

C. Chamney Bunn's farewell as the
VOL. VII.

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No. 12.

The Old Guard:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

AND THE

Political Principles of 1776 & 1860.

DECEMBER, 1869.

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VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
Publishers, 162 Nassau street, N. Y.

THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME VII.—DECEMBER, 1869.—No. XII.

THE "CONSERVATIVE" SOUTHERN VICTORIES.

THE so-called Conservative Southern victories possess a two-fold character—one of which is a proper subject of rejoicing, as the other is of the profoundest regret. It is certainly a source of great joy that the most malignant type of scallawags and carpet-baggers have lost some of their power to oppress and torture a suffering people. But, on the other hand, it cannot be sufficiently deplored that to gain this temporary respite from pillage and insult, the people of the Southern States have been compelled to (seemingly, if no more,) acquiesce in the adoption of principles and measures which are not only utterly repugnant to their souls, but absolutely hostile to their civilization and permanent well-being. It therefore becomes a question whether the so-called Southern victories ought to be looked upon as triumphs, or as

the sorest defeats. We have before declared that, as temporary measures for guarding the throats of the Southern people from the hand of the thief or the assassin, they were well enough; but to regard them as *finalities*, or as fixing permanently the condition of those States, is to accede to a curse which has no parallel in history. We have therefore read with the greatest amazement and sorrow the leading article in *De Bow's Review* for September, entitled "The Conservative Victories," in which the able editor of that magazine gives up every desirable thing as lost, and councils complete submission to the monstrous doctrines and despotism of Congress. As we intend to review the conclusions to which Mr. Burwell has arrived, we deem it fair to first quote in this place his article entire, which is as follows:

THE CONSERVATIVE VICTORIES.

The military conquest carried with it complete political subjugation. It is shown, by an excellent article bequeathed by the late Judge Oldham, of Texas, and published in the last number of the *Review*, that the civil war was fought for the right to regulate our own internal affairs, and that the people of the South resisted with arms, to the last extremity, the total overthrow of their social system. Events which have succeeded, show that we cannot resist at the ballot box that which was overthrown on the field. The Radical Republican party have triumphed, ruthlessly and recklessly, in trampling under foot every domestic right which can be valued by a people—they have deprived us of the right of suffrage and of representation, and cast them upon our former slaves. Our law-making and taxing powers are now in the hands of men without knowledge, without property, and without principle. Men have come from other States, and without pretending to any qualification of citizenship, have immediately assumed the most important State offices. Many patriots among us were of opinion that we might regain by party combinations what we lost by the sword. We have patiently and earnestly aided them in their efforts to recover an acknowledgment of our rights, through the agency of a party organization at the North. The very association with us seems to have exposed our friends abroad to the imputation of repudiation and rebellion. These terms have proven too heavy for them to carry, notwithstanding they claimed to have defeated the "rebellion," and disclaimed any responsibility for us for our acts. Our misfortunes crushed our friends as well as ourselves. Our enemies have thus received a renewed lease of power, with a confirmed accusation against ourselves and our friends. Under these circumstances, what is the duty of Southern men? We have made two fights—a military fight and a political fight. We have been conquered by the soldiers, who have generously offered us the honorable terms of Appomattox. We have been subjugated by the camp followers, who have inflicted upon us the utmost indignities. They would perpetuate our disqualification—they would create the negro our master, by constitutional provi-

sion. Are we, who have thus been conquered in these two wars, under honorable obligation to renew the combat? Is it any more our duty to resist with the ballot than with the bayonet? We say, as one who has fought in both battles—except that we could not vote—that there must be an end of this unequal, this hopeless, this ruinous contest. We must do as the brave men in Virginia and Tennessee have done—accept the situation, with its fortifications and position as it stands. As Lee, within the lines of Richmond and Petersburg, defended them till broken by a superior force, as he fell back fighting, without rations or cartridges, as he met superior numbers, with abundant supplies, as they gathered around him, and demonstrated to the world that he could do no more than sacrifice brave men to inevitable destruction; like Lee, the South will stand exonerated before the world of any want of courage or fidelity. Like Lee, the South will bow to a force she could not resist. She will, like him, disarm misfortune by fortitude.

We have, in truth, no more moral right to sacrifice the peace and welfare of the Southern people by persevering in this desperate combat than Lee would have had to order a charge of his unarmed and starving soldiers against the serried and concentrated artillery of Grant.

The course pursued by Virginia and Tennessee, and now proposed by the address to the people of Mississippi, is, in our opinion, eminently wise. We will go farther; it is the duty of the entire South to vindicate the course of those States which have thus acted. Virginia cannot be charged with any dereliction of honor. Her battles-fields and her cemeteries attest her fidelity to principles. Her courts of justice the prey of adventurers, her halls of legislation defiled by ignorance and rapacity, her social and industrial interests paralyzed by Radical rule, would render it shameful in any one who has suffered less to censure the propriety of her conduct.

We believe historically that this *was* a compact of sovereigns. We know, from visible facts, that it is no longer a government of States. To set up State rights again, two things will be necessary: 1. The conviction of the States, or a majority of their people, that a compact is best for

their interests. 2. The numbers and wealth necessary to execute this conviction, and to impress it upon the Constitution by distinct amendment—by language more distinct and indisputable than those who made the Constitution of 1789 *dared* to employ. There were men, no doubt, who honestly believed that the sovereignty of the colonies was in King George. Many, no doubt, died in that conviction. There were men who believed that succession to the British throne was in the Stuarts, as there are now men in France who believe the Bourbon the legitimate dynasty. The belief of the minority in this Republic has no effect upon its administration. To reinstate our construction of the compact will render it necessary to interpolate this construction upon the Constitution. This will render it indispensable that the States entertaining this opinion should have a numerical vote and political influence strong enough to carry that point. State rights were lost for the want of State strength. State rights were lost, because a majority of the physical force of the Union refused to recognize them. State rights cannot be reinstated until a majority of the same physical force shall be convinced of their propriety.

Let us, then, turn our attention to the increased value of our productions, the mixture of our industries, the attraction of numbers from other countries, and the arrest of emigration from our own. These measures give us a positive and practical strength. As we obliterate the lines of difference with our fellow-citizens elsewhere, we shall afford means for the cordial alliance which adds wealth and numbers to our exhausted country. Let us renounce no right, and recant no assertions. Let us eliminate all effete issues. Let us cultivate all questions which tend to stimulate a patriotic conflict among our people as to which can do the most for the good of the South. Suppose Brownlow and Senter were candidates. Would a wise people prefer a fanatical persecutor through all time, rather than accept a man whose political opinion of the Union differed from their own, but who was a moderate and just ruler? There can be no doubt as to the duty of the Southern people in this respect, and we cannot express ourselves more distinctly than by exhorting all to follow the example of Virginia,

and compromise on the most Conservative ticket that may be presented to them.

1.—The above article starts with the proposition that: "The military conquest carried with it complete political subjection." Is that so? Are the brains and hearts of the Southern people subjected? Is their manhood conquered? Is the love of liberty, and the pluck to maintain it, all gone? Certainly, all these things go with the idea of a "complete political subjection." We ask the editor of *De Bow's Review* to read over the picture he has so graphically drawn of the terrible wrongs the Southern people now endure, on the first page of his article, and then tell us whether he really means to recommend his readers to patiently submit to all this oppression, without a dream of future deliverance. In one word, does he intend his article to impress upon them the hopelessness of any deliverance from such a fate? And does he advise them to give it up so soon? Is a struggle of four or five years long enough to justify a people in abandoning their liberty without further resistance? There have been such brave and virtuous people as would not abandon the struggle for liberty while yet a single hand remained to cut the throat of a tyrant!

2.—The *Review* is entirely mistaken in supposing that the Democratic party of the North has yet made any fight against the despotism of which it complains; and therefore the real principles of Democratic liberty have not suffered any defeat here, because they have not, in any Northern State, been put clearly and squarely before the public in any campaign since

the war. The Democratic party has, as yet, been too demoralized, too much in the hands of the venal speculators in human blood, to make a fair and bold fight for liberty. Its platforms, in the main, have been only mitigated forms of Lincolnism, or hypocritical specimens of "loyalty," which were such utter shams of Democracy, that they could have no hold upon the Democratic masses. If what has been called "loyalty" is not a horrid crime, Democracy has ever been a stupendous fraud. And on the other hand, if Democracy was ever right, the whole course of the negro war-party has been the blackest crime that the history of the world contains. The natural boundaries, therefore, between the Democratic and the negro war-party are sharp and clearly defined. They are as high as heaven and as deep as hell. A Democratic party, therefore, which serves under any flag of negro loyalty, however faintly painted, is no Democratic party at all, but only a parasite of Lincoln Mongrelism. The first real, honest, square fight between Lincoln Mongrelism and Democracy has yet to take place. We beseech the editor of the *Review* to wait until at least one such battle has been fought here in the North, before he concludes that the struggle is hopeless on our part. We should not, for one, abandon the cause of liberty and truth, if it had been defeated in a hundred battles. It is never time for a man to abandon liberty while the breath is in his body. His duty is, to plan for the destruction of despotism, as long as he lives, and with God rests the results of his struggles.

3. The *Review* says: "We must

accept the situation as it stands." What is that situation? Let the *Review* answer: "We have been subjugated by the camp followers who have inflicted upon us the utmost indignities." To "accept the situation" is simply to vote to confirm and perpetuate all the horrors of such a subjugation—is to say "yes" to one's misfortune, and thereby to assent to one's own shame. The "situation" is loss of liberty, and, if accepted, will be, finally, loss of civilization. The "situation" is equality with negroes. The southern white man who accepts that, unless it be as a device to get power to revenge the outrage upon nature, is, it seems to us, simply a convert to that accursed *scallawaggery* which shames humanity. We know very well that the able editor of the *Review* means no such thing, and we sincerely regret that he has written an article which will give so much comfort to all the scallawags, North and South. The supreme wish of their souls is to so wear out and degrade the southern people that they may lose their manhood, and, in that way, give up the struggle for their rights.

4. The *Review* says: "We have in truth no more moral right to sacrifice the peace and welfare of the southern people, by persevering in this desperate combat, than Lee would have had to order a charge of his unarmed and starving soldiers against the serried ranks and concentrated artillery of Grant." Had Lee known the use which was to be made of his surrender, it would have been his duty to have continued the struggle as long as he had a thousand men to retreat to mountain gorges, where they might still hope

in time to form the nucleus of a new army, which, in the Providence of Almighty God, might stay the march of the oppressor. Lee surrendered only on terms which would have secured peace and liberty to the southern people. But he was cheated. The terms on which he surrendered have not been kept by the party of Congress. Here is a great flaw in the logic of the *Review*. Lee would have been right in sacrificing his last man in resistance of the despotism which has followed, could he have foreseen it. None who know him doubt that he would have done so, since death in any shape is preferable to the loss of liberty and honor. And it is now as clearly the duty of the southern people to make no concession that amounts to a final surrender of the sovereignty and liberty of their States, as it is for a husband and father to protect, at all hazards, the sacred altars of his home. What is the life of the whole present generation of men, compared to the liberty of a hundred generations to come? We that are here now received, in trust, a sacred legacy of liberty from our fathers. It came to us baptised with their blood. We are to transmit it as pure and untarnished as we received it; else we are degenerate sons of those noble men who preferred death to a loss of liberty. We have no right to "sacrifice" liberty to our own "peace." Are we so fast becoming a generation of rascals, that there is neither faith, nor pluck, nor virtue, any longer in us? It were far more honorable in a southern man to teach his children how to shoot at the heart of any and every "military governor" who is sent to rule over them against their

free will and consent. Any scoundrel who accepts such an office with one hand, ought to receive death in the other. He lives too long, if he lives a single hour after he consents to play the tyrant over his fellowmen. There was once a generation of men here who were altogether inspired with sentiments like these. Their names have gone into history as the noblest and bravest that ever lived. And here we sit on their graves, ingloriously contriving how we may purchase exemption from hardship and danger, by sacrificing liberty and justice! Men in the South who fought like lions against the mailed hosts of Lincoln, now run like sheep away from a political army of scallawags and carpet-baggers! Those who stood so bravely before the mouths of the booming cannon, now flee in despair at the loud braying of the asses of Congress. If only one hundredth part of what the *Review* says of the wrongs the South endure were true, the southern people can have no excuse in any policy which does not look to the speediest possible day of reckoning and revenge. If such is not their determination, they are the most dishonored people now on the face of the earth in any civilized country. If the course pursued by the people of Virginia and Tennessee is not regarded by them as simply a first step towards completely regaining their rightful sovereignty, and casting out of power all the infamous strangers who now oppress them, and wiping out of existence all their acts, then these States must be looked upon as having sunk half way towards the black barbarism of Timbuctoo. But we know that their course is regarded by themselves as

only a *first step*. And it is greatly to be regretted that any southern journal should try to educate the people to believe that the present Mongrel despotism is final, and that the southern States will patiently accept it, for the privilege of raising cotton, tobacco and cabbages, in peace. The influence of such journalism is also very damaging to the political morality of the North. It impresses weak and venal men with a feeling of surrender to the Mongrelism now in power.

5. The *Review* says: "We believe historically that this was a compact of sovereigns. We know from visible facts that it is no longer a government of States." Precisely. And why is it no longer a government of States? Because Congress has stripped the States of their sovereignty and absorbed their rights. This usurpation on the part of Congress is just what the States have to combat, and we believe will combat effectually and triumphantly at the next Presidential election, if the southern States do not surrender to the negro party in the meantime. We repeat here that this battle between a usurping Congress and the States has not yet been fought at all. The Democratic party has made no fight with the real issues, clearly and sharply defined upon its banners. Its campaigns have been only cowardly skirmishes, led by incompetence, if not by treachery. It is a little mortifying to see any portion of the southern people counseling the laying down of all political arms, and surrendering finally to the abominable usurpations of Congress. We do not object to any shift that an oppressed people may find it convenient to make to foil the enemy.

But they have no right to demoralize the public manhood by proclaiming doctrines which would make despotism eternal in our land.

6. The *Review* says: "State rights were lost, because a majority of the physical force of the Union refused to recognize them." This is "speaking after the manner of men," but not after the manner of statesmanship and philosophy. The rights of the States to all the sovereignty they ever possessed is in no degree impaired, any more than the right of a man to his property is lost because he has been, for the time being, unlawfully dispossessed of it. "Physical force" can never alienate from a man his moral and political rights. The rights of the States are inalienable and indestructible. Every *right* which the southern States ever possessed still survives, waiting to be repossessed again by their rightful and only owner. It was not in the power of "physical force" to add one lawful grain to the powers of the Federal Government, nor to take one from the States. This proposition will be denied by no sound lawyer or statesman. Why then will so many southern papers talk about the "loss of State rights," when there can be no such thing? Why will they not speak truly, and declare that States can lose no rights, and that it is only robbery and crime that restrain them from enjoying their own? This is the one point to be kept ever before the people. If the great masses of the people acquiesce in robbery and crime, it will be because they are misled and deceived. Because, indeed, the public press misleads them. Therefore the press should be faithful to the great duty of always keeping the

vital principles of political truth and liberty right before the people. There is no such good service to the tyrant as for the press to concede that resistance to his crimes is hopeless and useless. If the papers who do this were paid by the enemies of liberty, they could not serve them more effectually. All that the war has done, and all that hell itself can do, can never strip any State of a jot of its sovereignty, nor dispossess it of the clear right to put to death every fellow who seeks to destroy that sovereignty. If every "military governor" sent into the southern States by Congress, or by Grant, has not been hanged, it is not because those States have not the lawful right to hang them, but because, for the time, they have not the power to execute their rights. But that time will come, if they are faithful to themselves. No lawyer will deny that Virginia rightfully and lawfully hanged "Old John Brown." Just as lawfully might she hang Canby, or even Grant, if caught within the jurisdiction of the State. These are "law points" which no man of any legal sense would dare to dispute in a public debate, where his arguments would be put to the test of just law. And these are truths which ought to be kept blazing like fire before the eyes of the people perpetually. Never for one moment allow them to imagine that this accursed despotism of Congress has any other *tenure* than that by which a thief or a banditti may have possession of a man's house. This is a God's truth, which, in time, will be sure to wear out the power of the usurpation.

7. Finally, the *Review* says: "As we obliterate the lines of difference

with our fellow-citizens elsewhere, we shall afford means for the cordial alliance which adds wealth and numbers to our exhausted country. Let us renounce no right and recant no assertions. Let us eliminate all effete issues."

We confess that all this confounds us. Does to "obliterate the difference" between the southern people and "elsewhere," mean that they must adopt the sentiments, feelings, and character of the northern fanatics who have made war upon them? Does it mean that the Cavalier is to turn Roundhead—that the sprightly Huguenot is to become a sour Puritan—or that the editor of *De Bow's Review* is to clothe himself in the habiliments of Phillips and Sumner? For one, we should want more than the "wealth" of the Indus to suffer such a transformation. But, after recommending the "obliteration of the lines of difference," what does this mean—"Let us renounce no right, and recant no assertions?" We should think that to "obliterate the lines of difference" between a southern patriot and his northern antagonist, would imply that the former had "renounced" about every "right" he ever possessed; and had fully "recanted" every "assertion" which he might reasonably be proud of.

Then what are those "effete issues" which are to be "eliminated," or cast out? It is evident, from the connection, that the rights of States is one. White supremacy we suppose to be another. Then the Caucasian civilization comes in here also a candidate for elimination. Indeed everything must be eliminated, or cast out to destruction, which makes the "difference" between the poli-

tics of Ben Butler and Alexander H. Stephens, or between the Constitution that dates from George Washington and the "amended," or emasculated and mutilated thing that dates from Abraham Lincoln. The difference between Washington and Lincoln is one of the prime things which must be "eliminated," before the editor of *De Bow's Review* will be able to realize his blissful dream of "cordial alliance." Oh, according to this stuff constitutional government is effete, white manhood is effete, liberty is effete, everything is effete, except the despotism of Congress, and the most transcendent type of sneakery and cowardice the world ever saw. All else is "effete." Sumner lives. Ben Wade is fresh. Thad Stevens is in his grave, but his principles are about to be adopted in New Orleans. Old John Brown's bones are mouldering in the earth, but his soul is marching on, even in the southern press. Verily, if death and hell are not about to give up their dead, what is the use to dream any longer about the millennium?

And in the midst of such reflections as these, we must take along with us this other thought, that it is wholly our own fault if we do not bring our unhappy country out of this slough of Mongrelism. At the lowest estimate, two-thirds of the white people of America are honestly opposed to every one of the so-called "amendments" to the Constitution, which have been effected either by force or fraud. Not one of these "amendments" will "hold water." Not one of them has been legally or constitutionally passed. The leading "Radicals" know this very well, and hence their anxiety

to so completely tear to pieces the manhood of the southern people, that they will not possess the pluck and virtue to reassert their rights and liberty at some future time. They know that the work of their revolution is less than a quarter done, so long as the manhood and honor of the southern people survive. The venality or cowardice of the press, North and South, is another thing which greatly comforts the conspirators. Out of the thousands of papers published in this country, it is safe to say that there are not fifty which really speak out what the editors honestly believe to be the truth. Whenever an editor has had the pluck to do so, the "Radicals" have set up such a howl at him that his own friends have been driven back from him, and with a sneakishness and cowardice disgraceful to human nature have squaked like geese about his "impudence." If the whole Democratic press of the United States would speak out honestly and defiantly the naked truth for one year, (only one year,) such a storm would be raised over the length and breadth of the land, as would drive the furious conspirators of Congress to the desperation of despair. They are *strong* only in the *weakness and irresolution* of their Democratic opposers. The Democratic press, to a fatal extent, is fighting their battles for them, by counseling submission to their illegal deeds—by telling the people that the ancient principles of liberty are "dead issues," or that the doctrines which made the country so great and prosperous under Democratic rule, are "effete." As a policy, this is downright idiocy, unless the Democratic press has sold itself to the enemy.

Why keep up the Democratic party if its issues are "dead?" Why talk of questions having been "settled by the war," which are the vital elements of liberty for all time? Nothing has been "settled by the war" which is a necessary part of our system of free government. As long as a man lives, his right to self-government, and all that necessarily be-

longs to it, survives all wars and all defeats. Absolute rights are as incorruptible in defeat as in victory. They live eternally, waiting for the first moment to reassert their immortal power. They are never "ef-fete"—can never become "dead issues." Never, never, until humanity itself has fled the earth!

THE LAST OF THE AMERICAN FEMALE GHOUL.

WHEN Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's obscene scandal in relation to Byron and his sister, Mrs. Augusta Lee, first appeared, the editor of this magazine assumed that the whole story was invented by Mrs. Stowe, or, at least, that Lady Byron never made any such charge. Since then this view has been fully confirmed by a very able article in the *London Quarterly Review*, in which are quoted the following letters from Lady Byron to Mrs. Lee, written immediately after the separation, and which show the utter falsity of the dirty story of Mrs. Stowe:

"You will think me very foolish, but I have tried two or three times and cannot talk to you of your departure with a decent visage—so let me say one word in this way, to spare my philosophy. With the expectations which I have, I never will nor can ask you to stay one moment longer than you are inclined to do. It would (be) the worst return for all I ever received from you. But, in this, at least, I am 'truth itself,' when I say that whatever the situa-

tion may be, there is no one whose society is dearer to me, or can contribute more to my happiness. These feelings will not change under any circumstances, and I should be grieved if you did not understand them. Should you hereafter condemn me, I shall not love you less. I say no more. Judge for yourself about going or staying. I wish you to consider yourself, if you could be wise enough to do that for the first time in your life.—Thine,

"A. I. B."

Addressed on the cover "To the Hon. Mrs. Leigh."

"KIRBY MALLORY, Jan. 16, }
1816, (the day after she }
left London.)

"MY DEAREST A.—It is my great comfort that you are in Piccadilly."

"KIRBY MALLORY, Jan. 23, 1816.

"DEAREST A.—I know you feel for me as I do for you, and perhaps I am better understood than I think. You have been, ever since I knew you, my best comforter, and will so remain unless you grow tired of the office, which may well be."

"Jan. 25, 1816.

"MY DEAREST AUGUSTA.—Shall I be still your sister? I must resign my right to be so considered; but I don't think that will make any difference in the kindness I have so uniformly experienced from you."

"KIRBY MALLORY, Feb. 3, 1816.

"MY DEAREST AUGUSTA—You are desired by your brother to ask if my father has acted with my concurrence in proposing a separation. He has. It cannot be supposed that, in my present distressing situation, I am capable of stating, in a detailed manner, the reasons which will not only justify this measure, but compel me to take it; and it can never be my wish to remember unnecessarily [*sic*] those injuries for which, however deep, I feel no resentment. I will now only recall to Lord Byron's mind his avowed and insurmountable aversion to the married state, and the desire and determination he has expressed ever since its commencement to free himself from that bondage, as finding it quite insupportable, though candidly acknowledging that no effort of duty or affection has been wanting on my part. He has too painfully convinced me that all these attempts to contribute towards his happiness were wholly useless, and most unwelcome to him. I inclose this letter to my father, wishing it to receive his sanction. Ever yours most affectionately,

"A. I. BYRON."

"Feb. 4, 1816.

"I hope, my dear A., that you would on no account withhold from

your brother the letter which I sent yesterday, in answer to yours written by his desire; particularly as one I have received from himself to-day renders it still more important that he should know the contents of that addressed to you. I am, in haste, and not very well, yours most affectionately,

"A. I. BYRON."

"The present sufferings of all may yet be repaid in blessings. Do not despair absolutely, dearest; and leave me but enough of your interest to afford you any consolation, by partaking of that sorrow which I am most unhappy to cause thus unintentionally. You will be of my opinion hereafter, and at present your bitterest reproach would be forgiven; though Heaven knows you have considered me more than a thousand would have done—more than anything but my affection for B., one most dear to you, could deserve. I must not remember these feelings. Farewell! God bless you, from the bottom of my heart.

"A. I. B."

Mrs. Stowe announces a book on this subject. The venal scandalizer of the innocent dead hopes to make more money out of her scandalous falsehood. But the public should defeat her infamous avarice by refusing to buy her book. All that it contains of what she calls her "new proofs" will be immediately quoted by the press, so that the public may get it without the needless expense of buying the book.

THE CUB OF THE PANTHER;

A MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.*

BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER IX.

CATASTROPHE—CONCLUSION.

THE business which Gabriella Fairleigh had with Col. Henderson, the lawyer, has been already indicated in the previous chapter. Her purpose was to procure a divorce, through the laws of North Carolina, from her husband, under the plea of brutal usage, habitually, culminating, finally, in violence. Her narrative was brief, to the point, stating facts simply, and avoiding all coloring and exaggeration.

The lawyer readily undertook her case, and gave her to understand that there would be no sort of difficulty in obtaining the desired release. He also succeeded in procuring board and lodging for her, in a private family of the utmost respectability in Asheville, while the suit was in abeyance.

He had taken notes of the admissions which Mrs. Fairleigh had so

ingeniously extorted from Bulkley ; and these, thrown into the form of affidavit, were attested by himself and Bridget Moore, the Irish girl.

The names of the guests at Fairleigh Lodge, who witnessed the assault made upon his wife by Fairleigh, were all taken down ; and Henderson proceeded, with as much promptitude as the slow progress of the courts would allow, to prepare for the initiation of the suit.

But the whole business was arrested suddenly, almost in its very inception, and brought to an end, by an event of the most startling character, which rendered all farther proceedings unnecessary.

This event will need that we return once more to 'Fairleigh Lodge,' and once more accompany its hunters on the chase.

However much Squire Fairleigh might affect indifference, with respect to his wife and her departure, he had not become so utterly bruti-

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author and proprietor, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of South Carolina.

fied as to be insensible to the discredit which necessarily would attach to him from his savage assault upon her person ; nor to the shame which must follow from her desertion, especially assuming that her flight, accompanied by his friend Bulkley, seemed to argue a long continued illicit intercourse between these parties.

But, keeping up the appearance of indifference, he became more reckless in the indulgence of his appetites than ever ; and, for several days, he continued in a state of absolute stupor, from his debaucheries in drink.

Suddenly, however, and with a spasmodic effort, arousing himself from this stupor, he sent out invitations to certain of his former associates, inviting them to a dinner party. But, of all these—more than a dozen in number—but *three* attended ; and these were of that accommodating class whom a good dinner and choice liquors will reconcile to any associations.

There was still some old lurking vanity lingering in the heart and brain of the unfortunate man, that did not suffer him to be wholly insensible to this evident slight ; but he welcomed the few who came, and, resolute to exhibit pluck, he added a new set to his circle, declining now upon a lower range of associates than had ever been tolerated before at Fairleigh Lodge.

Each week, once at least, and frequently twice a week, beheld a gathering of the *oi polloi* to dinner at the "Lodge ;" and their revels, with less restraint than ever, from the training of society, were carried to excesses which threw into eclipse all the past follies of the squire.

His mother, though nearly worn out, had yet sufficient vitality, of mind at least, to be duly sensible of the utter degradation of her son ; but she could only groan over it, not prevent ; nor, indeed, had she the physical strength for the struggle. Her case, as well as her son's, was hopeless.

When not engaged with his dinner parties, which was only another name for debauchery—and not in a state of stupor, in the exhaustion which his debaucheries produced—Squire Fairleigh still made a show of hunting, and his companions were not unwilling to join him in what was frequently a fruitless chase, in order to enjoy the wines and viands which usually closed the day and the hunt together.

It happened on one of these days, when his new set was gathered about him, that one of the party, Elias Binkley, mentioned a discovery he had made, of an obscure and little known region among the hills, where harbored a numerous herd of deer. They were not very wild, and were rarely hunted. Indeed, Binkley claimed that with one exception the discovery of these *habitués* was one of his own.

"But," he added, "that old keen-nosed hunter, Mike Baynam, had been '*prospecting*' down in that quarter, and he will soon root 'em out, if he once happens to find their tracks."

"D—n him," cried Fairleigh, "somehow that fellow and his gang are always crossing my path ; but he shall pay for old scores yet. We must get the start of him, Binkley. What say you, men, for an early hunt to-morrow ? Stay to-night. I can find beds for you all, and we'll

take the trail at peep of day in the morning. You've all got your guns, and there's nothing to prevent."

The suggestion was readily adopted; and, with more regard than usual, to his own possible fitness for the proposed sport of the ensuing day, Fairleigh retired early; some of the more eager hunters setting him the example, but none of them retiring except with skins tolerably well lined with liquor.

The horns sounded at daylight; the hounds echoed the music; the hunters were soon afoot, and even Fairleigh exhibited a greater degree of alertness than usual, not having kept his guests more than half an hour in waiting upon his toilet. An early breakfast was dispatched, and the party in motion for "Bear Nook Wallow," just as the sun was peeping above the lower ranges of the long mountain chain, having first swallowed each his morning noggin of peach and honey.

It so happened that Mike Baynam and Sam Fuller had also arranged for a hunt that very day, with two other hunters, and had decided upon that very scene of action, "Bear Nook Wallow," which Binkley had suggested to Fairleigh's party.

Mike had been *prospecting*, and not without profit, in that obscure quarter of the great range, and had been at some pains to get up a hunt, with the hunters sufficiently numerous to cover all its points of egress, as he had calculated them.

There were obviously two directions, and two only, which the deer could take up the heights, when driven by the dogs from the Wallow. These were up the sides of what we may describe as a double-crested moun-

tain; two small semi-circular eminences, growing up together, side by side, like twins, separated only, or rather Siamesed together, by a little valley between, which divided them very equally.

Mike's party was on the route to this region a full hour before that of Fairleigh. The two parties had about the same distance to travel, but Mike Fuller and the "Cub" had taken breakfast a goodly hour before day, and with the first peep of dawn, they were crossing the mountains.

The other members of the hunt, four in number, including some whom we have met before in the same company, joined them on the route.

But before they joined, and while the "Cub," with all the eagerness of youth, rode ahead, Mike Baynam, who wore a sadder face than usual, though his aspect was usually grave, even to sadness, said to Fuller:

"Sam, do you know what day this is?"

"Don't remember, Mike."

"How is it possible you should forget? This day, seventeen years ago, we carried *her* home out of the snow heap—to die! 'The Boy' is this day full seventeen years old."

"Why so he is; and I wonder Mattie never thought of it. Seventeen years! Gimini, how the time does fly! And he hardly looks to be more than fifteen. My boy would make two of him."

"Yes; but he has such muscle as your boy never will have, Sam. He's wonderfully tough, strong and active."

"Yes; he's a raal painther. I'm afeard, Mike, you've spiled *my* boy

with his book larning. He'll never be fit for any thing hyar, on these mountains."

"Don't you fear. It is on these mountains that he'll find his best uses. I hear the best accounts of him, Sam. He's a very smart boy; and Mr. McCullough says he'll be head of the academy in another session."

We need not pursue this conversation, which was shortly after interrupted by the appearance of the several hunters of the party, at intervals, one by one, as they went onwards. Reaching the edge of one summit, Mike or Sam gave three *mots* on the horn, and the hunter, thus summoned, came cantering up the heights from the mountain side where his cabin stood.

Soon all were thus gathered together who had been calculated upon; and the scene of action was reached after no very long interval. The good deer hunter will always take the field, if possible, while the morning dew still glitters upon the grass.

Mike Baynam arranged the party according to the stands. Sam Fuller, a dogged hunter, who searched the covert thoroughly, leaving nothing in the shape of game behind him, or the dogs, undertook the drive through the long covert of dense laurel and undergrowth, which constituted the fastnesses of "Bear Nook Wallow." This "Wallow" stretched, some mile or two in width, in a semi-circular form half around the small twin mountains of which we have spoken, and was overhung by a precipitous rock the entire distance; an unbroken mass, the ascent to which was scarce possible to man or beast. The deer, according-

ly, had but two courses of flight, as we have said, and these over the two smaller mountains on the south.

On one of these, the nearest to his *drive*, and that which would probably be sought by the fugitive deer, Mike Baynam stationed his hunters, forming a line, with intervals of some hundred yards between, covering the face of the ascent. In the hollow, or little valley, which divided these two hills, he stationed our "Cub of the Panther," who, by this time, was as much to be relied on as any old hunter of the country. The stand was held to be one of the best.

An hour had passed and more, after these preparations had been made, when Fairleigh and his party reached the heights of the contiguous hill. Here, under Binkley's guidance, they prepared also for the drive below, but concentrated their forces upon the unoccupied mountain of the twins, while Binkley prepared for his *drive* at the opposite extremity of the "Wallow," rendering it possible that the deer would be driven up the slopes of the one height which they had thus appropriated.

It thus happened that our "Cub of the Panther" held a station nearly midway between the two parties, about a hundred yards from the 1st hunter of his own, on the left, and about twice that distance from the hunter of Fairleigh's party, who happened to be Fairleigh himself, and who held the extreme right of his cordon, or line. The other hunters, of both sides, occupied a curve, as it were, so as to receive the fugitive deer in something like the segment of a circle.

Binkley's plan of the campaign

being agreed upon, and the parties about to take their stations, Fairleigh summoned up his body-servant, Jared, with the inevitable liquor valise, and filling a bumper for himself, cried out to his companions:

"Come, fellows, up to the rack, fodder or no fodder. It's a cold morning. Let's liquor, all round, before we begin business."

No motion could have been generally more acceptable. Each emptied his cup of peach brandy, taken *in puris naturalibus*, undiluted either by honey or water. It was not the first, as we know, which had been swallowed that morning. The "phlegm-cutter" had been taken before breakfast, and the "*air-expeller*" immediately after it. The third draught simply prepared them for business.

While they yet drank, however, Binkley started with the goblet at his mouth, and with an imprecation cried out:

"That darn'd fellow, Mike Baynam, has got the start of us. I hear the dogs now, down in the North Wallow."

With a like imprecation, Fairleigh replied:

"I'll be the death of some of that d—d gang yet. D—n 'em, they're always in some way crossing my path. I'll make 'em feel me the first fair chance I get. But do you really hear the dogs? I hear none."

Two of the older hunters confirmed the assertion of Binkley, who said:

"The more reason for putting in, and on this side, at once. Ten to one he drives the deer over to us. Here, Bronson, bring on the dogs; they all know *you*. And now, men, git to your stands; the sooner the

better. The old buck is apt to sneak out, and git off from the herd, making tracks with the first yelp of the beagles."

So it was arranged.

The two parties are now fairly on foot. Sam Fuller, who drives, buried out of sight among the laurels of the "Wallow," and his hunters are all under cover, at their several stations.

Binkley has gone from sight also; and Fairleigh is posted, with his double-barreled English gun in hand, within two hundred yards of our "Cub of the Panther," whose near neighborhood he does not suspect.

He has made provision against any undue tax upon his patience in his waiting, by detaching from the valise a pocket flask containing "*the ardent*," and has scarcely taken his stand ere he has taken another swallow.

It is not our purpose to give the details of this hunt, save where they may affect the interests of our legend. It is a tedious hour before anything is heard from below. The trail seems to be a cold one. For a time it is; but anon, the report of a gun is heard, faintly swelling out and upward from the massed laurels of "The Wallow," where Sam Fuller is urging the dogs. He has evidently got a shot. But for another hour nothing more is heard, and Fairleigh's impatience makes sundry appeals, during that time, to his brandy flask.

But, even while the flask is at his mouth, there is a full burst of music from the whole pack of hounds, it would seem, of both parties, emerging from "The Wallow" below.

Fairleigh drops his flask, lifts and

cocks his gun, both barrels, and stands on the *qui vive*, his nerves however, being somewhat disordered by his potations.

He is conscious, after a little while, of a rush among the bushes. He has a glimpse of a white form, going at the long lope, and parallel with him, and he pours out, first the contents of one, and, in another moment, of the other barrel, when the buck is seen ascending the hill above him, having safely gotten to his rear. But the buck speeds on, seemingly unhurt. But not for long. In thirty seconds after, Fairleigh hears the sharp spang of a rifle, on the right and above him.

Who could it be? Who can have shot? *He* is on the extreme right of the range of stands occupied by his party. There is no other. He staggers to his horse, which had been fastened some fifty yards in the rear.

Meanwhile, there are several shots from below. Then there is an open cry of the dogs, a pack of thirty noses to the earth, coming up the sides of the mountains.

Bugles are rapidly blown. Every hunter seeks his horse, and soon follows a general stampede up the heights; the hunters converging from several quarters, and making for the points whence the shots have been heard.

This brings them towards the stand of Fairleigh, of the one party, and our "Cub of the Panther" representing the extreme left of the other party.

Fairleigh, meanwhile, already feeling the effects of his repeated beverages, has stumbled over a rock, and been precipitated to the ground, losing his gun in the fall. When

he has picked himself up, and finds his way to the spot where he tethered his horse, he finds the animal has broken loose from his fastening, and though grazing but a few yards distant, some time is lost in catching him. By the time he has mounted, and is making his way to the hollow, or valley, between the two hills where our "Cub" has been posted, most of the hunters are ascending the heights, converging from opposite directions; the two rival parties of hunters now mingling together. Baynam and Binkley have each secured his deer, and Sam Fuller joins them, having shot a third which he has dropped while on the *drive*, and when the buck was just starting out of his bed of rushes.

Most of the two parties, singly or in groups, have reached the table land, and are almost in sight, at the moment when Fairleigh, descending to the valley between the two hills, has discovered our "Cub of the Panther," whose rifle shot has been successful.

The boy has killed the beast in his tracks; has already passed his *couteau de chasse* through his jugular, and sitting upon the body of the buck, while kicking his sides with his heels, in exultation, he wipes the bloody knife on the hide of the animal.

Now, it must not be forgotten that it was an old Norman custom, if not law, that condign punishment awaited an outsider or interloper, who crossed the path of a hunting party; or took any active share in its proceedings.

This old Norman custom was brought to the colonies of the South by our cavalier ancestry; and the hunter held it as a grievous offence,

should any of the *oi polloi* presume to trespass, with dog or gun, upon the sports of the country gentry. They were true to their Norman instincts. To shoot the game, which another party has put up, is not a forgivable offence; and the least punishment inflicted, on such occasions, was a sharp application of the horsewhip.

Our "Cub of the Panther" had, however unwittingly, slain the buck which had been started by the party of Fairleigh.

He knew nothing of that party, and took for granted that the buck had been driven towards him by his own; and even if it had been otherwise, he knew nothing of these artificial rules of *benerie* which forbade him, under certain customs of sport, to shoot any wild beast that he saw upon the bound.

Unconscious, therefore, of all offence, the urchin sate, with his heels kicking the sides of the prostrate deer, at the moment when Fairleigh rode furiously towards him. The boy, meanwhile, winding his horn for his comrades, and wiping his bloody knife upon the hide of his victim.

Furious at what he saw, inflamed with passion and strong drink, Fairleigh, as he drew nigh, vented the bitterest curses upon the youth.

"You impudent young scoundrell! I'll teach you how to cross my path again," and he flourished his horsewhip as he spoke.

By this time, Mike Baynam, entering the valley, at the head of the hunting groups, and seeing the action, cried out at the top of his voice:

"Do not strike the boy, sir."

But it was too late

The whip-lash had already descended heavily upon the lad's shoulders.

With a cry of equal pain and astonishment, the boy sprang to his feet. He had never felt the touch of whip before, and seemed confused at first, and at a loss how to understand it; but when the first cut was followed by a second and a third, then a wild yell gushed from his throat, and, with a single bound lithe as the panther, who, by some of the vulgar was assumed to be his sire, he sprung upon the haunches of Fairleigh's horse, and in an instant, before any one could interfere, or even surmise the danger, he had driven his knife deep into the body of his assailant.

Fairleigh fell incontinently from his horse, and immediately after, the "Cub" sprang off, and darted for his own, re-appearing in a little while, rifle in hand, and mounted, with the slain deer fastened behind him; as cool and quiet of demeanor, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The hunters, meanwhile, had hurried to the spot. A general feeling of horror seized upon most of them, who could only look on aghast. Mike Baynam and Sam Fuller, were those only, whose presence of mind moved them to alight, and ascertain the extent of the mischief.

Most of the professional hunters have some notion of surgery, and, in ordinary cases may be safely trusted. But the moment that Mike saw the wound, where planted, and what the extent of the orifice, he shook his head significantly. Bitter groans, meanwhile, escaped from the wounded man.

"It is mortal!" said Baynam, in low tones.

"Ah!" cried Fairleigh, as if comprehending what was said.

"Great God!" exclaimed Sam Fuller, and to think he should be killed by the hands of his own son!"

"What! what's that you say?" demanded Fairleigh, now opening his eyes.

"I say its your own son that stabbed you! The boy is the son of Rose Carter, that perished in the snow, this day seventeen years ago! Ef it ain't a God's judgment, my friend, then I don't believe in any judgments at all!"

The eyes of the wounded man opened again, as he said:

"Where is he? Let me look at him."

The group parted, and the wild-eyed and strangely-branded boy stood before his father, upon whom he looked indifferently.

"Take him away! Take him away!" cried Fairleigh, after a moment's gaze, moved by some inscrutable sentiment.

Mike Baynam proceeded to bind up the wound. It was all that could be done. The patient called for brandy. His lips were only wet with it, and he called for more.

"Give it him! It can do no harm," said Baynam. "Meanwhile, we must have him taken to some shelter. Whose is the nearest house?"

Frey's cabin was named.

"It will be well, if he can bear it, to take him home to Fairleigh Lodge at once. Can we get a cart and a mattress, Mr. Frey? The shortest road is five miles and better; but it is a good wagon track."

Briefly, after some hours of slow and painful carriage, the patient

still living, groaning, and stimulated at intervals with brandy, the vehicle reached the entrance of Fairleigh Lodge.

Binkley rode ahead to break the news to the wretched man's mother. She staggered from her chair to meet her son, who was still living, though groaning incessantly, and evidently in great agony; when, at the very entrance, the last frail threads of life gave way, and the miserable woman fell forward, feebly grasping at the mattress, as they bore the dying man into the hall.

When they raised her from the floor she was dead! In a single instant the withered heart had ceased to beat!

"Ef that ain't God's Providence and judgment, then I'm a sinner past saving!" cried Sam Fuller. "It was jest so, in that very way, that old Mrs. Carter tumbled forward and died right away, when she heard of Rose, and how she was dead at our house! It's a God's judgment!"

Edward Fairleigh survived his mother but a few hours. A surgeon had been promptly summoned; but it needed very slight examination to satisfy him that the case was beyond his reach. He died, in great suffering to the last, conscious to the last, but speaking little.

A coroner's inquest sat upon the body. There was no discord among the witnesses. The transaction was beheld by the hunters of both parties; and when brought before a grand jury, the case was dismissed as one of justifiable homicide, in self-defence.

Mrs. Fairleigh, the younger, sitting sadly in her chamber, in humble lodgings at Asheville, was sud-

denly waited upon by Colonel Henderson.

His tidings naturally shocked and horrified her. He brought to her the first news of the catastrophe.

"Your case abates. The act of God has released you far more effectually than could any act of man."

So the lawyer summed up the results to herself, as follows:

"Mr. Fairleigh survived his mother some five hours. He inherited the estate the moment she expired, and you inherit as his widow. There was no will, and there is no other heir. You have no competitor, and your claims need few legal steps to be fully recognized. Assuming that you would desire me to do all that may be and should be done, in respect to your interest, I have already initiated all the necessary proceedings. I have also seen to the proper burial of your husband and his mother."

"But how can I take this property, Colonel Henderson, considering the steps I have already taken, and the last relations I had with Mr. Fairleigh?"

"By all the rights of law, justice, and an honorable conscience. You will please believe, Mrs. Fairleigh, that I will compel you to no step which I do not regard as proper, equally in the courts of law and conscience. Enough in this respect."

Mrs. Fairleigh, soon after taking possession of the estate, left it in charge of Colonel Henderson, and proceeded to England, and accompanied only by the faithful Bridget. She came back the ensuing year, accompanied by an aunt and uncle, well stricken in years, who lived with her during the rest of their lives. She remained a widow, hon-

ored as a lady to the last, having survived all her fashionable tastes, and grown into a useful housekeeper and an amiable hostess.

"Rosedale" one day beheld the return home, after an absence of nearly five years, with the exception of brief and occasional visits of Mike Baynam and young Fuller, now an accomplished gentleman and scholar. He was a graduate at college with first honors; had studied theology; was admitted to orders in the Episcopal Church, and became a famous pulpit orator, much to the delight of his mother and the astonishment of his father. He was preaching successfully, and when last heard from in one of the border counties of North Carolina, greatly beloved by his flock, and honored by all outside of it. The "*Cub of the Panther*" sate humbly under his preaching of a Sunday, but only when he was able to carry him a fine buck the day before. Mike Baynam and Sam Fuller lived to a green old age, and were still living when last heard from, and still occasionally engaged in a hunt; the one at seventy-five, the other at seventy-two years of age. But Mattie Fuller has been long since gathered to her mothers, having left five stalwart sons, all hunters like their sire, are farmers, but never one of them, as Sam Fuller expressed it, to hold a candle to Mike Baynam Fuller! Our "*Cub of the Panther*" still lives; but following the example of his guardian, whom he still regarded as his father, he eschews the pursuit of woman, and walks in none of their ways, though it is said that, in spite of the brand upon his forehead, there are some of them who will throw themselves in his way.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

V.—SAM HOUSTON.

THE "Hero of San Jacinto," as his friends used to call him, was capital company. He was exceedingly full of anecdote, and his reminiscences of the Nashville bar, in his younger days, when General Jackson, Tom Benton, Felix Grundy, and others equally famous, rode circuit there, were very entertaining. He was courtier-like enough when he chose to be, but in his ordinary intercourse with people, he had very much the free and easy manner of the backwoodsman. It sat well on him, however, and carried with it a deal of that magnetism so difficult to describe, with which the popular men of the southwest used to draw all sorts of people to their support. Occasionally Sam would get in bad odor with the Texans—his enemies would make the people there clamor against him; but he had only to take the stump to recover his fading popularity. He must have been a winning, off-hand speaker. An old fellow once said to me about him—"He's a pow'ful man, sir—pow'ful as he's great. Jes let you and some other high-larn't chap git a disco'sin' on somethin' Gin'rl Sam don't know nothin' about—'Gyptian heerygleyephics, frinst'ns. He'll listen an' won't say nary the word ontwill yer pooty nigh worn out. Then he'll open, and he'll satisfy yeh dreckly of two things—fust, that both of yeh onderstand yerselves cl'arly; seckunt, that neither of yeh don't know

the fust word yer talkin' about; an' las'ly, that he knows mo' about the subjeck than both of yeh together. Oh, I tell *you*, Gin'rl Sam's pow'ful, he is. He kin wind 'em—he kin."

I remember a curious ins'tance of Houston's fascinating power. In the winter of 1846, Hugh Hastings, then of the *Albany Knickerbocker*, came to Washington. He was not king of the lobby then—was a little unsophisticated, and not as familiar with notabilities as now. He was anxious to see the lions, and among the rest Sam Houston. I took him first to General Rusk's sleeping-room, where we staid but ten or twelve minutes, and from thence to that of Houston, who was on the same floor with myself. I tapped at the door, and we walked in at the General's loudly-given invitation. Houston was lying on the carpet with his feet to the fire, and using his wrists and hands for a pillow—a camp-trick of comfort.

"Get up, General. I have a friend here"—and I presented Hastings in due form.

Sam raised himself up—shook hands with Hastings, and said: "I'm glad to see any friend of yours, Doctor; but as he's your friend, I'll take the same liberty as I would with you, and ask him to excuse me from rising. I'm taking it camp-fashion, for I'm tired; and if you don't like to follow my example, there are chairs—and there's the bed. Make yourselves comfortable. Do you

stay long in Washington, Mr. Hastings?"

And then he began. For two hours he poured out a stream of anecdote, some of it entirely new to me, who had heard him in that way a hundred times, and all of it new to my companion. Story after story followed each other, until at length I had to tear Hastings away. When we left the room, the latter turned to me, and with a long-drawn breath, said, "what a wonderful man that is!" And while he was in town he would recur to it often, saying: "I wouldn't have missed seeing him for anything." I question whether Hugh would admire any notable man now—much. "Familiarity breeds contempt." Hastings has had all the chance since to see how really small the "great men" of the public are. Then it was all new and lovely.

Gen. Rusk, Houston's colleague, was very much devoted to Houston, however, though he was perfectly familiar with all of Houston's weak points—quite as familiar as Lamar, or Commodore Moore, his foe, or "Cora Montgomery"—that astute politician, and born female diplomatist, who still survives in the full vigor of her extraordinary mental power, though as Mrs. Cazneau, she has faded away into the shades of Dominican politics. There is no doubt that to Rusk, and not to Houston, the success at San Jacinto was due; but Rusk would never allow his friends to state his claims, lest Houston would be annoyed at it. Houston fascinated him, as he did most people. Rusk was a man to grow on you. Intellectually, he was not Houston's equal, though a

man of mark; but he was a frank, brave, and chivalrous man.

Houston's history, prior to his Texan adventures, was a curious one. He went to bed one night, the best loved man in Tennessee, and woke up the next morning the most detested. It was a Lord Byron business—with a variation. He resigned his office, repudiated his wife quietly, and suffered all the blame to fall on his own head. He could have exculpated himself readily enough, as a few people well knew. The story is one that will not bear telling in print—except by Mrs. Stowe, who would revel in it. From Nashville, disgusted with civilization, Sam went among the Indians to live, and became reckless for awhile. His habits, at that period of history, may be inferred from the title given him by his red-skinned companions, the English of which was "Big Drunk." But on his return to the companionship of white men, when disgust had sated itself, Houston reformed all that.

One of the funniest epistles in Houston's life was the "reprimand" business. A member of Congress said something offensive on the floor of the House, whereupon Sam forgot the member's privilege of being abusive with impunity. He violated the Constitution of the United States, called the offender to account in another place for "words spoken in debate," and shook the State in the person of a Representative of the sovereign people. Sam was arraigned at the bar of the House, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the Speaker. I forget the exact words, but the language of the third officer of the government was to this effect:

"Mr. Houston, you have committed a breach of the privileges of this House. I am directed to reprimand you, and you are accordingly reprimanded." Exit Houston from the bar, none the worse for the operation.

Houston occasionally sported a waistcoat of skin—whether a deer's or panther's, I forget—and this divided the attention of the town with the gorgeous waistcoat of Felix Grundy M'Connell, which last bit of apparel was moulded after the pattern of Joseph's gift coat. Occasionally Sam would enter the Senate in a Mexican serape. These little eccentricities of dress were not amiss in a man of six feet and upwards, finely proportioned, and with the port and dignity of the mythical Indian chief of romance and the drama. I sometimes think that Forrest must have studied Houston with great care before he undertook the part of Metamora.

Washington was very lively that session. Beau Hickman was at his zenith; Burton's Theatre was burned down at this time; Cave Johnson was diligently engaged in saving candle-ends in the Post Office Department; Clay was laying pipe for the Presidency, to be laid out in the end by his own friends; Wilmot was planning his "proviso;" the Mexican war was in full blast, and the town full of all kinds of inventors, adventurers, schemers, and parlor colonels; the Senate still boasted such men as Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Cass, Benton, King, Buchanan, Mangum, Hunter, Colquitt and Badger; and Dixon H. Lewis was the terror of hackmen, and the wonder of several visitors.

VI.—DIXON H. LEWIS.

The last sentence brings Lewis to my memory. To most people the Alabama Senator was a mere Lambert. He certainly was the fattest man I ever saw. I remember one time calling at the room of Cottrell, a member from Alabama, and finding Judge Dargan there. The latter proposed, as Lewis had been unwell, but was now getting better, we should go to his apartments, and amuse him by a game of whist. So we did. Lewis was in his dressing-gown, and for some reason we were scant of chairs, and he sat on the bed, with table before him. I was on his left, and unexpectedly trumped his strongest suit. He threw back his arm with a gesture of impatience—his dressing-gown flew open, and—as he had not even put on his drawers, having risen from bed when we came in, I caught a momentary glimpse of his extremities in the costume of Father Adam. I think, without the slightest exaggeration, that his thigh was thicker than my body. On one occasion, his weight caused him to break through the bottom of a hackney coach, and he was severely injured in his endeavor to keep time with the horses, before his Jehu was able to comprehend the situation and stop the coach. After that, the coachmen could not understand his signals when he hailed them, and if he endeavored to secure a coach at a stand, always found it had been previously engaged by some mythical personage who was just around the corner.

Lewis was good-natured, but naturally enough objected to a very prolonged gaze. On one occasion

he was seated on a settee in the Capitol grounds when a rustic passed. The latter eyed him curiously, returned and lingered around. The Senator felt he was the object of impertinent scrutiny, and chafed at it. The countryman looked a little longer, and plucking up courage, said :

"Excuse me, sir, but how much mought you weigh?"

"A ton, d—n you!" cried Lewis, in a voice loud enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers. His questioner staid not on the order of his going, but went at once.

But Lewis was no mere Lambert. He was a man of undoubted capacity, and a man of weight in both senses of the term. He was listened to with respect and attention, and his opinions had full force with his colleagues. He always held, and deservedly, the confidence of his State.

I have mentioned Judge Dargan. In a recent book Mr. Pollard makes a brutal attack on this gentleman. I saw a deal of him at one time, and unless he has much changed since then, the assault is utterly undeserved. Dargan struck me as a man of sound sense—a little odd, perhaps, but with sterling qualities, and possessed of a dry, quaint humor, and a habit of speaking his mind frankly, and with occasional bluntness. A certain politician at one time incurred his dislike, and one of his friends mentioned his name, and added that he had his eye on the supreme bench. "That may be," said Dargan, "but it is the only part of his person that will ever get there."

VII.—RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

Whether Johnson killed T. cum-

the, or not, is still a moot question. I rather think he did. At all events, he would have remained the undoubted slayer of that quarter-breed, had he not been a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Politicians are remorseless iconoclasts, if the idol be of the opposite side. Johnson was as famous for his waistcoat as Sam Houston—a little more so, for he wore a scarlet one at all times, while Houston only sported his on high days and great occasions. I first saw him when he was making the tour of the East, as a possible candidate for the Presidency, under guidance of certain politicians who were to come to great honor and gain if he succeeded. The more silly they, since the original friends of a successful candidate generally come to grief, and the men who come in at the eleventh hour reap the major profits. A Committee was appointed in Philadelphia to escort him on his way to New York, and deliver him half way to another Committee from New York. Of the former I was a member, and we met the latter body at the house of John R. Thompson, in Princeton, where we dined by invitation. I cared nothing about Johnson, and knew he would have no chance for the nomination, but served to oblige friends of mine, who were friends of his. After dinner, he happened to be thrown with me awhile, when he grew confidential, and to prevent his disclosures taking the shape they threatened, I frankly told him my real position. He neither changed countenance, nor made a break, but said: "In that case, I have perfect confidence that you won't betray me"—and went on with his story. This was very curious, and would amuse

the reader, but one of the parties implicated is still alive—"a prosperous gentleman"—and if he were not, his connections would feel by no means pleasant were the thing to become public.

I met Johnson once afterwards, when our talk was on something else than politics. He gave some curious details of his life at home, from which I was led to believe that he lived in a state of great simplicity—in fact, in backwoods style. He was a plain, respectable country gentleman, of moderate natural ability and slender attainments—just the stuff of which they make Presidents generally; but I think he was too honest for the tricksters.

VIII.—CORNELIUS P. VAN NESS.

Van Ness had been Governor of Vermont in the days when that State occasionally elected a Democratic official, and afterwards was envoy to Spain, at a time when it was not considered necessary that an ambassador to that country should be devoid of honor, honesty, and a decent reputation. During the latter part of the Tyler administration, he was Collector of the Port of New York, and I saw a great deal of him. He had a very troublesome time of it, as all Collectors have, in the distribution of patronage, and I assisted him a little without being asked. He never refused me an appointment, and the result was that I was much pestered for an influence not so great as it was supposed to be. One day Henry C. Atwood, who was Surveyor at the time, asked me to get a certain party a place, and I did so. The week after he came to me with a similar request, stating that the applicant was a worthy

man, with a large family, and so on. I thought this was rather crowding matters, but when I met the Collector I mentioned the man's name favorably. Van Ness looked at me fixedly, and said: "Didn't Atwood ask you for this appointment?" I laughed, and answered in the affirmative. "I thought so. He asked me a week since, and I evaded the matter. The man is really deserving, I believe; but no more so than a dozen others that I shall have to disappoint. I'll give it to you; but don't let the Surveyor use you." "He'll scarcely ask me again," I said. "We'll see," was the reply. A week had not passed before Atwood had another candidate; but this time I declined, telling Van Ness, however, who laughed.

Van Ness not only had the confidence of the Tyler administration, but the respect of its successor. When it became necessary to remove him, it was done after consultation with him, and a certain number of his appointments were promised to be respected—a promise scrupulously kept.

During the campaign of 1844, it became necessary, in order to carry New York State for Polk, that the patronage of the Custom-house and Post-office should be used in his behalf—especially as it was known that certain gentlemen, who were afterwards in the Free Soil party, were endeavoring secretly to defeat him. The arrangements to this effect were mainly made in New York city, and Van Ness was in the movement. Through him I was apprized of the phases of the negotiation, and at this day it is amusing to recall who opposed it all through, and their transparent motives. As it was, Mr.

Polk was far behind the State ticket, and this patronage alone prevented the electoral votes of the State from being given to Mr. Clay. At that time there was no electric telegraph, and news of the election was brought by express, or the ordinary lines. For several days after the election, the matter was in doubt. The first news was favorable, and I ordered the office of our paper to be illuminated. Late in the afternoon I met Van Ness, who showed me dispatches by the evening boat from Albany, giving unexpected gains by the Whigs. I went to the office gloomy enough. The publisher, who was a Clay man, asked me if he should light up, and the quiet smile on his countenance showing that he had the news too, brought an answer that had more force than politeness. The next night Van Ness sent me a slip showing the result, and the windows glowed brilliantly in a short while after.

After leaving the Custom-house, the Collector's brother, a wealthy resident of Washington, died, and Cornelius became his heir. There was a curious claimant for the estate in the person of a pretended wife, and her claim made a great noise for the time. I saw the ex-Collector but once before his death, when we had a very pleasant time in talking over old affairs.

IX.—STEPHEN E. RICE.

I think his name was Stephen, though long as I knew him, he had no other Christian appellation than "Counsellor." He was one of the odd characters usually found in old comedies. Possessed of a good deal of natural piety, he always bobbed his head whenever the name of the

Deity was mentioned; and as he had the habit of using the exclamation, "God help us!" to point his sentences, his head was kept as constantly in motion as one of those nodding Mandarins that, in my younger days, used to ornament the mantel-piece. The introduction to one speech of his in court, in Philadelphia, will give the reader a notion of his manner. "If it please the Court—God help us! [bob] my unhappy client—God help us! [bob] who has the misfortune among other misfortunes—God help us! [bob] to have me for his counsel—God help us! [bob] has at least the consolation—God help us! [bob] of being entirely innocent of the charge—God help us! [bob] as we shall proceed to show this Court and jury!—God help us!" [bob] The effect of this, delivered with a rich Dublin accent, and the utmost fervor and earnestness, may be imagined. As he warmed up, however, the pious prayer would become less frequent, and only appear now and then, to round off the end of a paragraph.

Rice was a profound Greek scholar. One day, as I was passing through the Custom-house building, I met him in the basement. He was, at that time, an inspector—"in attendance on the surveyor,"—which was a kind of pensionship; such inspectors being chosen from among those unfitted for active duty. He button-holed me, and began a dissertation upon Homer. I was in a great hurry, but did not like to wound his feelings by an abrupt departure; so I hitched and hemmed, and said: "ah!" and "yes!" at every pause of his discourse. My ejaculations he took to

be critical. When I said: "ah!" once, he exclaimed: "I see, I see—God help us! You take the meaning to be different, on account of the participle—God help us! But don't you perceive the anterior passage, where Agamemnon?" etc. To my "yes!" delivered in a dubious tone, he answered: "Is it that you mean? God help us! There's reason in the doubt; and I've often thought myself, that the passage would bear a different construction.—God help us! But if you'll reflect that Nestor previously had made the observation," etc.; and this "dialogue of one" was kept up for nearly an hour, when I escaped, by diverting his attention to another topic, or by some one relieving me—I really forget which. A few days afterwards I met a friend in Broadway. After we had exchanged the customary platitudes, he said to me: "I never knew till yesterday, that you were so profound in Greek."

"Me! I never knew much Greek, and what little I learned, I have almost entirely forgotten."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Certainly. I couldn't quote an un mutilated sentence."

"Why, I thought Counsellor Rice was a great Greekist?"

"He is said to be by competent judges; a perfect Porson, minus the liquor."

"Well, he told me and a number of others, yesterday, that he met you last week in the Custom-house, and you gave him one of the most learned and critical dissertations on the Iliad, that he ever heard. He said that you brought out beauties of the text, and cleared up doubts as to disputed passages, in a way that put to shame all the commentaries."

Whence it follows, that shrugs, nods, and impatient ejaculations, are sometimes a better basis to a reputation than solid learning.

THE ANTIQUES AT PARIS.

FROM SCHILLER.

What Grecian magic brought to life,
The Frenchman, victor in the strife,
 May rudely bear away;
And in the gorgeous hall of state
His trophied spoils may contemplate,
 And to the world display.

But oh! for him 'tis silent all—
Each rests upon its pedestal,
 Nor springs to warmer life,
The muses smile on him alone
Who loves but them; and, cold as stone,
 They scorn the sons of strife.

ABOUT LODGINGS.

In Paris, it is rather fashionable than otherwise for even persons of rank and fortune to live in apartments. Houses of some pretensions to style are planned for the comfort of inmates who occupy but a single floor. The parties who dwell in the *entresol* are unknown to those who occupy the first floor, and the family which lodges *au troisieme* has no acquaintance with the people who reside in the attic. Wealth from the first floor passes Poverty on its way to the garret, as it would in the street. The staircase is an avenue, not part of the house. In New York city, there is an attempt at this kind of thing, but not always successful. It depends a deal on the nationality of your landlord. The Frenchman or German considers the apartments he lets you, whether furnished or unfurnished, as much your own as though you occupied a separate house. He regards you as a neighbor under the same roof. You pay your rent, and he washes his hands of you and your doings. You may pound your wife, or get drunk in your rooms, or hold a prayer-meeting three times a week—so long as you do it without disturbing him too much—it is none of his business. With the Englishman or American it is a different affair. Your host insists on counting you as part of his household; he watches over your moral conduct with incessant care; he investigates the contents of your dinner-pot; he peeks, he peers, he

pries and he peeps; he feels his responsibility as your self-chosen guardian. You make too much noise in your apartments, which is disagreeable, or too little, which is suspicious; your Jacky, or Mary Ann, talks too loudly, or runs too quickly in the passage-way; you come home too late, or go out too early—you are, in fact, put under surveillance. As a general rule, then, never take apartments from one "to the manner born," for to the manner of it he has not probably been bred. *Propos* to which, let me give a few leaves from the book of my own experience.

Years since, before the street was given over to English chop-houses and less reputable things, and before fashionable folk had entirely flitted far above Union Square, I had lodgings in West Houston street, with a French family. The master of the house was a jeweler—the mistress, a music-teacher—for in these foreign families husband and wife are literally partners, and the wife does her share of work towards increasing the common property. We hired the two old-fashioned parlors running the depth of the house, with a room in the garret for a servant, and the front basement for a kitchen and servant's room. We had hot water at all hours *a discretion*. The door was answered by the servants of the house, who were instructed to attend to our immediate wants when our servant wa

not at hand. We never had any trouble. The children were the favorites of the house; from the hostess and servants there was nothing for us but cheery looks and words; we came in and went out without any impertinent scrutiny, and had all the comforts of housekeeping at a small cost. But *madame sa femme* went to Europe, the house was given up, and we had to set up our household gods elsewhere.

Our next venture was not so fortunate. We obtained furnished rooms in a neighboring street. Our host was a moderately wealthy Italian, an ex-music master, over seventy years of age. Himself and wife could not agree save on one thing, namely, that it was best for them to occupy separate houses. She lived elsewhere. He had a housekeeper, a middle-aged, vixenish Irishwoman, with sharp features and snappish eyes, who had perfect control of her master—or rather was herself master and mistress of the establishment. She took a dislike to our oldest daughter, and the little girl returned this with interest. Of course, the mother resented this, and things became as warm as though there were two mothers-in-law in the house. I found a house in the rural districts which suited me better, and this for many years closed our connection with furnished lodgings in New York. It may be as well to mention that the old Italian died soon after, and left all his estate to his shrewish housekeeper. There was a lively time between her and the widow, and how it terminated I never cared to inquire. There was some unpleasant gossip about the domestic relations—started probably by the aggrieved widow—but I

never had any faith in it. The housekeeper was undoubtedly a sycophant, but nothing worse.

For some years we remained in our country home, until business called me to town for the winter, when, to escape the cost and demoralization of hotel life, I sought furnished lodgings again. This time I found shelter under the roof of a German physician, who had more room in his house than his family required. He was a man of culture and refinement, with a large brain and a high sense of honor, and being skillful in his profession, had a paying practice. His wife was in a hurry to be rich, and forced him into various speculations, each of which was unhappy. He was a Hebrew, but fulfilled none of the traditional and popular idea of a Jew, being liberal and free-hearted, with no trace of avarice and meanness about him. He is dead now—light be the turf on his remains. It was not the policy of his wife to let everybody know that rooms were let in that fine, large, brown stone front house, with all the modern improvements. Consequently, we had the use of the handsomely furnished parlors in which to entertain our friends. We had the free use of the servants, and unlimited hot water—actual and not metaphorical. The lodgers were looked on in the light of guests who found their own meals. It was a very pleasant affair all round. There was a lady in the house whose husband was in the “oil regions” most of his time—a woman with whose connections and antecedents we happened to be familiar. But on the next floor was a family of whom we knew nothing, except that the head of it was a

singer at the opera—a fact we learned by accident. We thus learned his name, but we doubt whether he knew ours. As for his wife and daughter, we passed them sometimes on the stairs, I suppose, but we would not be able to recognize them. All this was very pleasant, and when Spring came, we returned to our rural home with regret.

Some years passed before we came to New York again. Then it was necessary that I should reside in town, and for business purposes should live on the east side. We found a place where the hostess was a respectable, middle-aged lady—the mother, though nominally the head of the house, being too old and infirm to be taken into account. She had a good many estimable traits, but was not well fitted for her business. She was a bad financier to begin with, always in debt and always in trouble, occasionally seeking you to ask an advance of money before it was due, and she had a queer set of lodgers—respectable in their way, but queer. As she often came to me to help her out of pecuniary trouble, I became the unwilling recipient of a good many singular bits of information about other parties; but as these were of no interest to me, I have positively forgotten the names of the people, though some few of the occurrences remain in memory.

Two rooms in the basement, and one on the first floor, were occupied by a German physician. He had a second wife, and had had a child by the first. The latter was a little boy, whose life, I think, was not particularly blissful. The servant maid cuffed him, the step-mother thrashed him, and the father, when he

came in, at the polite request of wife and maid, would do his share of punishment. They thrash walnut trees to make them grow. The process does not seem to help boys. The little fellow used to pass me in the hall sometimes. He was pallid, thin, and hollow-eyed, with a scared look and a timid manner. Part of his punishment was to be deprived of his meals, and it appeared as though he had to endure a deal of this kind of discipline. It was none of my affair, however—he was no kin of mine, and like the Levite, I passed him by on the other side of the road.

On the second floor—the house was double and very large—were two families, who waged continual, though hidden warfare. One pater familias was studying music, having a magnificent tenor voice, which he was fitting for operatic singing, making his living, meanwhile, by singing in the choir of a fashionable church. He would practice half the night. The other party was engaged in business which kept him out until midnight, and when he came home he wanted to sleep, at least, after he had quarreled enough with his wife, which was his practice nightly. So he gently remonstrated at the noise in the next apartments, by performing a solo with the poker on a tin kettle. The effect was not pleasant to persons of musical ear. Verdi has produced a great effect by the noise of a hammer on an anvil; but he would have failed, I think, had he introduced a tin kettle, or frying pan, *obligato*. The clash of poker on sheet iron was not so bad as the contending voices of husband and wife. This noisy difference was kept up for

some time—continually in fact, until the parties who did not admire tenor voices sought lodgings elsewhere.

It was very amusing to see our landlady's endeavors to maintain peace between the contending parties, and her fluttering here and there, like a hen with a troublesome brood of chickens. However, her lease terminated, and I did not like her successor sufficiently well to stay. What became of the rest of the lodgers, I did not care to inquire. I presume they found places to suit them.

As for me, I obtained lodgings in an adjoining street. The landlord was a book-keeper, a civil, inoffensive fellow of himself, an Englishman. His wife, like numerous other people when they roam far from home, used to boast of the noble blood in her veins, being the forty-eleventh cousin of Lord Nozo, of Nowhere Hall, Ayreshire. She was a stout, fleshy virago, fond of porter and a variety of viands, and was a queer mixture of snobbery and insolence. As I paid, in return for one floor, nearly the entire rent of the house, she was at first disposed to be civil and even servile. But she annoyed my wife and daughters, and undertook a supervision of my affairs. This at first I laughed at. A daughter of hers, however, had undertaken to keep a boarding-house, and having failed, brought herself and her goods to the house. From that time the place was run down by the creditors of the latter comer, who were not aware that the carpets and other things, for which, as they had not been paid for, they had an affectionate regard, were concealed in an attic. Melancholy

carpet sellers, in search of debt and debtor; sad liquor dealers, seeking compensation for the divers cases of wines and brandies that had disappeared; sorrowful furniture vendors, whose chairs and sofas had brought no return, came like shadows, and so departed. The impecunious daughter was never at home—wasn't her home broken up? or had just gone out—in the back yard; or was out on a long journey—to the attic, to wit; and in course of time they all ceased their visits, and put their debts among the Limbo of things that were. Having so successfully regulated her own affairs, and sighing like the Macedonian for new worlds to conquer, she undertook the concerns of the family. She informed her mother that we were allowed too much kitchen privileges, that when we had over a certain quantity of hot water we were ruthlessly invading the rights of the landlady, and so worked upon her venerable and ale-bibbing progenitrix that the latter forgot prudence altogether, and proceeded straightway to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. At first, it was only amusing, and it is possible that the effect would have died out with the cause—for in due time the daughter would have ceased futile efforts—but there happened to be two grown sons in the house. One of these was a half-idiot, and the other a worthless ne'er-do-well. The former innocently insulted our visitors, denied us when we were in, and sent up people when we were out—gave vile answers to persons who inquired about us, and had a fondness for entering my private writing-room. There his tread was heavy, and shook a demi-john in the

closet so much that the liquor leaked through the pores of the glass. The other son came home drunk one evening in custody of a policeman, followed by a train of yelling men and boys, who formed a crowd around the door. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. So long as he staggered home quietly it was no concern of ours, but a public sot exhibits bad taste—and so we informed the landlady that we should move at the end of the month, and we did.

The consternation was immense. They had lost a profitable tenant. Their chagrin was evident, and they gave way to it fully. An abusive letter, full of spite, threats, inuendoes and bosh, was sent to me. It was signed by the man, but was the evident concoction of the mother

and daughter. I keep it among my curiosities of literature.

I never could understand why some enterprising capitalist does not build a number of houses a grade above those called "tenement." It has been done in a small way, and pays. Why is it not carried out on a large scale? Houses constructed with a large hall through the centre, with every floor distinct, well-ventilated, handsome in appearance, "with all the modern improvements," having an office for an obliging janitor; some furnished and some unfurnished, according to need, would be always filled with tenants of good character and prompt payment. Some of those days, either by a millionaire or a joint stock company, the thing will be done to the profit of all concerned.

MAN OR MONKEY—WHICH?

There be philosophers who hold
That in the pleasant days of old,
Man was an ape,
Who, through the ages since creation,
Has undergone a transformation,
And got his present shape,
His walk, his speech and understanding,
Fair face and port commanding.

But, if they play in politics,
As they have done of late such tricks,
I think it plain,
That, tired of keeping human figures,
The whole caboodle, whites and niggers,
Have turned to apes again,
Ready to squat upon their haunches,
Or swing themselves from pendent branches.

TOESCH RINGOLD.

AT FIFTY.

The passions, tears, the hopes and fears,
 And all the dreams of early years,
 Forever gone ;
 Clouds are upon the sky ; the light
 Has gone before the starless night
 That knows no dawn.

Two score and ten ! a decade more,
 And on the sluggish river's shore,
 I, shivering, stand ;
 To plunge within its wave ; the beach
 Shelves steeply off—when shall I reach
 The thither land ?

No matter ! I have drunk the draught
 Which others in their turn have quaffed,
 And more will drink ;
 If thinking give such pangs as these,
 They stand the better chance for ease
 Who never think.

The passions of my early youth,
 My trust in woman and her truth—
 All these have fled ;
 The ardent hope I had to be
 The maker of my destiny—
 All this is dead.

Instead, a sense of utter loss,
 No crown succeeding to the cross ;
 Lonely and old ;
 Hopeless to get, yet all to gain ;
 Past all desire and wish and pain
 The heart acold.

This then is death ; for that is life
 Which carries with it wish for strife,
 And power to strive ;
 And I, who suffer all to go
 With a dull, nameless, aimless wo,
 Am not alive.

THE SUSPICIOUS STRANGER.

I REMEMBER, some years since, a series of circumstances, trifling of themselves, but occurring in succession, which made a stranger an object of very proper suspicion, and provoked a marvellous amount of penetration from several persons not usually gifted with that quality in excess.

The place was in a country village in the State of New Jersey. Now, it is a considerable town through which a railroad runs—and I have observed that the same Providence which decrees that great rivers should always run by cities of considerable size, has also provided that railroads shall pass by growing towns. If a village is one that is not destined to grow, a railroad is never suffered to pass within a mile of it. Then, however, there were no railroads, no gas, no Grecian bends, nothing in fact of the comforts which have passed from the condition of luxuries to that of necessities. There were no railroads, but there were stage coaches, and one of those clumsy conveyances dropped a passenger, on the twenty-fourth of December—in the midst of a snow storm, at the door of the principal inn—the Farmer's Home—kept by Solomon J. Packer.

Now here was a suspicious thing, to begin with. What could bring a stranger—for such he was—to an out of the way country village, in mid-winter, by a stage-coach, and in a howling storm? But if that

awakened attention, the first words of the stranger aroused distrust.

"This is the devil's own day," he said. "Landlord, I think I'll eat my Christmas dinner with you tomorrow."

The phrase "the devil's own day," savored of profanity. Besides, it was untrue. Every one knows that the Father of Lies, and patron of liars, keeps everything at fever heat in his vast and undescribed dominion, and has nothing to do with snow storms. For if anything flaky falls from his sky, it is soot and not snow. No sleigh bells, according to the best internal geographers, ever jingle in his country—no egg-nog is ever dispensed to his revelers—a fiddle would be in ashes in five seconds—and blankets, foot warmers, and fur cloaks are unknown in that quarter. Then, again, any reputable person, instead of going to an out of the way place to take pot luck with a rural landlord, eats his dinner at home, if he have a home, with his family, if he have a family. If he have neither a home, nor a family, he must be a poor fellow indeed. If profanity and falsehood, and the lack of home and family, be not grounds for regarding a stranger with suspicion, what can cause people to suspect?

But there were confirmatory proofs in time.

I had heard of the stranger's arrival, and the strange remark he had made, and determined to keep a

sharp look out for the new-comer. I was a young man at the time, but I was already known for the rudiments of that penetration which became, in after years, my characteristic—that keen scent for other people's affairs, which in a twelvemonth after made it necessary for me to leave the village and go—but that's my private affair, and of no interest to the reader. I determined to see what kind of man this was who had come surreptitiously in a stage-coach to a peaceful community to fathom his diabolical purpose, and to hold him up to the gaze and execration of an aroused and indignant people. So when night came, wrapped in my purpose and an overcoat, I took my way to The Farmer's Home.

By the way, I never could find out why the house was named The Farmer's Home. The farmers did not go there—they patronised the other house, The Sailor's Rest. And there was another puzzle. There were no sailors about—the place was far inland. I think, however, the landlord of the Rest had been the mate of a canal-boat a few years before, which explained his love for the nautical term.

I found, though it was just after supper, quite a number assembled in the bar-room, clustered around the huge wood-stove—a massive tentacle affair—and engaged in consuming quantities of the landlord's cider-brandy, famed for being pure, old and oily—none of your abominable apple-jack of the present day. Ah! what with lager beer and teetotalism, and the waste of apples by eating them, we have no such liquor now! I found the village squire, the village lawyer, the village doc-

tor, the two village shoemakers, the village tailor, and half a dozen of idlers, engaged in discussing the theme which I had come prepared to start, and they had already nosed one or two points that confirmed the general gravity of the situation.

It appeared, that just about dark, the stranger had left the inn, and taken a walk through the snow. This was singular, and Noblett, the tailor, by whose shop he passed, and who had already heard of this suspicious and slippery customer, determined to track him in his career of crime. So dropping the clergyman's coat, to which he was giving some repairs, he replaced his slippers with boots, threw on his great coat hastily, and slipped out after the stranger. He kept near enough to see him, and found that he made his way down the road and up Gunter's lane, until he came to old Granny Perry's house, just opposite the mill. There he knocked and was admitted. The tailor waited for awhile, and as the stranger did not come out crept cautiously up. He couldn't hear any words, beyond the buzz of voices in conversation, but he heard Granny's hysterical laugh two or three times, and the stranger rising to leave, of course, he didn't want to eaves-drop, Noblett said, and he at once left, and came to the bar-room.

Now, Granny Perry was the landlord's sister. The stranger evidently knew where to find her—must know her. Yet the landlord declared he didn't know him. Here were points of suspicion. What he could possibly want with an infirm old woman, unless to cajole and rob her, no one could understand.

While we were discussing the

tailor's story, the door opened, and the stranger entered, interrupting and cutting short a proposition that I was making, that we should promptly and summarily interrogate the man as to his purposes in thus violating the peace and disturbing the quiet of the place. I had a good look at him, and his appearance justified all our doubts. He was a man apparently of middle age—somewhere between thirty and fifty. There were a few streaks of white in his locks, and he wore a moustache. Now no one in those days—except a stray Italian organ-grinder, or a wandering French dancing-master—let the beard grow on their upper lip or chin. Respectable people either shaved clean, or sported a pair of mutton-chop whiskers. This man was no organ-grinder—at least, he was too florid for an Italian; and he was too full-faced for a Frenchman—all of that nationality who had previously visited us being lean of visage, and high cheek-boned. Then he was exceedingly well-dressed—had on spotless linen, and both his coats were of fine cloth, and well-made—a little different in fashion from those in the village, but foreign places had not such tailors as we possessed.

The stranger drew his chair towards the stove, but said nothing to any one. He seemed wrapped up in his own fancies. There was a dead silence for awhile. At length Dr. Perkenpine said to Lawyer Norris: "Do you think the Freeholders intend to strengthen the jail before the spring, Norris?"

"I think they'd better," was the lawyer's reply.

The stranger seemed to be interested.

"Do you have many rogues here?" he asked.

I thought I'd let him know that we were on our guard, so I said, pointedly enough, I fancy:

"We don't have many of our own; but now and then a stranger comes along that is no better than he should be, and we nose him out, and on the first overt act we lock him up. Fellows in fine broadcloth, and with rings on their fingers—" he had a ring on one of his with a big green stone in it—"can't deceive us—at least they never deceive me."

"Of course not," he answered, "you're too sharp. The village constable, I suppose."

"No, sir, I am a teacher—I"

"Oh! whack little boys, and so forth. Teach the young idea how to shoot. I see. That reminds me of a curious calculation of a mathematical friend of mine. He said that of these twenty odd millions of people in the United States, at least two millions were little children at school. One half were boys and the other half girls. Allowing every boy got five strokes of the rattan every day, and every girl one box on the ear, and that every boy and girl went to school one hundred days in the year, that would make five hundred million strokes, and one hundred million cuffs per annum. Allowing each stroke and cuff to be given with a power sufficient to draw two pounds on a level surface, he calculates how many flour mills all that power, if concentrated, would set in motion, how many loads of hay or stone, or potatoes, it would draw, and so on. And the result is

quite startling."

Every one laughed except myself. I could see nothing to laugh at. But it seemed to thaw things out amazingly. The conversation became general. The stranger had probably travelled some—at all events, he had a good many stories to tell about foreign countries. They were entertaining enough, I admit, but they were not true. I am sure of that, probable as they seemed. If a man had traveled so much, and been where so much was to be seen, why should he come to a retired village in mid-winter, to eat his Christmas dinner at a tavern? I was just on the point of putting that question, when the stranger turned to the landlord and said:

"Have you been keeping this house long, Mr. Packer?"

"About two years now," was the answer.

"You used to be a farmer."

"Yes, and I was tolerable fore-handeñ. But things got wrong with me after my son Nathan went, and I got involved, and was sold out. I've never done very well since, though I manage to make a living."

"Did your son die?"

"I don't know. I suppose he's dead long ago. I havn't heard of him for twenty-one years. He and I had a falling out about a girl he wanted to marry. I interfered and broke off the match. She married another man and did pretty well. He got mad when I told him he'd never be the better of my money, and said he'd never come back until he could buy me and seil me ten times over. So he left. Poor fellow! I reckon he had a hard time of it. He always was a poor far-

mer, and must have suffered. I wish it was to do over again, and I would not be without a son."

"How did your wife bear it?"

"Very badly. She talks of him to this day—thinks she sees him and all that, though she can't see anything, for she is blind these three years."

"Blind!"

The stranger said that as if he was surprised and hurt. However, he went on:

"You must have felt hard to lose the old farm."

"Yes; I always thought I'd get it back, but I never will now. It's sold, I hear, to some man in New York."

"Oh, you don't know. Have you a room where I can write a letter?"

"Yes, sir, the parlor. Say, I'll get a candle and the inkstand."

Just as the two were going out of the room, I put the stranger a question:

"What might your name be, sir?"

He turned round and gave me a strange look.

"It might be Hateful W. Poke-nose," he said, "but it isn't. However, if you want a name for me, you can call me John Sm'th."

And it seemed to me when he went out that he slammed the door.

"John Smith. I guess that's an alias," I said to 'Squire Laidley. "The New York rogues always take it."

"It's likely—it's likely," said the 'Squire.

"I don't see, however," said Norris, "that we have any evidence that this gentleman is a rogue."

"Gentleman!" I said.

"Yes, gentleman. He is a well-

bred, well-informed person, certainly—has seen the world, and is a man of brains and good manners.”

“Well, I don’t see his good manners, snubbing people for civil questions.”

“Oh,” said the Doctor, “there are people who are touchy about being questioned.”

“What! about their name? No honest man is ashamed of his name.”

“That depends somewhat on how the question is put, and how civil you are.”

Just then we heard a cry in the other room. We listened, but it was followed by the buzzing tones of conversation, which we couldn’t make out. They all rose at length to go, and went. I staid. I wanted my night-cap; not that I am or was a drinking man, but I intended to find out, if I could, what the stranger said to the landlord. So I sat there for some time, and at last they both came into the room. I sat in the shadow of the stove, and they did not see me.

“The place is for you, of course,” said the stranger.

“Yes, yes, I know,” said the landlord, “but how to break it to her. You must be cautious. She’s—”

Just then the door opened, and old Parker’s wife, who hadn’t been out of her room for two years, to my certain knowledge, and was as blind as a bat, stood in the doorway. I was startled. So was old Parker, for he ran forward to her.

“Mother,” he said, “how *did* you

find your way down stairs?”

“I want my son,” she answered, “where is he? Nathan—I heard his voice.”

“Here, mother,” said the stranger, and he folded the old woman in his arms.

High time he did, for she fainted dead away. However, they brought her to, and such crying and kissing! Of course I walked out without their seeing me, and I let everybody know next morning that old Parker’s son had come home, and had bought the old farm for his father and mother.

It turned out that Nathan had grown very rich out in the East Indies, and the old people had a handsome place made of the old homestead, and a good income provided. So far so good, but Nathan was *very* rich—with a half million. Now how did he make so much money? There is something suspicious in that. And then his name wasn’t Smith. Why did he say it was? That was very suspicious. And why did he come in that sneaking way, and make himself known to his aunt first, and to his father privately, and not to his mother, until she recognized his voice. Taken altogether, he was a very suspicious stranger. And what makes it all the darker, when I met him in New York one day, two years afterwards, and spoke to him, he just said—“Good day,” and left me. There is something about that man’s history which is mysterious—something suspicious, beyond doubt. It will turn out so—see if it don’t.

ABOUT SABRES AND SUCH.

SINCE CAIN first quarrelled with his brother Abel, and thus caused trouble in the human family and his own, the bearded race of man has been at war with itself, and has devoted a large share of its time and talents to the pleasing business of interspecific strife. Inferior races are equally eager in the work of destruction, but they have not become such perfect masters of means as their white neighbors, either because they never, if Negroes, got beyond the missiles of the savage in their work, or if Mongolian, or Malay, reach a certain point, and there remain. The Caucasian is always seeking more perfect contrivances for dealing death to his enemy, and he brings his restless inventive faculties to bear in the improvement of weapons of war, as in everything else. A record of the progress of mankind in this matter is a curious study, and—as wars will never cease until the millenium, of which there is no immediate prospect—one of great importance. A recent French writer gives us a work on the subject, which in spite of omitting all reference to the American rifle, the bowie-knife, and the revolver, is more thorough than any popular work of the kind yet issued.* In

looking over it, we are struck by the fact that while every other weapon has had to give place in turn to some improved mode of inflicting fatal wounds, the sword holds its position and precedence, and keeps, with but the slightest modifications, the form which it at first took, and is wielded very much now as it was in the days of Achilles.

The cutting weapon of the stone axe is that in use by savages of inferior races to-day—the stone war-axe, which gave a contused rather than an incised wound; and the stabbing weapons were lances and arrows. It was not until the age of bronze, when the sword—the weapon of chivalry, of romance and of song—the only ancient tool of war not yet superseded—began to take shape and beauty, and become one of the chief means of settling the disputes of rulers, and deciding the destiny of nations. And it will be observed how quickly, when a material was used that admitted of decoration, the sword began to be ornate. The Assyrian swords, as seen in the carvings disinterred by Layard and Botta, show a high degree of ornamentation, but principally on the scabbard—the blade being unmarked by devices, and the hilt approximating to simplicity of form. The Greek sword was ornamented, according to Homer, with silver studs on the hilt. The Gallic sword was still more ornate. The blades of the three nations were alike—with two cutting edges, each side

* Arms and Armour in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. Also a Descriptive Notice of Modern Weapons. Translated from the French of M. P. Lacombe, and with a Preface, Notes, and One Additional Chapter on Arms and Armour in England. By Charles Boutwell, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo., pp. 296.—Seventy-two Illustrations.

being similar in its edge and angle. Then, with the introduction of iron, and afterward of steel, the ornamentation extended to the blade, which in some instances even became inlaid with the precious metals. The museums of Europe furnish us with specimens of mediæval workmanship of the most elegant and elaborate character. At present swords of service are plain even to meagreness, and it is only in swords of honor that ornament seems to be permissible. The Romans were always distinguished for the plainness of their weapons, and they favored the short sword, as more effective and causing closer and more deadly combat. The short sword, *par excellence*, of the present day, or rather a short sabre, is the bowie-knife of the American—the most terrible of weapons in a hand to hand combat. This is marked by extreme strength and simplicity—having but one cutting edge the whole length, a stabbing point, and two peculiarities absent in those of foreign make. These consist in making the handle a mere continuation of the blade, being covered with wood or horn plates at the grasp, riveted firmly to the steel, and in being without a guard. The *kris* of the Malay is serpentine, and from its length and power may be called a short sword rather than a dagger; and the scimitar or *yataghan*, crooked outwards to almost a semicircle, depends for its effect more on the dexterity than the strength of the soldier who wields it. For the service of the horse-soldier, however, the nearly straight sabre, or modern cut-and-thrust of the dragoon, is the most effective of

all swords, and fitted either for fierce attack or skillful defence.

The same simplicity is the marked contrast of the stabbing weapons of the present day. The spear of the ancients, and the pikes, halberds, partisans, and guisarmes of the middle ages, often ornamented heavily, have given way to the fluted and triangular bayonet, though the lance still holds an exceptional and dubious position in foreign service, while the arrow, whether short or long, and hence whether delivered from arblast or long-bow, is replaced by the rifle ball.

The cutting weapons of the present day, in use among civilized nations, are the sabre and the bowie-knife—the rapier being only used to decide personal quarrel; and the stabbing weapon on land, the bayonet. It is true that boarding pikes are on board ships of war, but they are merely traditional weapons. Boarding, in these days of shot and shell, and armour-plated ships and revolving turrets, are things of the past. The sabre will retain its place to the end of time, and the present form of the bayonet, combining strength with ease of penetration, is not likely to be improved.

It is interesting to note the progress of the lance the bayonet. At first we have the short head, from the difficulty of managing the material of which it is formed. It lengthens as bronze and iron are introduced, until the introduction of the musket drives it out for the time, and then it reappears as an auxiliary to the more effective weapon—an auxiliary needed when the fight becomes closer. That our ancestors would gladly have used a larger

lance-head, we have no doubt. The savages do when they can. The most effective weapon of the Camanche brave is made from an old Spanish sword blade, stolen during some foray into Mexico, and affixed to the end of a stout ashen shaft. A wonderful body of horsemen are these Western Arabs, and were they capable of drill and discipline, the settlement of the frontier would be both costly and difficult.

When a nation grows attached to a weapon, it gives it up with reluctance, and while it uses it, does it with more effect than other nations could do. Thus the English cross-bow, the Swiss pike, and the Scottish claymore, produced wonderful results in English, Swiss, and Scottish hands. Fire arms displaced these slowly. At one time the English infantry were famous for the bayonet charges with which they decided battles— to-day they are not considered superior to those of other nations in that arm. Indeed, before breech-loaders—though these are weapons whose power is wonderfully exaggerated—the bayonet is as harmless as the larding-needle of the cook. The great achievements won by some people with peculiar weapons are due to the dexterity acquired by long practice, rather than any peculiar adaptation of the weapon to the people. Some exception may be taken in the case of the rifle of the American backwoodsman. Here the man and the weapon just fitted each other—there was great dexterity and perfect fitness.

The swords of the oriental nations are noted for their clumsiness and

weight, as well as for their fanciful shapes—some of the Japanese swords, in particular, looking like immense butcher's cleavers. The lances, on the contrary, are light and graceful. The savage nations—negroes and Indians—avoid swords, lacking the skill to use them, relying upon the lance and the bow, except where they obtain the arms of the bearded race—arms they have not the ingenuity to invent, nor the knowledge to replace. The sword, unused by the savage, is but a clumsy weapon amid semi-civilized peoples. It is only with a race of perfect civilization that it assumes the proper proportions, combining elegance of shape with simplicity of form, divested of all superfluous weight, yet possessed of sufficient metal to make it effective. The sword is the weapon of intelligent and civilized men. Amid all the death-dealing inventions of the day, it holds its own. A nation of swordsmen is necessarily a powerful, and generally a free one. A mastery of the weapon begets confidence and self-poise. Having reached its perfection of shape in the straight sabre, it can only be improved in its material and manufacture. It is easily kept in order—it requires no weight of ammunition to be borne; but on the other hand it demands in him who wields it a wrist of steel, a keen eye, perfect self-possession and a stout heart. It ruled the world in the days of the Romans—it rules the world now. Bulwer makes Richelieu say that states can be saved without it. Will Bulwer—Lord Lytton now—permit us to doubt this statement?

ANTI-SHYLOCK.

FOUR years since, I received a note, signed by a well-known lawyer, asking me to drop in at his office, if I should happen to be down town, or to let him know at what hour he should call on me, as he desired to have a short interview with me. As I had business in Wall Street that day, I took the first alternative, rather curious as to the business in hand, for I had no connection with law-suits. I owed nobody, and nobody owed me. I was a private gentleman, with a sufficient income—not very rich, nor yet very poor,—with a wife, a young son, a decent town house in a cross street, above Union place, and a modest country seat, where I fished and wandered during summer.

My legal correspondent was in his office, like a spider in the middle of his web. He seemed a little embarrassed, when I entered, but at length, after the customary interchange of civilities, said:—

“In court I can put questions well enough, but those are pertinent, and these I have to propound to you are impertinent.”

“You are frank, at all events.”

“That is as much as to say I’m no lawyer, and I’m afraid I’ll have to prove you about right. My client, who is himself a lawyer, instructs me to ask you some questions, and does it in an entirely mysterious way. I am—under the certainty that you are a gentleman—about to betray his confidence,

and let you into mine. There—read that letter.”

So saying, he shoved an epistle at me across the table. I have no copy of it, but it was substantially as follows:—

CHICAGO, ILL., June 21, 1865.

SIR:—Enclosed find a certified check for one hundred dollars. If this be not a sufficient fee for the service desired, write for more.

Enquire about Jonathan J. Morton, who lives, or did live, in New York. Get his address and business, if he have any. In order to identify him, find out if he ever went to school when a boy to a Mr. Groede, in Varick street. Also, if he knew a boy there, a fellow pupil, by the name of Hirsch, and if he can remember his first name. This information is for Morton’s own benefit. I have a client who is anxious to know, and willing to pay for the knowledge. Do not let Morton find out the object of making these inquiries.

Pray answer as soon as possible, and oblige

Your obedient servant,

REUBEN LEVY.

“That is all very well,” I said; “but what is the object?”

“That is what I can’t make out, unless it is your benefit in some way that he has spoken of just before. However, there are the questions, you can answer them or not, as you see fit. If you are the man required, and can give the information, I pocket the fee sent—if not, I send it back.”

“Well,” I said, “it can’t injure me to have you retain the money. I did go to that school, certainly. Old Groede prepared a number of boys for college. I remember young

Hirsch very well. His name was David, and his father was a Hebrew in religion, and a sort of dea'er in everything, and money-lender, I fancy. The boy was a slender, weakly fellow, with large black eyes, and a handsome face—not with the conventional Jewish features. We got very intimate, too, through one thing."

"May I ask what that was? But I beg your pardon, I—"

"There was nothing in it. The rest of the boys took a spite at David, solely through religious prejudice, and used to annoy him a deal. Bart Doremus, the big boy and bully of the school, used to make a practice of getting before him in the play-ground, and quote Scripture texts at him:—"David, thou art the man," and such, ask him where his sling was, when he had heard from Mr. Goliah, and silly things of that kind, that set David almost wild. One day he said to him:—

"'David, your father is old David, ain't he?'"

"'His name is David,' was the answer, 'but why do you ask?'"

"'Oh, I want to know if your mother was Bethsheba, or some other she-bear?'"

David turned on his tormentor, and to the great surprise of every one, deliberately slapped his face. Bart stripped off his coat at once, but I knew that the little fellow was no match for his antagonist, and shoved him aside, and took his place. I wasn't much as a fighting fowl, but my blood was up. I went in and licked the bully, and was at once promoted cock of the walk, *vice* Bartholomew Doremus, retired

"You and David must have become friends."

"Very much so. The boys called us 'David and Jonathan,' but not very loud, for when I found how much fight was in me, I was disposed to stand no nonsense."

"What became of him?"

"I don't know. We were in college together, and took our bachelor's degree at the same time, but David had bad health, and traveled in Europe awhile. I used to hear from him now and then, but for the last two years I've quite lost track of him."

That evening I told my wife about the affair, when she exclaimed:

"Here's his name among the deaths."

And sure enough, there it was:

Died, at Chicago, of consumption, July 19th, David Hirsch, Jr., in the twenty-ninth year of his age.

We talked a good deal about it that night and the next day, and for a week, when the whole thing passed away from our minds.

Two years and a half ago, I was persuaded to take some shares in a silver mining company. The vein lay in Durango, in Mexico, and was said to be unusually rich. All silver mines are not what they are represented, but this was. After a deal of trouble about fixing title, we got to work, and the prospects were so favorable that I invested more and more in it, and finally furnished about two-thirds of the working capital. This I did, after I had made a personal visit to the mine, and satisfied myself thoroughly as to its value. It had been neglected, being supposed to be near-

ly worthless, and denounced by the party from whom we bought it, and who discovered a new vein, which, as our engineer had predicted, turned out to be filled with a tractable ore, yielding, on an average, a hundred dollars to the ton. Our dividends grew fast, but we put them back again in raising a smelting works, and building a new aqueduct. Just then a heavy storm arose, the swollen water-course running through the ravine, above the mine, changed its path, and in one night swept away smelting works, stamping mills, and aqueduct. The damage was very great, and made an assessment on the capital stock necessary. Our engineer, who brought us the news, obtained a "prorogue" before he started, but under pretence of a lack of form, this was set aside by the mining deputation; and when after months of negotiation, we raised the necessary money, we found our mine had been "denounced" for having suspended operations over the required time, and that the Prefect and some of his friends were in actual possession. As nearly everything I was worth had been gradually invested in the speculation, I was in a bad way.

Fate seemed determined to complete my ruin.

I had a brother-in-law, a well-meaning fellow, who was extremely unfortunate in everything he undertook. Lack of judgment, or an unfitness for the business, is generally covered by the term misfortune, but in his case it was apparently sheer bad luck. Enterprises in which he embarked, by the advice of the coolest-headed of the sons of Mammon; purchases which common sense it-

self dictated; everything that in anyone else's hand would seem to be surely successful, went with him to utter ruin. It became a proverb finally in business circles—"as unlucky as Greenleigh." Yet with this unlucky man, when no one else would trust, through fear of his malign star, I was entangled. Without troubling myself much about the affairs of the firm,—none, in fact,—I was the Co. in the house of Greenleigh & Co. What was left of my capital was locked up there securely. The first thing I knew about it, was that purchases of sugar, cotton, and rice, had in some way or other ended disastrously. My brother-in-law explained it all to me with great care. It was a luminous exposition, no doubt, but I reflected the light rather than absorbed it—I did not take in how it was all brought about. But this I did comprehend thoroughly. The house of Greenleigh had gone by the board. The original capital was not only gone, but the liabilities of the house amounted to two hundred thousand dollars, or a little less, and the assets would not be eighty. Greenleigh talked about extension and a meeting of creditors; but soon found this impossible. Every one who held our paper had parted with it in the street on the first indication of our troubles; and those who held other claims seemed indifferent to them. I understood all this. Greenleigh had no real estate. I had a brown stone front and a little country seat.

My wife talked it over. We both agreed there was no help for it. We should have to sell the property for the creditors' benefit, as far as it would go, and then—that was the

trouble. There was no filling out that blank. I had no profession—It was not even a literary man. I could carry a hod, and my wife could take in fancy ironing. By Jove! the thing was coming to close quarters.

We called a meeting of the creditors at the counting-room. We called—but only one came. We waited and waited, and talked with the new comer, who was a grim, silent, old man, with a hooked nose, and curling, grizzled hair, and clad in deep black, with a white neckcloth. He dressed like a respectable Methodist preacher, with a rich circuit, but there was no mistaking those features. They were those of a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and it seemed to me that his eyes had a peculiarly cold glitter.

We entered into conversation. The stranger opened the ball.

"You need look for no one else," he said. "*I* am your creditors. I have every outstanding obligation of your house duly transferred to me. Your credit cannot well suffer by that, except with me. I bought your notes at a discount—it was the money rate at the time; but I purchased all the rest at their faces. Now, what do you propose to do?"

Greenleigh began to speak, but I interrupted him.

"Any extension is impossible," I said. "I don't pretend to be a business man, but I have looked through these accounts, and I have come to the conclusion that the wreck cannot be remedied. I would pay the entire amount, but I am not able. All I have consists of real estate, and mining stock, which is not worth two cents on the dollar. I propose to have my real estate valued by disin-

terested parties, and transferred to you, if you hold all the claims. My wife has some jewelry which she proposes to give up. I have a valuable library and some personal property, which I will throw in. There is no possibility of the rest ever being paid."

"But, Jonathan—" began my brother-in-law.

"Don't bother, James. I propose to do what it would all end in. You are unfortunate, and I am inexperienced. We cannot drive on this concern."

"But," said our creditor, ignoring my brother, "what are you to do for your family?"

"I have these hands," I answered, and I presume I must have grinned horribly, for my interlocutor smiled. It was a self-satisfied smile, and I fancied a little malicious.

"A very soft, white pair," he said.

"Sir," I cried, drawing myself up indignantly, "I offer you all the pound of flesh there is."

"Exactly. You think I am a Shylock. 'The law awards it, and the court decrees it,' I see. But don't be impatient. I am a Jew—yes! a Jew. That means, no doubt, that I am hard, unmerciful. Your religion teaches you mercy. It does not always teach you a knowledge of men."

"I had no reference to your religion, Mr. M——. I beg your pardon, but your name is—"

"Hirsch. I live in Chicago. I retired from business."

"Hirsch!"

"Yes. You knew my son at school, I think. Now, I differ from you in several things. First, I do not think your house to be ruined. Your partner here has been a little

rash—that is all. His ill luck is ill judgment. Don't interrupt me, Mr. Greenleigh. Give me a creditor's privilege for a few minutes. You made those purchases on a falling market. You bought on time, when you should have sold. Now you are selling where you should hold. To do this you want means, and those you propose to throw away on your debts. That is very honest, but wholly unnecessary. Now, listen to what I propose. I have capital sufficient. Give me a third of your business, and let me manage for a year. I will surrender you these obligations, and take your personal notes for the amount for twelve months. At the end of that time, if you are not able to pay principal and interest, I will agree to forfeit all."

I was thunderstruck. I think that is the nearest way to explain my feelings.

Of course, we could not reject this offer. We turned everything to the management of Hirsch, and merely looked on.

One day, about nine months afterwards, as I was busy writing in the counting-room, for Hirsch had suggested that we might at least save one clerk's salary, and I had taken the hint—our new partner turned to me, and said:

"Jonathan, have you all those mining shares?"

"Yes. They're of no use, but they are put away."

"You have enough to control the management of the company?"

"Yes."

"I have been in communication with a Welsh firm of smelters. They sent out an agent, and finding the mine rich as represented, have

made you an offer, to erect works there, and do both mining and smelting, for two-thirds—allowing you the other third clear. This is to last ten years, when the works are to go to the company in good condition. They agree to guarantee to you ten per cent. on your capital. Here is the letter to you as President. I think I would take their offer."

"But we have lost the mine."

"No. That is all right. The Mining Deputation has set aside the proceedings for fraud and irregularity, and I have two miners working as your representatives."

Of course we accepted the offer, and our first installment of two and one-half per cent. was paid me three months afterwards; and the company announced a dividend. A week after Hirsch gave us a balance-sheet, and showed us the firm clear of debt. He had managed matters shrewdly and successfully, and he had drilled my brother-in-law, until that gentleman had discovered that he could be taught something in business, and had set himself diligently and successfully to learn.

"I think I have succeeded," said Hirsch; "and I don't want your partnership. I have transferred it to both of you. You can stand alone now. All I ask you is, that you won't trouble me so long as you are successful. If you get things mixed again, send for me, and I will wind up your affairs; for no second set of lessons would be good for you."

Hirsch left us, and I never saw him again. Our firm prospered ever since. The mining dividends came as regularly as they had been promised. But we had been positively

forbidden to communicate with our unknown benefactor.

Recently, I received a letter, dated from Chicago, of which the following is the pith:

DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to inform you that by the will of the late David Hirsch, of which I have the honor to be executor with yourself, you are left heir to all his immense real and personal estate. Mr. Hirsch has no surviving blood relations in this country, nor any in Europe, as he has often assured me. The property is charged with some legacies, one to his wife's sister, and another to a personal friend, amounting to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The property is estimated at over two millions; but it is difficult to say how much it really is. I think the estimate too low.

Pray come, on receipt of this. I enclose a letter which I found among the papers.

Your obedient servant,

REUBEN LEVY.

The paper enclosed was a letter from my legal friend in Wall street to Levy himself, detailing the facts I had given him about my intimacy at school with the younger Hirsch. On the margin of the letter, just opposite to the words—"The boys used to call the two David and Jonathan"—were the words, in the handwriting of the elder Hirsch: "Very pleasant was thy love for me, oh! Jonathan; more pleasant than the love of woman."

They laugh at me a good deal for calling my last boy—David. Let them laugh. The name is my wife's choice as well as my own; and if we are satisfied, who has a right to complain?

THEN AND NOW.

THE day has been when statesmen ruled the land,
 And guided our affairs with skilful hand;
 When knaves and demagogues with glozing speech,
 Could not retain men's ears, though they might reach.
 That day has passed—who bawls the loudest now,
 Has the most brazen cheek and shameless brow,
 Who stops at no deceit in quest of pelf,
 Whose faith is plunder, and whose God is self,
 Whose life is stained with falsehood, and whose prime
 Is taintest most with every baser crime,
 Whose politics is but a cloak—his boast
 To wear that side exposed which profits most—
 Just such a man, if man the wretch be thought,
 Is quickest now to high promotion brought,
 He in the Senate or the forum stands,
 He is an envoy grave to foreign lands;
 Grave interests are submitted to his sway,
 While fools admire him, and all men obey.
 The old-time statesman, by historians drawn,
 Too just to flatter, and too proud to fawn,
 Replaced by things like these! Oh, wretched time,
 When honesty's desised and knowledge crime!

THE SONG OF ROLAND.

THE oldest French poem extant is the Song of Roland. When or by whom it is first written will probably never be determined. But it, or a part of it, was claimed by the minstrel Taillefer, at the battle of Hastings, and the Normans went into the fight under the inspiration of a recital of the deeds of their Frankish ancestors—deeds in that instance distinguished by more courage than success. The poem itself is not only curious, but interesting, both from its story of the fight at Roncesvalles, and its minute account of the motives and acts of the great Charles, and his Peers, including Roland and Oliver. The usual French version, with which we are familiar in this country—at least some French scholars are—is garbled and mutilated. A more ancient one was in manuscript in the Bodleian library, and the discovery was thought of so much importance that a special agent was sent by the French government to examine into its authenticity. The examination was favorable, and M. Vitet was directed to make a modernised version, which he did. An English version from this, in ballad metre, has been made, and a portion of it printed. It appears to be nearly a literal rendering, and we propose through it to analyse the story.

The first canto, for in this version it is thus divided, a departure from the original form, we are told how King Marsilio, being in sore dis-

tress by the attack of the Christians took counsel of his peers, and the plan they devised, how Charles, the Emperor, received and entertained the Saracen envoys. The opening picture is thus given :

The great King Charles, our Emperor, seven years in Spain hath warred
Against the foes of God and man, the Paynim hosts abhorred ;
No frowning castle there may bid defiance to his might ;
No peopled town may hope to bar our monarch from his right.

Alone holds Saragossa out, for looking o'er the plains.
Where King Marsilio, hard of heart, o'er Pagan wretches reigns—
That servant of Mahummud curst, and Dark Apollyon, he
Bows not before the living God—ill may his ending be.

Within his orchard where the trees in summer robes are drest,
Against a block of marble leans the king, and takes his rest ;
Green are the branches overhead, and pleasant is the sky,
And twenty thousand warriors in groups around him lie.

Marsilio there for counsel seeks of all his Paynim lords,
And says—"No strength is in our arms and blunted are our swords ;
In battle we have met their power which laid our bravest low—
How shall we death or insult shun from this relentless foe ?"

But none until Blancandrin rose a word in answer spoke,
When as his subtle speech they heard, from fear the Pagans woke—
"Who bends his form beneath the storm

may hope again to rise
When tempest blast and clouds have past,
and fairer grow the skies.

“Send thou to haughty Carlomain, thy
chariots laden down
With silver, gold, and jewels bright, the
treasure of the crown ;
And say, if he return to France, there at
the town of Aix,
Within his chapel thou wilt be, upon St.
Michael’s day.

“And further say that on that day Mahumud
thou wilt leave,
And as his liegeman from his hands the
crown of Spain receive ;
And should he ask for hostages, let each
yield son or wife—
I have a mate that I can spare, even though
it risk her life.

“So may it happen that the host of French-
men may away
To wait the coming of my lord within the
town of Aix—
There let them wait—perchance no more
we’ll see our kin again ;
But better they should lose their lives than
we should lose our Spain.”

Loud answered then the Pagan lords that
stood the king around—
“Well hath he spoken! Only thus our
safety may be found!”
And as the king the council closed, the no-
bles all averred
That greater craft in wiser words they ne-
ver yet had heard.

And then by order of the king, ten mules
of noble strain,
As white as milk, with skin like silk, none
fairer were in Spain,
With golden bits and housings all of purest
silver wrought,
To bear the envoys and their gifts, the
grooms in waiting brought.

The messengers are sent to Cor-
dova, where King Charles is seated
with his court—

Roland, the nephew of the king, that knight
beyond compare,
And with him his compagnon, the daunt-
less Olivier.

Geoffrey d’ Anjou, and none more stout to
wield the sword and lance,
With hosts of others brave as he, all sons
of our sweet France—
Full fifteen thousand men of might are ga-
thered on the ground,
The champions they of Christendom, and
foes to false Mahound.

There seated on the silken stuffs they pass
the time away ;
The sage and aged lords at chess, the
young at lighter play ;
While underneath the eglantine and lofty
pine tree there,
Is seated our great Emperor, within his
golden chair.

His beard is white as driven snow, his body
nobly framed,
His brow and port of majesty—Great was
he rightly namd!
Whoso would seek the chief of all within
that glittering ring,
Needs none to point out Charlemagne—his
looks denote the king.

Ten Paynim lords are coming now—they
enter through the ring ;
Ten Paynim lords their saddles leave, and
bow before the king ;
Ten Paynim lords the treasures show
which humbly in they bear,
And spread their King Marsilio’s gifts be-
fore the royal chair.

The proposition of Marsilio is sub-
mitted to Charlemagne, who has
some doubts of its good faith. A
debate on the subject ensues in the
next canto. The fiery Roland urges
the prosecution of the war. He gives
an instance of the bad faith of Mar-
silio in having slain Basan and Basi-
lio, previously sent to him as envoys,
and denounces the Pagan as un-
worthy of trust. Count Ganelon,
the step-father of Roland, between
whom and the latter a feud exists,
argues on the other side. He says :

“Heed not the words of anger, nor of mine
nor any one :
Look to thine own advantage, sire, and
look to that alone.

When comes thy foe with suppliant form,
and offers him to be
A Christian and thy vassal, to refuse who
counsels thee ?

‘What care these rash advisers if thy best
and bravest bleed ?

Theirs are the words of headstrong pride,
and should not here succeed.

The counsel of the madmen, wild and
breeding ill, despise ;

Let rashness be the guide of fools, and pru-
dence of the wise.”

Then after him Duke Naymes arose, a trust-
ed chief and brave,
And thus unto the Emperor his solemn
council gave—

“Now thou hast listened, sire, to what
Count Ganelon has said,

It well behooves thee as a king, that coun-
sel should be weighed.

“Thy foeman’s castles thou hast razed, his
ramparts overthrown,

His chiefest towns in ashes laid, his armies
struck and strown :

Now when he kneels for mercy, it were sin
to crush him quite—”

Then all the Frenchmen cried aloud, “The
Duke hath spoken right.”

Ganelon triumphs, but a discus-
sion next ensues concerning the am-
bassador who is to carry the answer.
Duke Naymes desires to go, but
Charles prefers to keep a counsel-
lor so trusted and trusty near at
hand ; Roland proffers his services,
but Olivier protests against that,
since Roland is too impetuous and
fiery to be sent on a mission so de-
licate, and offers his own services.
But Charles will part with none of
his Twelve Peers. The Archbishop
Turpin is also rejected. Roland
jeeringly suggests Count Ganelon,
and all agree to it. In this there
is an intimation that the Count has
some fear of danger to his person,
of which he is too careful. Then
follows a characteristic scene :

Then rose in rage Count Ganelon, and from
his manly breast

Felt down his robe of marten’s fur, and
showed his silken vest,

Sparkled his eyes with choler. “This is
Roland’s work,” he cried,

“Which I’ll avenge if I return, and other
wrongs beside.”

“I spurn thy menaces and thee,” cried
Roland, “but I see

That rage has overcome thy sense, and pri-
soner made of thee.

A madman should not message bear unto
a wily foe—

So, should it please the Emperor, in thy
pace I will go.”

“Spare farther words,” said Ganelon, “for
use another day ;

Since Charles commands my service, I am
ready to obey.

A little space of grace I crave, ere hence I
take my path,

Some for my journey to prepare, and some
to cool my wrath.”

Then Roland laughed a laugh of scorn
The other turned on him—

His cup of anger bubbling up, and flowing
o’er its brim—

He cursed his step-son for a dog, whose
brains were in his sword,

Then turning from him scornfully, ad-
dressed his sovereign lord.

“Here stand I to fulfill thy hest, though
thereby I be slain—

For who to Saragossa goes may come not
back again—

But should I fall, forget not, sire, I am thy
sister’s lord ;

By her I have a stripling son who yet may
bear a sword.

“The day may come when Baldwin, grown
a valiant man and strong,

May hold his father’s might of arm, and
right his father’s wrong.

To him I leave my wide domains—watch
well his boyhood o’er ;

Well may he thrive, but as for me, I’ll see
his face no more.”

Charlemagne confirms the ap-
pointment, and Ganelon in kneeling
to receive the imperial glove, drops

the token of his mission on the ground, and this is received as an ill omen by the surrounding lords. The third canto begins to reveal the treason of Ganelon, generated by his hatred to his step-son. Blancandrin and Ganelon come to an understanding and plot the death of Roland. An interview follows with King Marsilio, who misunderstanding the Frankish Envoy, makes an attack on him, but the latter shows pluck, and the Saracen monarch is calmed. In the next canto there is a bargain made between the two, by which Roland is to be placed in command of the rear-guard on the return of the army to France. On this Marsilio is to fall with his whole force, and annihilate it. With Roland slain, the right arm of the Emperor is gone, and he will never more call his army together. Marsilio is delighted with this, loads Ganelon with presents, as do all the court, and he is promised more—ten mule-loads of gold annually, when the service is done. Ganelon then returns to Charlemagne with assurances of Marsilio's good faith, and the Emperor orders the return of the army. The manner in which Ganelon fulfills his promise to Marsilio, and the forebodings of Charles thereat, is told in the next canto :

The clarions sound. The Emperor proclaims the war is o'er ;
 They raise the camp, they load the beasts,
 they talk of peace once more.
 The army moves ; not now the knights to
 meet the foe advance ;
 But homeward go they all toward the plea-
 sant land of France.
 The day is closed, the night is dark, and
 Charles has sunk to sleep ;
 In visions he beholds Cisaire, with gloomy
 passages deep,

His lance of ashwood in his hand, to wrest
 it Ganelon tries ;
 It breaks in fragments—far they fly—even
 to the gloomy skies.

The night is gone, appears the dawn,
 Charles rises from his bed ;
 He mounts his steed and takes his place,
 there at the army's head—
 "Lords Barons!"—thus the Emperor—
 "behold the passes near !
 Who shall command the rear guard ? 'tis
 the post of peril here ?"

"Who, sire?" cries Ganelon now ; "why
 ask ? for who but Roland then—
 Roland, my gallant step-son, the bravest
 of all men."
 Charles turned upon him fiercely then—
 his wrath was past control—
 "Thou art a devil in the flesh—what ha-
 tred fills thy soul?"

Count Roland he had heard the word—
 "Sir step-sire," then said he,
 "Whate'er the motive of thy speech, great
 thanks I owe to thee.
 The Emperor shall not lose thereby." Then
 Ganelon he surveyed
 With look of hate and scorn, and these
 the words he further said—

"Give me command—nor steed of war nor
 palfrey here shall stay,
 Nor rozin, no, nor bat-horse, nor mule, nor
 yet mulet ;
 And from our rear-guard naught of ours
 the enemy shall reive,
 But at our sword's price," Ganelon said—
 "And so I will believe."

"Ah ! son of an accursed race !" cried Ro-
 land in his wrath,
 "Thus ever in thy bitter hate thy form is
 in my path !
 Sire, from your wrist yon bracelet give, be-
 fore the van moves on —
 I promise 'twill not fall to earth, as the
 glove from Ganelon."

The Emperor's brow grew dark at this, and
 doubt was in his face ;
 Duke Naymes spoke up and thus he said—
 "'Tis, sire, his rightful place,
 Give him the bracelet and command—the
 post of honor here
 Is Roland's own—the place alone of peril's
 in the rear."

So then the Emperor yielded, but as he did
he said—

“My nephew loved, thou knowest not the
danger o'er thy head.

I'll leave thee half my army here—far safer
w'lt thou be;

Take it, for none will dare impute a lack of
nerve to thee.”

“Not I,” quoth Roland, “I will ne'er consent
to such disgrace;

May God confound me if I do dishonor to
my race.

My twenty thousand Frenchmen leave—of
all the world the best—

The least of those outrank our foes—and
forward with the rest.

“On with thy vanguard confident—set
every fear to ban,

Nor while I live, fair uncle, fear the face of
mortal man.”

He strode his steed Around him pressed
Berenger, Olivier,

Anseis, Gerard de Roussillon, Gerer and
Duke Gaifer.

“I, too, will stay with him; my chief I follow,
past all doubt,”

Said Turpin the Archbishop, that holy pre-
late stout.

“I, a' so,” cried the Count Gautier—none
braver e'er wore mail—

“For Roland is my right liege lord—him
will I never fail.”

The vanguard moves. What lofty hills ap-
pear on either side!

How black the rocks! How deep the rifts!
What chasms yawning wide!

Deep melancholy seizes all, and woe unfelt
before,

As the stifled tramp of the host is heard for
fifteen leagues or more.

But when they near their mother-land, and
Gascon plains they see,

Oh, then they think of home again, where
they have longed to be;

Of their good broad lands and castles tall,
and pleasant dames that s'ay,

With children at their knee, and wait for
lords so long away.

The thoughts bring tears to many eyes,
but weeps King Charles the most;

His heart is heavy as he thinks upon the
rear-most host,

His face he covers with his robe. “What
heavy wing of woe
Darkens thee, sire?” exclaimed Duke
Naymes, “and clouds thy spirit so?”

“Canst ask me that?” said Charlemagne,
“who would not wretched be,

When dolour such as mine has come? Sad
is this day to me!

Curst Ganelon, he will ruin France—in vi-
sions yesternight

I saw him break my ashen lance, in all my
strength's despite.

“That good, stout lance is Roland. 'T was
Ganelon base whose tongue

Urged me to leave my nephew brave, our
cruel foes among.

'T was he whose taunts thus threw him back
in peril to the rear—

My God! if I should Roland lose, where
shall I find his peer?”

Wept Charlemagne in woe of soul—broke
forth in bitter tears,

A hundred thousand men of France, for
Roland and his peers.

Curst Ganelon there, the felon! brave Ro-
land's life had sold

For camels and for horses, for silver and
for gold!

The King Marsilio sends to all his
peers, and in three days he draws
together an army of four hundred
thousand men. Every Pagan heart
is inflamed. They hurry on, and
soon see the gonfalons of France and
the rearguard with the twelve brave
compagnons. They lie in ambush
waiting for the morning.

The day dawns at length. They
compete before the King who shall
strike the first blow.

A thousand clarions sound,
and the Frenchmen listen. “Sir
compagnon,” says Oliver to Roland,
“it seems as though the Saracens
are about to dare us to battle.”

“God grant it,” cries Roland.
“For our liege lord it well becomes
to suffer cold and heat, and if need
be to peril life. Prepare for stout

blows. Think of the songs to be made on us. Christians! the right is with you, the wrong with the Pagan!"

Oliver mounts a pine tree and describes the enemy.

"Compagnon!" he cries to Roland—"There toward Spain, what tumult! what white hauberks! what flaming crests! Ganelon, the traitor, knew it all—the felon."

"Peace, Oliver," answered Roland. "He is my step-sire. Speak of him not."

Oliver descends, and addresses the rest.

"Lords Barons, such swarms of Pagans as I have seen, eye of man never before beheld. The battle is on us—such as has never yet been fought. Ask courage of God."

And the Frenchman answered:

"Woe to him that flies! We will stand by thee to the death!"

Oliver urges Roland to sound his Olifant, his trusty horn. The Pagans are many—the Christians few. Sound that, and the Emperor would turn again to his rescue.

But Roland will not—his honor is at stake. He will trust to his good sword, Durandal.

Oliver still urges.

"God preserve me from such cowardice. Rely on Durandal. Thou shalt see her do justice on those Pagans."

To all of Oliver's appeals Roland turns the same deaf ear.

The Archbishop Turpin absolves the army *en masse*—commanding them for penance to strike well. The melee begins, and we have graphic descriptions of the fight.

In the meanwhile, Charlemagne grows uneasy, and a horrible tempest arises in France. The winds

are let loose on the earth, the lightning flashes, the thunderbolt crashes, torrents of rain and hail are poured out. The earth shakes from St. Michael, of Paris, to Sens; from Besancon to Wissant. The castles shake from turrets to foundation. It is dark as night at noon-day—there is no light in the sky but the lightning-flash. Men tremble, and say:—"The end of the world is nigh." Not so.

"The earthquake and the darkness, the lightning and the rain,
Is the mourning made for Roland—the mighty Roland slain."

Marsilio sees that his army is melting away before the prowess of the Twelve Peers and their little band. His nephew has fallen, his brother Falsoran been slain, Turpin has destroyed Corsablix. He sounds his horn, and the bulk of the Pagans advance. A terror seizes the French at this countless host. But the stout Archbishop rallies them, promising Paradise to those who fall. "Montjoie!" and the battle is resumed.

The Saracen Cleinain bears down on Angelier, of Bordeaux, and transfixes him with his lance. On him falls Haute Claire, the sword of Oliver. Climorin is slain; "and demons bear away his villain soul." Valdabron strikes the noble Duke Sancho to the heart, and Valdabron is cloven in twain by Roland. Mancuidant, the African, slays Anseis, and in return falls before the sword of the Archbishop. Roland slays the son of the King of Cappadocia, who had killed Beranger, and Austor, and Guy de Saint Antoine. Still the Pagans press on, and all but sixty of the French are slain.

Dearly will these sixty sell their lives.

When Roland saw all this, he said:—"How many brave lie here? What loss for our sweet France? Charles! my Emperor, why art thou not here? How shall we let him know our strait?"

"We have nothing to do," said Oliver, "but to die."

"I will sound my Olifant," cried Roland. "Charles will hear it, and return."

"What dishonor!" said Oliver. "I asked thee to sound it, thou wouldst not—thou shalt now, if my advice be taken."

"Why this rage?" asks Roland.

"Compagnon! Thou has caused this ruin with madness, not courage. Through thy imprudence are these men dead. Hads't given ear to me, the Emperor would have been here—the enemy defeated—Marsilio, dead or alive, a captive. Charles! Charles! ah, never shall we see him more!"

Turpin reconciles the friends, and urges that the Olifant be sounded to recall the Emperor, that he may bury their bodies, and not leave the corpses a prey to unbelievers and wild beasts. The Olifant is blown.

Charles hears it.

"They give battle to mine," he says. "Roland never sounds his horn, save in the thick of the fight."

"A dream!" exclaims Ganelon. "Roland sounds if a hare crosses his path. Let us forward to France."

The horn sounds again.

The Emperor sees the treachery of Ganelon. He gives the signal to return, but as they set forward, he gives the traitor in charge of scullions, to pluck his hair and beard,

strike him with fists, and lead him chained like a bear.

They strive to rescue Roland. Alas! too late.

Roland looks around on all sides. He sees his henchmen dying or dead. He weeps and prays for them.

"Dear Lord Barons! May God have you in keeping, and open Paradise to your souls! Long have you served with me, conquering so many realms! Land of France, my sweet land; widowed of these brave men! Through my fault ye fell. Save ye or shield ye, I could not; but I shall die with my sword in hand to avenge ye."

And he returns to the fight, driving before him the scum. He meets Marsilio overthrowing Gerard de Roussillon, and others.

"A curse on thee for that!" cried Roland, and clave Marsilio's wrist in twain. He seizes Jurfaleu by his flaxen hair. At this sight a hundred thousand men give way. But Marganice, with his black-faced Æthiops, keeps the field. He steals behind Oliver, and pierces him in the back. "Revenge enough," he says.

Oliver is stricken to the death, but raises Haute Claire, and Marganice is cloven to the jaws. "Ah! never shalt thou boast to lady of thy love, or liege lord, of conquering me."

He calls Roland to his aid, but blinded, as Roland came, lets fall Haute Claire upon his head, cleaving his casque.

"Compagnon," cries Roland. "It is I—thy friend. Thou has not defied me."

"I hear thy voice," said Oliver, "but I see thee not. Have I struck at thee, my friend and brother."

"Thou hast done me no harm, dear friend."

But Oliver dies, and Roland weeps over the body.

All this while the fight has gone on, and now none are left but Roland, the Archbishop, and Gautier. The Pagans cry:—

"Here come these terrible three! Upon them, lest they escape alive!"

Roland again sounds his Olifant, —a faint note—but Charles hears it.

"Woe is me!" he cries. "We shall be too late! March on! Sound clarions!"

The sound reaches the Pagan's ears.

"Charles returns!" they say. "If Roland escape, the war revives, and Spain is lost. On him with all our force!"

They rain on him darts and lances—they pierce through shield and hauberk—his horse, Valeantif, falls with twenty wounds.

This done, the Pagans gallop back to Spain.

The dying scene of Roland and the Archbishop is a masterpiece of

pathetic description. But we have already exceeded our space. They both die—Roland "tendering his glove to God, which the holy Gabriel receives."

Charles re-enters *Roncesvalles*. The war is renewed. Charles enters Spain—there is another great battle with the Emir, who comes to Marsilio's relief, and the Pagans are defeated. A hundred thousand are baptized—all who resist or refuse are hanged or burned. Ganelon dies the death of a traitor.

"And so this ballad endeth—the song *Tuoldus* sung."

It certainly is the most picturesque of the old poems of Europe; of a greater antiquity than the *Nibelungenlied*, and a clearer portraiture of manners, and a reflex of the feelings of the old days of chivalry. We would be glad to see it in book shape, and as such it would have its thousands of readers and admirers—unless, indeed, in the whole United States the men of taste be less in number than we think.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Remove your sables; take away the trailing
 And sombre tissues that surround the bier;
 Silence that burst of sorrow! let no wailing
 Vex with its tone of woe the tortured ear;
 No pallor on the cheeks; no accents failing;
 No mournful glances; not a sigh nor tear;
 But raise the shout of joy and choral hymn;
 Fill the bright cup of gladness to the brim,
 For him all earth has ended, heaven begun—
 Joy for the victor with his triumph won!

CHESTER N. GOOLD.

POLITICAL THEORISTS OF THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH.

“Great men have been among us ; han 's that penned
 And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none :
 The later Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.”

WADSWORTH.

OF certain of these great names we propose, in the following paper, to revive the memory, and attempt a characteristic sketch. The era of the Protectorate, perhaps the most exciting period in English history, may also be regarded as an epoch in political writing. The minds of men about that time began to be turned, almost of necessity, to examining the original of all right, and the abstract principles of government. Speculative philosophers and active politicians, both exerted their abilities, either in framing ideal commonwealths or in advocating certain political principles that were then hotly discussed. From this active collision of minds were produced the standard authorities of the statesman, and the text-books of the philosopher,—the noble popular defences and truly democratic addresses of Milton, combining Homeric fire and Socratic wisdom with the stern dignity of Stoicism: the slighter, but not less patriotic appeals of his friend Marvel: the “Discourses” of Algernon Sidney: the “Oceana” of Harrington. The writings of Milton are much the best known of these, owing, in no inconsiderable

degree, to the fame his political genius had procured for him. It is to be lamented, however, that they are not still more widely known. In this country they should be studied with zeal by those who remember the noble exertions made by other great English minds and admirable authors, at the struggle of our own Revolution—exertions of which we have a traditional reverence, and a traditional remembrance, in the speeches of Chatham and his noble compeers—and exertions that produced such classic works as the great speech of Burke and the caustic pamphlet, “Common Sense.”

Milton is more accessible than the other Democrats we have undertaken to invoke; and, as our canvas is limited, we must not crowd it with unnecessary circumstances. As we have a good deal to say about Milton's associates, we must refrain from saying more of him; and leave the name of the noblest English patriot and greatest universal poet, after quoting one of his grandest sonnets, which contains fine historical painting and more profound sagacity than some professed statesmen would crowd into a pamphlet:

“TO THE LORD-GENERAL CROMWELL.

“Cromwell, our chief of men, who through
 a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and trust thy glorious way hath
 plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work
 pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots
 imbued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises
 loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much
 remains
 To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than war ; new foes arise
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular
 chains ;
 Help us to save free conscience from the
 paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their
 maw.”

Marvell was Milton's near friend and great admirer, his fellow Latin-Secretary to Cromwell. He was a perfect Aristides, equally eminent as a patriot, a partisan, and a politician. The three characters in him naturally merged into one. He loved his country sincerely ; he devotedly adhered to the popular party ; and he was constantly engaged in public affairs. His poetic reputation, which sank with his political party, has again revived. Researches into the history of civil war and of the commonwealth, have rescued many bright reputations, and saved not a few excellent books. But as a poet Marvell can hardly be said to occupy a very exalted station, though he has left behind him some half-dozen choice copies of verse, fanciful, tender and musical ; and one fine poem, that we shall extract presently. Most of his poetical attempts come under the general rank of poetical squibs, intended to point a re-

buke or enliven a piece of scandal ; they are local and temporary. Too much of his prose might also be criticised in similar terms, consisting of pamphlets and addresses to his constituents. Marvell, though an inflexible patriot, and one of the purest of men, was no philosopher, discovered no new principle, and has originated no political maxim of lasting importance.

He was more fitted for action than for speculation. For twenty years he represented the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, and during an active life held several offices of importance. Marvell first became acquainted with Milton in Italy, where the bard of Paradise was filling his mind with ideas and images for his glorious epic. We believe, by his influence, or at all events through the mediation of a friend, he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, which was the stepping-stone to future advancement. But this elegant wit owed less to patronage than to the love of his townsmen. In Hull, he was a universal favorite, and received many marks of public regard. He was the last political pensioner we read of ; we mean the last politician who received for his parliamentary services an annual acknowledgment after retirement from the House. Marvell was the friend of Harrington, and pronounced by Rochester the Coryphæus of court wits, a man of true wit himself. He was, also, a great favorite with Charles II., gaining that monarch's heart by his elegant manners and lively conversation. Numerous advances were made to him by the royalists, but he was incorruptible. It is unnecessary to repeat the famous anecdote, which displays in

so strong a light both the systematic bribery of the day, and his perfect integrity. We take the liberty of inserting, instead, Marvell's fine ode upon Cromwell :

“AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S
RETURN FROM IRELAND.

The foreign youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear ;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust ;
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star ;

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds wherein it nurst,
Did through his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the Bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his was not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art ;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case ;

That hence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Did clasp their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head,
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power ;
So when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed ;
So much one man can do,
That does best act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer by command,
But still in the Republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the Common's feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs.

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public skirt ;
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul ;
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-contour'd mind ;
But from this valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hands in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect,
Still keep thy sword erect.

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power must it remain."

This is a noble eulogy—equal to Cowley's prose flattery; and so nearly equal, that we find it difficult to settle the point of precedence. When both are, of their kind, equally good, perhaps the diviner character of poetry should decide the predominance. The mere music of Marvell's ode may alone, perhaps, give it a superiority.

Harrington had a natural feeling for politics, and was a republican in his very nature. His education re-

fin'd and courtly, his natural sympathies were all on the side of the people. The queen of Bohemia, a strong admirer of our philosopher, was bred in his father's family—at least, there she was educated during her early years—but neither that circumstance, nor a strong personal affection for Charles I., would allow him to change a principle, or quench the instinctive bias of his disposition. At the commencement of his career, Harrington affected a turn for poetry, but, like many others, (Paley is an instance,) who have excelled in solid pursuits, his genius was unfitted for the lighter departments of composition. Of this he was advised by an intimate friend, who pointed out the true line of his pursuit and urged him to adopt it. The son of a nobleman, his first entrance into life was in the character of courtier. At the age of thirty-five he was one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's bed-chamber. He had a sincere affection for the king, who loved his company, but could not endure to hear of Harrington's favorite Commonwealth. They had, notwithstanding, many discussions together of government, though we may naturally expect the arbitrary will of the monarch could ill stomach the independent notions of his companion. On the scaffold, Harrington attended the king, and grieved greatly at his death.

The "Oceana," which Hume, in a long critical essay, allows to be the most practical of all imaginary republics, and which in many respects resembles our own, is the principal work of the author. It made many proselytes, who formed a sort of political junta, that met regularly at a

noted coffee-house, kept by one Miles. The conversation was almost wholly political, as might be expected from the objects of the society, which included Cyriack Skinner, and other leading men. Representation and rotation are the main features of Harrington's plan; the ballot decided all discussions; to remedy the evil of senators for life, he introduced a maxim that no magistrate should hold his office for a longer period than three years. The whole House was newly organized once every nine years, a third part of the Senators going out every three years. All England was mapped out into representative districts. Altogether, his plan was in most respects rational and clear.

In 1660, he was confined by his friends, having contracted a peculiar species of madness, in which he was generally mild and rational, but entertained a strange fancy that his natural perspiration turned into flies and bees. In his political career, he latterly ran into fanaticism and became a severe censurer of Cromwell. He died, 1667. Among his friends he numbered L'Estrange, who became notorious about this time by his virulent pamphlets, and Marvell, who wrote a fine epitaph upon him. This slight sketch of Harrington, which we abstract from old Aubrey's entertaining account, could not be concluded more fitly, than by recalling a celebrated saying of his, full of practical wisdom. "Right Reason in contemplation, is virtue in action, *et vice versa*. *Vivere secundum naturam*, is to live virtuously; the Divines will not have it so; and where the Divines would have it an inch above virtue, we fall an ell below it."

The name of Algernon Sidney is one hallowed by the noblest exertions, ending in martyrdom, in the cause of liberty. Justly and with an honest enthusiasm might Wordsworth exclaim, in one of his sonnets dedicated to Liberty,

"Ungrateful country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have
bled!
How like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head."

Sidney realizes our idea of Brutus, whom he took for his model. The same irascible temper, a similar devotion to liberty, the same contempt of death distinguish the two patriots. Though most zealous for a commonwealth, he must not be confounded with the devoted adherents of Cromwell, for he became a strong enemy of the Protector on his assumption of supreme power. Like the admirers of Napoleon, the First Consul, but the determined opponents of Napoleon the Emperor, he left Cromwell when he thought he saw his ambition predominating over his regard to public good. From his earliest years Sidney was imbued with democratic principles, almost romantic in their scope and tendency; and on the scaffold, though denying to the last the justice of his sentence, he delighted to suffer for the "*good old cause*." Though appointed one of the judges who condemned Charles I., for some reason or other he was not present, nor did he sign the death-warrant. Shortly after, he was appointed a captain in the Parliamentary army; but after the nomination of Cromwell to the Protectorate, he threw up his commission, and would receive no employment from him or his son Richard. Under the Parliament, which assumed the power

of the government on the retirement of the Protector's successor, Sidney was sent as a commissioner to Sweden, to mediate in a negotiation between that nation and Denmark. From this he soon after returned, and on the Restoration passed over to France. Here he remained until an act of oblivion sheltered him from the royal displeasure, upon which he returned to his native country. In England, his active mind kept him busy in agitating political schemes and discussing points of policy. At Penhurst, celebrated as the family seat of the Sidneys, he composed his Discourses upon Government. Upon these his reputation as a political writer depends. The sentiments they contain are purely democratic, drawn from the most enlightened historical reflections; and as for his style, we have the eulogium of Coleridge, who speaks of him as disclosing the gentleman in every line.

His trial and execution appear without any sufficient ground of justice, and must be ascribed to a desire to crush one of the noblest spirits of his time; and were almost as flagrant as the trial and execution of the admirable Lord Russell. His character has been drawn by Burnet, with such accuracy of coloring, as to supersede the necessity, if it did not rebuke the presumption, of a new portrait. "He was," says the Bishop, "a man of most extraordinary courage; a steady man even to obstinacy; sincere, but of a rough and boisterous temper that could not bear contradiction. He

seemed to be a Christian, but in a particular form of his own; he thought it was to be like a divine philosophy in the mind; but he was against all public worship, and everything that looked like a church. He was stiff to all democratic principles; and such an enemy to everything that looked like monarchy, that he set himself in a high opposition against Cromwell when he was made Lord Protector. He had studied the history of government in all its branches, beyond every man I ever knew."

One author, who was of the same cast as Sidney and Harrington, but who, living later, can hardly be classed as a cotemporary and a commonwealth man, remains to be mentioned—Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, a Scotch Democrat. He is chiefly known to general readers, as the author of that saying, "Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and let who pleases make the laws." He was singular in another respect, as a patriot, hating the English as much as Dr. Johnson did the Scotch; and warmly opposed to the union. His personal character was admirable, with the exception of great irascibility; and this appears a defect common to all partizans, of which all the great men we have mentioned had a large share, unless, perhaps, Marvell excepted. This heat of disposition is fed by the warmth of discussion, and invariably accompanies that sanguine temper and ardent genius which in the first instance incline a man to embrace democratic principles.

AN OLD MUNCHAUSEN.

GREAT travelers are generally set down as great liars, and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was not alone in a reputation for falsehood. Frequently the falsehoods charged turn out to be no falsehoods at all. Marco Polo's accounts were found to be all true enough; and Bruce's stories of live-beef eating and kawa-drinking in Abyssinia, to be literally correct. On the contrary, however, Herodotus was a miserable liar, and it did not need the publication of the Adventures of Baron Munchausen to satirise the extravagant stories of the Baron de Tott. There have been travelers, however, less famous than these we have named, fellows as inconsiderable as James Bayard Taylor, and suffering under the oblivion to which he is destined, who were as great liars as their more notorious predecessors. One of these we intend to bring to light for a while.

Among other odd and curious volumes in our library is the following:—

“The History of Persia, containing, the LIVES and Memorable ACTIONS of its KINGS, from the first Erecting of that Monarchy to this Time; an exact Description of all its DOMINIONS; a Curious Account of *India, China, Tartary, Kermon, Arabia, Nixabar,* and the Islands of *Ceylon,* and *Timur*; as also of all Cities occasionnly mention'd, as *Schiras, Samarkand, Bokara,* etc. MANNERS and CUSTOMS of those Peo-

ple, *Persian* Worshippers of Fire; Plants, Beasts, Product, and Trade.

“WITH Many instructive and pleasant Digressions, being remarkable Stories or Passages, occasionally occurring, as Strange Burials; Burning of the Dead; Liquors of several Countries; Hunting; Fishing; Practice of Physick; famous Physicians in the *East*; Actions of *Tamerlane,* etc.

“To which is Added, An Abridgment of the LIVES of the KINGS of *Harmuz,* or *Ormuz.*

“The *Persian* History written in *Arabick,* by *Mirkond,* a famous Eastern Author; that of *Ormuz,* by *Torrenxa,* King of that Island, both of them Translated into *Spanish,* by *Antony Terxeira,* who liv'd several Years in *Persia* and *India*; and now render'd into *English.* By Captain JOHN STEVENS. LONDON: Printed for Jonas Brown, at the *Black Swan* without *Temple Bar.* MDCCXV.”

Now, with the “History” proper, where we recognise an old friend Haroon al Rasheed—the “Haroun Alraschid” of the Arabian Nights, under the alias of Arax d Bila Harun, and meet Jamsheed, or Giamschid, in the shape of Iambxed, we have little to do. We propose to look at a few of the digressions, for these purport to be the personal experience of the author, or properly vouched—indeed, he says of them—“they were either seen by myself, or received from

Persons I believe, as I would my own Eyes." And they certainly present the queerest mixture of fact and falsehood, all told with the same simple gravity, that we have ever seen in print—except in the columns of the *New York Tribune*.

Terxiera, whose work appeared over a century before the translation, and who was evidently a Portuguese adventurer, though Stevens, who continues his book down to 1694, calls him a Spaniard, follows the *Tarik Mirkond* in the historical part of his performance, but his orthography is rather puzzling, and it would be difficult in Chinguies Kan, Darab, Ardxir, and Teymur Langh, to recognise Genghis Khan, Darius, Ahasuerus and Tamerlane. The chronicle is a fair one—about as true as the received history of Rome before the labors of Niebuhr stripped it of so much of the fabulous. It is only when the writer recounts his own adventures, or gives us the result of his own observations that he draws a long bow.

Speaking of the Fire-worshippers, he says:—

They still observe the Customs of their Ancestors in burying of the dead; and when any happen to live to a great Age; they do not stay till they die naturally, but carry them to that [Mount Abbors] or some other Mountain, where they put them into certain Caves, they have there made in such manner, that the old Wretches are there left standing, and without any Provision but the Air, and so they are abandoned, and continue till they expire; and the Wind there blowing fresh, dries up all their Moisture; so that they are preserv'd entire, without Corruption for many Ages.

This is rather severe treatment, but not so harsh as elsewhere, for the author tells us:—

In a Parcel of Islands thinly inhabited, lying between those of *Nicobar*, and those of *Tarim* toward the Gulph of *Bengale*, there lives a People so barbarous, that they eat Man's Flesh, and neither spare Father, or Mother, Brethren, or Relations when grown old, and decrepit. They make them get up into a Tree, which they below shake, and move with all their Strength, to see whether those above will fall down, which if they do, either through Weakness, or want of hold, they say, they are ripe and fit to eat, and accordingly devour them; but if they hold fast, and will not drop, they leave them, alledging they are not come to Maturity.

Speaking of the wild sheep of Persia, he says:—

Their Horns are like those of our Sheep, but each of them as big as half a Hoop of a Pipe, thick, and standing back so far that they cover their hind Quarters, Nature having providently made them so, to the end that when, being hard press'd by the Huntsmen, and Dogs, they throw themselves off the Cliits, and Rocks, always choosing the most dangerous Place, they may do it, without receiving any Hurt; thus they cast themselves headlong on their Horns; and tumbling safely upon them, can avoid those that pursue them.

Our author discourses the habits of wild animals at some length—waxing eloquent upon elephants, especially those of Bramah, King of Pegu, whose feet were washed in silver basins, and giving us curious particulars about rhinoceroses and tigers. The latter beasts were driven out of Malacca by ecclesiastical command. At one time they—

—us'd to come up to the Houses, and carry the People out of them, so that being numerous, and frequent, the Inhabitants liv'd very uneasy, till a Holy Bishop commanded them not to come within Two Leagues about the City, and from that Day they never were within the Bounds assign'd them.

He also is minute in his details concerning fishing in the East, and

gives us accounts of the mode pursued in the Indus; the fishing with empty pots, or gourds; how the Seletes sell the fish as it is swimming in water, spearing it when a price has been promised by their customer; and the cormorant fishing, so well known in China, which he places, however, in Japan. But the oddest account, and the fishiest of his fish stories, is the following:—

In the Bay of *Mascale*, a town of *Arabia*, and *Portuguese* Fortress, within the *Persian* Gulph, in 23 degrees and a half of North Latitude, that is, just under the Tropick of *Cancer*, there is vast Plenty of Fish, much whereof is carry'd in Pickle to all parts of *India*, and there being such Abundance, it is so easy to take, that very often, when the Cats are hungry, they come down to the Shore, and standing close to the Water, put their Tail into it, on which some small Fish fasten, and as soon as the Cat feels them, he jerks his Tail out upon the Land, and feeds on them.

We are also told of the charming of crocodiles, of the gallinuelas, or little hens, of the Moluccas, "whose eggs being put into a Box, or other close Place, in a few Days hatch of themselves, without any Help, and if Care is not taken, when they open the Place, they fly away;" of the virtues of bezoar stones, and of others found in Deer, Apes, and Porcupines. Of the latter, he assures us—

It is of such Virtue and Excellency, that none but those who have had the Experience, can give entire Credit to it. Of this I am an Eye Witness, having seen the Effects of it in several Places, at sundry times, and particularly in the City of *Cochim* in the years 1590 and 1591, where the Governor that then was, spent Two Porcupines Stones he had, in the service of the poor, and needy, doing Wonders against a Disease more dangerous and vio-

lent than the Plague, which reign'd Two whole years, and carry'd off People in Four or Five Hours. This Distemper was a *Cholerica Passio*, by the Indians called *Moxxy*, and by the *Portugueses* *Mordexim*, being a Sort of Colick.

Query—was that the Asiatic cholera?

Of course, we have a good deal said about precious stones—"diamonds," rubies, sapphires, "spinets," Amethysts, Cat's eyes, lapis lazuli, "Turkey stones," and a marvellous piece of amber, possessed by the author, which contained "a small Beak, and some Feathers, and some bits of small Shells." We have also quarries of stone under water (coral) which grows as fast as it is removed. As for the hardness of the diamond, he avers that it breaks like any other stone, especially "under a knife or such like Instrument dipp'd in Goat's Blood." If that be not sufficient there is another and never-failing mode. "I remember," says our voracious author, "there is a sort of Herb along the Coast of *Coromandel*, as also at *Malaca*, and it grows about the streets, being small and little regarded; if the small tender Roots of it be chew'd, so that the Teeth remain full of its Juice and Moisture, and then any Stone, tho' never so hard, be taken into the Mouth, and chew'd, it will dissolve into Dust so easily, as neither to hurt the Teeth, nor give the least Trouble, which I have often try'd my self, and seen done by others; a Quality," he continues, in a sudden burst of piety, "wherein we ought to admire the Works of our Creator, who has given it such efficacy." Another plant he mentions, "which thrown into a Vessel of Water consolidates

it, as Milk is by Runnet," which is quite as wonderful as the other, but does not seem to provoke our author's pious admiration.‡

We are next treated to a dissertation on medical men and medical practice in the East, from which we find that in one of our recent novelties we were anticipated by the Persians. Terxiera tells us that they "have another Sort of Physicians, which are Women, whom they generally call *Dayah*, and these cure women and children, a Custom so fixt, that they seldom call any other Physician to them."

Perhaps one of the toughest stories told by our author, is that of a running stream of salt water in Ormuz, so intensely saline as to form a crust of solid salt on its surface, thick enough to allow our truth-loving traveler to ride over it several times on horseback.

Terxiera's description of the pearl fishery at Katar and Chilao, will bear quotation—as the system of fishing differs very little from that of the present time, and the officials of this century are not a bit less grasping than those of two hundred years since:—

"The Pearl Fishery at Barhen begins some Years in June, but generally in July, and lasts all that Month and August. There joyn together about 200 Terradas, or Vessels of theirs, 100 of Barhen, 50 of Julful, and 50 of Nikhelu. They generally go a Fishing to Katar, a Port on the Coast of Arabia, 10 Leagues to the Southward of the Island Barhen. As soon an Oyster is brought up, they open it, and take out the Pearl. The Pearls of this Sea surpass all others in Goodness and Weight, I say in Weight, because two Pearls, one of this Place and one of another, being weighed, tho' equal in Size and Shape, that of Barhen will always be found heaviest. The Pearls publickly sold in this Island every

Year amount to 500,000 Ducats, besides the value of 100,000 more smothered for fear of the Wazir, or Governor's Extortions. The Trade of this Island was worth to the Portuguese Governor of Harmuz above 4,900 Ducats a Year, besides his own Dealings. In Selling and Buying, the Term of Dealing is by Querates, which we call Caracts, and by Abas, three of which make a Caract; as also by Meticales, each of them being 24 Caracts; and by this they sell the Seed Pearl, after the rate of 20, 30, 40, &c., to a Metica. The Barhenians fish with a Stone, which carries them down from 12 to 15 Fathom in Depth. Besides this general Fishery at Katar, at the Time above mentioned, there are others of less Note in September, at Nikhelu, Barhen, and Julfer; as also at Mascate, Teue, and Rozalgate, all within the Gulph of Harmuz; but these last are of little Value, tho' sometimes considerable enough for the Undertakers.

"The Pearl Fishery at Chilao, so they call'd the second I nam'd at first, because formerly performed in a Port of that Name, in the Island of Ceylon, which was so call'd for this Reason, because Chilao, in the Chingala Language, which is that of the said Island, signifies Fishery. This falls out in April and the beginning of May, a Month or two before that of Barhen, being the time when the Sun first begins to draw near to the Equinoctial, and consequent'y the Summer begins there sooner, and the Sea is then calmer. Between 4 and 500 Vessels meet, each of them carrying from 60 to 90 Men; one-third of them are Fishers, whom they call Harvas, that is Divers; the others they call Mandecas, that is, Helpers, two for each Diver. The Vessels are all distributed to certain Parts, called Peitacas, where every Diver lays the Oysters he fetches up apart; the Oysters they call Chipos, which are not to be open'd till a Day appointed by those who Govern there, which is after the Days of the Fishery, being generally two Balyos, and every Balyo is 8 Days. They every Day compute how much has been taken at 100, or 200, or 1,000 Cuipos, or Oysters for every Vessel, to know when they have done enough, because they will not far exceed the usual Proportion, to keep up the Value of Pearl; and when two Balyos do not suffice, they allow one, or a half more. The

Fishers or Divers have Wages, besides that all they take is their own, bating that every Day they give the Owner of the Vessel one Draught, which is to be at the said Owner's Choice, and at the end of the Week they all give him a whole Day. The Nayque of Madureh, who is lord of the country they inhabit, has one Day of the whole Fishery. They also used to give another Day for Pin-Money, to the Portuguese Governor of Manar's Wife, he having the command of that Sea, but this was taken away by the Jesuits who governed all there. They Fish from six to eight Fathom deep, Diving with a Stone. Two Portuguese Gallies used to guard this Fishery, because some Malabar Vessels had sometimes disturb'd the Fishers. The People that resort thither, which among Merchants, Servants, Officers and Fishers, may amount to between fifty and sixty thousand Men, form a Camp, which is pitch'd where the Fishery is carry'd on; for that is not always in the same Place, but sometimes in one and sometimes in another. What is taken every Year amounts to above a Million and a half of Gold. When the Fishery is over, Proclamation is made to open the Chippo, or Oysters, which being done, and the Fish thrown away and the Pearl sav'd, they go over to Tutan Cory, where the Fair is kept, beginning about the middle of June, and lasting July, August and September, and sometimes all October, The Pearl is bought and sold in the Patare, which is like a Custom house, by Brokers appointed by the Nayque, who has four per Cent. of all that is bought there of the Seller; for the Buyer is free; and he has 48 Hours after the Purchase to return the Goods, if they do not please him; all which is performed with much Ease and integrity. The conceal'd Pearl that is privately sold out of the Patare is considerable, and free from Duty, or the Liberty of Return. The Method and Weight is by Chegos, very easy, but ingenious and sharp. There is some Pearl in China, but not fine, being only rough and misshapen, which some Portugueses have got Estates by. So much has been writ concerning Pearl, that there remains little to add to it. However, with Submission to those who have treated of it, I cannot but say, it seems to me very unreasonable to believe and assert that the Pearl is form'd of Dew, because there are many Objections against it; as the Oyster

itself, which being weighty and void of all Motion, cannot rise above the Water to receive the said Dew; much less can it receive any pure at the Bottom, since it must pass through so much Salt Water. Besides, Experience teaches us that the Oysters which are taken out of the deepest Water have generally the most and the greatest Pearls, and those in the shallowest the least and smallest, which would not be so, were they form'd of the Dew; for then those nearest the Superfices would receive most and the purest of it, and the Sun would have the greatest effect on them; for his Power, as an Agent, would be more effectual on what was nearer than what was remoter, where s we find the contrary. My Opinion is confirm'd by what I have often seen and try'd by my self, and in the Company of Christians, Mahometans and Heathens, all of them very knowing in what relates to Pearls, having taken from the Oyster Shells, with Instruments made for that purpose, Pearls growing from those very Shells, which either for want of Time, or the Disposition of the Matter, or of Nature, or for some other Cause, were not arriv'd to Perfection, but were still incorporated in the said Shell, of whose Substance they were form'd; and when taken out, polish'd and wrought, they appear'd as if they had been produc'd perfect by Nature, and sold at very high Rates. This makes me certainly conclude, that they proceed and are form'd from the very Substance of the Shell, and not from any outward Thing, this being very probable, whereas the other Opinion is liable to many Contradictions. This is much confirm'd by the likeness there is in the Oyster Shell. Besides, it has been observ'd, that the flesh of all the Oysters which have Pearl is bruise'd and crush'd, as it might be when there are any greater or less Excrescencies in the Shell, whereas those which have no Pearl are sound and entire, as those may be which have it, but extremely small, which is no small Argument to back my Opinion, yet I submit it to able Judgments. However, I cannot but admire at those Physicians, who to this Day, in their Recipes, order Pearls that are drill'd, or not drill'd, making much Account of that Difference, whose Mistake is unpardonable, since they cannot be excused by Ignorance, which cannot be in this Case, or by Custom, which is not allowable; since it is

well known that all Pearls are alike for the use of Physick, whether whole, or drill'd by Art, for none have Holes naturally."

With all the simplicity and credulity of our author, there is mingled a deal of shrewdness, and some of his remarks upon oriental customs and government, display a deal of penetration and keenness. It is possible that his tough stories, arise from his belief in the truth of others, or where he has been made the victim of deception. As the island where he crosses on the bridge of salt is of limestone formation, it is easily seen how he may have taken it for granted that the crystalline calcereous spar, beneath which ran a subterranean stream, was a soluble mineral; the miraculous cures through the Porcupine stone, may be attributed to the faith of the patients; and that wonderful stone-softening herb may be explained as a juggling trick. It is interesting at all events to go through the quaint old book, and to note, all through it, by a comparison with the stories of modern travelers, how little the customs of

the Persians have changed in the space of nearly two centuries. It is interesting to consider the date of authorship. When Terxeira wrote the colonization of North America had barely commenced a successful career; the last of the Stuarts had not passed from the English throne; the feudal system had not died out; Japan was a sealed book to European civilization; the Turk was still a power in Europe; the sovereign of India was yet the powerful lord of millions; gas, railroads, telegraphs, iron-clads, wooden nutmegs, Massachusetts school-marms, greenbacks, Sumner's speeches, and Forney's two papers, "both daily," were not even dreamed of.

And Terxeira lived too soon. With his credulity, his inquisitiveness, his positive way of telling doubtful things, his unscrupulous mode of turning conjecture and hearsay into history, what a capital reporter he would have made for any of the New York daily papers, whether they be great or small.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF POLLISCHEINOFF.

A politician of the baser sort,
Such as to Crook's at drinking-time resort,
Who did not care a toss-up what the "bulls"
Had for the growling "bears" been brewin',
Nor that the iron lords get pocket fulls
Of greenbacks through the country's ruin,
Committed thus *scan. mag.* to-day—
"The Presidency now to vulgar eyes,
Is changed to be a Grand Gift Enterprise;
The people for the tickets pay,
And Grant, as traveling agent, takes the tin,
Then manages each prize himself to win."
Lias sometimes tell truth—it was so here;
But why, or wherefore, does not well appear.

SOME USES OF LEAD.

EVERYONE knows lead when they see it. It is like no other metal, save one—thallium—and that is little known, having been only discovered for the first time within a few years. Both are of a bluish-white color when you cut them freshly, and the surfaces tarnish very soon, if exposed to the air; both are so soft that they yield to the thumb-nail; both may be beaten out to plates, or drawn to wire; and both are fusible at less than a red heat. But lead is bivalent—an atom of lead will take up two atoms of some other substance, and combine with it; while thallium, so far as we know, is univalent—it will only combine atom for atom, with other substances.

Everyone knows the more ordinary uses of lead. They see it in the water pipes, by means of which they get a disagreeable poison in their systems at times—for water almost always carries off some atoms of lead in solution—or rather, semi-soluble salts of lead. This depends a deal on the impurity of the water, and both running and rain water are always impure. If the water contains nitrates and chlorides—if it have a minute portion of saltpetre or nitrate of soda, or common salt in it—it decomposes the lead, making a soluble compound. If it have any sulphates or carbonates it forms an insoluble compound which generally coats the surface, and protects that from further destructi n.

Pure water gives out some of its free oxygen to lead, and the resulting oxide is partly soluble in water, and so is taken into the system. They have taken to tinning the interior of lead pipes of late years; but the tin does not get equally applied to the surface, and lead pipes continue to be, as they have always been, more or less dangerous.

Everyone does not know all the uses to which lead may be advantageously applied—especially in building. And that is what we intend to write about.

In many—in most parts of this country—in nearly all except alluvial portions—building stone is abundant. Houses of stone, though costing a little more to erect, are more substantial, and in the end cheaper than those of any other material. They are more picturesque in appearance—they are cooler in summer, and warmer in winter. They do not require annual painting like those of wood; they are not as repulsive to the eye as those of brick. But the prevailing opinion, and a just one, is against them, on account of dampness. A man does not care for a picturesque, a cheap and substantial house, if its resident is to be given over to rheumatism. For rheumatism is worse to the physical individual than even the maddest ism of Horace Greeley, or any other apostle of folly and delusion. It does not destroy the soul, indeed, as some of these isms do

but it sadly vexes the body, and people generally are more terrified by what troubles their bodies than by what endangers their souls. Hence they fight shy of stone houses.

It is true, this dampness can be partly avoided by "firing off,"—that is, by plastering against strips of fir, or pine, or other wood, fastened against the walls, but this is not always effectual, and is always extra expensive. It is, in fact, building a wooden dwelling inside of one of stone.

Lead may be made to obviate this difficulty.

The damp in stone houses does not come from the exterior, but below. If properly laid in cement, or in good lime mortar, with the right proportion of clean, sharp sand, water, or dampness, does not penetrate the walls. But it works up gradually from the foundation. Prevent that, and your house is dry, and you may plaster on the bare walls. You prevent it by interposing at the surface of the ground a layer of something impervious to water and damp.

Slate laid on hydraulic cement, is used for this purpose, and partly answers. But slate is not always to be had easily, nor is it always effectual. Lead does the business. A continuous sheet of the metal, from an eighth of an inch upwards, in thickness, and of the width of the wall, is laid just above the surface of the ground, and the masonry continued over it. Covered entirely from air, it never alters, and through it no dampness can get. The cost is not much; but whatever it be, it is nothing in comparison to the comfort.

Another complaint we have in regard to houses is their leakiness. Hence we have all kinds of roofing materials. In our early days shingles of cypress—"cedar shingles"—were almost the only covering, a few slated roofs excepted. They stood well, and if well laid, were effectual so long as they lasted. But cypress grew scarce and dear, pine, and at last spruce were substituted—sawn shingles took the place of those made by hand—and leaky roofs grew to be as common as houses themselves. Then came other materials. Tinned iron—colloquially "tin"—was used; zinc in sheets; asphalte mixed with sand or gravel; felt and cloth impregnated with resinous matter; slate; and here and there by some one to that manner born, tiles. But tinned iron contracts with cold and expands with heat exceedingly; the tinning is knocked off in laying, and then, or wherever a scratch occurs, the unprotected metal oxidises, and so is destroyed. Paint protects it, while it remains intact; but it requires constant painting and continual watching. Zinc is better and cheaper; but zinc, though theoretically of seven times the tenacity of lead, in practice is found to give way and crack. It becomes brittle apparently by exposure. Asphaltic roofs are failures all—we say this with all due regard to the feelings of those gentlemen who have interests in certain patent compounds. Slates are gaining ground, and they make an admirable covering, if carefully selected and properly laid. But they will give way at places, to the danger of heads below, and the inconvenience of people within, who find a stream of water making its

way into the interior of the dwelling, without warning. As for tiles—well; the American does not take kindly to tiles. There is a new kind introduced in London which seem to be beautiful and serviceable; but there is a great extent of territory in the United States where tiles and slates cannot be obtained, except at enormous expense.

Now let us consider lead as a material for roofing.

And first, of the cost. If we take first cost as the standard, lead is wholly inadmissible. It must be so much thicker than zinc or tin, that it costs five or six times as much, and it is heavier to handle. But it is never ripped from the roof as zinc or tin may be by the wind; its surface takes a beautiful and uniform grey tint, harmonising with almost any shade of color, and any material; it does not and cannot leak; and it is worth nearly as much for old material as at first, while zinc loses most, and tinplate nearly, all of its value, after having been used. Its main value is its perfect protection of the building, its permanence, and the beauty it imparts to the whole.

Of course, the lead must be thick enough; it must be laid so as to allow for contraction and expansion, and not to come in contact with wet wood or wet plaster, or with other metals; and it should be soldered autogenously, and not with a composition.

Autogenous soldering was the invention of Count Desbassayns de Richemant. It means simply soldering lead with lead. Ure, in his Dictionary, describes it.—“Hydrogen gas is contained in a gasometer, to which a flexible tube is con-

nected, and air is urged from a bellows, worked by the foot, through another tube, and on to the blow-pipe where the hydrogen is ignited. By means of the flexible tubes, the flame may be moved up and down the line of any joint, and the connecting medium melted.” Of course the joint is as strong as any other part—it is merely a continuation of the metal. It is a mode which should be insisted on in any kind of plumber’s work, being the only secure way.

Lead is not only spread in sheets on roofs, but sometimes in tiles, when it needs no soldering; but this is only done in case of spires, or very steep roofs. Sometimes the metal is run on. The Dome of the Invalides, where Napoleon’s remains rest, is covered with cast lead; so is the roof of the celebrated Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. For private houses, however, this is rather impracticable.

The best mode of laying a leaden roof is in ridges, as the best tin roofs are laid, one edge of the sheet being raised at right angles, and the edge of the next sheet bent upwards and then over, so as to cover it, the fastening to the roof being by blind nailing—the tabs receiving the nails soldered beneath. This requires no soldering as it is laid, is firm, prevents all access of water, and as it allows for contraction and expansion, the metal may be much thinner, and so the first cost be less.

We might point out some other uses of lead, not general; but our main purpose was to lay before our readers its value in building. There are parts of the country where lead is quite cheap. It occurs principal-

ly, in the condition of an ore in nature, as plumbic sulphide (galena—lead pyrites—sulphuret of lead) over a vast extent of territory. It is quite important that we should extend its uses. But when by ex-

tending its uses and use, we promote the erection of edifices more comfortable and substantial than those generally to be found, we are conferring a positive benefit on the public.

THE MYSTERIOUS THIEF.

ROLAND BURKE was an old college friend of mine. His father had inherited a large fortune, but had managed to embarrass himself by entering into some land speculations, which succeeded after he was ruined, and his interest transferred to other parties. Then he did the next best thing to success—he died. Roland had just closed his collegiate studies, and taken his bachelor's degree, when he found himself an orphan, and penniless. His taste in study had been mathematical, and he became a civil engineer, in which profession he was gradually rising when I met him accidentally, after having lost sight of him for years. The delight at meeting was mutual, and he insisted on my visiting him at his little cottage, about six miles from the city. I was obliged to fix a day, and we parted; but not before he had given me some particulars of his recent life. He had married—had three children—all boys. His wife's only sister—a girl of eighteen—was the only visitor at the time; but they always had a spare room and a spare seat at their table. I promised to come on the following Thursday.

I may as well mention here that Roland, like all his family, was a

strict Catholic, though his wife was Anglican in religion. This has nothing to do with controversial points, but on this fact hinges the narrative.

I arrived at Burke's house—Inwood he called it—on Thursday afternoon late, and found the family waiting to receive me with a hearty welcome. I was formally introduced to his wife and sister—both very self-possessed and handsome women—the younger especially so. As for the boys, there is a sort of freemasonry between me and children—so we became friends at once, and I introduced the fingers of the oldest to my pockets, where he discovered a store of marbles and other boyish treasures, which he fairly shared with his brothers. That I won the way thereby to the good-will of the mother, was apparent. Roland laughed.

"You're the same old fellow, Dick," he said. "I wonder you have been a bachelor so long."

A large Maltese cat that had been dozing on the hearth, opened his eyes suspiciously, looked at me closely, and then made a leap to my lap.

"That's a namesake of yours," said Roland. "Get down, Dick."

But Dick was very comfortable where he was—stretched himself on my knee, and accompanied our talk with purring.

There was one member of the family that I did not like. It was the maid-of-all-work—a thin, wizened and sharp-featured woman of middle age, who spoke with a peculiar accent—half Scotch, half Irish—and who went about her business with a spiteful energy that annoyed me. When supper was over, and she had disappeared with the dishes, I could not refrain from speaking of her.

“Oh,” said my friend, “Ann is a religious fanatic. Like yourself, unless she has changed her views, she is a strong Presbyterian. She comes from Tyrone—somewhere near Dunganon—and she lives in continual trouble. You see I always ask the Episcopal rector of the parish to dinner, once a month, in compliment to my wife, and the Catholic priest, two weeks after, in compliment to myself; and it is hard to say which of the two Ann hates the most. To add to her trouble, I am not on very good terms with the Presbyterian minister here, and he never comes to the house. This she thinks arises from bigotry on my part.”

“I wonder that you keep her.”

“I couldn’t better myself. She is honest, faithful, careful, and the children are very much attached to her. Beside, she is attached to us, in her snappish way.”

Roland and I sat up late over our wine and segars, talking of old college days; and the result was that I was late at breakfast.

I had just taken some omelet on my plate, when I heard Roland say:

“The thief again! Ann, did you

put the mackarel on the table?”

“Deed I did, sir, just before you kem in.”

I looked up—there was a peculiar twinkle in Ann’s eyes. I glanced in inquiry at Roland.

“You see,” he replied to my look, “this being Friday I eat no meat. Now, every Friday morning, some one takes my fish away, just after it is dished up. Where it goes to, or who does it, we can never find out; and we’ve watched too. If the fish comes on with us—all right; but if we are out of the room an instant, it has disappeared.”

“It takes hands to remove it,” I said, looking Ann full in the face. The girl understood me, and darted back a spiteful look. I had earned no good will by my remark.

The missing fish was replaced, and the breakfast went on. After it was over I prepared to return to town.

“Mr. Burke told us you would make a longer stay,” said Mrs. Burke.

“It is impossible now,” I answered, “but I intend to return. I invite myself here in a week’s time, for I intend to probe this fish-larceny to the bottom.”

“Glad to have you come when you like—the oftener the better; but as to the fish—well, if you make it out, I shall say they spoiled a good detective—that’s all.”

Next week I was there. I rose in good time, and entered the breakfast room, before joining the family. The table was spread—the coffee just brought in, and Ann had gone to the kitchen for the other things. I looked around the room carefully. There was a door to the kitchen, another to the parlor, and another to the hall by which I had entered.

I locked the last. So soon as the fish was brought in, I said :

"Ann, be kind enough to s'and on the other side of the kitchen door, ready to come in when you are called." She did so, without a word, but looking sour. So soon as she was through, I opened the parlor door to speak to Roland, who with the family was waiting summons to breakfast. I did not leave the room, but said, with my hand on the knob of the half-opened door :

"I intend to save your fish this morning. It is on the table, and—"

I was going to add that I would give the unknown thief only one minute for his purpose, when I turned and glanced at the table.

The fish was gone. The kitchen door was nearly closed, and motionless. No one but myself was in the room. The family "rushed" in—Ann came at the summons.

"Did you ketch him, sur?" asked the girl, with a malicious tremble.

"No!" I answered, "but I will."

Roland laughed, and Isabel Burton, his sister-in-law, smiled at my discomfiture.

But I was not to be baffled. I declared I would discover it in a week; at which Roland laughed more than ever.

"I said the same thing, my boy, but I gave it up at last. I've one more regular member to my family, and he's fond of fish, that's all."

A day or two after I was telling a friend of the occurrence. He heard me through, questioned me about the room and the inmates of the house.

"Is there a closet in the room?" he asked.

"No! an old-fashioned side-board, and then over each door there is a

wide projecting ledge, which answers as a kind of shelf. There is no place where a human being can hide."

"I think I can give you a clue," he said. "When do you go down?"

"To-morrow."

"Very well. Give me paper."

He wrote a word on a piece of paper, put it in an envelope, sealed it up, and gave it to me.

"Open that," he said, "when you rise on Friday morning."

And so we parted.

On the following Friday morning I was at Burke's, and rose at a rather early hour. I opened the note before I was dressed.

Possibly my friend had hit on the solution. It was to be seen.

I walked out—got a piece of soft wood, and commenced to whittle it into certain shapes. I searched through the house until I found a stout piece of twine. Then I removed a picture from the wall, fastened one end of my string to its hook, and deliberately set to work. When the fish made its appearance, I set my trap on the table, and joined the family in the parlor. I had just closed the door, when I heard a crash and a yell, cut suddenly short. It was an ear-piercing, harrowing cry, that curdled the blood. We from one side, and Ann from the other, rushed into the room. There was the fish and the dish on the floor, and there was Dick, the cat, strangling under the stout twine.

The mystery was solved. But where had he eaten his spoil always? That was easily told too. There was a pile of fish bones on the high shelf near the door next the kitchen. While the family ate their breakfast and chatted, Dick always devoured his bit in silence.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

UNQUESTIONABLY M. Bastiat was one of the clearest and cleverest of the antagonists of those monopolists who endeavor to persuade us that a nation must cripple itself in order to run faster; and we are glad to see a part of his works in an English dress, accessible to the multitude.* There be many writers who have written with more pomp and pretence, but none before him stripped a plain topic of all useless words, and gave his readers so fully the pith and marrow of the subject. His illustrations are often homely, but they are always striking. He has demonstrated the great truth, that as among individuals, so among nations, it is only profitable to produce that which we can produce best and cheap st; and that prosperity is more certain to come when skilled labor in one department exchanges with skilled labor in another, than when we endeavor to do that which we cannot do either well or cheaply, impelled by a false notion of independence. The man who makes his own shoes, hat, and coat, as well as builds his own house, is beyond doubt independent of the shoemaker, hatter, and tailor; but if he makes shoes, hats, and coats badly, and builds houses well, he is directing his labors in an unprofitable channel. As with individuals so with nations, which are aggregations of individuals. Bastiat takes nothing for granted. He treats political economy as a science, not as a bundle of theories, unsupported by facts. No advocate of that system of plunder miscalled protection, has attempted to answer him, simply because he is unanswerable. Some writers leave joints in their armor. Bastiat is clad in complete mail from head to heel.

*Essays on Political Economy. By the late M. Frederic Bastiat, Member of the Institute of France. Part I.—Sophisms of Protection. First series. Part II.—Sophisms of Protection. Second series. Part III.—Spoliation and Law. Part IV.—Capital and Interest. Translated from the Paris edition of 1863. Chicago: Western News Company. 16mo., pp. 393.

There is no work which could be so profitably made of general circulation than this. It will not convince monopolists, but it is irresistible with the people at large. The publishers have done good service in issuing it in this form; but they could do still better, if they presented it as a cheap pamphlet, acceptable to every head of a family. However, even in this shape, it will be read by thousands of such as mould public opinion, and as such will be an antidote to the poisonous sophistries of Carey, and the crudities of Horace Greeley.

Mr. Abbott, who made of the life of the first Napoleon a kind of fairy tale, has given us a history of the Emperor's elder brother,* and threatens us with a life of Queen Hortense, to be followed in due time, doubtless, if fate be cruel and spares the author, by narratives of the doings of all the Bonaparte family—American branch and all. The present work lacks the romantic incidents of its predecessor, but is entertaining enough. Joseph Bonaparte was a very respectable person—a country gentleman playing at king. But even the glowing imagination of an Abbott fails to fill his history with romance. The life of the man, even among startling incident and under exciting circumstance, was commonplace. By his natural goodness and the correctness of his dealing, the elder Bonaparte would have made a prosperous grocer. But he had in him none of the elements of royalty—none of the stuff of which the founders of dynasties are made. He failed in Spain, and in spite of the excuses of which the book is full, he deserved to fail. Still the work has interest, and will be read with pleasure, though the reader will scarcely invest its hero with any degree of admiration.

† History of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples and of Italy [sic] By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo., pp. 391.

Two little hand-books, both diverse in character, but each equally useful in their way, have been issued by the same firm.* The first of these, a work on cookery and household matters, is thorough, so far as it goes, and contains all that is necessary for the head of a household with moderate means to know about the preparation of food. The other is a very complete guide to public business, showing how everything is to be decorously managed in this country, from a township meeting to a convention. This last book we particularly recommend to those not quite familiar with the forms of public business. Unlike most works of the sort, it fills the reader's mind with the reasons for what he is to do.

Two more of the volumes belonging to the duodecimo series of the George Eliot novels—"Felix Holt" and "Scenes of Clerical Life,"—leaving only "Romola" to complete the whole. A Boston firm, having a rival edition, seem to be annoyed at the cheapness and beauty of this, and find fault with the Harpers for having published at a price so low, and without the author's permission. To this the Harpers reply, showing that they paid a heavy price for the advance sheets, and so on. So far as unfairness goes, they exonerate themselves from the charge; but, after all, the public only care to get the most for their money, and that they do in the Harper edition, beyond doubt.

Since the above was written, we have received "Romola," which completes the series.

In her "Minister's Wife,"† Mrs. Oliphant gives us a quiet novel—a little too quiet to interest the hasty reader, and a trifle too much spread out. The incidents are few—some of them striking enough; and the thread of the narrative is rather slender. It is a story, however, that will bear a second reading.

Mr. Kerl, in his new work on English Composition, has gone beyond any of his predecessors in thoroughness, but in his

anxiety to be precise and clear, is often tedious.‡ As a whole, we will call the attention of teachers and pupils to it, as being, with the exception of a few pages, the best elementary work of the kind in print. But we would recommend to the author to cut out, in a new edition, one or two small evidences of personal spite and littleness; and to have that part devoted to verification re-written by some one who has, at least, a moderate acquaintance with the subject.

The larger edition of Froude's History of England during a memorable epoch, is a work of inestimable value from its marvellous research, and the crispness of its narrative, but its price has placed it hitherto out of ordinary reach. The publishers have prepared a cheaper edition, yet sufficiently elegant for general circulation, and of this the first two volumes, brought down to the death of Anne Boleyn, have just been issued.§ Of the excellent manner in which the author has done his work, and the strong reasons he assigns from differing with most in regard to many important occurrences during the reign of the Eighth Henry, and his two famous daughters, it is not necessary to speak. The history is well known to, and approved by scholars, even though they may not agree with some of its conclusions, and it is not necessary to analyse it here. But we may say of Mr. Froude's style that it has loftiness without bombast, clearness without tediousness, and a steady flow of narrative which keeps the interest of the reader undiminished throughout.

The last number of Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders, is Meunier's account of hunters and hunting,|| in which details of the pursuit made by man after all the ferocious animals, from the grizzly bear to the gavia, are given, and illustrated by spirited engravings. The compilation is

‡ Elements of Composition and Rhetoric. Practical, Concise and Comprehensive. By Simon Kerl, A.M. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 12mo., pp. 407.

§ History of England. From the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By John Anthony Froude, M.A., Late Fellow of Exeter College. Volumes I. and II. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo., pp. 447-501.

|| Adventures in the Great Hunting Grounds of the World. By Victor Meunier. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 16mo., pp. 297. Twenty-two Full Page Illustrations.

* The American Housewife, and Kitchen Directory. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 16mo., pp. 144.

The Young Debater and Chairman's Assistant. By an ex-Member of the Philadelphia Bar. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 16mo., pp. 160.

† The Minister's Wife. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8vo., pp. 199.

very entertaining, and will be a great addition to the winter reading, not only of boys and girls, for whom it is more especially prepared, but even their fathers and grandfathers. The author has gleaned from all the travelers and hunters of note, and gives the cream of the liveliest books of personal adventure.

The system of brief writing, introduced of late years, is one of great advantage, not only to those who wish to report speeches, but to all writers whose ideas crowd upon them with too great rapidity for ordinary penmanship. Mr. Lindsley's little work on the subject,* appears to us to be exceedingly well conceived and executed, and we can well comprehend that any one who masters the principles it lays down, will only need a fair amount of practice to become expert in a useful and interesting art.

When we consider that the book-makers of the North have poisoned the minds of the young, and are still engaged in their work of instilling falsehood into the growing people, a school history of the United States, which should look at affairs from a Southern standpoint, may be considered a necessary antidote to the bane. It would be better to have a trustworthy narration of facts, without leaning one way or the other—and such would answer all the desired end, since, in the political controversy between the sections, the South has the best side. It is laudable enough, however, for Southerners who knew the motives of their public men to be misrepresented, and a false covering given to events by Northern bookwrights, to endeavor to give a statement more in accordance with their notions. The effort of Messrs. McDonald and Blackburn, in producing a Southern School History, is entitled to respect. But the result of that effort does not merit much commendation. The book is said by the compilers to be the result of

several years' labor. It lacked, nevertheless, the labor of revision. Errors of opinion and statement abound. There are so many, indeed, of these that we are troubled which to select for citation. In the first section of the first chapter we are told of our aborigines, "from their resemblance to the inhabitants of East India, they were called Indians, and have retained that name ever since." If by "East India" is meant Indoostan, this is an error, for between the Hindoo and the North American there is no point of person or mind in common. If the islands of the various eastern archipelagoes are included in the term, the statement is still more inaccurate—if we except the Japanese, that in physique have some resemblance, but in mind and manners not the least, to the Choctaw or Mohawk. In the same section it is affirmed that to assert that the Indian is not a descendant of Adam, is "contrary to the teaching of the Bible," showing not only the authors' gross ignorance of ethnological facts, but their slavish adherence to an exploded and wicked dogma. In the next section, speaking of the Mexicans, they repeat and endorse the absurd fictions of Cortez and his companions, concerning Aztec civilization. Nor are they more accurate when they tell us that the Indians "worship one God, the creator and preserver of all things." They do nothing of the kind. They have the idea of all savages of a superior good something—a Good Mystery—and of an opposing, or Bad Mystery—generally given in English as the Great Spirit and the Evil Spirit. But they never worship. They have no form of adoration—no temples—no rites. When the authors speak of Bacon, they violate the truth of history. It was not "the ambition of a single man" which provoked the contest spoken of by English writers as "Bacon's Rebellion," but a series of oppressions on the part of that infamous scoundrel, Berkeley. Nor was there any Dutch governor of the name of Krefit; but that is probably an omission of the proof-reader to correct a printer's error. The authors display an equal ignorance in regard to Jacob Leisler, who was not a rebel; and they do not state the fact that the execution was disapproved by the home government, and the attainder reversed, which is necessary to a correct understanding of the case. When they say also that in New England "it was not un-

‡ The Elements of Tachygraphy, Illustrating the First Principles of the Art, with their Adaptation to the wants of Professional, Literary and Business Men. By David Phillip Lindsley. Boston: Otis Clapp. Boards, 12mo., pp. 102-20.

† A Southern School History of the United States of America. From the Earliest Discoveries to the Present Time. By W. N. McDonald, A.M., Superintendent of the Male High School of Louisville, Kentucky; and J. S. Blackburn, Principal of Alexandria High School, Virginia. Baltimore: George Lyett. 12mo., pp. 597.

common for the father of a large family" to appropriate for the purpose of naming his children, "the best part of a chapter" in the Bible, they exaggerate grossly. Enough for errors of statement. Those of opinion are frequent and glaring. Some of them are amusing. When we are told that the crude production of "Rusticus" "will compare favorably with any other political poem ever published," and that Daniel Webster in debate, "had no equal," and as an orator "was rarely surpassed; as a statesman, *never*"—the italics being the authors' own, we smile. But it is not a matter for amusement, when we reflect that these expressions are to be used to mould the opinions of thousands of children. Nor is the style of the work free from faults. A single paragraph on page 11, will serve to show that the authors do not always distinguish between simplicity and vulgarity of diction. In this they say that the Indian "*bothered himself* little with getting wood, bringing water, or hoeing corn," that he would for days "esconce himself on a mat or skin," and that his guest "was always supplied with the best of the *shanty* afforded." The authors should have learned that the historian rarely uses the word "perhaps," or the phrase, "it is possible." It is his province to record facts, with only such comments as make them clear, and to avoid conjecture. It may be said, however, in favor of this book, that its statements are generally accurate, and that if its style be careless and undignified, it is no worse in that respect than many others that are placed in the hands, and their absurdities and falsehoods crammed into the heads, of thousands of mistaught children. The errors also of this work are mainly those which will be dissipated as the child grows older. Those which occur in the many school histories published North, and sown broadcast in the common schools, are such as create a prejudice in the young mind, almost impossible to eradicate, and color his opinion of men and things with a false hue. This

work may be revised, and so come up to the proper standard. The works it is intended to supplant can be bettered in no way but their entire suppression. These errors are inextricably woven in the fabric. Their falsehood does not lie only in single sentences, but runs in a wide stream through the whole.

The prolific author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," in his last contribution to the stock of works of fiction, furnishes us with something like a mermaid, very handsome in the part first coming in view, but very scaly in the last.* The opening chapters are very graphic and forcible; the characters well defined, and the incidents such as provoke interest, and apparently lead to great events in the future. But the interest of the reader flags at length, and even a general massacre by flood at the close, of a number of people, including the major villain of the story, does not particularly rouse attention. John Denton is very well drawn, but he has little to do; William Blackburn, equally well drawn, is simply a disgusting brute; and the heroine is a mere walking lady. The story is in many respects quite inferior to others by the same author.

In his "Greek Grammar for Beginners,"† Professor Waddell has given us something which is precisely what it professes to be—a purely elementary work. It is clear, precise, and constructed on the supposition that the pupil using it knows nothing of Greek, and has to be taught the rudiments in the most thorough way. It is admirably adapted for its purpose, and may be recommended confidently to parents and teachers.

* A Beggar on Horseback; or a Country Family. By the Author of "Found Dead." "Lost Sir Massingberd," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8vo., pp. 124.

† A Greek Grammar for Beginners. By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 104.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—JUGURTHA, contemplating the corruption of Rome, exclaimed: "O, venal city, had I now money enough to buy thee, how soon wouldst thou be enslaved." What would the ghost of the old Carthageni n say if he were permitted to look out, from the eternal fires, upon the corruption of politics in the United States at the present time, where we behold white men selling themselves, even into companionship with negroes, for the sake of political power and plunder? O, venal wretches!

—Machiavel says: "The name of liberty is often nothing more than a specious pretence, made use of both by the instruments of licentiousness, and the promoters of tyranny." How true! How have we felt its truth in this country, where, in the name of *liberty*, the very temple of freedom has been demolished!

—A class of "philosophers" assert that climate and soil decide the character and political institutions of nations. What nonsense! The despotism of the Turk, and the laws of Solon have at different times prevailed in Greece. Emperors, consuls, pontiffs, aristocrats, and plebeians, have ruled over Rome in different periods. And look at our own country, which was a confederation of coequal sister States for more than seventy years. But what has it been since 1861? Has it been a confederation of co-equal sister States? No man who does not possess the shamelessness of the devil will say that it has. Has climate wrought this change? Only in the sense that the nasty *political climate* of Massachusetts has butchered its way over the land.

—The English papers tell us that Dr. Livingston "is safe, and writes that he has discovered the sources of the Nile." This is a refreshing example of modesty, since Speke and Baker "discovered the Sources

of the Nile" five years ago, and published large volumes, minutely describing all the particulars of the great lakes which are the head waters of the Nile. But we have in our library the works of two authors, one Arabian and the other Portuguese, published in the sixteenth century, which describe the "Source of the Nile" precisely in the great lakes which were "discovered" by Speke and Baker. And now Dr. Livingston puts in a claim for their "discovery" again. The Portuguese explorer, Don Francisco Alvarez, as minutely as possible, described the "Source of the Nile" in 1520, and after him, Leo Africanus did the same thing, in 1600. The works of these authors are familiar, or ought to be, to all men of learning; and it is surprising that such general ignorance has prevailed all this time in relation to this matter. We have no doubt that Dr. Livingston, if he ever gets back, will be heralded all over Europe and America as the "discoverer" of what has been perfectly well known to men of learning for three hundred and fifty years.

—One of the greatest of the Italian writers on government says: "The management of State affairs requires judgment and experience." But does not Grant completely upset him? What experience in statesmanship has he had, or what judgment? He has had great experience in stables, bar-rooms, dog-kennels, and is said to have some experience with the Digger Indians; but we never heard that he had had an hour's experience in state-manship.

—The ancient people of Crete believed that their laws were dictated to Minos by Jupiter. Therefore they respected the laws. But the people of the South, knowing that the laws that rule over them were dictated by such rascals as Ben Butler, Sumner, and the defunct fiend, Thad. Ste-

vens, are under no sort of obligation to respect them. Indeed, if they did not despise and abhor them, they would, themselves, be dogs. We take the liberty of saying that we have no language to sufficiently express our contempt of the soulless scoundrel who does not hate all those "laws," and meditate, in his heart, a day of reckoning and terrible revenge for all he has suffered at the hands of these wretches.

—Mr. Grant is reported as entertaining a very high opinion of the Chinese. Well, there are some portions of Chinese history which ought to be especially consoling to him. For instance, one of the first native emperors of China, who founded the imperial family of Tamingu, was, in his origin, something like a cook. He was then a common thief. Afterward he rose to the dignity of a highwayman. From that he advanced to be a general, and then emperor. We can imagine Mr. Grant studying this little piece of history with as much enthusiasm, as a brain habitually steeped in the fumes of smoke and whiskey is capable of feeling. From a common thief and drunken general, Tamingu became an emperor.

—The New Orleans *Christian Advocate* says: "Most of the freedmen of this country call themselves Baptists, though their doctrine and government are a grotesque mixture of different denominations, largely interspersed with absurd superstitions of their own." We have often urged this fact as proof of the impossibility of perfectly christianizing the negro. No pure-blooded negro ever held on to Christianity longer than the white man, both supplied and applied the ideas. It never can become so thoroughly a part of his mind, that it will not fall out of him whenever he is left entirely to himself, or his race. A Christianity which is "largely mixed" with *Voodooism*, is no Christianity at all, and it is profanity, if not blasphemy, to call it Christianity. It is time this profane farce of trying to work the Christian religion into Sambo was done with. He is not capable of comprehending either the theory or the morality of Christianity.

—It is fashionable among some people, of the shallowest learning, to pretend to believe in what is called "the Darwinian

theory of the origin of man." But Darwin's theory leaves the origin of man's origin, and of the causes of different races, without any new light. He has not dared to apply his theory of "natural selection" to the *genus homo*. He is willing that others should do it, but he does not venture to do it himself. Darwin has not attempted to produce the slightest evidence that there was ever a time when the present distinctions of races did not exist. No field of science, or of history, turns up the slightest proof of a change of human species, or a development of one type out of another. Huxley, and others, has produced a great many frightful words about such imaginary changes, but not a tittle of *proof*. In his second volume, Mr. Darwin distinctly says that the *facts* on which his theory is based, have yet to be published. He would have been more scientific to have given his *facts* first, or, at least, to have allowed them to accompany his *theory*. His system (can it be called a system?) is a castle of *words*, and nothing more. Novel and pleasant reading, but only *words*.

—There has been a volcanic eruption in Africa. And there has been an *African* eruption in America.

—The velocipede lunacy has run its course and vanished. A hundred thousand men are looking foolishly at each other, and wondering how they "could do so." We have seen velocipedes, years ago, in Paris; but they never were an institution in that country, nor anywhere else, except here in the United States. The people of the United States went crazy after velocipedes as they did after niggers. There is so much of *lucifer matches and brown paper* in our composition, that we kindle at a very slight puff of wind. We are, therefore, in a blaze of some sort pretty much all the time.

—A cotemporary says: "Our government is undergoing great and fatal changes." Yes, *radical* changes.

—A "student of Yale" writes to ask our opinion as to "which is the best model for a modern student of eloquence to study, Demosthenes or Cicero?" We think they are both best, though Demosthenes was undoubtedly the greatest master of eloquence that ever lived. He was called the *Thundering Orator*, who, cut to pieces,

bore down and swept away everything that opposed this tremendous power. But Cicero is still a model in respect to the beauty and elegance of his style, the harmony of his periods, the exquisite disposition of his terms, the management of his figures, and the loftiness and force of his thoughts. If he has a fault, it is in being a little "long-winded; in which particular Demosthenes certainly has the advantage. In all the orations of Demosthenes it is impossible to find a word too much. But if he is the greatest of the two, still Cicero may be studied with equal advantage for the matchless purity and sweetness of his diction.

—In the death of Dr. James Hunt, which recently took place in London, science has lost one of its brightest ornaments in Europe. He was the founder and first President of the Anthropological Society of London, and was the Editor and Proprietor of the *Anthropological Review*. He seemed to be almost the only scientific man in England, who correctly understood the negro's place in nature. He thoroughly comprehended, and adopted, the general views of Dr. Van Evrie, who must be regarded as the Nestor of political anthropologists on both continents. Indeed, Dr. Van Evrie seems to have been the first author who clearly perceived the perfect justice and harmony of the natural laws of *supremacy and subordination*, which rule among specifically superior and inferior species of men. On this subject science has, until very recently, been dragged into the gutter by theology, which, with unreasoning blindness, has clung to the monstrous traditions of the past, that have shut out from human view the grandest proofs of the power and wisdom of the Creator in the perfect and marvelous adaptation of the different species of men to their own place in the temple of nature. We give the following notice of Mr. Hunt's death by Dr. Van Evrie, in THE DAY-BOOK:

"We are pained to hear of the death of Dr. James Hunt, the founder of the London Anthropological Society, and editor of the London *Anthropological Review*, beyond doubt the best, or, at all events, the most useful man in England, if not, indeed, in Europe. The man that leads all other men in knowledge essential to human well-being, that thus extends the bounds of hu-

man happiness, and best illustrates the wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty Creator to His creatures, is, *per se.*, and of necessity, the best man of his generation, and such man was the late Dr. Jas. Hunt, of England. The science of humanity, the *facts* that underlie the human creation, that explain to human kind their nature and wants, and natural relations to each other, which is the most essential of all possible human knowledge, and the basis and foundation of all that men may need to know, or indeed can know in this world, has, until quite recently, been a sealed book, and while animals and plants, and the very insect world, have been studied with the utmost zeal, man—the centre and very sun of all these revolving orbs—has remained in the shadow, a marvel and a mystery to himself! A few years ago the writer of this had prepared a work on the American Races, and asked the Trustees of the Smithsonian Institution—founded to spread knowledge among men—to publish it, at the same time that a Dr. Baird asked them to publish a work he had prepared on *American Snakes*, and they preferred the latter! This well illustrates the ignorance and foolishness of the learned world in regard to this subject, and a million of God's creatures have since been sacrificed on the altars of that blind and stupid folly. Dr. Hunt, in his own clear knowledge and brave enthusiasm, was doing more for humanity, for the welfare of mankind, and for the glory of God, than all the philosophers, humanitarians, philanthropists, statesmen, and, we may say, bishops and clergy of England together. He was teaching them what they are in *fact*—what God has made them, what their relations to other *species* of human kind, Mongols, Malays, Negroes, &c., and thus preparing them for the fulfilment of their duties to each other, and to the dependent races that were, or might be, in juxtaposition with them, and just to the extent that this knowledge is spread among men are the boundaries of human well-being extended, and the wisdom, and glory, and beneficence of the Almighty Creator of all made manifest. His death, at the early age of thirty-six, is a great loss to England, to Christendom, to all mankind, for though there are many others laboring in the same great cause, especially in France and Ger-

many, there was no European of this generation so clear and profound in the science of humanity as Dr. Hunt."

—The papers called "Down Among the Dead Men," seem to have excited so much interest, that we are glad to announce they will be continued in the coming volume. They will contain reminiscences of politicians, lawyers, physicians, authors, artists, actors, and other notabilities, and will be, we have no doubt, fresh and sparkling to their close.

—The groans of the wounded, after an election campaign has been fought and won, are often amusing—to the victors. The *Commercial Advertiser* moralizes on the Mongrel defeat in New York. It says, among other things, that the result was "mainly due to a complete absence of brains." We are not disposed to dispute the opinion of a doctor so learned. It adds: "Candidates were nominated without regard to their fitness or ability to give strength to the ticket, and without inquiry as to whether they would or would not stand. Every step of the proceedings was marked by a timid, halting, half-hearted policy. No sharply-defined issues were made in the resolutions. * * *

The same want of management and sagacity which characterized the original make-up of the State ticket was manifested in remodeling it. The great bulk of the Republican voters through the State are, if not religious, temperate men, strongly imbued with religious, temperance ideas. Yet this fact was wholly ignored, and men, by reason of their infidelity or lager proclivities, were designated to fill vacancies. This was the ticket, these were the men whom the moral, religious, temperate yeomanry of the State were called upon to support. They were asked to go into the fight on no State issues, and with but general indefinite national issues, and then to rally to the support of men whose theories were not in harmony with their own." All very true, doubtless—at least, it is not our purpose to dispute it; but it is not all the truth. The plain solution is that the people of this State are growing tired of the effort to drag them down to the level of an

inferior race. The people's eyes open slowly, but they do open. This is only the beginning of the end of a reign of folly and delusion.

— — —
A CARD FROM THE EDITOR.

—With this number of *THE OLD GUARD*, our editorial connection with it will cease. We have disposed of our interest in the magazine to Messrs. Van Evrie, Horton & Co., by whom it will be continued, we trust, to the increased satisfaction of its patrons. In taking this step, it must not be imagined that we have grown weary of the advocacy of those grand foundation doctrines of *State Sovereignty* and *White Supremacy*, on which the Republic was reared. We only go to a new and more extended field of editorial duties, where we hope to be more useful to our country in the trials which we see it must yet pass through. Instead of shrinking labor in this great cause, we shall assume far heavier responsibilities. But, in taking leave of patrons who have stood by us during all the terrible years which have followed the accession of the negro party to power, we cannot but feel profound regret. We have literally been companions in sorrow and peril. The truths which this magazine proclaimed during the whole of Lincoln's barbarous "reign of terror," brought down the wrath of the malignant enemies of Justice and Liberty, alike upon the editor and all who were known to be its patrons. In writing "good bye" to such friends, we are not ashamed to confess that our hand shakes, and that our eyes are full of tears. We should, indeed, be ashamed if our emotions were less. But we are happy in the reflection that the incorruptible and ever-faithful publishers will never permit the magazine to lower an inch the standard of its principles. Dr. English, who assumes the editorial responsibility, is known to his countrymen as one of our foremost literary men, and under his management the magazine cannot fail to commend itself to the respect and patronage of all the right-thinking and patriotic people in the land.

C. CHAUNCEY BURN.

The Old Guard:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART,

AND THE

Political Principles of 1776 & 1860.

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