to hunt the tapir or wild ox. One of his neighbors, wishing to establish a coffee plantation, came to him one day and desired him to sell the two declivities of a hill, the situation of which seemed to promise magnificent crops. It was an excellent thing for the proprietor, who, for want of sufficient laborers, had no expectations of realizing a farthing from this portion of his estate. The bargain was therefore soon made, at the price of ten contos de reis, (about forty-five hundred dollars.) As this hill — or rather mountain, for it was very large — had never been explored, the new owner was greatly surprised when his negroes, who had been sent to make a clearing, returned and told him they had found wild men (*gente do matto*) in the woods, who lived in huts and appeared to regard them with a very unfriendly eye. Our friend forthwith went to the former proprietor, saying he supposed he had bought a virgin forest and not a colony of Indians, and that, being unable to obtain possession, he gave up the purchase. The fazendeiro promised to make his old tenants vacate, and accordingly sent the overseer of his estate to bid the red men to take up their quarters elsewhere. The latter, getting wind of the matter, determined to act in concert, and replied that having been from father to son and from time immemorial children of the forest, they believed themselves the true owners of the soil. As this response was accompanied with menaces and demonstrations not at all encouraging, the messenger, deeming it useless to insist, returned and made known to his employer the result of his mission. It was thereupon determined to hunt the mountain with all the negroes of the plantation, set fire to the cabins of the Indians, devastate their fields of manioc, and thus force them to leave. But the latter had been on their guard since their first summons, and when the negroes arrived they found themselves arrested by formidable barricades, from which issued invisible shafts that soon compelled them to retire. The affair was now becoming serious. The fazendeiro had undertaken to clear the place, and moreover, his personal pride was involved. He therefore had recourse to more extensive measures, and applied to the judge of the district (*comarca*) to obtain the expulsion of the savage colony through the aid of the authorities of the province. After going through regular legal proceedings on the matter, a bat-

talion of infantry was sent to carry the improvised citadel by force. Nearly a year had elapsed since the first assault, and the Indians, thinking themselves for ever rid of their adversaries, had at last ceased to guard the barricades. They were accordingly reposing quietly in their cabins, when a discharge of musketry reminded them that they were not forgotten. At the same instant a mass of soldiers precipitated themselves upon their frail habitations and commenced demolishing them. Resistance was impossible; and what is more, the Indians lose all courage in the presence of firearms. They fled, and at last concluded to take their household gods farther away. The joke of the matter is, however, that a few days afterwards the fazendeiro received a bill of twenty contos de reis (nine thousand dollars) to cover the legal and other expenses of the expedition. He had received ten contos for the property, and it therefore cost him four thousand five hundred dollars for the privilege of disposing of it. This is only a slight specimen of 'agreeabilities' of every kind which one meets at almost every step in this privileged country, when he undertakes to solve the grand question of *la colonisaçao.*

PORTUGUESE ENCROACHMENTS — 'THE WHITE MEN TREAT US LIKE DOGS.'

This expropriation of the Indians is one of the natural results of conquest as understood by the faithful subjects of His Majesty the King of Portugal. A French traveller, Auguste de Saint-Hilaire, who visited the province of Rio Janeiro in 1816, relates that one day, a few leagues from the capital, he fell in with a deputation of Indians, who were on their way to request of Dom João VI. authority to set apart, in the ancient forests of their ancestors, a square league of land, where they might build a village and find a shelter from the intrusion of colonists. This tribe, which belonged to the *Indios Coroados*, (crowned Indians,) a few remnants of whom are still found on the Upper Parahyba, then occupied nearly the entire valley of that river. Before venturing to meet his royal majesty face to face, they sought the chief of the province, the Baron d'Ubá, and one of them addressed him in the following language: 'This land is ours, and the white men occupy it. Since the death of our *gran capitão*,* we are hunted on every side, and we have not even a place to lay our head. Tell the king that the white men treat us like dogs, and beg him to give us some land, where we can build a village.'

THE BOTOCUDOS — CHRISTIAN BARBARITY.

Of all the Indian tribes that have made themselves celebrated by their resistance to the invasion of the *conquistadores*, the Botocudos hold the first rank, and have marked the annals of conquest with bloody pages. It must be said, to the shame of men of our race, that the children of the wilderness were overwhelmed with ferocity by the disciples of Christ. The latter, finding gunpowder too slow, borrowed from Nature the assistance of one of the most cruel scourges she ever let loose upon mankind. Articles infected with the small-pox were sent as presents to the Indians, who soon perished by thousands, struck down by an invisible evil, whose cause they could not suspect. A few scattered remnants of these unfortunates still roam the forests of their forefathers, awaiting in dread the day when the axe of the Portuguese shall deprive them of their last refuge. Their redoubtable arrows, six feet in length, do not, when closely examined, at all correspond to the idea one has conceived of them. Nearly all I have seen were made of reeds, and seemed more like harmless playthings than instruments of death. These ultra-primitive weapons, in a country where iron is found on the surface of the soil almost in a native state, gives one an

* This great captain, an uncle of the Baron d'Ubá, was a Portuguese, José Rodriguez da Cruz, who had founded a colony of Indians on the banks of the Parahyba.

unfavorable idea of these tribes, who prove so wholly intractable to civilization.

A NATIVE PRIEST AND BACKSLIDER.

Such is the irresistible attraction of the wilderness, that those who have left it cannot live amid other surroundings. The Portuguese annals mention the case of a Botocudo who, taken from the forest while yet a mere child, was brought to Bahia and educated in a monastery. His progress, intelligence, and aptitude having been noticed, he received redoubled attention. Here was a precious acquisition: in him was seen the future missionary of his tribe. As he manifested a taste for the holy orders, he was made a priest. Having at length become free, he left the monastery under the pretext of a promenade, entered the forest that encircled the city, and never reäppeared. It was afterwards ascertained that, instead of catechising his fellows, he had adopted their primitive costume and their wild habits.

LANGUAGE OF THE BOTOCUDOS.

The maxim of Buffon, 'The style is the man,' was never, perhaps, more justly applicable than to the shapeless idiom of the Botocudos. The wooden disk attached to their lower lip, forcing it to drop upon the chin, exposes their teeth to view, and prevents them from articulating the labials. If a *b* or a *p* occurs in a syllable, they are obliged to bring their lips together with their hands to produce the requiréd sound. An analysis of their words reveals in the clearest manner the primitiveness of their social condition. Show them a cane and they will answer *tchoon*, (tree.) With them a cane is only a tree stripped of its branches. Then ask them the name of a post, and they will again answer *tchoon;* of a branch, or piece of wood, or a stake, and still it is *tchoon.* The single word *po* expresses, according to circumstances, the hand, the foot, the fingers, the phalanges, the nails, the heels, and the toes. Animality, which seems to be their only code, is especially conspicuous in compound words. If they wish to speak of a sober man they call him *cooang-a-mah*, (empty belly;) or of night, they would say *taroo; tatoo*, (time of hunger,) because, gluttonous as they are improvident, they never lay by any provision, and are obliged at night to await impatiently the return of daylight to supply the wants of a stomach never satisfied. With most nations, or at least with the occidental nations, the idea of the just preceded that of the unjust, as is indicated by the compound form of the latter in the different languages—*un*-just, *in*-juste, *un*-gerecht, *in*-iquus, *a*-dikos, etc. With the Botocudos it is the reverse; the normal condition is that of the thief—*neinkaik.* An honest man would therefore be a non-thief, (*neinkaik-amnoop.*) In the same manner, lying (*yahpahwaing*) being their custom, the truth would be *yahpahwaing-amnoop*, (a non-lie.)

'BUNGS.'

What could have been the origin of the wooden disk inserted in their lower lip, and which has given them the name of Botocudos?* I had attributed it to a religious practice, the meaning of which had easily been lost among a people without traditions; but an untiring traveller, M. Biard, has informed us that he has seen this disk serve them as a table. This, however, was probably only the trick of some young Botocudos, who thought to get a glass of *cachaça* for his cleverness. Such a performance would not be possible by a person of mature years, for with such the lip, obeying the weight of the disk, falls over upon the chin. I saw a chief of these savages appointed *capitão* by the Emperor of Brazil, who had consented to wear pantaloons and to leave off these hideous ornaments. The flesh of the lip had been brought sufficiently close to heal, and left visible only an enormous scar; but the lobes of the ears, not so

* *Botoque* signifies, in Portuguese, the *bung* of a barrel, whence the name *Botocudos*, men with bungs.

fleshy as the lip, and less susceptible of vital action, could not recover their former shape. They reached almost to the shoulders, forming two rings, the opening of which measured nearly two inches in diameter.

INDIAN WOMEN.

With the red-skins, as with all primitive races, the women do all the labor. They build the huts, carry the baggage and children upon a march, weave fabrics from rushes or grass, and manufacture vessels of clay for domestic use. The only work done by men is the making of arrows, and their only occupation is hunting. Any other labor would be unworthy of them. One will readily comprehend that the Indian woman, under a servitude so degrading, ignorant of every thing that elevates the female character, remains just as she left the mould of nature. Deformed by hard work, disfigured by ill-treatment, living a mere animal life, she can only awaken a feeling of disgust in those who see her for the first time. Observe her eyes, and you see the oblique and timid glance of a wild animal, and nothing of that magic light which reveals intelligence. The consciousness of inferiority causes her to flee from a stranger and conceal herself. In old age, the wrinkles that everywhere furrow her tawny skin, blackened and seamed by age, the blows she has received, exposure to the sun, and fatigue, give her head the appearance of that of an old orang-outang, grimacing and hideous, beneath a long black peruke.

Such are the aborigines of Brazil. Shall we advance toward civilization, or recede from it, in passing from the Indians to the blacks? We shall soon judge.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE NEGRO.

Nothing seems more simple than to trace the physiognomy of the negro. Nothing, however, is more complex, if, aside from all preconceived ideas, we make it a point to be truthful.

THE MORNING SUMMONS.

After a long journey on horseback I at length reached a *fazenda*, where I was reposing quietly, when, about three o'clock in the morning, I thought I heard a trumpet sounding a reveille. 'That is nothing, *senhor*,' said my guide, who slept in the same room with me. 'It 's only the *feitor* summoning the negroes in order to take them to the fields.' This warlike sound was in fact an announcement to the slave that the hours of sleep were ended, and his labor was to commence. But it is not the privilege of all the blacks to wake at the sound of the trumpet. In most instances I only heard a wretched drum, which I can only compare to the boxes which accompany the bear-shows at the fairs in the Alps and Pyrenees.

THE 'BENÇAO.'

I had just again closed my eyes when a sudden explosion of human voices reawoke me.

'Do n't disturb yourself, *senhor*,' said my guide, 'it is the negroes who, before going to the fields, have come to ask a blessing, (*benção*.)' The *benção* plays a great *rôle* in the negro's life. It is the invariable salutation with which he approaches you. To perform a *benção* according to rule, the slave must take off his woollen cap with his left hand, and stretch out the right in the most humble posture; many of them add a slight flexion of the knees. This attitude is so suggestive of the beggar, that when I first arrived I instinctively carried my hand to my vest-pocket. To avenge himself for this vexation of the white, the blacks exact the *benção* from the little negroes, and the latter in turn exact it from the *macacos*, (monkeys,) which they educate to this effect.

GREAT ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Again I fell asleep. An hour later I was once more arosed by a fearful tumult. It was as if a host of tigers and wild cats were fighting and tearing each other with horrible cries. The noise

evidently grew nearer. This time I rushed to the window. The day had begun to break, but I could only see a cart coming from the forest, drawn by three pair of oxen. Two blacks, armed with long goads, drove the team. One guided the first pair of oxen by the horns, and led the way; the other, leaning over the front of the cart, pricked the lazy animals. It was the guttural cries of the negroes, the bellowing of the stubborn cattle, and the squeaking of the heavy wheels that made all this noise—and all about drawing a few stalks of sugar-cane.

BRAZILIAN ROADS.

Roads are unknown in South-America. If it is necessary to open a passage through a forest, to transport the harvest, a gang of slaves are sent in the evening, who set a few trees on fire, cut a few impeding branches, and throw a little earth into the worst hollows. This work achieved, they return under the impression that they have made a road. During the night a storm comes on, which, in a few hours, floods the ground with immense torrents. These diluvian rains come down in streams, forming ravines in the road, if it is on inclined ground, washing away all the loose earth, and leaving impassable gullies. If the road crosses a basin, the water converges there from all parts of the forest, and by its accumulation changes it into a lake. Hence arise all the difficulties which make journeying into the interior of the new world so painful, and even impossible, without a large force of men and mules.*

A CURE FOR LAZY MULES.

If the negroes are ignorant of the advantages of macadamized roads, they make up for it by their ingenuity in urging their *nonchalant* animals over difficult ground. If they have exhausted their stock of caresses, shouts, and blows, they leave the team and gather a few dry branches, which they place under the bellies of the quadrupeds and set on fire. It is an unfailing remedy, and one which I have also seen employed by Catalan muleteers.

NEGROES IN THE FIELDS—THE FEITOR.

As it was too late to repose any more, I determined to go out on the plantation and see the slaves at work. After half an hour's walk through fields once cultivated but now abandoned, I reached a little plateau covered with sugar-cane. About an hundred blacks were cutting the cane, and placing it in bundles on the carts that were to carry it to the mill. One *feitor* superintended the loading, and another the cutting. The latter, who generally attended to disciplinary matters, had a threatening aspect. He was a large, muscular mulatto, of brutal physiognomy, with sun-burnt skin. An old straw hat, linen pantaloons, and a striped shirt composed his raiment. At his waist was suspended an enormous *palmatorium*, (a species of large ferule for correcting minor faults.) Standing behind the men, his right hand clasping a long whip, and his eyes fixed on the group, he grumbled incessantly, making his line advance or fall back, like a drill-sergeant manœuvring a squad of infantry.

COOKING.

At a little distance, at the edge of the forest, three or four negresses, with their infants in sacks on their backs, were preparing food for the laborers. Two immense pots of *angú* (corn-soup) and another of *feijão* (haricots) rested on three rocks that supplied the place of andirons, and were cooking over a slow fire. The little negroes, too young to work in the field, supplied fuel and raked the fire. Each negress looked after the pot assigned to her, from time to time stirring the contents with an enormous ladle, to have it cooked uniformly, and, during spare moments, taking her babe from her back and giving it the breast. Calabashes, lying in heaps near the

* I have sometimes seen twenty pair of oxen panting with the effort of drawing a log that four European laborers could have easily moved with levers.

pots, represented the service-dishes. The negro, like the Indian, knows no other knife and fork than his fingers.

I was desirous of witnessing a slave repast, and I waited, seated in a *rancho*, till the hour should arrive. I watched the ranks of workmen, harassed by the incessant shouts and long whip of the *feitor* — and woe to laggards who, letting their comrades get ahead of them, fell out of line. Notwithstanding the apparent haste, it was easy to see, by the play of their muscles and the expression of their faces, that they did just enough to keep out of the way of the *tocador* (lash) and to await as patiently as possible the hour of breakfast. Armed with a crooked scythe nailed to a long wooden handle, they cut the cane with an automatical movement, the force of which evidently lay in the whip held by the *feitor*.

THE BREAKFAST.

The breakfast-hour at last arrived. About nine o'clock, at a sign from the superintendent, work ceased as if by enchantment along the whole line, and all approached the pots. The rations were ready, and two rows of calabashes disposed along the ground. Each took a calabash full of *angú* and a smaller one of *feijão ;* and seating himself upon a stone set to devouring his fare without speaking a word, with the same indifference and calm resignation he formerly manifested under the whip of the overseer, and which, acquired in infancy, seems to form the chief characteristic of the black slave. In the evening they receive another ration of corn-soup and haricots, and at nightfall they return to their cabins.

ROUTINE — SUNDAY EMPLOYMENTS.

I have often since seen the negroes in the fields, and assured myself that for them the programme of one day is the programme of the whole year and of their whole life. When not harvesting they are planting ; and the planting done, they hoe incessantly till harvest-time ; for weeds grow rapidly in these warm, moist countries. On Sunday, labor is suspended. The Portuguese is too good a Catholic to make his negroes work on the day of rest ; but he allows them to employ that day on their own account, and even gives each of them a piece of land where they raise corn which they sell to mule merchants. The income from this harvest is intended to replenish their wardrobe ; but the field negro, not over-fashionable in his attire, generally prefers a bottle of *cachaça* or a pipe of tobacco to a new shirt. He consequently comes off most frequently in rags, greatly to the despair of the *senhor*.

DANCING.

Sunday, nevertheless, has its attractions for the slave. Having no anxiety on that day as to the hour of rising, he profits by this to dance through a portion of the preceding night.

The orchestra is composed of young negroes, who beat with their hands upon a kind of drum placed between their legs, made of the section of a hollow tree-trunk, the ends of which are covered with dog or sheepskin. Most frequently they sing an accompaniment, to increase the noise. Generally but one dancer is seen in the group. He leaps, runs, and gesticulates ; and when he finds himself getting exhausted he rushes to some one of his companions whom he selects to succeed him. The choice commonly falls upon a woman. The latter in her turn enters the ring, abandons herself to all sorts of choreographic improvisations, and when fatigued, chooses, in her turn, some man to take her place. The dance is thus kept up, and complete lassitude of the performers alone puts an end to the scene.

THE NEGRO HUNTER.

If the negro is a hunter, he buys a gun worth some ten milreis, (five dollars,) and goes out to shoot the *agootee*, (American hare,) the armadillo, the *macaco*, (monkey,) or the lizard.

THE SENHOR'S BIRTHDAY.

The anniversary of the master's birthday is to the slave a day of joy and feasting; he is provided with *carne seca*, (dried meat,) and sometimes presented with an allowance of *cachaça.* Every thing, then, mounts into paroxysm—the contortions of the dancers, the beating of drums, and the shouts of the young negroes. The cries of *Vivo o senhor! Viva a senhora!* (Long live the master! Long live the mistress!) alone interrupt the indescribable fantasias of the orchestra and the fearful tumult of the dance.

DOMESTICS — PUNISHMENTS.

Such is ordinarily negro-life on the plantations. Some lead a more gentle existence — such, for instance, as the master has attached to his personal service. Their condition is almost the same as that of European domestics. If they commit a fault that demands corporal punishment, they slip away before they are caught, and run to a neighboring *fazenda*, where they know some friend or relative of their master, and beg him to intercede (*apadrinhar*) for them. These favors are never refused, no matter what may have been the antecedents of the supplicant. The *fazendeiro* first reads him a lesson of morality proportioned to the gravity of the offence, and after admonishing him that he must never come to him again, he ends by giving him an apologetic letter to his master. Armed with this talisman, the delinquent fearlessly presents himself; for a request of forgiveness, even from an inferior, is sacred to the Brazilian. But, unfortunately, as there is always a way of getting around a difficulty, it often happens that the master, after having read the letter, says to the negro: 'I will forgive you, at the *senhor's* request, the hundred strokes of the whip (*chicote*) that you so richly deserve; but as you are a very bad fellow I cannot keep you any longer in the house, and you must join your comrades on the plantation.' This is the most terrible punishment to a slave, for field-life possesses all the horrors of slavery without affording any of its benefits.

Punishments may be divided into three classes. Slight faults are expiated by a few strokes of the ferule on the palm of the hand; a dozen blows is the minimum. This punishment is especially applied to women and children. The *chicote*, or whip, is used for serious offences and robust men. The object of punishment is firmly secured to a post and surrounded by his comrades, who are present at the infliction in order to add solemnity to the scene and to receive themselves salutary impressions for the future. A large negro or mulatto performs the duties of execution. At each blow he stops to take breath, and allows the sufferer to utter a sharp cry, followed by a prolonged groan. More than one hundred strokes are seldom given at a time. If the punishment is very severe, the remainder is put off till the next day or the day following. When a large number of lashes have been inflicted, and the executioner has a strong arm, it is sometimes necessary to carry the poor wretch to the hospital and dress his wounds. Lastly, there is the *carcere duro* for old offenders. It is ordinarily a cell (*tronco*) where the culprit is kept motionless, his feet and hands being firmly fixed to posts. This punishment is not greatly practised, especially during the day, for it is important not to keep the black from his labor. He is therefore only shut up during the night, and a dose of the *chicote* administered in the morning or evening, either after or before incarceration, takes the place of confinement in the daytime.

Too frequent recourse to the lash, (*tocador*,) it must be confessed, is not had, especially among the small proprietors, who may at any moment be obliged to sell their slaves. The *bastinado* leaves marks on the back and shoulders, and it is upon these parts of the body that the purchaser reads the character of the negro.

A NEGRO MURDERER.

One curious fact will show how some masters, in case of emergency, manage the skins of their slaves. A few years ago a negro was hung at Rio Janeiro who had committed his seventh murder. On six occasions he had killed his *senhor*, and six times he had changed hands, being sold by the heirs of the murdered man as an excellent laborer. Rather than give him up to justice and avenge the death of their father, they preferred to render him good for evil, leaving his life safe and his back unscarred. Not possessing so much of the evangelical spirit, the relatives of the seventh victim had the murderer arrested, and he was sentenced to the gallows. He walked to the scaffold with perfect coolness, and before giving himself up to the executioner, cried in a loud voice to the numerous blacks around him: 'If each of you had followed my example, our blood would long ago have been avenged.' These words found no echo, and never will do so in Brazil, although the number of slaves is much greater than that of the whites, by reason of the jealousies of race which the Europeans take care to encourage between the different tribes. These instances of masters falling beneath the poniard or poison of African vengeance, are not rare on the plantations. They were much more frequent formerly, when the slave-trade daily brought fresh cargoes of negroes who had once known liberty. The latter died or gradually became extinct, and those who were born in the country, degraded by slavery, forgot the free land of their ancestors.

CITY NEGROES — PURCHASING FREEDOM.

The negro of the town has a milder fate than his brethren of the country. At Bahia, Pernambuco, and Rio Janeiro, the three grand centres of slavery, the streets, the market, and the port are inundated with these Ethiopians of black and shining skin, who do the heavy work of those populous cities. The surveillance of *feitors* being impossible in such duties, the proprietors leave their slaves to act for themselves, only exacting a milreis (fifty cents) each day, which sum the latter religiously pay every evening. This condition is far from being oppressive to the African. Sober and robust, he takes his place at the quay, or at the custom-house, or the large stores — at any place where merchandise is to be loaded or transported—and sometimes earns as much as ten milreis (five dollars) in a day. When he has saved money enough, he goes to his *senhor*, presents him a purse containing the price of his ransom, and, in the name of the law, demands his liberty.

RUNAWAYS.

Easy as is the life of the city negro compared with that of the plantation hands, some of them attempt to escape from slavery by flight.

In the majority of cases, these fugitives are brought back, and are first sent to the house of correction, where they are flogged according to the duration of their absence, unless the master, being desirous of selling them, prefers to save their backs intact. Sometimes, when pressed with hunger, they return and give themselves up of their own accord, after obtaining a letter of intercession from some friend of their master. As we said before, this favor is never refused. The more adventurous expatriate themselves in order to escape pursuit, going to Europe if they can find a captain who will take them on board, or penetrating the interior to Indian territories which the whip of the *feitor* has never reached.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF THE NEGRO.

The black race in Brazil, as elsewhere, is composed of different types. The negroes of the coast of Minas present, with the exception of color, the Caucasian type: a high forehead, straight nose, regular mouth, oval features, and athletic form — all reveal within them a strong and intelligent nature. The eye and lip alone betray the sensuality

which seems inherent in the whole Ethiopian race. Individuals of this type, who are in the enjoyment of liberty, give daily and unequivocal proofs of their superior aptitude. I have seen negro mechanics, merchants, priests, physicians, and lawyers, who, even by the admission of the people of the country, could boldly compete with whites in the same professions. It is to this vigorous race that those kings of Soudan belonged, who for years maintained supremacy over that immense country.

THE REPUBLIC OF PALMARES.

In Brazil, the negro Henriquez Diaz, celebrated in the annals of the Portuguese, compelled the king, Don João IV., to appoint him colonel, and make him a knight of the order of Christ, by his bravery and military talents. The Dutch still remember the terrible blows he inflicted on them in the so-called war of independence, at the head of his African regiment.*

* If the Portuguese annals are to be believed, the negroes of the Province of Pernambuco made themselves famous in the seventeenth century by their energetic efforts to secure their independence. Some of them, flying from servitude, took refuge about thirty leagues from the city,in the depths of the forest, at a point which they called Sertão dos Palmares, (the Wilderness of Palms.) More than twenty thousand of their fellows responded to their call, and soon Palmares became a republic, with its laws, and a fortified capital. A chief selected from the most renowned warriors, administered justice, looked to the public defence, and commanded expeditions. This colony was not much to be feared by the towns on the coast, for it lacked arms and munitions ; but those nearer to it suffered considerably. There was need of women, iron, tools, salt and provisions, to establish the new city and make it prosperous, and expeditions of every sort occasionally came to ruin and terrify the neighboring planters, who vainly claimed the protection of the government, which was then at war with the Dutch. At length Holland yielded, and thenceforth the destruction of Palmares was resolved upon. It would still take years to repair the disasters of the war of independence and organize the expedition. Finally there appeared before the wooden ramparts a force of seven thousand men. Having brought no artillery with them, they were at first repulsed, and the siege turned into a blockade. Famine soon began to decimate the blacks, and artillery having arrived, the defences were stormed. The zambé, or chief, and the surviving defenders, finding themselves overwhelmed, preferred death to servitude, and threw themselves from the pinnacle of the rock that had formed their citadel. The remainder of the inhabitants were reduced to slavery. The black republic of Palmares had enjoyed an existence of more than half a century.

INFERIOR TRIBES.

Unfortunately, alongside these superior tribes are others who seem as nearly allied to brutes as to men, and to descend by insensible degrees to the man-monkey of Oceanica. Slavery, seizing upon the negro from his infancy, makes him a mere machine for producing sugar or coffee, and not only saps his intelligence, but perverts all the nobler instincts of his nature. Here lies in a great measure the secret of the inferiority of the so-called 'sons of Ham.'

MORNING—EARLY SUMMER.

BY E. A. JENKS.

THE laughing sunshine peers above the hill,
And down the slumbering vale;
Then hastens on with nimble feet, until
A rood or two beyond the silvery rill,
Now strolling idly through the crippled mill,
He gains the cottage pale.

The hospitable gate stands open wide;
And, with impatient lips,
The morning-glory beckons to her side
The wayward youth, whose quest she ne'er denied;
Her tangled tresses quick he thrusts aside,
And dewy nectar sips.

He lingers lovingly among the flowers
That fringe the open door;
Then steals within, and wakes, with magic powers,
The forms at rest in Dreamland's rustic bowers,
And plays through morning's golden-tinted hours
Upon the oaken floor.

The birds troll welcome to the summer days
From airy turrets high;
The bees are humming over ancient lays
That erst were heard in Eden's shaded ways,
On that bright morn when universal praise
Rolled through the arching sky.

Brave chanticleers, with summons loud and shrill,
The languid echoes wake,
Which just before were sleeping, calm and still,
Behind the old and hoary-headed mill—
Which nevermore will heed its master's will—
Beyond the dreaming lake.

The butterflies have stretched their painted wings
Upon the breath of dawn,
And flit from flower to flower like human things;
The slaughtered hay its dying perfume flings
Abroad upon the white-winged gale, which brings
And strews it o'er the lawn.

Beneath the moss-grown roof a group prepare
  To siege the smoking board,
Which fills with grateful incense all the air;
But first the reverend sire, with frosty hair,
Craves 'daily bread' for those assembled there,
  From Him for aye adored.

Quick follow then the clangings of the steel—
  Above no weltering foe;
No timid suppliants for mercy kneel—
No vizored foemen with dim vision reel—
But happy voices grace the morning meal
  With love's sweet overflow.

And then the cheerful group contrive to share
  The labors of the day;
While I, with angling gear and eager air,
Retreat, like lion to his forest lair,
To shady woods, where winding streams repair,
  And while the hours away.

MY FIRST CASE, AND MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

I HAD just commenced the practice of law in the pretty village of Stoneville, a county-seat. Consultations as to petty matters alone gave hopes of future business. I had not as yet been retained in a single case; not even in one of as little consequence as that in which a worthy legal friend of mine happened to be employed in his earlier practice, namely, a suit involving the right of possession of a rat-trap. My office, however, presented the appearance of business, if business itself were wanting. My book-case was tolerably well filled with elementary works and the latest reports; and some old deeds and other papers tied together in different parcels, with a liberal allowance of red tape, were arranged to the best possible advantage upon my table. Lying also upon the table was a paper-weight of ample dimensions, presumed, at least, to have been placed there for the purpose of preventing the loose but highly important papers underneath it from being lost or mislaid. I had read a large proportion of the books in my library, and re-read some of them, and gave advice, therefore, though young both in age and profession, with a considerable degree of confidence. It was not my fault if I failed to impress those who consulted me with some sense of my dignity and importance. I advised them, indeed, with a hem and a haw, with a gravity and a prolonged deliberation worthy of the learned Smelfungus himself.

In spite of all the real attention I was giving to my books, and thus to my profession, time, as may be supposed, hung heavily on my hands. I had always been fond of trouting, and a beautiful brook, a short distance only from the village, enabled me at once to gratify my piscatory passion, and remove from me a portion of the *ennui* by which I was oppressed. The brook, which ran for

the most part through the greenest of valleys, was fringed with willow and other trees, and the grounds of a number of tasty mansions came down to its banks. Day after day, for at least an hour or two, I whipped with my fly the rippling brook, and day after day it seemed as clear to me as was the water of that brook, that, for a long time to come, I should probably catch more trout than clients. Hope, however, sustained me; hope which, accompanied by exertion, so seldom fails to overcome the greatest obstacles.

I have said that Stoneville was a county-seat. The terms of the county and of other courts were of course held there. As usually occurs at county-seats, nearly all the lawyers in the county were located at Stoneville. The most lucrative practice had fallen to the share of a Mr. Fitzray, a consequential personage, burly in body, in manners haughty and supercilious, who resided in one of the brook-skirting mansions of which I have spoken. In reality a Mr. Hargrave was much the best lawyer in the place. The latter was a bachelor, a man of great purity of character, and, though somewhat taciturn, more than usually esteemed and respected. He was the first of my brother-lawyers of the village whose acquaintance I had made. This had grown out of a certain congeniality of tastes. He was a skilful angler, often with me at the brook-side, and I was already indebted to him for valuable suggestions, not only as to the handling of my rod and line, but also as to my future professional welfare. I was the youngest of all the members of the bar of Stoneville, but I longed, nevertheless, oh! how I longed to measure swords with them, more especially with Fitzray. All unconsciously to myself, the time of such measurement was fast approaching.

Few parties of any kind occurred in the village to which, though comparatively unknown, I was not invited. Not perhaps bad-looking, somewhat gentlemanly, I presume, in my deportment, with a flashing eye and an air slightly defiant, but which became all tenderness, all deference, in even the most casual intercourse with one of the opposite sex, my society had been rather sought than otherwise by the ladies of the village. My regard for the other sex, indeed, bordered upon romance, and that regard was no doubt reflected in my manners. Still I was as yet very nearly, if not quite, heart-whole. I had had, it is true, a glimpse of that paradise, love, into which, for a brief space at least, we all, perhaps, once enter, but it had been a glimpse only. The intellectual and truly womanly countenance, the polished forehead, fine black eye, and graceful figure, to which I refer, had shot meteor-like across my vision, disappearing, as it seemed, forever. Inquiry elicited these facts only, that the lady was a Miss Somers, the daughter of Robert Somers, a recent comer, a gentleman in rather narrow circumstances, once wealthy and genial, now gloomy and reserved, if not absolutely morose, and living in retirement amounting almost to seclusion. Such intelligence was not in the slightest degree calculated to abate my interest in either the father or the daughter, and I mentally resolved to lose no opportunity, short of forcing myself upon them, of making their acquaintance.

The society of Stoneville was good. Persons fond of using the expression would probably have termed it aristocratic. This epithet might, with some propriety, have been applied to the family and family connections of Johnson or Captain Carlisle, the great man of the village.

Every village has its great man. He is sometimes a merchant, sometimes a landed proprietor, occasionally a lawyer. As a general rule, no public building can be erected, no fair held, no side-walk graded, if his approval be wanting. He receives and entertains distinguished strangers, often dry-goods drummers from the cities, resplendent in gold chains and—California—diamonds, and talking volubly about 'our firm.' The

voters of the village not unfrequently exercise the highest privilege of freemen under his immediate direction, and temperance meetings, lectures, and revivals flourish only in the light of his countenance. Of course he is wealthy, and the president of the bank. Its bills bear his imposing signature, and his daughters, if he have any, figure in the vignettes.

Carlisle was undoubtedly wealthy. He was an old East-India trader and sea-captain, settled down for many years in Stoneville. For some unexplained reason he had carefully discountenanced the use of the title once borne by him, and had to some extent ceased to be addressed, though he was constantly spoken of as captain. His mansion was on a knoll close to the trout-brook, and his East-India or Oriental voyages and antecedents were sufficiently well attested by two immense elephants' tusks crossing each other, some ostriches' eggs, and a fantastic and grotesque lantern, all in the hall of the house; but more especially by a veritable pagoda or temple for the worship of idols erected within his grounds, and rising, as it were, roof upon roof, each roof having gilded bells depending from it, which tinkled sweetly though faintly, as they were played on by the wind. No idol, however, was worshipped in this temple by Carlisle, unless, indeed, his great idol, money, of which the pagoda was supposed by some of the more rustic of the people to be the depository. It was whispered around that some of Carlisle's old commercial transactions were not very creditable to him, and it was even rumored that the object of Mr. Somers, in making his appearance in Stoneville, was to enforce a claim against him, of long standing, for a very large amount. Rumor added that angry words had, on more than one occasion, passed between them. None of these rumors could be traced to any perfectly reliable source.

The Captain had a nephew, named James Mortimer Carlisle, or, as he himself wrote it, J. Mortimer Carlisle. His plainer parents had, for a long time, called him James; but when he was about seventeen or eighteen, the fever in regard to that mode of personal description being then at its height, he wrote himself J. Mortimer Carlisle, and his first name being thus thrown into the shade, the more imposing one of Mortimer, for most purposes, naturally took its place, and he was thereafter usually so called. The Captain having no children and plenty of money, every wish almost of Mortimer, who lived with him, and was his nearest relative and the designed successor to his large property, was gratified. Mortimer was vain, indolent, and effeminate, and he was now becoming dissolute and extravagant; in other words, a fast man, so far as his natural effeminacy would permit him to be fast. He prided himself upon the smallness of his hands, as indicative of an aristocratic origin, and invariably dressed in the most ultra-fashionable manner. This was particularly the case in the warmer seasons of the year, when his apparel was of the nicest and daintiest character. In those seasons he almost invariably appeared with a bouquet, whose principal flower was usually a white camellia, appendant to his vest. Mortimer's notions as to female virtue were loose in the extreme. He deemed very few human actions to be based upon principle, and considered that almost every man and woman had his or her price. Probably all, or nearly all, who entertain such sentiments, are corrupt themselves. Certain it is that these views tend as naturally to corruption, on the part of those harboring them, as a tainted atmosphere to disease. When I add that Mortimer was of a hot and hasty temper, that the wine he drank was gradually communicating its own glowing color to his countenance, that the most violent altercations occurred between his uncle and himself whenever the former refused him money, as was sometimes the case, and that he had of late become more dissolute and more importunate in his

demands for money, I have stated all that can be requisite to give an idea of his person and character.

On a pleasant day, in the latter part of the month of August, Hargrave and myself were at our favorite places of resort, the trout-brook. We had taken a number of fish, when our sport at length came to an end. The trout would no longer take the fly, and tolerably well satisfied with the number we had already secured, we sat down on the bank, as was our wont under similar circumstances, to ruminate or converse according to the humor of the moment. The ceaseless play and rippling of the water, the hum of a thousand insects, and the green and leafy beauty around us seemed calculated to invite minds at all contemplative to reflection. Neither of us had for some time uttered a word, when, of a sudden, Hargrave, rising upon his feet, exclaimed, 'A prize! a prize!' and directed my attention to an object in the water nearly abreast of us. While we were looking at the object, it caught and spun around for a moment or two in an eddy of the brook, and then again floated along, moving down with the current. At first it appeared to be little, if any thing, more than a small piece of cotton or linen cloth; but as it came nearer, we very clearly made it out a glove, a glove apparently just thrown off from the hand. That part of it which had covered the palm was slightly elevated above the rest of it and the water, and Hargrave, carefully insinuating into it the light and tapering end of his rod, brought the glove safely to land. Examination proved it to be evidently, as we thought, a lady's glove, small, neat, of a delicate and peculiar, almost zephyr-like, fabric. A single red spot—a spot so minute as scarcely to have been observable but for its very redness and the freshness of the color—was perceptible on the palm, or that portion of the glove which had not been exposed to the action of the water. We came to the conclusion, however, that this must be iron-rust, or a stain occasioned by some berry, and I laughingly joked Hargrave as to the nature of his prize, expressing at the same time a hope that, as he was a bachelor, it would not be long ere he discovered its fair owner, and returned it to her, receiving her thanks, and making perhaps a pleasant acquaintance. He at length pocketed the glove, remarking as he did so that it might be well enough to keep it, and winding up our lines and disjointing our rods, we returned to the village. The little incident of the day was too trifling to be very carefully treasured up in our memories, and cases of considerable importance coming on to be tried immediately afterwards, in some of which Hargrave was counsel, and in all of which I felt interested, the brook, and every thing connected with it, for a time receded from our thoughts.

Some five or six days had elapsed, when, returning one afternoon from the hotel, where I boarded, to my office, which was on the main street of the village, I noticed an unusual stir and bustle among the villagers. Some were hurrying to and fro, while others were gathering into clusters. Approaching a group, composed of a single talker and a number of breathless listeners, I caught the word 'murder!' Had that fearful crime, then, been committed in our hitherto quiet and peaceful village? Such, indeed, proved to be the case. The lifeless and partially decayed body of Captain Carlisle, who, for some days previous, had been supposed to be absent from the village on business, had been discovered, hardly half an hour before, in a clump of bushes, some of whose pendent branches dipped into, and were swayed along by, the very brook which had been so often and so recently a source of quiet pleasure to both Hargrave and myself. We had, on the occasion of our last visit to it, commenced fishing some ten or twenty rods below these bushes, and fished down the stream and away from them.

It was clear that the Captain had been murdered. The doctors, who almost immediately examined the body, could find

but a single wound. This being a stab, close to the heart, was pronounced amply sufficient to have caused instant death. The Captain had doubtless been deprived of life by a sudden thrust with a sharp-pointed but slender dagger or dirk. Considerable blood had flowed from the wound, and there were indications of an attempt, probably soon abandoned, to wash it off. The deceased had no doubt been killed outside of the thicket, and then dragged into it, as the dried remains of a pool of blood were found close by, under some rails purposely laid over it to screen it from observation. As he was at the time of his death hale, healthy, and rather athletic, it was thought that the attack upon him must have been as stealthy as sudden. A careful examination of the bed of the brook, the banks, and the adjoining fields, brought to light the sheath of a small dagger, the death-dealing instrument itself being wanting. This sheath was found upon the opposite side of the brook. It was quite certain that it had contained the fatal weapon.

The coroner soon held his inquest, which was public, though efforts were made to render it otherwise. I attended, and could not avoid thinking, while looking for a moment on the lifeless form before me, that the money of the deceased had been, somehow or other, the cause of his death. The inquest brought out no facts of an entirely conclusive nature. The evidence in regard to the murder was wholly of a circumstantial character. It implicated, I was truly sorry to find, the father of the only woman who had as yet made any particular impression on me. That evidence was, that a piece of what seemed to be an old account-current, or rather a copy of such an account, in the handwriting, beyond doubt, of Mr. Somers, was found a few yards only from the body of the deceased; that Mr. Somers, on the presumed day of Captain Carlisle's death, had been seen to walk, in an excited and flurried manner, to and fro on the highway, which ran by the residence of the latter, and occasionally to stop in front of the house; that he had been heard to say, in reference to the Captain, that the wretch should not live long; and that, upon being arrested, as he was immediately after the finding of the body, at the instance of Mortimer Carlisle, and informed of the nature of the charge against him, he became profoundly agitated, and was seized with a marked tremor. All of the testimony, except that in relation to the finding of the piece of the account-current and the agitation of the accused, was given by Mortimer himself. Though Mr. Somers earnestly and vehemently asserted his freedom from guilt, he attempted no explanation of the damaging circumstances above stated, thinking, possibly, that there was then too much excitement to render explanation at all feasible. He doubted not, he said, that in due time his innocence would appear. The morose manners and secluded life of Mr. Somers were unfortunately somewhat against him, and the jury, though not without considerable hesitation on the part of two or three of its members, declared, by its verdict, that the deceased came to his death by a dagger, or some other deadly weapon, in the hands of Robert Somers. The coroner at once committed Mr. Somers to jail, for due trial at the next term of court.

On coming out of the house, I found Mortimer talking and gesticulating in a flushed and violent manner, striking one hand, a clinched one, hard upon the other, and swearing, with what seemed to me to be an unnecessary multiplicity of oaths, that Robert Somers was the murderer of his uncle. Generally cool and self-possessed myself, I looked at Mortimer, whom I had never liked, with a calm but sharp and searching gaze. His eye met mine, and fell beneath it. In that instant I made up my mind that, whoever else might have been the murderer of Captain Carlisle, Mr. Somers assuredly was not.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I WAS reclining one day, in the ensuing month of September, upon a settee in my office, somewhat anxiously considering my professional prospects, when I was aroused from my reverie by a gentle knock upon the door. I opened it. Before me stood Miss Somers; Mary Somers, as I had by that time ascertained her name to be. She entered, bowing slightly, and took the chair I proffered her. The object of the visit I was quite at a loss to apprehend, but I felt that no visit of any other person could be, like that, at once pleasant and painful. Pleasant, because Miss Somers had been to me a cherished memory; painful, because the thoughts then probably uppermost in the minds of both of us, certainly in my own, were that her father had been branded as a felon, and might yet be called upon to meet a felon's doom.

If I had been surprised at the visit, I was astonished by the announcement of its object. I was desired to defend Mr. Somers on his approaching trial. I, who had never yet defended any one, who had never even been employed in a slander case or the pettiest action for assault and battery—I almost trembled at the thought. Though naturally self-possessed and self-reliant, it seemed to me, at the moment, that this would be stepping up one or two rounds, at least, too high in the professional ladder. Had I, thus far, at any term of court, been assigned to defend even a pickpocket, I should have felt that I was getting along very well. But this was no ordinary matter. It was one of the gravest character, involving the highest responsibility. In addition to this, I should, I knew, be opposed by a district-attorney, the attorney for the people, of more than usual ability, and doubtless by other able and adroit counsel, associated with him, who, it at once occurred to me, might be employed by Mortimer to press the conviction of Mr. Somers, and thus shield or attempt to shield himself from even the shadow of suspicion. I could hardly doubt that the mistrust of Mortimer, which had sprung up in my own mind, would soon extend to the minds of others. Family connection, too, and family influence, the highest social influence of the place, I considered, would be on the side of Mortimer. Thus there would be a fearful array against me of wealth, talent, and influence. Who can wonder that for a moment or two I shrunk, in thought, from the bare idea of such an encounter? This would be measuring swords with a vengeance! My first impulse, then, was to decline what seemed to me a dangerous honor. My feelings, however, were strongly enlisted in behalf of those who thus desired my services. I reflected, too, that an important criminal trial was an inviting field for the exhibition of professional skill, and therefore merely made a faint, a very faint suggestion that it would perhaps be better to employ a lawyer of the ability, for instance, of Mr. Hargrave, rather than myself. The reply, to my surprise, and I can truly say delight, was that that gentleman himself had named me as a proper person to undertake the defence. The designation, coming from such a source, was flattering in the extreme, and adapted to inspire me with confidence in myself, had that been lacking. I hesitated no longer, but accepted the trust. The highly confidential relation of lawyer and client existed at once between Mr. Somers and his daughter and myself, for I could not but regard Mary and her father as being, for the purpose of that relationship, almost one and the same. A deep and tender anxiety as to the fate of her father pervaded Mary's manner and conversation while she was with me on this occasion, but she expressed no unwomanly fears. No *vinaigrette* became necessary.

The interview which I soon had with Mr. Somers only tended to confirm my strong conviction of his innocence. It appeared, as had been rumored, that he had a very large, and, at the same time, a very old claim against the murdered

man, with whom he had had a business connection in East-India, and that he had taken up his residence in Stoneville for the purpose of making it good. This claim was so large that the discharge of it would necessarily exhaust the greater portion of the property left by the deceased, and render Mr. Somers in turn wealthy. The papers constituting the evidence of the demand were at Mr. Somers's house, in an old-fashioned writing-bureau, and as they were all-important to him, and he had apprehensions regarding their safety, it was resolved that I should immediately take charge of them. Mary and her brother Jasper, an intelligent youth of fifteen, lived by themselves in a rather retired cottage, the house referred to, and it was not improbable, Mr. Somers thought, that so bad a man as he considered Mortimer Carlisle to be might attempt, by some means or other, to get these documents into his possession, as he knew, Mr. Somers said, of their existence. Mortimer had succeeded to the property and interests of his slaughtered uncle. It seemed that he had also succeeded to his relative's want of honor and disinclination to do what was just. In regard to the trial of the accused for the crime with which he stood charged, he, as might have been expected, assented to the suggestion made by me, that it would be well for us to interpose all possible means of delay, in the hope that time, as it rolled along, might throw up, from its hidden and unfathomable depths, some proof of his innocence.

I had gone down, on the evening of the second day afterwards, to the cottage occupied by Mary and her brother, for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of their father in relation to the papers before mentioned. The cottage was a story-and-a-half building, somewhat in the Elizabethan style, the roof sloping far down on each side and extending beyond the body of the house, and the window-sashes opening inward, like doors. Here Mary and Jasper, who regarded each other with true affection, lived as happily as could, under the circumstances, be expected. The house was furnished plainly but neatly. I thought I could perceive, on my entrance into the room where Mary was sitting, and into which I was ushered by Jasper, some evidences of needlework disarranged and hastily thrown aside or concealed. I almost crushed a thimble under my foot, and a spool of cotton was, at the very moment I entered, rolling across the floor. It seemed to me, too, that Mary was slightly confused; how unnecessary, I thought to myself; for if, as I at once feared was the case, she felt compelled to aid, by her own personal exertions, in the support of the family, this of itself, it seemed to me, ought to secure her the respect of every true woman and man.

Much has been said of late, about the dignity of labor. It may or may not be dignified, according to circumstances. This must very much depend on its character, and the actuating motive or motives. Generally speaking, it is the calm and heroic fortitude accompanying and upholding long-continued and wearisome labor, the patient endurance of it, that renders it dignified and admirable. The plodding father intent alone upon providing for his family; the daughter cheerfully contributing by her paint-brush, needle, or otherwise, to the support of aged relatives, or those of more tender years; the pallid mother literally giving up her own life, as she is too often compelled to do, to keep life in her little ones; the man or woman anywhere and everywhere struggling bravely and persistently with ill-fortune: these and all of these are marked and almost sublime instances of the dignity of labor. Who, then, that possesses the means of support, the power of rewarding such labor, can shake off, or who, under such circumstances, should be permitted to shake off, the fearful responsibility resting upon him? A trifle too little, the less sum, may lead to want, sorrow, and even untold horrors. A more generous recompense,

the larger amount, may—nay, will bring with it hope and life, sunshine and flowers, causing him who gives it, to be at once happy himself, and a source of happiness to others.

The evening of which I have just spoken, glided on fast and pleasantly. At an unusually late hour, when I began to think of taking my departure, I found it to be raining. The rain was in fact pouring down in torrents. Jasper urged me to stay all night at the cottage. The invitation being seconded by Mary, and feeling that I ought no longer to consider myself a stranger in the family, I very cheerfully accepted it and remained, not so much, I must confess, on account of the rain, which I was inclined to think only a shower, as for the pleasure of being under the same roof with her who was becoming more and more dear to me. I was shown upstairs, into a chamber which had been occupied by Mr. Somers, and which contained the writing-bureau before referred to, Jasper remarking that he would, in the morning, unlock the bureau and get out the papers. There was a soft, comfortable lounge in the room, and I sat down and reclined upon it. To me, as to many, there is no sweeter music in nature than the pattering of rain upon the roof. The soothing sounds soon lulled me into profound slumber. My light must have gone out in the course of an hour or two at farthest.

How long I slept I know not, but daylight was not far distant when I was aroused by a noise which I at first supposed was occasioned by the gnawing of a mouse. Though I did not listen very intently, it at length seemed to me to sound more like the rasping of a file, but whether it proceeded from within or without I was unable to determine. Raising myself quietly upon my elbow, I caught the sound with more distinctness. It was clearly the grating of a fine saw or file; but, drowsy as I was, with but little light in the room, I still could not decide from what direction it came. The rain, I found, had ceased. I sat upright upon the lounge, and at that moment perceived what appeared to me to be the reflection, from some brassy or other metallic substance, of a ray of light. I heard the noise of the filing no longer. On looking and listening more intently, I came to the conclusion that the leaf at the upper part of the bureau, forming apparently the front of a drawer, and which, when let down, constituted, with another portion of the bureau, a writing-desk, having pigeon-holes at the back of it, was being gradually lowered on its semi-circular brass slides or supporters. These had been worn to brightness by long usage, and even a slight and feeble ray of light, striking on one of them, could not fail to be distinctly reflected. This had been the case in the present instance. I had no doubt that some one was carefully letting down the leaf, and that the ray of light proceeded from a dark or partially shaded lantern. I stepped toward the bureau. As I did so the leaf and the lantern both fell with a crash. There was a rustling of garments. The wearer of them hastened to the window, and hurriedly descended a ladder placed beneath it, and by means of which the room had, of course, been entered. Satisfied that the object of this burglarious proceeding could only be to obtain the very important papers of which I have spoken, and fearing that they had been taken, I hesitated not an instant, but rushed down the ladder, taking two or three rounds at each step. It was almost daybreak. Going out of the yard of the house, and looking hastily around, I could discern the flying figure of the burglar at some distance on the road, and also, in a field directly opposite the cottage, and near the edge of a patch of woods, the retreating form, as I did not doubt it was, of a confederate. Though they were thus apparently escaping in somewhat opposite directions, I made up my mind that they would, most likely, effect a junction at some point or other, as Mortimer Carlisle—for I deemed him to be the principal or

chief burglar — would, I thought, in all probability, turn into a cross-road intersecting that upon which stood the cottage. This was his nearest course home, and, if followed, it would pretty certainly, from its direction, bring the two together before the house was reached. I paused for a moment, and until the person, whom I deemed to be the confederate, had entered the woods, when, crossing the road and bounding into the field, I soon entered them myself. Passing cautiously through them, and emerging into an open space, I saw the confederate, not many rods ahead of me, in the act of getting over a stone wall, at the side of the cross road which, I presumed, Mortimer had taken. I crept along as closely to the wall as possible, fearing all the time that my presence might be disclosed by the occasional crackling of a stick, or the rolling of a stone, as I stepped upon it. I did not meditate the arrest of the burglars, for that, I felt, there being two to contend with, might not very easily be accomplished, but I was desirous of ascertaining, first, whether the papers had actually been taken, and secondly, who they were who had engaged in this bold and nefarious business. I had proceeded as far as I thought prudent, when I heard steps upon the road. The confederate was undoubtedly within a few feet of me, on the other side of the wall, pacing up and down as if waiting for some one. In the course of a few minutes, during which I almost held my breath, lest my respiration should be heard, Mortimer — for I believed it to be he — came rapidly along from the direction of the cottage, and the following words were interchanged, in a low tone of voice and hurried manner, between his associate and himself:

'Have you secured the papers ?'

'Curse it, no.'

The answer was followed by a half-suppressed exclamation from him to whom it was addressed, the exclamation being obviously the usual and more familiar appellation of his satanic majesty. That it was Mortimer who made the answer I did not doubt. I could not, I felt, mistake his voice. But who was the confederate ? Muttering something which I tried in vain to overhear, they both went on, almost immediately, toward the house of the late Captain Carlisle. As I raised my head above the wall, and watched for a moment or two their receding forms, I was impelled to think that Mortimer could not be content until he had added burglary to murder, one crime to another; for I was at least inclined to consider him the murderer of his uncle. Most fortunately he had not accomplished his object. But would he stop there?

Returning to the cottage, I found Mary and Jasper up, and not a little alarmed. An examination of the bureau resulted in our ascertaining that Mortimer had sawn or filed off a piece of the brass bolt, by which the leaf was fastened to the body of the bureau, and that thus the all-important documents would, in another moment, have been within his grasp. The wonder, indeed, was that they were not.

I immediately took the papers to my office, having, however, first cautioned Mary and Jasper not to say a word about what had just happened, to any one but their father, and to enjoin secresy on him. It was no part of my plan to prefer a charge against Mortimer at that time, and I wished nothing to transpire which might prevent him from supposing that either the family of Mr. Somers, or Mr. Somers himself, regarded this noctural occurrence as any thing more than a mere ordinary attempt at robbery, the object of which was to obtain money, or something other, at all events, than the papers themselves. I rightly judged that, should Mortimer think himself unsuspected, he would prove less discreet than he otherwise would be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO ARTHUR.

BY MOLLY MYRTLE.

Even though I loved thee, Arthur,
  Till my *every* thought was thine,
And I knew my heart could never
  Kneel before another shrine ;
Yet I'd torn me from the glory
  Of thy regal haunting eyes,
Bid my heart to hush the moaning
  Of its eager pleading cries ;

If my father said, 'My daughter,
  Turn thee from this tenderness,
Turn, my daughter, and thy father
  This obedience will bless ;'
Yes, I'd say, 'O darling father !
  Fold me close up to thy breast ;
For without thy love, my father,
  All my life would be unblessed.

Memory would be ringing, Arthur,
  In my heart a pleading chime,
When my father's fond affection
  Shielded childhood's gay spring-time.
He has walked beside me, Arthur,
  Led me up life's steep hill-side ;
And without my father's blessing,
  I may never be a bride.

Turn away thy eyes, O Arthur !
  With their regal haunting light ;
Leave me to the tears that quiver
  From my lone heart's drear midnight.
It is hard to leave thee, Arthur,
  Hard to cover up thy face,
Shining with its radiant beauty,
  In my heart's most sacred place.

But my *mother's wings* are o'er me,
  Guarding me lest I should faint
With the blackening woe that gathers
  Over my heart's wailing plaint.
'Twill be hard to listen, Arthur,
  For thy worshipped voice in vain ;
Hard to know thy clasping fingers
  Ne'er shall thrill my own again.

But, O Arthur! though our pathways
Through two separate valleys run,
May 'Our Father' grant they lead us
Both to Heaven, when life is done;
And when wandering 'mid the blossoms
Of that better upper land,
Like two happy children singing,
We will hold each other's hand.

A JAUNT ON THE HUDSON.

It was only to the Highlands, and on one of the smaller boats. She left the wharf at eight o'clock, A.M., Monday, the ninth of May. The evening before, the heat of a few days culminated in a concentration of electrical forces seldom exceeded, manifesting itself in forked bolts and sudden bursts of artillery, thundering and terrific, accompanied by one of the heaviest showers of rain ever witnessed, almost amounting, for a few minutes, to a veritable water-spout.

Nobody was prepared for it. Many took shelter under the awnings, many resorted to the street-cars; but, when the corner came at which they must leave for home, all hesitated; some safely concluded to ride on to the end of the route and return; others plunged into the deluging rain, poor helpless ladies, without umbrellas, exposing their hats and dresses to ruin, and their health to danger, in some cases greatly retarded in their race by the necessity of dragging a little helpless boy or girl at their feet.

With all its fun and frolic, its fear and fright, its drabbling dresses and its battered bonnets, how good a thing it was!

All nature feels it this morning. How the earth absorbed it in; how it crept down, by thousands of rills, to the roots of the plants and the trees; how their fibrous tendrils drank it up as a divine nectar, and how the bright, warm sun, coöperating with his beams, bids the emerald leaves open wide for the touch of his genial warmth, and the velvety grass shoot its spires up higher towards his gorgeous empyrean; and how the chirping birds did join in their hallelujah chorus, this morning, as they caught the first faintest ray of twilight, betokening the coming of the King of Day to mount his chariot in brilliant array.

And those little choristers in nature's cathedral, how, every morning, do they chant the praises of Him who made them, shaming God's intelligent creatures, who, morning after morning, forget either to think or to speak of their Creator. And having chanted their hymn in exquisite melody and harmony, how busy at work they are, and how early, building the soft little nests for their coming broods, or flying back and forth from the garden or the field to the nest, gathering up the insects and the worms, and depositing them nicely in the wide-opened mouth of the little fledglings. Thus, whilst they feed their young with care, they help the gardener and the farmer much more than either is generally aware.

Poor little, airy, fluttering things, pure as heaven and harmless as doves! do let them chirp, and flit about, and busy themselves in their domestic cares, while they may. Their heaven is here, as well as their earth, and short enough at best.

But the Hudson! Broad, deep, placid stream, with its magnificent outlet bay, capable of floating the wealth of the world; how still it lies, this misty morn,

under the soft pressure of the exhaling vapors; so quiet its slumber, that you might think no breeze could ever awaken it or ruffle its temper, much less lash it into angry waves! The white sails are up and out, to catch the first breathings of the wind that may help them bear their burdens over the bosom of the mighty stream; and the ferry-steamers are ploughing their way, back and forth, to carry in and out the crowds of busy men. Some go out to their country toil, but most in, either to ply machinery, or to sit at the receipt of custom as money-changers, or deal in crops at the Corn-Exchange, or job it as jobbers in the dry-goods trade, or wait for clients at the attorney's office, or implead their cases in the courts, or, last and not least, to undergo the patient, persistent, though oft unrequited toil of the daily, weekly, or monthly editor.

But *satis!* how I go off. I sat down in my chair on the boat, just to chirographize a few lines about the banks of the Hudson, in spring, the opening spring, and it seems to me I have written about almost every thing else. Well, I won't be cheated by my erratic thoughts. Spring and the banks of the river shall have their portion.

> The gladsome Spring,
> On beauteous wing,
> Comes floating in,
> To bless the earth,
> To wake up mirth,
> And nature's joys begin.

Sitting on the deck of the steamer, as she passes slowly up the river, Spring seems to be nestling in every nook of its banks, and infusing her soft and loving spirit into every blade of grass, every expanding leaflet, and every opening bud or unfolding flower. The sun yet too low in the eastern horizon to pour his beams over on to the slope of the eastern bank, the lovely lawns and the fresh young foliage still lie in the shadows of the morning, and give us a depth and a repose of verdure which the advancing sun will soon change into a light and dancing green; more brilliant in hue, but not so soft nor so soothing to the soul as the shadowy verdure of the earlier morn, when it is still wet with the freshening dews of the night.

Look up into that retiring dell. There the shadow is still deeper, the gray rock crops out, the dun earth looks cool, the early violet peeps up and throws at you a half-ashamed glance, and wishes you would not gaze on its blushing modesty. We'll let it grow, then, in its retirement, the meanwhile only wishing we were near enough to inhale its delicious fragrance.

There is a charming lawn of English grass, smoothly and closely shorn, running down the bank in a lovely slope and curves of beauty, till it touches the very railroad track. It is girt by a beautiful grove of various trees, all just putting on their fringes of green, from the lightest to the heaviest hues, and on its surface, here and there, but not too frequently, shoot up the cone-shaped arbor vitæ, or the spire-like cedar, native to the Hudson hills.

Passing along, skirted by scenes of beauty, there came into view the hill-side and the house, which, but a little while ago, had been to me the seat and centre of rare delights, now fallen to the lot of another, equally or more fitted to enjoy.

But alas! a little further on, a mansion of magnificent proportions, in the midst of grounds combining unwonted features of beauty, and standing on a summit-level of commanding view, reminded me that a sweet lamb of Christ had been taken home to the fold of heaven, since I last stood on the porch of that happy house. Annie, lovely and beloved as few can be, the sweet, soft angel of her home, quiet, gentle, tender, inspiring the confidence of all, and making vice abashed in her presence; a twinkling star, trying to hide itself amid the glare of others, yet ever unconsciously shedding its soft effulgence around — Annie is gone to her heavenly home!

And we cannot but think she is very near her Saviour, a sweet memorial of

his love, and that parents and friends should believe that the kind Shepherd is folding the lamb in his own arms.

But now, amid these musings, the boat has borne us out into the lake-like Zee, on whose eastern shore nestles the unpretending but shrine-destined home of Irving, whose fame is wide as the world, and enduring as time and eternity too.

Here, the gentle, undulating banks of the river nearer its mouth, loom up into loftier hills and even precipitous cliffs, until you enter the narrow channel which terminates the Zee, at Verplanck's Point, and rounding into the Peekskill Bay, you find yourself, at once, in the presence of the towering Highlands, stray spurs of the mountain-ranges of the Alleghanies.

What a river is the Hudson, in the story of its discovery, its first settlements, its revolutionary memories, its sloop navigation, and then its steamboat exploits, its deep, wide waters, its gigantic Palisades, its once wild, uncultured banks, where the Indian roamed, its now beauteous culture, with its palatial homes !

Without castles, indeed, gray with age, and toppling to the dust, to tell of the past of feudalism and fight, it has its better monuments, to speak for 'freedom to worship God,' and to write, in its present, the most brilliant promise of the future.

A MORNING RHYME.

The drops of rain
That fell, last week, upon the earth's gray mould,
To-day have wakened flowers of blue, and gold,
And purple stain.

And hath the grief
That fell upon my life, as 'storms of rain'
Fall with relentless force upon the plain,
Brought forth no leaf?

I know to-day
It was an angel's hand I thought so cold,
That from the sepulchre, in my soul, rolled
The stone away,

And bade appear
The amaranthine flowers of Faith and Trust,
That might have slumbered on low in the dust
For many a year.

So, when fair morn
Flingeth the veil of sunshine on the hills,
The greenwood bird its song of gladness trills,
For day new-born ;

I do no less—
My spirit rises, on a strong, fleet wing,
To Him, the Author of this joyous spring,
In thankfulness.

Sara Cox.

MARY WILMERDINGS.

A LOW brown house backed by a hill-side, fringed with stately pines. A garden, that suggested a wilderness in every attribute but size, was the sole barrier that separated the house from the public road. The pine-crowned hill seemed to tower, like a sentinel, among the hosts of hills encamped around. A large town raised its cluster of steeples just below. The river on which it lay, vexed by the wheels of the swarm of factories, spread itself out to rest in a quiet lake, a mile or two beyond. The magnificent life of June was throbbing among these green hills on the day of which I write—this day in the battle-summer of 1862.

What says this affluence of life to the girl who, leaning upon the low gate of the wilderness-garden, looks down the winding road towards the town? The face is not expectant. There is a weary droop in the eyelids, though the large gray eyes are earnest, and might be loving. For the rest, a broad, low forehead, shaded with thick chestnut hair, full of wavy brightness, comports well enough with the expression of the eyes. But the mouth is sadly at variance with the rest of the face. It was meant to be delicate, sensitive — the lip curls easily even now; but habit has compressed it painfully. Its curves hint of firm endurance; its smiles have been too infrequent.

She is not happy. You might read that in the very droop of her form, as she stands there, her thin white hands clasped nervously upon each other. Rather hard and cold has been the life of Mary Wilmerdings. *Barren*, compared with the life she might have chosen; but—God help us!—not many of us *can* choose.

There lies the channel, narrow, bedded with rocks, it may be, pent between unyielding walls, against which the untamed stream chafes in vain; a little foam—that is all—flying back into the dark. But delicate flowers bloom in the black crevices which the stream wets with spray, and far above, the rocky walls are fringed with trees, and the light of God pours down into the abyss, telling the prisoned stream of the meadows where it shall one day broaden its course in the yielding soil, and its turbulent flow be quieted till it spreads abroad, enriching all the land.

Five years ago it was, five years this very month, that she had stood here as now, looking over hill and valley, but not as now, with sad eyes and sinking heart. Then she was full of zeal; capabilities as yet unmeasured stirred within her. True, a cherished hope had died in her heart, but she would not sit down helplessly beside its grave. Life opened broad before her: she would live it out bravely.

She was restless with energies that the usual round of sweeping, washing, and sewing could not keep down. She longed for action in that world of which she saw glimpses, when she looked forth from her sheltered nook among the hills. 'Had God made no place for her in that world?' she had asked earnestly. She had tried among her longings to be practical. Perhaps teaching was her work—at all events she would try. It must be teaching in a city, too; she thought the quiet of the country would pain her. But there were difficulties to be overcome. She was without influential friends, but she evinced the strength and courage of a man in the ardor with which she bore down all obstacles. Her faith in herself exercised a strange magnetic influence, even upon the matter-of-fact business men to whom she applied.

She was successful. A situation was secured in a large school in a neighboring city. For a time she was happy. It was something to be able to supply

her home with many comforts—to give to her young brother advantages for which through childhood she had longed. True, the wild, merry-hearted Charley did not appreciate them as she would have done—she felt that. She was alone in one sense in her own family—beloved but not understood. Apparently, not from either parent had she inherited her peculiar temperament and mental endowments. From some forgotten great-grandfather they had come, perhaps, as streams flow underground, unsuspected oftentimes, but by-and-by the water bubbles up, pure and clear, with all the peculiar properties of the fountain, miles away, and mayhap unknown; and so people wonder that this spring should possess virtues unshared by neighboring wells.

As the life passed on that she had so striven to gain, Mary wondered at and blamed herself for discontent. She wearied of the routine. In school she looked forward eagerly to the end of the term and the comparative freedom that awaited her in her home. Once there, and the excitement of the glad welcome over, she was again conscious of the presence of her old enemy. Her powers of endurance seemed to give way at length. She had strange mental experiences; a belief haunted her that gradually, surely, the secret power was slipping away from her that she had always wielded as a teacher. She struggled against it; but she could not blind herself to the fact that, besides the mental torture that she was enduring, her physical strength was failing. In the midst of this, whispers began to reach her of dissatisfaction with her efforts. Some of her patrons thought that 'Miss Wilmerdings was losing her interest in the work.' Stung to the quick, she rallied all her forces to the encounter. Night after night she lived over in a strange excitement the scenes of the day, and fell asleep in the hope that the morrow should see the success of her carefully formed plans. But she awoke in the brightening dawn with a dull pain in her head and a weight at her heart. With a far higher standard than those around her, she seemed to herself to fall short of their attainments—the earnestness of her striving after success, the very intensity of her chagrin, when it was not attained, making the performance of the task she had imposed upon herself the more impossible. She forced herself to go to the school-room in the morning before it was necessary, because, in the reäction to which she was subject, she hated the very sight of the place of her trial, loathing the thought of the day's heavy tasks with a loathing that would not be controlled.

You say her failing health induced this state of mind. She had not that comfort, for she religiously believed that her mental suffering caused her physical ailments. The missionary, relinquishing all that awaited him at home, to combat with darkness and ignorance in a distant land, rose to saintship in her eyes. What had she, who fainted by the way, to do with the great throng of the world's benefactors who held out to the end? Harder and harder grew the struggle. She had a faint perception that influences from *outside* were brought to bear upon her school, which she was daily growing more weak to combat. She thought sometimes if she could throw off the sense of responsibility, the thought of the influence she was exerting upon the impressible children committed to her charge, as her fellow-teachers seemed to do, taking up the burden, and throwing it down carelessly when the day's task was done, she might eventually conquer. As it was, she saw no choice but to resign her position at the close of the term.

She came home in the new year of 1861, when all earnest *women*, as well as men, in our country had a heavy burden to bear. Her personal trouble seemed nothing. She was ashamed to think of it when it was no longer forced upon her; but she thought of her country's future till thinking was a pain, and then she prayed. None about her seemed to

feel the pressure with the intensity that she did; she wondered sometimes when men raged about the interruption to material prosperity, as though that were the highest good — whether all patriotism had died out in the children of those whose stern self-sacrifice had won our liberties. It seemed strange to her, as she walked the busy streets of the town, that the manufacturers bustled about as usual, and the shop-keepers smiled and bowed behind their counters in the same self-satisfied way as if the fate of the latest-born republic, the hope of the staggering Old World, was not trembling in the balance. Now that we have left those days so far behind, the apparent apathy that prevailed seems like the memory of a dream; but surely there *was* small token then of the harvest of deeds of heroic self-sacrifice which, far more than iron-clads or material resources, are the earnest of our ultimate success in the great struggle for national life through which we are passing.

The winter wore away while she labored night and day at the problem, seeing no way to solve it but in the old way of blood and suffering. Had not our civilization carried us beyond that? Was the law of Christ, prevailing to an extent among individuals, never to permeate the masses? Was there no process by which nations could adjust their differences, which should be more humane, more Christian, than throttling each other like bull-dogs? Sometimes when she lay awake in the early morning, it seemed like a disturbing dream—this national trouble—and she imagined the ringing of bells and the jubilant shout which would peal from sea to sea, if the misguided States should see the warning Hand stretched over them from the vaulted heavens, and return to their allegiance.

But a sharper trouble came upon her; pressed into her very soul. Her mother, with only a few hours' illness, died. Never till she closed the blue eyes for ever, did Mary know how dear that mother had been to her — how all her little homely ways were stamped upon her heart. But she was reticent by nature. People said she bore her trouble well. None knew how, in the long lonely nights that her mother lay in the dark, old-fashioned parlor, Mary's head had striven to bury itself, as of old, in the mother-bosom; how she had pressed to her heart the dead hands, noting the marks of constant toil they bore; how passionately she had kissed a small purple mark on one of them — a slight bruise made accidentally a day or two before, in performing some slight service for her! They buried her under the pines, behind the house. Her husband would have it so.

The grass was springing green upon her grave when every one was startled by the news of the nineteenth of April. Charley Wilmerdings came up from the town that night with a flush on his dark cheek and a fire in his eye, that told of excitement hitherto strange to the boy's young frame. 'I'm going, Mary,' he said in a strange, husky voice. 'Mr. Adams will keep my place for me till I come back — my place as clerk, you know. Oh! I must go!' His sister's eye rested on him proudly for a moment; then the light went out as she gasped: 'What will father say?' She knew the boy was his pride — more to him than both his daughters — and she dreaded the shock for the old man, who even now wandered aimlessly, many times a day, to that newly-made grave under the pines.

'O Charley! Charley! if I could only go in your place — your life is so much more than mine!' And she glanced at her father coming up the path, leading little Rose.

Charley's lip trembled. 'I know, Mary; but think of those poor Massachusetts fellows! mangled — *dead* — in Baltimore, as dear to some one as I am to you and father! I shall be ashamed of myself as long as I live if I don't go!' And the boy drew himself up proudly.

The old man heard his determination with a muttered exclamation that sounded like an oath; his daughter knew it was a segment of a prayer. He was broken down completely. The planning and preparation came upon Mary.

Months of anxious waiting, brightened only by frequent letters from Charley, ensued. At last came the fearful tidings of Bull Run; there was sorrow and trembling in many a home among the New-England hills that Monday night. No more letters. A few days after Mary saw the paper drop from her father's hand as he sunk back with an inarticulate cry. Glancing at the list of the killed, she saw Charley's name. The days crept on painfully after that. The old man would sit hours with his head drooping on his hands; only little Rose seemed to have power to rouse him. They heard nothing of the circumstances of Charley's death; they knew not whether the boy was shot down among the fleeing, or whether he died bravely, as the old Wilmerdings blood would have prompted — his face to the foe.

After the first few weeks the father seemed to rouse himself; the needful work of the farm was attended to; he seemed to find solace in working hard and long; perhaps the consciousness that another cloud was gathering over them was the stimulus. The farm was mortgaged, and the thought of the accumulating interest rested heavily, after a time, upon Mr. Wilmerdings and his daughter. Her savings, carefully husbanded as they had been, were now nearly exhausted. On the June day with which our story opens, affairs at the Hill Farm seemed to have reached a crisis; a week more, and unless the money were paid, the old man and his two daughters were homeless.

It was not generally known; they were hardly on intimate terms now with their neighbors; Mrs. Wilmerdings, with her cheery, kindly ways, had been the link that bound the family to the social life around them. 'Mary,' the country-folk said, 'was a bit proud;' they could not get on with her. 'Mis Wilmerdings, her mother, was of another sort — with a kind word for every body.' And so the girl, whose aching heart was full of sympathy for her kind, was misjudged. Had she been happier, she would have made herself felt in her true character.

For weeks now she had been battling with the inexorable question that met her at every turn: How was the money to be obtained to pay the interest on the mortgage? It was easy enough to borrow, but she could not bring herself to do it unless she saw some prospect of speedily liquidating the debt. Leaving her father in his present state was not to be thought of; so she could not go away and teach; besides, she still distrusted herself. Much as she had suffered, a different strain upon her energies had acted beneficially in one respect — she had regained partially the strength of nerve that had once characterized her. Still she loathed the thought of fighting the battle over again in a strange school. All her plans narrowed themselves down to this — whatever employment she attempted, she could not leave her father and little sister.

The town, which seemed to lie just beneath the hillside, was really more than a mile distant. The principal factories were farther yet — more than two miles away. The manufacturers were only running their mills about seven hours a day. The long walks to-and-fro she had thought she could easily endure, it would only take her away a part of every day. Her pride winced here; but she put it down manfully. Better factory-work, if she could do it *well*, than the experience of her last three months in teaching.

But a new difficulty met her — she would have as soon fired a gun as put in motion the machinery of a loom. It was deplorable; she despised herself for the weakness. She remembered her visits to the mills in her childhood, and the horror they had inspired. She had

never been in one since. Now it rose up before her — the long ranges of clashing looms; the belts overhead, flying with lightning speed, a mass of inextricable confusion, which it made her dizzy to look at; the coarse faces of the women — foreigners most of them, she thought; the girls, combing their long hair at the little mirrors they had hung behind their looms; the floor trembling beneath her feet; the children, with their dull, hopeless faces, stooping under the looms, scrubbing the oil from the floor with their meagre, grimy little hands that had ceased to be childish, like their owners. And the little girl had threaded her way through the confusion, out under the quiet sky, with an aching head and a sorrowful heart for the poor people and the children who looked so unhappy. It was better now, she hoped; the children could tumble about in the sunshine many hours these long days, when the seasons of work were so curtailed.

Here a thought occurred to her: she was a good penman and a rapid accountant; possibly she might keep books at some of the mills. She acted upon it soon. This very day she had applied to all the different manufacturers in vain. Some were averse to employing 'a woman' as book-keeper; others were managing without a special book-keeper, throwing the extra burden upon the superintendent. These last were in hopes, if manufacturing grew profitable, of which there was some prospect, to be able to employ a book-keeper. They would be glad to oblige Miss Wilmerdings — would remember her application.

And so, with cheeks burning painfully, she started on the long hot walk homewards. With all the color bleached out of her face, and panting, she reached the house, went straight up the stairs to her chamber, and lay down upon her bed. She would sleep, she said, in a quiet kind of desperation; that at least was left to her — she would 'sleep and forget.'

Strangely enough, she fell asleep, and a delicious dream came over her. In the late afternoon she awoke, soothed and refreshed, hearing Rose's sweet childish voice singing in the garden below. Something of the atmosphere of her dream surrounded her at first, and she felt strangely comforted. She went to the glass and braided carefully the long, wavy, chestnut hair of which her mother had been so proud. Another, too, had praised it long ago — her dream recalled that. She turned away from the glass and went slowly down-stairs. Her father had wanted to have his supper early. 'He must go into town,' he said. She suspected the object of his journey, but said nothing. She had one comforting thought — he knew nothing of the trial she had that day endured.

When the meal was over, she had walked awhile among the overgrown shrubs in the tangled garden. Two gigantic lilacs — one on either side of the little gate — nodded their purple plumes in unison, filling the air with a fragrance that was almost oppressive. The factory-bells pealed out from below; she could see some of the operatives wending their way homewards to houses outside of the town. Was she inferior to these women? They could work; their nerves did not shrink from the din of the factory. Was there no work in the world of God for her — this beautiful world on which she was looking forth under the sky of June? Suddenly the memory of her dream came over her; events of past years crowded upon her as if she had never thought of them before. She seemed to behold herself — the Mary Wilmerdings of six years before — a young, smooth-browed girl, eager and earnest, walking back and forth under the pines; the sunset splendor falling around her. She has dropped a hint of her future as a teacher; she hopes for that some day, she murmurs half to herself. The strong, firm hand of a man, her companion, drops down upon hers, clasping it with a convulsive movement; she hears his muttered

'Never.' She knows which hand it was he touched; she lifts it up and looks at it — a slender, delicately moulded hand, a trifle too thin, perhaps, but a lady's hand. It drops down despairingly. 'Who, who, on the wide earth cares for it now?' she says sharply, as in pain. She thinks of words that have been spoken in that room inside — the parlor where, more than a year ago, her mother lay dead. Perfumes have a strange influence over us; with some organizations they seem to recall and bind together broken associations. The lilac-clusters were scattering their sweetness over her; a bunch of lilacs stood in a pitcher on the hearth that night six years ago. Growing faint as she inhaled the perfume, she seemed to hear the voice, low, manly, yet strangely shaken: 'Mary, you are wronging yourself as well as me. I love you. You love me. Oh! I cannot be mistaken. You know I am no egotist; pity yourself, if you will not pity me. You need me, darling. You never will be the woman God intended you to be except as my wife, Mary. You will feel it one day, if you do not now.' And shivering in his grasp, longing for what seemed the heaven of his love in every fibre of her young heart, she had yet put it away from her, gathering all her strength for the effort, beliving all the while, poor child! what a few months after she knew to be false — too late!

She had sacrificed all for what she then believed to be right. When she discovered her error, Richard Hermance was gone, she knew not where, and Mary Wilmerdings was proud. She wondered, now that the woman was uppermost in her nature, how she found the strength, even with the evidence she had, to doubt, to refuse him. She could not do it now, she thought; but *then* she was longing for action, *now* all she seemed to hope for was *rest*. She felt sufficient to herself then, now she craved the support of a stronger nature. The sun had set to the dwellers in the town, here he was still above the horizon. On a hill towards the west, clearly defined against the bright sky, lingered two figures on horseback. Mary noted them carelessly. Glancing eastward towards the town, she saw her father toiling slowly up the ascent. He was more depressed than usual, one could see that in his very form; he stopped, out of breath, at the gate, paused a moment or two, then spoke: 'Mary, child, it's no use. I've got to give up the old place where I was born; where, thirty years ago, I brought your mother! She was a little thing then, only sixteen; she grew taller after she was married. These laylocs was little bushes, when she come in between 'um that day.' And he took one of the purple blooms tenderly in his rough hand. The old man's eyes grew dreamy, he looked around on the circling hills, and went on: 'I planted 'em, thinkin' 't would please her, and had 'em growin' when she come. The pines was n't so big then either; my old father wanted 'em cut down; the wind sung an' roared in 'em so he could n't sleep, he said; but she loved 'em at the fust, and I see the tears come in her blue eyes when she heerd father, and I so begged 'em off with the old man. When I heerd the wind singin' in 'em nights last winter, I could n't sleep, thinkin' she was lyin' cold out there. I believe I could bear to leave the old house if 't was n't for leavin' *her* there alone.'

He buried his face in his trembling hands, while his daughter tried to comfort him; lifting his head at length, he noticed the figures we have mentioned riding down a slight descent. 'I heerd news to-night, Mary,' he said; 'Dick Hermance is in town. He 'listed as a private, but he's a colonel now; he's been wounded, and been to Boston to have his wound seen to. He's stayin' now to 'Squire Archer's, where he used to study, you know; folks say he'll have 'Squire Archer's daughter.' He paused, glancing up furtively into his daughter's face; 'I thought you'd have him once, Mary; we'd ha' been better off now, p'r'aps,' he added, with a sigh.

'That's them ridin' down the hill—Hermance and Squire Archer's girl.'

The earth seemed to move under her. Her father went on into the house; she had no strength, if she had the will, to follow him. They were pretty near now; they could not see her among the lilacs; that was a comfort. Eagerly she scanned their faces, first Belle Archer's, the lawyer's high-bred daughter, resplendent in the circle of her seventeen years. A magnificent figure, the perfection of grace, as she sat upon her slow-stepping horse, dark, brilliant beauty she had; her white plume floating over her black curls. 'Six years ago I was as young; but I was never like her, never! He loved me though,' thought the trembling, sorely-tried woman, shrinking among the leaves. For the man — she saw him — scarce a line changed in his face; the same resolute bearing. His arm was in a sling; a practised horseman, he could do all with his left. Miss Archer suddenly stooped towards her companion, hiding his face from Mary's gaze, the horses sprang forward, a cloud of dust remained, that was all.

The clatter of hoofs died away in the distance; it was well, she thought; they trod on her heart. In one breath she gasped a feeble wish to die; she was so weak to combat with this terrible pain; then prayed God to forgive her. Her head had sunk upon her hands; lifting it at last, she grasped the rough trunk of the lilac for support; she heard Rose calling her, but had no strength to answer. The child did not come out; it was growing dark, and she was afraid; she went back, shutting the door behind her; the latch fell with a sharp clang. Shut out! she shuddered, breathing an inarticulate prayer. The moon came up, round and red, over the distant lake. Higher and higher, its beams poured into her covert at last.

There was a quick step outside, the gate was opening, she made a sudden movement to escape, it only revealed her hiding-place. A hand touched her shoulder, she turned away her face, feeling how white and miserable it looked. Some one of the neighbors; why must she be intruded upon? With face still averted, she strove to speak.

'Mary! Mary Wilmerdings, my darling! is this the way you meet me after all these years? But you are shivering, sick! you cannot be cold this breathless summer night; there was a seat hereabouts once.' And with the one arm he drew her to it, and sat down.

'O Richard! Richard!' was all she said, and he drew the weary head where it felt the strong beatings of his heart.

'Shall I again plead in vain, Mary?' as he bent down his face to the one that flushed to crimson beneath his gaze; she, for the first time in their two lives, turned her lips to his, as naturally as the flower turns to the sun.

'I have suffered so much while you have been gone, Richard.'

The man's heart gave a sudden bound; even by the moonlight he read her altered face — altered from what he remembered, though a sudden brightness was shed over it now. The soldier, whose masterful eye had never shrunk from looking danger — *death* — firmly in the face; whose calm, deep voice on the battle-field was the inspiration of his men, giving them strength to rush forward where he led, even though his orders seemed to point to certain death—this man struggled to regain his self-control, shaken at the sight of this self-reliant woman, the dearest thing in life to him, whom others deemed so strong, weak as a child, while the tide of love for him flowed over her soul; this love for which he had so striven, which he felt now was his, would be his for evermore. She put out her hand, touching tenderly his wounded arm. Soft as the touch was, he winced in spite of himself.

'Wounded, Richard! to think you have been in such danger.

'You saved me, Mary! though unwittingly; did you never miss this?' He drew from his bosom a large old-fashioned locket, oval in shape, containing a picture of Mary at sixteen. She

knew it instantly; it had been Rose's plaything years ago. It had disappeared; Rose had had a baby-trick of bestowing her treasures in convenient crevices, so after an ineffectual search it was given up. 'When the house tumbles down we shall find it,' her mother had said, laughingly.

Colonel Hermance continued: 'It was little Rose's gift. I dare to acknowledge its acceptance now, Mary, being certain of your pardon.'

'But how did it save your life?' she answered.

'My regiment had been ordered to storm a certain position. I was riding along the front, bullets whistled around me; but I had always seemed to bear a charmed life, and I was anxious to ascertain, by personal observation, whether the manœuvre I had planned was likely to be successful. My men's eyes looked pleadingly into mine, I saw *that;* rapidly as I passed the line, they dreaded to have me thus exposed. I can see them now—those resolute faces, some pale, others flushed to the very brows, all with that fearful look which men wear when on the eve of a dangerous movement. I cannot describe to you the sense of power that came to me as I gave the order to advance. I seemed to glide through the air; a feeling of perfect mastery over myself, over my surroundings, possessed me. The word had scarcely passed my lips, when a sudden flash, for an instant, blinded me, a sharp, quick pain, and my arm fell powerless; my horse, with a few rapid bounds, leaped into the air and fell dead, throwing me beyond him. He had carried me almost to the enemy's line. A shout from my men seemed to rend the very heavens. One moment I lay helpless upon the ground, the sword of a rebel captain flashing over me; the next, my men were around, *beyond* me; there were five minutes of desperate fighting; the position was taken, and I was carried to the rear. The rebel sword-point stopped here.'

Her eyes dwelt upon the indentation in the back of the locket; she shuddered, thinking that, but for that slight shield, the brave heart beating under her cheek might now be still. He was watching her closely; he felt he had done wrong to tell her then, she was suffering; he should have won her to lighter thoughts.

'I must institute comparisons,' he said, gayly, his dark eyes smiling down upon hers, as he turned the locket. 'This is what I left. Miss Wilmerdings had bright hair then; it is darker now, at least in the moonlight,' and his hand wandered tenderly over the thick, soft braids. 'And she had gray eyes, whose lashes have not yet forgotten to rest upon her cheeks, whenever I essay to look into their deeps; and her mouth, that has grown very grave, it must smile more in the future; and when the lips shape themselves into that terrible expression of firmness, which I saw just now, I shall have to kiss them, as thus. We will be married in a week, Mary; why should we wait, we who have been apart so long? Since I was wounded, I have thought constantly of you; I accepted the interference of your picture as a good omen, and came here to find you. The Archers believed you to be away, they knew not where. I was coming here this evening to inquire, but I caught a glimpse of you as I rode past; I made my excuses, and hurried back.'

'Caught a glimpse of her!' It seemed to Mary that she, growing already strong in her happiness, could not be the suffering woman who crouched an hour or two before under the lilacs. Colonel Hermance again spoke.

'I must join my regiment as soon as my wound is healed!' His voice grew stern as he added: 'I fear the sharpness of the struggle has not come upon our country yet; disappointment and trial are before us still. Knowing me, you know that I must bear my part in the events of these days, unimportant as that part may be.'

It was a bitter thought, but she put

down her feeling as unworthy. How many times, when the news of a defeat had come, had she longed to cast her life into the balance, if only it might turn. Should she by word or thought hold him back? And the old Wilmerdings blood in her veins answered, 'No,' though she thought of Charley. She told him of the boy's fate—how the curly head was laid low; this very moon, perhaps, was shining upon his unknown grave. 'Oh! I think sometimes,' she added, 'that may be he lies unburied in those terrible woodlands, in some secret hollow, where he crept away to die. Father is quite broken down; you will come in now and see my father.'

He rose and followed her in silence. She realized the power of this man, her chosen husband, when she saw her father arouse himself, in the magic of his presence, from the lethargy of sorrow into which he had fallen. There was something of the old ring in his voice, as he bade Colonel Hermance good-night, but then while she had stolen up to her chamber, to sit in the moonlight, alone with her happiness, she knew her father had given Colonel Hermance his daughter. A part, then, of the burden was lifted from his heart, he no longer dreaded leaving his home. A week after, it was the morning of her wedding-day, the twentieth of June, whose advent father and daughter had so dreaded in connection with the mortgage, the old man sat in the doorway of the low porch; Mary, busying herself with some domestic work, stole a glance at him now and then, noting with the rare perception of the artist, how the early sunbeams, stealing through the vines, flickered about him, touching with brightness the faded curls that still clustered about his bald crown. His eye wandered over cultivated field and grassy knoll. He had tilled those fields and his father before him; every little inequality of ground was dear to him as the face of an old friend; he had hoped once to have given them to Charley, 'to keep the old place in the Wilmerdings' name,' he had said. Something had swelled up in his throat, and a hot flush had burned on his cheek, when Mary, a day or two before, had told him that the mortgage was paid, principal and interest, to the last cent. It was a greater favor than the independent old farmer had wanted to accept from any man.

'But I've been unfort'nate,' he said, 'I've struggled hard; an' I'm an old man; I'd rather be beholden to Richard Hermance for't than any other man, if it must be. Mary,' he said suddenly, from his low seat in the doorway, 'you never see the old mansion-house did you?' 'I know,' he said, 'come to think, 'twas burnt down afore you was born—twas on that knoll there where you see the poplar trees. The first Wilmerdings built it, that came from the old country, an' he owned all the land from here to the lake. My grandfather said old Ralph Wilmerdings come of as good blood as there was in England. My father named me for him; he said we'd hold to the old name, for this farm was all there was left of the land.'

Mr. Wilmerdings relapsed into silence. A bobolink strayed out of the meadow, singing as he soared. Perching himself upon a branch that swung with his weight, close by the doorway, and turning his head daintily to one side, he poured a gush of music directly into the room. Rose came creeping round the corner, listening, her finger on her lip; kneeling down upon the step before her father, she laid her bright head upon his knee. 'He's singin' for Mary's weddin', Rose; it's a good sign.' He lifted the childish face between his hands—a rough frame for so delicate a picture—his eyes searched her features hungrily for the likeness he so longed for, it was not there; removing his hands, he laid three or four of the soft, light ringlets across his palm—he found a gleam of comfort. 'It's like Charley's hair, when he was a little fellow; you remember it, Mary!' She

looked up with a sudden flush; she had scarcely ever heard him name Charley's name, since his last letter came.

They had a quiet wedding; a few friends of Colonel Hermance, the father, and Rose. Pure and delicate, Mary looked in her simple bridal dress, with rose-buds in her braided her. 'More beautiful to me than even the Mary Wilmerdings of old,' Colonel Hermance had whispered, as she came from her chamber to join him, just before the ceremony. The guests went away early with the clergyman, leaving the family to themselves. The room was very quiet, a faint scent of roses everywhere. The two were happy—so was the little child. The father sat apart, a mist gathering in his eyes; while his thoughts went back into the past, one hot tear fell upon his hand. The door stood open which led to the kitchen, where the tall old clock was ticking in the silence. The door leading in from the porch opened with a sharp click as the latch fell. Steps—heavy, uneven, came through the kitchen. 'Some of the guests must have forgotten something,' thought Mary. A tall figure stooped to enter the low doorway; the group stared at the intruder. 'Do n't you know me? Father! Mary! I've written, but I was in prison; perhaps my letters did n't come! I escaped at last. O father! father!' and he knelt down before the old man. The gray head was bowed over the dark curls; the father's heart sang '*Te deum laudamus;*' the lost was found, the dead was alive again. For it was *Charley.*

PROVINGS OF CURRENT THEORIES IN SCIENCE.

NUMBER ONE.

Lunar Origin of Meteoric Stones.

Laplace, in support of his doctrine that meteoric stones have their origin in lunar volcanoes, calculated that the projectile force necessary to throw them without the moon's sphere of attraction within that of the earth, would be only about four times that of a ball from a cannon.

To find the diameter of the moon's sphere of attraction, compared with that of the earth's sphere, say as the moon's mass (1) is to the earth's mass, (80,) so is the square of the diameter of the moon's sphere (x^2 miles) to the square of the diameter of the earth's sphere, ([two hundred and forty thousand $-x]^2$ miles,) making the diameter of the moon's sphere twenty-four thousand miles. It would require many thousands of times, instead of only four times, the force of a cannon-charge to hurl so far stones of the weight of some that have fallen. Of course it will not be presumed that any volcano upon the moon is capable of giving such a force.

In the March and May numbers of Silliman's *Journal of Science* for 1855, Professor J. Lawrence Smith has an elaborate and very interesting memoir advocating the lunar theory. The Professor seems not to have examined for himself 'the difficulty that there appears to be in the way of the moon's projecting masses of matter beyond the central point of attraction between the earth and herself,' but to have, instead, relied for decision in the case upon Laplace, who, he says, with all his mathematical acumen, 'saw no difficulty, although we know he gave special attention to it at three different times during a period of thirty years, and died without discovering any physical difficulty in the way.' We think no one, not even Professor

Smith, will question the correctness of our calculation indicating the volcanic force necessary to project a stone thus beyond the lunar influence, nor hesitate to conclude with us that there never could have been a volcano upon the moon capable of supplying so great a force. Then we might take for granted that there is already a verdict declared against the claim that meteorites do at all originate at our satellite. However, we offer for consideration one other point of objection to the Professor's claim.

It is an axiom that *the whole of a thing is greater than any one of its parts.* So it is a truth, which is fully entitled to be received as axiomatic, that the undivided power of any self-controlling machine cannot be overcome by whatever power may be brought to bear by any separate part of the same machine. For instance, no man is able to lift his whole person by the force, acting directly, of one of his arms. Neither can a wheel, which is revolving in a certain direction, beneath the pressure of a column of water, be made to turn in an opposite direction by half of the same column falling back upon it from a height equal to the height from which the whole is falling. Neither is it possible to bring together, and to bear, the elements of power existing in any — the largest — *portion* of our earth, even though this portion should consist of all the powder-producing materials capable of being gathered from the entire face and bowels of the globe, and of the whole circumambient atmosphere whirled into a tornado, and of all earth's fires, external and internal, surging forth in one mighty volcano. Neither is it possible to bring to bear the elements of power existing in any such *portion* of the earth, so as to carry a mass of matter — whether a bullet, or a stone, or any other—outside of the influence which the *whole* earth exerts upon it to hold it in her embrace, nor so as to give it a motion away from the earth swifter than the motion with which it rotates as a part of the rotating earth. So it is an impossibility—an impossibility such as contradicts the very laws of thought—that the moon should, by any force or any combination of forces she can ever generate, cast a meteorite beyond the influence which has served to bind it to her, be this influence great or small.

A word, in passing, touching the following passage from Professor Smith's memoir: 'No mention will be made of the phenomena accompanying the fall of meteorites, since the omission will affect in no way the theoretical views under consideration.'

One of these 'phenomena' is the direction — whether forward with, or contrary to the earth's rotation — in which the meteorites pass while falling. In order to show them to have had a lunar origin, it is indispensably necessary to show also, first, that the direction of each meteorite is the same with that of every other; secondly, that no one meteorite ever changes its course before reaching the earth. Then the Professor's omission does affect most essentially his theoretical views.

How is it with regard to the two points named? Certainly, no one will be presumptuous enough to attempt a maintenance of the first; for all the facts are against it. The second will be disposed of differently, according to the difference in the preconceived opinions of those who take it upon themselves to decide in the case, some receiving for testimony what others would throw out as not to be depended upon fully. For ourselves, we incline to the belief that the directions of meteorites may be, and are sometimes, changed, partially at least; and we rely for evidence mainly upon Professor Upham Shepard's *Report on Meteorites*, referred to in the memoir under notice. It appears from that Report that the stone which was found to have struck the *south-western* side of a tree in Little Piney, Missouri, had been observed at Potosi, eighty miles east of Little Piney, moving *westerly*, indicating

its route to have been along circuitous atmospheric currents, rather than direct from the moon.

Suppose it possible for a lunar volcano to throw a stone beyond the line dividing the moon's and the earth's attractions—namely, a line twenty-four thousand miles distant from the moon. The stone, in rising to such height, then in falling through the remaining distance which the moon and earth are apart, (two hundred and sixteen thousand miles,) would take three hours, (according to the law of falling bodies — namely, the law that a body will fall sixteen feet during the first second, three times sixteen feet during the second second, five times sixteen feet during the third second, and so on,) gaining by its fall (according to the same law) a velocity of one hundred and eighty-four thousand miles per hour. The moon passes in her orbit at the rate of twenty-two hundred miles per hour, which rate of motion the stone would carry with it in its departure, receiving thus a direction, not in a right line towards the centre of the earth, but in advance of this line, so that, at the expiration of the three hours, it would be sixty-six hundred miles forward of the earth's centre. Now, with the projectile force imparted to it by a speed of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per hour — that acquired in falling, united with that received from the moon — it could not, upon the principle of the Newtonian theory, come to the earth at all, but must revolve about her in an orbit so elliptical as to have its apogee a million miles farther outward than that of the moon's orbit, while its perigee would be two hundred and thirty-three thousand four hundred miles farther inward than that of the moon's orbit.

The diameter of the moon's sphere of attraction, compared with that of the sun's sphere, is less than it is, compared with that of the earth's sphere. As the moon's mass (1) is to the sun's mass, (twenty-eight millions,) so is the square of the diameter of the moon's sphere (x^2 miles) to the square of the diameter of the sun's sphere, ([ninety-five millions — $x]^2$ miles,) making the diameter of the moon's sphere eighteen thousand miles, only three fourths of what it is, reckoned in relation with the diameter of the earth's sphere. Then, a stone cast from the moon beyond the limit of her attraction, whether this limit be distant the eighteen thousand or the twenty-four thousand miles, would seek, not the earth, but the sun, as its centre of gravity. The earth could not govern it, unless when in a line between it and the sun, or when so near such line that it would, in passing, intersect the line bounding her sphere of attraction. In order to this, the stone must come from the moon at or very near the time of her full.

The moon, in her passage with the earth round the sun, has an average velocity of sixty-eight thousand miles per hour. So a stone, sent from one of her volcanoes within the sun's attraction, would have a speed of sixty-eight thousand miles per hour, which would make its path a curve forward of the sun, instead of a straight line cutting his centre. It would be fifty hours in falling through the distance of ninety-five million miles, at the end of which time it would be at a point three million miles away from the sun's surface, having a velocity of thirty-eight thousand miles per hour. Such velocity would give it an hundred times the projectile force—(this force being as the square of the velocity)—an hundred times the projectile force needed, according to the gravitation doctrine, to retain it in a planetary orbit. So it must be driven into a cometary orbit — one so elliptical as to have its aphelion three hundred and fifty million miles from the sun's centre—further outward than the orbit of the outermost asteroid; while its perihelion would be not three million five hundred thousand miles from the same centre, as shown already.

Query: Whether our little, modest matron of a moon is not the mother of the comets, after all?

Suppose a stone to have fallen out of the earth's orbit—that is, from the moon revolving with the earth — into an orbit of its own about the sun. It was fifty hours in falling, which time, multiplied by the hourly velocity of its passage while a part of the moon, is the measure of the distance from the sun's centre forward to the point where its descent from its old annual path terminated, and where its new annual path commenced. A line from this point forms, at the centre of the sun, a right angle with a line from the point at which its descent began; so that, when it started in its new course, (from the perihelion point of its orbit,) it was one quarter of the whole circle of the zodiac in advance of the position which it left in its original course. The breadth of its new orbit, also, is measured by its velocity in its old orbit multiplied into the time occupied in falling therefrom, being twice the length of its perihelion line—that is, seven million miles. The elongation of this orbit is measured by the stone's excess of projectile force above what was needed, according to the Third Law of Kepler, to balance its excess of gravitating force obtained by its near approach to the sun. Kepler's law increases the velocity of a body revolving about the centre of gravity in proportion to the square root of the distance towards that centre passed through by the body. Thus, the stone in the earth's orbit — ninety-five million miles from the sun — had a velocity of sixty-eight thousand miles per hour; then its velocity in an orbit three million five hundred thousand miles from the sun will bear the same proportion to the other, as the square root of the latter distance bears to that of the former distance, making the new velocity three hundred and fifty thousand miles per hour. The projectile force imparted to the stone by this additional speed — being according to the square of the speed —was sufficient to cancel its increase of gravity produced by its fall, and to direct it into a circular orbit seven million miles in diameter. But it acquired, in falling, ten times the speed — three million eight hundred thousand miles per hour—therefore an hundred times the projectile force; by means of which force the orbit was lengthened from seven million to three hundred and fifty-three million five hundred thousand miles, taking thence the shape of a parallelogram with its ends rounded, rather than that of a regular planetary ellipse. The circumference of such an orbit is equal to that of a circular one of two hundred and forty million miles in diameter; and the stone, governed by Kepler's law, (that is, decreasing its speed of three million eight hundred thousand miles per hour, at three million five hundred thousand miles distance from the sun's centre, according to the distance which it passes outward to reach its aphelion,) performed a revolution in this orbit in forty-six days, crossing the earth's path both on its course outward and on its return inward. The distance, in a straight line, between these two points of crossing, is seven million miles. The earth, at the time of the stone's departure from her orbit, wanted half this distance of being three quarters of the extent of her circuit behind the first of those points; then she will reach it at the expiration of two hundred and seventy-two days from that time, when the stone will lack six days of having completed its sixth revolution, and will be a day and an half's journey behind the other point of intersection. By the time of its arrival at the latter point, the earth will have passed along her orbit to within four or five million miles of it, at which position the stone, supposing it to be partially vaporized, therefore enlarged, by the heat to which it is subjected in its near and frequent approaches to the sun, as is supposed of the comets, might be seen as a 'shooting star,' moving in the direction of the earth's movement on her axis. The

earth, in her second subsequent revolution, will have passed the same crossing-point two or three hundred thousand miles when the stone has arrived there in its twenty-first revolution; so that this will be seen shooting in a direction contrary to that of the earth's rotation. Now, allowing for the deviations from a direct line to which the stone must be subject in its passage among the planets and asteroids, it might come so near the earth, in the second case especially, as to fall a *meteorite* into her embrace. Question: Whether we shall not be claimed as supporters of the Lunar Theory, notwithstanding our demonstrations of its falsity?

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In Memoriam.

'As that new grave was covered, the beauty of a sunset of extraordinary splendor was poured over it as a last farewell; and as the sun went down over the Rockland Hills, and the gold of the clouds faded into gray, and the glory of the rolling river died in the leaden dulness of the night, there were few of the thousands returning homeward from that day's pilgrimage whose hearts were not moved within them.'—*Paper of the day.*

They have laid him at rest, and that sun-gilded hill
At whose base his loved Hudson rolls sparkling and still,
Which his fancy has peopled, his footsteps have trod,
Is his monument now, and his pillow its sod,
And his beautiful grave tells his story;
As that river, his life-stream flowed tranquil and kind,
As bright as those sunbeams, the rays of his mind,
And as gentle, their heart-warming glory.

They have laid him at rest, and his spirit has fled,
And all that was mortal of Irving is dead!
But the sail that first shadowed San Salvador's wave,
And the halo that rests around Washington's grave,
In the light of his genius shine o'er him;
While the hearts he has lightened, the homes he endeared,
Which his brilliancy brightened, his sympathy cheered,
As a loved and a lost one, deplore him.

Rear o'er him no column, no vainly-carved stone,
That river, those hills, are for ever his own!
They are full of his presence, they echo his name,
In the scenes he has pictured is mirrored his fame —
They bloom in the beams of his glory;
While that river shall roll, while those hill-tops shall stand,
The ripples that break upon Sunnyside's strand
Shall scroll his loved name, on his own native land,
And his beautiful grave tell his story.

Irving's Birthday, *April* 5. C. W. L.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNIVERSAL PROGRESS. A Series of Discussions. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of 'First Principles,' etc. etc. etc. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

'DISCUSSIONS,' in the classical, radical idea of the word, is a very appropriate denomination of the chapters of 'Universal Progress' striking asunder. It is fitting, because the author dissects all things, and finds the law of development in the ever and universally becoming of the heterogeneous out of the homogeneous, or reversed, the transition, or evolution rather, of homogeneity into heterogeneity. It is also fitting, because Mr. Spencer has unwonted analytic power, whilst in synthetic he is quite equal.

A profound thinker and rare observer, he accumulates facts, bidding science and history lay them at his feet, or at the beck of his brain, and then selects, arranges, and makes them utter his own thoughts, confirm his own high generalization.

He is lucid, consecutive, forceful, and it does one good, intellectually at least, to read him. No one pretending to philosophy can afford not to read him; no one can fail to be profited by reading him. Merely as a treasury of facts, and of the relativity of knowledges, the book were valuable; and as a dissertation and a genuine philosophy of progress, it is invaluable.

Having said thus much, it is not to be presumed that we assent to all his reasonings, or to his law of progress as definitely established on a scientific or unanswerable basis.

The author has taken pains, with some success, to disabuse himself of the charge of *Positivism*, so popular now with scientificists. In so far as that is supposed to be the equivalent of *Comteism*, he has exonerated himself quite; yet the tendency of his reasonings, in some of his chapters, is towards the general notion of *Positivism*.

Although he does not discard the idea of a personal God, the Creator, and perhaps, though undesignedly, lays the foundation for a stronger positive theological structure, yet, in carrying out his theory of *evolution*, he uses language adapted to throw grave doubt on the inspiration of the Bible and the wonted interpretation of the Genesis, or the Cosmogony. 'Must we receive,' he asks, 'the old Hebrew idea that God takes clay and moulds a new creature?' the interrogation here being figurative and equivalent to a strong negation.

In chapter ninth, from which the quotation is made, the author represents the idea of 'special creations,' as of animals and *man*, as 'having no fact to support it,' and as not at all conceivable; the notion of man's evolution, in process of time, from the simplest monad, is only ludicrous to the uneducated, and the opposite belief inexcusable in the physiologist or the man of science; for 'if a single cell,' from the semen, 'may become a man in twenty years, a cell may, in the course of millions of years, give origin to the human race. The two processes are generically the same.' It would, moreover, be 'next to an insult to ask a leading geologist or physiologist whether he believes in the Mosaic account of the Creation.'

In all this reasoning there is the rejection of the fact of the revelation of the Mosaic account of creation, because it is said to have no fact to support it, and there is, certainly, the doctrine of *evolution*, even of man, out of original *cells*, without any creative power beyond that of making these original cells or monads, if even that, by a personal power. It is clearly intimated, also, that this *man-monad* probably required millions of years to develop itself, under

modifying influences, into the present humanity.

Some would here say, 'Then we must expect monkeys to be evolved into men, in the processes of years;' but Mr. Spencer would reply to that, probably: 'The *man*-monad and the *monkey*-monad are originally or specifically different.' Yet, on the other dogma of *transmutation*, why not the specific monkey-monad be transmuted into the man-monad?

It is not intended to pronounce Mr. Spencer's evolution theory positively atheistic, for it still leaves a place for a God, far back of all organisms, to create the *cells*, from which are evolved all moulds and plants, animals and man. This may be all that God did, and it may be as sublime a manifestation of power and of wisdom to create minute, homogeneous monads capable, by inner forces and external circumstances, of *rolling* themselves *out* and up into the highest intellectual specimens of humanity; but it is not, at least, an idea of power so appreciable by the evolved humanity in general, as the old one of the old Revelation.

America and her Commentators. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1864.

Mr. Tuckerman has, in this volume, done the reading public a good service, and more especially the student of American history. It is a serviceable aid to the investigator to be able, at once, to go to some bibliotheca, in which he shall find the titles of those works suited to his wants.

And if these be accompanied by a little judicious criticism, all the better. Such is the present volume. Its chief end is to be a guide to authentic sources of information in regard to the United States, and the author has, on the whole, well accomplished his object.

We might object a little, perhaps, to its one-sidedness in some respects, and to its incompleteness; yet it is worthy of general approbation and circulation.

Thirty Poems. William Cullen Bryant. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

To announce were enough. Has our own Bryant, first poet of our country, put forth 'Thirty Poems'? Then is America ready to read. Allow a passing word of commendation of his 'Translation of the Fifth Book of the Odyssey.' Having often read it in the original, we are free to say that this rendering into our idiomatic English brings the reader into a closer communion with the spirit of the original than any other extant.

Hints to Riflemen. By H. W. S. Cleveland. D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

This, as might be presumed, is not a book for only riflemen; for, whilst it is, at present, a work of great national utility, it also imparts knowledge adapted to interest every intelligent mind. It is by a practical sportsman, experienced in the use of the rifle, and contains descriptions of various kinds of rifles, their characteristics, and comparative merits.

My Cave-Life in Vicksburgh. With Letters of Trial and Travel. By a Lady. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

This is one of those books coming up out of the seething-pot of this terrible tribulation which is worthy of all confidence, and interesting to every reader. There is no fiction about it; but the lady tells her unvarnished tale of Cave-Life in Vicksburgh in so simple and Christian a way as to make us see and feel the events of each passing day. Of this book it may safely be said: 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' We heartily recommend it to all.

Christian Memorials of the War; or Scenes and Incidents illustrative of Religious Faith and Principle, Patriotism and Bravery in our Army. With Historical Notes. By Horatio B. Hackett. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1864.

Professor Hackett is already known to many of us as the author of 'Illus-

trations of Scripture' and 'A Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles.' The present volume is quite in keeping with his theological professorship, and a Christian, patriotic testimony to the life of faith and prayer of many a brave soldier, and to the triumphant death on the battle-field and in the hospital of such as were there called to sleep in Jesus.

The author has done a good work in selecting what are believed to be truthful incidents, and stereotyping what otherwise might have been utterly lost to the historians of the war. It is like daguerreotyping the passing ripples of the lake, or the floating motes in the sunbeam. Yet great care and caution are requisite for the verification.

There are chapters on Soldiers of the Cross in the Army, Courage Promoted by Trust in God, Happy Deaths of Brave Men, Incidents of the Camp and Battle-Field, etc.

Dangerfield's Rest; or, Before the Storm. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1864.

This is a well-written novel, in style above the ordinary run of fiction; characters well conceived and well represented, and abounding in sage, philosophic reflections on social life. It portrays well much of the social life or death existing among us prior to the war, and indeed yet prevalent; and whilst some might object to a very few of its implications, it is, on the whole, superior in its truthful delineation of manners and morals, though rather sensational and crime-disclosing.

MUSIC.

Published by Horace Waters, 481 Broadway:

'This Hand Never Struck Me, Mother.'
'The Little Ballad-Girl.'
'The Dying Drummer.'
'Heart Chimings.'
'Yacht Club Polka Redowa.'
'The Sanitary Fair Polka.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Dear Knick: I am unaccustomed to writing 'Knick'-names, being an offshoot of that stiff old school which required every syllable in a name to be pronounced, and being a stranger to you, I know I should not take the liberty of a familiar friend, and divesting myself of all ceremony call you 'Dear Knick.' But what I have written, I have written; and now why.

I have had a great many choice dainties from your 'Table;' my *tastes* have been gratified both with its fruits and flowers, and I feel like returning you a small thank-offering. As I am a very humble individual, without 'name or fame,' I have brought my offering timidly to you in the darkness, so that you may not observe how very humble I really am, and reject both me and it.

It is only a simple flower, taken from a 'Wreath of Wild Flowers from the West,' woven for me by a lovely and charming little maiden, herself a fragrant, beauteous prairie blossom. This 'wreath' is very choice to me, and therefore I offer one of its flowers to you. I have selected an Adonis Rutumnalis, expression of the sweet sadness of her gentle spirit.

But I have not told you the name of my sweet prairie flower—it is Stella—and her soft blue eye ever reminds me of the modest star-flower Forget-me-not:

I love the plaintive strains
Of blue-eyed Stella,
That o'er her harp-strings sweep.
Oh! breathe them o'er again
And still my soul to sleep,
Gentle Stella!

Oh! touch their richest chord,
Gifted Stella,
And wake their saddest tone:
Such music will accord
With the sadness of my own,
Plaintive Stella.

In Memoriam.

'Thou art gone home, O early crowned
And blest! thou takest our summer hence—the
Flower, the tone, the music of our being, all in one
Depart with thee.'

Oh! the ceaseless, ceaseless sleeping
Of the eyes ne'er dimm'd with weeping,
Where the dew-drops fall;
Oh! the purple sunset dying,
And the lapwing sadly flying
Over Jimmie Hall.

Rains have wildly fallen above him,
But their patter ceased to move him,
Or disturb his sleep:
Flowers have sweetly bloomed around him,
Yet this slumber long hath bound him,
Where the myrtles creep.

Ah! what sweetly-chanted numbers
Can awake him from the slumbers
That have bound him so?
We have waited for his coming,
But where spirit-bands are roaming,
He has gone, I know.

Ah! how bright the sun was shining
Where the myrtle vines were twining
Onward to the stream:
Near where they had laid another,
There they laid our blue-eyed brother
Gently down to dream.

Sadly now the winds are sighing
Round the spot where he is lying,
Still, and cold, and white;
Bearing from that other summer,
Dream, and gush, and moan, and murmur,
Through the air to-night.

And the soft and gentle misting,
Through the maple boughs a-twisting,
Lights upon my head:
And a voice, like some sweet lisper,
Stirs the night-winds with the whisper:
'*Jimmie Hall is dead!*'

All the trees were gently flinging
Shadows where the birds were singing
Loudly in their joy,
And a soft Æolian murmur
Whispers: 'Ah! no more the summer
Blooms for *thee*, dead boy!'

Oh! the ceaseless, ceaseless sleeping
Of the eyes ne'er dimmed with weeping,
Where the dew-drops fall;
Oh! the purple sunset dying,
And the lapwing sadly flying
Over Jimmie Hall.

Pamelia.

Welcome to Colonel Wm. B. McCreery:

Who tunnelled his way out of Libby Prison. An extract from Hon. C. P. Avery's speech on the occasion, is worthy of a place in the Table of the American Monthly.

'It is the fifth and last act to which I now allude.

'It partakes of both the tragic and the comic.

'I refer to that funny but capital underground by-play, as it might be called in theatrical language, where some of the principal actors disappeared from the confederate stage, in a most mysterious manner, through a trap-door.

'Some of your friends here, particularly your Railroad friends in this vicinity, are extremely anxious to have a talk with you, and if there *has been* a discovery of a new and improved mode of excavating and successfully removing earth by the use of iron spoons, case-knives and spittoons, they might perhaps adopt it.

'But there has been some wonder expressed, Willie, as to your new Southern mode of using that valuable domestic article known to us as a tunnel. The ordinary use of that ingenious implement is to turn good spirits *in*. By the improved Southern mode it seems to be slightly reversed, namely, to let *choice spirits out;* and that, too, without calling to your immediate aid the old family *Butler;* a new kind of *Habeas Corpus*, very difficult to be suspended: not being much of a Latin scholar, I should call it a sacred writ of *Scapeas Corpus;* a patent mode of exchange of prisoners; a new style of cartel, for which I am inclined to believe there is not to be found any precedent in Vattel's Law of Nations or in any of the other elementary works which you used to pore over when a student at law in the classic city of Flint.

'A principle the Rebels call atrocious,
Not to be found in Puffendorf or Grotius.'

'But whether it was according to precedent or not, Willie, you came out, as you deserved, at the big end of the ——— tunnel. You never came out at the little end of the horn in your life, and we have the audacity to say that you never will.

'It was a fair business transaction, having many features of strict commercial usage, and can be easily so proved. The obligation of digging and working, it is so reported, lasted some sixty days with you, just as we dig and work to meet our sixty-day promissory notes. The only difference

being that, with us, under such circumstances, the two months seem most inconveniently short.

'By adding the usual grace, *God's grace* in your case, Willie, before they could get personal service in the *suit* or pur*suit*, just enough time elapsed, after maturity, to place you safe and sound in God's country, when and where you could say in the language of the famous Rob Roy MacGregor, who, unlike you, fled as a bold depredator from justice, while you could court the scrutiny of the world for the purity of your motives and the honor of your life —

''My foot is on my native heath, and my name is'—Willie McCreery.

'But I am sorry, very sorry to say, Colonel McCreery, that a complaint has been preferred against you.

'It is gravely alleged, Sir, that you became captive to a distinguished Southern lady, sometimes known as 'Libby,' (her last name I cannot now call to mind,) and that after a loving and delicious attachment through a long honeymoon, you ceased to be *attached* and became *detached;* that, in short, you left her bed and *bored*, most mysteriously dropping away from your loyalty to 'Libby' through a trap-door, leaving her to be encircled within the arms of the F. F. V.s; a flagrant case, perhaps, of that grave offence known in the old law-books as Misprison. We hope you will explain.'

A FRIEND has sent us the following succinct memoranda, which it might be well to store away in the sanctum of memory, for topics of conversation at the Academy or Irving Hall:

Musical Instruments.

'IT is interesting to notice the difference between the musical instruments of our time and those of antiquity. We read in the Bible of the timbrel, the reed, the harp, silver trumpets, and other rude inventions. From later classical writers, we learn the existence of the pipe and tabor, the lyre, the lute, and others. The lyre in the time of Plato, must have been an instrument of unusual sweetness. He mentions it as dangerous, so powerful was its tendency to relax the mind from the pursuits of study or business. In the time of Anacreon it had reached forty strings, and consequently possessed still greater power. Ptolemy describes instruments of great power and sweetness of the flute kind, which are unknown to the moderns. The violin was known among the Romans, and it is probable the moderns have not improved it, in any material point. There were many kinds of flute known among the ancients, some of them in a state of perfection equal to those of the modern. Tertullian mentions an organ invented by Archimedes, which must have rivalled the modern organ. He speaks of it as composed of a great 'number of pieces, each consisting of so many different parts, connected together by such a quantity of joints, and containing such a variety of pipes for the imitation of voices, conveyed in such a multitude of sounds, modulated into such a diversity of tunes; and yet, all taken together, constitute but one single instrument.' On an obelisk at Rome, erected by Sesostris, four hundred years before the Trojan war, there is represented a musical instrument of two strings, with a neck to it, which much resembles one in common use at Naples in the seventeenth century. The single flute was invented in Egypt. The first instruments used by the early Christians in worship, were the cithera, the lyre, and the psaltery with ten strings; organs, about A.D. 364. The organ was introduced into Rome in the seventh century, and into France in 735. The first upright harpsichord was made by Shudi, about the year 1770; the first horizontal grand piano by Bacchus, in 1777; the first organized piano-forte was made at the manufactory of Longman and Broderip; the first upright grand piano-forte was made by Robert Stoddard, in 1780; and the first cabinet piano-forte by Southwell, in 1790.

'It is wonderful to note the changes which, in the progress of time, have been made in musical instruments, as well as to observe their ups and downs in the scale of fashion. In 1600, the violin was hardly known in England, and where known it was considered a vulgar instrument; but viols of six strings fretted like the guitar, were admitted into chamber concerts. In 1530, at a mask given by Cardinal Wolsey, at his palace at Whitehall, Henry the Eighth was entertained with a concert of fifes and drums. Queen Elizabeth used to be regaled, while at her dinner, with a band of twelve trumpets, two kettle-drums, with fife, cornets, and side-drums.

The lute, fashionable for two hundred years, is now obsolete, and even its shape, musical sounds and capacity, are hardly known.

'We of the present generation may draw comparisons very much in our favor, between Queen Elizabeth's band and our own Dodworth's and Seventh Regiment bands, and between pianos made in the eighteenth century, and our Steinways and Chickerings; but the query arises, What criticisms will future generations make on what we consider so perfect? Certain it is, no music of our time can awaken sentiments more lofty or pure than did the timbrel of Miriam, and the harp of the 'sweet singer of Israel;' and doubtless the *sad* music of the 'harps hung on the willows,' now finds an echo in the hearts of many in our own dear land.

Wallenstein's Magnificence.

WALLENSTEIN'S immense riches, his profound reserve and theatrical manners, were the principal means he employed to exalt the imagination of the masses. He always appeared in public surrounded by extraordinary pomp, and allowed all those attached to his house to share in his luxury. His officers lived sumptuously at his table, where never less than one hundred dishes were served. As he rewarded with excessive liberality, not only the multitude but the greatest personages were dazzled by this Asiatic splendor. Six gates gave entrance to his palace at Prague, to make room for which he had pulled down one hundred houses. Similar chateaux were erected by his orders on all his numerous estates. Twenty-four chamberlains, sprung from the most noble families, disputed the honor of serving him, and some sent back the golden key, emblems of their grade, to the Emperor, in order that they might wait on Wallenstein. He educated sixty pages, dressed in blue velvet and gold, to whom he gave the first masters; fifty trabants guarded his ante-chamber night and day; six barons, and the same number of chevaliers, were constantly within call to bear his orders. His *maitre d'hotel* was a person of distinction. A thousand persons usually formed his household, and above one thousand horses filled his stables, where they fed from marble mangers. When he set out on his travels, one hundred carriages, drawn by four or six horses, conveyed his servants and baggage; sixty carriages and fifty led horses carried the people of his suite; ten trumpeters, with silver bugles, preceded the procession. The richness of his liveries, the pomp of his equipages, and the decoration of his apartments were in harmony with all the rest. In a hall of his palace, at Prague, he had himself painted in a triumphal car, with a wreath of laurels round his head, and a star above him. . . . Wallenstein's appearance was enough in itself to inspire fear and respect. His tall thin figure, his haughty attitude, the stern expression of his pale face, his wide forehead, that seemed formed to command, his black hair, close shorn and harsh, his little dark eyes, in which the flame of authority shone, his haughty and suspicious look, his thick moustaches and tufted beard, produced, at the first glance, a startling sensation. His usual dress consisted of a justaucorps of elk-skin, covered by a white doublet and cloak; round his neck he wore a Spanish ruff; in his hat fluttered a large red plume, while scarlet pantaloons and boots of Cordovan leather, carefully padded on account of the gout, completed his ordinary attire. While his army devoted itself to pleasure, the deepest silence reigned around the general. He could not endure the rumbling of carts, loud conversations, or even simple sounds. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking him without orders, and an officer secretly put to death because his spurs had clanked when he came to the general. His servants glided about the room like phantoms, and a dozen patrols incessantly moved round his tent or palace to maintain perpetual tranquillity. Chains were also stretched across the streets, in order to guard him against any sound. Wallenstein was ever absorbed in himself, ever engaged with his plans and designs. He was never seen to smile, and his pride rendered him inaccessible to sensual pleasures. His only fanaticism was ambition. This strange chief meditated and acted incessantly, only taking counsel of himself, and disdaining strange advice and inspiration. When he gave any orders or explanations, he could not bear to be looked at curiously; when he crossed the camp the soldiers were obliged to pretend that they did not see him. Yet they suffered from an involuntary shudder, when they saw him pass like a supernatural being. There was something about him mysterious, solemn, and awe-inspiring. He walked along, surrounded by this magic

influence, like a saddening halo. His troops firmly believed that he was in communion with the spirit of darkness, that the stars had no secrets from him, that the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs never reached his ear, that bullets, sabres, and lances could not wound him, for he possessed a talisman that rendered him Master of Fortune. They followed him as a personification of Fate. Though champion of Rome against the innovators, the gloomy captain only put faith in the dreams of the occult sciences. While a youth, he was accompanied on his travels by the mathematician and astronomer, Verdungas, who taught him to read the stars. He also resided for some time at Padua, in order to learn from another professor. The rooms of his palace at Prague were covered with emblems of divination and allegorical figures. His ambition led him to the desire of penetrating the secrets of the future; the Italian astrologer, Seni, lived beneath his roof, and the visionary couple frequently passed the night in chimerical studies. Never did Wallenstein set out on a new enterprise till he had consulted the luminous Pythonesses of the firmament, for these dumb counsellors were to him Bible and Gospel. A peasant would not have behaved in a different way.

Gems from Oriental Poetry.

UNDISHEARTENED ASPIRATIONS.

FROM torch reversed the flame still streameth, rising straight:
So struggleth up the brave man stricken down by fate.

TO DIE IS GAIN.

WE then shall see no more, before the veil all dimly blurred,
But for imagined shall have grasped, embraced for only heard.

RETIREMENT FROM GOSSIP.

ABSORBING thought to worldly company is rude,
And every mighty passion courteth solitude.

MERIT AND PLACE.

A JEWEL is a jewel still, though lying in the dust,
And sand is sand, though up to heaven by the tempest thrust.

PATIENCE WINS.

HASTE not; the flying courser, over-heated, dies,
While step by step the patient camel goalward plies.

EVIL INTERFERENCE.

FAN not the hostile spark between two friends that glows;
For they will soon embrace, but both remain thy foes.

TRADITION AND LIFE.

BE no imitator: freshly act thy part;
Through this world be thou an independent ranger:
Better is the faith that springeth from thy heart,
Than a better faith belonging to a stranger

The Naples Museum

has been enriched by a noble present from the King. He has donated to its National Museum the entire collection of engravings heretofore in the library of his palace there. The 'Firmiana' is famous, as the collection made, in the last century, by Count Firmian, Governor of Lombardy, and sold to Maria Caroline of Austria. Its engravings are those of the works of the best painters, and fill more than two hundred volumes. Many other select drawings and engravings are included in the royal gift.

The Wearing-Apparel Movement.

THERE are many movements in physical, mental, social life. Then there is the 'Movement-Cure,' so popular of late days; the Barnum-Humbug-Movement, the Davenport-Brothers-Movement, and the movement of the doctors in upsetting the Davenports; the movement of Mr. Chase on the chess-board of Finance; and now the movement of his loyal ladies to help him keep gold in the country by doing their utmost to keep it out.

This is funny, to be sure. The women, good souls, very patriotic, very sensitive, very sensational, and emulous of the good dames who denied themselves luxuries in the Revolutionary War, have organized themselves into a League to dispense with foreign importations.

Now, a movement towards economy and propriety is always commendable, because we are unwontedly given to extravagance; but when trumpet-blowed

through the land, as singularly patriotic and adapted to the present needs, it loses much of its *éclât*, because hasty, impulsive, unwise, and probably ephemeral.

Mr. Chase, however, has perhaps not much to fear from these Leagues; for they may soon get hints of his disapprobation in some noiseless way, and just back out at his beck, leaving the golden revenue at the Custom-House unimpaired. It may be like some of the battles of the war, wild, enthusiastic rushing ahead, and then terrible rushing back.

In one aspect of the case, these league ladies are like their grand-dames of 1770, they both propose to hurt the *home government*—only our good mothers were a good deal wiser than their daughters; the latter depriving their *own* government of its chief dependence for revenue in gold, the customs on foreign goods, whilst the elder ladies, by the same process, deprived the mother country, then our enemy, of much of its revenues, and aided their own.

Whether Mr. Chase will prefer to lose the revenues, or to lose the ladies, by rapping them on the knuckles, is perhaps doubtful, because there *are* other ways of getting money, but no other of getting the ladies but by pleasing them.

From the 'Thirty Poems.'

ACCEPT a few extracts from our best and greatest poet, always read with pleasure here, and honored everywhere:

THE POET.

THOU, who wouldst wear the name
Of poet 'mid thy brethren of mankind,
And clothe in words of flame
Thoughts that shall live within the general mind!
Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

But gather all thy powers,
And wreak them on the verse that thou dost weave,
And in thy lonely hours,
At silent morning or at wakeful eve,
While the warm current tingles through thy veins,
Let forth the burning words in fluent strains.

INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

COME, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before those lays from the elms have ceased;
The violet breathes, by our door, as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

. . . . .

There is no glory in star or blossom,
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes,
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the spreading willows,
The opening flowers, and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows, green in the sun, are waiting
Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

THE CLOUD ON THE WAY.

. . . .

'HERE,' thou sayest, 'the path is rugged, sown with thorns that wound the feet;
But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet's song is sweet;
Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend from ledges brown;
Pleasantly between the falling showers the sunshine gushes down:
Dear are those who walk beside us, they whose looks and voices make
All this rugged region cheerful, till I love it for their sake.
Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly shadow lies,
From the things I know and love, and from the sight of loving eyes.'

Epitaphs.

UNDER this solitary sod
There lies a man
Whose ways were very odd;
Whatever his faults were,
Let them alone.
Let thy utmost care be
To mend thine own:
Let him without a sin
First cast a stone.

—LINCOLNSHIRE, England, 1855.

IN a country churchyard we find this epitaph, 'Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth, his wife;' and underneath the text: 'Their warfare is accomplished.'

HERE lies the body of Nancy Gwin,
Who was so very pure within,
She burst her outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.

SOME have children, some have none,
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

THE
AMERICAN MONTHLY

Knickerbocker

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science, and Politics.

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(*From the Agriculturist, of January*, 1864.)

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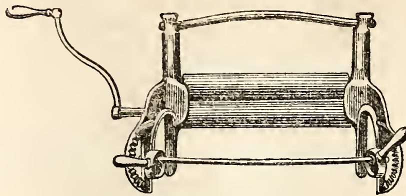

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Opinion of ORANGE JUDD, Editor "American Agriculturist."

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Very respectfully, ORANGE JUDD.

NEW-YORK, February, 1864.

[From the *American Agriculturist.*]

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