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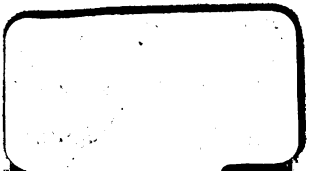

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AND

SUNDRY SKETCHES.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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SPORTING SCENES

AND

SUNDRY SKETCHES;

BEING THE

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF

J. CYPRESS, JR., pseud.
William Post Hawes.

EDITED BY
FRANK FORESTER, pseud.
Henry William Herbert

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY GOULD, BANKS & Co.
NO. 144 NASSAU STREET.

1842.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In committing the collected works of his departed friend to the somewhat precarious sea of popular favor, the editor has but few remarks to offer; his not ungrateful task is ended, and if any find gratification in the fruit of his labors, rich will be his reward in feeling that he has ministered in something to the alas! posthumous reputation of one whom he esteemed truly living, and affectionately remembers, when remembrance only and regret are left to him.

The plan laid down in the brief memoir of the author has been adhered to strictly; except in one, and that a very slight particular. It was there stated to be the editor's intention to omit altogether the political writings of J. Cypress, Jr. which are exceedingly voluminous, for reasons therein mentioned; but on mature reflection, it was judged better to insert two articles in prose, and a few squibs in verse, as being singular-

ly characteristic of the man, full of his own quaint humor, and above all so innocent in their good-humored satire, that none of the satirized will be inclined to wince at their insertion.

To particularize the periodicals in which each several article was published, would be alike impertinent and tedious; and, taking to himself the liberty of recommending these miscellaneous volumes to the good opinion of the reading world, the editor would specially invoke the just and liberal notice of the press, those members of it more particularly who profited so largely by the contributions of the writer.

NEWARK, N. J., *August* 23, 1842.

CONTENTS

OF VOLUME I.

MEMOIR OF WM. P. HAWES.

TO THE MEMORY OF CYPRESS.

MEMOIR

OF

THE LATE WILLIAM P. HAWES, Esq.,

BY

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

To commemorate the talents, depict the character, and eulogise the virtues of a departed friend, although a melancholy task, must ever be, in some sort, pleasurable to a survivor; and for the most part biographers have been so sensible of this sad pleasure, that they have but too often departed from their proper line of duty, and degenerated into mere panegyrists. So far is this, however, from being in accordance with the views of the writer, that he considers such adulatory notices equally useless as regards the reputation of the dead, and discreditable to the motives of the living. It is, then, his intention merely to lay before the public such brief facts, concerning the deceased, as may suffice to render them acquainted with the individual who ministered so often and so long to their amusement,

under the fictitious name, J. Cypress, Jr., which has been still retained in the title of these volumes.

William Post Hawes, the author of the fugitive pieces now for the first time collected, was the son of Peter Hawes, Esq., a distinguished member of the New-York bar, and subsequently secretary of the Washington Insurance Company in this city. He was born on the 4th day of February, 1803, and, at a very early age, commenced a course of study in all the branches of a liberal education, in several—the first—schools of the day. In due course of time he entered at Columbia college, and on the 7th day of August, 1821,—when but 18 years of age—was admitted bachelor of arts, with all the honors; and on the 7th day of August, 1824, master of arts in the same institution, of the Philolexian society of which he had been an honorary member during the greater part of his terms.

Having determined on the honorable profession of the law, as the career most congenial to his habits, he became a student in the office of John Anthon, Esq., now a celebrated member of the New-York bar, and was successively admitted attorney in August, 1824, solicitor in March, 1826, counsellor in the supreme court in May, 1828, and in the court of chancery in May, 1830. It may not be superfluous here to state that Mr. Hawes served in the militia of the state of New-York, from the grade of ensign in January, 1825, through all the successive ranks, to that of colonel of the 222d regiment of infantry, in January, 1836.

From the commencement of his practice as a lawyer at the age of 21, to his untimely end, he continued in that eminent profession; in which he occupied by his talents, industry, and kindly disposition, a highly honorable situation.

In the year 1826 he contracted a matrimonial alliance with Miss Priscilla Morris, by whom he had an interesting family, to which he was ever bound by the kindliest and sweetest ties, not of relationship alone, but of affectionate and earnest solicitude. His premature death, the consequence of a severe and sudden cold, neglected—he was engaged on Saturday in the duties of his office, dead on the following Tuesday, and actually buried before the writer of this brief memoir was aware that he had a friend less in this world of care and disappointment—robbed his young daughters and untimely widow of their best earthly friend and only true protector.

The literary career of Mr. Hawes, which with a sensibility characteristic of the man, he ever wished to keep out of sight, commenced at a very early period, the first of his extant papers bearing date of February, 1827, and consisting of a series of articles published in the Gazette, on the then interesting subject of the abduction and supposed murder of the free mason Morgan.

From that period until the day of his death he continued to write, at short and constant intervals, fugitive articles for various periodicals and papers; the principal of which were the American Monthly Magazine, the Mirror, the New-York Standard, and afterwards, the New-York Times. Subsequently, he became a regular contributor to the New-York Spirit of the Times and Turf Register, both issued from the office of those thorough sportsmen and most enterprising publishers, the Messrs. Porter of this city.

With characteristic order and minuteness, *all* Mr. Hawes' writings were found, after his death, regularly entered and corrected, in a large blank book, kept by him for that purpose from a very remote date, so that the duty, devolved on the editor, has been merely that of selection and arrangement.

Mr. Hawes was a moderate but a steady democrat; never a leveller or disorganizing radical; and almost all his earlier literary productions, whether in prose or verse, are of a political character. These the editor has judged it best to suppress, for several reasons, which he feels it here his duty to lay before the public. First, they are generally of a partizan character, and do not relate to any grand measures of political principle, or such as possess any lasting interest. Second, although clear, sound, and sometimes richly fraught with humor, they are generally inferior to the others, both in character, spirit, and the peculiar racy *naivete*, which is the most remarkable attribute of his miscellaneous writings.

The papers, of which this little work is composed, were published, with but the exception of one or two *original posthumous* articles, either in the pages of the American Monthly, and Turf Register, or in the columns of the Mirror, and the Spirit of the Times. Farther than this it is not for the writer to say; his own estimate of the writings, the character and genius of his friend, has already been recorded in a paper entitled "To THE MEMORY OF 'CYPRESS'" published in the Turf Register for May, 1841, which is appended to this memoir as being the embodiment of first impressions, before the writer had the least conception, that on him would fall the lot to be the supervisor and collector of writings, which he so sincerely and enthusiastically admires. The labor which he has undertaken, he has undertaken as being indeed a labor of love; he has brought to it the whole of his energies, the best of his abilities; and though unused to sue for public favor, he does so far deviate from his accustomed practice as to crave this indulgence—that all the censure of the critics may fall upon his head, while all the praise may be awarded, where it is only due, to his departed friend. The profits of this little

work, if there be any, will be a husband's and a father's legacy to orphans and a widow. The following is the tribute of his editor

TO THE MEMORY OF CYPRESS.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

Alas! for Cypress!—snatched from among us by a blow so sudden, so untimely—cut off in the prime of his manhood, in the full vigor and maturity of his rich intellect—Alas! for Cypress! and yet more, alas! for all who loved him!—not readily, or soon, shall they see his like again. It was but a moment, and he was *here*, delighting all around him with his quaint kindly humor!—a moment, and he was gone for ever—gone from all but the memories of the many, many friends who will long mourn his loss—long cherish the least—faintest—memorial of one bound to their spirits and their hearts by ties so close and kindred!—one, of whom it may be truly said, that never by deed, word, or thought, did he wrong any man! The writer of this humble tribute long knew and truly prized him; and never in a friendship, which had lasted years, and which was interrupted only by the cold hand of death, never did he hear one unkind or illiberal remark, one ungenerous surmise, one taunt or sarcasm, fall from those lips which overflowed—if ever mortal's did—with the outpourings of a generous, warm heart—the genuine abundant milk of human kindness. In his domestic relations, he was all that parents would desire their sons to be; a kind friend, affectionate husband, tender and anxious father, true-hearted, upright, honorable man. In his profession, without having attained perhaps the

highest eminence, he occupied a station highly respectable; to which his classical education, his natural acuteness, and his laborious habits, fully entitled him. It may be observed, too, in this place, with great propriety, that in a profession the duties of which it is difficult indeed to discharge, without incurring the reproach of harshness from some party, without making enemies of opponents—he was famous for his thoughtful kindness, his conciliating mode of doing business, his hatred of any thing that savored in the least degree of tyranny or persecution. It was, however, as an author that the talents of Cypress were most brilliant, and most happily displayed. As a writer in his own peculiar strain, he has assuredly no superior—assuredly no equal! Perfectly original both in his vein of thought, and in his style of writing, he stands entirely alone in English literature, imitating no one, resembling no one, nor to be imitated, as we think, by any. His productions were all of a fugitive nature, all tinged with his peculiar quaint drollery, with an air of *naive* simplicity; manifesting no slight acquaintance both with men and books, great appreciation of natural beauties, and considerable insight into the habits of those denizens of wood, and wild, and water, concerning which he would discourse so eloquently and so well. There was a freshness in his manner, a raciness in his style of writing and of thought, which could not fail to enchant all readers. —Without being of a poetical temperament, there was yet much of poetry in many of his descriptions, which, though few and far between—for Cypress was in general a conversational and discursive, more than a descriptive, writer—are of a rare beauty and fidelity—in proof of which opinion, we would refer his admirers to the description of the Sound and the Connecticut Coast, as viewed by the Fisherman left on the lonely rock, in "The Shark Story," published originally

in the second volume of the American Monthly Magazine, and subsequently, if we are not mistaken, reprinted in "The Spirit of the Times"—and secondly, to the picture of the Long Island trout-stream, wherein Ned Locus saw the Mermaid, written for the same work, and afterward transferred to the pages of the Turf Register. There are many other similar gems to be found among the writings of Cypress; but to these two we never recur without the most intense pleasure—there is an unpretending and unlabored vividness about them, worth its weight in gold; and we are bold to say that they are equal in this respect, as pen and ink paintings, to the best things of the same kind in Willis; whose forte decidedly lies in such description, and many of whose poetical pictures of the Mediterranean, Bosphorus, and Ægean, are quite unsurpassed by anything in the English language. Cypress's Long Island baymen are perfect, life-like, and actual Southsiders, not to be mistaken for any other specimen of the *genus homo* to be found on the face of the earth; and we have often wondered that Mount, the painter of the Island men, has never given actual forms and bodies to the ideal creatures of their laureat historian. Some of the scenes in Raynor Rock's fishing hut, with Peter Probasco, long John, and the rest of the clique, would give him the fairest of fields for the exercise of his graphic pencil.

Cypress was himself a sportsman, and we believe a good one, in the Bays especially; he was not so good an upland, as a fowl shot; but he loved all the various phases of field sports, the hound, the pointer, gun, and rod, with that eager warmth of affection which characterized his attachment to everything he undertook in earnest. In principle and theory, if not in practice, he was a perfect and complete sportsman; he loved, and studied, and knew with a familiar knowledge,

every bird, beast, and fish, which is a legitimate object of the gunner's, hunter's, angler's, sport and skill—and whether on the sandy knolls of Raccoon Beach, on the shrubbery fringed marge of the Long Island trout-stream, or on the rock-ribbed forest-cinctured sides of the Hudson Highlands, he was equally at home, equally happy himself, and equally a source of instruction and delight to others. He was *emphatically* a *fair* sportsman, no slaughterer of hatching mothers, no butcher of broods unfledged and tender, in season and out of season. Witness his beautiful and really pathetic mournings over the infant quail, deluded by the imitative cry of the parent bird, and murdered by the Negro of Matowacs!—Witness, too, the law for the preservation of game, which he was principally instrumental in getting through the Legislature; and by the enforcement of which only can quail be preserved from becoming, like the pinnated grouse of Long Island, extinct within the space of a few years. The quail was his especial favorite—his fond, familiar pet—and beautiful indeed, exquisitely beautiful, is that paper—"Some Observations concerning Quail"—written for the New-York Mirror, and lately republished in the Turf Register. We have always considered it his masterpiece, embodying all the beautiful peculiarities of his peculiar style and fancy—wit, playfulness, description, pathos, freshness, simplicity, rich, natural, racy vigor. There is nothing so good in Elia Lamb's best things—whom perhaps Cypress more resembled than any other English author—nothing so good in Izaak Walton—arch favorite both of Lamb and Cypress—nothing so good in any rural writer. This was the paper which called forth the discussion maintained for some time by the subject, and by the writer, of this brief tribute to departed talent, against an anonymous contributor to the Turf Register, under the signature of "H.", from

Marietta—a discussion which was commenced by an attack, *certainly*—but we hope not *intentionally*—illiberal and unhandsome, on the sportive and playful article alluded to above. We are sorry to add—and we trust the author of that attack will be sorry to learn—that poor Cypress was considerably and deeply galled by the discourtesy of this assault, which not only accused him of gross ignorance of ornithology, but reflected on his Latinity, and called in question, as he fancied—for his mind was no less sensitive than kind—his personal veracity. With the exception, we believe, of one brief article on the defensive, he wrote no more, in the few weeks he lived after that attack; and it was observed by many of his friends, that he was seen less often in the office of "The Spirit" afterward—where he was often wont to commune with the kindred souls, who thither did resort. But to quit an unpleasant topic, which we have only touched on to illustrate the peculiar sensibility of poor Cypress—*he* never attacked any one, he never spoke a word in jest or earnest that could wound the humblest feelings of the humblest individual; and when subjected to an assault himself, at which most men would have laughed, he winced, and felt the injury long after the first smart had passed away. When Cypress commenced writing for the press, or through what medium his earliest lucubrations were given to the world, we cannot state with certainty. We knew him and admired him first in the columns of the New York Mirror; which contained, we are inclined to believe, his *first*, and we are sure many of his ablest efforts. His "Fire-Island-Ana," by most persons esteemed his *chef d'œuvre*, were written expressly for the American Monthly Magazine; and it is with a deep and heartfelt gratitude that the writer of these lines remembers and records, that their appearance in that periodical was owing to the personal kindness of the author to

himself—a kindness the more valuable and the more appreciated, because it displayed itself spontaneously and most efficiently, at a time when sickness had incapacitated him from the performance of editorial duties, and when the fortunes of the Magazine were faltering, and its prospects dark and dubious. Since that periodical passed into other hands, and became extinct, Cypress published solely in the columns of "the Spirit" and the pages of "the Register"—all that he published there was *re*published in the English journals; and his name was no less current abroad than in his own country. His place can never be filled there!—the Editors—the readers have to lament a common loss! His pen can never worthily be wielded by another! Kindred souls he has left many to deplore his premature and sudden doom—many who contribute to those pages of which he was the brightest ornament—but of these there is not one so daring as to brave comparison, by imitation of what is in truth inimitable. His papers, left to the care* of an associate and friend, able, and kind, and thoughtful, will be inspected, and considered carefully, with a view to their publication. His nearest friends can throw but little light upon his modes and habits of composition, and know but little as to the quantity of literary MSS which he has left behind, or the degree of finish bestowed upon them. There appears to be a general impression that he wrote very much for one who published but a little. If so, the public may de-

* It will be, of course, readily perceived that the writer of the above tribute, on whom the grateful task of editing the works of his departed friend has recently devolved, had no idea at the time when those words were penned—words which alluded to one whom all who know will instantly pronounce deserving of a yet higher eulogium, Dr. William Turner of this city—that he should be in any wise concerned or consulted in the work of revision.

rive yet much gratification from the posthumous collection of his *reliques*. From one, however, of his intimates, and one likely to know, and apt to judge correctly, we have learned that he was wont to compose rapid skeletons, and then to elaborate at his leisure, putting in all the delicate lights, the quaint conceits, the bright and humorous fancies at after periods; and giving them the perfect finish by oft-repeated, and oft-interrupted touches. If so it be—and so we fear it is—little can be done—we had almost said nothing! for the great charm of Cypress lay in that very finish—and of the writings of all living writers we know of none so unapproachable by imitators, so unsusceptible of completion by any editorial labors, as those of our departed friend. Those, however, will be called to the task of supervision who loved him well, and who will spare, most assuredly, no toil in what will be to them truly a labor of love—and if it shall be in their power to give to the world a posthumous monument of their dear comrade, reared by his own right hand, and shaped by his own exquisite skill—rich will they deem, and ample, their reward.

As it is, his memory is enshrined in their souls, and they will mourn him as he would be mourned. Often on the still waters of the bays, among the sedgy hassocks, while brant and broadbill skate before the driving breeze, defying the shooter's skill by their unrivalled speed, will thoughts of him be near the sportsman's heart—haunting it as with a real presence—often, when in the heat and hush of a summer noon we recline, weary and worn with toil, on the mossed brink of some lone well-head, deep in the emerald woodlands, qualifying our Ferintosh or old Cognac with the pure ice-cold water, while our setter crouches at our feet, and our gun, and game-bag, plump with the birds he loved—his own dear *scolopax*, lie on

the turf beside us, will the cup be quaffed in the solemn silence of regret, while the tear steals down the cheek, to the memory of *him* who cherished so those hours of sylvan rest, and knew so sweetly to describe them. Green be the grass above him! His very bones would pine beneath the weight of marbles—he should lie in the shadow of some haunted grove, where the whisper of the wind should wake wild music in the vocal boughs, where some clear streamlet, rippling along its pebbly bed, should make that melody beside his ashes, which his ear loved so well while living, where the hum of the bee, and the carol of the bird, and all the calm soft harmonies of nature should sing the *requiescat* of the sportsman bard—*In pace requiescat!*

FIRE ISLAND ANA;

OR,

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS.

FIRE ISLAND ANA;*

OR

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF A SPORTSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was during an Indian-summer week of hearty, brown October, that Oliver Paul, Ned Locus, and I, once made a shooting party, and drove Ned's sorrel mares to Jim Smith's, at Scio, and thence bent canvass for the Fire Islands, to try the brant.

Before going on with my story, it may, perhaps, be dutiful in me, and desirable on behalf of people who have never studied geography, to specify the condition of the said Islands. We will accomplish this cheerful office, straightway. In brief, then, they made their first appearance in the country, after a hard earthquake, some five or six hundred years ago, on the

* Private Note to the Editors.—Good sirs: I cannot deny to you the right to require a declaration of the identities of the place, and persons, touching which I have heretofore told familiar anecdotes in your monthly; since, you say, scandal is afloat, and the wrong men are pointed at. I give you, therefore, herewith part of the andro-and-geo-graphy solicited. Should you hear any thing more, please address me, through the post-office, to the care of my uncle, Jeremiah Cypress, porter of the Pearl-street Bank.

"Respectfully, J. C. Jr."

southern coast of Matowacs, latitude forty degrees and forty minutes north; longitude, seventy-three degrees and one minute west; near the occidental end of Raccoon beach. They are two in number, and contain in the whole, at low water, about fifty acres of marsh and mud, disposed with irregular and careless grace, and scalloped into jutting points and circling bays. The principal inhabitants are gulls, and meadow-hens. The climate is saline and salubrious. The chief products of the soil are, sedge-grass, birds' eggs, and clams. Yet, not unknown to "human face divine," nor ignorant of the lofty enterprise, and gentle mercies, of trade, do those points and bays lie profitless. For, there John Alibi salutes the fading morning star, and the coming sun, with the heavy vollies of his yet cherished flint lock muskets; and the tumbling wild fowl, splashing into the midst of his stool, bleed out their murdered lives, while he, reloading, counts the profits of his eager shot, and sees, with his mind's eye, the gasping victims already picked, and stalled in Fulton market. Hence, live and flourish, all the little Alibis; and hence, the princess widow, gentle mistress of the soil, rejoices in a welcome revenue.

Brother sportsmen, let me introduce to your judicious affection, my friend and comrade, Oliver Paul.—Oliver, the people. He is a plain unpretending tiller, and a lord, moreover, of the land; a Quaker, you see—regular Hicksite—and like all *friends* that I ever yet knew, he is sometimes wet and sometimes dry. Still, he is *semper idem*—always the same—and has been such for fifty years—in hot, and in cold—in total abstinence, and in generous imbibition. As Oliver is warm-hearted, I love him; as he is a good shot, I honor him; and as he can pull a discreet oar, foretell, to a certainty, where the wind is going to be on the morrow, and mark down

a crippled bird more truly than any man in the republic, I always get him to go with me upon my shooting expeditions. Oliver has but few eccentric qualities. His religion is as the religion of Hicksites "in general:" his philosophy is comprised in the sententious apothegm, which is applied upon all occasions and occurrences, "some pork will boil that way:" his morals —; he is a bachelor, and though of a most unmatrimonial composition, he is incessantly talking of taking a wife, or, as he terms it, "flying in" with a woman. Though from principle, and the rules of his creed, opposed to both national and individual wars, yet, strike him, and he will not turn to you his other cheek, for a repetition of the temptation. He *may* not strike back, but—as they do at yearly meeting, when *friends* cannot agree upon the choice of a clerk—he will most certainly *shove* you, as he would say, "like rotten." His most characteristic trait is his superintendence of the morals and manners of his neighbors. So bountiful is his benevolence, that to protect the reputation of a friend, he scruples not to unlace and scarify his own. Walk out with him, and meet a ruddy-cheeked Rosina, with a coquettish eye, that puts the very devil into you, "don't look, don't look, boys," he'll cry, and dig his elbows into your side to enforce obedience to the precept, while he himself is staring into her face, until the morning-tint vermilion of her virgin-blushes is lost in the scarlet—and—and—confusion—and—somebody finish that;—and then, he'll drain the last drop of liquor from the jug, for the sole, charitable purpose of preserving his brother sportsman's nerves steady. You know him now, and I have nothing more to say, except to warn you, as a friend, if you should ever be out with him in the bay, on a cold November day, on short allowance, watch your fluids.

Ned Locus.—Ned is a young gentleman, who spends his

money, and shoots, and fishes, and tells tough yarns for a living. His uncle manages his estate, for although Ned is now of age, yet he don't want to deprive the old man of the commissions; and, besides, ever since Ned got his bachelor's diploma, he has forgotten his Greek and Trigonometry, without which, no man can be an executor. Ned, although not strictly pious, delights not in things of this world. Mere terrestrial axioms know no lodgement in his confidence. His meditations and labors are in another sphere, an universe of his own creation. And yet, he believes himself to be a plain, practical, matter-of-fact man; one who has no fancy, who never tells his dreams for truths, nor adds a single bird or fish in the story of the sum total of his successes. There is no design, upon his part, in the choice of his place of existence, or the description of his sensations and actions. The fault, if any, lies in his original composition; his father and mother are to be blamed for it, not he. His eyes and ears are not as the eyes and ears of other men, and, truly, so is not his tongue. There is an investiture of unearthliness about every thing he sees and hears. By day, and by night, he is contemplating a constant mirage. He never admired a woman on account of her having flesh, blood, bosom, lips, and such things; but, while he gazed, he worshipped some fairy incarnation, that enveloped and adorned her with unearthly grace, and hypercelestial sweetnesses. Even in his reading he is an original. He never gives to a fine passage in Shakespeare its ordinary interpretation; but the brilliant light of the poet's thought, is crooked, and thrown off, and sometimes made a caricature rainbow of, by the refraction of his cloudy imagination. His aunt sent him, one new-year's day, when he was at college, an old copy of the Septuagint, which she had picked up at the auction sale of the effects of a demised ecclesiastic. On re-

ceiving the present, he wrote upon the fly-leaf, what he considered to be the apposite sentiments of Mark Antony—

> "Let but the commons hear this testament,
> Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read;"—

That was Ned, all over. With such a constitution, it is quite possible that he may seem, to those men who always want the actual proof of a thing, chapter and verse, to be rather given to romance. Ned hates such people. So do I. They are without faith, earth-bound, and live by sense alone, grossly.

I am—I don't know what I am, exactly. I'm a distant relative of Ned,—a blossom off one of the poor branches of the family. I "expect" I'm a kind of a loafer. I'm Ned's friend, and he's mine. I'm his moralist, and minister, and tiger, and kind of tutor, and he lends me money. I certainly intend to repay him; though I don't owe him much now, by the by, for I have won all the bets we have made lately, as might naturally be presumed—Ned always bets so wildly. We keep along pretty square. Ned's a good fellow. If I only say, "Ned, I'm rather short, to-day, how are you?" he'll give me a draft on his uncle, for a cool hundred. We play picquet, too, now and then, and cassino, and all-fours, a little. I can beat him at those games. I keep my account at the Tea-water Pump. I *have* thought of getting into some kind of business, —I think I am calculated for it; but my affection for Ned will not permit me to leave him. We were both "licked" by Joe Nelson, the blind schoolmaster, and hectored by his twin-headed understrapper; and we were classmates in old Columbia, and put into practice the doctrines of forces, and action and reaction at Robinson's, during intermission hours, and were always together. So we ride about and take our comfort.

There was one eminent qualification, which was possessed by each of the trio above outlined, in monopoly without statute. We could each cut down a leather-head, flying by a point of marsh before a strong north-wester, sixty yards off, nineteen times out of twenty. That is a fact; and there are not many men beside us and John Verity, and Raynor Rock, who are up to that performance. Uncle Ben Raynor could do it once, and Dan thinks he can do it now; but, as Peter Probasco says, "I have my doubts." Multitudinous sportsmen may shoot *well*, but none but a man of true genius can shoot *splendidly*. Shooting, in its refinement and glory, is not an acquired art. A man must be a born shot as much as he must be a born poet. You may learn to wing-break a starved pigeon, sprung out of a trap, fifteen or twenty yards off, but to stop a cock in a thick brake, where you can see him only with the eye of faith; or to kill a vigorous coot, cutting the keen air, at day-break, at the rate of three miles a minute, requires an eye, and a hand, and a heart, which science cannot manufacture. The doctrine of Pliny, the naturalist, contained in his chapter on black ducks, is correct beyond a question. "*Legere et scribere, est pædagogi, sed optime collineare, est Dei.*" Reading and writing are inflicted by schoolmasters, but a crack shot is the work of God. "Them's my sentiments," as Peter again says.

The same doctrine has been truly declared of angling. No genuine piscator ever tabernacled at Fireplace, or Stump-pond, who could not exhibit proofs of great natural delicacy, and strength of apprehension—I mean of "things in general," including fish. But the "*vis vivida animi*," the "*os magna sonans*," the "*manus mentis*," the divine rapture of the seduction of a trout, how few have known the apotheosis! The creative power of genius can make a feather-fly live, and move,

and have being; and a wisely-stricken fish gives up the ghost in transports. That puts me in mind of a story of Ned Locus. Ned swears that he once threw a fly so far, and delicately, and suspendedly, that just as it was dropping upon the water, after lying a moment in the scarcely-moving air, as though it knew no law of gravity, it actually took life and wings, and would have flown away, but that an old four-pounder, seeing it start, sprang and jumped at it, full a foot out of his element, and changed the course of the insect's travel, from the upper air to the bottom of his throat. That is one of Ned's, and I do not guarantee it; but such a thing might be. Insects are called into being in a variety of mysterious ways, as all the world knows; for instance, the animalculæ that appear in the neighborhood of departed horses; and, as Ned says, if death can create life, what is the reason a smart man can't? Good fishermen are generally great lawyers; *ecce signa*, Patrick Henry, and Daniel Webster. I have known this rule, however, to have exceptions. But the true sportsman is always, at least, a man of genius, and an honest man. I have either read or heard some one say, and I am sure it is the fact, that there never was an instance of a sincere lover of a dog, gun, and rod, being sent to bridewell or penitentiary. Jails they did whilom affect, before John Doe and Richard Roe were banished from the state, and when an unhappy devil might be held to bail to answer for his misfortunes; but although they have experienced much affliction under the issue of "*non assumpsit*," never was there one who suffered judgment upon the finding of a jury on the plea of "not guilty." If I were governor, and knew a case, I would exert the pardoning power without making any inquiry. I should determine, without waiting to hear a single fact, that the man was convicted by means of perjury. There is a plain reason for all this. A

genuine sportsman must possess a combination of virtues, which will fill him so full that no room can be left for sin to squeeze in. He must be an early riser—to be which is the beginning of all virtue—ambitious, temperate, prudent, patient of toil, fatigue, and disappointment, courageous, watchful, intent upon his business, always ready, confident, cool, kind to his dog, civil to the girls, and courteous to his brother sportsmen. Hold up.

This discourse hath brought us in front of the fishing-hut of Raynor Rock, near the lighthouse on the beach. Rest thee, now, most weary reader,—for we have had a long sail, with a head wind and a wet sheet,—while I rehearse the causes that have brought Sir Raynor, and his crew of twenty picked boys, —picked up along shore,—down to this desolate spot. Streaked bass and wild fowl are the motives of their sojournment. The former are sparkling in the surf, and making love to, and eating up each other; the latter cluster in the inlets, and stream above the breakers. The net carries into captivity them of the sea; powder and shot superinduce widowhood and orphanage upon the tenants of the air. Fulton Market, and the cooks of the board of aldermen know the rest. Hence arise wise ordinances and stomachs sleek; and Raynor and the boys are glad in the silver music that rings in their pressed-down pockets. "*Proba merx facile emptorem invenit.*"

We arrived at Raynor's just about dark, and the boys had all turned in, to get a good nap, before the tide served for drawing the seine,—all but Raynor, who was half sitting, half lying on the plentiful straw by the fire in the centre of the hut, smoking his quiet pipe. We entered, and grasped the welcoming hand of as clever a fellow—both Yankee and English clever—as ever sat foot on Matowacs.

"Hullow! hullow! hullow! wake up, boys! wake up!

Here's Mr. Cypress, and Ned Locus, and Oliver Paul!—By gad, I'm glad to see ye.—How are ye! how are ye!"

How d'ye do! how d'ye do, fellows! Give us your fist, Raynor. Peter, what the d—l brought *you* down here? Dan, alive? how are ye, how are ye all?

At Raynor's call, the boys sprang up from their straw and pea-jackets, upon which they had been snoring in their sleeping places around the floor of the mansion, and rushed upon us with unaffected gratulation. The story of the reception can be briefly told. There were three of us, and twenty of them, and we all and each jointly and severally said, "how have you been? Pretty well, thank ye;" and shook hands. Make the calculation yourself. While you are cyphering it out, I'll stop and rest.

CHAPTER II.

"*Peter.* 'I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of angling, to-morrow night; for we will not part till then; but fish to-morrow, and sup together, and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.'

"*Venator.* ''Tis a match; and I will provide you with a song, or a catch, or a merry tale against then, too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and merry as beggars.'

"*Piscator.* ''Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts. Come, on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.'"—IZAAK WALTON.

"Ex urbe ad mare huc prodimus pabulatum:
Pro exercitu gymnastico et palaestrico, hoc habemus,
Echinos, lepadas, ostreas, balanos captamus, conchas,
Marianam urticam, musculos, plagusias, striatas."
PLAUTUS—RUDENS, ACT I., SCE. I.

IT is meet, and commendable in a veracious traveller, upon his arrival in an undiscovered country, to note, and register the appointments of his hostelry. Record we, therefore, circumspectly, an inventory of our new tenement and comfortable head-quarters. Oh, for a pen worthy of the grave, and dangerous obligation! Hope, not, proud dweller in houses with chimneys, for a vision of gorgeous brick and mortar, nor the architectural glories of granite magnificence, nor the adornments of pompous garniture. Ask not for needless chairs, nor seek superfluous tables; no, nor the vanities of boarded floorings. Simplicity and republican thrift constructed and apparelled the edifice. Babylon nursed the young saplings, which, lopped from their sprouty trunks, and into the sand-hills driven deep, incline their leafless tops bending to meet

each other at the culmen, where, through the ragged crater, the beaten smoke struggles against the impetuous gales, mounting from the central fire built beneath, upon the primeval hearth of circling anchor-stones. Captain Dodd threshed the oats out of the straw, which, now intertwined and closely thatched between the unpeeled rafters, repels the whistling storm with its thick envelopment. No unshut doors creak on their unoiled hinges, letting in the cold air; nor windows tempt the passing juvenal to throw stones. The spumal piscators have ingress by a hole cut through the straw near the ground, bending down upon their knees. The mansion glories in two avenues of entrance. Eurus breathes upon the one; sleepy Phœbus, going to bed, paints with doubtful purple the other;—inlets beloved by baymen, safe avenues of escape from the rough assaults of the puffy servants of Æolus, who are always cruising about the beach. Hail! hospitable holes! A piece of stranded ship-timber furnishes a safe street-door, secured by a laid up stone; the wind is shut out, and the tired family sleep. "*Exegi monumentum*"*—I have built the hut.

Contemplate, now, the household ornature. Enter, welcome friend. Stoop, stoop—"Bend, stubborn knees."† And now recline upon this couch of wholesome straw, which carpets the whole area of the domicil. The dying coals shed but uncertain light upon the congregated groups of sleepers, and dimly give to sight the motley equipage of the crew. There they lie, "each in his narrow cell,"‡ or rather, each in his little stramineous dormitory, which, once appropriated, is sacred to the bones of its peculiar tenant. There sleeps, and snores the worn-out bayman; "*—structis cantat avenis.*"◊

* Horace. † Hamlet. ‡ Gray. ◊ Ovid.

There, the safe proprietor deposits his pea-coat, private liquor, and unusual blanket; confident in the honor of his comrades, unless the weather should happen to be savage, when, doubtless, he will watch diligently. No idle space remains, save the brief circle around the fire place, which serves, in turn, for parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. The tapestry hangings are various, and picturesque. The subject of the illustration is the blessed beauty of utility. Up against the sapling uprights are fastened shelves, unconscious of the plane; and rust-browned hooks, and nails, disclose their alternate heads and points, where lie, or are suspended, or are thrust into the straw, the luxuries and superfluities of the squad:—"Ἀρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς"—

"Begin, ye nine, the sweet descriptive lay"—*

to wit; a jug of molasses; item, a black-edged, broken, pack of playing cards; item, a love-feast hymn-book; item, six inches by two of looking-glass—quicksilver half off; item, a bunch of mackerel; item, an extra pair of party-colored pantaloons, nineteen times mended in the seat; item, something to take, by way of medicine, for thirsty members of the Temperance society; item, the first two leaves of "the Swearer's Prayer"—tract—rest used up; item, the American Songster; item,—but the inventory will "stretch out to the crack of doom;"—most imaginative reader, complete the catalogue with guns, eel-spears, clam-rakes, powder-horns, and bread-baskets, with their appurtenances, according to thy most fastidious desires. There are all of these, and more, for thee to choose from. Having resolved the difficulties of the selection, wend back with me, a short way, to our landing place, and

* Theoc. I. Idyl. per Cobbett.

know a new friend with whom we ought to have tarried on our way, and held a brief discourse.

We have crossed the bay, skirting by the Fire Islands, leaving them a few hundred yards behind us to the north, and have rested our prow upon the classical sands of Raccoon Beach.

Upon our arrival here, we put in alongside of the new wharf of the eximious Mr. Smith, a person of no little importance, being a man under authority, having a wife over him, a keeper of their majesties', the people's, lighthouse, adjoining his own tenement, duly appointed and commissioned, a lawful voter, a licensed vender of "spurrets and things accorden," and the only householder upon the island ridge. Mr. Smith had the happiness, in early life, of being blest with parents of taste, in matters of nomenclature, singularly coincident with that of my own. His christian name was Jeremiah, too; and—perhaps, because his surname was unusual, and difficult to pronounce—his friends and visitors always gave him their greeting, by the gentle and euphonious appellation of "Jerry."

I always thought it was kind in Jerry to take out that license; first upon his own account, because it brought him company that could give him the news from the upland, now and then, and the correct time of day, and a little odd change occasionally; and secondly, upon the account of the aforesaid company, because they could always rely upon getting something to comfort the inner man, good, when they landed from their long adventure across the bay. And in good sooth, these are not few, nor melancholy visitors, who make their pilgrimages to this romantic region. Pilgrimages? Aye; for here is a shrine most generous and propitious, to the bayman, the sportsman, the bather, and the beach-frolicker. How often have those dark waters been sprinkled, as with rain, with the

spent lead of the skulking shooter, and the clear air rent with the oft echoed crack of his heated fowlingpiece! How often has that winding beach drank the glad voice of the merry maiden of Queens, as she welcomed to her bosom the mounting swell of the ravenous ocean tide! How have rung the blithe laugh, the half-stifled scream, the shriek, the prayer, the confident voice, mingling and confused, with the splashing plunge, and the breaking billows! Oh, days gone by! gone by, alas! for ever! Shall I never wind my arm again around the gentle waist of—Hold, hold, rash hand! Be comforted, sorrowful heart! It is nothing, most discerning reader,—it is nothing.—Let us hurry on with our legitimate raptures.

Then, again, old Neptune's sea-steeds never snuffed the land-breeze from a more delicately pebbled strand; nor did goddess nature ever paint a sheet of scenery more glorious, than that which lies beneath, and above, and around you, when gazing, in the quiet solitude of your eyry, in a summer's twilight, from the topmost casement of that light-house. There, from the south, comes the many-voiced ocean, sporting like a mighty musician, running his wild notes upon the hollow-sounding shore. Majestically, he lifts upon his billows, his fleets of gallant ships, hailing the prayed-for land, and heaves them aloft toward Heaven, as if vaunting the richness and multitude of the gems that glow upon his restless bosom. Near by, in the west, he has burst through, in some night of rage, his ancient barrier, and rolls an impetuous current along the Fire Island inlet. Beyond, lies the dismembered remainder of the beach; and beach, and marsh, and breaker, and blue shore, succeed, in turn, as far as eye can reach. Turn to the north, and the quiet bay presents to you the contrast of its transparent mirror. Stilly, and gently, it kisses the margin of its beautiful islets, that glisten with green meadows, and

wave with bending rushes, and are vocal with the music of the dowitcher and plover. The wood-crowned hills of Matowacs bound your vision. Matowacs! Garden of Columbia! Paradise of sportsmen! Mother and nourisher of a noble race of hardy freemen!

We have not time for any more glorification at present. As the happy laureat of Blackhawk would say, "sufficient for the day is the gammon thereof." The reader understands now, sufficiently, all the necessary topography. It may be well, however, to add that Raynor Rock's fishing-hut was about two hundred yards from our landing place, and an equal distance from Jerry's domicil and the light-house. After securing our boat, we unloaded her, and carried our oars, and guns, and traps, to Jerry's, and took lodgings. This was for form sake merely, knowing, as we did, that the most of our time would be spent in the bay, or in Raynor's hut. Jerry was not in a very amiable mood when we arrived, and we had none of us, any especial commendation to tarry long, except, perhaps, Oliver, who came rather reluctantly out of the kitchen, where we found him, as usual, helping the help. However, we soon got away, and started for Raynor's, bearing the always easy burden of a jug of special stuff, which we knew would not come amiss of a rainy night. A hop, a skip, and a jump, a few times repeated, brought us to the welcome which has already been recorded.

"Lay on more wood. Zoph, get a pail of water. What's the news in York? When did you come down? Left your things at Jerry's? Had supper? A'nt ye hungry? What'll ye drink? Boys, get that ere bass—stir, stir. Sit down, Oliver; sit down on this pea-jacket."

We were soon comfortable around a blazing fire, and rattling off the usual small-talk of old acquaintances. As a mat-

ter of course, supper was provided after the manner of fishermen. As there was some simplicity and labor-saving about this preparation, I will, in all benevolence, impart to the superintendents of pot-hooks and trammels, and epicures in general, the details thereof.

First, the fire being recalled to life upon the hearth of circling stones, a temporary crane was formed by uniting above the curling flame, the heads of three opposite crooked sticks, whose sharpened ends were secured in the ground. Upon this machine was hung the iron pot; it was the only one, and so far as dimensions were concerned, it was perfectly qualified for all its various vocations. This being filled from Jerry's well, a noble bass, a captive of the last tide, was introduced into the element. The lid was put on, the flame went up, and in a little time a low bubbling grumbling noise was heard, that Oliver said made him feel as though several families had lately moved out of his ventricular tenements. The bustling Zoph blew the kindling coals, with his lungs for a bellows, bending down until his lips came in contact with the very ashes.

"*Studet maxime, ut olla ferveat, ut accuretur prandium,*" said I to Ned, quoting some old schoolboy slang,—I don't know where I got it,—in an under tone, pointing to Zoph.

"No, I thank you," replied Zoph, turning half round to me, having caught the sound of the last word, and interpreting it into an invitation—"I daresn't drink *brandy* on account o' sprainen my foot."

I accepted the offered credit without the slightest compunction of conscience. Ned taught me that virtue. "*Accipio*" is a fond, familiar word. It is a favorite maxim with Ned, that a man so seldom gets an honest acknowledgment for what he does do, that it is only a fair recompense to pick up a little

reputation, when he can, for what he does not do.—But the fish.—Well, fire and water did their duty, and the bass was stretched upon a pewter platter, ready for the knife, and set down in the midst of the company.

"Cooked, glorified and made beautiful, by the irresistible genius of hickory wood," cried Ned, making a theatrical flourish, and clapping a quarter of a pound of his subject-matter into his mouth, in the place of the last word that went out.

A general distribution of platters having taken place, and two or three hunks of rye-bread being tumbled upon the straw, with butter, and pepper, and salt according, our jack-knives were soon in requisition, every man cutting and eating "on his own hook," and, in a very short time, a very audible sound of mastication went around the fireplace, and up even into the secret places of the roof. The fish was good, glorious; it was so lately out the water. "*Piscis nequam, nisi recens.*"* That old saw is as true now, as it was in the time of the oyster-loving poet who created it. By-the-by, I take credit here for being the first icthyologist that has ever used that sentiment in its literal sense. Its author, and all his quoters, pedagogues and all, have, I believe, invariably applied it in its metaphorical capacity. It is set down in some one of my juvenile study books, as being the Latin for "a new broom sweeps clean." There is not the slightest doubt on my mind, that the memory of the quaint thought was most diligently flogged into me at school, and that, for its present apt illustration of my sentiments concerning fish, my sympathetic reader is indebted to the vigor and good will of the right hand of some one, or more, of those worthy people, whose delightful task it was, in former times, to teach my young ideas how to shoot, and to thresh

* Plautus.

me. A good deal of Latin was instilled into me in that way, but as it has leaked out principally, I generally try to make myself intelligible in English. Ned and I are both fond of it, though, and we talk our secrets in it a good deal; but what we manufacture, does not always rise above the dignity of hog-latin. Uncle Ben likes to hear us "jaw" in it, as he terms it; he says he thinks "it's got such a sanction to it." Touching fish, Searson has a doublet, which that much-neglected, and truly American poet, no doubt, thought good:—

> "What pleasure have the seamen with fresh fish;
> Pleasing to catch, but better in the dish."*

The idea is simple, and the versification innocent; but I question the morality of the sentiment. It is most distinctly Epicurean.—But, supper.

"You needn't wash that ere pot," said one of the crew, whom I did not recognise, to Zoph, as he emptied the fish-water out doors. "You know what was into it last."

"It's as good as new," replied Zoph, returning. "Hand us that ere jug."

The vessel referred to being replenished, now, jack-of-all-trades-like, commenced the performance of the functions of a tea-kettle, or rather of a chocolate cauldron. After pouring in about a quart of molasses, the officiating cook opened his jack-knife, and, bending over the pot, began to cut and scrape upon a dusky-colored oblong cake, and he stuck to his task, until the whole block had fallen in dust into the water. Then, the mixture being stirred with the end of a broken eel-spear, the process of blowing was repeated. As to what was to come

* "Mount Vernon, by John Searson, a rural, romantic, and descriptive poem, which it is hoped may please, with a copperplate likeness of the General."

out of this composition, I felt seriously uncertain. However, the fire crackled, and we cracked our jokes, and the pot boiled over, and then they took it off, and set it down again by the hearth. They called it chocolate. As good democrats, they had a perfect right to do so, and I impeach not the propriety of the baptism. We drew ourselves around it upon our haunches, and fixed our eyes upon the smoking liquid. While I was deliberating how we should ever get the stuff to our lips, one of the boys handed us each a pine stick, about a yard long, to one end of which was fastened a shell of that capacious clam, commonly known and described as the *skimmaug*.

For the satisfaction of the curious in the philosophy of language I will here remark, that of the orthography and etymology of this testaceous name, I must confess myself to be most lamentably unadvised. I am inclined to believe, however, that the word is aboriginal, and that skimmaugs were the shell-fish which the Marsapeag Indians used to send, in olden times,—before they were civilized out of their wigwams and hunting-grounds, and before wine and whist had usurped the dominion of water and grouse in the region of Lif Snedecor and Ronconcommer Pond,—by way of tribute to their more powerful red brethren of the continent. I am confirmed in this opinion, by one of the papers of that highly valuable and extensively accessible institution, the New-York Historical Society, in which is communicated the interesting fact, that the Delaware tribe, or Lenni Lenapes, who claimed Matowacs as a colony, were an uncommonly piscivorous nation. I spoke to Uncle Ben upon the subject once, and asked his opinion. He told me that he "couldn't say for sarten, whether it was Ingen or Dutch, but he reckoned he'd heerd his grandfather say that the savages was high for fish," and the old man added,

without intending to pun, "Yes, yes, them Delawares was amazen *clamorous* people."*

Upon the introduction of these wands, I was at a loss to imagine to what desperate purpose they were to be applied, and apprehended a musical festival, or an Indian war-dance. But the active hands, and thirsty throats of my companions, soon enlightened my urban ignorance. These were spoons, veritable tea-spoons—spoons wherewith to sip our chocolate. And rapidly were they thrust into that steaming pot, ladling up and bringing back the dripping nectar of its contents. This was an interesting spectacle to contemplate. In sooth, it was expressly ante-diluvian. Forcibly was I reminded of that ancient and sententious maxim, "fingers was made before forks;" and of that other pleasant household phrase, "make a long arm and help yourself."

"Can't you make chocolate without having it so devilish hot, boys?"

"The fire was made of *split* wood, sir; that's the reason."

The explanation was perfectly satisfactory. I soon became expert in the handling of my instrument, and the constantly going and returning vehicles soon exhausted the receiver. Supper was done. So is this instructive chapter.

* *Vide* the N. Y. Hist. Soc. Lib., Vander Donk's MS.—Heckewelder, do.—Mitchell's Conchology of Matowacs.—Silas Wood's History of Jerusalem, S. p. 254.

CHAPTER III.

A SHARK STORY.

"WELL, gentlemen," said Locus, in reply to a unanimous call for a story—the relics of supper having been removed, all to the big stone medicine jug,—"I'll go ahead, if you say so. Here's the story. It is true, upon my honor, from beginning to end—every word of it. I once crossed over to Faulkner's island, to fish for *tautaugs*, as the north side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by, in the Long Island Sound. Tim Titus, —who died of the dropsy, down at Shinnecock point, last spring,—lived there then. Tim was a right good fellow, only he drank rather too much.

"It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and the dog-fish had just begun to spoil sport. When Tim told me about the sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain these aquatic savages with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to be any interloping about our fishing ground. So we rigged out a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some rope-yarn and steel chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old harpoon, in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we started. We threw out our anchor at half ebb tide, and took some thumping large fish;—two of them weighed thirteen pounds—so you may judge. The reef where we lay, was about half a mile from the island, and, perhaps, a mile from the Connecticut shore. We floated there, very quietly, throwing out and hauling in, until the breaking of my line, with a sudden and severe jerk, informed us that the sea attorneys were in waiting, down stairs; and we accordingly prepared

to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak upon one of our magnum hooks, forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our service. We got him along side, and by dint of piercing, and thrusting, and banging, we accomplished a most exciting and merry murder. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed until near low water. By this time, the sharks had all cleared out, and the black fish were biting again; the rock began to make its appearance above the water, and in a little while its hard bald head was entirely dry. Tim now proposed to set me out upon the rock, while he rowed ashore to get the jug, which, strange to say, we had left at the house. I assented to this proposition; first, because I began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed something to take, by way of medicine; and secondly, because the rock was a favorite spot for a rod and reel, and famous for luck; so I took my *traps*, and a box of bait, and jumped upon my new station. Tim made for the island.

Not many men would willingly have been left upon a little barren reef, that was covered by every flow of the tide, in the midst of a waste of waters, at such a distance from the shore, even with an assurance from a companion more to be depended upon, than mine, to return immediately, and lie by to take him off. But some how or other, the excitement of my sport was so high, and the romance of the situation was so delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prosecution of my fun, and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene. It was a mild pleasant afternoon in harvest time. The sky was clear and pure. The deep blue sound, heaving all around me, was studded with craft of all descriptions and dimensions, from the dipping sail boat, to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea-birds sporting with their white

wings in the surge. The grain and grass, on the neighboring farms, were gold and green, and gracefully they bent obeisance to a gentle breathing southwester. Farther off, the high upland, and the distant coast gave a dim relief to the prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusky frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then, how still it was! not a sound could be heard, except the occasional rustling of my own motion, and the water beating against the sides, or gurgling in the fissures of the rock, or except now and then the cry of a solitary saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmamemt, to see what I was doing without a boat, all alone, in the middle of the sound; and who would hover, and cry, and chatter, and make two or three circling swoops and dashes at me, and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other fool to scream at.

I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing; so I stretched myself out, at full length, upon the rock, and gave myself up to the luxury of looking, and thinking. The divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk, who chose to make my head his resting place, and who waked and started me to my feet.

"Where is Tim Titus?" I muttered to myself, as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me, to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Tim or his boat. "He should have been here long ere this," thought I, "and he promised faithfully not to stay long—could he have forgotten? or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?"

I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and soon would cover the top of the rock, and high water mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either

the coming coolness of the evening, or else my growing apprehensions, had set me trembling and chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves, and set my teeth, and tried to hum "begone dull care," keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music! what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my own voice. I am not naturally a coward, but I should like to know the man who would not, in such a situation, be alarmed. It is a a cruel death to die, to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary common places of suffocation, but to see your death gradually rising to your eyes, to feel the water mounting, inch by inch, upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate the certainly coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction, the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and, with gradual flow, stifling—smothering—suffocating!—It were better to die a thousand common deaths.

This is one of the instances, in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully by me. To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait, and threw out for a fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water, before the hook was swallowed, and my rod was bent with the dead hard pull of a twelve foot shark. I let it run about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him bear upon my fine hair line. He followed the pull gently, and unresisting, came up to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but with a sort of quizzical impudence, as though he

perfectly understood the precarious nature of my situation The conduct of my captive renewed and increased my alarm. And well it might; for the tide was now running over a corner of the rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through a cleft, or fissure, by my side, and formed a puddle at my very feet. I broke my hook out of the monster's mouth, and leaned upon my rod for support.

"Where is Tim Titus?"—I cried aloud—"Curse on the drunken vagabond! will he never come?"

My ejaculations did no good. No Timothy appeared. It became evident, that I must prepare for drowning, or for action. The reef was completely covered, and the water was above the soles of my feet. I was not much of a swimmer, and as to ever reaching the Island, I could not even hope for that. However, there was no alternative, and I tried to encourage myself, by reflecting that necessity was the mother of invention and that desperation will sometimes ensure success. Besides, too, I considered and took comfort, from the thought that I could wait for Tim, so long as I had a foothold, and then commit myself to the uncertain strength of my arms, and legs, for salvation. So I turned my bait box upside down, and mounting upon that, endeavored to comfort my spirits, and to be courageous, but submissive to my fate. I thought of death, and what it might bring with it, and I tried to repent of the multiplied iniquities of my almost wasted life; but I found that that was no place for a sinner to settle his accounts. Wretched soul! pray, I could not.

The water had now got above my ankles, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bending down towards me, with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at that moment.

When she got within a hundred yards of the reef, I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up, and lie by, and lower the boat; but to my amazement, I could get no reply, nor notice of my request. I entreated them, for the love of heaven to take me off, and I promised, I know not what rewards, that were entirely beyond my power of bestowal. But the brutal wretch of a Captain, muttering something to the effect of "that he had'nt time to stop," and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull of my coat, and swim ashore, put the helm hard down, and away bore the sloop on the other tack.

"Heartless villain!"—I shrieked out, in the torture of my disappointment; "may God reward your inhumanity." The crew answered my prayer with a coarse, loud laugh, and the cook asked me through a speaking trumpet, "If I was'nt afraid of catching cold,"—The black rascal!

It was now time to strip; for my knees felt the cold tide, and the wind, dying away, left a heavy swell, that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop, and paddle with my hands, against the water, in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy, and terrific, by the contrast of his amber and purple glories.

Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and, as my eye ran along its dark outline, I saw, with horror, that it was a shark; the identical monster, out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook. He was fishing, now, for me, and was, evidently, only waiting for the tide to rise high enough above the rock, to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to mount above my knees, he seemed to

grow more hungry, and familiar. At last, he made a desperate dash, and approaching within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength, I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth; and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse; for in the next minute, he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dipping into the water. I leaned forward hastily, and endeavored to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp, but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength nearly drew me over. So, down flew my rod, and off went my jacket, devoted peace-offerings to my voracious visiter.

In an instant, the waves all around me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than it was fought for by at least a dozen enormous combatants! The battle raged upon every side. High, black fins rushed now here, now there, and long, strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled, like a whirlpool, in Hell-gate.

Of no long duration, however, was this fishy tourney. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for, contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh, and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface, the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me, to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three, yes, up to twelve, successively of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me, like diver-

gent rays, all mathematically equi-distant from the rock, and from each other; each perfectly motionless, and with his gloating, fiery eye fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattle-snakes! how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle, whose radii were sharks! I was the unsprung, or rather *unchewed* game, at which a pack of hunting sea-dogs was making a dead point!

There was one old fellow, that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain, or leader of the band; or, rather, he acted as the coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition, that were summoned to sit on, and eat up my body. He glided around and about, and every now and then would stop, and touch his nose against some one of his comrades, and seem to consult, or to give instructions as to the time and mode of operation. Occasionally, he would skull himself up towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then again glide back, and rejoin the troupe, and flap his tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had, no doubt, been out into the highways and bye-ways, and collected this company of his friends and kin-fish, and invited them to supper. I must confess, that horribly as I felt, I could not help but think of a tea party of demure old maids, sitting in a solemn circle, with their skinny hands in their laps, licking their expecting lips, while their hostess bustles about in the important functions of her preparations. With what an eye, have I seen such appurtenances of humanity survey the location and adjustment of some especial condiment, which is about to be submitted to criticism, and consumption.

My sensations began to be, now, most exquisite, indeed; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor

cold, frightened nor composed; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings, and emotions. The present, past, future, heaven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the sharks, were all confusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to bursting. I cried, and laughed, and shouted, and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness, I opened my broad-bladed fishing knife, and waved it around my head, with an air of defiance. As the tide continued to rise, my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time, I became persuaded that my tide-waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy, and humanity, if a body could only hit upon the right text. So, I bowed, and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to them, as friends, and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid;—I scolded them as my servants; I abused them as duns; I implored them as jurymen sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated, and flattered them as my comrades upon some glorious enterprize; I sung and ranted to them, now as an actor in a play-house, and now as an elder at a camp-meeting; in one moment, roaring

"On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,"—

and in the next, giving out to my attentive hearers for singing, the hymn of Dr. Watts so admirably appropriated to the occasion,

"On slippery rocks, I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below."

In the mean time, the water had got well up towards my shoulders, and while I was shaking and vibrating upon my uncertain foothold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the

band, snubbing against my side. Desperately, and without a definite object, I struck my knife at one of his eyes, and by some singular fortune, cut it out clean from the socket. The shark darted back, and halted. In an instant hope and and reason came to my relief; and it occurred to me, that if I could only blind the monster, I might yet escape. Accordingly, I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to affect him much, for, after shaking his head, once or twice, he came up to me again, and when he was about half an inch off, turned upon his back. This was the critical moment. With a most unaccountable presence of mind, I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right, I scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed his long teeth at me, in despair. But it was all over with him. I raised my right foot and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water, and went to the bottom.

Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'll think it a hard story, but it is none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly, and in order; and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce, that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest for fun, on the way; but just then, Tim Titus hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get aboard, and rest myself."

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT an infernal lie!" growled Daniel.

"'Have my doubts;" suggested the somnolent Peter Probasco, with all the solemnity of a man who knows his situation; at the same time shaking his head and spilling his liquor.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" roared all the rest of the boys together.

"Is he done?" asked Raynor Rock.

"How many shirks was there?" cried Long John, putting in his unusual lingual oar.

"That story puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heerd tell on Ebenezer Smith, at the time he went down to the north pole on a walen' voyage."

"Now look out for a screamer," laughed out Raynor Rock, refilling his pipe. "Stand by, Mr. Cypress, to let the sheet go."

"Is there any thing uncommon about that yarn, Venus?"

"Oncommon! well, I expect it's putty smart and oncommon for a man to go to sea with a bear, all alone, on a bare cake of ice. Captain Smith's woman used to say she couldn't bear to think on't."

"Tell us the whole of that, Venus," said Ned;—"that is, if it is true. Mine was—the whole of it,—although Peter has his doubts."

"I can't tell it as well as Zoph can, but I've no 'jections to tell it my way, no how. So, here goes—that's great brandy, Mr. Cypress." There was a gurgling sound of "something-to-take," running.

"Well, they was down into Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegen bays at the North, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great mountens o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, looken for wales;—all except the capting, who said he wan't very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, on deck, smoken and thinken, I expect, mostly, when all on a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on 'em sclumpen along on a great cake o' ice, they lay on the leeward side of the bay, up again the bank. The old cap. wanted to kill one o' them varmints most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now tho', he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at least, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrad and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the forc'stal, and run her out, and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and—here's luck—and put in a stiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

"It wa'n't long fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a narrer piece o' water—not more than haaf a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was 'way down to the tother end on't, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked first strut along, and then when he got putty cloast he walked 'round catecornered-like—like's if he was driven for a plain plover—so that the bear wouldn't think he was comin arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees low down, mostly. Well, the bear did'nt seem to mind him none, and he got up within 'bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage

and big,—the bear did,—that the captin stopped, and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and he was a goin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin,—just as one of Lif's hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress,—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He come along, the captin said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack agin under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinted, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was most mighty cold by means of the water, that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captin *would* taste, and so he left off walken slow, and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captin kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, jist by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs and his head ris up, a growlen at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up, he found to his extonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh; it's a fact; there an't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him, a smart and long while, whilst he

was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in them regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you don't keep moven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jarsey eyster perryauger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists. 'Come on, you bloody varmint,' says the old man, as the bear swalloped along on his hinder eend, comen at him. He kept getten weaker, tho', and comen slower and slower all the time, so that, at last, be didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could jest give him a dig in the nose by reachen forrard putty smart and far, the captin see that the beast was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down on to his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks, and breaks all around the captin and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscuit, or a quart o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, jest so near that when they both reached forrads, they could jest about touch noses, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore paws."

"By jolly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus," cried Ned, buttoning his coat. "I should have thought that the captain's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too."

"That's quite naytr'l to suppose, sir, but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by bein so cloast to him, and breathen hard and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heat in 'em, by means of their bein able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he jest tuk his ramrod, and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pouren out all over the captin, and made the air quite moderut and pleasant."

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first."

"Well, there a'nt much more on't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em southe, but they went southe mostly; and so it went on, until they were out about three weeks. So at last one afternoon."———

"But, Venus, stop; tell us in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time?"

"Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o' life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost"———

"No, no; what did he eat? what did he feed on?"

"O—O—I'd liked to've skipped that ere.—Why sir, I've heerd different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reckoned the captin cut off one of the bear's paws, when he lay stretched out asleep, one day, with his jackknife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal 'o nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my 'pinion, I should say my old man's account is the rightest, and that's—what's as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts, they begun to grow kind o' hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves com-

pany, you know; and the captin said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say, 'captin what the devil shall we do?' Well one day they was sitten, looken at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o' their eyes, when all of a hurry, something come floppen up out o' the water onto the ice. The captin looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes kindled up as he looked at it, and then, the captin said he giv him a wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal not thinken nothen o' them no more nor if they were dead, walked right up between 'em. Then slump! went down old whitey's nails, into the fishes flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tail eend, and put it behind him, out o' the bear's reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear couldn't say so much for himself.

Well, the bear, by course, soon ran out o' provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance; and then he begun to show his naytural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captin's piece o' seal, but when he found he could'nt reach that, he begun to blow and yell. Then he'd rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head upon the ice, till bye and bye, (jest as the captin said he expected,) the ice cracked in two agin, and split right through between the bear and the captin, and there they was on two different pieces o' ice, the captin and the bear! The old man said he raaly felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o' pound o' seal and chucked it to the bear. But either because it wa'nt enough for him, or else on

account o' his feelen bad at the captin's goen, the beast would'nt touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well, off they went, one one way, and tother 'nother way, both feel'n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captin got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he raaly thought he'd a gi'n in and died, if they had'nt pick'd him up that arternoon."

"Who picked him up, Venus?"

"Who? a codfish craft off o' Newfoundland, I expect. They did'nt know what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple o' muskets a board and started off—expecten it was the sea-sarpent, or an old maremaid. They would'nt believe it was a man, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they did'nt hardly believe it nuther, and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was a long time afore they come to."

"Did'nt they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?"

"No sir, I believe not; not so bad as one might s'pose; for you see he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulaten on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut, it crack'd off pretty smart and easy, and he come out whole like a hard biled egg."

"What became of the bear?"

"Ca'nt say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the varment got along, right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all boys. How many's asleep?"

CHAPTER V.

"ASLEEP!" cried Ned. "It would be difficult for any sensible person to fall asleep during a recital of such original and thrilling interest. The Argonautic expedition, the perilous navigation of Æneas, the bold adventure of the New England pilgrims"—

"Have my doubts," snorted Peter, interrupting Ned's laudation, in a voice not so articulate, but that the utterance might have been acknowledged for the profound expression of the sentiments of a gentleman in the land of dreams. Peter's drowsiness had finally prevailed not only over his sense of hearing but also over his sense of imbibition. I picked up his cannikin, and solemnly shook my own head in place of his, as he pronounced the oracular judgment. "Have my doubts, mostly, mister, I say," he grumbled again, and then the veteran gray battallion that stood marshalled upon his chin, erect, and John of Gaunt-like, or rather like the ragged columns of the Giant's Causeway, bristled up to meet the descent of his overhanging, ultra-Wellington nose. There was a noise as of a muttered voice of trumpets. And then it gradually died away, and there was a deep, deep peace. To use Peter's own classical language, he was "shut up."

"Asleep? Not a man, Venus," said Oliver Paul. "If thee tells us such yarns as that, we won't go to sleep all night. But thee must not ask us to believe them."

"Well, every man must believe for himself," replied Venus, "I expect. I admit it's likely the captin must have stretched a leetle about the length o' time he was out, I should say. But it's easy to make a mistake about the number of days in

them latitudes, you know; 'cause I've heerd say the sun shines there several days together on a stretch, sometimes, without goen down none; and then agin it's as dark as pitch for a hull month, and no moon nother. Some people reckons the sun can't rise there, no how, winter mornens, on account it's bein so darn'd cold. How is it about that Mr. Cypress? You're college larnt, I expect."

"It's a long answer to that question, Venus. Since Captain Symmes returned from his penetration into the north pole, there has been a vast addition to our stores of knowledge of the character and habits of the sun. Professor Saltonstall contends, and proves, to my satisfaction, at the least, that the god of day is a living animal, the Behemoth of the Scriptures. But I'll tell you all about that some other, better opportunity;—the next time we're stooling snipe together, in Pine Creek. Let's have another story, now. Zoph, can't you get up something? What was that Venus said about mermaids? Were there ever any mermaids about here?"

"Can't say—Can't say," answered Zoph, with a hesitating, inquiring sort of deliberation; "can't say, for my part; but I've heerd folks tell there *used to be* lots on 'em."

"Sarten, sarten, no doubt;" continued Daniel, with better confidence. "I know, that in th' time o' my gr't gr'ndf'th'r they used to be pr'tty considerabl' plenty. Th' old man had a smart tussel with a he merm'd—a merman, I sh'd say—one day."

"Let's have that, Dannel;" cried two or three voices at once.

"Let's have a drink, first;" interposed Dan's copartner in the eel trade,—who probably knew the necessity of soaking the story—at the same time uncorking the jug. "Here, Dannel, hand the tumbler over to Mr. Paul."

"Don't drink—don't drink, boys," advised the virtuous Oliver, as usual. "Well, if you will,"—resting the jug upon his knee with his right hand, and bringing its avenue of discharge into no merely suspicious juxtaposition to the tumbler in his left—"if you will, you will. *Some pork will boil that way.*"

"It's goen to be a dry story, I expect, Mr. Paul. My throat feels 'mazen dusty a'ready."

A general drought prevailed, and the watering-pot performed its interesting and refreshing functions.

At last, the ground being put in order, Dan prepared to sow the crop. So he hummed and hawed, and threw out his cud, and drew his sleeve across his chin, and began his work after this wise.—Dan, it will be perceived, is a special economist of vowels, and uses no more words than are precisely necessary to "express his sentiments."

"Why, y' see, th' old man was one o' th' first settlers that come down from M'sschus'tts, and he tuk a small farm on shears down to Fort-neck, and he'd every thing fixed accorden. The most of his time, hows'm'ver, he spent in the bay, clammen and sich like. He was putty tol'r'bl' smart with a gun, too, and he was the first man that made wooden stools for ducks. So he was out bright and arely one morn'n—he'd laid out all night, likely—and he'd his stool sot out on th' n'r-east side o' a hassck off Wanza's Flat;—(the place tuk its name from gr't gr'ndf'th'r;)—th' wind bein from th' so'-west princip'ly; and he lay in his skiff in the hassck, putty well hid, for't was in th' fall o' th' year, and the sedge was smart and high. Well, jest arter day 'd fairly broke, and the faawl begun to stir, he reckoned he heer'd a kind o' splashen in the water, like geese pick'n and wash'n themselves. So he

peeked through the grass, softly, to see where the flock was; but, 'stead o' geese, he see a queer looken old feller waden 'long on the edge o' th' flat, jest by th' channel, benden low down, with a bow and arr in his hands, all fixed, ready to shoot, and his eye upon gr't gr'ndf'th'r's stool. 'That feller thinks my stool's faawl,' says the old man to himself, softly, 'cause he 'xpected the fell'r was an Ingen, and there wa'n't no tellen whether he was friendly or not, in them times. So he sot still and watched. The bow and arr kept goen on, and to rights it stopped. Then the feller what had it, ris up, and pulled string, and let slip. Slap went the arr, strut into one o' gr't gr'ndf'th'r's broadbills, and stuck fast, shaken. The old man sniggled as he see th' other feller pull, and then jump and splash thro' th' water to pick up his game, but he said nothen. Well, the merm'n,—as it turned out to be,—got to th' stool, and he seemed most won'rf'll s'prized th' birds didn't get up and fly, and then he tuk up the b'rdb'll, and pulled out his arr, and turned the stool ov'r and ov'r, and smelt it, and grinned, and seemed quite uneasy to make out what 'twas. Then he tuk up nother one, and he turned 'em putty much all ov'r, and tore their anchors loose.

"Gr't gr'ndf'th'r wa'n't a bit skeered, and he did'n't like this much, but he didn't want to git into a passion with an Ingen, for they're full o' fight, and he loved peace; and besides he didn't want to take no dis'dvantage on 'im, and he'd two guns loaded in th' skiff, and th' other feller hadn't only a bow and arr, and the old man hoped he'd clear out soon. It wa'n't to be, hows'mver, that the old man shouldn't get int' a scrape; for what's the feller with the bow and arr do, arter consideren and smellen a smart and long spell, but pick up the whole stool,—every one on 'em,—and sling 'em ov'r's shoulder, and begin to make tracks! Gr't gr'ndf'th'r couldn't

stand that ere. So he sung out to him, putty loud and sharp, to lay down them stools, and he shoved the skiff out the hassck, and then he see plain enough it was a merm'n. Then the old man was a little started, I expect. Hows'mver, he shoved right up to him, and got his old muskets ready. Well, the merm'n turned round, and sich another looken mortal man gr't gr'ndf'th'r said he never did see. He'd big bushy hair all ov'r 'im, and big whiskers, and his eyes was green and small's a mushrat's, and where the flesh was, he was ruther scaly-like.

He hadn't stitch clothes ont' 'm, but the water was up to's waist, and kivered 'im up so that gr't gr'ndf'th'r couldn't see the biggist part on 'im. Soon's the old man got done jawen, the merm'n he begun to talk out the darndest talk you ever heerd. I disremember 'xactly, but I b'lieve 'twas somethin like 'norgus porgus carry-Yorkus,' and all sich stuff. Ephr'm Salem, the schoolmaster, used to reckon 'twas Lating, and meant somethin 'bout takin load o' porgees down to York; other some said 'twas Dutch; but I can't say. Well, the old man let him talk his talk out, and then he tuk his turn. Says the old man says he, 'it ant respect'ble, 'tant honest, mister merm'n, to hook other people's property. Them's my stool,' says he. 'Ye lie,' says the merm'n,—speakin so gr't gr'ndf'th'r could hear 'im plain enough when he cum to the pint;—'ye lie,' says he, 'I jest now shot 'em.'

"'Shot 'em, you b.....,' says the old man, gittin mad; 'shot 'em? them's wooden stools what I made myself and anchored 'em here last night.'

"'That's 'nother,' says the merm'n; 'ye blackguard, they're only dead ducks spetrerfried and turned into white oak. I'm seen 'em here, and knowed they was cotched fast into the eel grass, a smart and long while; good mornen, my old cock, I must be goen.'

"'Lay them stool down,' says gr't gr'ndf'th'r, 'lay them stool down, or, by golly, I'll put a charge o' shot into ye.'

"'Shoot away, my man,' says the merm'n sneerin-like, and he turns off to clear out. So, the old man, sein his stool walked off in that ere way, cotched up one o' his guns, and, by jings, he let split right into the merm'n's back, and marked him from his shoulders down, thick as mustard-seed, with about three ounces of No. 3,—what the old man put in for brant the night afore. The old thief was putty well riddled, I expect. He jumped up out th' water 'bout a yard high, and squealed out 's if he was killed. But he wa'n't tho', for after rubbin his back a little while, he turned round, and says he 'now I s'pose you've done it, don't you?' quite sharp and saucy; 'I wanted a little lead into me for ballast; what's the costs, squire?'

"'Lay down them ere stool,' says the old man, 'lay down them ere stool.' I wont,' says the merm'n. 'If ye don't,' says gr't gr'ndf'th'r, 'I'll give ye t'other gun, and that's loaded with double B; may be ye wont like that quite so well, prehaps.'

"'Fire away and be d———d,' says the merm'n, and the old man giv it to him, sure enough. This time he planted it right int' his face and eyes, and the blood run out all white like milk. The merm'n hollored, and yawked, and swore, and rubbed, and he let the stool drop, and he seemed to be putty much blinded and done up, and gr't gr'ndf 'th'r thought he was spoke for. Hows'm'ver he thought it was best to load up and be ready in case o' the merm'n's gittin well, and comin at 'im 'gen. But just as he tuk up his horn to prime, the merm'n div and vanished. 'What's the how, now?' says gr't gr'ndf'th'r, and he got up onto the gunnels o' the boat, to watch for squalls; and he stood there teteren on a larboard

and starboard straddle, looken out putty sharp, for he reckoned there was somethin comin. There wa'n't no mistake 'bout that, for t'rights the old man felt the skiff shaken under 'im, and he see right off that the merm'n was down below, tryen t'upset 'im, and git 'im int' the water. That ruther started the old man, for he knowed if he once got int' th' water, he'd stand no kind o' chance with a merm'n, which is jest the same as an otter, 'xcept the sense, you know. So he jumped down to his oars, to pull for the hassck. That wouldn't answer much, tho,' for th' oars hadn't touched water, 'fore the merm'n broke 'em smack off, and the old man had to pull the sprit out the sail, and take to shoven. The moment he struck bottom, he heerd a kind o' grunten laugh under th' skiff, and somebody drew the sprit down, deep int' th' mud, so that th' old man couldn't pull it out; at the same time th' merm'n tilted th' skiff over smart and far, so that her keel was most out o' water, and th' old man was taken strut off both 's feet, and highsted up int' th' air, high and dry, holden onto the eend o' th' sprit; and the skiff shot away, and left 'im, twenty yards off, or twenty-five I sh'd say, mostly. The sprit was putty stiff, I expect, tho' it bent smartly; but gr't gr'ndf'th'r hung on't, like death to a dead nigger, his feet bein bout three foot from the water's edge when he held up his knees."

"Dan," said I, (taking advantage of a moment's pause, during which he experienced imbibition,) was the old gentleman on your father's or your mother's side?"

"Have my doubts he don't know nuther,"—again muttered the sleeping skeptic, whose tympanum readily acknowledged the interruption of a voice foreign to the story,—"but his father was a smart man, and I knowed him."

"*Gravius anhelata!* Good night, Peter."

"Mr. Cypress," said Dan, with a face full of sincere anxiety, "would I tell *you* any thing I did not believe?"

"No, Dan, never; no, no; go on, go on. I only asked for information."

"Well, where was I?—Yes—yes—Well, there th' old man hung, ont' th' top th' sprit, not taken much comfort, I sh'd say. Then, up, by course, pops the merm'n, and begins to make all kinds o' fun th' old man, and gives 'im all sorts o' saace, whilst he stood in the water clost by th' sprit, washen off the blood and pick'n the shots out his face. Gr't gr'ndf 'th'r wouldn't answ'r 'im back tho', 'cause he knowed it wa'n't no use, but he kept wishen some boat would come along, and give 'im a hand, and he 'xpected there must be somebody or 'nother out that day. Meantime, tho', he tho't 'twas best to let th' merm'n see he wa'n't 'fraid on 'im none, so he tuk out his tinder-box and pipe, and struck a light, and set up smoken, quite at ease. Well, there he hung and smoked, putty much all of three hours, till he got consid'r'ble tired, I sh'd say, and the merm'n looked 's good 's new, only 'xcepten the holes in 's face, which was all thick together like th' holes in the black banks, where the fiddlers come out on. 'Wont you walk down, sir?' says the merm'n, arter a while, to gr't gr'ndf 'th'r, quite p'lite; 'I sh'd be quite happy to shake hands wi' ye, and make it up.'

"Gr't gr'ndf 'th'r wouldn't say a word.

"'Wont ye answer, d—n ye?' says the cunnen devil, gritt'n's teeth; and he walks up to the sprit, and lays hold, and shakes it hard, jist as ye'd shake a young pear-tree. 'Drop off, drop off,' says he, shaken 'er all his might.

"Then th' old man made up his mind he'd got to come; so he watches 'is chance, and gives a spring, and jumps, so as to strike th' merm'n's shoulder, and from that he jumps

agin, a long stretch, towards the hassck, where the water was shallerer.

"The merm'n was arter 'im strut, and cotched 'im up in no time, and then they clinched. That ere fight I sh'ld like to seen, may be I don't think. It was hip and thigh, and toss up for the best, for putty much an hour 'bouts; sometimes the merm'n bein' ahead, and sometimes gr't gr'ndf'th'r, dependen mostly on th' depth th' water; for when th' old man could keep's ground in shaller water, he could lick the merm'n to thunder; but the merm'n was leetle the activest in deep water. Well, it couldn't be 'xpected but what they sh'ld both get pr'tty smart and tired, and I reckon they was both willen to 'cknowledge beat. Th' old man was jist goen to, when the merm'n sings out, 'Mister, let's stop and rest.'

"'Done,' says gr't gr'ndf'th'r, glad enough; and they stopped short, and went to th' hassck, and sot down on the sedge grass, both breathen like a porpus.

"Arter they'd sot there a little while, and got breath, th' old man sung out he was ready, but the merm'n said he wa'n't, and he reck'n'd he felt putty smart and bad. So th' old man thought 'twould be a good time to go arter's skiff. 'You ought n't t've shoved my boat away, any how,' says he; 'how shall I get back t' hum t'-night?'

"'That's true,' said the merm'n, quite reason'bl'; 'if y'll promise to come right back, and finish this ere fight, I'll let ye go and swim arter it.'

"'I will,' says th' old man, 'honor bright;' and off he swum. When he got off 'bout two rod, he looked back at th' merm'n, and he thought he seemed to be 'mazen pale and sick. 'Make haste back,' sings out the merm'n. 'Ay, ay,' says th' old man, and he struck away.

The tide had drifted th' skiff a smart ways off, and she lay

putty much down t' th' beach, on a bar; and 'twas quite a spell 'fore the old man could get to the hassck. But when he arriv, there wa'nt a hair of a merm'n to b' seen, only in the place where he'd sot there was a big heap o' white jelly, like a stingen quarll. Gr't gr'ndf'th'r kicked it over w' his foot, and it made a thin squeak, like a swaller high up over-head, and he reckoned it giv' 'im a kind o' lect'ral shock. So he sot to work and picked up his stools, which was scattered putty much all over the bay, and he cleared out t' hum. That's the last he seen o' that merm'n."

"Surely, surely. Walloped him into nothen, I expect;" said Venus. "I give in arter that, Dannel."

"Have my doubts, agen!" sung out Peter, waking up from the straw, where his universally incredulous judgment had been for some time past taking unquiet and sonorous repose. "Have my doubts, mister, I say."

"You're drunk, old vulture-nose;" cried Ned, authoritatively. "Shut up; I'm satisfied that the story is true. What object could the old man have had in telling a lie? Besides, every body knows that mermaids were plenty here once. Wasn't Jerry Smith's wife a mermaid? Didn't I see one myself, once, in Brick-house brook, when I was trouting?"

"Likely, likely;" quoth Oliver. "Tell us about that Eddy. When was it? I never heard thee mention it before."

"Yes, you have, Oliver, fifty times! but, as it is a short story, and I should like to resolve Peter's doubts, for once, I'll tell again.—Don't interrupt me, now.—It was one April morning, in that year when you and I had the great flight of geese, Raynor. I went up through the woods, and struck into the brook about two miles above the turnpike, and started to wade it down to the road. You know how wild the coun-

try is there, and how wantonly the brook runs, bending, and winding, and coquetting with the wintergreen and cranberry vines, that fringe its banks; how it is constantly changing its depth and strength, and color, sometimes dashing on, in a narrow current not more than three or four feet in width, and curling darkly and swiftly around the old stumps, that are rotting by its edges, and then, at a little distance off, spreading free, and flowing smooth, to the breadth of twenty yards; while all the way it is overarched, and in some places nearly hidden by the intertwined hazel, and alders, and scrub oaks. It is just the stream that I should think would captivate a water nymph's fancy; it is so solitary, and quiet, and romantic. You hear no noise while you are fishing, save of your own splashing footsteps, or the brushed-by, crackling bushes, —scarcely even the rushing of the wind,—so deep and thick is the envelopement of the woods; and in wading half a mile, and basketing thirty fish, you might think you were alone in the world, if you did not now and then startle a thirsty fawn, or a brooding wood-duck. Well, I was coming down through a broad, shallow, beautifully gravelled bottom, where the water was not more than half-way up to my knees, and was just beginning to take more stealthy steps, so as to make the least possible noise, (for I was approaching a favorite hole,) when suddenly I heard what seemed to be the voice of a young girl of fifteen or sixteen burst out a singing ahead of me, just around the next bend of the brook.

"I was half frightened to death, for I thought it must be some poor mad creature that had escaped from her confinement; and in fact I had heard that Ellen—what's her name? I forget—had been rather flighty ever since young Jones left off paying attentions to her. However, there was no backing out for me, now; *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, in the case of a

woman, Cypress. I was in the scrape; *revocare gradum* was out of the question. So I went ahead softly, and when I got to the bend, I put my left eye around the bushes, and looked. By all the little fishes, it was a lovely sight! She was sitting upon a hemlock log that had fallen across the brook, with her naked feet and legs hanging in the water. There she sat, paddling, and splashing, and combing her long, beautiful, floating hair, and singing. I was entranced, petrified. She would sing a little ballad, and then she'd stop and wring her hands, and cry. Then she'd laugh, and flirt about her long hair. Then again she would look sorrowful, and sigh as though her heart would break, and sing her song over again. Presently she bent down to the stream, and began to talk earnestly to somebody. I leaned forward to take a look at the stranger, and to whom do you think she was talking? It was a trout, a brook trout, an old fellow that I have no doubt would have weighed full three pounds. He was floating on the top of the water, and dimpling, and springing up about her, as though he, too, felt and acknowledged the heavenly influence of her beauty. She bent her long fingers, and tickled him upon his back, and under his side, and he absolutely jumped through her hands, backwards and forwards, as if in a delirium of frolic.—It was by her hands that I knew she was a mermaid. They were bluey and webbed, though not much more than a black-breasted plover's feet. There was nothing positively icthyal in their formation.—After a while she commenced singing, again. This was a new tune, and most exquisitely sweet. I took out my pencil and wrote down the words of the song, on a blank leaf for memoranda, in my fishing book. Shall I repeat them?" "Do it," we all cried out with earnestness.

"I'll try," said Ned, sighing. "I wish I could sing them. They ran somewhat in this way:—

"'Down in the deep
Dark holes I keep,
And there, in the noontide, I float and sleep;
By the hemlock log,
And the springing bog,
And the arching alders I lie incog.

The angler's fly
Comes dancing by,
But never a moment it cheats my eye;
For the hermit trout
Is not such a lout
As to be by a wading boy pulled out.

King of the brook,
No fisher's hook
Fills me with dread of the sweaty cook;
But here I lie,
And laugh, as they try;
Shall I bite at their bait? No, no, not I.

But when the streams,
With moonlight beams,
Sparkle, all silver, and starlight gleams,
Then, then look out
For the hermit trout;
For he springs and dimples the shallows about,
While the tired angler dreams.'

"The words are not much. But O! how exquisite was that music; Cypress, it was like the mellow tone of a soft harp!"

"Jewsharp,—ha-a?" accorded long John; that's a nice

kind o' music. I'm told they have 'em large down to York, and use 'em in meeten. How'st ?"

"Yes, 'tis so, John, they do. But let me get through with my story. After the syren had finished her tune, she began playing with her companion again. Thinks I to myself, 'old speckled skin, I should like to have you in my basket; such a reverend old monarch of the brook is not to be caught every day in the year, What say you for a fresh worm this morning ?' So I shortened my rod, and run it behind me, and let the dobber fall upon the water, and float down with the hook to the log where the old fellow and the mermaid was disporting. His love for the lady did not spoil his appetite. He bagged my worm, and then sprung at my float, and cut. I jerked back, and pulled in, and then he broke water and flounced. The mermaid saw that he was in trouble, and dashed at my line, broke it short off, and then took up the trout, and began to disengage the hook from his gills. I had no idea of losing my hook and my trout, besides one of Lentner's best leaders,—that cost me half a dollar,—for any woman, fishy or fleshy, however good a voice she might have. So I broke cover, and came out. The moment she caught a glimpse of me, she screamed and dropped the trout, and ran. Did you every see a deer flash through a thicket? She was gone in an instant—

> "'Gone, like the lightning, which o'er head
> Suddenly shines, and ere we've said
> Look ! look ! how beautiful ! 'tis fled.'

Compelled by an irresistible impulse, I pursued. Down the brook, and through the brake, we went, leaping, and stooping, and turning, and swimming, and splashing, and I, at least a half a dozen times, stumbling and falling. It was but at intervals, as the brook made its longest bends, that I could catch

a glimpse of the fugitive nymph, and the last time I put my eager eye upon her, she had stopped and was looking back, with both her hands crossed upon her bosom, panting and apparently exhausted. But as I again broke upon her sight, she started and fled. With fresh ardor I pressed on, calling to her, and beseeching her to stop. I pleaded, promised, threatened, and called the gods to witness that my intentions were honorable, and that I would go and ask her mother first, if she did not live too far off. In the desperation of my entreaties I talked a little Latin to her, that came into my head, apropos, and which was once used by another gentleman,* in a similar case of Parthian courtship;—Parthian!—Yes, that is a correct word, for O! what arrows did the beauty of the flying nymph shoot into my soul! Telling her that she might depend upon my honor, and all that, I continued—

"'At bene si noris, pigeat fugisse; morasque
Ipsa tuas damnes, et me retinere labores'—

that is to say, boys, according to Bishop Heber's translation,

"'If you knew me, dear girl, I'm sure you'd not fly me;
Hold on half an hour, if you doubt, love, and try me.'

But, alas! the assurance and the prayer added fresh pinions to her wings. She flew, and despairingly I followed, tearing my hands and face with the merciless brambles that beset my way, until, at last, a sudden turn brought me plump up against the bridge upon the turnpike, in the open fields, and the mermaid was nowhere to be seen. I got up on the railing of the bridge, and sat there weary, wet, and sad. I had lost my fish, left my rod a mile off, and been played the fool with by a mongrel woman. Hook, fish, leader, heart, and mermaid, were all lost to me forever. 'Give me some drink, Titinius,' or

* Polyphem. to Gal. Ov. Met. 13, 808.

Daniel, which I take to be the correct English translation. I feel melancholy and mad to think of it even now."

CHAPTER VI.

"Scythia est quo mittimur, inquam:
Roma relinquenda est: utraque justa mora est."
OVID'S TRISTIA, 3d El.

* * * * * *

"DID Captain Symmes tell you that himself, sir?" inquired Raynor.

"He did," replied Ned, "and I have not the slightest doubt of the accuracy of his statement. I think I shall publish the account for the benefit of science. Those discoveries concerning the causes and sources of magnetism, and electricity, and galvanism, are really astonishing."

"It is strange," said I, like a good, solemn, tiger.

"Yes," responded Ned, with graver gravity, "truth *is* strange, stranger than fiction."

"Can't ye give us some more th' tic'lars, Mr. Locus?" asked Dan. "Tell us what's the reason 'bout them spots in the sun, and the bony fish all failen last summer. That's what I want to know."

"No, Dan; I'd rather give you what I know of my own knowledge. Boys, did I ever tell you about my journey to the Lanjan Empire?"

"I never heard you"—"Lan what?"—"Go it!"—"Now for a yarn," and several other interjectional questions and an-

swers broke, simultaneously, from the lips of the attentive audience.

"That's a very interesting country," simpered the tiger. "Won't you take a drink before you start, Mr. Locus?"

"Thank you, thank you, Cypress.—Well, boys—hem!"—and Ned got under way as follows:—

"I had always from my earliest boyhood, a vehement desire to travel and see the world; and whatever other of my studies may have been slighted, I certainly was not neglectful of my geography and hydrography. Books of travel, of any sort of respectability and authenticity, I devoured; from Sinbad the Sailor, down to the modernest, pert, self-sufficient affectations of our own expressly deputed readers of guide-books, and retailers of family gossip. Still, however, I was unsatisfied. I longed to be an actor, not a mere looker on; a doer, not a reader of exploits. In this particular taste, my revered father chose to differ from me, by the distance of several continents. While I sighed for locomotion, and the transmutation of the precious metals into foreign novelties, the dearest care of that respected person was,

"'T' increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.'

"If, in the glow of my imagination, I spoke of Columbia river, Central Africa, Chinese Tartary, Ultima Thule, or any other, reasonable, and desirable region for exploration, the old man would shake his head, and tell me that he was responsible for my future standing in society; and that he could not permit me to go abroad until my habits were formed. 'Besides, my son,' he would add, 'travelling costs money, and your education is not yet complete, and exchange is up, and stocks are down, and you're rather irregular, and—and you had bet-

ter wait.' Wait, therefore, I had to, until I had finished my collegiate experiences, and pocketed my alma mater's certificate, that my habits *were* formed, and that I was a youth distinguished for my learning, brains, and good behavior, and all that; or, as Cypress would say, until the '*hoc tibi trado*' of jubilee commencement-day was poured into my ear, and with all becoming and appropriate solemnity, I was consecrated an A. B. My passion for cosmopolitism burned, now, fiercer than ever. I petitioned, and sulked, and flattered, and fretted, and moved earth and heaven, or tried to,

"'And Heaven,—at last,—granted what my sire denied.'

For it pleased heaven to put it into the heads of the navy department, to appoint my uncle, Captain Marinus Locus, Commodore of a relief-squadron that was to go out to the Mediterranean; and about a year after my graduation, the flag-ship Winnipissiago dropped her anchor at the place of rendezvous off the Battery, having on board my excellent, excellent uncle:—

"'My uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules.'

He was a jolly old cock, liberal, free-hearted, hated trade, and grace before meals, and though he was a strict disciplinarian aboard ship, he liked an adventure on shore as well as any body, provided only he was sure of not being found out. He was a great admirer of the morality of Lycurgus, inculcated in his precepts for the education of boys, and his darling maxim was, that there was no such thing as abstract sin, and that the iniquity of iniquity consisted in the bad example.

"During the time of his waiting for the rest of the squadron, he was often at my father's house, and I had frequent opportunities for the enjoyment of his conversation. It is not to

be wondered that my heart grew to him, and that I became unhappy with desire of a situation aboard his frigate. As propitious fortune would have it, he took an equal fancy for me, and noting the violence of my marine propensity, he interceded with my father, and offered to give me a birth, and a share at mess, during his cruise, and offered me all possible facilities for seeing the country, without putting me or mine to any expense, except for the necessary outfit. As this course of travel would not require much disbursement, and as my habits were by this time quite confirmed, the kind old gentleman was persuaded to let me go.

"'Well, Ned,' said he, one morning, after breakfast, and a tear stood in his eye, 'I've traded you off. You may go with your uncle. He has been begging, and hammering me, for a fortnight, and last night he offered me a quarter cask of Juno, and said he would take good care of you, and watch over your behavior and so forth, and so I told him he might have you. There, the secret is broken.'

"'So is my heart,' said my mother, sobbing.

"'So is his coffee-cup,' chuckled the old gentleman, pointing to the fragments, which my surprise and delight had strewn upon the floor.

"'Remember now, my son,' continued the old gentleman, and then he read me a lecture containing the essence of all that Solomon ever said to Rehoboam, with the addition of a digest of the more modern maxims of parental wisdom, down to the date of the discourse. It was a precious mixture. I took it with all becoming meekness, and in the agitation and affliction produced by the notification that I 'soon should be on the boundless ocean, far, far from the tender watchfulness of parental kindness,' I stuck my fingers into my mouth, and then applied their watery ends to my eyes;—not anticipating

the dialogue, I was unprovided with an onion. The old gentleman at last got through, finishing with an injunction that really made me cry, because I did not dare to laugh.

"'Not least of all,' said he, 'be thankful for being born in a country, where you, though only a private citizen, and one possessed of no peculiar merit, may accomplish your travels as a passenger on board a public ship. *It doesn't cost any thing.* Uncle Sam pays the whole shot; and you can go to Dan, and Beersheba, and all the other cities up the Mediterranean, and write your travels, and I shall not be out of pocket a penny. I shan't have to advance you a cent. That's what I look at.'

"Sponge! thought I, a little startled, but I prudently kept my peace.

"The rest of the discourse,—the parting,—the sailing,—the deep, deep sea,—whales,—water-spouts,—Cape St. Vincent,—hurricane,—chicken-coop, and two men overboard,—Gibraltar,—duel between two midshipmen,—monks of Palermo,—Mount Ætna,—earthquake of Catania,—Dromio of Syracuse,—Cape Matapan,—Bozzaris,—Greek pirates,—Colossus of Rhodes,—Smyrna,—and so forth, I pass over. Suffice it to say, that we finally arrived in the Levant, and cast our cable in the neighborhood of Cyprus."

"Cypress? Cypress?" asked Venus Raynor. "What, any relation to our Mr. Cypress here?"

"No, no; near the island of Cyprus. Cyprus! beautiful isle! In what glorious majesty stood thy old Olympus. How fragrantly from thy hills came down the odor of thy orange-groves and grape-vines, mingling with the wind-borne scent of thy hyacinths, and anemonies! Land of generous wine, and glowing beauty! Birthplace of Venus!"—

"Hullow, Ned! hullow! what's thee up to now?" cried Oliver.

"It's a lie," pronounced master Peter. "Venus was born at Raynor South. I knowed his father. Have my doubts it's a lie."

"That's what the family Bible says," muttered the namesake of the goddess, getting a little angry.

"Don't bother me, you fool," said Ned, snappishly, and putting his hand over Peter's mouth. "I did'nt mean this *he* Venus; no, but her, the queen of beauty, the mother of love, Paphia,—Cytherea,—Aphrodite,—emerging from old ocean's wave—"

"'*Emersam ex undis Venerem*,' as Stephanus Forcatulus hath it, Ned," I took the liberty of suggesting; fearing that he would tire out the boys with his raptures. "I thought it was Cythera, where the zephyrs carried the foam-born goddess. You had better go on with the story. How far is it to the Lanjan Empire?"

"Pardon, pardon, boys, for rearing up, and caracoling, in this irregular fashion. No, Cypress, Cyprus. Only Hesiod says Cythera. And you, certainly, won't put his 'theogony' in competition with the judicious Tully's 'de natura Deorum.' —I will try, now, to be less episodical. But whenever I think of Cyprus, my bosom swells with the same feelings that half overwhelmed me when first I breathed the air from its beautiful shore; and my heart jumps within my body just as my legs did upon the upper deck of the Winnipissiago, when young Bob Shelley, a midshipman, for whom I had formed the fondest friendship, was relieved from his watch, and came up where I was listlessly lounging.

"'We'll go ashore to-night, Bob,' said I, rubbing my hands between my knees, 'and taste some Cyprian—'

"'No; nor wine nor women,' interrupted Bob, despondingly. 'The old man has given orders that not a soul quit ship to-night. All shore-boats are to be prohibited from approaching within thirty yards.'

"'Why, the d——d old tyrant! what's in the wind now?'

"'Can't say;—should'nt be surprised if we were off to the coast of Africa before morning: you now his way.'

"'Well, well; I'll go ashore;—yes,' said I, at that moment catching the eye of a Greek fisherman who was sculling upon the edge of the tabooed distance, and who seemed to understand our conversation and wishes; 'I'll be cursed if I don't go ashore. Dare you go along? When is your next watch; Can't you steal two or three hours.'

"'I may. I—may. But we must wait until night; we would be observed now. It will soon be dark.'

"As Bob spoke, we observed the skiff of the fisherman glide swiftly towards the ship, and her minute figure was soon lost under the shade of our giant stem. The tongue is not the only maker of assignations. My eyes met those of Palinurus once more, and we had a perfect understanding upon the subject of our wished-for visit to the shore.

"Night came, and we found our wily Cypriot under the fore-chains; and we were soon at a miniature little city, built upon a promontory, that jutted out towards the ship, and which seemed to welcome our approach by the louder swelling strains of various music, and happy-hearted laughter. That night—that night!—I cannot tell the incidents of that night now.—No—never—never. We got back safely, however, and, as good fortune would have it, undiscovered, and unsuspected. Not having been found out, I went to my hammock with a quiet conscience, as indeed, with such a consolation, after what had happened, I was bound to do, aboard

the commodore's ship. The next morning, however, changed the face of affairs; the non-intercourse regulation was repealed, and free trade and sailors' rights let the crew ashore, and a dark-browed Frank, the keeper of the cassino, where we danced the night before, aboard. The old man was in his cabin. Bob ran up into the main-top, and I turned into my nest. Bob was on the sick-list at his next watch. I myself was exceedingly disposed to be under the weather, and out of the way of recognition, and identification by the sorrowful host of '*the three spears.*' But the next morning the ship stood away for the opposite coast of Africa, and we happily recovered. I got well just in time to see the devil in the old man's eyes, as I walked up towards him, in obedience to his summons.

"'Sick! nephew, ha?' he began, half frowning, half sneering. I felt sick at heart, indeed. But when he asked me what had made me sick, and I replied that I attributed it to eating too many Cyprian oranges, he shut his eyes half up, and glimmering at me, sidewise, he turned slowly upon his heel, rapped the rattan in his hand hard upon his leg, and walked away. I saw it was all over.

"About six bells A. M., the officers, with myself, were all called aft.

"'Gentlemen,' said the old man, looking black and dignified as an incipient thunder-squall, 'I regret that any individual under my command should disgrace the national flag, by riot, and violence in a foreign port; but much more do I regret that any officer of the Winnipissiago should so far forget his duty to his country, and his commander, as to break the order of the day.' Then he ripped out a few appropriate *juramenta-juramentorum*—that is, *whoppers*, boys. After letting off steam, he went ahead again.

" ' My good friend, Kapitanos Antistratikos, the American consul for Famagusta, and keeper of a highly respectable cassino there, informs me that two persons from the Winnipissiago———but no matter; that will be for charges and specifications. Here; who'—pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket—' owns this piece of documentary evidence? Mr. Shelley, will you do me the favor to read the name of the happy proprietor?'

" With what a savage sneer the old man put the question! I quailed and trembled. I knew that Bob had lost his handkerchief in the scuffle, and faint, very faint was the hope that his ingenuity could excuse us. As to the offence itself, that was nothing, in reality, in the old man's judgment, compared with the sin of our leaving our tracks behind us, so that we were sure of being detected.

" ' Guilty sir,' said Bob, touching his hat. He knew that there was no humbugging the old man. ' The document is my own.'

" ' Enough. A court-martial will no doubt give due honor to your unofficer-like conduct. Consider yourself arrested—that is all, gentlemen. Pipe down.'

" ' Mr. Locus,'—and the old man bowed to me with an ineffably increased *suaviter in modo*,—' your tongue need not confess that you were Mr. Shelley's companion. Your buttermilk face has saved that member the trouble. You will quit the ship at the first land we make. That ought in my opinion, to be *the rule in Shelley's case*. So much for your comfort.—I promised your father to take good care of you; I shall keep my word, for I shall shortly leave you in *Grand Cairo*.—D—n you, sir, do you laugh?—that's no pun. I never made a pun in my life.'

"'Is our friendship, then, sir,' said I, 'forever annihilated?'

"'Exactly, nephew. It ends at the mouth of the Nile, where we shall shortly drop both you and our anchor. I have only one word of advice to give you; it is, look out for the crocodiles, and don't eat too many oranges. Good morning.'

"I could have burst into tears, but Bob came running up to me, and grasping my hand, cried, 'Bear it like a man. They'll cashier me, and I'll get permission to quit the ship with you; we'll travel together and seek our fortunes.' Generous fellow!

"Bob was correct in his anticipations; he was found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. His petition to the old man to be allowed to accompany me was readily granted, and about dusk, that evening, we were landed on the coast of Africa, near the western mouth of the Nile, a few miles from Rosetta, and about eighty miles north-west from Grand Cairo. We slept that night at the hovel of a Jew, and early in the morning started upon our journey. We had nothing to encumber us but the clothes upon our backs, our fowling-pieces, and Bob's favorite fiddle. The last article we brought along, as the means of earning our livelihood until we could get into some regular employment. Our pistols and dirks we had of course secured, together with a few pieces of gold. With these appointments we started for the great city of the Nile.

"Not being much used to walking, we progressed only thirty miles the first day, and at the setting of the sun, rested under a sycamore tree, to dispose of our frugal meal of dates. Our repast was here suddenly interrupted by the appearance of three marauding Bedouins, who dashed in upon us on their

beautiful Arabs, cutting and slashing at us with their sparkling cimeters. We very coolly cut two of them down in a flash, with the first shot from our pistols. The third fellow turned his horse and dashed his rowels into his bloody flanks. But we gave him, each, the other barrel, and tumbled him off, with one bullet in the elbow of his sword arm, and the other in the small of his back. We then helped ourselves to a few miscellaneous articles, that could have been of no further service to them, and buried their bodies in the sand. After this we had no further interruption until we arrived at Cairo, which we reached, on the second following night.

"Our appearance here did not excite any very especial wonder. There were people of all colors, and countries, and religions, and habits, crowding along the narrow, dirty streets, seeking their business or their pleasures. The dogs seemed to be the most numerous and important part of the population, and we had little trouble from any of the rest of the inhabitants. So having sought out a caravansary, or boarding-house, we sallied out and commenced our vocation of street-minstrelsy. It was the most taking and profitable occupation that we could have chosen. I led the air, and Bob warbled bass, accompanying the melody with his cremona. 'Cease rude Boreas,' 'Begone dull care,' 'Ye sons of freedom,' 'Barbara Allen,' and several others of the most distinguished Christian pieces of profane music we absolutely coined into gold. The Cairoites were delighted with the novelty of the entertainment, and we became most decided favorites. Turks, Copts, Mamelukes, Jews, and Syrian Christians, voted us stars, invited us to their entertainments, and vied with each other in their unbounded hospitality.

"Wake up Peter, Cypress. Dan, take this tumbler.

"Well, boys, to be brief, in the course of three months we

made money enough to buy fifty camels, one hundred Guinea slaves, a few Mograbian dancing-girls, and a goodly quantity of cotton, coffee, and other merchandize of the country, and joining another caravan, off we started across the desert, to the seaport of Suez, at the north end of the Red Sea. By the by, what a pity it is that the Egyptians do not cut a canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. It is a dead level all the way;—not a lock necessary. Bob and I sent in proposals to the governor, to construct one within two years; but his higness shook his head, and said that if Allah had intended that there should be a water-communication from Suez to the Levant, he would have made it himself. But of that in another place. I intend to apply to our legislature for an act of incorporation for a railroad. Keep it quiet, boys. Say nothing.

"Our arrival at Suez created no little excitement. Our fame had preceded us across the desert, and the swarthy disciples of the Prophet of the east, grinned upon us, and fed us and felt us, just as would the very Christian populace of New York grin at, and feed, and feel King Blackhawk, and the Prophet of the west. It was soon, however, our fortune to be monopolized by good society. The sister of the governor, Julia Kleokatrinka, a widow, got us. She was the lady B——— of the place, and a most magnificent woman she was. She was decidedly the best dressed lady that I have seen in all my travels. Beautiful, witty, learned, accomplished, and, above all, so generous in every respect. It was on account of her peculiar excellences, that she had obtained a special license to be different in deportment and behavior, from all the other ladies of rank in Suez, and to expose herself to the gaze of men, and give entertainments, and all that sort of thing. All the other

women of Suez are strictly guarded in their seraglios, as they should be. I took to her exceedingly. She loved and petted me so, I could'nt help it. She used to call me her '*hi ghi giaour*,' which means, boys, pet infidel poet. Her *conversaziones* were delightful. She had around her, constantly, a brilliant *coterie*, of poets and romancers. One day, I met at her palace, at dinner, a *cordon* composed of Almanzor, the geometrician; Allittle, the poet; Ali Kroker, the satirist; Ali Gator, the magnificent son of Julia—the Suez Pelham; Selim Israel, a writer of books which no body would read; a Mr. Smith, an Englishman; a Persian mufti; an Iceland count; a Patagonian priest, and several other persons of distinguished merit and virtue. The divine Julia never looked so well. She was dressed in Turkish pantaletts, made of the ever-changing plumage of the throat feathers of the African nightingale, woven and embroidered into a thin cloth of silver. Over these she wore a chemise of pea-green Persian silk, which hung loosely from the extreme tip of her alabaster shoulders, and fell just below her knees. The rest of her simple drapery consisted of a Tibetian shawl, which she gracefully disposed about her person, so as to answer the purpose of robe, or stole, or cloak, as her coquettish caprice might desire. Around her neck sported a young tame boa-constrictor, and in her lap slumbered a Siberian puppy-dog, which was presented to her by the emperor of Russia. Her conversation was uncommonly piquant. I was in capital spirits.

"'Will you be so generously disinterested,' said the charming Julia, 'as to eschew chewing until you can hand me that salt?'

"'Most unequivocally, bright moon of my soul,' I readily re-

plied ; ' Allah forbid, that through my neglect, a lady's meat should go unsalted.'

" Then we all had a hearty laugh. I turned to Ali Gator, who was leaning against a pile of scarlet satin ottomans, while the rays of the setting sun fell full upon his beautifully embroidered waistcoat,—"

" Stop, Ned, stop," said I, looking around, and listening to the chorus of heavy breathings that had, for some time past, been swelling upon my ear. " Raynor—*softly*—Dan—*louder*—Peter—*with vehemence*—Smith—Oliver—Zoph :—You have, by gad ; you've put them all to sleep. I'm glad of it.- It serves you right. Of what interest is it to these people to know what twaddle was talked at Julia Kleokatrinka's dinner-table ? And what right have you to betray the privacies of a hospitable board, into which you may have been, perhaps unworthily, adopted. Shame ! shame ! It is a just judgment upon you."

" It only shows their want of taste," replied Ned, coolly.

" Bring up your camels !" sung out Venus, as he turned over on his side in an uneasy dream about the last thing he heard before he went to sleep. " Bring up your camels !"

" So I say," I continued. " Get out of the city, Ned, some how or other. If you can't do better, take a balloon. Let's wake the boys up, and then do you travel on. Bring up your camels ! Bring up your camels !"

I roared this out so loud, as to bring every man upon his feet.

" I was asleep," said Raynor, looking as though he wanted to make an apology.

" Some pork will boil that way," philosophized the Hicksite.

" I was dreaming of the my-grab—somethen—dancen-gals. What did you do with 'em, Mr. Locus," asked Venus, rubbing his eyes. " Were they pretty ? I should like to try 'em on

the double-shuffle, heel-and-toe, a small touch. Go it! Hey!"

"I'm done," said Ned, sulkily, crossing his arms.

"No, no; not by some thousands of miles," cried I. "We've got to get to the Lanjan Empire yet."—I knew Ned wanted to spin it out.

"It's my 'pinion he'll never reach there to-night," yawned Long John. "The wind don't seem to suit, no haaw. What's your sentiments, Peter?"

"I have my doubts."

CHAPTER VII.

"If any man woulde blame me, eyther for takynge such a matter in hande, or els for writing it in the Englysh tongue, this answer I maye make hym, that what the best of the realme thinke it honeste for them to use, I, one of the meanest sorte, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write; and though to have written it in an other tonge, had bene both more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can thinke my labor wel bestowed, yf wt a litle hynderaunce of my profyt and name, may come any fourtherance to the pleasure or commoditie of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hande."

ROGER ASCHAM.

EVEN thus, apologised the venerable preceptor of England's virgin-queen, when he gave to "all gentlemen and yeomen of England, pleasaunte for theyr pastyme to rede, and profitable for theyr use to folow," that precious birth of "Toxophilus, the schole of shootinge conteyned in two bookes." Glorious old Roger! my master—my father—my friend—my patron saint! Thy pupil and worshipper is redeemed from the guilt of "idlenesse and levitie," by the gracious authority of thy

precept and example. Roger, be with me! *Rogere, ut mihi faveas, adjutorque sis, rogo, obsecro!*

On the evening succeeding the night when Ned's travels met with the ignominious punctuation which has been set forth in the foregoing chapter, we were all assembled around the cheerful fire, relating our sports and various adventures of the day. Ned was in good humor with himself and every body else, for his sport had been eminently triumphant. Oliver and I had killed only some twenty coot, and a beach fox; while he and one of the boys brought in fifty-four brant, seven geese, five widgeons, three oldwives, a cormorant, and a white owl. Ned gave us a full account of his captivity and sufferings among the Pawnee Picks, and Daniel rehearsed, with much grace and unction, his yarns about pirates Halstead, Conklin, and Jones. Fatigue and sleep at last succeeded in making us yawn, and as I had engaged Bill Luff to go with me to "the middle ground" next morning, early, to lie in a battery, I proposed that we should "shut up shop," and go to bed.

"Won't the tide sarve for Mr. Locus to reach to the Lanjan Empire to-night?" asked Long John of me, stretching out his immense isthmus of neck, and putting on a most ludicrously quizzical character of phiz. "I reckon 'ts high water naaw, and his ship can scratch over the bars, likely, 'bout this time."

"It's my 'pinion he rather smashed her last night," said Dan; "I shouldn't be 'sprised if Mr. Cypress was to say he see small piece o' th' wrack himself."

"Let him keel her up and get the water out o' her, and set her afloat agen."

"It's no use. She's got a smart hole into her, and she's pretty much water-logged, I sh'd say."

"Let 'im take out some th' cargo, and she'll go. He'd only

got too much freight into her, that's all; and she was loaded ruther bad, 'corden to my notion."

"You're right, John," said I. "Good. Ned, take out Julia Kleokatrinka and you'll float."

"Take out *all* the women, Neddy, and thee can steer thy vessel with better success," advised our model of modesty, Oliver.

"No, no. Leave in the dancen gals," cried Venus. "Gals never spiled a sailen party yet, I know it."

"Well boys, make up your minds," said Ned, "whether you want me to start or not. You don't, to be sure, deserve to have a single sentence more of that journey, and I declare to you, I would not go on with the recital of my various and singular adventures upon the voyage, but that I want to tell you a short yarn about our minister for Africa, and a certain American gentleman, that is, one who called himself such, but who was most unworthy of the name,—a great man, in his own opinion, with whom I met at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia."

"Julius Cæsar!" pleaded I; "Ned, where the devil are you travelling?"

"Travelling? Where I actually went; down the Red Sea, through the Straits of Babelmandel, and so around, by Ceylon and the Straits of Malacca, to the Lanjan Empire, stopping on the road, now and then, to have a fight or a frolic."

"Prepare for grief, boys," said I, in deep despondence, tumbling back upon the straw. "You've got into a scrape by urging your last petition. He'll talk to the end of next week. Good night."

"No, my sweet boy, you don't escape in that way," replied Ned, pulling me up with a grip which I was fain to obey; "you have contributed more than any one else to fit out this

expedition, and I swear you shall have your share of the proceeds."

"Don't trouble yourself about the returns now. I'll settle with you, as ship's husband and supercargo, when you get back. Good bye. A pleasant voyage to you."

"No, no. Come back; come back. A press-gang has got hold of you. You must go with me."

"Don't ship me, Ned; I'm not an able seaman. I can neither reef nor steer."

"Make him steward's mate, Mr. Locus," said Dan with a malicious grin. "He can bile coffee, and mix liquor for you, when your throat gits hoarse callen to th' crew."

"I'll do it, Dan. Cypress, you are hereby appointed steward's mate of the felucca 'Shiras Suez.' Look to your duty. There is your pay in advance, and here—filling my champagne glass—is money to furnish supplies to Mecca."

Resistance was in vain. I was duly installed. "Now, Ned, what do you want?"

"A very light duty, Cypress. Your ears, and occasional tongue. I know my course, but I forget the name of the man whom I want to glorify. What is it?"

"How, in the name of all the Mahometan saints, should I know?"

"Repeat me those lines of Anacreon which we used to sing and mumble in school, when we were 'making believe' study."

"How can that help you? Do you mean 'Θελω λεγειν.'"

"Yes; yes. That is it—

'Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας
Θελω δε Καδμον αδειν'—

I wish to sing of Cadmus. I want to tell you, boys, about

Mr. Agamemnon Hermanus Spinosus Cadmus. Did you ever know him, Cypress ?"

"O, perfectly well," replied I, thinking to bother Ned. "He was a descendant of Longoboos, one of the sons of Atreus, whose name, by the by, I perceive, is omitted in Charles Anthon's last, otherwise unexceptionable, edition of Lempriere. He was a regularly born boy, nevertheless, and he possessed a decidedly more dignified disposition and deportment than his brothers Menelaus, and Agamemnon."

"*Many laws?* d——n him," cried Venus. "He was in favor of plenty of banks, and legislaten, I 'spose."

"Historians differ upon that point, Venus. He was a brave fellow, at all events. Lactantius records, in his 'de ira divina,' that Menelaus and Agamemnon, instead of being kings, were most distinct democrats; men who had rather eat a plain republican bowl of bread and milk with an honest farmer, than to be clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and sit within the blessed sound of the divine action of royal grinders. The other youth, on the contrary, he says, was against universal suffrage, and in favor of the doctrine that no man can love his country, or feel an interest in her welfare, unless he has got plenty of money."

"D——n him! then, 'stead o' t'other fellow," interposed the republican critic again.

"His practice," I continued, not taking notice of the interruption, "followed out his principles. He contrived to get appointed a Colonel in the militia, and then started to travel in foreign parts. He drove into Corinth a coach and six, with outriders, spending his money, all the way, with the profusion of a prince. Lais was at this time in the full blow of her glory. Cadmus bought off Alcibiades for a hundred thousand drachms, and set her up in the most magnificent

style. It was in reference to him that Diogenes, the Cynic, perpetrated that jealous snarl, '*non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*' "

"Mr. Locus," said Dan, "I'm 'feard the steward's mate's taken command o' th' ship, and he's sarven out his darned Latin 'stead o' th' regler ship's allowance."

"Cypress, I've been thinking you might as well tell the story yourself. You seem to know all about it."

"No, no. I beg pardon, Ned. Go on, go on. I was only helping hoist sail, and throw off."

"Well, boys, now stop this deviltry, and I'll start. Where did I leave off, last night?"

"You stopped when you got 'sleep in Julia Kle—cre—kle—cre—"

"Kleokatrinka's lap," finished I.

"No, that was the Siberian puppy dog," said Ned.

"What's the odds what country the puppy belonged to?" inquired Raynor, chuckling, and who knew that a fair hit was always welcome, come when, and come upon whom, it might.

"It must have been yourself, Ned," said I. "You like to take your comfort—

'αι γαλεαι μαλακως κρηδοντι καθευδειν.'*

* Theoc. In idyl. entit. "Syracusian ladies dressing to go to a blow out."—Proverbium est quo utitur Proxinoe de ancilla Eunoe, Gorgonem alloquens. [Eunoe was doubtless an Irish damsel. Spelt, more correctly, "You-know-her."—Noah Webster.] Doctissimus Toupius sic optime reddit: *the cat likes fish, but is afraid to wet her feet.* "Quod salsum," inquit,—it was no joke for Ned, in this instance, and the translation is, in my opinion, absurd—et ad Eunoam referendum, hominem mollem, delicatulam, otio atque inertiæ deditam. [Epist. ad Warb. p. 33—plura vide in notas in Theoc.] Mihi quidem, Hercle, non fit verisimile. Ratione multo magis prædita Thomae Little explicatio videtur—

"Turn to me, love, the morning rays
Are beaming o'er thy beauteous face:"

"Raynor," sung out Ned, getting a little vexed, "I wish you would fine that young gentlemen. What was the punishment we determined to inflict upon him the next time he quoted Heathen languages wrongly, or inappositely?"

"A basket of Champagne. Shall I have to send one of the boys across to Islip, or Jim Smith's, to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, either for him or me, for I make a complaint against him. Summon the Court of Dover, strait off. Crier! Peter! call the Court!"

"It will take too long, Ned," said I. "I'll leave it to Venus and Peter. They shall be the court with full powers. Each man state his case, and we'll be bound by their judgment."

"Done," answered Ned. "We'll waive the installation and ceremony of opening.—Gentlemen of the Court, we were talking of dogs; and I say that to make a quotation about cats, and apply it to the more noble canine tribe, is supremely inappropriate, not to say highly ridiculous."

"That stands to reason,—seems to me," said Venus.

Et, ut poetice illustrat scholiastes eximius Doctor Drake,

"The heart that riots in passion's dream
But feasts on his own decay,
As the snow wreath welcomes the sun's warm beam,
And smiles as it melts away."

[Fitzius Viridis Halleck comment.]

"These explications like us not," say the Committee "on Greek mysteries" of the Historical Society, in their last semi-annual report, "we own, most experienced and judicious gentlemen, members component of our body, who are cognizant of the nature of cats, and likewise of the best places for taking comfort. The judgment of your committee after much practice and comparison of notes, is, that the poet simply intended to say that cats love to sleep 'in pleasant places,' and that the most bucolical Syracusian had none other, covert or concealed phantasy." [N. Y. Hist. Soc. mem Cur. 1832.]—"De hac re dubito." [Peter.] "Judge ye." [Excussoris diabolus.]

"Now, your Honors, the culprit whom I have charged, has bored us with a pretended illustration of his weak wit, from a dissolute pagan named Theocritus—I remember him well, for I was compelled, once on a season, to be familiar with him;—and he has substituted the effeminacy of lazy cats, for the sensibly drowsiness of high-spirited, hard-working pointers. 'Γαλεαι' means 'cats.'"

"I should think it meant 'gals'" cried out one of the boys. "Mr. Cypress, you're safe. You'll have Venus on your side."

"Order, order in the Court," cried the crier Judge.

"May it please your honors, that is the whole of my case, and I will conclude by expressing the most exalted confidence in the wisdom, discrimination, learning, and sense of justice of this most reverend and respectable tribunal."

Alexander Africanus Maximus, President of "the Universal Court of Dover of the whole world,"—surnamed Aleck Niger, from his successful exploration of the sources of that black-region river, as well as of divers other more mixed fluids, —could not have made a better speech, even if he had had the immortal George, George the First in the republic, to prompt him. But I did not despair. I happened to know that it was not always rowing straight ahead that wins a race, or that talking sense and truth always gains a cause. Judges and Juries, in spite of their affectation of stern, solemn unfluctuating purpose, are like the tides. They have their currents, and eddies, and under-currents. There is a moon in law and morals, as well as a moon in physics. I blame not the tides, nor do I condemn the courts.—"I tax not you, ye elements, with injustice."—They are both, I trust, insensible to, and innocent of, the influence which makes them swell and fall. But, as Peter once said, in one of his happy moments,

"the tides owns the moon, and men 's judges, and judges is men, and they know who can give 'em a lift best." I had been told, moreover, that many a cause was determined upon some incidental or collateral point, that had nothing to do, in realty, with the merits of the case.

"May it please the Court," I began; "or may it displease the Court, just as their omnipotence pleases." There I was one point ahead of Ned, in the Court of Dover; for that court always respects an impudent compliment, "I am accused of making an irreverend abduction from the discourses of a most exemplary fisherman."

"Fisherman!" cried both the judges simultaneously. "Was he a fisherman?"

"Most distinctly may it please the Court," I replied.

"That alters the case; brother Venus, don't you think so?" said Judge Peter, turning to his learned coadjutor.

"It makes a smart deal o' difference, I sh'd say," responded the worthy associate. "But 'spose he only fished for flounders and eels, and sich; would'nt it make no odds?"

"Have my doubts, brother."

"It is false," cried Ned, hard to be restrained. "Theocritus never——"

"Silence—silence," thundered the Judges. "The court never doubts when it's indifferent. Mr. Locus, you're fined drinks all 'round, and a paper o' tobacco, for disrespect to the joined-issued tribunals o' your country. Proceed, Mr. Cypress."

"Your honors will perceive that my accuser has other objects in view than the mere unjust persecution of my humble self. But I will not refer to them. The whole case may be thus succinctly and successfully defended. I am charged with making an in-apposite quotation, contrary to the statutes of the Beach. I spoke of cats. Now, your Honors, are not

cats four-legged animals? I appeal to the Court's own sense of justice and physical fitness.——"

"He talks like a book, brother Peter."

"Then here," —holding up the fox I had shot, and who was my junior counsel on the argument,—"has not this fox four legs?"

"An't one of them *fore* legs shot off?" asked Judge Peter, *dubitans*.

"No, your Honor, it is only a little crippled. Now we all know, and there needs no argument to prove, that a dog runs on four feet; and so a cat is like a fox, and a dog is like a fox, and things that are equal to the same are equal to one another; and so a cat is a dog, and a dog is a cat; and so, your Honors, I trust I have established my defence, and that I have not misused words, and that Mr. Locus must pay for the champagne."

"Them's my sentiments, brother Venus. Things what's like is sartenly like, and them what's the same must be the same, nor they can't be no otherwise, as I can fix it."

"I coincide with the last speaker," pronounced Venus. "Peter, who is chief Justice?"

"I am. No; you be. Go ahead. Stick it on."

"Respected fellow-citizens, and criminals in general; the judgment o' this expiscious court is that the fines agin Mr. Locus, already expounded, stands good, and he pays the champagne. As for th' rest o' th' company,—extracten the judges, who is not liable to human frailty,—they'll pay a small glass to each o' the judges a piece when they get 'shore, on 'count not making disturbance, so as to give the Court a chance to show the magnitude o' its justice and the power thereof; and the defendant will stand over 'till the next meeten o' th' court. Zoph, be crier. Crier, 'journ the court."

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE MORE FOR THE LAST.

"Candida vitæ
Gaudia nescit
Ah! miser! ille
Qui requievit
Littore nunquam
Mollis arenæ
Pone reclinis"—

METASTATIO.

"Discretas insula rumpit aquas!"

THE islands came in sight again, and ho! land! and Raynor Rock!

Glad enough was I to hear our bow grind the sand near Raynor's hut, on the evening succeeding our court's last night's entertainments. Ned Locus had come in, and Peter Probasco was smoking his usual short pipe, and the boys had some fresh fish and "things accorden." Zoph and I had had a hard pull, and we were bay-salted and shivering, but not so tired as to prevent us from bringing up a good bunch of brant. —More of them, and a few of the black ducks, and sheldrakes, and *that* goose, anon.

"That's a lie, mister, that story you told t'other night. Have my doubts it's all a lie. I've said it."—Such was Peter's judgment.—"Mr. Locus, you dreamt that sometime or other."

"Stick it out, Ned," said I, "why the fellow is trying to get angry!" and Ned actually had worked himself into such a state of feeling, that between the excitement of the story, and the soft impeachment of its veracity, and his liquor going down the wrong way, his face was suffused, and seven or eight

globules of eye-water ran a race for the goal of his pea-jacket upper button.

"My friend," he at last rejoined, "you're mighty civil. Quite complimentary, forsooth. Do you suppose that I could undertake to coin a story so minute, and particular, and specific—so coherent and consistent in all its parts, so supported by internal and circumstantial evidence—"

"So ingeniously stolen from Ovid," interrupted I.

"'*Et tu brute*,' Cypress!"

"I make no doubt it's all true, mostly," said Daniel. "I've been by the bridge and seen the place where Mr. Locus sot, when he come out."

"Well, gentlemen, what's the unbelievable part of the story? You don't deny the brook, or doubt its being inhabited by mermaids, do you? Then why shouldn't I be as likely as any body to see one?"

"*Festina lente*," cried I.

"Not so fast, I pray thee," said the quiet Oliver. "I admit the brook, but I deny thy eyesight. Thy water-nymph lived but in thy brain, she is the offspring of thy dreams only—none but pagan priests and poets, and dreamy boys, and quaker sea-captains, have seen the creature of fancy, called a mermaid."

"Why, Oliver! you infidel! Do you deny the Oceanides, the Nereides and Naiades, the Limnades and Potamides—"

"No such families in the island, d——d if there is," cried Peter.

"Have you never heard of Galatea and Amphitrite, Melita, and Leucothoe, and Thetis, Calypso, and glorious Arethusa—?"

Peter.—"Never heerd of such people before."

Oliver.—"Vile incarnations—the false deities of the old

heathen poets. Too much antiquity hath made thee mad, Ned, or rather, too much deviltry hath made thee a quiz."

"He don't quiz me," said Daniel, with a compression of his lips that said "I know too much." "I don't know 'bout carnations and deities, or old poets, and I reckon I don't believe iniquity ever made Mr. Ned Locus mad, but what I know I know. Sam Biles is my wife's cousin's aunt's sister's brother-in-law, and he's been a sealer. Sam knows. Seals is nothen but nigger mermaids, as Silas said last night, or night afore. Sam told me he see 'em often together, and the mermaids licked 'em and kicked 'em 'bout jist as they was amind to. They caught one one day, but she played the devil among the sailors, and the captain chucked her overboard.—Shaa! why Jim Smith see a mermaid once down to Gilgoa inlet, riden a sea-horse—don't you b'lieve it—ask Jim."

"Ah! Daniel, Daniel," said Ned, "they're a set of unbelievers—don't try to persuade them."

"Shut up. Shut up, boys. Change the subject. Here; will you smoke?" said Raynor, producing some short stub pipes, and an old segar box stuffed with tobacco.

It has always been our rule that "when we are at Rome, we must do as the Romans do." So, it is to be recorded, that we committed, or rather submitted to, that sin. We smoked.

Puff. "What luck on the whole"—puff—"boys"—puff—puff—"this fall?"—puff—puff—puff—; and so on. We will not smoke thee, reader. We got fairly into conversation, now, and different speakers sustained the dialogue, half a dozen speaking at once, sometimes, so that I cannot put down a tithe of what was said.

"Middlen, sir, middlen. We've got some. We come 'cross a good school of drums this afternoon. How is times down to York?"

"O, so so. There's nothing new or strange. People are fighting, as usual, about politics, like fools, and calling each other names, which, if rightly applied, ought to be ropes to hang them. Is the bass fishing good, this season?"

"Moderate, moderate. How does the old general stand his hand?"

"Bravely, bravely. They've tried to make him out a tyrant, usurper, cut-throat, fool, and every thing else that is stupid, and base; but 'it's no use.' Do you kill many coot?"

"Coots is scace. I see a smart bunch, jest at sundown, up into Poor-man's harbor. Do you think the Jackson men will get it next 'lection?"

"No doubt; no doubt; not the least doubt. The farmers of the north, and west, are men of sense and spirit, and there's no mistake about the farmers of Queens, and Suffolk, as you yourself well know. But they are doing their d——dest in New-York. They are trying to buy the Irish, and have made such golden overtures to our leading paper as will require uncommon virtue to resist. You must remember to go and vote, boys, for the old man. Every vote counts. He's the hero of New-Orleans, you know—protector of beauty and booty—can you ever forget the time when—"

"You don't catch me voten, I reckon," interrupted long John, bending his crane-like neck, so as to bring his head at right angles with his body. "I never voted but onest, and that was last fall, and I reckon I did a smart deal o' harm then. Mr. Locus fetched me up. It rained a little, and he ris an umberell over my head, as we sot in the wagon, and I an't got over that, neither. Now I expect that umberell must have given me a kind o' chill, or somethen, for I an't been right ever sence."

"It wa'n't the umberell," cried out one of the group; "it

was on 'count o' your voten the wrong ticket, to 'blige Mr. Locus—that's the how—and it made you feel bad—and you knowed it."

"What, John! What, John! are you serious?" continued I. "Do you really intend to sacrifice your inestimable right of suffrage? The right for which your fathers fought, and bled, and died? Reflect. Consider. It is the glorious privilege, as well as the religious duty of every freeman, to go to the ballot box. Liberty, the liberty of an American citizen—"

"Stop it. Stop it," roared out Ned Locus. "No politics, Cypress. What's the use? You'll only set me a-going, and I can talk as fast you, and we'll like enough get angry."

"We may as well let it alone," said the quiet Oliver. "There are no converts to be made in Suffolk, not even if Daniel Webster was to come and talk to it. We'll beat thee next fall even if he should."

It will readily be perceived that at the date of this dialogue, I was what is called at Tammany Hall, "a consistent democrat." Ned has always thought it a pity. But he does not on that account, shut me out from his heart, and treat me as if he thought I wore a *caput supinum*, as some mad zealots have, in the rage of their disappointment, sometimes ferociously advised him to do. Ned and Oliver both belonged to the party that thought the constitution was in danger, and that the country was doomed to utter ruin, unless the dynasty of a certain very respectable financial institution was perpetuated.

"I'll bet you the expenses of the trip, on that," replied Ned to Oliver's vaunt.

"I never bet, Neddy. It's against our rules. But it's got to be done. Don't get mad. It's no use." And then he wound up with his everlasting saw about the boiling of pork.

"D——n your easy impudence. We'll have five thousand majority in the city alone."

"Order! order!" cried Raynor. "Gentlemen, have the goodness to come to order, for a song from Venus Raynor, Esquire,—one of his own composing—that song, Venus, you made about the people that were drowned down to Oyster pond point."

The usual apologies and excuses were soon disposed of, and then Venus opened his mouth and sang a most pathetic ditty, to which we all listened with sincere delight, for it was sung with the pathos, tenderness, and grace of nature. I was enraptured with it, and, next day, got Venus to go to the light-house and write it out for me. The following is a copy verbatim et literatim;—

"Come all ye Good people of evry degree
come listen awhil with attention to me
a sorowful story i am going to relate
a mournful disaster that hapenned of late

O Oyster-pond tremble at that awful stroke
remember the voice that gehovah has spoke
to teach us we are mortals exposed to dath
and subgect each moment to yield up our breath

on monday the 12th of december so cold
in the year 18 hundred as i have been told
the winds blowing high and the rains beating down
when a vessle arived at Oyster-Pond town

their anchors being cast thir ships tore away
all hands for the shore were preparring straitway
down into the boat soon they did repair
and on to the shore was praing to steer

But mark their hard fortune it is mournful indeed
yet no one can hinder what god has decread
the council of heaven on that fatal day
by death in an instant calld numbers away

A number of men in their halth and their prime
called out of this world in an instant of time
the boat turning plundge them all into the deep
and 5 out of 7 in death fell asleep.

the sorrowaful tidings was caried straitway
to freinds and relations without more dolay
but o their lamentins no launge can express
more point out of joy great grief and distress

the widows are bereaved in sorrow to mourn
the loss of their husbands no more to return
besides a great number of orphans we hear
lameting the loss of their parents so dear

Also a young damsel a making great mourn
for the untimely death of her lover that gone
for the day of their nuptials apointed had been
and the land of sweet wedlock.those lovers to join.

Alas all their lamentings are all but in vain
their husbands are drowned they can't come again
o friends and relations lament not to late
the council of heaven has sealded their fate

their bodies when found were all conveyed home
on the sabbath day following prepard for the tomb
their bodies in their coffin being all laid a side
in Oyster-Pond meeting house ally so wide

"Bravo!"—"Well sung, Venus;"—"Encore!"—"That's a damnation nice song;"—and several other critical eulogiums where wreathed around the head of the beach troubadour.

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"Now, Raynor," said I, "we've had nothing out of you, yet. Since Venus has given us a wrecking song, suppose you give us a wrecking story—a true one. Tell us about your saving the life of Captain Nathan Holdredge."

"No, no," protested Raynor; it's late now, and soon as the moon gets up. we've got to go into the surf;—and you know all about it."—

"Tell it. Go ahead; or I'll summon a court of Dover and have you fined."

"Don't do that. Here goes then for THE WAY THE OLD MAN SAVED CAPTAIN HOLDREDGE;" and the intrepid veteran went on as follows; I took it from his own mouth, and the whole story is his without embellishment, or addition. If I could only give his voice—his eye—his hand—his attitude—I should be happy:—

"It was eighteen years ago. The lighthouse war'nt built. I was fishing off agin Bellport, twenty miles east of here. I got up on the 17th day of October, early. The first thing I see, was a ship on the beach. I went over to her, and it appeared as if they wanted no assistance; the wind was blowing at the east, and it was stormy—rain storm—it was between break of day and sunrise. I was going to return back again to the hut where we staid, and they beckoned, and hollowed to us to stay;—then they let down their jolly boat under the stern;—the captain, second mate, and one sailor came ashore in her. When they came ashore, I knew the captain. It was Captain Holdredge.—After being there a little while, the captain invited me to go on board with him and take something to drink with him—some brandy;—and he would send a demijohn on shore for the rest of the crew, —*my* crew. I discovered that there was much agin difficulty in goin to the ship, as there was coming from her. The

wind was off shore, and sea breaking on;—then I told him, if you will let me and one of my men and him go aboard, I would go—he wanted to take the two sailors, and they insisted upon going, and he was a' mind they should too,—but if them two sailors is a going to go, I sha'nt go. These sailors seemed to be rather affronted at my opinion, and seemed to think that they could go as well and long as me or any other man.

"Then I told him I choosed not to go. Then Hol dredge said, stay where we was, and he and the men would go and get a demijohn of brandy, and bring it ashore. They then started for the ship. She lay in the surf. The surf was pretty big. The vessel lay about one hundred yards from the dry land. It was this same Raccoon beach. The wind was east. The ship's name was the "Savannah." She was a packet ship. She had five passengers. She was from Savannah, loaded with cotton— four hundred bales, as I was told.

"When they got off against the ship, they was about twenty yards to the west of her. The current carried them there; —then, heading up east to the ship, brought them right broadside to the sea;—the second sea capsized them—turned the two sailors out, and pitched the captain underneath. The two sailors came immediately ashore by the help of the sea; —and the jolly boat kept, to all appearance, about the same distance from the beach, and worked westward. I endeavored to try to get to her, for I knew the captain was under her. I endeavored to get to her all I could. The sea broke over my head and knocked me down two or three times—I still endeavored to assist him at some rate or other—I got so that I touched the jolly boat—I just put my hand on her, and whether it was my touching of her or not, she took a pretty rank heave of the sea, and she turned down on one

side pretty smartly, and the captain came out on the side opposite from me. I discovered that he was alive and apparently made some effort to help himself—but the current of the sea carried him along faster than I could travel, and in one moment he appeared to give up all, and roll along the sea. Then I thought to myself it was no way to get him. So I then thought to myself there was no way to save him, but to return to the beach, and run about one hundred yards of the west of him. All the while I was running, I kept my eye on him. I kept watch of him—when I came to a sea poose—I went in to the east of it—went out into the ocean as far as he was standing and bracing against the sea—breaking over my head—and just afore he got to me, there come a large sea and seemed to hide him—buried him all up—and as he about come abreast of me, I discovered him, and catched him by the collar of his coat—I then sung out for assistance to some of the rest of my crew who was on the beach—It was about forty yards from the dry sand. One man run in. I gave him left hand—I had hold of Holdredge with my right hand. More of the crew came in and took hold of hands, and it made a smart and long trail of it. I should think there was as much as eight of us—and so we drawed him up on the beach.—Some of the crew said he was stone dead, when we got him out. I discovered that he was not dead by his stirring one of his arms. I turned him round on the beach where it shelved, and got his head the lowest, and then rolled him backwards and forwards on his face, till he discharged considerable water out of his mouth, and some blood out of his nose. I suppose this blood from his nose, was from the jams he got under the jolly boat. All the time I discovered he was coming to. I told the crew, that owing to the cold storm, he never would come to, unless we got him

by the fire. Myself and three others took him in our arms, and carried him about a quarter of a mile to our fishing hut—blowen and rainen all the time from the east—got him to the hut—built on a good fire—and prepared a little warm chocolate, and got a little of it down him, and he come to fast. In about three quarters of an hour he spoke. The first word he spoke, he asked, "where's the ship?" I told him the ship was safe *on shore.*

"Well, I don't know how—he recreuted and began to talk. He had a mind to go to her. It was'nt worth while to go to her. The passengers and crew had all come away. They come away in my fish boat—after I got Holdredge to the hut, the men all went to the surf. I staid with Holdredge watching till next morning, when his nat'ral senses seemed to come again. Next morning he took full charge of the ship, as much as ever, and would employ no commissioners.—He employed about twenty hands himself, at two dollars per day, and took charge of the vessel himself. Unloaded—got all cargo out—sent it down by lighters—would'nt employ any wreckmasters—vessel went to pieces—his crew worked upon the rigging, and took it off.

"Got ashore. He was in sight of the highlands at sundown, going then S. E. I was by and heard him make his protest—he turned in about twelve o'clock, and gave up to the mate, and told him to keep that course till two o'clook, and then tack ship, and stand in for the land, until they got into thirteen fathom water—and then call him, if he wa'nt up before. He waked, and found the ship had a different motion, and jumped out of his berth, and looked out of the companion-way, and saw the breakers under her lee—he giv orders to tack ship immediately, but before she got about, she struck!—she paid

off contrary, and got on to the beach—spread and tacked every sail to get her off, but to no purpose.

"*Menia*, was the first mate.

"*Walford*, second mate—Walford was one of the men who came ashore, and was upset, and was rolled ashore by the waves.

"About the second day, word came on from Patchogue. that his wife was there, and wanted him to come ashore very much, if he was alive. He then went ashore to see her. When he come there, she said she was very glad to see him, looking as he was; for she had understood, at New York, that he was cast away, and that Raynor Smith had fell afoul of him, and beat him almost to death, and he told her—so he telled me himself,—to cast that off, for it was all false, for Raynor Smith was his protector, and the only one that saved his life, and said to her, if it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't never seen me more."—

CONTROVERSY

CONCERNING THE

GENERA AND DISTINCTIONS OF QUAIL AND PARTRIDGE;

BY

J. CYPRESS, JR., H. OF MARIETTA, AND
FRANK FORESTER.

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING QUAIL.

BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

OCTOBER has arrived, and has entered into the kingdom prepared for him by his summery brethren, departed. A kingdom, truly, within a republic, but mild, magnificent, *pro bono publico*, and full of good fruits; so that not a democrat, after the strictest sect of St. Tammany, but bows the knee. Hail! O King! His accomplished artists are preparing royal palaces among the woods and fields, and on the hill-sides, painting the mountains and arching the streams with glories copied from the latest fashion of rainbows. His keen morning winds and cool evening moons, assiduous servants, are dropping diamonds upon the fading grass and tree-tops, and are driving in the feathery tenants of his marshes, bays, and brakes. Thrice happy land and water lord! See how they streak the early sky, piercing the heavy clouds with the accurate wedge of their marshalled cohorts, shouting *pæans* as they go—and how they plunge into well-remembered waters, with an exalting sound, drinking in rest and hearty breakfasts! These be seges of herons, herds of cranes, droppings of sheldrakes, springs of teals, trips of wigeons, coverts of cootes, gaggles of geese, sutes of mallards, and badelynges of ducks; all of which the profane and uninitiated, miserable herd, call flocks of fowl, not knowing discrimination! Meadow and upland are made harmonious and beautiful with congregations of plovers, flights of doves, walks of snipes, exaltations of larks, coveys of partridges, and bevies of quail.* For all these vouchsafed com-

* Stow. Strippe. Hakewell.

forts may we be duly grateful! But chiefly, thou sun-burned, frost-browned monarch, do we thank thee that thou especially bringest to igorous maturity and swift strength, our own bird of our heart, our family chicken, *tetrao coturnix*.

The quail is peculiarly a domestic bird, and is attached to his birthplace, and the home of his forefathers. The various members of the anatic families educate their children in the cool summer of the far north, and bathe their warm bosoms in July, in the iced-water of Hudson's Bay; but when Boreas scatters the rushes where they builded their bedchambers, they desert their fatherland, and fly to disport in the sunny waters of the south. They are cosmopolites entirely. seeking their fortunes with the sun. So, too, heavy-eyed, wise Master Scolopax fixeth his place of abode, not among the hearths and altars where his infancy was nurtured, but he goeth a *skaaping* where best he may run his long bill into the mud, tracking the warm brookside of juxta-capricornical latitudes. The songsters of the woodland, when their customary crops of insects and berries are cut off in the fall, gather themselves together to renew their loves, and get married in more genial climates. Even black-gowned Mr. Corvus,—otherwise called Jim Crow,—in autumnal fasts contemplateth Australian carcases. Presently, the groves so vocal, and the sky so full, shall be silent and barren. The "melancholy days" will soon be here. Only thou, dear Bob White—not of the Manhattan—wilt remain. Thy cousin, *tetrao umbellus*,* will be not far off, it is true; but he is mountainous and precipitous, and lives in solitary places, courting rocky glens and craggy gorges, misandronist. Where the secure deer crops the young mosses of the mountain stream, and the bear steals wild honey, there

* The ruffed grouse, or partridge.

drums the ruffed strutter on his ancient hemlock log. Ice cools not his blood, nor the deep snow-drift, whence he, startled, whirrs impetuous to the solemn pines, and his hiding places of laurel and tangled rhododendron, laughing at cheated dogs and wearied sportsmen. A bird to set traps for. Unfamiliar, rough, rugged hermit. Dry meat. I like him not.

The quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home, and is identified with the soil. Where the farmer works, he lives, and loves and whistles.* In budding spring time, and in scorching summer—in bounteous autumn, and in barren winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge fence, and from his customary cedars. Cupidity and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats; but be merciful and kind to him, and he will visit your barn-yard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple-tree by your gate-way. But when warm May first woos the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the loves, and jealousies, and duels of the heroes of the bevy. Duels, too often, alas! bloody and fatal! for there liveth not an individual of the gallinaceous order, braver, bolder, more enduring than a cock quail, fighting for his ladye-love. Arms, too, he wieldeth, such as give no vain blows, rightly used. His mandible serves for other purposes than mere biting of grass-

* I am not unaware that Audubon describes the quail as migratory at the west, and that he says the shores of the Ohio, in the fall, are covered with "flocks." Nor am I ignorant that Wilson says he *has heard* that the bird is migratory in Nova Scotia. It may be so; but our quails are better brought up. Nevertheless, I do not care to believe everything that students of Linnæus and Buffon say, who talk of *flocks of partridges*, and mean bevies of quail. By-the-by, what is the reason that the whole race of ornithologists call the partidge *tetrao*, which is latin for a bustard and a wild turkey. It is not the less to be admired that they call the quail *perdix Virginiana*. If they had supped with Horace and Catullus, and all that set, as Colonel Hawker and I have done— in the spirit—they would have found out that the true title was *coturnix*.—*Vide Hawker on Shooting*.

hoppers and picking up Indian corn. While the dire affray rages, Miss Quailina looketh on, from her safe perch on a limb, above the combatants, impartial spectatress, holding her love under her left wing, patiently; and when the vanquished craven finally bites the dust, descends and rewards the conquering hero with her heart and hand.

Now begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock, where, safe from the eye of the hawk, and the nose of the fox, they may rear their expected brood in peace, provident, and not doubting that their *espousals* will be blessed with a numerous offspring. Oats harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now, be wary, oh kind-hearted cradler, and tread not into those pure white eggs ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walketh magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy she, if she may be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.

The assiduities of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—what a lie does that word carry —except, perhaps, in monsters, insects, and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor of the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out of his gray-headed father, and usurping his web. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run, and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your

outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken, and wounded, and yet have just strength to tumble along, until she has drawn you, fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children, and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close-shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen now. Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes, quickly and clearly poured out? She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now "Bob White!" nor "ah! Bob White!" That is her husband's love-call, or his trumpet-blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them "peep! peep! peep!" at the welcome voice of their mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retread your devious way, and let her hear your coming footsteps, breaking down the briars, as you renew the danger. She is quiet. Not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen-quail. O, mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise up their trembling heads, and catch comfort and imagined safety from the sound. "Peep! peep!" they come to you, straining their little eyes, and clustering together, and answering, seem to say, "Where is she! Mother! mother! we are here!"

I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives *yet* in a hovel, on the brush plains of Matowacs—who called a whole bevy together in that way. He first shot the parent bird; and when the murderous villain had ranged them in close company, while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts, and hopes, and distresses, in a little circle, he levelled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered—

"What! all my pretty ones! Did you say all?" He did; and he lives yet! O, let me not meet that nigger six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at whose bottom lies a deep lake, unknown but to the Kwaaek, and the lost deer-hunter. For my soul's sake, let me not encounter him in the grim ravines of the Callicoon, in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forests would sanctify virtuous murder!

My farther reflections on this subject, I will keep, for the present, to myself.

The poor quail has to contend with many enemies. Not only with Sir Reynard, who has a constitutional right to levy tribute upon his race, and his several doubtfully-connected, half-starved, brother quadrupedal thieves of the greenwood; not only with the winged pirates of the sky, skimming and sweeping up and down the waving billows of the yellow field, with the quietness and speed of a sudden sun-ray; not only with the horse-hair nooses of school-boy truants, and the figure-y 4 box-traps of vagabond hen-roost pilferers; not only with the coarse cupidity of the market-man, who kills all to-day, and cares not for to-morrow; not only with the mean, falsely called, sportsman, who shoots in season and out of season, and kills for numbers, and not for exercise, skill's sake, and honor; but alas! alas! too often with the bleak and heartless elements themselves! Who does not remember the horrid snows of thirty-six, which filled all the valleys, and raised rival mountains alongside of mountains! Then died the race. The angry clouds at nightfall began to pour out their wind and sleet; but the quail heart had not yet known to fear the skies. Each fated bevy, calling in its straggling supper-hunters, tracked its secure path to the bottom of its favorite

cedar-bush; and there, upon the yet warm bed of oak leaves, and thick matted spear grass, composed their chilled limbs in the usual circle, and went to sleep. To sleep? ay, to sleep forever! No morning came to them. No opportunity had they to regret unsaid prayers. A late morning came to the world above, and a cold sun shone on their shroud—their beautiful shroud of snow! Almost "seven fathoms deep!" buried in their winding-sheet! No resurrection for ye, poor birds! Did they think it never would be light? Yes, they fell asleep there in their beds, and died of too much covering! The spring came, and the early ploughman dug up a furrow near their wasted corses. There they lay, side by side, as they committed themselves to sleep, undivided in death, as they were beautiful and without reproach in life!

Beethoven must have written his exquisite song of the "Quail," after a hard winter. I never heard Catalani sing it, but I will be sworn it is a solemn anthem.

The quail receives in many countries the most studious and devout protection. In China they domesticate him, and train him for the cock-pit. In some states on the continent of Europe they almost worship him. The German has a beautiful superstition, that his note expresses the words, "*Furchten Gott.*"* England is too damp and smoky for him. He cannot acclimate. The lord, who, by the assistance of his gamekeeper, has an oath made that he killed a quail, is gazetted through the three kingdoms.

The quail is our bird—our own American bird. Shall we not protect him and his household? If all the powers of destruction are let loose to play upon him, how shall he be saved? Even now, his fate seems to be inevitable, like the Indians. But a few years since, he was a proud nation—a

* "*Fear God.*" Let poachers think of this when they whistle.

green bay tree, If we look not sharply, we soon may say, "*seges est, ubi Troja fuit.*" That he is not now utterly annihilated, and flying in the Elysian fields, with his relative, *tetrao cupido*,* is owing to the good hearts of a very small few of his former fellow-citizens, who snatched him from the snow-bank, and housed, and fed him during the winter, and gave him to liberty in the spring, and to some other few, who sent to his people at the south, and renewed his presence in the faces of his brethren. Even some of these, representatives of a ruined nation, have been sacrificed in brutal moments, to adorn the reeking cellars of reckless paunch-providers, and to furnish August—very August—suppers for raw counter-jumpers, who have heard of his glory.

A few words, by way of application of the subject. The legislature of the state of New-York, considering all the dangers and necessities of one of the most worthy families of the state, have, in no wretched spirit of monopoly, but in the true spirit of "equal protection to all," enacted a statute for his preservation, and have taken the dear bird under their sheltering wing. No man, nor boy, nor fool, may kill a quail except between the twenty-fifth of October and the fifth of January, nor compass, nor procure his death, nor have his murdered corpse in his possession, out of the specified period, in either of the humane counties of York, Kings, Queens, or Westchester! O, Suffolk! how art thou disgraced, not being named! *Fiat lex!* Tom Tucker and Jem Valentine, chief

* The pinnated grouse, or heath-hen, formerly, alas! found on Long-Island; but,—perhaps leading the way, for the quail,—now utterly extinct. Doctor Samuel L. Mitchill foretold his annihilation in 1810. The following is an extract from a letter of his to Wilson, which I doubt not the old man wrote with tears in his eyes; "Their numbers are gradually diminishing; and assailed as they are on all sides, almost without cessation, their scarcity may be viewed as foreboding their eventual extermination." Oh! prophecy too sadly true!

advocates, immortalized themselves! The partridge, too, and Master Scolopax, in his season, have their passports. Beware of the heavy penalty.

Finally, this matter recommendeth itself to the serious attention of all transgressors. The sin hath already stung divers poachers, and accessories, before and after the fact. It hath been distinctly proved before a justice of the peace, that eight times five make forty dollars. Just judgment! Dear feed! Worse than sour grapes! The Marine Court hath visited other transgressions with swift judgment. Even men who have received presents of game from places where it was lawfully killed, and where it might have been virtuously manducated, have been sorely mulcted. They have learned, too late, the awful fate of Hercules. They have discovered, after they have been impregnated with the poison, that they must know the giver before they accept a shirt. They study Ovid, now, and have learned by heart—

"Dona det illa viro, mandat, capit inscius hero,"

and the whole of that chief case in point. Penitent sinners, I weep for them! Doubt it, and touch the forbidden fruit if ye dare, and say, "tell that to the *marines*!"

Lastly—true sportsmen ought to examine themselves, and take care that they have no disposition for blood in the skirts of their shooting-jackets, except in the allowed days of October, November, and December. If the honorable and the true-hearted submit to temptation, what can we expect from the——other people.

To conclude; we are all called upon to be careful, and keep our fore-finger on the trigger of our watchfulness. May I not remind my fair readers that many a quail dies for them, and that intempestive collineation hath been too often perpe-

trated for their dear sakes. Restrain, O, ye Helens! and Joans! the ardor of your sacrificing worshippers. Let them not kill too many. Six, now-a-days, are a sportsman's fortune. Remember them of the base Jews, who gathered more quail than were sufficient for immediate consumption, disobeying Moses, and then rejected the rotting victims, and sighed for the flesh-pots of Egyptian leeks and onions. And do thou, best Mary! ever, when thou dippest a minute breast-piece, almost, into the fading bubble of the sherry at my dexter, playfully, as thou art wont, be sure thou ask me—"Love, was this bird killed in season?"

CORRIGENDA;

OR, THE ERRORS OF "CYPRESS CONCERNING QUAIL."

MARIETTA, Pa., Nov. 13, 1840.

MR. EDITOR; You of course know the importance of truth—though you are an editor—and will therefore wish to see any errors corrected which may have crept into your pages; I accordingly make a few remarks upon the very good article on "Quail" in your October number.

The writer proves himself entirely ignorant of ornithology, by his blunders in nomenclature. Thus, he is writing about the *Perdix virginiana*—Virginian *partridge*—and not about the *Perdix coturnix*—European *quail*.—The first is a true *partridge*, belonging to the same subgenus with the European partridge, viz., *Ortyx*; whilst the quail belongs to the subgenus *Coturnix*. In Pennsylvania and Southward, and in

English books, our bird is called—and correctly—partidge. To judge from Mr. C.'s remarks upon *Coturnix*, he believes the same species to inhabit on both sides of the Atlantic, which is not the fact. Both these birds differ again, from the genus *Tetrao*, to two species of which he refers by their proper names, viz., *T. umbellus*—ruffed grouse—and *T. cupido*—pinnated grouse. Though Mr. C. does "not care to believe every thing the students of Linnæus and Buffon say," I think with all his Latin acquirements, he would have some difficulty in determining to what birds now known to us, certain names were applied by the Romans; for a reference to a dictionary will not decide the question, so that there is nothing gained by finding fault at this point. Mr. C., however, has not even consulted his dictionary honestly, or mine is a different edition, and contains the following definitions; *Tetrao*, grouse; *Perdix*, partridge; *Coturnix*, quail; and *Otis*, bustard; and naturalists do *not* use *any* of these in a different sense. That the first is Latin for turkey may be doubted, as the Romans would have been under the necessity of visiting America to make their acquaintance.

Wilson, the pioneer of American Ornithology, committed many errors in nomenclature which were then unavoidable; but these have been corrected, long since, by Bonaparte, who wrote a continuation of Wilson's work; so that there is no excuse for the blunders of any one who writes on this—or any other—subject, without first making himself acquainted with it. Mr. C. alludes to Audubon, but I am certain he has never consulted his works, or Bonaparte's or those of any modern author since the time of Wilson, or he would not have made the unwhiskered assertion that "the whole race of ornithologists call the partridge tetrao. Possibly by partridge he means grouse. This error—as the New York

Mirrour would say—reminds me of a somewhat similar, but more aggravated case; that of an upstart who considered the vernacular—and proper—name of our noble *buttonwood* tree vulgar (!) and knowing no other English name—as *plane* tree—called it a *sycamore!!* He might with equal propriety have called it a cherry-tree. It is an excellent thing to "call things by their right names."

To insure an insertion in a sporting magazine, I must admit that this letter is witten *in sport*, and the admission, I hope, will prevent your correspondent from taking offence and forcing me to take the field, for the liberty I have taken with his very well written article. H.

ORNITHOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATION OF QUAIL.

CORRECTOR CORRIGENDUS;

OR ERRORS OF OTHERS THAN "CYPRESS" CONCERNING QUAIL.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

WITH no slight interest, dear Editor, have I, at various times, and through the medium of most incongruous and oddly chosen pages, perused the various lucubrations, on sundry sporting matters, of our friend Cypress. Nor has it not been most apparent to me, that our said friend doth entertain strange fancies, most heretical, unauthorized, and wild, concerning the nomenclature, whether in the vernacular or in the learned tongues, of the winged game of the United States; nor here-

tofore has this opinion been concealed from the delinquent. It is not, therefore, to uphold J. Cypress, Jr., that I address you now, but rather—while admitting all his errors, as pointed out in your December number, under the head of Corrigenda, —to add my mite of information on the subject, and to show that in some cases his corrector is perhaps scarcely less erroneous.

The errors of Cypress are for the most part contained in a note, wherein he erroneously and somewhat flippantly attacks the Latin nomenclatures of the birds, which we usually designate game, of the gallinaceous order. His attack, though somewhat desultory, is directed principally to two points—in both of which we humbly think he errs. First, he objects to the statement of Audubon and Wilson that the quail is migratory, and to the use of the word "flocks," in speaking of this migratory habit. Secondly, he insinuates an objection to the use of the word "partridge," as applied to the American quail. And thirdly, he charges all these faults to the score of the whole race of ornithologists, who, he says, have given the name Tetrao, "which means a bustard or wild turkey," to the partridge, and who have called the American quail *perdix virginiana*, whereas they would have found, under certain contingencies, that the true appellation is *coturnix*.

Now in all this, except in his condemning the southern application of the word "partridge" to the American quail, he is clearly wrong.

For as to the word "Flocks," it is correctly used—and the word "*bevies*," which he would substitute, would in the sense of the context be manifestly incorrect. A bevy of quail is, so many as are hatched of one pair in the course of one season, remaining under the guardianship of the old birds, and unmixed with any other *bevy*. When two or three bevies join

together—as is not uncommonly the case late in the season, particularly in wild and windy weather—the united *bevies* constitute a "*flock!*" The same habit is observed in the English partidge, *Tetrao perdix*—and in the Red Grouse of the British isles *Tetrao Scoticus;* and in both of these the habit of so joining *covies* or *broods* is properly termed *packing;* and the united *covies* designated as *packs.* The man who would call three hundred brace of moorfowl on the wing together, which glorious sight I have seen both in Cumberland and Fifeshire, a *covey*, would be voted a tailor on a very large scale, indeed—and I think the wight who should apply the term *bevy* to a similar or larger company of quail—and they do migrate unquestionably in larger bodies than that—would have some difficulty in avoiding the same inculpatory title.

With regard to his Latinity, Cypress is yet more widely out—"Tetrao" does not mean, nor ever did, either bustard or wild turkey—the ornithological and classical name for the bustard being "*otis,*" as your correspondent H. has justly remarked—while that for the wild turkey would by analogy, be "*meleagris fera,*" or "*sylvestris,*"—the word meleagris being the term adapted to the turkey from some unknown bird—probably the guinea fowl—mentioned by classical writers.

To what bird the word *Tetrao* in Latin τέτραξ in Greek, was originally applied, it is not easy now to discover; it was, however, of the gallinaceous order, and obtained its name from *four* wattles, which it is described as having possessed, bare of feathers. This word *Tetrao* has been applied—and, as it seems to me, very judiciously—to gallinaceous game in general, from the great Capercali of Northern, down to the minute quail of Southern Europe, by Linnæus. The generic differences are expressed by the second noun attached, as *Tetrao perdix*—the English partridge—*Tetrao Rufus*, the red

legged partridge—*Tetrao coturnix*, the quail, &c., &c., ad infinitum. So that Cypress is, in fact, entirely in error with regard to the alleged misapplication of both terms; and is clearly wrong in his Latinity. If, moreover, there be an error in the name *perdix virginiana*, it is attributable, not to the whole race of naturalists, but merely to those naturalists who have created a new name for a new bird.

Now in my humble opinion, Corrector is no less in error—as I shall endeavor to show—in his corrigenda. "Thus"—he says—"he—Cypress—is writing about the *perdix Virginiana*, Virginian *partridge*, and not about the *Perdix Coturnix*, European *quail*. The first is a true *partridge*, belonging to the same subgenus with the European, viz. *ortyx*; whilst the quail belongs to the subgenus *coturnix*. In Pennsylvania and southward, and in English books, our bird is called—and correctly—partridge."

Now the gist of all this amounts to a simple assertion that the American bird belongs to a different genus from the English quail, and is a partridge. Now this I am satisfied is an error. From what book your correspondent H. draws his nomenclature I have not been able to discover; but from whatsoever, it is not a distinct, or, in my opinion, correct one. In no book that I have or can refer to, is the European partridge—English partridge?—classed as *ortyx*—nor the quail as *Perdix*—but both are generally classed as *Tetrao*, with the definitions *perdix* and *coturnix*. Such is the nomenclature of Linnæus, Buffon, and Bewick—the last decidedly the best British ornithologist. The subgeneric nomenclatures alluded to by your correspondent H. have no foundation in classical propriety, *ortyx* being merely the *Greek*—ὄρτυξ—and *coturnix* the *Latin* for *Quail*. So that as an appellation intended to convey a distinction, the new term *ortyx*, as opposed to *co-*

turnix, is absurdly ill chosen—being a distinction without a difference!—With regard to habits, the American bird is infinitely more similar to the quail than to the partridge; whether English or red-legged. The partridge is a bolder bird, stronger, and freer of wing, less apt to skulk, or run before dogs—and *never perching*, even on rails, much less on trees or bushes—and rarely flying to any woody covert. The European quail skulks, and runs, almost precisely as its American *congener*, flies, immediately on its being roused, to the nearest brake or thicket, and is with great difficulty flushed a second time; it likewise occasionally, though not often, perches on low shrubs. It is, moreover, *migratory*, which the partridge is not, and which the American quail most certainly *is*, as I can testify from my own observation; while in size, general appearance, character of plumage, and cry, it is much more nearly connected with the English quail, than with *any* partridge existing.

In my opinion, therefore—and I am satisfied that facts will bear out my opinion—the Perdix Virginiana is *not* a true partridge—and is not *correctly* termed a *partridge* in Pennsylvania and southward—any more than the ruffed grouse—*Tetrao umbellus*—is *correctly* termed *a pheasant* in the same regions. The English books, to which your correspondent refers, are probably books of travels, using the term in describing the bird which the authors have heard applied to it here—for we are aware of no English ornithological work of authority describing the birds of America. As to whether the nomenclature *Perdix virginiana* be correctly deduced or not, is a different question; and bears nothing on the point at issue. I should rather prefer myself to designate it as *Tetrao coturnix; varietas Virginiana;* or more simply *Tetrao Virginianus;* but so that it is made evident what bird is meant,

and to what *genus*, and *species*, and *order*, it belongs, the mere name matters little.

Of the Partridge there are but two varieties in Europe—or, as far as known, in Africa—the grey, or English, and the red-legged; and both these are by Linnæus styled *Tetrao*—the one *perdix*, the other *rufus*. The term *ortyx* is not used by him, and is—as I have shown above—an absurd term to use in opposition to *coturnix*, as distinguishing partridge from quail.

The truth is, that in the common phraseology of this country the nomenclature of game has been sadly confused; by the fact that the original settlers named the birds they found here, after fancied similitudes to the birds they remembered at home; and that their errors have been handed down from age to age, till they are now almost ineradicable. Hence the quail is called a *partridge* in the South—while no less erroneously the ruffed grouse is termed a *partridge* in the Eastern and Middle, and a *pheasant* in the Southern States; and will so be termed till the world's end by all but book-read ornithologists, students of Buffon and Linnæus, at whom J. Cypress, Jr.—commend me to him when you meet—sneers so unmercifully and, *me judice*, unwisely.

Thine to command,

FRANK FORESTER.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine."—

MY DEAR TURF: I perceive that some, doubtless, very clever gentleman has been doing the amiable for me, in the Irish fashion, in the *sod* you have just cut out and *registered*.

He is pleased to assure you that the unpretending author of a few observations concerning quail, copied by your Magazine from a publication made some years since, "*proves himself entirely ignorant of ornithology, by his blunders in nomenclature.*" He sneers at "*all his Latin acquirements,*" and charges that "*he has not even consulted his dictionary honestly.*" But, worse and worse, he insists that although Mr. C. alludes to Audubon, yet that he—the aforesaid clever gentleman—is certain that Mr. C. "*has never consulted his works, nor Bonaparte's nor those of any modern author since the time of Wilson, or he would not have made the unwhiskered! assertion that the whole race of ornithologists call the partridge* 'TETRAO.'" Then follows some fun about the New-York Mirror, which I do not understand. General Morris can take care of himself. Perhaps he had better order out one of his regiments, and plant a park of artillery before his office, for his better defence. Though, on second thought, the admission made in the last paragraph of the "Corrigenda" we are referring to, that the "article is *written in sport*," may induce composure and confidence among the office imps, and there will be no necessity for extra *Cannon*.

But as to myself. Permit me to defend variously. I desire to take issue on part of the charges against me. I want to confess in part, and let part go by default; or give a cognovit for the amount of damages. I admit that my assertion was "*unwhiskered.*" I admit it with grief. I ask leave to amend—as the lawyers say—"on payment of costs;" and I will presently re-present the assertion full "whiskered," if my learned commentator will have it so, with the mature hair of judgment of ornithologists who, now, have no more books to sell.

Next as to my "utter ignorance of ornithology," and my

"blunders in nomenclature," I plead not guilty. I, at the same time, admit that I am no professed bird-philosopher, nor herald of the honors, orders, distinctions, and relationships of the feathered race, But I have long known many of them, intimately, and loved them with the love of a sportsman, and a lover of nature; and have read the history of them and their kin in many books, and have talked to them, and heard them talk, and I know what names to call them, and if I "blunder," I know where to go to get corrected; and if I hear some other devotee—even though he be a master—miscall them, I have assurance enough, when I can prove it, to point out his kakology. I am no carpenter, yet I live in a house. I have written no book, yet I have read some, and consulted many. Shall I be enjoined from the expression of my opinion as to the construction of either, because I have not builded nor written? I shall insist, on this head, under my forthcoming proofs, that I am not "*utterly* ignorant," &c., but, at the very furthest, only *very considerably* "ignorant."

Next, as to the insinuation about my "Latin acquirements," which, I suppose, of course is intended to signify *want of them;* if it will do Mr. H. any good, he may take judgment against me by default.

Touching the last grave charge, that I have not "consulted" either Audubon or Bonaparte, I am bound to take issue; for this accusation, if true, involves me in the crime of a falsehood—a falsehood that could have been concocted only by the most barefaced affectation of knowledge, and the most extraordinary good luck of a rambling fancy. I will consider this matter further, presently; when I will also endeavor to prove that I have consulted my "dictionary honestly." Mean time, I will persist in declaring that although the hard necessities of impecuniosity have denied to me the delight of en-

shrining Audubon among my household divinities—he being a *dèar* God,—yet I have "consulted" him, where I have consulted Pliny, Linnæus, Buffon, and other gentlemen, whose company Mr. "H." need not stick up his nose at, in a place which it is not necessary Mr. H. should know. Nevertheless, my good Turf, if your etymological-fact-hunting correspondent, who delicately intimates to you, that you "*of course know the importance of truth—although you are an Editor*,"—has the control of any extra copies of Mr. Audubon, not immediately called for, and will leave a set for me at your office, I will promise to study as well as "consult" him, and will give up, or lease, grant, bargain, sell, assign, transfer, and set over to him, all my right and title to call Quail "*Coturnix*," to have and to hold to him and his heirs forever.

But let us look into the case, and the evidence of my alleged guilt. In the spirit of a modest sportsman, who does not pretend to talk to Princes of bird craft, I wrote some time since, some humble, melancholy, "Observations Concerning Quail," not to exalt my reputation as a naturalist, but to plead to the sympathies of the true sportsman, and to notify the poachers of the terrors of the new law most mercifully passed by our Legislature, for the protection and salvation of my sweetheart's favorite bird. I was indiscreet enough to add to my discourse a note in the following words, to wit:

I am not unaware that Audubon describes the quail as migratory at the West, and that he says the shores of the Ohio, in the Fall, are covered with "flocks." Nor am I ignorant that Wilson says he *has heard* that the bird is migratory in Nova Scotia. It may be so; but our quails are better brought up. Nevertheless, I do not care to believe everything that students of Linnæus and Buffon say, who talk of *flocks of partridges*, and mean bevies of quail. By-the-by, what is the reason that the whole race of ornithologists call the partridge *tetrao*? which is latin for a bustard and a wild turkey. It is not the less to be admired that they call the quail *perdix Virginiana*. If they had supped with Horace and Catullus, and all that set, as Colonel Hawker and I have done—in the spirit—they would

have found out that the true title was *coturniz.*—[Vide *Hawker on Shooting.*]

Hinc illæ lachrymæ! Hence the ululation of Mr. H., and his "*Corrigenda.*"

Now let us dissect the note.

I. *Cypress.*—"*I am not unaware that Audubon describes the quail as migratory at the West, and that he says that the shores of the Ohio, in the Fall, are covered with* FLOCKS. FLOCKS!

Mr. H.—commenting.—Mr. C. alludes to Audubon, but I am certain he has never consulted his works.

Permit me to ask, then—if Mr. H. be correct,—how I found out that Audubon called bevies of quail "flocks of partridge." Yet he does do so, and commits a high and heavy sin. Even admitting that he may be right in calling them "partridges," he had no authority to speak of their "*greges*," but as "covies." It is unpardonable in a naturalist to talk of "*flocks of partridges.*" He does also say that the quail is migratory at the West. Did I dream these two distinct facts? Is this the way "Mr. H." writes "*in sport?*" Or must I, by silence submit to an imputation of pedantry and falsehood? Or is it because I casually alluded to the fault of Audubon—which he copied from Wilson—that his friend writes so fiercely "in sport."

II. My next sentence refers to the fact that Wilson said he had heard the "Partridge *or* Quail," as he calls it, was migratory in Nova Scotia. Wilson is not to be blamed, for he refers only to hearsay as to the travelling story; and for aught I know, he is correct. Quails have different habits in different countries. But Mr. H., doubtless, thinks him in error because he calls the bird quail or partridge. Hence he gives a fling at him, for "many errors," all of which, he assures us,

were long since corrected by Bonaparte, &c.—For Bonaparte, read Audubon. Bonaparte was more distinguished for his *addenda* than for his "*Corrigenda*" of his master's works.—As to the attempt to make Wilson, of whom Audubon is evidently a liberal borrower, responsible for all the errors of previous nomenclators, I can but smile. I cannot be guilty of assuming to defend that eloquent pioneer poet of the woods, swamps, bays and fields, from a pirate shot. I would sooner deliver a lecture to prove that the sun gave light and warmed animal creation into existence and maturity.

III. *Cypress.*—"Nevertheless, I do not care to believe every thing which the students of Linnæus and Buffon say, *who talk of 'flocks of partridges' and mean 'bevies of quail.'*"

Mr. H.—Though Mr. C. does not care to believe all that the students of Linnæus and Buffon say, I think," &c.

Mr. H.! Mr. H.! is that fair, "in sport," or in earnest, to tear my sentence apart, and smother my distinction between those students of Linnæus and Buffon who *do* talk of "flocks of partridges," and those who *do not?* Nimrod, and all the *Dii Minores* forbid! that I should be convicted of disrespect to the true students of good masters. I only spoke of the boys who forgot some part of their lesson, and, with confident ability, trusted to their own manufacture, or to doubtful authority. Need I answer a charge of "*scandalum magnatum*" before it is proved?

IV. *Cypress.*—"By-the-by, what is the reason that the whole race of ornithologists call the partridge "tetrao," which is Latin for a bustard and a wild turkey?"

Mr. H.—"Unwhiskered assertion."—Again; "Mr. C., however, has not even consulted his dictionary, honestly, or mine is a different edition, and contains the following definitions; *Tetrao*, Grouse; *Perdix*, Partridge; *Coturnix*, Quail;

and *Otis*, Bustard;" and "naturalists do not use any of them in a different sense"

In answer to all this, I shall simply quote authorities. My dictionaries certainly ARE of a different edition from those of "Mr. H." as he suggests.

There was, in old times, a man named Pliny, who, on account of his knowing all the wonders and varieties of nature, was called "*the Naturalist.*" He was almost next to Solomon, the beginner of bird biographies.

This author, not unknown to fame, distinctly used the word "*tetrao*" for a "bustard," or *bistard.** See him for the fact, and Ainsworth, also, who, in the Dictionary line, has always been considered a very respectable person. If the two last named people don't know what is Latin for a "bustard," I am at a loss to know who does.

Ainsworth, moreover, calls "*Otis*" a sort of owl, quoting in illustration the remarkable phrase "*Quas Hispania aves tardos appellat,*" from Pliny aforesaid—"*aves tardos*"—*slow* birds! Now we very well know that the owl is a slow bird, and that the Bustard is a brisk one. In proof of the latter fact read from any author who lives where the Bustard runs, how difficult a bird he is to get a shot at.—It is no more than fair to admit, however, that Ainsworth also calls the Bustard "*Buteo.*" That, nevertheless, is only a synonyme.—

Again; Kenrick, in his substantial well-reputed dictionary of 1783, defines Bustard—F. bistardo—*Wild Turkey.*

The learned Dr. Adam Littleton, in his quarto Latin Dictionary of 1723, defines a bustard *Otis—tarda*—TETRAO!—

* Mr. Hawes is in error here.—Pliny uses the word Tetrao for *Grouse;* Ainsworth the lexicographer who was *no ornithologist,* confounded the bustard with the grouse, practically knowing *neither.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.

bustardus—asio. In another place he distinctly translates "Tetrao" a bustard, or bistardo.

Dr. Johnson also renders "Bustard" Turkey, quoting old Hakewill.*

I trust, therefore, that I am not entirely without authority for my intimation that "Tetrao" is one of the synonymical words for "wild turkey *or* bustard." I shall not pretend to show that the old Romans ever knew the wild turkey, though it is hard to tell what "Gallus Africanus—*avis turcica vel Afra*" was—called, also, by Ainsworth, *gallus Numidianus*, —which those splendid epicures used to send for to Africa. It cost Pennant, in his British Zoology, some pains to prove that the Romans knew not Turkey. It is enough for me to know upon the authority of a shrewd writer in Rees, that turkeys were brought into England by the way of Spain, from Mexico and Yucatan, so early as the year 1524, since which time the whole race of modern ornithologists have written. They did not begin to publish their studies, and proposed divisions, until about the middle of the eighteenth century. The application of the Latin word *Tetrao* to Turkey may have been made immediately upon the introduction of the bird to the Eastern Continent, and so have justified the subsequent lexicographers whom I have quoted, in their definitions. It does not amount to much to refer to the fact, that the prevailing impression is, that the old Romans fed not on turkey, for with the same sort of triumph I might refer to the

* Otis, Ωτις, is the Latin and Greek word for Bustard—see Xenophon's Anabasis. The bustard, though swift, on foot, is absurdly slow on the wing. The rendering *Buteo*, bustard, is another ridiculous blunder, of the lexicographer, *Buteo*, is latin for *Buzzard*, a species of hawk or kite. Dr. Johnson's rendering of bustard—wild turkey—is another absurd lexicographer's blunder, the birds being no more alike or congeners, than the owl and game cock. The Latin for Turkey *is Meleagris*—EDITOR'S NOTE.

fact that there is no evidence of their knowledge of any sort of grouse, unless, indeed, partridge, and quail are to be referred to that genus, and for these they had distinct names, viz. Perdix and Coturnix. Linnæus, in 1740 or thereabouts, does so refer to them, and in the mention of the quail in what he esteems its proper place, calls *our* quail *Tetrao Virginianus*. He, however, finds another species in Maryland, adjoining,—which is, nevertheless, precisely the same bird,—and ushers it to the world under the title of *Tetrao Marilandus*.

But this reference to *Quail* again reminds me that I am trespassing upon your pages, and that the subject is a dry one. I come now to a conclusion.

V.—"It is not the less to be admired that they call the quail Perdix Virginiana," says Cypress, finally, in his note.

And so they do. Latham begins the nomenclature, leaving out the *Tetrao* of Linnæus, and substituting *perdix*. Yes, Mr. Turf, that is the fact, according to those learned cognoscents. We leap out with our dogs, and do some moderate work among a few *bevies*, as we call them, of what we also call *Quail*, but when we come home, we are told that the quail does not live in this country—that we have only tumbled Virginian partridges—Perdix Virginiana! So says Mr. Audubon. What then? Have we no quail in this country? Suppose we shoot in Maryland, is our game, then, the Virginian Partridge! Latham says no; they are the *Maryland Partridge?* What shall we call our bird in New York, Jersey, and the New England States? *Perdix Neo-Eboracensis? Perdix Nova-Cæsariensis? Perdix Nova-Brittanicus!*—A fico for these affectations. Why do not ornithologists

agree upon standard names to put at the head of their genus ?* And what is more natural than that they should, in a case like this, take the long, well-settled, and established word *Coturnix* for the name of the genus of the tribe, and then let the different species come in with their tributes of honor and respect? Yet Latham, Audubon, and others, have utterly stricken Coturnix from existence, so far as the country is concerned.

But enough. I forbear. I had not aspired to pull down, or even to amend the system as established, but have merely made a passing comment upon it, in one or two particulars.

The strictures of Mr. H. have compelled me to defend myself from the charge of entire ignorance, want of honesty, and constructive falsehood. Having thus the opportunity before me, I will assure Mr. H. that there is no authority of modern date, however potential, that will induce us sportsmen and farmers of the North to give up the name of "quail." When our New England forefathers first arrived in this country, some of them wrote back the most glowing accounts of their new home, and among other game enumerated "Quailes," appearing to observe no difference between those they found here and those they had left behind in England.† Quails all over the world belong to the same genus. The quail of Cuba, which I have seen on its native island, is a bright various plumage-colored bird, painted as it were, with almost all the colors of the rainbow. But this is only his style of dress in the West Indian seas. The partridge—all

* The confusion and uncertainty produced by the affectation and vanity of ornithologists appear well illustrated even in the Rev. Gilbert White in his History of Selbourne. He speaks of "the little American partridge, the *Ortix borealis* of Naturalists." Pray, what is that? *Ortyx* is Latin for a plantain.

† Vide Hazard's State Papers.

animals there are gorgeously apparrelled. Still he is Coturnix. Such is his every day Spanish name. The same is the case with Perdix. Permit me, then, to stand by the universal coturnix.—Good morning. J. C., Jr.

ON NOMENCLATURE.

"*ALL* IN THE WRONG."

THE communications of Messrs. Forester and Cypress Jr., have recalled my attention to the nomenclature of the partridges; and as their views do not appear to me to be correct, and as I have myself committed an error, I think a few farther remarks may not be amiss, premising that I had the use of a good library at hand when I penned the former article, and can make no reference except to my own on this occasion. On account of their being standard modern works, I shall make use of the following, and the synonymes therein cited;—

1. Jardine's Natural History of Game Birds.—
Edinburgh: 1834.
2. Jenyn's Manual of British Vertebrate Animals.*—
Cambridge and London: 1835.
3. Audubon's Synopsis of the Birds of North America.—
Edinburgh: 1839.
4. Nuttall's Ornithology of the United States and Canada.—
Boston: 1840.

* Mr. Forester asserts that Bewick is "decidedly the best British ornithologist." Bewick's is certainly a good book, but there are better works

Linnæus, although a great naturalist, and the father of zoological nomenclature, had a very imperfect conception of what constitutes a genus. Thus, besides including the brown, black, and white bears in the genus *Ursus*, he named our raccoon *Ursus lotor* although it is not a *bear*. It is now called *Procyon lotor* a new generic name being given to it, to which the old specific name has been added. The genus *Tetrao* of Linnæus is restricted to the grouse, and a more recent division separates the ptarmigans under the name *Lagopus*, generally considered a subgenus of the former. I will take the fox as an illustration of a subgenus. The Linnæan genus *Canis* includes the foxes, the European species being the *Canis vulpes*. But the foxes are not considered to differ sufficiently from the dogs to entitle them to a distinct generic appellation; hence they are placed in the subgenus *Vulpes*, being distinguished by the pointed muzzle, bushy tail, and especially by having a long narrow pupil, which in the dogs, is circular. Now if we call the foxes *Vulpes*, we cannot call the European species *Vulpes vulpes*, but must invent a new specific name, hence this animal is termed *Vulpes vulgaris* but it is a rule that no specific name can be changed unless a change like this occurs. Linnæus named the only North American bird of the partridge family *Tetrao Virginianus*; when the genus *Perdix* was instituted, it became *Perdix Virginianus*, and now that a more minute—or subgeneric—distinction is thought necessary, it becomes an *Ortyx*. Those who do not admit the last division continue to call the genus Perdix; and it would be just as absurd to call a raccoon and a badger *Ursus* as this bird *Tetrao*. If it is proper for those ornithologists who do not admit the

devoted exclusively to British birds; as those of Selby, Yarrel, and Macgillivray, the two last beautifully illustrated with woodcuts. Sir Wm. Jardine's work on the same subject is not all published.

subgenera Perdix, Ortyx, Coturnix, and Lophortix—Californian partridges with plumed heads,—to name all these *Perdix*, it is certainly not improper to term the Ortyges *partridges*, for although the quail of Europe may be considered a kind of partridge, no partridge or Ortyx can be considered a kind of quail. Mr. Forester is right, and I am wrong, with respect to the subgenus of the European partridges, which belong to the subgenus Perdix, or partridge proper; whence the partridge, quail, and American bird, belong to three* distinct subgenera, our bird being as far removed as ever from any species of quail, of which there are many. Mr. Forester objects to the term *Ortyx*, but it cannot be changed, as being the first proposed for the section to which it is attached; and it was chosen because it was easier to adopt, than to invent a new name. The Turkey genus is called by a Latin name for the same reason.

"The English books" to which I referred in part, are those whose titles stand above. Jardine calls our bird "The Virginian quail or partridge,—following Wilson, of whose work he edited an English edition,—whilst Jenyn terms it "Virginian partridge." Latham makes three species of it, viz: "the Virginian, Maryland, and Mexican partridge," the last being the young, according to Nuttall. Shaw calls it "Northern Colin," this term meaning "a bird of the partridge kind."—[Webster.] Were the bird a quail, Shaw would have said so, being well acquainted with the quails. It is also the "American partridge or quail" of Nuttall.

I inferred that Mr. Cypress Jr. had not read the modern authors on our ornithology, because he says the *partridge* is called *Tetrao*, and I think my inference a fair one. How-

* Originally printed *those* in the Turf Register. See p. 141.

ever, as the gentleman takes issue on this point, I explain the matter by supposing that he means grouse—Tetrao—when he writes "partridge." Audubon, in his Synopsis, calls the ruffed grouse "Partridge Pheasant," although he refers to it as being described under the name of ruffed grouse in his fifth volume, the name given it by Wilson, Nuttall, Richardson, Swainson, and Jardine. I could not "dream" that a writer could have consulted any of these authorities, and afterwards term a grouse "partridge."

Mr. C. has fully succeeded in placing his errors in definition upon certain lexicographers, but these gentry know as little as any of us to what particular animals, plants, or minerals, the ancients attached certain names. You might puzzle a bishop, by showing him a mineral, and requesting to know whether it is the ——— of the Bible. Cuvier has done more, perhaps, than any lexicographer, to clear up the confusion existing in the definition of these names. He first informed us, for instance to what bird now known the name *Ibis* was applied. Birds must be known before they can be named, and lexicographers are not famous for their acquaintance with this subject. Natural history Latin may be bad enough, but depend upon it, Mr. Cypress, "Law Latin" is equally defective.

The "errors of Wilson" are those of nomenclature, and they were unavoidable, as I have already remarked. I made no allusion to his vulgar names, having referred to his systematic nomenclature alone, wherein he occasionally adds a new name to a species which had been named previously. It was *not* Audubon, but Bonaparte, who rectified these errors; and we are indebted to him moreover, for a continuation of Wilson in four volumes, containing the most elaborately finished plates of birds ever engraved. Mr. C. must

not infer that I undervalue the labors of Wilson, because I make a casual allusion to his errors. As an observer, as an ornithologist, he stands much above his successors, and we owe him our gratitude for his labors in clearing the subject of the rubbish with which it was encumbered. Wilson is the last man at whom I would presume to "fling a pirate shot," and I recently read with the greatest pleasure, the refutation of a charge of plagiarism preferred against him by Mons. Audubon. I may add that I felt this stroke of Mr. C. much more than any other in the same article.

Cypress Jr. alludes to the Maryland partridge of Latham, and wishes to know whether the bird might not be called *Perdix Noveboracensis* if found in New York? By no means. Latham thought he was describing different species, it being a rather common occurrence for an ornithologist to mistake a female, or young, or birds in different plumage, for distinct species. In such cases the earliest name must stand, and the later and incorrect ones are cancelled the moment it is discovered that the supposed new species has—or have—no existence.

"Latham, Audubon, and others, have wholly stricken Coturnix from existence, so far as this country is concerned," because not a single species is found here, as I have endeavored to show. Jardine—who elevates Ortyx and Cortunix to the rank of genera—says—

"The genus Ortyx was formed by Stevens, the continuator of Shaw's General Zoology, for the reception of the thick and strong-billed partridges of the new world." "The Quails, forming the genus Coturnix of moderns, are at first sight so similar to the partridges, that they are not to be distinguished without a knowledge of their habits, and examination of their forms. In the bill and legs there are slight modifications, but the form of the wing is quite different, the first three quills being longest [and the third and fourth in Ortyx: Nutt.] and a rounded wing of less power is the consequence. It may be recollected that, though the partridges were said to migrate in some countries, the migration is comparatively very partial, and often only from one part of a continent to another; on the other hand,

almost all the quails migrate to a certain distance, and hence perform lengthened journeys, often across the seas. In their habits they also show considerable difference, as they never perch."

Our bird does perch, however; *ergo*, it is not a quail. Taking English names as the standard, we certainly make ourselves ridiculous in applying them to our birds. Thus we call vultures, buzzard and crow; a thrush, robin—the English blackbird is a thrush;—a buzzard, hawk; and more locally, a grouse, partridge; an ortyx, quail; and a perch, salmon!

Should a State Legislature make it penal to kill, "pheasants, partridges, and quails," I would not hesitate to incur a suit, as I could prove that these families are not in America. For my own part I like this confusion, and should like to see it ten times greater, as it would tend to throw the vulgar names into disrepute. I go so far as to erase the English names from the plates of my works of natural history. I believe I have stated all the facts of the case, and leave it with the reader to decide with what propriety he has hitherto applied certain English names to the ORTYX VIRGINIANA and TETRAO UMBELLUS.

H.

PARTRIDGE AND QUAIL.

PERDIX—COTURNIX—ORTYX.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR EDITOR:—Having read with some interest a communication headed "*All* in the wrong," from your correspondent H., of Marietta, I presume,—such at least was the date of his article, published in your December number—but not

perceiving that he has shown that *I* am either *all*, or *at all*, in the wrong, I wish to have one last word in the question.

You will of course remember that this controversy arose from the fact of H. having put forth an article, entitled "Corrigenda," in your December number, containing strictures on a very beautifully written, sportive, and humorous paper in your number for October—"Some Observations Concerning Quail"—by J. Cypress, Jr. This paper was evidently written as a *jeu d'esprit*, laying no pretension to ornithological research, or superior wisdom—but was clearly the production of the leisure moments of a sportsman, scholar, and gentleman—wherein, *inter alia*, he laughed at ornithologists for calling "*bevies* of *quail*, *flocks* of *partridge*."

On this paper—my object is briefly to place before your readers the *disjecta membra* of the whole discussion—on this paper H. discourses thus;—

"The writer proves himself entirely ignorant of ornithology, by his blunders in nomenclature. Thus he is writing about the *Perdix Virginiana*—Virginian *Partridge*,—and not about the *Perdix Coturnix*—European *quail*.—The first is a true *partridge* belonging to the same genus with the European partridge, viz., *ortyx*; whilst the quail belongs to the subgenus *coturnix*. In Pennsylvania and Southward, and in English books, our bird is called—and *correctly*—partridge."

In reply to this, I—Frank Forester—observed in your January number, as follows, immediately after quoting the above extract;—

"Now the gist of all this amounts to a single assertion that the American bird belongs to a different genus from the English Quail, and *is a partridge*. Now this I am satisfied is an error."

I proceed to state that "as I can testify from my own observation, the American bird is, in size, general appearance, character of plumage, and cry, much more nearly connected with the English quail than with any partridge existing."

Thirdly I said—"and I am satisfied that facts will bear out my opinion—that the Perdix Virginiana is *not a true partridge* —and is not *correctly* termed a partridge in Pennsylvania, any more than the ruffed grouse—*Tetrao umbellus*—is *correctly* termed a *pheasant* in the same regions."

Lastly I said "that the term *ortyx* is an absurd term to use in opposition to coturnix, *as distinguishing partridge from quail*"—because *ortyx*—ὄρτυξ—is the Greek, and *Coturnix* the Latin, name for the European quail."

Now though in his article in your February number H. says that *their*—i. e. mine and Cypress's—views do not appear to him correct, I wish to point out to you that so far from confuting one of my positions, he has confirmed them all; and entirely changed his own ground.

In his first December paper he asserts—"that the American bird, *Perdix virginiana*, is a *true partridge*, belonging to *the same subgenus* with the European partridge, viz., *ortyx*."

To this I responded *not* that the American bird is a quail—But "that it is not a *true* partridge—nor of the same subgenus with the European partridge—and farther that the word *ortyx* would be an absurd term as distinctive between partridge and quail."

Now hear H. in his present paper—February No. p. 111 —"Mr. Forester is right and I am wrong with regard to the subgenus of the European partridges, which belong to the subgenus *perdix*, or partridge proper!!"

Again he says—"Linnæus named the only North American bird of the family *Tetrao;* when the genus *perdix* was instituted it became Perdix virginian*us !*, and now that a more minute—or subgeneric—distinction is thought necessary, it becomes an *ortyx !*"

Ergo! by his own showing, the American bird is *not*, as

he asserted, and I denied, of the same subgenus with the European partridge; nor a *perdix*—which he defines *Partridge proper!* and I defined *true partridge!*—at all.

So far, then, H. has left his position, and come over to mine!

In the next place I asserted that ortyx—ὄρτυξ in Greek—was an absurd word to use as a distinctive term between the *quail* and *partridge*. H. having asserted that the European partridge and American quail—so called commonly—are *ortyges;* and the European quail a *coturnix!*

And the reason which I gave was, that the words ὄρτυξ and coturnix are the same term, meaning the same thing in two languages.

H. now admits that the new word *ortyx* is a term invented not to distinguish the quail from the partridge, but to distinguish the European Quail from a nameless American bird, which is *neither* quail *nor* partridge! In this sense Frank Forester never objected to the term; and every part of his first position is carried out—excepting the remark that the American bird is more nearly connected with the European quail than with any partridge existing; and on this point I will say a few words anon.

H., then, has come over to my statements. First—that the American bird is *not* of the same subgenus with the European partridge, *nor* is a *proper partridge* at all!

Secondly, that the European partridge is not an *ortyx;* and

Thirdly, that the term *ortyx* has *not* been applied as a distinction between quail and partridge; but between quail and a bird hitherto nameless, and indeed seemingly so still in the vernacular.

Hear what he says!—"Whence the partridge, quail, and American bird belong to *three*"—misprinted *those*—"distinct

subgenera, our bird being as far removed as ever from any species of quail, of which there are several!"

Here, then, I might close my article; for I never asserted that the American bird *was* a quail—and all that I did assert—viz., that he was *not a partridge*—is granted. Therefore, none of my views before stated were incorrect, nor was *I all* in the wrong, or wrong *at all.*

Now, however, we will go a little farther, and see what ORTYX *virginianus* is, and what we must call him—and whether he is more closely allied to Partridge or to Quail.

And first—Why did the Naturalists, who formed the subdivision of the genus, call him ortyx—ὀρτυξ—the Greek for quail? If they had only wished to make a distinction showing him equally far from quail and partridge, they would not have merely rested contented with calling him *quail,* in a varied language or dialect.

In my humble opinion the very choice of the name shows that the discriminating Naturalist—who discovered the small points of distinction "between the quail and thick strong-billed partridges of the new world," which he admits to be "so similar, that they are not to be distinguished without a knowledge of their habits and an examination of their forms"—considered the distinction between the American bird and the quail, *less* than the distinction between the same bird and the partridge.

It will of course be seen at once that the writer quoted above—Sir William Jardine—means that the quail and American bird are "so similar as not to be distinguished without a knowledge of their habits, and an examination of their forms"—and not the European quail and European partridge! For it is obvious that—the European Grey partridge being *thirteen inches long*, and the European Red-legged partridge *the same length*, but heavier and stronger, while the European quail

does not exceed *seven inches and a half*—the similarity of which he speaks is not between these birds, which a blind man might distinguish by their weight and size!

Sir William Jardine shows what these slight distinctions are—"In the bill and legs"—he says—"there are slight modifications; but the form of the wing is quite different—the first three quills being longest—in the quail,—while in the partridges the third is longest, and the third and fourth in the ortyx."

Well may he say the distinction is small!—a slight modification in the legs and bill, and the fact that the *three* first quills of the quail are longest, and the third and fourth in the American bird or ortyx!

The plumage of both species of European Partridge is utterly different either from that of the European Quail or the American bird. Each of the European partridges is nearly double the size of either of the others; while the Quail and American bird are very nearly of a size—the American a little the larger!—and very similar in their general appearance and plumage.

In habits, particularly in their fierce pugnacity, the Quail and American bird resemble each other much. The European Quail certainly is—and many writers state on good authority—and I fully believe the fact—that the American bird is likewise—migratory!

The English quail does not perch, to the same extent with the American bird;—though he does take to bushy covert—which the Grey partridge never does—but this one fact is not enough, surely, to make the difference *greater*, in spite of the distinctions of size, weight and feather. The bird called in this country, *incorrectly*—for I am well aware there is a small distinction—*the English* Snipe, occasionally

perches—I have seen it do so, on two occasions, at Pine Brook, in New Jersey—on rails, bushes, and even on tall willow trees; and I can prove the fact by the testimony of eye witnesses, if it be doubted!—yet no one would say, *Ergo* it is *not a snipe!*—at least I think not; though I am certain a man who should assert in Europe that he had seen snipe alight in trees would be laughed at and disbelieved, as the bird there never does so!

That the American bird is, ornithologically and strictly speaking, a quail, I never asserted.

I denied that it was a partridge, as H. did assert, and has now yielded.

I did assert, and still do so, that it is more closely connected with the English quail than with any partridge existing.

Its size—its weight—its plumage—its habits—and last, not least, its new ornithological name *ortyx*—Greek quail—prove that it is so—and that it is so in the opinion, and on the data of the very ornithologists, who have divided it from the subgenus *coturnix*, on account of distinctions which they admit to be so small as to be undistinguishable, except on minute examination.

I doubt not that the birds are well divided. It is very obvious that the European partridge—a bird twice as big as either quail or ortyx—is rightly separated from them!—and I doubt not that there are distinctions justifying the ornithologist in separating the European from the American Quail—although they are invisible to a common eye! But in the meantime what shall we call the bird? Not partridge, for it is *not* one *clearly* and *confessedly!*—I think best to stick to QUAIL as the Naturalists themselves *half* call him so still!—people would surely laugh at us if we called them *ortyges*, and I think very justly!

As to the Ruffed Grouse—Tetrao Umbellus—I never, either in conversation or in black and white, called it a partridge; unless to people who knew it *only* by that name—and I ever have esteemed it equally incorrect and unsportsmanlike to do so.

I have now made an end of my paper, and I think your correspondent H. will admit, after reading it, and after—if he will—comparing the three articles—that Frank Forester is not *all in the wrong*. If you care to show your correspondents in general how very like the plumage of the English Quail is to that of the American bird, I send you a drawing, made by myself many years ago, from one I shot myself; my notes give, length, 7 1-4 inches—width from wing to wing, 9 1-2—weight 6 1-10 oz. If you choose, have it done on wood—but take care of it, and do not let it be besmirched, as I value it,

Believe me yours ever at command,

FRANK FORESTER.

P. S. A correspondent—"Alpha"—in the February number "On the Get of Medoc," seems to think I spoke of *quail* as in flocks of three hundred. It was the British Red Grouse of which I spoke? which, by the way, I think a *greater* bird, both to shoot and eat, than the American *ortyx*. The English Quail, though it generally lays but six or seven eggs, is sometimes seen in bevies of fifteen. In France, the same bird precisely lays fifteen to twenty eggs.—*Bewick and Buffon.*

P. S. No. 2. At this late moment I seize the opportunity of correcting a misstatement—arising, as usual, from a want of care in reading what I wrote—by a correspondent—N.—of yours in last week's "Spirit." He charges me with error for saying the partridge never perches!—assuming that I mean either the *Tetrao Umbellus*, *Pseudo American* pheasant

and partridge—or else the *Perdix virginiana*, or American Quail. I did not *mean*, or indeed *write* either!—but the *European* Partridge; a bird utterly different from either. I see, however, that he also asserts on his own eye-witness, that the quail does migrate in flocks of five hundred to one thousand. This I never doubted—it however, makes another point for my side!

BEAR.

BEAR.

"BEAR with me."—*Mark Anthony's Speech over the dead body of Cæsar.*

THE moon uprising from the distant east, as yet not full disclosed, nor clothed with clouds, kindles with silver fire, a wild wide wood-lake. Trees stand around in rude rough majesty —stern witnesses of her glory. They own their faded beauty, they mourn their lost leaves frozen, they feel that Winter's come, and that's "*verbum*" to their "*sap*." The stars still shine. But such shining! They shine just as office holders, who know that in a very little time they are to be extinguished by a dispensation from a greater light. The clouds in the distance look as though they had some lightning in them;—solemn—phalanxial. The old trees have had rough times. Those near by are all troubled with the rheumatism, or have been cut down by convulsions. Some stumps, to be sure, show that the barbarous pioneer had never heard that exquisite ballad of "Woodman spare that tree." But nearly all blighted—blasted. Only the pyramid pine, and fragrant fir,—Heavenly ever-greens,—Christ-mass greens for us poor sinners,—flutter, and bend to the tempest, and bear upon their boughs the cherishing comfort of snow. At the south-east corner of the lake, is built, with the artifice which nature sometimes indulges in, a hiding place, or "stand," arranged out of old logs and fallen trees, within the which you see two hunters—hunters!—Heaven help them! who lie ensconced to shoot some timid, thirsty, doe, who

may come down in the peace of night to take a drink out of the spring at the edge of the lake, which cold cannot freeze; —or at the crumbling ice which her hoof may break in.

But who is he that cometh from the barren forest, with slow and solemn tramp, bending the crackling ice, with his majestic feet? Hath Sir Bruin made an appointment with the cold Diana, to meet him at this secluded trysting spot? If he have, he is a true and trusted lover, for she casts the first beam of her eye upon the lake just as her bear-knight emerges from the swamp to drink the new silver light of her eye that glitters upon the treeshade-sprinkled ice. But no. That cannot be; the ardor of a lover is not in his eye;—his pace is thoughtful and philosophical;—he is, rather, thinking of his hungry cubs, left sulky and hopeful at home in their rock-cave in the hill side, and is contemplating the flesh of calves and lambs. Now, he is astronomical, and pious, and casteth his eyes toward Heaven, and marvelleth at the purity of his noble ancestors sitting clothed with brilliant garments in the constellations of Ursa Major, and Minor. He almost repents some unnecessary abstractions of the neighboring farmers' little children. Is that a tear in his eye? Happy engraver? if thou hast clearly globuled that chrystal evidence of sorrow for guilt? Now, his head falls beneath his breast; you would think it was in submission to some decree of suffering depression, and that he feels he is unforgiven. Doomed wretch! Never to be exalted to a place among the bears in the stars! But look at his eye. It is dry, keen, fierce, savage, voracious. He sees beneath him a salmon trout half benumbed, and he raises his "*huge paw*" to pound the ice to accomplish the water tenant's *stunnation*, when he will break a hole through the "thick-ribbed" frost, and fish him out. A good piscator, and a hearty feeder is that same bear, he

suddenly starts, and his eye shoots fire toward the south-east. What is that scent which, borne on a new change of the wind, strikes his far-judging nose? Is that a fawn at the boiling spring? or a small girl that has lost her way? Snuff, snuff. No; the smell is too strong. That is the odor of full grown hunters—two legged members of his own profession, but bitter enemies to his particular guild. See him stand still, now, and muse, and survey. How would a piece of man-flesh taste?—Good. How would a leaden bullet feel in the bowels? Rather indigestible fodder. He reasons; he deliberates. He remembers his Kamtskadale cousins, and waits to see if the hunters will approach "*to conciliate his friendship.*"* But is it a man? It might be an unmanageable

* Black bears are so numerous in Kamtschatka, that they are seen roaming about the plains in troops, and must long since have been exterminated, if they were not here more tame and gentle than in any other part of the world. In spring they descend from the mountains where they have wintered, to the mouths of the rivers, for catching fish, which swarm in all the streams of that peninsula. If the fish are plentiful, they eat only the heads; and when they find nets laid in any place, they dexterously drag them out of the water, and empty them of the fish. Towards autumn, when the fish go up the rivers, they advance with them gradually to the mountains. When a Kamtschadale espies a bear, he endeavors to conciliate his friendship at a distance, accompanying his gestures by courteous words. Indeed they are so familiar, that the women and girls, when they are gathering roots and herbs, or turf for fuel, are never disturbed in their employment, even in the midst of a whole drove of bears; and if one of these animals comes up to one of them, it is merely to take something out of their hands. They have never been known to attack a man, except when they are roused from their sleep, and they seldom turn upon the marksman whether they are hit or not. Notwithstanding this gentleness of the bear, its utility renders it a valuable object of prey. When the hunter and bear meet, the contest is generally bloody, but it generally terminates to the advantage of the artful huntsman. Armed with spears and clubs, the Kamtschadale goes in quest of the peaceful bear in his calm retreat, who, thinking only of his defence, takes the faggots brought by his pursuer, and chokes with them the entrance into his den. The mouth of the cavern being closed, the hunter bores a hole through the top, and then with the greatest security, spears his defenceless foe.—*Tooke's View of Russia, vol.* ii, *p.* 442.

colt, that has tumbled his master, and ran away, with the sweat from his rider's corduroys reeking upon his unsaddled back—or a stray porker acorn-ing. He is in doubt. He looks around and reconnoitres. He discovers, up the lake, at the north, a truant boy, who has seen him, skating away homeward, fast as his iron volitaters will glide leeward. It was not his trail that he nosed, for that juvenal is with the wind. Does Sir Bruin detect those lurkers at the stand with guns? Will he make a demonstration against them? Will they bring their artillery to bear upon him? How many balls will he take patiently? Will he hug either one of those gentlemen, with the ardor of a bridegroom? What will he weigh when dressed? What frolicsome country maiden will be first wrapped in his skin, upon a sleigh-ride? Who will be invited to dine upon his smoking haunch?

Reader, these are all questions which the publishers insist upon my submitting to thee; wherefore to answer them I for-

Bear.

Let no bandbox Adonis turn up his self-sufficient nose at the foregoing ursine limnings. His father may have taught him the unjust expression "rough as a bear," when he swore at his landlord for calling for his rent before a month after quarter-day. The bear and his biography would be a splendid subject for the illustration of devoted family virtues, and of brave, bold, dashing chivalry, against enemies. His family is ancient and respectable. His blood has been kept pure and true. He is but a little lower than man, while he can write or make his mark, better than any Congo-ese, or Bog-trotter. As to reading, he is accomplished. He can find "sermons in stones, and books in every thing." The book of nature is his summer food. He roams, and plucks the autumnal fruits of knowledge. When winter's snows shut up

the volume, he retires to his private study, in some huge hollow oak, and there reflects and moralizes. The Indians of our western prairies know him better than any of the professional naturalists, and, I think, I have heard that they invite them to their talks. Certain it is, the Blackfeet are reported by travellers, to treat the Grizzly bear with profound respect, and have often offered their most beautiful maidens for marriage to them, with a view to improve the blood of the tribe by a cross; but this story is not well authenticated. The Grizzly bear, besides, is almost too violent in his affection. His kisses munch. His pressure would take the breath out of the body of every woman but one, whom I wot of. Although he may be called, by curtesy, a gentleman, yet is he a tyrant.

Ursus Maritimus, or the white bear, Arctician, is a specimen of majesty. He rules the poles, and builds his castles upon icebergs. His fields are snow-drifts, and his crops are seals and sea-horses. The wind-lashed sea breeds for his cubs their codfish, and throws upon his glacier furrows his welcome crop of wounded whales. Hardy, fearless, enterprising, he is monarch of the storm, king of the unknown Symnsonia—president of Ultima Thule.

Our own black bear has no pretensions to nobility. He is a republican, but a clever fellow. He is strong both in life and death. He can strike, scratch, and hug, equally well with his distant relatives; and when his guardian angel resigns him to fate, Adonis makes his hair shine with his grease; Podagrosus and Rheumaticus rub their feet with his fat flanks; Epicurus deliciates in his tender loin; Amator wraps his mistress in his skin, and envelopes her hands in a muff cut from his hairy cold-defier; while, as with his own comforter, gloves, and cap, he manages the breath-icicled steeds over

the nivoseous and gelid road, she thinks and feels him bear all over.

Bear is a very "interesting individual." Great things might be said of him. The publishers are not to blame for putting in that picture. I think it speaks for itself, and needs no illustration.

COLLINEOMANIA.

COLLINEOMANIA.

NO. I.

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF ANCIENT HUNTERS.

"——En age, segnes
Rumpe moras, vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum,
Et vox assensu nemorum ingemminata remugit."
VIRG. GEORG. 3.

"Hark away, hark away, hark away is the word to the sound of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, while echo, blithe echo makes jovial the morn."
CHORUS TO BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

No; we will not look upon the hunters of Kentucky yet; the mighty dead of other days claim first our admiring contemplation. It will be good for us to look at their portraits in Time's old diorama—to see them face to face through History's faithful theodolite.

What an innumerable army! Patriarchs, sages, kings, heroes, inspired, demigods, sacred, profane! Blessed is thy memory, O son of Cush, and thy name glorious, captain of the host, and father and beginner of all hunting! Of whom else doth the historian bear record, that he "was a mighty hunter before the Lord?"

Posterity hath not done justice to Nimrod. Even Josephus barely mentions him, and we are left entirely in the dark as to the character of his game and the weapons of his craft.

It is not vain, however, nor improper, as we hope, to speculate upon a matter which, to hunters, is a subject of such

thrilling interest. May we not, then, imagine and believe, that the founder of Babel was one of the giants of those days, and that his armory was fashioned in the workshop of that skilful artificer, Tubal Cain, and that he hunted the mastodon and magatherion? But let every man think for himself.—We said that posterity had not done justice to Nimrod. We ought to except from this censure those good poets Tickell and Somerville. They have both glorified him in verse. Their researches, whether of fact or fancy, are worthy of the attention of the judicious antiquarian.*

It would argue gross ignorance, or else wilful malice, not here to name the unfortunate Esau. He, too, was a "cunning hunter, a man of the field." Frequent, doubtless, were the nights when the dutiful son, returning tired from the hunt, comforted his kind old father's heart with a saddle of good venison, the trophy of his trusty bow and quiver. But alas! alas!—there are passages in the life of Esau upon which we cannot bear to dwell—themes too high. Let us pass on.

Who cometh next? Truly, Samson, Milton's Samson Agonistes, beyond challenge a keen hunter. This honorable reputation he worthily acquired by his capture, adjunction and adignition of the three hundred foxes, which he turned among

(*) ——"When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stained the woodland-green with purple dye;
New, and unpolished, was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide—
With clubs, and stones, rude implements of war,
He armed his savage bands." SOMERVILLE.

When Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanced the bristling boar,
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mad career." TICKELL.

his father-in-law's grain-stacks, to punish him for trading away his wife when he was temporarily absent from the family. For one man to catch three hundred foxes, upon one hunting expedition, or even in the course of a whole season, it requires not only great strength, but much ingenuity, earnest perseverance, faithful patience, good love, and good luck. Samson was an uncommon man.

We take occasion here to caution the scrupulous reader to look not upon us as a Philistine. We desire to be understood as making these references to the hunters of the by-gone days of Palestine, with no sceptical levity, but with faithful reliance upon recorded facts. We will further remark, that great as was the performance last referred to, yet we believe it may be accomplished by a man of extraordinary powers, without the aid of any miraculous assistance. We esteem that it was so accomplished, and that it was one of the ordinary occurrences in the life of the hunter Samson. As such it is our duty to record it here. As such, we celebrate the enterprise, and enshrine it with its author in our gallery of hunters.

But let us look upon the profane and the mythological, and then, peradventure, we may be permitted to moralize, without restraint. The Heathen celebrated mighty hunters. Great is his glory, who is vouched for by Diodorus and the almost Christian Cicero. A poet's incarnation he may be, but people seem to believe in him, and to recognize and to worship his attributes. Do we ever say *Samsonian?* No; we always call it a "Herculean" task. Son of Alcmena, fortunate were the irregular nuptials of thy honored parents! Happy was the earth, when thou wert delivered to deliver her of Hydras and Chimæras. Happy was the sky which received thee back to rule the seasons,—as some, not vain, imagine,—and to quaff old nectar with thy father Jupiter.

But we have no sympathy with people specially gifted. Hence we contemplate the exploits of demigods with cold wonder only, and not with the hearty enjoyment with which we listen to the story of a sporting friend, who is like ourselves, and from a knowledge of whose character we may judge of the extent of the embellishments. Moreover, it is hard to comprehend the glory of cutting off dragon's heads, and doing such other deeds of desperate valor as the biographers of Hercules have, with commendable particularity, set down to stimulate our ambition. For one thing, however, we love as well as admire the hunters of old times. They had the true spirit of chivalry in them. Hunters were patriotic, and generous, before printing and gunpowder were invented. Now, we offer rewards to men to do themselves a pleasure, and give bounties for dead wolves and crows.

Theseus, Castor, and Pollux. It is almost ludicrous to think of one of these heroes sending in an affidavit, duly sworn to according to law, and claiming from the overseers of the town a ten dollar bill for shooting down a wild cat.

Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, swift-footed Achilles. Xenophon tells us that these were all mighty hunters. But they were statesmen, warriors, and benefactors, too. By Diana! When we think of these, and of some glorious few other such ancient megatherial earth-gods, who made for history and poetry a subject and a beginning, our anger waxeth hot at the assurance of the muskrat-catching poachers of modern times, who affect to call themselves hunters. They are blasphemers. They take the name in vain. Saint Saggitarius forefend that we should shoot an undeserved arrow at the bear-hugging Colonel Crockett! But our conscience pricks our judgment to pronounce its denial that he can challenge any better claim to the laurels of a hunter than a half-shrived ghost in purgatory

can put forth to a fee-simple foot-hold among the stars. There is no registry of the name of clown-hunter in any book of heraldry that we wot of.

Multo majora canamus.—Is there any thing more glorious in fact, or in fancy, than the impersonation of the chaste, virgin, huntress goddess? Worthily was she mistress and queen of the chase. We seem to see her now, her maidens all put forth, bending from her firmamental throne, to whisper a kiss upon the fair brow of Endymion, innocent youth, as he lies, cold and tired, on the summit of old Latmos. Now a beam from her eye falls upon the expecting boy; and now—a cloud hides them from us, and our vision is gone! We confess, that if we were to catch the moon in company with Endymion, we should be apt to be revengeful, and furnish another proof of the truth of the old maxim, that "*three spoils company.*" There should be no eclipse, nor any other sort of fun that night. We would punish the proud Dian for her cruel treatment of the unwittingly offending Actæon. A hunter, he, and a brave. Her worshipper. And yet, forsooth, because, with no malice aforethought, and by mere accident, he happened to stumble upon her one day in the woods when she was not dressed for company, she must needs metamorphose him into a stag, and set upon him his own rapacious dogs! Out upon such savage prudery! Nephele, and Hyale, and Rhenis, and Psecas, and Phiale, and all the rest of ye, heartless nymphs! We have no patience with your affectation, making your mistress to act like a very lunatic![*]

Unhappy Actæon! "*Sic illum fata ferebant.*" Bad luck

(*) "Sciut erant nudæ, viso, sua pectora Nymphæ
Percussere, viro, subitisque ulutatibus omne
Impleverunt nemus: circumfusæque Dianam
Coporibus texere suis." OVID MET. lib. 3.

was thine in truth. What a horrible host of blood-hounds he had upon him! It makes one's blood to run cold, even only to hear their names. Let us look into the excellent Mr. John Clarke, and read a portion of his translation, for the benefit of juvenile students.

"First Blackfoot, and the good-nosed Tracer, gave the signal by a full-mouthed cry."—*Cry*;—Every deer-hunter knows what that *cry* is;—the deep, beautiful, musical, bay, that breaks upon your extatic ear, bearing the knowledge of the discovered game. "He now flies through places where before he had often pursued. Alas! he flies from his own servants. He would fain cry out, I am Actæon, know your master. Words are wanting to his inclination; the air rings with the cry. Black-hair made the first wound upon his back; Killdeer the next; Rover stuck fast upon his shoulder. They came out later than the rest, but their way was soon dispatched by a short cut across the mountain. Whilst they hold their master, the rest of the pack come in, and stick their teeth together into his body. Now room is wanting for more wounds. He groans and makes a noise, though not of a man, yet such as a buck could not make, and fills the well-known mountains with sad complaints; and as a suppliant upon bended knees, and like one asking a favor, he turns about his silent countenance. But his companions, ignorant of their wretched prey, encourage the ravenous pack with their usual cries, and look around, mean time, for Actæon; and call for him loudly, as if he were absent, Actæon! Actæon! He turns his head at the name, as they complain that he is not there to enjoy the sight of the game presented to them. Glad would he be, indeed, to be away; but he is there, against his will; and glad would he be to see, and not feel, the cruel violence of his dogs. They hang upon him, and thrusting their snouts into

his body, tear to pieces their master, under the shape of a false buck. And the rage of the quiver-bearing Diana is said not to have been exhausted until his life was ended by many wounds."

Such was the awful consequence of looking upon a woman without permission! How full is history of friendly beacons to warn young men of danger!

We will hang up one more portrait in our gallery. Thine, Adonis, thine; thou loved one of Cytherea. Thou, too, lost thy life in the chase, but not ingloriously, and the gods made provision for thee after thy demise. We must be excused, O Adonis, from being sorrowful because of that wild boar's tooth sending thy soul to the skies, for Venus wept for thee, and Bion hath embalmed thee. Many bards have sung thy elegy. Reader, knowest thou the flower Anemony? It thou be uninstructed, seek some wise woman, and get understanding; and know, and love, in that little budling, the metamorphosed mortal parts of the tender-cheeked hunter Adonis.

There is a more modern antiquity, that boasteth excellent hunters. Shall we see these worthies? We know a process —a charm—we can hold communion with their ghosts!—We have had such nights with the old hunters! Dost thou dare to see them? We will warrant thee they are busy at some sport. Behold now, we shut our earthly eyes. We speak the spell that cannot be heard by mortal. Now it is all dim. Now light slowly breaks, and lo! the Elysian fields. There, down in a green valley, are met the ghosts of all the dead hunters of the world. They are shooting at a target. Heard you that whiz? See you not that arrow quivering in the bull's eye? 'T was a well-aimed shot. It was Arthur drew the string—immortal he of the round-table—not that modern Arthur, who—we must give this lamp a turn or it will—there;

that will do.—But our vision! alas! it is gone. So ever it fares with the introduction of an unpleasant guest. One such will banish a whole room full of good company. We could get into a passion now, and curse—the Devil and his works. We have a right to do that. It would be highly improper to bless them, or to speak respectfully of them. But it is better to be benevolent. We will curse no one, not even Scotch George Thompson. May God, if it be possible, assoilsie even him.—

Let us summon our hunting friends. Come hither, ye hunters of ancient days, be present to our desires, and hold with us sweet converse—

"Black spirits and—"

No, no; we want no black spirits. The colored gentlemen, if any, will please to stay below—

"*Brown* spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may."

Look where they come. A goodly company, Nature's aristocracy. Substantial shadows—glorious! will they speak? What music is this, like the doubtful concord of clanging armor, and waving plumes, and ringing steel, and neighing steeds, and twanging bow-strings, and a harp touched by a skilful minstrel! like

"High-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewelyn's lay."

Who is this hoary headed bard? Gracious presence, suffer us, as much as may be lawful, to worship thee! Thou art old Cadwallo, whose tongue inexorable Edward made cold; and thou hast sung in bower, and banquet hall, the praises of brave hunters. Be, we pray thee, one of our household gods.

—How they burn on our eyelids! changing, and mixing with each other, and mingling with the air, and then standing out more accurately developed. Apollo sustain us! Turks, Tartars, Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Britons—What gorgeous trappings have those hunters of the East! Genghiskhan glittering with gold and burnished steel! He, who, like that Mogul Vizir, Asaph ap Dowlah, hunted with several battalions of infantry, encompassing roaring hecatombs, and the tigers upon a thousand hills! What queen is that he jostleth? Doth she not stand Boadicea, confessed, bearing a mighty spear? And lo! a troop of high-born ladies, spurning the earth with their eager palfreys, each equipped for to ride a—

——"hawking by the river
With grey goshawke in hande."

Delicate heroines—fawns chasing blood-hounds; tender-hearted murderers, killing with your bright eyes more than with your keen arrows! Hail! Gaston, Earl of Foix! gallant gentleman! true knight! with thy army of dogs, six hundred! Pass on.—Saint George! who with his good sword Ascalon smote that gigantic dragon, having fifty feet between his shoulders and tail, under the left wing, where no scales were, and delivered his country. The Percy out of Northumberland! and doughty Douglas!—good friends now. The seven champions of Christendom!—Sir Bevis, Sir Tristam, Sir Thopas! How stately are these old king hunters. Alfred the great, wise and good;—solemn Athelstan;—Cnut, the Dane;—Edward the Confessor;—of whom sayeth the accurate Malmsbury, that although he was better fitted for the cloister than the field, yet he took great delight to follow a pack of swift hounds, and to cheer them with his voice;—William the Norman, conqueror of men as well as beasts;—

William Rufus, whose life ran out with the blood staining a treacherous arrow. What a throng of them! Edward—all the Edwards! Harry—all the Harrys! Even pedantic king Jamie, believer in witchcraft, who hath written also of hunting with hounds in Basilikon Doron;* giving it questionable precedency over archery and falconry; unlike thee, venerable Roger! schoolmaster and laureate of the school of shooting, who hath written a book to illustrate the glory of the bow; proving it to be the fountain of wisdom, health, wealth, and virtue.† And, O delight! here be Robin Hood and little John, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudlesly! Welcome, welcome, bold archers! Let us embrace ye, O better than kings! ye original unsophisticated democrats! How Tammany Hall would adore if it were only given her to know ye!

That last imagination hath dashed down our cup of joy. We can see no more beyond the sight of the flesh. We are alone.

> "The light that o'er our eye-beam flashed,
> The power that bore our spirit up"

into the company of sainted hunters, is departed. Royalty, and knight-errantry, and beauty, and valor have sunk into eternal chaos.

* "I cannot omit here the hunting, namely, with running hounds, which is the most honorable and noblest sort thereof, for it is a thievish sort of hunting to shoot with guns and bows; and greyhound hunting is not so martial a game. As for hawking, I condemn it not, but I must praise it more sparingly." *Basilikon Doron.*

† "The fosterer up of shoting is labor, ye companion of vertue, the meynteyner of honestie, the increaser of health and wealthinesse, which admytteth nothing in a manner into his companye, that standeth not with vertue and honestie, and therefore sayeth the oulde poet Epicharmus very pretelye in Zenophon, that God selleth vertue, and all other good things to men for labour." *Toxophilus, A.*

We are the friend and apologist of Robin Hood, outlaw though he was. Hear how he may be forgiven;

"Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,
That be of frebore blode,
I shall you tell of a good *yeman*,
His name was Robyn Hode."

What though he hunted in the royal forest, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, entertaining an hundred tall men upon haunches of the king's fat bucks. Was not the charter unconstitutional? a rank monopoly of the merry green-wood? Were not the game laws tyrannical, cruel, unendurable by brave souls, heaven created warriors, the freest hearts, the strongest arms—in all merry England? What though he denied that property could be held in fee simple, and that he pressed the doctrine of "equal rights" with perhaps too earnest zeal; yet was he not gallant, humane, magnanimous, and a sincere friend to the poor? Hearken to the testimony of the anthentic Stow;—"He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated or otherwise molested; poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which, by theft, he got from abbeys, and the houses of rich carles; whom Major —the historian—blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe."

Well! he was a practical leveller; that seems to be his offence. And is that unpardonable? Lo! even holy friars, and other good men, divers, have taught that the rich are merely trustees for the poor, and that goods and chattels are only lent to them. Shall he be condemned who executes the judgments of brotherly love and justice? God forbid. Robin, we take thy hand before the whole world, and call thee a good

fellow. Thou shalt have our vote for any office thou desires in the shades.

Those other yeomen named with Robin and little John, must not be lightly passed over. Modern times are shamed by their strength and skill. William of Cloudlesley, with an arrow from his bow, cleft a hazel rod in twain, at the distance of four hundred yards; and with another arrow shot an apple from his boy's head, at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five yards! Is there any gentleman hunter extant who will shoot against this performance? Bring up your rifles, and your boys, good people. William and his associates, we regret to admit, had some vague and indefinite notions on the subject of other people's property; and it does not appear that they were so discriminate as Robin Hood. But then they all repented, and were pardoned by the king, and were confessed by the bishop, and the king made William a gentleman, and gave him eighteen pence a day to bear his bow, and the queen gave him thirteen pence a day, and made his wife her chief gentlewoman; and then these good yeomen went forth and got cleansed with holy water,

> "And after came and dwelled the kynge
> And died good men all three."

And so finally concludeth the legend;—

> "Thus endeth the lives of these good yeomen,
> God send them eternal blysse;
> And all that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
> That of heven may never mysse. Amen."

Amen! amen! with all our heart. Three cheers for the ghosts of Adam Bell & Co. Go it boys! hur—wait for the word;—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Much remains to be said of hunting. Many hunters remain

unsung. We have only brief moments to commemorate that exquisite fancy of the sport, fierce and gentle falconry.

We have a notion, that of all delights that ever it was given to man to enjoy, this must have been the most delightful.—Gentlemen of the cockpit, a fight in the air between a pigeon hawk and a blue heron!—Bold was he, and cunning, who first tamed the fiercest birds of prey, and taught them to sit upon his fist, to fly at his command, to pursue, to strike, to return, docile, faithful servants. Gentle, eager, and as humble, and fond of the sport as our own good setters, Horatio.—Think of the king of birds soaring to the third heaven, and then hovering and swooping, and hovering and swooping, until, as it were, he could get good sight, and then, with terrible certainty, dashing down upon the devoted shoulders of an antlered monarch of the scrub oaks, and tearing out his brains, at the command of a master! Imagine yon duck hawk,—*falco peregrinus*—tamed, and thrown off, unhooded, from your fist, mounting into upper air, and thence, with lightning speed, striking out a wild gander from a flock of straining honkers, and then, conscious, of his deserved reward, sailing back to the bondage of his accustomed jesses! Why, people now-a-days do not understand the virtue of birds. We are neophytes in ornithology and ornithodynamics. We hardly know "a hawk from a hand-saw."

For ourselves, it is our delight to read and dream of the goodly companies of noble knights and high-born dames of olden time, riding out with princely attendance to fly their hawks. We seem to hear their prancing steeds, and their gentle

> "Jennettes of Spain that ben so white,
> Trapped to the ground with velvet bright,"

their happy voices, and the dogs beating the bushes by the

stream-side. We see the bittern flushed; and then, falcon, and marlyon, and gos-hawk, quick unhooded, and upsailing. We hear the tinkling of their silver bells—we see the general rush of the whole happy throng following the pursuit—our breath is quick—up, up soars the bittern in lessening gyration higher and yet higher, to keep, if, alas! he may, keep above his unpitying pursuers, and avoid their fatal beaks. Vain hope! that falcon hath o'ertopped him, and now he pounces, and the poor victim feels death in his struck skull, and surrenders his life among the stars!

Not always victorious is the falcon. There are vicissitudes in the war. The hern hath a long, strong, straight, sharp-pointed bill; and if the hawk be unwary, he will spit his breast upon the dangerous spear thrown up to receive him, and, pierced through and through with a fatal wound, die ingloriously. We know a kindred bird, which baymen call "the straight-up;" a biped something between the heron and the quaaĉk, that is competent to do good execution after this wise. —We once ourselves, unhappy, received a fearful thrust in our dexter, from a scoundrel whom we had wing-broken on a salt marsh, which disabled us from pulling a trigger for a good fortnight.—Somerville describes the performance to the life —to the death;—

> "Now like a wearied stag
> That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage,
> Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes
> Covers his fatal beak, and, cautious, hides
> The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
> Like lightning from above, and in her breast
> Receives the latent death; down plum she falls
> Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
> Defiles her guady plumage."

Henry Inman! wilt thou not paint this picture? It is a striking illustration of "catching a tartar."

We are determined to become a faulkoner. We will build

us a mew and an aërie, and we will speak to some country friend to catch us a young hen-hawk, and a few butcher-birds, and we will revive the science. We know a pleasant meadow, where the curlew screams, and the straight-up flaps his heavy wings, and the newly-paired seges of blue herons sit solemn by the border of the interwinding rivulet, watching, with hungry patience, what truant eel, or backsliding young crab, leaving the safe channel, shall "coldly furnish forth their marriage breakfast," and dear Mary shall ride with us to the green rushes, and—

Here Mary, leaning over our shoulder, shakes us gently by the ear, and reminds us that we are impecunious, and points to a passage in aristocratic, cross, old Burton, and reads to us unwilling—we confess we hate the truth sometimes—as follows; "Hunting and hawking are honest recreations, and fit for some great men; but not for every base, inferior person."

"That is not we, Mary dear. *Docti Sumis;* we are a gentlemen bred, and educated, and"—

"Fiddle-de-dee; what are birth and education in a bank note world? listen! listen! 'who while they maintain their faulkoner, and dogs, and hunting nags, their wealth runs away with their hounds, and their fortunes fly away with their hawks.'"

Reader, farewell! We are melancholy.

COLLINEOMANIA.

NO. II.

"TOXOPH. Of the first finders out of shoting, diuers men diuerslye doo wryte. Claudiane the poete sayth that nature gaue example of shotyng first, by the Porpentine; whiche doth shote his prickes and will hitte any thinge that fightes with it; whereby men learned afterwarde to immitate the same in finding out both bow and shaftes. Plinie referreth it to Schythes the sonne of Jupiter. Better and more noble wryters bringe shoting from a more noble inuentour; as Plato, Calimachus, and Galene, from Apollo. Yet longe afore those days do we reade in the bible of shotinge expreslye. And also if we shall beleve Nicholas de Lyra, Lamech killed Cain with a shafte. So this great continuaunce of shoting doth not a lytle praise shotinge; nor that neither doth not a lytle set it oute, that it is referred to the inuention of Apollo, for the which poynt shoting is highly praised of Galene; where he sayth the mean craftes be first found out by men or beastes, as meaning by a spider, and suche other; but high and comendable sciences by goddes, as shotinge and musicke by Apollo. And thus shotinge for the necessite of it used in Adam's days, for the noblenesse of it referred to Apollo, hath not been onelie comended in all tunges and writers, but also had in greate price, both in the best comune wealthes, in warre time for the defence of their countrie, and of all degrees of men in peace tyme, bothe for the honestie that is ioyned with it, and the profyte that followeth of it." ROGER ASCHAM.

WE have heretofore reviewed the Brigades of ancient hunters, as they tramped before us magnificently upon the parade ground of history; from Captain General Nimrod, and stately riding Queen Diana, down to those savage Loco Focos, Robin Hood and Little John.* Something now is due to the vanatical artillery of later days. The hunter tribe is not extinct. Collineomania rages yet. Human nature is still projectilitarian. The same excellent love of destruction that moved the old world to swing the catipult, and scatter javelins and arrows, urges on this modern age of civilization and philanthropy, to throw rockets, hot water, and cold lead.

But our present business is not with human wars, and the Peace Society. Whether the shooting of men be honest and honorable, we leave to the determination of that fighting school of the General Assembly, which shall prove itself to be most meek and most forbearing.

Beasts, and birds, we have an unchallengeable right, and oftentimes, unquestionable duty, to transfix. This birth-obligation of every freeman, was first imposed by that never-to-be-too-much-prized article in the constitution of human nature, which gave to the lords of the creation, dominion over the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea. We have the authority from Heaven, and the recommendation from Earth. "Kill and eat," was hieroglyphickied upon the shooting jacket of Esau. Peter, the Apostle, saw it in his dream, as the tenth chapter of Acts bears testimony. And now we are all shooters. To be a Collineomaniac, is only to fulfil worthily, and with prudent enthusiasm, a duty, which nature hath allowed, good example hath approved, and honesty, skill, art, health, and happiness, recommend.

To descend, from ancient fashions of contrived death, to Joe Manton, Westley Richards, Miss Nancy Hawker, and percussion caps—is it a fall, my countrymen, or not? That thought suggests gunpowder. Talk of the invention of the printing press, and all its attendant honors of light and knowledge! it has not effected one tithe of the changes in the physical condition of the world, which have been wrought by the discovery of the virtue of combined nitre, sulphur, and granulated charcoal. We fling no more javelins,—we thrust no more spears,—unless it be into a porpoise or a whale, but we kill our lions with four pounders from the back of a well-trained elephant, our buffaloes with Kentucky rifles, and our woodcock with the familiar pills of number Eight. That is a pathetic discourse, which Cervantes reads in Don Quixotte of

the death of Chivalrie in the elaborations of Rogers, Pigou and company. But it is not all true. Strength, muscular excellence, personal skill, and all honorable accomplishments have not lost their recommendation utterly. It is true that the tyrants of the land have been changed from stalworth knights and grim barons, into bank directors, and obtainers of other people's goods under peaceable pretences, for whom it is not necessary to know any thing but arithmetic, and a little criminal law; but the honest hunter's vocation and the amateur's occasional indulgence, require all the virtues which belonged to a lover of the sport in the olden time. A man must sometimes stand up against a grizzly bear, and use his shooting-knife, after he has put a dozen buck-shot into that "interesting individual." We have known a well-antlered deer, who did not believe his time had come, to make good fight in the last moment of his translation. Wing-tip a wild gander, and what man-baby can pick him up? Then for endurance, patience, steadiness of nerve, a good eye, and a well disciplined heart;—no modification of saltpetre can manufacture them. No; we do not believe that true chivalry is gone. It will live until there is not a running buck or a flying bird. When that time arrives, the millennium will be here, and we shall want to shoot no more.

What good reason have we to doubt that ancient chivalry knew gunpowder, or at least, the expansive force of marine acid, and the oxymuriate of potash, or something else that had the true grit and stuff? Every body has heard of the "*Greek fire.*" But what was it? Salmoneus, king of Elis, manufactured such capital thunder and lightning, that Jupiter became jealous, and cut him down with an original thunderbolt.—For the place of his residence in the infernal regions, see Lempriere's directory.—Roger Bacon, in his treatise, "*de secretis*

operibus artis et naturæ et de nullitate," speaks of the facility of making thunder and coruscations in the air, and the ease of taking cities thereby. He thinks that Gideon defeated the Midianites, by a similar device.—See Judges, chapter vii.—Polydore Virgil refers the detection of the grace of the subtle mixture to a chemist, who accidentally put some of the sublime composition into a mortar and covering it with a stone, was thereby blown into the upper air, and on his dying descent, bequeathed the mysterious cause of his exaltation to his head apprentice. Some attribute the discovery to a monk of Fribourgh. Others say that Swartz was the original patentee, and that he sold his copy-right to the Venetians in 1340, which,—it being war-time—made all Italy cry out against the monstrous innovation as not fair-play. Another author says it was used by the Moors in 1343, when besieged by Alphonso, king of Castile. The bishop of Leon gives an account of a sea-fight between the kings of Tunis and Seville, in which those of Tunis, "threw out of certain tubes, thunderbolts of iron." We believe, earnestly, that the genuine old sporting men knew the virtue of powder and shot, but kept it private. Witness the cunning, lurking, alternative of "*other pastimes of the field*" slyly hinted at, for those who knew, in the "*Basilikon Doron*," of the learned king James. Here are his own words;

"It ever hath been of old antiquitie used in this realme of most noble fame, for all lustye gentlemen to pass the delectable season of summer, after divers manner, and sundry fashions of disports, as in hunting the rede and fallowe deer, with houndes, greyhoundes, and with the bowe, also in hawking with hawkes, *and other pastimes of the field.*"

Those were times, however, when only monopolists shot. Westley Richards could not have sold a gun to a man. His trade would have been confined to paper-title-gentlemen; and he would have been compelled to contract "by His Majesty's

authority." Those were times, when our fathers,—pure-born —freely-hating—proud—submitted to slavery, because not shut out from hope; looking to the New America as the Canaan of their liberty, where they might dare to keep their own fire-arms, and shoot without fear of encroachment upon the special monopolies of the Norman Game Law.* Thank God! we have equal rights, in matters of venation, here. No puny-faced spawn of a title, King or Queen, Duke or Squire, shall tread down our grain, or riot in our meadows, by virtue of a ribbon. We are all noblemen in Columbia, and he is the King who is most eloquent to a bevy of quail getting up,—talking with both barrels in quick succession. Our game laws go for the protection of game, not for the benefit of corporations, individual or collective. Every farmer is master, owner and Sovereign of his own ground. No idle jackass, that is privileged by law to wear a herald's device, at a Queen's coronation, can send his game-keeper into our quiet woodland, to kill birds for him, while he lies by, and luxuriates, and prepares his oath as to the contents of his game-bag. Alas! for the slavery of the Welsh and Cornish;—shall we say, for every county in Old England,—from which the people have not had knowledge or power to come out *Puritan*;—but whose language is a scoff, and whose daughters are a tribute to the protection of Lord Melbourne!

We are off the road. Pull to the right.

Ten thousand blessings upon our republican institutions. The question is not, "At whose preserve shall we stand envious wishers?" but, "Boys, where shall we go?" Shall Nova Cesarea, or Matowacs, ring with funeral vollies, over

* "However, upon the Norman conquest, a new doctrine took place, and the right of pursuing and taking all beasts of chase, or venary, and such other animals as were accounted game, was then held to belong to the king, or to such only as were authorized under him."—*Blackstone.*

our ruffed grouse; or shall we sacrifice Guilford quail upon the dangerously won graves of Goffe and Whalley, prayed against in the British Episcopal prayer-book, as murderers of Charles the first,—sweet saint!

Non eum qualis eram, we can all, nevertheless, say, in a plural sense. The shooting is not as it has been. We must fulfil our true duties of observance of the game-laws, enacted for the benefit of all, or else be content, by and by, with the pulling at tossed pennies, or turkeys tied up. Who would not have rejoiced to have shot and died two hundred years ago, if he could have been on the stand of John Megapolensis, junior, minister, who testifies after this wise, in a letter copied into Hackleyt's State papers, translated from the original and beautiful Dutch?

"In the forests, is great plenty of Deer, which in Harvest time are as fat as any Holland deer can be. I have had them with fat more than two inches thick on the ribs, and likewise that they had no other than clear fat, and could hardly be eaten. There are also many turkies, as large as in Holland. The year before I came here, there were so many turkies and deer that they came to the houses and hog-pens to feed, and were taken by the Indians with so little trouble, that a Deer was sold for a knife, a loaf of bread, or even for a tobacco-pipe, but now we commonly give for a Deer six or seven guilders. In the Forests, are also Partridges, Pheasants, and Pidgeons, that fly in flocks of thousands, and sometimes 10, 20, 30, and even 40 or 50, are killed at one shot; we have here, too, a great number of several kinds of Fowl, Swan, Geese, Ducks, Widgeons, Teal, and Brant, which are taken by thousands upon the river, in the spring of the year, and, again, in the fall, fly away in flocks, so that in the morning and evening a man may stand ready with his gun before the house, and shoot them as they fly past."

That thought is almost too much to think. Sweet is thy memory dear Mr. Megapolensis! If it was given to you to paint Heaven half so well as you adorned Earth, there could not have been an unconverted sinner in the whole valley of the Mohawk!

We have killed wild geese in our time; and we know what

it is to bring down a glorious gaggle of honkers to our stool. We have seen their sinewy wedge splitting the wind, as they rushed to their illimitable and unknown domains at the North, matched, married, and fierce for the indulgence of safe love, where no poaching, egg-hunter knows to tread; yet half lingering, wondering, doubting, pitying, willing to wait for the wooden devices which we have anchored in the shallow feeding-grounds, as a picture-gallery of their uncles, cousins, and sweet-hearts.

Hawnk! Hawnk! we have roared out, and tore our gasping throat, and low in our skulking boat, or close in our floating battery, have we fallen, when the music of the flying march of the anseric host thrilled upon our ear. Hawnk! Hawnk! They come, they tear the yielding air, with pennon fierce and strong; on clouds they leap, from deep to deep, the vaulted air along—tear—air—strong—along—break forth my soul into a song!—

They come, they tear the yielding air, with pennon fierce and strong,
On clouds they leap, from deep to deep, the vaulted dome along;
Heaven's light horse, in a column of attack upon the pole;
Were ever seen, on ocean green, or under the blue sky,
Such disciplined battalia as the cohort in your eye;—
Around her ancient axis, let old Terra proudly roll,
But the rushing flight that's in your sight, is what will wake your soul.

Hawnk! Honk! and forward to the Nor'ward, is the trumpet tone,
What goose can lag, or feather flag, or break the goodly cone,
Hawnk! onwards to the cool blue lakes, where lie our safe love bowers,
No stop, no drop of ocean brine, near stool, nor blue light tory,
Our travelling watchword is "*our mates, our goslings, and our glory!*"
Symsonia and Labrador for us are crowned with flowers,
And not a breast on wave shall rest, until that Heaven is ours.
Hawnk! Hawnk! E—e hawnk!

COLLINEOMANIA.

NO. III.

A FIT, BROUGHT ON BY LOOKING AT A PICTURE; SUFFERED BY J. CYPRESS JR.

WHITE, in his "Natural History of Selbourne," calls the Woodcock "*Scolopax*," simply. Latham dubs him "*Scolopax Rusticola.*" Wilson christens him "*Scolopax Minor.*" This is, probably, the true patronymic of the American bird, as he is a "*minor*,"—a smaller animal than that described by the ornithologists of the old world. If you go to Delmonico's, to eat out of season, you will ask for "*la Becasse*," and be mistaken for a Frenchman, and get a private room, and so, perhaps, avoid detection. Sportsmen, generally, among themselves, talk of killing "*cock;*" but if they meet an old woman in the woods, and want information where to beat, they ask her if she "has seen any *blind snipes.*" A straggling boy will pocket your sixpence, and send you up a rugged mountain, on whose either side he will assure you there are "plenty of wood-*cocks*," and you will go and find, after a weary travel, that you have had your tramp after *red-headed wood-peckers.*

Seeing, therefore, that the nomenclature is uncertain, and sometimes undignified, reducing a much valued visitor to the caste of a common dunghill chanticleer; and, moreover, as this is the age of reform of unworthy names, we propose to introduce to our readers the excellent subject of this article by his true title of "*Scolopax minor.*" Let him have honor and welcome under that designation. He is cousin germain

to "*Scolopax Gallinago*,"—commonly called the "English" snipe,—undeservedly, too,—for he is a native-born "Alleghanian,"—and feeds on similar food,—though he uses less salt than his aforesaid relative,—and speaks the same language differing only a little, in dialect. Listen to the one in latter August, in the corn fields, and to the other in decaying Autumn, on his boggy meadows, and you will hear them speak their true name, when you flush them. Only Sc. minor is fainter in his utterance, and in breeding season, and in the woods, utters other voices. But both have undoubtedly, derived their family name from their cry,—their Scolopaxian "good bye," "I'm off." Anatomize the word, and take out the vowels, which, when a bird is in a hurry, he cannot be expected to have time to put in. Try it. SCLPX! The *trail* is out, but is not the body of the sound perfect?

We like the whole tribe of bipeds belonging to this ordo, whether allied to the genus of long-billed Curlew, Heron, Sandpiper, or any other created or manufactured species. They are the only people who come to us with *long bills*, whom we are particularly anxious to see. If any boy of *theirs* comes to us and says, "here is your bill, Sir,"—kick him out?—we do not. We are more likely to be kicked in our own shoulder by the reaction of the hearty greeting with which we welcome him. We make a point—if we are on the upland, our dog does too,—to return the heaviest compliments for the presentation, so that we sometimes overwhelm our visitor with confusion and faintness, by the warmth and pressure of our reception.

But as we have a right to pick our friends, so we have to pick our birds;—our enemy would say—the first to the pocket, the last to the bone. We would take issue on that allegation, and set the case down for hearing, in Chancery,

upon pleadings and proofs,—to be heard in 1841, and decided in 1857. Decision doubtful. The distributor of justice might have had a good *pick* at his dinner, or he might have a bad *pique* against the complaining or defending sinner, and the cause would have to run the gauntlet. Trust to luck. Luck sometimes operates like a powerful argument. Kaimes overlooked it in his book on Rhetoric. So did Blair. Collins says nothing about it in his Ode on the Passions. Maltheus had a glimpse of the truth, but he was afraid to tell fully his imperfect vision. His apocalypse is not revealed. Wait. Meantime, we will pick Master Scolopax out from the company of all the long-bills, and deliver him to sacrificial fire.

Mark! there's a bird! While we were rambling on, you, dear reader, unconsciously and harmlessly—for he has no fangs—trod upon a black snake; and we flushed a quail; but October 25th was not yet, and he was safe. There, now, is a *cock*—a *woodcock*,—*Scolopax minor*. See how splendidly, cautiously, patronizingly, hungrily, Jim Crow stands! Splendidly,—for the reputation of his own nose and figure; cautiously,—for his master's chance to see the bird rise; patronizingly,—for the benefit of the unhappy victim, [even as a carpenter landlord smiles upon a widow tenant of a single room in his miserable structure, called a house, in the eighth ward, paying weekly in advance one quarter of the value of the whole tenement, when he distrains and sells the portrait of her husband, and her last silver spoon, for the rent not yet earned]; hungrily,—not with selfish, animal appetite—for a good dog eats no birds—but with generous consideration for your own teeth, after his careful lips have tasted the taste of the feathers, which his full-crowded mouth will soon bring to you unruffled.

That suggestion is for your imagination's sake, dear pupil;

but you may make it fact if you can spare a thousand dollars, and buy Jim. In the engraving antecedent, which we had rather illustrate with powder and shot and wet boots, than with pen and ink, is exhibited a variation of the exciting toil.

Scolopax is there heaven-bound. Doubly so; for there is a messenger after him to bring him to—by him—an undesired Paradise. He, may, unless he can fly faster than the leaden missive which you see preparing to pursue him, suck his julep by night-fall in another elysium than his own sheltered wood-lake. The setters seem to be at fault, and have, probably, flushed the fugitive. The distance, however, is short, the sight is unobstructed, and the bird is doomed to a deliberate death. Ye, who have not known the beatitude of Scolopaxian collineation, look on with wonder and mute admiration!

There are some unlucky people, who have never enjoyed the acquaintance of Sc. minor. To them we say, cut him not, unless with a delicate knife after he has been embalmed upon a bed of toasted milk-biscuit, with his head resting upon a minute slice of Floridan orange. He belongs to the best society, and is worthy of your recognition. The books of ornithological heraldry give him emblazonment. Take Wilson for the authority of your introduction, and learn to know him well. Read this advertisement of his quality, and mistake him not:

"Ten inches and a half long, and sixteen inches in extent; bill a brownish flesh color, black towards the tip, the upper mandible ending in a slight nob, that projects about one tenth of an inch beyond the lower; each grooved, and in length somewhat more than two inches and a half; forehead, line over the eye, and whole lower parts, reddish tawny: sides of the neck inclining to ash; between the eye and bill a slight streak of dark brown; crown from the forepart of the eye backwards, black, crossed by three narrow bands of brownish white; cheeks marked with a bar of black, variegated with light brown; edges of the back, and of the scapulars, pale bluish white; back and scapulars deep black, each feather

tipped or marbled with light brown and bright ferruginous, with numerous fine zig-zag lizes of black crossing the lighter parts; quills plain dusky brown; tail black, each feather marked along the outer edge with small spots of pale brown, and ending in narrow tips of a pale drab color above, and silvery white below; lining of the wing bright rust; legs and feet a pale reddish flesh color; eye very full and black, seated high, and very far back in the head; weight five ounces and a half, sometimes six."

Why every feather of his head is counted and labelled. Such is the honorable estimation in which Master Scolopax hath been held among the aristocracy of ornithologists.

Sc. minor is a sort of citizen, although he only rusticates and *squats* among our cedars, or in our deep swamps, as in a summer country-seat. He could bring an action of trespass and recover damages, for his frequent dispossession, if he could only persuade the sheriff to summon a jury "*de medietate linguæ.*" But that mercy is abolished by the Revised Statutes, and he has to take his chance of escape from "forcible entry and detainer," with the rest of the unfortunate proprietors who hold under doubtful titles. He arrives here from the South during the month of February, or just so soon as the thawing mud-puddles will yield to his hungry mandible, and permit him to bore for the delicate larvæ beginning to wake up from their winter's sleep. Love, nidification, and good eating, are then his chief employment. At morning and evening twilight he amuses himself with a spiral flutteration above the tree-tops, murmuring an epithalamic song which none but a snipe could compose,—"*dulce modulamine mulcet,*"—while she, his mate, below, nourishes in the rude oak-leaf nest, the young victims whom both parents so sedulously prepare for your killing in next July. Fatal first! how the weak-winged chickens tumble! The survivors, in the succeeding month, seek securer and cooler waters further

the number of Cock on a given day. But the event would depend not only upon the skill, coolness, and good dog of the performer, but upon the length and strength of legs, and all the ordinary capacities of a foot-racer. He who walks three miles, and kills eighteen birds out of twenty, in four hours and comes home before noon, is entitled to the palm in preference to the painful toiler, who tramps all day and blunders down fifty wingtips, missing at every other shot.

Nevertheless, we have been in the solemn woods all day, and have dallied with solitary nature, until dusky evening whispered in our ear, to skip and jump down the rough ox-cart precipices, called roads, and when sombre clouds and interwoven branches of tall trees shut out even the light of the flashing torch of the lightning, except when once it shivered, ten yards before us, an enormous oak, to whose hypocritical welcome of towery leaves we were hastening for protection from the beginning hail storm, and when the thunderbolt that burst upon the stricken giant, stunned our fearful ears, and threw us trembling back upon a sharp rock which quivered in its tottering tenancy of the edge of a deep ravine, and then plunged down the precipice, leaving us clinging and climbing with desperate strength upon the uncertain sand and crumbling clay. Bear witness, ye mountains of Haverstraw! Did not the storm scream, and the trees groan, and the cataracts of mixed hail-stones and torrent rain-water sweep down the hill side? Did we not imbibe a hot brandy sling when we arrived at Job's, and put on a dry shirt and go to bed?—But, were we beating for birds all day? No, no. Eleven o'clock, A. M., found us, not weary but languid, by a leaping stream, clear and pure as our Mary's eyes, and of a similar color; and we took out our smitten prey, and smoothed their feathers down, and arranged them in a row, and looked at them, and

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

thought of death and graves, and then we dipped into the musical water and lipped Castalian glories, and laved our hot brow, and then fell into a cool resting-place upon some short sweet grass by the side of a hazel bush, and took from our pocket Thompson's "Seasons," and read, and fell asleep, dreaming of the beautiful Musidora. Musidora cost us a wet jacket, and a heavy cold. Nothing but thunder could have awakened us from that dream.

We seem to hear even now the murmuration of that rivulet, and a woodcock getting up by its side. We are off. Reader, farewell.

COLLINEOMANIA.

NO. IV.

DUCK SHOOTING.

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

We wonder if the Poet ever got any answer to that question. We will bet a bag of buckshot, that the water-fowl to whom the interesting interrogatory was addressed, was out of sight, and out of the sound of its echo, before the spoken sentimentality ran up against a mark of interrogation. "Whither," aye, "*whither*" should a duck go, in the age of percussion caps, batteries, and patent cartridges? Under what upper cloud may "the fowler's eye" mark in "distant flight," his

"figure floating," "vainly," or without power to do him "wrong," or his fowler self, justice? The bird, which the bard apotheosised, must have been either close by, or afar off. If he was near, he could have been talked to, or shot at, according to the taste of the spectator, and there would then have been no gammon about "vainly the fowler's eye." If he was too far off, and only "painted on the crimson sky," then neither goose-shot nor poetical questions could have touched a feather on his ear.

Let us pray to be forgiven by all just admirers of the thoughtful music from which we have adopted the entablature of our present madness, if we have seemed to borrow.—God save the word! when could we repay!—steal—look at—with any sort of levity,—the choice-culled flowers of phrase that sculpture those sweet dreamings of Bryant. They are mournful philosophy, reasoning grief, imagination with feet.—Sense, heart, mind, flight. That brings us to the subject of ducks.

Talk of "flights," and you will remember straightway old Drayton;—

> "The duck and mallow first the falconer's only sport
> Of river flights the chief,"——

Permit us, dear reader, to call your attention, for a few moments, to the flight of the mallard, or shoveller—which, we know not—in the precedent picture. If thou art blind, yet hast shot heretofore, know that the engraving exhibits, water, sky, bushes, hassocks, two ducks in trouble, a boat, one man with a setting pole, and another with a gun, in the bow. If thou BE blind, thou hast not lost much, for we do not hold the picture dearly. Two very-gentle-men have come out, at three hours after sunrise, to shove for crippled birds of any nation or species, black or white, infidel or christian, grasseater or

crabcannibal. They are of the class of people who take their comfort while they shoot. Their clothes are accurate and comely fits. The gentleman with the pole, shoves with his coat on, buttoned up. Doubtless, they will knock over the invalid who flutters in the rear. It will be a merciful certainty, if the shooter stands firm, and holds right. The wounded one winnows the air weakly. Those birds had flown to the up-gushing fountains of the fresh meadows, and the healing creek-greens, to cure their stricken pinions, and sides sore with lead spent to sting them, in the lower bays ;—not killed, but feverish after a hard experimental blow, struck by some patient point-shooter, who had begun to be tired of waiting for a company to wheel up nearer to his stool. That wooden parallelogram, called a scow, chiefest for a trout-pond cannot accomplish an original death ;—unless a spring of teal, or a river broadhill, lie in close security behind some straggling patch of rushes, in the direct track of the intended water road. Yet let us not do injustice to the pretty picture. It shows, how, in a quiet way, a lover of pure air and kaleidiscopical colors, may float down an ebbing stream, through channel-enclosing bushes, and sedges trespassing upon the ancient but diminishing dominion of the river gods, and suddenly startle from his falsely imagined safety, some unfortunate speculator in water-weeds, who thought his weak or shattered fortune would be made sound and fat by " going in.' One of these ducks is clearly " lame." The other looks as though he was taking the benefit of the wild-fowl absent debtor act.—[That act differs from the enactment of the *human* New York Legislature, in one peculiar respect. In the one case, if the fowl owes you any feathers, or flesh, and can get out of your jurisdiction—or rather *Collineo*diction—he is safe ; and may grant, bargain, sell, devise, bequeath, and run away

from, all and singular his right, title, principal and interest in and to, and so forth, his temporary home and feeding spots. In the other case, the Sheriff is apt to form a *strong attachment* for the feeding places and singular chattels of the abscondant, and hold on to them, against his assignee, with a love "passing the love of women."]—The gentlemen have made a call upon him: but he is "out,"—out of reach. Whither is thy flight, good fowl? Of what shell-bank wert thou cashier? "Whither, midst *falling due*" notes, of which—knowing thy business place, and full of trust,—we thought we held the substance?—Thou art lost, gone, etherealized silvered over with a cloudy dinner set, and wilt set thy table in other waters!

"Yes, thou hast vanished, singing, from our sight!
So must *this* earth be lost to eyes of thine:
Around thee is illimitable light.
Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine
Bright as above! Thine is a glorious way,
Pavilioned all around with golden spreading day."

How crippled fowl will *Biddleize* and *Swartwoutize*, and make the fowlers who are after them d—n their eyes!

"The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day light,
Thou art unseen, and yet I hear thy shrill delight."

No matter. There are ducks enough left, not so flighty, and with whom we can, easier, talk, in plain sight. Who doubts the assertion? If it be he who goes to Audubon's exhibition, and judges from that heterogeneous mixture of fish, flesh, and Indian sculls, what the glorious bays of Matowacs* can pro-

* For the best history of Matowacs, or, as it is generally called, "the State of Long Island," see the comprehensive, minute, and excellent book of B. F. Thompson, Esq., lately published. No islander, or island-fre-

duce, in this present, existing November, of Anseric and Anatic providence; or he who tries to assimilate or to reconcile the classifications of the proudest ornitholigical grammarians — Latham — Buffon — Bewick — Wilson — Audubon — and all the rest,—into any sort of society, of which the members may be identified by some possible nomenclature without an *alias*, or without a doubt expressed as to their family title;—men that call the American gander "*Anas Canadiensis*," instead of "*Anser*," forgetting those Roman "hawnkers," worthy of a classic name, who saved the empire treasury from the rapacious Gauls;—then, we pray thee, friend come with us, and look at the streaming squadrons, crucking, quacking, whistling and porutting in the Great South bay of Long Island. The most accurate images,—and those of Audubon—*bird Prometheus*—almost live, are faint copies of the rushing glories of the bay. No one can paint like Goddess Nature. Break thy pallet, tear thy canvas, thou mortal who dare presume.

Knowest thou Jim Smith?—James X. Smith,—called by judicious distinction from some rascals, who, by paternal authority, have stolen his name, James *Xenophon* Smith?—Illustrious cognomen!—worthily won; as every angler well appreciates, who has perused the map of his "*Anabasis*" to Steph. Sweesy's pond, and has moralized over the stumps where

quenter, has his library complete without it. There is hardly an inhabiant of the three counties, unless he be very insignificant, who cannot find out in this accurate Register of things public and private, who his great-grandfather was,—which is a great thing, now-a-days, to know,—or who of the family were indicted for witchcraft, or whipped for theft or promoted to the ermine; and where they lie, and what their epitaphs were. It is a book meritorious in another respect; it not only comprises the annals of private families, but of concurrent public actions. There is timber enough in it to build twenty literary edifices. Friend try to get a copy of it. Buy, —dont borrow.

Jim and we once pitched our tents, long, long before "Yorkers" found out that trout floated there, and before Jim X. had learned that he could make moneys out of frail travelling nature, by building a good ice-house near "The Sportsman's Hotel." James X. Smith's biography is yet to be written! He lives now, and we introduce him briefly. Ample provision will, unquestionably, be made in his will, for his eulogist. We name James X. as being the fortunate proprietor of one of the chiefly selected stopping haunts, and sallying ports, of all shooting visitors of Matowacs. You cannot mistake his house, if you hold up at the sign-post at the corner of Jerusalem lane and South turnpike. It is a pious neighborhood. The name gives you a confidence in that truth. Babylon, the mother of miscellaneous people, is nine miles farther east.

But what changing panoramas of vocal regiments of air-climbers will you not see shifting, with their living paintings, all singing in their own particular crotchets, when you go out, in the early morning, striking the sleeping inlets with your oar, before the sun has waked up! Will you look into Wilson for an enumeration, or gloat over Audubon? Yet neither they, nor Bonaparte, have told the names —for they never had their acquaintance,—of all their familiar varieties. Probably the families have intermarried and crossed the breed, since those authors wrote, and new baptisms are to be sprinkled. Wilson was certainly never on Matowacs. He shot his own acquired specimens, at Egg Harbor and Cape May. The rest were sent to him, with an eel-spears-man's description, which he translated.

We are not learned, nor critical, which latter we might be without being instructed; but every bayman on Long Island, to whom you would read the ill-arranged *ordines*, *genera*, and

species of Wilson, translating the latin to him, and putting it into honest South-side dialect, would say "Pshaw! he hasn't got down one half the different kinds of broadbill,—let alone other salt-water birds who hold their public meetings on our marshes!" But even in Wilson, you find twenty-odd enumerations of feather-floaters, who either strut by their own domiciles, or occasionally, call in at the Squaw Islands, Linus Island or Wanzas flat, and are ready for the reception of visitors, who come in the shape of Youle's No. 3.

Let us take a skiff and put out and bless the abundance.

It is three o'clock, A. M. If thou art cold, and, last night, slept too little—for reasons, which as a dear friend, loving thy usual abstinence, and chastising thee by silence, rather than by unnecessary recapitulation, we forbear to hint at, lie down in the bottom of the boat, in the dry salt-meadow grass which thy man will fix for thee, with thy head upon an air cushion resting upon the bow-head, and sleep. Sleep! when birds are swimming in the skiff's pathway, and ducks *quack*, and brant *cronk*, and broadbill *prut* about thee? No; thy poler or oarsman, even if he had not read Shakespeare, would soon cry out "Sleep no more,"—or else, "Mister, I reckon there's fowl ahead—close by—take them as they rise."

Such a heart-stirrer and ambition-provoker, puts you on your knees, and you will try to see through the dark. How queer! we bend our bodies upon our knees when we pray to be saved; and yet we often kneel, in the same way, to destroy ducks! When are our prayers most earnest?—Don't think of it. Knees have dangerous associating reflections.

But you will by-and-by arrive at some jutting point, or thatchy island, where you may lie securely hid, wrapped up in the warm envelopments of sedge-grass and your overall, and wait for the peeping daylight to set the various tribes of

ducks to their works of travel and diving. Happy wretches! who have nothing to do but to fly, and to feed, and be loved, and shot,—killed without notice, without lingering sickness, or surgical torment. Yet they, many of them, have their ails and aches; and the inexperienced amateur, shooting when they fly in his eyes, and the old leather-head batterer straining a broken musket at a distance immeasurable but by a fowl, has planted many a shot-wound needlessly, by accident, in the side of a straggler, or luck-loser of the flock.

But thou art at thy hiding-place now, and thy poler—polar star of thy existence, if thou knowest not the road, and how to pull, and he fall overboard,—is setting out his stools.

If thou be inexperienced, thou mayest look into all the dictionaries that have ever been collated, and we hold the last—Richardson's, the poorest, and a great humbug, yet it comes nearer to our taste in its illustration of this word—and thou wilt not learn what the sporting meaning of "stool," is. To save the trouble of distant reference and inquiry, we will therefore certify and explain that "stools," in shooting phraseology, are graven images made in the likeness of geese, brant, and ducks, before which the hassock-skulking adventurer bows down and worships—not the graven images—but the providence that permits the living squadrons at whom he shoots, to be cheated by the false colors which he has hung out, to persuade them to come in. How many—many—honorable villains, might be indicted for obtaining ducks under "false pretences." The district attorney of Queen's might soon make his fortune, if he would only do his duty. Stools, to talk plain American, are wooden devices of the shape, size, and complexion of the fowl you wish to subduce from the upper air. Sculptor and painter are employed in their manufacture. Jim X. Smith's boys unite and body forth the sister arts. Let

them set out a congregation of stool for thee, and thou wilt for ten minutes cry out "there's a bird," fast as guns can be reloaded, and shoot every stool to pieces. The old man, himself, was not slow at sculpture. We remember one April day —it was the first, and the old man wanted his revenge on us for some innocent devil-play—when lying in Goose-Creek, after sheldrakes, Jim suddenly got up, and wrapping his peacoat around him, stepped from the boat to the marsh, and said, "he believed he'd take a walk, and see if there wasn't any black ducks sitting in that pond down there,"—somewhere. He went. After a quarter of an hour's travel he returned, and with all the solemnity of a regular cheater, observed that "he reckoned he see a crippled faawl sittin down on the edge of that are pint." "I'll go after him," exclaimed our companion, who had in the mean time, with poor luck like our own, called to give us a visit of condolence, in another skiff. "No, no;" cried the excellent Jim X., "I want that fowl in our boat. I found him first, and Mr. Cypress is entitled to the shot. You can come along, and if he misses, you can kill after him." And so we went—slop, sink, stick, jump, through and over a wet, soft meadow. At last we heard the welcome intelligence, —"Stop, Mr. Cypress, there he is: don't you see him?—just a leetle north-east of that bunch of bushes on the edge of the bank?" We looked: there he was.

"Jim, that's a dead bird. He can't rise."

"Yes he can; and if you don't shoot it sittin, he'll tumble off into the water, and dive, and there'll be an end of him. Shoot, shoot, and if he rises take him with the other barrel; stand ready, Mr. B——."

We shot, the bird sat and grinned at us.

"You've killed him—you've killed him," cried Jim,—"don't shoot your other barral."

It is no *great* grief to renew; but we had rather tell the story ourselves; and it was April day, and it was James X. So he went and picked up our game, *one of his aforesaid stools*, which he had privately secreted under the folds of his great coat, and carried out to help the solemnization of April-fool day, in the South bay. We have not had our revenge yet.

James X. is wary, and moves out of the county on the last day of March. But retribution is in pickle for him; and it will be funny.

This simple incident in our biography illustrates the subject of stools. They are miserably wooden pictures of bay birds, whose distant view brings enchantment to the living jaunters, when they dip in here, and who are apt to look at the arrival-book of the public places of "entertainment for ducks," and stop where their friends are; and will, of course, call in and say they're "happy to see them." Alas! how many credulous, ruined hearts, of human structure, have been pierced, and stricken, bleeding, by a similar profession of love, and good feeding-ground! The stools are anchored off, some twenty or thirty yards, held safely by a brick or angular stone, tied to a string attached to a nail driven in their middle, and there they float, like independent slaves tied to their desk or counter, bobbing up and down and looking "happy —very happy," but yet unable to take the wings of the morning, or of the moonlight, and to fly away. The fresh flocks just arriving, and not knowing where to go, following example, as they imagine, whirl, with congratulatory clang, into the expected welcome of their fancied neighbors, only to be met by the rough, harsh, remorseless, *bang*, *bang*, with which "the obtainer of ducks under false pretences," lies hiding to destroy them.

They used to have another device "down East," called

"machines," Dannel Post, Ike Rose, and the Alibi's, were, if not the inventors, at all events, the constant practisers and mechanists, in the time of the prevailing architecture to which we refer. Let no man flatter himself that that order of art is beneath his notice. The genius of the structure itself sneers at the Corinthian, speaks with cold respect to the Doric, and calls itself the *Colline-anatic*. But those old batteries are decaying; for the Legislature has enacted a law, forbidding worship in such temples. General Jones, of Queen's, Senator and nobleman, noble-man as a Republican could wish to be, takes the responsibility of the constitutionality of the imposed penalty. Fifty dollars for every bird shot out of a battery? All honor to him if the law can be enforced. Whether it be a law just and sustainable upon the ground of "equal rights," or the "sumptuary" prerogatives of law-making power, we have not yet made up our conclusion. Our judgment is only doubtfully retained, having been spoken to on both sides, without an advanced fee from either; therefore, we decline being anxious to precipitate an opinion.

We must confess, however, that, personally, we have lain in those coffins, not dead, nor dying, but the cause of death in many two-legged people with feathers on. But we have always had doubts about the morality——the mor—what? —what is morality, as applied to ducks? A duck's safety lies in his wings and feet, not in acts of the Legislature. He can spring yards enough, at a single leap, to cheat his enemies; flies two miles in a minute, to overtake his friends; and dive, and scramble, and hide, better than the cunningest Seminole. Yet, perhaps, *our* ducks need protection. Perhaps we ought to repair our house, and make things comfortable, or the tenants will move away. There is a great deal in that consideration. Years ago, the southern bays of Mato-

wacs were brilliant with sparkling plumage, and bright eyes of birds of every hue and shape. Now!—Look for the intended progenitors of a "long line of descendants," in the kitchens of people who go to Fulton Market. The marshes which were joyfully obstreperous, even in summer, are now silent. The banquet halls of the feeding-flats are deserted. Instead of taking board, or hiring a house and lot, and making themselves comfortable, as in old times; the ducks, now, are only travellers, who just stop and take a drink, where they see the proper sort of *bar*. It is natural, and therefore excusable, that they stop at those Hotels where they see the most people congregated; for a congregation argues good patronage; and good patronage argues good beverage.

This brings us back to the subject of machines. A machine, or battery, is a wooden box of the necessary dimensions to let a man lie down upon his back, just tightly fitting enough to let him rise again.—It is not unlike that box which we have all got to be shut up in, at the end of the chapter of our lives.—It is fitted with wings of board horizontal, and so sustained and nailed as to lie flat upon the water without sinking, the top fringing, and the sides keeping you unwet by the surrounding and over-floating tide, which gurgles around your ears, and just does not come in, because the weight of stones laid upon the wings, accurately adjusts the sinking depth of the box. This receptacle for the body of the fowl slayer, is anchored in some middle bay, where, in its shallow waters, the birds have a "haunt," and fly to feed upon the thick-growing crops of *Valisneria*, and other goodly sea-wheat, far from any point or plashy hassock, where, with their constant experience, they might fear some skulker hid. The battery is anchored. The wings, about five feet by seven, are covered carefully with sand and carelessly scattered sea-leaves, and

there is thus built an artificial sand-bar in the middle of the wide, and to the credulous victim, seemingly safe, bay. You get into this machine, and lie down and watch. Your man disposes the stool-birds to your leeward, and sails away to stir up flocks miles off, and drive them towards you, leaving you in the waste of waters, where a little leak might sink and anchor you at the bottom,—fun for ducks to dive and flop at, —to lie, cheat, counterfeit, and kill. That is "shooting out of a machine." The new arrivers coming in from sea, see the supposed happy family you have around you, afar off, and set their willing wings, fatigued with long exertion, and come, crucking musical "good mornings," among your false masques. Then, then!—as they swoop in thick company before they settle,—you rise from under the water, like a sudden demon, and scatter thunder and lightning and death among the deceived and ruined unfortunates!

Plant these machines all along the southern coast of Matowacs, from Gowanas bay to Montauck point, and can any man wonder that James X.—who hasn't got any proper spot to set out a battery,—should sometimes say that "ducks *is* scace?"

Mercy on us; we came near expressing an opinion! But we are not committed. And lo! we have prosed a long half hour, almost, and have not said a word we intended to. Dear reader, we will usurp no more. Talk, now, thyself.

LEGENDS OF LONG ISLAND.

LEGENDS OF LONG ISLAND.

NO. I.

THE WRECKER OF RACCOON BEACH;

OR, THE DAUGHTER OF THE SEA.

It was during the reign of Anne, of blessed memory, and while the blue laws executed wholesome judgment upon Connecticut sinners, that Jerry Smith sought quiet seats, and a safe retreat, from the persecution that afflicted a man who had kissed his cousin on a Sunday. Wethersfield lost, and the wet sands received him. The people of the classic shores of Jerusalem, and Babylon, and Oyster-bay south, wondered and wondered what could have induced Jerry to go down to that unpeopled, barren spot, to live.

Raccoon beach is a ridge of sand. It runs from its western point, seven miles south of Babylon, where Uncle Sam has lately built a light-house—thirty miles due east, averaging three fourths of a mile in breadth. It is one of those insular breast-works, which nature has thrown up, to protect that ancient and respectable country, called Long Island, from the incursions and ravages of the southern tempest. On its northerly side lies a smooth, quiet bay; its southern border is lashed by the ocean. A mere nutshell of a skiff may ride securely in the bay, but wo betides the pennant that floats over the foam of the inlet! The surface of the beach is diversified by irregular hills. A gloomy forest of pines has

grown up near its centre; and with this exception, scarce a sign of vegetation appears. Myriads of quackes and crows share their solemn roost upon the aforesaid trees, the descendants of happy ancestors, who were rent-free, undisturbed tenants of said gallinary, when Jerry's skiff touched the strand.

Jerry Smith knew what he was about, when he put up his Esquimeaux-like hut on the side of one of the beach hills. To be sure, it was cold, and exposed and barren: and it was, moreover, very unsociable to stay there all alone; but what of that, if he could make himself, in two or three years, as rich as old pirate Jones? And after all, he was not so much alone, neither. For there was the bay full of eels, and crabs, and clams, and the surf was sparkling with striped bass, and the air and the water were vocal with the *hawnking*, and *crucking*, and *perutting*, and screaming of geese, and brant, and broadbills, and oldwives, and cormorants and hell-divers, and all the other varieties of the anseric and anatic families. At this early period, too, before too much civilization had unpeopled the land of its rightful lords, the bays of Long Island were frequented by that interesting class of amphibiotics, whom mortals call mermaids. Of the existence of this order of created handiwork, the old colonists had the most substantial and satisfactory evidence. Their songs might be heard every evening, upon the sea, falling and sinking with the setting sun; and at night, in the storm, amid the strangling surges of the breakers; or in the calm, when moonlight and the waves were mixed up so that a body couldn't tell them apart, their siren voices, taking the tone from the elements, filled the air with rich and fearful music. But there was danger in listening to them. People used to put their fingers into their ears,

whenever they heard them; else they were sure to be enchanted, or have some evil happen to them.

But it was not clamming, nor fishing, nor shooting, nor hearing mermaids sing, that took Jerry to the beach. More prudential and substantial objects were his aim. To tell the truth, he had from early life, been troubled with a grievous and most jejune impecuniosity; and having heard that his grandfather who had been afflicted with the same distemper, had been cured by the sea air, he now determined to turn his exile to the like advantage. Jerry was in the right. It has been, before, indirectly suggested, that at this early period, there was no light-house on the beach. Is it then to be wondered, that many a richly freighted ship, in the hard south-easters, rested her devoted keel upon the Fire island sand-bars, and was battered and dashed to pieces? What bales of rich French silks and laces, and Irish linens, and casks of liquors used to come ashore! Was any body to blame, if Jerry picked them up? The goods were probably insured, and the owners could get their money out of the insurance office; and then, if the insurance people, or the wreck-master did come to look for the wreck, it couldn't be expected that Jerry would give up what belonged to no one, so far as he knew, after he had had all the trouble and pains of stowing it away. Besides, by removing the property out of sight, he prevented all misunderstanding and dispute about salvage, and the other perplexing questions, that always give so much trouble, to the United States marshal, and the proctors in the admiralty courts. Occasionally, too, Jerry could administer comfort to some shipwrecked sailor, who had the good luck to be rolled ashore of a dark night; and his hospitality was generally well paid for, as was no more than right. Even if the subject of his benevolence happened not to live to see an-

other morning, still the charity was not withheld. The last offices were sure to be discharged by Jerry; and then, if there should happen to be a belt of doubloons around the waist of the defunct, that would very naturally go towards paying for the trouble of scratching a hole for the poor fellow in the sand, and for the liquor he drank the night before.

In the performance of such charities and humanities, Jerry contrived to pick up a very decent subsistence. He would have been quickly rich, if he could only have readily sold his *jetsam* and *flotsam* acquisitions. But Peet. Waters, the wreck-master, was always *snooping* into his concerns. He suspected that Jerry was active and painstaking for filthy lucre, merely, and he was unable to comprehend the existence of any very extensive disinterestedness in abandoning the warm upland, for a bleak island in the sea. And no wonder; for Peet. was one of those jealous mortals, who deny that any thing is virtuous, which meets with its reward in this world, and who look upon the chastenings of Providence in the shape of poverty, and distress, as the only sure tokens of elect goodness. Peet. was the man who spread the report about two sailors coming ashore one dark night, with several kegs of dollars, in a small boat, and how they put up at Jerry's, and were not seen to go away; and how the boat was afterwards found drawn up into Poor-man's harbor, half burned up. The story about the false lights had the same origin. These scandals distressed not Jerry much; for after all, nothing was proved against him; and at all events, there was the stuff that could buy the silence of fifty men like Peet.; and as to any loss of reputation, Jerry knew very well that the best of his estimable fellow citizens and neighbors were not overburdened with scrupulosity. "*Rem, quocunque modo, rem,*" used to be as good a maxim for people living along shore, as for hungry

poets. The simplicity and beauty of the sentiment are even yet very generally appreciated by the judicious republicans who dwell upon the sea board. Salt air is a marvellous developer of the organs of appetite and appropriation.

Years thus whistled over the point of the beach, and saw Jerry's establishment increased to a snug double one-storied house, with a spacious garret overhead, an out house, hog-pen, and divers other appointments, or,—as Jerry called them,—"things accorden," indicating comfort and good living. That garret! there was the hoard of things good and rich and rare; it was a real museum of the seas! But no landsman ever got a sight into it; except Jem Raynor, the captain of the sloop Intrepid, that used to sail from the Widows creek at Islip, to Catherine market, New York, every Saturday morning. Jem used to carry on "quite a smart trade" with Jerry; and many a goodly piece of broadcloath found its way into the slop-shops in Cherry-street, that came from Raccon beach in the hold of the Intrepid, covered over with clams.

But alas! as Jerry's worldly substance waxed, his satisfaction with himself and his profession waned. He began to feel that sense of loneliness, which makes a man pine, and be unhappy in the midst of abundance: he had no object of sympathy to share his thoughts with, and then, it was so seldom that he could get any fresh meat. The intellectual and the sensual man both began to wake up and rebel. Without knowing what philosophy or morals meant, he pondered and discussed the *cui bono* of his heaped up chattels, and dreamed of luxuriations, of which, in former days, he had not even the most abstract or indefinite idea. Instead of going to bed, he sat up late at night, and smoked, and thought, and drank. His rusty razor was now astonished by an occasional interview with his beard; eels began to have a fishy taste, and the un-

happy man was more than once startled by the strange sounds of such words as wife, and beef-steak, as they involuntarily escaped from his muttering lips.

But what was the use of all this, he often said to himself. Could he persuade any one of the fair damsels of Queens county to bear him company on that desolate spot? Who would leave the endearments of home, and family, and friends, to live with such a sea-otter as he? And if he were to move away, what could he do with his *things?* Jerry sighed, and was wretched.

In the midst of his tribulation, he was one evening returning home from a long cruise by the surf-side. It was a mild, moonlit night in autumn. The spray broke so brightly, that he could almost *hear* it sparkle as it fell in small stars at his feet. Presently, a low, indistict murmur chimed in with the music of the rippling water. It was faint, and soft, at first,

"A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,"

so that Jerry scarcely observed it; he did not distinguish it as the singing of the mermaids, until the magic of the song had begun to work upon him; his ears were unstopped—he listened a little too long—a delicious tremor came gradually over him—his heart was dissolved, and he sunk upon the sand. Who can describe his feelings, as he lay there, a captive bound by rapture and agony! Many were the fearful stories that were told of these daughters of the sea; and whether he was to be eaten up, or have his eye-balls pulled out, to be strung upon the said ladies' pearl necklaces, who could tell! It was evident that he was seen, and that he was the victim of the spell. But O! what music! Jerry often used to say that he had been to camp-meeting, once, at Mosquito cove; but the singing there was "nothing to it." At

one time, it would come over him, trembling, and melancholy, like the lamentation of the whippoorwill in the far distance; then it would die away upon some painfully delicious chromatic scale, and by and by reviving and increasing in volume, and perfectness of harmony, swell into a full and glorious chorus; then, as though by sudden magic, the performers had changed the orchestra, it would hover over him,—*sostenato*, as the Hempstead singing-master used to say,—and rise and rise high up into the air, diminishing though distinct, like the mellow, attenuated trill of the soaring dowitcher, in the spring time, until sense and sound were lost; and the next moment, after a rapid and almost insensible cadenza, it moved far off upon the sea, *maestoso*, solemn and slow, like a distant church organ. Jerry soon could see the forms of the sirens indistinctly. They were sporting among the breakers, singing and plunging down, and coming up through the foam of the dashing waters. As they did not appear to notice him, particularly, his apprehensions were somewhat quieted, and he began to examine "what the creatures were." There were about fifteen or twenty of them. So far as he could tell, they looked very much like young women "in general," only they had pink eyes and long green hair. They were modestly dressed in long robes of sea weed, thrown over their shoulder, bound at the waist by a brilliant belt of pearls, and falling in graceful drapery a little below the knee. Jerry had always heard they had the tail of a fish; but he could see nothing of the kind; except that on their ankles they had a kind of fins, or wings, such as people see in the picture of the heathen called Mercury.

At length, the song and the sport ceased. The nymphs joined hands, and skated away over the surface of the sea, all but one—and what did she do, but with fairy fleetness spring

to the beach, and seat herself at Jerry's feet! She laid her hand upon the place where physiologists say a woman's heart ought to be, and leaning forward, with an air of the most tender affection, fixed her expressive eyes upon him, and bade him "good evening," in plain, christian English, and with a sweet low voice.

This was a little too much for the poor man to bear. He became—to use his own words—crazy as a sheldrake shot through the head. Yet, not a word could he speak, nor a hand could he move. Not so his new acquaintance. She, like most of her sex, talked much, and fast, and well. She tried to allay his fears, assuring him that she was no sea-monster, that she came of a good family, and was well brought up, and she would do him no harm, and all that.

Jerry listened, and considered her from head to foot, and soon became familiar with the unusual sight and sound. Such a voice, and such beautiful words, he had never heard before! And the woman, or fish, herself, whatever she was—why—she was well formed, and had a fair skin, and look but in her eyes, and she seemed the gentlest and most amiable being in the world. Alack! those eyes, those eyes! they were working a dangerous work of fascination upon Jerry. They were so deep, and clear, and good. It was like looking down into a deep spring of water on a sultry day. Still he was speechless.

"Speak, man," said the mermaid, "and don't be frightened out of your wits."

"Who—what are you?" at last stammered Jerry.

"Flesh and blood, like yourself, dear Jerry," was the kind response, "your friend, your true lover; yes, by Jupiter, I am come to marry you."

"The deuce you are!" said Jerry, drawing a hard breath. "Do you suppose that I would marry a fish?"

"Do not call me names, Jeremiah—you will regret it when you know me better. I am a sea nymph, to be sure; but I bring you wealth, and hônor, and respectable connections, and a heart full of love."

"I should like to know where your wealth is," interrupted Jerry, waxing bolder, "and, as for your connections, I suppose they are seals and penguins."

"Have I not the keys of the treasures of the deep?" replied the mermaid, half mournfully, half indignantly. "Come, I will lead you into my coral grove, and into our pleasant orchards of pearls:

> "The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
> And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow"—.

But you are incredulous: listen, and let me tell you who I am." Thus saying, she threw up her eyes to the blue sky, and began to sing in a soft, plaintive voice, a little ballad of her history. What the tune was and what the words were, Jerry never could remember. That ballad did the business for him, however. The outline of the story was, that she was a daughter of the king of the ocean, the father of fifty fair daughters. Galatæa was her name. The pebbly strand of Sicily received the print of her youthful footstep, and the billowy Ægean laved her tender limbs. One Acis, a shepherd, saw and loved her, with requiting affection; but one Polyphemus pursued him, with revengeful malice. The sea threw up the crushed limbs of Acis, and the blue skirt of Columbia fell upon the fugitive nymph. Here, she had had no comfort for her desolate heart, until her eyes fell upon the wrecker of Raccoon beach.

This was all heathen Greek to Jerry, whose learning did

not extend much beyond a "scapnet," and an eelspear; and he accordingly understood not a word that was sung, except the name of Polyphemus; whom he took to be some namesake of his fair cousin, for the violation of whose cheek he had suffered exile. It smote upon his heart, with all his old hatred of womankind.

"Polly Femis?" said he, "she was some poor devil, I'll warrant. I had a cousin once named Poll, and I hate all upland women for her sake. Yes, and I think I can—I will—I do like you. Come, Galatæa, dry your tears—you shall be my gal now, fish or flesh, by the living ——."

So saying, he took into his brawny grasp, the unresisting little hand of the mermaid. It was a delicate, well formed, soft hand as ever a man pressed; only it was bluey all over, and a little cold, and webbed-like between the fingers. But hearts, not fingers, ruled that hour. Forthwith was enacted everything that is necessary and appropriate to the completion of a sea-nymph's matrimonial contract. The many-voiced sea sent up a newly concerted epithalamium; the servants of Æolus rolled a mellow strain along the hollow shore; and the stars, blessed winkers at sudden and fierce love, distilled a most classical essence upon the happy couple.

The next question was, where they were to go to get married. For although the nymph considered their then pledged vows, in the court of Diana, and in the midst of the glorious radiations from the very throne of the goddess, to be ceremonial quite sufficient, yet Jerry had some New-England qualms, about taking a wife without the sanction of a deacon, or a justice of the peace. Upon this point Jerry was not a little uneasy. "They'll take me up, perhaps," thought he, "and send me to the court-house." The lady, however, dispelled his anxiety, by yielding to his prejudices, assuring him that she

could rig herself out, from the *materiel* in the garret, so that not even he, much less the justice, would suspect her to be a nereid.

To the house, then, they hastened, and the stores of the garret were tumbled before Galatæa. Linen cambric, and dimity, and velvet, and brocade, and lace, were soon in requisition. It was matter of astonishment to the bridegroom, to see with what nimble speed his bride plied her needle. He was the happiest man alive. At length, he had the delight to see her descend from the garret, dressed in such style! Nassau island never saw a girl like her. And then,—says the transported narrator of the legend,—she had on white kid gloves, and silk shoes and stockings, and a real French velvetine hat, with white wavy plumes: the bridegroom could scarcely believe his senses.

By this time night began to grow gray, and infant day showed his sandy hair in the east. The tide served, and off the lovers started in Jerry's skiff, for the island, in search of the squire. They landed at the head of the creek, below Lif Snedicor's, at Islip, just as the people began to go to their work. The appearance of the rugged fisherman, accompanied by a lady of unparalleled beauty, bedizened out in such extravagant apparel, excited no little wonderment. The little children ran after them, and the women went out to consult their neighbors about the meteoric visit. All sorts of speculation were on foot as to the meaning of the apparition. One old lady said she shouldn't be surprised if the queen of England had been shipwrecked on the beach, and that Jerry was showing her the way down to York. This idea took well. It soon spread like wild-fire, and threw the whole county into commotion. To see the queen was no trifling matter for the colonists in those times. In a few hours foot passengers, and

horsemen, and horsewomen, and carriages of all descriptions thronged the roads from East Hampton to Babylon. All the schools were let out and not a clam was caught in the bay during that whole day.

The morning was far advanced before Jerry and his bride were ushered after a weary walk, into the squire's parlor. A boy was soon despatched after the representative of Hymen, who happened then to be employed some miles off, on the brush plains, a-carting wood. Jerry was, meanwhile, smitten with sore apprehension, as he reconnoitered the door yard, and saw the throngs of anxious faces peering in at the windows. And why there should be so many unbidden guests, so many unknown friends, to do him honor at his wedding, he could not divine: unless, O horror! Galatæa's aquatic parentage was suspected. The mystery was not dispelled by the conduct and conversation of the squire, who at last arrived, and who, advancing into the centre of the room, fell upon his knees, and addressed Galatæa by the name of his "liege lady," or something of that kind, and welcomed her "majesty into his poor house." Having done this to his infinite satisfaction, he arose, and invited Jerry to go into the kitchen and take something to drink. Jerry signified to the squire that he was mistaken in the persons.

"What, is not your majesty the queen?"

"Oh no, squire, what put that into your head?" replied the bridgroom: "this is Mrs. Smith that is to be—we have come here to be married—that's all."

The squire's magisterial discrimination was sadly confused by this declaration. He looked, first at one, then at the other, and dwelt with no little admiration on the contrast presented by the couple. "And who could the lady be? And how had she ever consented to marry that rough"—but then he remem-

bered what he had once heard a missionary minister say about silk and scarlet, and he thought of the rumors about Jerry's wealth—and this might be some town lady, who was no better than she——but that could not be, for he glanced on her face, and it was so modest and decorous, and her eyes—no, they looked as though she drank a little, being pinkish, as before mentioned.

His honor shook his head. However, he was satisfied it was a match, and the why and wherefore were none of his business, so long as he got his fee. So he put on his gravity, and pulled out his book in which he kept the hymeneal record. Having set down into the proper column, the name, age, and occupation of Jerry, he turned to the bride.

"What is your name, ma'am?"

"Galatæa, sir."

"Galatæa? That's a queer name. Galatæa what?"

"That is my whole name sir."

"Ha? What ma'am? Oh yes, yes—Gally Teer." And he wrote it down. "Where do your parents reside, Miss Teer?"

"Indeed, I do not know their present residence, sir," answered Galatæa, hesitatingly, while Jerry spoke up, and asked the squire if it was necessary to know her whole seed, breed, and genealogy.

"I thought as much," said the squire, affecting to take no notice of Jerry's impudent blustering. And now it occurred to him, that here was a proper occasion to inflict wisdom and authority. So with all the importance of a police justice, when he has caught a big villain, he called to his son John to bring him the vagrant book, and to tell the constable to clear the people out of the door-yard.

"How long is it since you left your parent's roof, young woman?"

"I cannot tell, sir, exactly. It was about the time of the first Punic war."

"Punic war? I never heard of such a war as that; Come no deception, miss; I know you better than you think for"—poor Jerry trembled from head to foot—"what is your father's name? We'll see about this matter."

Galatæa now rose, with the blood of a goddess mantling in her cheek. She saw the danger they had fallen into, but she had a woman's wit to get out of it. She commended and flattered her examiner, for his zealous vigilance, but besought him not to condemn her by appearances. She told him that she had lately been obliged to fly from her native land, on account of some popular excitement against her family, which, she said, had always furnished the rulers and judges of the country. That on her voyage of expatriation she had been shipwrecked upon Raccoon beach. That her life had been saved by her betrothed, and she had determined to give him herself and her treasures forever.

This was plausible, although, in the main, terribly destitute of fact. She added, further, that her fortune was ample, and that most of it was rescued from the wreck, and that she intended to make a generous present to the magistrate who should make her happy.

The good justice's heart was affected by this recital, and particularly by the concluding part of it. He began to see the case more clearly.

He assured her, that he had not intended to say any thing unpleasant, and the ceremony should be finished with all speed. First, however, he said it was his duty to write in the book the christian names of her father and mother.

This was a poser of a requisition; but Galatæa simply said that the names of her parents were Nereus and Doris. So, down it went into the book, "Gally Teer, daughter of Nereus Teer and Doris Teer, spinster."

The formality was now soon completed, and without further trouble; although Jerry once told a particular friend of the grandfather of the narrator of this legend, that the justice looked "most almighty awful," when Galatæa pulled off her glove, and presented her hand for the investment of the wedding ring. He must have noted, in that dangerous moment, the submarine conformation of the lady's fingers. But on that same afternoon, a keg of Hollands found its way into the cellar under the bridal altar, and before many months the justice built a new house.

Thus Providence rewards discreet and considerate magistrates.

The aforesaid narrator told me once, when I was a boy, that "he had a drink out on to that 'ere same liquor, in his honor's new house, several times, and that it was the best gin he ever tasted."

Of all the meannesses of which a man can be guilty, none equals the treachery of a friend who blabs your secret, provided, of course, he is well paid to keep it. Let not the juxta-position of this axiom, and the precedent narrative, lead any one to believe that the justice told Peet. Waters that he believed Jerry's wife was a mermaid. Scandal is an impalpable essence, and Hermes cannot seal it up. The tongue may be dumb, and the ear may be deaf; and the hand may be tied, yet does this entity extricate itself from its supposed place of confinement, and insinuate itself into other dwelling places, vainly believed to be surely fortified against its admission. It is like the pressure of the mighty

sea upon a closely sealed empty bottle. It passes out of and into the eyes. The pores of the flesh, the touch of the hand, the air, are all its sure and well regulated avenues of travel. Mist, fog, and steam,—particularly of the tea-kettle,—are the frequent vehicles of its portation.

The beginning of the third year after Jerry's marriage, saw him the father of two as fine boys as a man could wish to look on; and a happier couple than he and his wife never existed. But suspicion was abroad, and dark surmises threatened the family on the beach. In sorrowful truth, it became pretty generally known, that Galatæa was not, exactly after the order of women, although no one ventured to call her, in so many words, a mermaid. She was too good, and too human-like for that. Yet Peet. Waters swore he heard her singing, one night, out in the breakers; and that he believed that more than one vessel had been lured on shore by the magic of her voice. Alas! alas! malice and envy were working fearful sorrows for the daughter of the sea.

One melancholy night, at the time when rumor was most busy, and danger was most imminent, Galatæa came home from the wide waters, where she had been disporting, pale and in deep distress. She told her husband that she had seen her father—that he had warned her of sudden peril, and insisted that she, with her sisters, must leave the inhospitable coast forever. Forever! Husband and wife!—that tells the story of the scene that followed. But there was a rosy-cheeked little fellow in the cradle—"Oh! my boy!"—what else Galatæa said could hardly be understood—a woman always talks so thick and unintelligibly, when she is crying and kissing—and kissing her child, and bidding it good-by, never to see it again. The morrow's sun

lighted to the beach the virtuous Peter and a constable. Galatæa had been indicted under the statute against witches.

"Where is your wife?" was the first gruff sentence that broke the still air of the morning.

The response of "gone, gone, and buried in the sea," added a mortified, if not a much grieved gentleman, to the trio of mourners which the beach had already possesed.

Yes—Galatæa had torn herself away, and had departed with her sisters in search of some more charitable clime. Jerry could never be induced to tell the circumstances of their separation. All that he ever related, was that, about three o'clock in the morning, just as the moon was going down, he was awakened by the mermaid music. Galatæa sprang out of bed, burst into tears of bitter agony, and saying, "they have come for me—farewell, farewell," she bounded into the surf. Jerry followed, with a breaking heart, but was waved back by the mermaids, with an authority and a spell which he could not resist. He then stood upon the beach, watching their fading forms, as they glided away to the southeast, singing a mournful dirge; and he traced them until they came to where the sky and the water met, when they seemed to open a door in the blue firmament, and disappeared from his aching eyes,

Since that time, not a mermaid has been seen on the south side of Long Island.

It was not long before Jerry left a spot full of such painful associations. Within a few weeks he removed down east, and laid the foundation of the ancient city of Smithtown. His boys were the greatest sea-dogs in the country; and to this day, not a man on Long Island can clam, crab, jack, shoot, or draw a net for bony fish with the

skill and success of those who have inherited the honorable name of "Smith."

NOTE.—The lover of classical proprieties, to whom the interesting facts of this narrative are new, must not shake his incredulous head, without making some inquiry into the matter. That a sea-nymph should take a fancy to a fisherman, is nothing new nor strange. All women whether of the land or of the sea, will bestow their hearts upon whom they please. As to the fact of mermaids having lived on the coast, there is now no doubt whatever. Every man of literary pretensions on Long Island, will confirm the well-attested tradition. Moreover it is incontrovertibly shown, by the laborious author of the "Parakalummata Hamerikana," that after the general spread of christianity throughout Greece, the divinities of the air, earth and sea, all abandoned their neglected shrines, and migrated to this country. Every body knows, that the American Antiquarian Society points to its demonstration, that the old fortifications and other extensive works at the west, were constructed by Vulcan and the cycleps, as the *chef d'œuvre* of its learned labors. If anything farther be needed, reference may be had to the very man, mentioned above as the particular friend of the grandfather of the narrator of this legend, and who is now living at Jerusalem, very old, but very sensible. He is the same veracious chronicler who tells the story well known all over the island, as "the legend of Brickhouse Creek."

LEGENDS OF LONG ISLAND.

NO. II.

THE LEGEND OF BRICK-HOUSE CREEK.

WHOEVER has paid a visit to the interesting country around and about Jerusalem, has found a spot rich in legendary lore and romantic story. I mean not the ancient city of the holy land, but that modern Jerusalem, nigh unto Babylon, in the southern part of Queens county, Long Island, which is commonly distinguished and known as Jerusalem South. Here, while that right good penman, Cornelius Van Tienhoven, yet signed himself secretary of Niew Netherlands, ran the division line between the domain of the Briton and the Hollander. Here was the field of many a border skirmish, and plundering foray; and the musket and the scalping-knife gave frequent occupation to Dutchman, Indian and Yankee. Here are still to be seen the remains of old Fort-Neck, where Tackapuasha, the Marsapeague sachem, was constrained to yield a sullen submission to the conquering arms of the new settlers from Lynn, Massachusetts, under the command of Deacon Tribulation Smith.* This was the place that was wept over by the ministers of New-England, even as a mother weepeth over her ailing infant, because the land was licentious, and covered with a flood of manifold profaneness.† It was the place afterwards designated by Governor Fletcher, in his speech to the New-York Assembly, as a place needing a schoolmaster and a minister, because he "didn't find any provision had yet been made for propagating religion."‡

* S. Woods' Memoir of Long-Island.
† Minutes of Dedham General Assembly, 1642.
‡ Smith's History of New-York.

This, alas! is not all. It is grievous to add, that the neighboring bays and inlets of the sea furnished sad temptations to maritime speculations, which they who were so fortunate as to have money enough of their own, affected to esteem of rather equivocal morality, and which the pressure of the times and the necessities of the people made in many instances very persuasive, ay, almost irresistible.

Not that the Jerusalemites were absolutely all pirates. That is a hard name, and one that carries with it the idea of blood and robbery. But people must live; and if a man has his crops all cut off or stolen, or if his house and barn are burned down by the savages, he must, as a matter of course, look out for some other means of livelihood; and certain it is, that about these times, many worthy gentlemen invested much property in divers small craft, yclept brigantines and cutters, wherewith they scoured the sea, paying visits unto other vessels, and carrying on a general trade, after a very wholesale and extensive fashion. Goodly revenues are said to have been derived from the business, and the names of many great men and lords were enrolled on the books of the concerns, as sleeping partners. The excellent historian of New-York tells us, that Captain Kidd had for his associates Lord Chancellor Somers, the duke of Shrewsbury, the earls of Romney and Oxford, and other equally illustrious individuals.* The fact speaks much for the honor of the trade; and we should be careful how we indulge in harsh nomenclature of gentlemen engaged in it, seeing that it met the sanction and protection of the rulers of the land.

No place was better calculated for a depot and a sally-port, than the bays of Matowacs, as Long Island was then properly called. It was so easy to run out and run in; and pro-

* Smith, p. 151.

visions, and equipments, and men, were so handy to be got, and there were such good safe harbors, where you might lie and keep a watch over the beach; so that if a French barque from Martinique, or a Dutchman from Surinam, or, in short, any vessel with which it might be desirable to have a little trade, hove in sight, you could up sail, and be on the spot in ten minutes. There are many relics, and many curious stories of these expeditions. The historian before mentioned, speaking of the said water merchants with rather too much abruptness, says; "It is certain that the pirates were supplied with provisions by the people of Long Island, who for many years afterwards were so infatuated with a notion that they buried great quantities of money along the coast, that there is scarce a point of land on the island, without the marks of their '*auri sacra fames*.' Some credulous people have ruined themselves by these researches, and propagated a thousand idle fables current to this day among our country farmers."*

One of the most distinguished of the brotherhood, whose names have come down to posterity, was old Thomas Johnson, otherwise, and more familiarly and commonly called, old Colonel Tom. He was a man of unquestioned courage and talent; and though every body knew that his clipper-built little schooner carried a six pounder and a military chest, for some other purpose than mere self-defence, yet there was not the man who was more respected, and walked abroad more boldly than that same Colonel Tom. He had the best farm too, and lived in the best and the only brick-house in all Queens county. This venerable edifice is still standing, though much dilapidated, and is an object of awe to all the

* Smith, p. 152.

people in the neighborhood. The traveller cannot fail to be struck with its reverend and crumbling ruins, as his eye first falls upon it from the neighboring turnpike; and if he has heard the story, he will experience a chilly sensation, and draw a hard breath, while he looks at the circular, sashless window, in the gable-end. That window has been left open ever since the old colonel's death. His sons and grandsons used to try all manner of means in their power to close it up, so as to keep out the rain and snow in winter, and to preserve, moreover, the credit of the mansion. They put in sashes, and they boarded it up, and they bricked it up, but all would not do; so soon as night came, their work would be destroyed. A thunder shower was sure to come up, and the window would be struck with lightning, and the wood or brick burned up, or broken to pieces; and strange sights would be seen, and awful voices heard, and bats, and owls, and chimney-swallows be screaming and flapping about. So they gave it up, concluding that as this window looked into the colonel's bedroom, his ghost wanted it left open for him to revisit the old tenement, without being obliged to insinuate himself through a crack or a key-hole.

The location of the said domicil is romantic. A beautiful little stream comes out of a grassy grove in its rear, and after meandering pleasantly by its side, and more than half encircling it, shoots away, and crossing the road under the cover of a close thicket, a little distance off, gradually swells into a goodly creek, and rolls on its waters to the bay. The extraordinary material and uncommon grandeur of the colonel's tenement, very properly gave to this stream the distinguishing appellation of Brick-house creek. It is a quiet, innocent looking piece of water, as ever dimpled; yet does no market-man drive his eel-wagon across that creek, of a Satur-

day night, without accelerating the speed of his team, by a brisk application of the whip; or without singing or whistling, peradventure, a good loud stave. This is no impeachment of the courage of eel merchants; for any man is justifiable in keeping as far off from a burying-ground as possible; and in fearful truth, when the passing hoof makes the first heavy splash into this stream, of a dark night, it is ten chances to one that the sleepy driver will see a dull, sulphureous flame start up, a few hundred yards to his left, from the spot where lie deposited the mortal remains of old Colonel Tom. That spot is the place of all places for the grave of a man who loved the water during his lifetime. It is a little hillock, lying immediately on the edge of the creek, which always keeps its sides cool and green, and, in the spring tides, overflows its very summit. Sportsmen know the place as a peculiar haunt of the largest trout. Often have I felt the truth and force of old Izaak Walton's doctrines about piety and running brooks, when kneeling on that knoll, silent and almost breathless, I have thrown a quivering May fly, "fine and far off," below the last circle that broke the watery mirror before me. And then, when I had become weary of the excitement, or "the school was broke up," it was luxury to stretch myself out on the good green grass, and lean my rod against one of the tombstones, and decipher the almost obliterated epitaphs.

No man dare, no man can be irreverend here. Independently of the associations and the stories about the place, the very locality, the air, the ground, the water, make one sentimentally and seriously disposed in spite of himself—excepting, always, in mosquito time. In ancient days, if Jim Smith and Daniel Wanza—who always killed more fish than any two men in the county—spoke of trying Brickhouse creek,

they always did it with a thoughtful, solemn visage, as though they were talking of going to jail, or a funeral. And well they might; for they were soaking their villainous ground-bait there one afternoon, when a Yorker, who had been lashing the waters with all manner of entomological excerpts from his fishing-book for tedious hours, at last struck a glorious three-pounder. "By heavens," he ejaculated in the transports of his delight, "I've got a good one." But the words were no sooner out of his mouth, than the fish was off his hook. The ground heaved underneath them; a low, rumbling noise was heard; a few drops of rain fell, and Daniel said he smelt sulphur very plainly.

But Saturday night used to be the time to go down to the creek to see sights. That was the time when the old pirate was sure to have a frolic. There are many most credible people who remember repeatedly seeing his little schooner dashing across the bay with her full complement of men and arms, sailing right into the eye of the wind; while every now and then the crew's uplifted right hands showed each a brimming goblet, and the air smelt of Jamaica spirits, and then rung with a hoarse hurrah. Just at dawn the schooner would make up Brick-house creek, and run into the grave yard and vanish.

When Jaac Spragg first went down to Hungry harbor to live—this was a good many years ago—he used to laugh at all these stories. His aunt Chastity often took him to task, and told him he'd be sorry for his want of faith one day or other; but Jaac stuck to his infidelity, and once he even went so far as to say, that "he'd be hang'd if he wouldn't like to come across this same Colonel Tom." Ben Storer was standing by and heard that speech, and offered Jaac to wager him a quart of rum he wouldn't dare to go eeling the next Saturday night alone, down in the bay below Brick-house creek.

Jaac laughed, and took the bet at once. Saturday night came, and his skiff, jack, and firewood were all ready.

Now, as the word "jack" is not to be found in any but ichthyological dictionaries, it shall be the glory, as it is the duty of the faithful narrator of this authentic legend, here to explain its signification, and to introduce it into good society. "Jack" is an English abbreviation of the Latin "jaculum," which signifies anything that may be shot or thrown. This is the definition given by the learned Varro, whose words—as the scholar will remember—are "*jaculum dicitur, quod ut jaciatur, fit.*" The Roman fishermen, in the time of Augustus, applied the word precisely as do our modern piscators. Thus Horace, in his ode to Grosphus, goes out of his way to pay himself a compliment for his own skill with the eel-spear—

"—— brevi fortes *jaculamur* ævo
Multa."——

It consists of a series of sharp iron prongs or forks, barbed and headed, united in a straight cross piece, and secured, nailed, or otherwise fastened, upon a light wooden rod or pole, fifteen or twenty feet long. It may be likened, above all things else, to a three-pronged pitchfork, save that a pitchfork hath no barb, and that the eel-spear is calculated to catch eels, and the pitchfork to toss hay and sinners, which are not so slippery. The distinction is very happily expressed by Quintilian, in the word "*abrupta*"—"*abrupta quædam jaculantur.*" This said jack, then, being thrust with vehement force at the fishy victim, apprehends him in his muddy course, and brings him, wounded and squirming, out of his element. Night is the best time for this amusement, as you can then have the benefit of the light of a good fire to stream upon the water, and attract and dazzle your prey. The brightest fire is made by old

pine knots, which you ignite in the bottom of your boat upon a fire-place of large flat stones. The light, thus kindled, is called a "jack-o'-lantern," from the word "*jaculantur*," above quoted, expressive of the act of throwing the spear; and the word thus originally formed, is now common to every schoolboy in the country as the name of any wild fiery shoot or exhalation.

Midnight arrived, and found Jaac on the bow of his skiff, faithfully shoving about the flats below Brick-house creek, as unconcerned as though he had never heard of pirate Johnson, or what is more, as if he had no rum at stake upon his night's adventure. Jaac was always a bold, reckless fellow, and for fear of accidents, and the night being cool, he had fortified his inner man upon this occasion, with a spiritual coat of mail, which made him courageous enough to face the d—l himself.

The time was come to try his pluck. A stranger made his appearance through the murky shade, and paddling his old shattered boat alongside of Jaac's skiff, presented in the glare of the jack-light an object of fear and admiration. He was tall, muscular, sun-browned, large-featured, and lank-jawed. His eyes of piercing black were set far back under tremendous arches of overhanging eye-brows. His long, strait, black hair fell in every direction from under a naval chapeau-debras, which was evidently much the worse for the wear. He was booted to the thighs, and his body was wrapped in a pea-jacket, tied about his waist with a piece of old rope. Around his neck was hung a speaking-trumpet, and a pistol handle peeped from either outside breast-pocket.

"Hilloa, mister, is that you?" He sung out in a familiar, good-natured tone to Jaac, as he struck his oar into the mud, and held on.

Now, any ordinary man would have been frightened out of his wits, by this salutation. But Jaac, although he felt rather

queer,—for it run in his head immediately that this might be the old colonel,—answered the new-comer's question without the least trepidation.

"Hilloa, yourself, stranger, I don't know you." Conversation at once commenced; conducted without reserve, and with some shrewdness on the part of Jaac; but all that he was able to get from the man with the cap, was, that he lived up the creek, and had come down to catch a mess of eels. Jaac knew that there was no living man like him that had his habitation about those parts;—as for ghosts he began to have his doubts. But he was nothing daunted. He talked to old Pea-jacket like a catechism-book; and quite a familiarity began to be established. After a while, the stranger yawned, and said he believed it was time for him to go to work, so he asked Jaac for a light to set his jack-a-lantern a-going. Jack handed him a fire-brand, which the new comer stooping down, touched to some fire-works in the centre of his boat; and immediately up there started two long greenish shoots of flame, edged with black streaks. It was enough to make the stoutest heart quail; for the light was oppressive to the eyes, and there was an almost choking smoke, and the fire-place was nothing else than a human skull, and the two streams of flame came from the eyeless sockets!

The old colonel—for it was evident now that it was he—having got all ready, took up his jack, which had only one prong—but that was very sharp, and with a long barb—and began his sport. Jaac had not yet trembled a jot; but now it made his hair stand on end, to see the old man catch eels. When his arrow-like weapon struck the water, there was a hissing sound, as though the iron was hot; and every eel that was drawn out, winding and writhing on the fatal point, screamed and cried as he came into the air, like a little child.

The old man shook them off, however, and said nothing. He seemed to be very expert, and presently there was such a squalling and roaring in his boat that one would have thought all the children in Erebus had paid a visit to the bay. The noise at last seemed to disturb the colonel himself; for he turned around all of a sudden, and swore at the slimy musicians à loud big oath; when they immediately left off crying and began whistling. Jaac used to say that he'd "take his affidavit of the fact, that they whistled a *leetle* ahead of old Caspar Van Sinderen's niggars; and they're the best whistlers on Long Island, by all odds." It set him a laughing, though, and he was quaking, and trembling, and laughing all at the same time, for half an hour, so that he lost all hopes of holding himself together much longer; when a gun was heard down among the breakers, in the direction of Gilgoa inlet.

"A ship on shore—by God!" exclaimed the old colonel; and he threw down his jack, stamped out his light, kicked his eels overboard, and paddled up towards Jaac. There was a fierce and determined rigidness of the muscles of his face; his teeth were set; his fists clenched; and his eye shot out a terrible gleam, that made Jaac wither away before him. He pulled alongside.

"Jaac," said he; and then he stopped short; fixing his keen, savage eyes upon the almost blinded vision of the poor fisherman, and looking with intense gaze into his face, for more than a minute as though he would read his very soul.

At length relaxing his features, as if satisfied with the investigation he proceeded; "Jaac, I like you; you are a brave man; and I will make your fortune." He then went on and told him that he was satisfied that there was a ship in the breakers, and he proposed that they should row down and get aboard, and kill the crew, and passengers, and secure the

cargo. The proposition was so bluntly made, and so startling, Jaac could make no reply. The old man seeing that he had been too fast, sat down and began to reason about it.

Alas! alas! for human nature, that the god-like exercise of the mind should make him a villain, who ignorant, had been innocent! The wise man said truly, that "in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." It was the serpent's subtle reasoning, and poor Eve's simple thinking that accomplished the first transgression. Every thorough-bred felon is a skilful, although he be an unsound logician. He can, at the least, find a reason or an excuse for his conduct, which himself, who is the only judge in the case, will readily determine to be good and sufficient. Were there not always some "flattering unction" to be laid to the souls of incipient transgressors, vice would have few, perhaps no willing proselytes.

What said the old colonel to Jaac that could reconcile piracy and murder to his conscience? Why, he took for his text the speech made to Alexander by the Mediterranean pirate brought in chains before him; and commented most Dale —Owenistically upon natural rights, and abstract good, and evil, and faith, and evidence, and property, and poverty, and oppression; until Jaac's brains were all in a whirl.

"If all men are born free and equal," argued the tempter, "what right have those rich merchants to possess broadcloths, and silks, and specie, while you have none? And if they will not willingly give you your share, haven't you a right to take it yourself? And if they resist you with force, haven't you a right to kill them in self-defence? And what if the law forbid you—what is the law? Is not that law against the constitution of human nature, which takes a poor man's share in the goods of this world, and gives it to the rich?

And are not greater crimes perpetrated every day, according to law, than offences are committed against law? And after all, what does this 'virtue' consist in, but in the not being found out? Answer me that;"—concluded the old casuist, with emphasis; and he stuck his fists into his sides, and threw back his head with an air of triumph.

Jack scratched his consideration-cap, and though he did not wholly relish the morals of his rapid instructor, yet he could urge not a doubt nor a query upon the behalf of his forlorn virtue. Was it cowardice, or was it principle that made him hesitate?

"Come, take a horn," pursued the cunning old seducer, "and cheer your spirits up. You'll be none the worse for a little steam this chilly night."

Shall we stop here, and read a homily on temperance? No, no, let every moral follow its own story.

Jaac took the proffered jug, and being really very thirsty after his long excitement, he drank a good long drink, before he tasted what kind of liquor it was. At last he stopped, and shrieking out, as if in pain, he beseeched the colonel for some water, for the old rascal had given him something raw, that burned him just as though it were molten lead.

The colonel told him he never kept such stuff, but advised him to cool his throat with a little of his own rum. Jaac did so, and he always said that it was like so much cold water, in comparison with the spiritual beverage to which his companion had treated him.

It was not long before the co-operation of persuasion and liquid fire had gained for Colonel Tom a willing coadjutor in his projected expedition. Jaac's eyes began to swell, and burn, and he felt a vigor in his arm, and a fierceness in his heart, which he never knew before. He started up in his

boat, and crying, "I'll go—I'll go—lead on," he led the way himself.

On they pulled towards the inlet, in grim and death-like silence, while another, and yet another gun flashed upon the sky in the south-east, and illuminated the way to the scene of distress.

A half an hour's row brought them into full view of a noble galleon, heaving and pitching, and beating her racked and groaning sides upon a high sand-bank, about a quarter of a mile from the beach. The wind was blowing a gale, and the angry waves washed over her decks, and the cordage creaked, and her white sails all standing fluttered and veered, as if the crew were so frozen that they could not pull a rope. Just as they turned the point of the inlet, her jib was blown clean off, and fell into the water. Then up rose a wild cry of terror from the wrecked wretches on board. It was enough to melt a heart of stone.

Just then the moon gleamed out from behind a black cloud, and discovered our two cut-throat friends. It was a gleam of hope and joy to the perishing crew; "thank God! there's help," went up from many a happy heart.

"Bring us a rope from shore," sung out the captain of the ship; "we're going to pieces."

The colonel, with all the coolness in the world, took up his speaking-trumpet, and in a voice above the multitudinous uproar of the elements, answered, "ay, ay, sir, we are coming. Hold on."

"Now, Jaac," said he, bending over towards his pupil, "take this cutlass, and when we get alongside, fasten your skiff to the ship, follow me, and go to work. Kill them all —every soul of them."

Although Jaac was now possessed of the soul of a demon,

yet he half repented of his undertaking. But it was of no use at this late hour. His destiny controlled him—he had gone too far to retreat.

"Where's the rope?" said the captain, leaning over the ship's side, as they came up.

"Here it is," answered the colonel, discharging a pistol into his right eye, and leaping with a supernatural bound upon the deck, Jaac followed at a slow pace, and found the colonel cutting and slashing away, with great spirit and activity. The passengers were all down in the cabin, at prayers, but the crew were running about the deck, pursued by the old man, and screaming for mercy and quarter. Some ran up the shrouds, others sought the stern or the bowsprit, the long-boat or the hen-coop, and three or four poor fellows made their escape up to the cross-trees. But it was of no use. The old man pursued, and cut them down every where, and in every fashion; and at one time the men fell from the mast-head thick as hail. Jack stood still, not exactly in horror but in amazement. The excitement of the tragedy was glorious, but almost too acute for comfort. He was like a living dead man. He could neither act nor speak. He felt within him all the fire of a murderer; but he did'nt know how to begin. perhaps, it was because he had never yet drawn blood. He struggled hard, but could not move his hands. While laboring in this distress, the colonel came running up to him, mad enough to tear him to pieces, and asked him "what he was standing there for, idle?"

Jaac started and looked round for a man to kill, but there was not a living soul left on deck. So, being willing to do all he could, he picked up a sailor, whom the colonel had cut down with a sabre gash across his head, and who was not

quite dead, and carried him to the ship's side and threw him overboard.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the old gentleman, taking off his chapeau, and wiping on it the blood that was dripping from his hands. "Well done for a new beginner. But come, my boy, there's more work to do. Let's take a drink, and go and attend to the women, in the cabin. We'll finish our frolic there, and then see if there's any specie aboard. Drink, drink, my boy, and hurry, for the ship will go apart soon."

The mad potation was renewed, and Jaac raved for blood. One blow with his foot threw the cabin-door off its hinges, and one bound brought him into the room where the miserable passengers, men, women, and children were huddled all together. They were all upon their knees, and one old grey-headed man was praying aloud, with great fervency. They gave a terrible shriek, as Jaac and the colonel rushed in, and crowded like cattle in a slaughter-yard, into a corner of the cabin, offering no resistance against their murderers.

The colonel very quietly took a seat upon a sea-chest, and stretching out his arms, gaped long and lazily, and complaining of fatigue, told Jaac that he must kill these folks.

"Certainly, sir;" said Jaac, and he dashed at the crowd, cutlass in hand. But some how or other, he couldn't either strike straight, or else he couldn't get up close enough, or else, fierce as he felt, he didn't, after all, want to draw blood; for he kept thrusting and slashing for a long time, and he didn't touch hide or hair.

"Go ahead, Jaac," cried the colonel, sharply. "It's getting late, and we've no time to spare."

Jaac sprang at the bidding of that awful voice, and dropping his cutlass, threw himself upon the grey-headed man above mentioned, and pulling him out into the centre of the cabin,

by the hair of his head, he took fair ground, and squared off at him with his fists; then drawing back his sinewy arm, until his knuckles were close to his chin, he hit him a smasher of a blow, in the left cheek, and knocked him down.

"I'll stand by that lick," said the old man chuckling. "He won't rise again." The grey-headed passenger was dead.

On rushed the initiated murderer. The spell was broken that had tied his hands. He had shed blood, and was now insatiate as his demoniac instructor. He swung aloft his cutlass over the head of the next wretch who came in his way, and who happened to be a pale young man, dressed in black, with spectacles, and who looked like a doctor, or a lawyer. But, just as the death-bringing weapon was descending in its swift course, upon its devoted victim, a new figure made his appearance in the scene, and brought salvation where before there was not even hope. This was none other than a large Newfoundland dog, who had before contented himself with howling, but who, now that danger threatened his master so imminently, seemed to acquire a new impulse. He sprang at the breast of Jaac, and fixed his long, sharp teeth deep into his flesh. The pain was severe, but Jaac dropped his cutlass, and clasping his hands around his assailant's neck, throttled him off, and strangled him with the ease that he would have crushed a caterpillar. The beautiful animal fell lifeless from his grasp.

The next person Jaac laid hold of was a young woman, of about seventeen years of age. She was a beautiful creature, and her long hair was all dishevelled, and her blue eyes streamed with a flood of pearly drops, and she fell on the floor, and clung to Jaac's knees, and looked up in his face with such a piteous expression that a very d—l would have spared her life.

"Don't kill that girl, Jaac," cried the colonel, "I want her. Stab that old woman."

"Want her, sir?" replied Jaac, with a hesitating look, at the old reprobate.

"Want her, sir?" iterated the pirate in a voice of thunder. "Ay, don't you see she is pretty? Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed that infernal laugh again.

"Oh! spare me, spare me," cried the fair victim—"save me from that worse than demon; or have pity, and strike your knife into my heart. Is there no mercy for a helpless girl? Have you a sister or a wife? think—oh! think of her!"

Jaac relaxed his grasp; a cold chill ran over him, the perspiration stood upon his brow, and he was near fainting on the spot. He had been married only about a year before, and to a girl so like —— it must, it must have been her sister. He dropped his hands by his sides, and looked down with a vacant gaze at the lovely petitioner. The appeal was too much for him—he forgot his master, and saw and knew nothing but the face before him, which, strange to say, became every moment more and more painfully familiar. As she urged her appeal more earnestly, and passionately, pleading with a voice well accustomed to his ear, a mist seemed to fall from his eyes—his virtue returned to him—he could not weep, but he groaned aloud; could it be? that countenance! those eyes! that voice! "oh save me, save me, my husband!" shrieked the poor conscious girl, and Jaac in agony clasped to his breast his own darling faithful wife.

The old colonel did not seem to relish much this discovery, or the change of conduct on the part of Jaac. He cursed him for a tender-hearted chicken, and commanded him, with a savage voice, to "hand over the girl to him."

"It's my wife, sir," said Jaac, suppliantly.

"What of that? you fool!" replied the colonel, advancing towards the clinging couple.

Jaac had no idea of surrendering his young consort to the gloating old rascal so readily; so he picked up his cutlass, and made at him. He could strike, now, fair and hard, and he gave good blows too; but they went through his antagonist just as though he were a cloud. The colonel stood still, laughing at him, in his fiendish fashion; and he let Jaac cut him through and through, up and down, and crossways; still there he stood, sound, and whole, and laughing.

Well at last he stopped short, and swore he wouldn't wait any longer, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, he struck Jaac with the stock a blow on the temples that sent him reeling against the opposite lockers; at the same time he seized the fainting girl, and bearing her utterly senseless, upon his left arm, he hurried up the companion-way and disappeared.

Jaac was on his feet again in a twinkling, and in hot and close pursuit. The spectre pirate was just shoving off from the ship as he threw himself over her side, so that he was only a few strokes of an oar behind. Then was rowed the goodliest-boat race, and for the richest prize, too, that the country has ever seen. The "Raynortown Standard," in giving an account of the contest, remarked that the odds were decidedly in favor of the colonel at the start, for he was not only ahead, but he carried the least weight, being considerably ethereal himself, and not weighing over a quarter of a pound at the utmost, and having aboard, in addition, only Jaac's wife and his fire skull, that together would not raise a ton; while Jaac, on the contrary, was over a hundred and fifty himself, and had at least twenty pounds of stone, besides his eels, and a very heavy heart to pull with. This inequality however, was somewhat compensated by the difference of the

boats. The colonel's was broad and loggy, and looked for all the world like Charon's old ferry-er, and leaked so badly that Mrs. Spragg's frock got quite wet. But Jaac's was a trim, clean, long, narrow, tight, beautiful skiff. She walked over the top of the waves, flinging back their combing edges like the foam from the neck of a gallant racer, or like the long flowing hair of a country maiden, parted on her forehead, and blown back by the wanton, dallying wind. She seemed to live and feel the honor of the contest, and to anticipate the glory of a victory. The husband fast gained upon the ravisher. Two to one were freely bet by the sympathizing mermaids that the pirate would be overtaken. The mermen, who took the odds, had to interfere to prevent foul play, and to keep the ladies from pushing Jaac along. Presently the pirate shot ahead, and created an awful distance between him and the despairing Jaac. When, joy! joy! in his eager speed, he left the safe channel and ran hard upon a sand bar. This good fortune brought up the lost distance of the skiff, and Jaac could almost touch the pirate-craft with his oar, when out jumped the old colonel, and, with superhuman force, dragged her out of his reach across the bar, and launched her into the opposite channel. This manœuvre threw the fisherman completely off the course, and he was obliged to back water, and go around the point of the bar. Now came the time for the last desperate struggle. West island, and Wanza's flat, and the Squaw islands, were all passed, and strait before the panting oarsman lay the spectre-pirate's home. There was the creek, glittering in the moon-beams, looking so virtuous and so happy, and there was the little hillock soon to swallow up—nay, nay, one struggle more—Jaac looked to the east, but not a streak of light was yet to be seen. He strained with a desperate exertion. In vain, in vain;—the

pirate glided from him at tenfold speed, and a rescue was impossible. Like a vapor the spectre-skiff swept around the bend of the creek, and disappeared behind the high bank. Jaac saw no more; a long piteous scream fell upon his ear, and he became insensible of further suffering.

How long our adventurous friend lay in that condition, it is impossible to tell. But the next afternoon, some of his neighbors who knew of the bet, and felt anxious on account of his not returning, went out to look for him. They found him in the bottom of his boat, fast asleep, high and dry, on a mud flat near Gin island. It seems that after he came to himself, he fell asleep from mere exhaustion, and drifted with the tide to the spot where he was discovered. When they waked him up he was quite stupid, and had a very confused, misty sort of imagination, as to where he was and what he had been about. To such an extent does bodily exertion and mental distress weaken and reduce poor mortals! When he was told that his wife was very much distressed about him, and was at home crying and wringing her hands, about the probable consequences of his fool-hardiness, the poor man was almost disposed to believe that he had been drunk or dreaming. Like a prudent man, however, he said nothing, but steered for his house as soon as possible, and went to bed. The neighbors saw from Jaac's mysterious manner, that something had been the matter, and the report soon got around that Jaac had had an interview with old Colonel Tom.

The next day Jaac was more cool and collected, and he remembered all the occurrences of that fearful night with great accuracy and minuteness. He related the whole matter, without any reserve or hesitation, declaring that he thought it his duty to confess, and that he couldn't die happy unless he unburdened his mind, and that if he must swing for

it, he couldn't help it. The good people listened to his recital with fear, and horror, and pity. Three justices met and took his examination, but the thing never went any further. Some say that the state's attorney entered a nolle prosequi on the account of Jaac's wife swearing she was home all that night, which made an alibi, and that's enough to kill any indictment. Others, again wink their eye and look knowing, and say that Jaac was under a high pressure of steam that night. But this was a scandalous insinuation, made, no doubt, by some of the friends of Ben Storer, who lost the bet. On the whole it is a very mysterious affair. There's a good deal to be said on both sides, as there is in fact about every thing else. As for myself, sometimes, I believe it, and then again I don't believe it, but I think I have always believed the greatest part of it. But that's the end of the legend.

END OF VOL. I.

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