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Love in Idleness

From the painting by Lorenz Alma-Tadema

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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A Collection of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes

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IL RINASCIMENTO IN ITALIA

Per Pasquale Valleri

Il Rinascimento è nella storia della letteratura italiana quel periodo che incominciò con le opere latine del Petrarca, e s'avvicinava alla sua fine, quando vennero alla luce le prime opere del Machiavelli e del Guicciardini. Esso abbraccia una gran parte del secolo XIV, tutto il secolo XV, ed ha una grandissima importanza, perchè allora il pensiero, la cultura italiana subirono una profonda trasformazione, esercitarono una grandissima influenza su tutta l' Europa.

A prima vista si vedono però in esso delle strane contradizioni. Gl' Italiani che con la *Divina Commedia,* con la lirica di Dante e del Petrarca, col *Decamerone* avevano dato prova di grande originalità, raggiungendo un' altezza gloriosa davvero, sembrano a un tratto, come pentiti, mutare strada; sembrano disprezzare quella lingua che avevano con tanto onore adoperata. Vogliono scrivere in latino anche le lettere familiari; mutano perfino i loro nomi per prenderli dai Greci o dai Romani. Non fanno altro che leggere, imitare, tradurre Livio, Tacito, Cicerone, Platone, Aristotele. Leggendo la storia letteraria del Tiraboschi, noi vediamo sfilarci dinanzi una serie sterminata di scrittori eruditi, che sono tutti chiamati e si credono grandi; sono lodati e si lodano fra loro, quando non hanno dispute letterarie, perchè allora invece si lacerano sanguinosamente. Essi pare che facciano tutti più o meno la stessa cosa: traduzioni dal greco in latino, lunghe dissertazioni ed orazioni, sopra tutto orazioni funebri, nelle quali è un continuo citare, imitare autori greci o romani. Sembrano florilegi formati

ponendo insieme le schede su cui avevano preso appunti nel leggere i classici. Si credeva fare un grande elogio, quando d' uno di essi si diceva: Vera scimmia di Cicerone! Quando il loro biografo e libraio Vespasiano da Bisticci voleva esaltare al più alto grado uno di essi, e lodarne l' orazione che aveva sentita con suo grande compiacimento, soleva dire: aveva una memoria divina! Non c' è autore greco o romano che egli non abbia in quel giorno ricordato! Anche le loro epistole, scritte generalmente per essere stampate, erano compilate allo stesso modo. Pure si diceva che una lettera latina del segretario Coluccio Salutati giovava alla Repubblica fiorentina più d' uno squadrone di cavalleria. Intanto un solo vero, grande poeta e prosatore italiano di quel tempo noi non possiamo citarlo. Perfino la *Divina Commedia* era tenuta in poco conto, perchè non era scritta in latino. Sicchè noi finiamo col persuaderci che si tratti d' un periodo di pedanteria e di decadenza, quasi d' una strana aberrazione dello spirito italiano.

Ma allora perchè mai da ogni parte d' Europa si viene fra noi ad ammirare, ad imparare? Da Oxford, da Parigi, da Vienna vengono a Firenze, a Roma, a Padova a studiare presso i nostri eruditi, per portare a casa i germi fecondi della nostra erudizione, che vengono per tutto accolti con entusiasmo. E come mai, quando, verso la fine del secolo XV, cessa l' erudizione e si torna a scrivere in italiano, comincia a un tratto un altro periodo della letteratura nazionale, fecondo ed originale davvero? Lo spirito italiano apparisce allora come animato di nuova vita, ringiovanito e rinvigorito. Esso si è affatto emancipato dalle pastoie del Medio Evo, crea la prosa scientifica e la scienza politica. La storia moderna acquista la sua forma definitiva, abbandonando la forma materiale e meccanica della cronaca. Il metodo sperimentale è iniziato dal genio veramente portentoso di Leonardo da Vinci. Nasce la filosofia moderna. Si scrive l' *Orlando furioso* dell' Ariosto. È una schiera numerosa, crescente di prosatori e poeti, che destano l' ammirazione del mondo civile. Non parliamo qui delle arti belle, le quali, seguendo lo stesso cammino, progrediscono insieme colla letteratura, come manifestazione dello stesso spirito nazionale, e riempiono il mondo di un entusiasmo che continua anche oggi. Allora si

deve conchiudere che questo non fu un periodo di pedanteria e di decadenza, ma piuttosto di profonda trasformazione e di rinnovamento. Il vero è che l' erudizione italiana non cominciò punto in opposizione ai tre grandi scrittori del Trecento, Dante, Petrarca e Boccaccio, nè per abbandonare la strada da loro battuta. Furono anzi essi che la iniziarano. Dante è già pieno d' ammirazione per l' antichità; Virgilio è la sua fida scorta nell' Inferno. In questo, è ben vero, sono, come Pagani, condannati i grandi scrittori e pensatori dell' antichità; ma le pene crudeli che ivi tormentano i dannati sono per essi sospese, e l' Inferno si muta in un luogo d' onore. Nel *De Monarchia* Dante ci dice che non v' ha nella storia del mondo nulla che sia più grande della Repubblica e dell' Impero romano. La storia di Roma antica è per lui un miracolo continuo, direttamente operato dalla Divina Providenza. Il Petrarca poi è addirittura l' iniziatore, il fondatore della erudizione. Essa sembra in vero scaturire, come per spontanea e necessaria evoluzione, dal seno stesso della nostra letteratura nazionale. È come una nuova educazione, un mezzo adoperato per trasformare lo spirito italiano, e con esso quello di tutta l' Europa, emancipandoli dal Medio Evo. Per farcene un' idea chiara, noi non dobbiamo contentarci d' esaminare in massa tutti gli eruditi; ma dobbiamo scegliere fra di loro quelli che hanno veramente uno spirito originale, e non ripetono meccanicamente il lavoro comune; ma danno ad esso una propria impronta, ottenendo resultati inaspettati e nuovi.

La poesia italiana aveva, per una specie d' ispirazione divina, emancipato lo spirito umano dal misticismo medioevale, conducendolo all' osservazione della realtà; allo studio della natura, della società, dell' uomo; alla fedele riproduzione delle sue passioni. Ma la prosa non era anche interamente formata. Non si sapeva scrivere la storia propriamente detta. La filosofia e la scienza politica non si erano ancora potute emancipare dalla forma scolastica. Un vero linguaggio scientifico italiano non esisteva. Perfino le lettere familiari non avevano trovato la loro propria forma. Chi legge il Canto della Francesca da Rimini o del Conte Ugolino crede di leggere una poesia moderna, chi legge la *Monar-*

chia o il *Convito,* si sente continuamente ricondotto nel Medio Evo. Era quindi necessario compiere, generalizzare l' opera iniziata dalla poesia. Ma allora appunto si vide che ciò era stato già fatto dagli antichi. Una pagina di Cicerone accanto ad una di S. Tommaso pare in fatti moderna. L' Apollo di Belvedere accanto ad un Cristo di Margaritone o di Cimabue sembra la rivelazione della natura, illuminata dal sole, accanto a convenzioni e a combinazioni artificiali. Bastava dunque imitare gli antichi. Ed a questo perciò tutti gli spiriti culti si gettarono a un tratto, con un' avidità, con un impeto irresistibile. Così cominciò il periodo dell' erudizione o dell' Umanesimo, che fu chiamato anche del Rinascimento, perchè si cercò allora di far rinascere l' antichità.

La prima e più immediata consequenza di questa imitazione degli antichi fu l' osservazione continua, lo studio generale della natura, della realtà, della società, dell' uomo. Lo sguardo si rivolse dal cielo alla terra. I Greci ed i Romani non disprezzavano le città di questo mondo per le città di Dio, la patria terrena per la celeste. La bellezza del corpo, della natura l' ammiravano, la divinizzavano. Non disprezzavano i piaceri dei sensi. Nelle opere latine del Petrarca apparisce in un modo veramente ammirabile come lo studio dell' antico conducesse allo studio della natura. Egli visita, osserva, descrive i dintorni di Napoli con Virgilio in mano, che li descriva anch' esso. È il primo che si dimostrò veramente rapito dalla bellezza del paesaggio. Rimane lungamente a contemplare il mare in tempestà; sale sui monti ed è rapito dalla bellezza di quella vista. Ovunque si ferma, osserva i costumi, i personaggi più singolari, che si presentano al suo sguardo, e li descrive con passione e precisione. Egli è non solo il primo erudito; ma in lui si trovano in germe tutte le qualità proprie dei migliori eruditi; tutte le varie, moltiplici tendenze che, dopo di lui, avrà l' erudizione. Egli combatte il Medio Evo sotto tutte le sue forme. Combatte l' autorità assoluta di Aristotele, il metodo artificiale seguito dai medici e dai giuristi del suo tempo. Ma tutto questo non è ancora la consequenza di un nuovo indirizzo, di un nuovo metodo scientifico. Ciò che egli biasima veramente è

la forma scolastica, perchè essa è barbara, ed egli vuole la forma classica, la sola bella, la sola vera.

Dopo di lui l' erudizione italiana, dallo studio della forma doveva passare all' emancipazione dello spirito umano, avviarsi alla ricerca di un metodo, di una scienza nuova. E prima di tutto, cominciò a formarsi, ad educarsi fra di noi lo spirito critico, che divenne spirito del secolo. La ricerca degli antichi codici, e la necessità di paragonarli tra loro, per decidere quale era la lezione da adottarsi nella pubblicazione dei testi, fu il primo avviamento alla critica. E questa critica diveniva anche più acuta quando si trattava di un' opera di Platone o di Aristotele, perchè era necessario a decidersi aver chiara conoscenza del sistema filosofico dell' autore. Gli eruditi poi studiavano, ammiravano tutti quanti gli antichi filosofi: Platone, Aristotele, Plotino, Porfirio, Confucio, Zoroastre. Questo portava alla necessità di paragonare i vari sistemi, per determinarne il relativo valore, e scegliere la soluzione preferibile dei grandi problemi che si presentavano alla mente umana. E portava la necessità di affidarsi alla propria ragione, che così acquistava finalmente la sua indipendenza. Fu questa allora la grande conquista intellettuale dell' Italia. Pel Medio Evo i problemi filosofici erano già risoluti dalla rivelazione, formulata dalla teologia. La filosofia, ancella della teologia, non doveva fare altro che esporli, accettando la soluzione già data, spiegarli, dimostrarli col ragionamento o sia con la logica di Aristotele, il quale divenne perciò l' autorità incontestata. Il Rinascimento cominciò ad affrontarli la prima volta con la pura, libera ragione, che aveva acquistato la piena coscienza di se. Questo fu il principale fondamento della nuova cultura. Ed il processo col quale l' Italia lo trovò, col sussidio cioè e lo studio dell' antichità, fu imitato da tutta l' Europa. Solo per mezzo del passato l' umanità arrivò alla conquista del suo avvenire.

Il primo che dimostrò una vera indipendenza ed originalità filosofica, senza essere addirittura il fondatore di un nuovo sistema, fu Lorenzo Valla (1405-57). Ad una grande conoscenza del greco, da lui tradotto mirabilmente nel latino, che egli scriveva con una grande eleganza, univa un acume critico singolare. Le questioni

filosofiche, grammaticali e retoriche, di cui molto si occupò, sotto la sua penna si mutavano in questioni logiche, filosofiche. Le leggi del parlare e del comporre, egli diceva, non si possono trovare, nè comprendere, se non si riducono prima a leggi del pensiero. E così nelle sue opere noi assistiamo al processo con cui la filologia condusse allora alla filosofia. Il Valla era uno spirito acuto, originale e mordace, spesso anche paradossale. Per combattere il misticismo e l' ascetismo medioevale, per riconoscere il valore che hanno le leggi e la voce della natura, egli, nel suo libro *De Voluptate et vero bono*, esalta i piaceri dei sensi, arrivando fino all' oscenità. Nel combattere aspramente i giuristi del suo tempo, sollevando una vera tempestà, anch' egli, come il Petrarca, condanna la loro barbara forma. Per comprendere le leggi romane, egli diceva, bisogna innanzi tutto conoscere e sapere scrivere bene la lingua di Cicerone. È assurdo pretendere di esporle, comentarle, intenderle col vostro linguaggio. Ma egli non si fermava a ciò, ed aggiungeva ancora: è necessario saperle connettere e spiegare con la storia di Roma, di cui le leggi fanno parte, da cui esse scaturiscono. E cosi accennava già al metodo storico. Il suo acume critico si manifestò del pari nello scritto contro la pretesa donazione di Costantino. Egli la combattè non solo storicamente e giuridicamente, non riconoscendo nell' Imperatore il diritto d' alienare le terre dell' Impero; ma anche filologicamente, dimostrando che il latino del preteso documento non poteva essere del tempo in cui si voleva fare credere che esso fosse stato scritto.

Un altro dei filosofi che ebbero gran fama nel secolo XV fu Marsilio Ficino (1433-99), il fondatore dell' Accademia Platonica, il traduttore di tutte le opere di Platone, che esso, canonico di S. Lorenzo, ammirava a segno tale da tenere accesi i lumi innanzi al suo busto. Fu autore di molte opere filosofiche, la principale delle quali voleva prima intitolare *Theologia christiana*, ma poi intitolò invece *Theologia platonica*. Essa doveva contenere tutto il sistema del Ficino. Chi la legge, e pensa alla reputazione universale che l' autore allora godeva, al gran numero di dotti stranieri, che da ogni parte d' Europa accorrevano a sentire le sue lezioni nello Studio fiorentino, resta profondamente disilluso.

Non c' è in quest' opera nessuna vera originalità filosofica. L' autore in sostanza non fa altro che raffazzonare la filosofia neoplatonica di Plotino e di Porfirio. Il mondo gli appare popolato di "terze essenze," o sia "anime razionali," diverse però dall' anima immortale dell' uomo, che è in lui infusa direttamente da Dio. Queste anime sono fra di loro in mutua relazione; agiscono le une sulle altre, e su quella anche dell' uomo, il che rende, secondo il Ficino, ragione dell' astrologia, alla quale egli prestava gran fede. Tutte queste anime dell' acqua, dell' aria, della terra, degli astri si riuniscono poi in una sola, che è come l' anima ragionale dell' universo. È una specie di panteismo, di cui il Ficino non si rendeva pienamente conto, giacchè egli restò sempre credente e cattolico. Con questo panteismo il concetto del Dio personale e creatore comincia lentamente a mutarsi nel concetto dell' Assoluto, che ben presto si trova diffuso nella letteratura italiana del tempo.

Ma un carattere assai singolare e proprio di questa filosofia e che in certo modo vale a spiegarne la grande popolarità, era la continua allegoria di cui essa faceva uso. Per mezzo dell' allegoria il Ficino pretendeva sostenere che fra le "terze essenze" degli astri, gli Dei pagani e gli Angeli v' era una grande somiglianza, tanto che potevano fra loro confondersi. Anzi tra i concetti fondamentali del Cristianesimo e del Paganesimo (per mezzo della filosofia bene intesa e spiegata) non v' era poi sostanziale differenza. In Platone, nell' Eneide di Virgilio, mediante l' allegoria, egli trovava chiaramente adombrati i dommi principali del Cristianesimo, che le Sibille avevano profetati. E nel ciò fare arrivava ad una esagerazione che qualche volte confina col ridicolo. Eppure questo appunto è ciò che allora destava grande ammirazione, e gli dette una vera importanza storica. Secondo il concetto teologico medioevale, il Paganesimo, con tutta la storia e la cultura greco-romana, restava come messo fuori di quel mondo che è veramente reale, cioè il mondo cristiano. Era qualche cosa di profano, quasi diabolico, niente altro che errore ed inganno. Tutto ciò riusciva supremamente desolante e tormentoso per coloro che nel secolo XV ammiravano sopra ogni cosa l' antichità. Ora il Ficino, per mezzo della sua allegoria neoplatonica, che egli riteneva parte integrante del suo sistema

filosofico, veniva a redimere l' antichità pagana, dandole un proprio posto nella storia dello spirito umano, riconoscendola parte sostanziale del nostro essere intellettuale e morale. E questo pareva allora una vera, una grande rivelazione, che veniva come a restituire la pace, a ristabilire nell' uomo l' armonia spirituale. Ciò spiega il grande successo che ebbe il sistema del Ficino, non ostante la sua povertà filosofica. Pico della Mirandola se ne fece uno dei più caldi propagatori e sostenitori, ottenendo anch' egli un grandissimo favore. Ed in vero se, como sistema filosofico, l' opera del Ficino è scomparso, senza lasciare di se alcuna traccia profonda, il suo concetto della relazione storica che c' è fra l' antichità e la società moderna, sopravvisse, perchè risponde alla realtà. Ed anche questo fu uno dei grandi servigi che l' erudizione italiana rese alla civiltà.

Tra gli scrittori che ebbero allora grande importanza, vanno ricordati Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459) e Leonardo Aretino (1369-1444), ambedue segretari della Repubblica fiorentina. Così l' uno come l' altro sono i due storici più celebri fra gli eruditi. Il Bracciolini fu sopra tutto un letterato, un latinista elegante; percorse l' Europa intera cercando codici antichi, e ne scoprì molti. In questi suoi viaggi descrisse i costumi, i paesi che andò visitando. Da Costanza narrò minutamente il supplizio, di cui fu spettatore, di Girolomo da Praga; da Baden descrisse quei bagni anche allora assai celebrati, ed i costumi tedeschi. Altrove in Germania, descriveva la vita dei signori feudali, osservando come assai spesso la loro armeria e la loro cantina tenevano il luogo di ciò che era la biblioteca pei signori italiani. In Inghilterra ci parla dei lunghi, eterni desinari, finiti i quali si restava ancora a tavola continuando più ore a bere. Per non addormentarsi egli doveva di continuo lavarsi gli occhi con acqua fresca. Ma non si fermava solo a ciò, che qualche volte osservò acutamente anche le istituzioni. Il Bracciolini è forse il primo che abbia notato la grande differenza che passa fra l' aristocrazia inglese e quella del continente, sopra tutto la francese. L' aristocrazia inglese, egli osservò con sua gran meraviglia, non è una casta separata affatto dalla borghesia. Se un banchiere o un industriale, dopo aver fatto fortuna, si ritira dagli affari, compra una villa con un parco, e vive delle sue entrate

in campagna, esso è accolto fra i nobili inglesi come uno dei loro, e può facilmente imparentarsi con essi. Ciò pareva singolare a lui, che pur veniva da una repubblica democratica come Firenze, la quale aveva distrutto interamente il feudalismo. È l' osservazione stessa fatta ai nostri giorni dal Tocqueville nel suo *Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, dove con sì profondo acume, paragonando l' aristocrazia inglese alla francese, getta una così gran luce sulle origini vere della Rivoluzione. Questa facoltà descrittiva, questa avidità osservatrice eran proprie degli eruditi. Enea Silvio Piccolomini, colui che fu papa Pio II, non solo descrisse mirabilmente i paesaggi italiani; ma la sue descrizioni dei costumi di Vienna sono così vive e fedeli che anche oggi le Guide della città le ristampano come ritratti fedeli del carattere della popolazione.

L' Aretino invece, il cui nome era Leonardo Bruni, fu un gran traduttore dal greco, che rese popolari le opere di Platone e di Aristotele. Egli scrisse anche una storia di Firenze dalle origini sino al 1401, la quale fu continuata poi dal Bracciolini. L' uno e l' altro sono i primi che, imitando Tito Livio, passano dalla cronaca alla storia. L' opera dell' Aretino ha assai maggiore importanza, perchè egli comincia dalle origini della città, ed è il primo che mette da parte tutte le leggende favolose, che su quelle origini dettero il Villani, il Malespinie, gli altri cronisti. Egli cerca invece nei classici tutte le notizie che può trovare sugli Etruschi, e su Firenze colonia romana. Tanto egli come il Bracciolini cercano la connessione dei fatti, per dare unità e dignità storica allo loro narrazione; ma quella che essi vedono e ci danno è più una connessione letteraria che logica di cause ed effetti. Oltre di ciò vestivano i loro personaggi sempre alla romana, ponendo loro in bocca discorsi magniloquenti, imitati da Livio e da Sallustio. Dettero agli avvenimenti proporzioni sempre grandiose. La guerra di Firenze e Pisa doveva somigliare alle guerre puniche, altrimenti la narrazione non avrebbe avuto quella dignità storica che essi sempre cercavano.

Colui che, fra gli eruditi, unì dovvero a molta erudizione storica un reale acume critico, fu Flavio Biondo. Nella storia sulla caduta dell' Impero romano, ed in altre di tempi più recenti,

egli esamina le fonti, le paragona e ne giudica la credibilità. Ma egli non conosceva il greco, non era uno scrittore elegante in latino. Questi erano allora peccati imperdonabili in un erudito italiano del secolo XV, e lo fecero perciò restare comparativamente oscuro.

Ma perchè la storia moderna potesse formarsi dovvero era necessaria un' osservazione più diretta dei fatti, ed una più fedele riproduzione di essi, una ricerca della loro logica connessione; ed era necessario che si ritornasse a scrivere in italiano. A questo contribuirono grandemente gli ambasciatori, che ogni Stato della Penisola aveva allora in gran numero, che la percorrevano in ogni direzione, che percorrevano tutta l' Europa, osservando con acume indicibile gli uomini, le istituzioni, gli avvenimenti, le loro cause ed effetti. Le lettere, i dispacci che essi scrissero allora, sopra tutto gli ambasciatori veneziani e fiorentini, formano un monumento letterario, storico e politico di primissimo ordine. Essi, specialmente i Fiorentini, scrivevano con una eleganza ammirabile. La loro lingua conserva tutta la vivace spontaneità, l' atticità del linguaggio parlato in riva dell' Arno, linguaggio reso più corretto e grammaticale dal continuo studio che si faceva allora del latino, dal quale si era appreso un periodare più armonico, più elaborato. Queste qualità, unite alle altre che erano state in tutta Italia promosse, educate dalla erudizione, furon quelle che produssero la letteratura del secolo XVI, cui dettero un così grande splendore.

Il secolo XV ebbe anche i suoi poeti, che più di tutti affrettarono il ritorno allo scrivere italiano. Fra di essi il primo posto spetta ad Angelo Poliziano (1454-94), inarrivabile per la grande eleganza della forma. Nelle sue elegie latine il linguaggio parlato a Firenze sembra essersi fuso col latino in modo da far tornare anche questo a lingua vivente, riconducendolo alla primitiva spontaneità greca. E le medesime qualità si ritrovano nelle sue immortali " Stanze " italiane, che celebrano la Giostra di Giuliano dei Medici. Non sono che un frammento, e non si può in esse pretendere di trovare una grande creazione poetica. Il loro pregio sta nella descrizione ammirabile della natura, nella forma limpida, cristallina, d' una freschezza impareggiabile. L' ottava

ha con lui acquistato finalmente armonia, colore, varietà, quel carattere che non aveva mai pienamente raggiunto, e che serbò poi sempre nella letteratura posteriore, sopra tutto nell' Ariosto.

Ma non bisogna qui dimenticare Lorenzo dei Medici che fu il gran protettore del Poliziano, e che ebbe da natura le più svariate attitudini intellettuali. Egli in fatti non fu solo un grande uomo di Stato ed un gran Mecenate; ma esercitò nella letteratura un' azione personale coi suoi propri scritti. E ciò sopra tutto colle sue poesie italiane, nelle quali diè prova d' una gran forza descrittiva, specialmente quando parla della vita campestre, dimostrando sempre una singolare spontaneità ed eleganza. A lui si deve in parte il ritorno allo scrivere italiano, che col suo esempio egli rimise in onore fra i nostri poeti di quel secolo.

Ve n' è però un altro che visse anch' egli nella corte di Lorenzo di Medici, e col suo poema eroicomico, il *Morgante Maggiore*, fu l' iniziatore d' un genere nuovo di lavori poetici, il solo genere che possa dirsi un prodotto proprio del secolo XV, e che pur sembra in diretta contradizione con esso. Il poema eroicomico in fatti si occupa delle guerre religiose contro gl' infedeli, che avevano occupato i luoghi santi; e l' Italia del secolo XV, fra tanto fervore di studi classici, in mezzo a tanta ammirazione di scrittori pagani, era divenuta profondamente scettica in fatto di religione. La società che esso ci descrive è la società cavalleresca; e la cavalleria non fiorì mai in Italia, che aveva preso poca parte alle Crociate, e nel secolo XV aveva già interamente distrutto il feudalismo: non si pensava che ai Greci ed ai Romani. Come mai in mezzo a questa società potè sorgere un poema, i cui elementi costitutivi sono affato estranei ad essa? Il fatto è che la materia di questo poema non è creazione italiana, ma francese. L' Italia lo accolse d' oltr' Alpe, e lo fece suo, dandogli una forma nuova, senza punto alterarne la sostanza. Ciò che v' aggiunse di suo fu un certo sorriso ironico, che sorgeva spontaneo nell' anima dello scrittore, in presenza d' un mondo poetico a lui affatto estraneo, troppo fantastico pel suo spirito scettico e positivo. Ma più di tutto v' aggiunsè, e fu il suo merito, uno studio del vero, una descrizione della natura, delle passioni umane. E ciò risplendeva tanto più vivacemente in

mezzo a quel mondo fantastico, assai spesso incerto, nebuloso e mutabile. Quegli uomini così veri, quelle fisonomie così nettamente disegnate, quei combattimenti con tanta vita messi sotto i nostri occhi, quelle riproduzioni così mirabili della natura esteriore, che sembrano la prima volta sprigionarsi da un caos artificiale e confuso, si presentano a noi come una nuova rivelazione del vero e del bello. Questo fu nel poema eroicomico l' opera propria dell' Italia, e si trova in perfetta armonia con la cultura e la società di quel tempo.

Al *Morgante Maggiore* del Pulci tenne dietro l' *Orlando innamorato* di Matteo Maria Boiardo, nel quale è assai maggiore l' originalità poetica, la forza della fantasia, la fecondità della immaginazione. È minore però il gusto letterario, e quindi l' eleganza della forma, che nelle opere d' arte è sempre un elemento vitale. Il suo poema fu continuato dall' *Orlando furioso*, che rese immortale l' Ariosto, il quale è già entrato in un periodo nuovo della letteratura italiana, che alcuni continuano a chiamare Rinascimento, ma che è assai diverso dal periodo precedente.

Se noi raccogliamo insieme tutto ciò che abbiamo detto finora, troviamo che gli elementi i quali si possono dire un resultato proprio della erudizione italiana sono: l' indipendenza della ragione; uno studio sincero, spregiudicato della natura, della società, dell' uomo e delle sue passioni; uno spirito critico d' indagine; una febbre di sapere; una gran fede nella forza della ragione; una lingua chiara, spontanea e corretta, resa meglio connessa e più armonica dal lungo studio del latino. Questi sono gli elementi che l' Italia trovò, e che costituirono lo spirito della letteratura, della cultura moderna.

— P. Villari —

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

By Prof. Pasquale Villari

The history of Italian literature shows us that the Renaissance began with Petrarch's Latin writings, and was drawing to its end when the earliest works of Machiavelli and Guicciardini appeared. Altogether it covers the greater part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is a vastly important period, for it was then that Italian thought and culture underwent a radical transformation, and exercised an enormous influence throughout the whole of Europe.

At first sight, however, it reveals a strange state of things. In the *Divine Comedy*, in the lyrics of Dante and Petrarch, in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Italians had given proof of genuine originality, and risen to a really glorious height. But now, with a sudden change of mood, and as though repenting these achievements, they pursue a different course. They seem to despise the tongue they had used to such excellent purpose. All compositions, including familiar letters, must now be written in Latin. They even discard their own names, adopting those of Greeks or Romans instead. Their whole time is spent in studying, imitating, and translating the works of Livy, Tacitus, Cicero, Plato, and Aristotle. If we open Tiraboschi's *History of Literature*, we behold an endless procession of learned writers, all praised to the skies, all convinced of their own greatness, and all exalting one another, save when engaged in literary disputes. Then, however, they tear one another to pieces in the most sanguinary fashion. All these scholars are more or less of the same stamp. Their works consist of Latin

translations from the Greek, of lengthy dissertations and orations, particularly funeral orations, crammed with citations and paraphrases from Grecian or Roman orators. All these productions have the air of elegant extracts compiled from collections of hasty notes taken while reading the classics. These scholars considered it a proud title of merit when one of their number was said to be "Cicero's true ape." When their biographer and bookseller, Vespasiano da Bisticci, wished to give the highest praise to the author of an oration which he had heard with vast pleasure, he said, "He has a divine memory. No Greek or Latin writer was left unmentioned that day." Even private letters were compiled in the same fashion, and generally with a view to publication. It was asserted that a letter penned by the Secretary of State, Coluccio Salutati, was worth more than a squadron of horse to the Florentine Republic. No Italian poem nor prose of real value appeared at that time; for the *Divine Comedy* itself was then held in slight esteem, merely because it was not written in Latin. So we are led to suppose that the period was one of pedantry and decadence, nay, almost of some strange aberration of the Italian mind. Only, if such was the case, why did admirers flock from all parts of Europe to learn from us? From Oxford, Paris, Vienna, men came to Florence, Rome and Padua to study under our scholars, and to depart enriched with the fertile seeds of our learning, which were everywhere enthusiastically welcomed. And how was it that when, towards the close of the fifteenth century this outflow of erudition ceased, and we again wrote in the vulgar tongue, our national literature suddenly entered on another phase of truly original fecundity? Rejuvenated and strengthened, the Italian intellect thereupon developed new life.

It now throws off all mediæval fetters. It creates scientific prose and the science of politics. Modern history assumes its definite shape, discarding the mechanical and arbitrary arrangements of chronicles. Soon the experimental method was initiated by the truly marvellous genius of Leonardo da Vinci. Modern philosophy sprang to life. Ariosto produced his *Orlando Furioso.* A numerous and ever-increasing band of poets and prose-writers

roused the admiration of the civilised world. Here, it were needless to speak of the Fine Arts which, following the same path, flourished side by side with literature, manifestations of the same national mind, and filled the world with a rapture that endures to this day. Therefore our final conclusion must be that this period, seemingly so pedantic and decadent, was really one of radical transformation and renewal.

The truth is, that the beginning of Italian erudition was nowise antagonistic to the three great fourteenth-century authors, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, nor intended to leave the road they had traced. For, in fact, those were the true pioneers of learning. Dante was a warm admirer of antiquity, and Virgil was his faithful guide through the mazes of Hell. It is true that, being Pagans, the great writers and thinkers of old are obliged to dwell in Inferno, but for them it is changed into an abode of honour, and they are exempt from every cruel torment allotted to the condemned.

In his treatise *De Monarchia,* Dante tells us that the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire are the grandest facts in the world's history. In his opinion, the story of Ancient Rome is a continuous miracle, the direct work of Divine Providence. We find in Petrarch the positive initiator and founder of learning. This indeed seems to gush from the fountain head of our national literature, as a spontaneous and necessary evolution of the same. It serves as a new instrument, a new means of education, in order to transform the mind of Italy and simultaneously that of all Europe, by emancipating it from the Middle Ages. To obtain a clear idea of this state of things, we must not confine ourselves to taking the learned men *en masse;* we must choose from their number those gifted with originality, who, instead of mechanically repeating ideas common to all, give their work an individual stamp and thus achieve altogether unexpected results.

Already, by divine inspiration, as it were, Italian poetry had freed the human mind from mediæval mysticism by training it to the observation of reality, the study of nature, society, and man, to the faithful delineation of human passions Prose, however, still lacked definite form. Real historical writing was, as yet, undis-

covered. Philosophy and politics were still bound in the fetters of scholasticism and a scientific Italian style had still to be evolved. Even familiar letters bore no characteristic stamp. While the *Canto* of Francesca da Rimini, or of Count Ugolino, has the freshness of modern poetry, in reading the *Monarchia* or the *Convito* we are continually thrust back in the Middle Ages. Accordingly, it was necessary to complete and generalise the work begun by the masters of poetry. And then it was perceived that this task had been already accomplished by the ancients. For instance, a page of Cicero appears modern compared with one from St. Thomas Aquinas. Place the Apollo Belvedere next to a Christ of Margharitone or Cimabue, and it will appear as a revelation of sunlit nature beside artificial conventionalities and combinations. Therefore, since imitation of the antique was all that was needed, men of culture applied their talents to copying the classics with irresistible zeal and activity. This was the beginning of the period of learning and humanism that was entitled the Renaissance, precisely because it aimed at the revival of antiquity.

The first and most immediate consequence of this imitation of the antique was a persistent observation and study of nature in general, of reality, society, and mankind. Eyes were turned from Heaven back to earth. Greeks and Romans, in fact, had never despised the cities of this world in favour of the City of God, nor their earthly country for the land of Heaven. They equally admired and worshipped as divine, fleshly perfection and the beauty of nature. Neither did they reject sensual pleasures. Petrarch's Latin works furnish truly admirable proofs that study of the antique conduced to study of nature. He visits the environs of Naples, scrutinising, describing everything with his Virgil in hand, for the Latin poet had also described the same things. Petrarch was the first Italian showing real delight in beautiful landscapes. He is enchanted by the spectacle of a stormy sea; he climbs mountain summits and is ravished by the beauty of the view. At every halt in his travels he notes every strange custom or interesting person that comes in his way, and writes careful and enthusiastic descriptions. He was not only the first of the learned

men, but possessed the germs of all the special qualities of the best scholars, all the varied and manifold tendencies which were afterwards the attributes of scholarship. He denounces every aspect of the Middle Ages. He combats the Aristotelian principle of absolute authority, the artificial methods followed by the physicians and jurists of his time. But this attitude of his is not, so far, the result of new tendencies or of a new scientific method. What he assails is invariably the scholastic form, because he deems it barbarous, and wishes to see it replaced by the classical style, which alone is beautiful and true.

After Petrarch, Italian learning was bound to pass from the study of form to the liberation of the human mind, and proceed to the research of a new method and a new science. First of all there began in our midst the moulding and training of the critical spirit that was to become the spirit of the age. The study of ancient manuscripts, the necessity of collating them, in order to decide which reading of the text to select for publication, constituted our primary critical education. And our critical power was sharpened when a work of Plato or Aristotle was in question, since no decision could be arrived at without an accurate knowledge of the author's system of philosophy. Then, too, the learned men studied and admired all the philosophers of olden times; not only Plato and Aristotle, but Plotinus, Porphyrius, Confucius, and Zoroaster as well. Hence the necessity of comparing the various systems in order to determine their relative value and select the best solution of the weighty problems presented to the human mind. And the consequent necessity of trusting to their own acumen finally established the independence of reason. This was Italy's greatest intellectual triumph. For the men of the Middle Ages, revelation as formulated by theology supplied the solution of all philosophical questions. The *Ancilla* of theology had only to expound them and accept the answer given beforehand, explaining or demonstrating them by reason, or rather by Aristotelian logic, which was therefore held to be incontrovertable. The Renaissance began to study these questions for the first time by the light of free and pure reason, which had now attained to full knowledge of its power. This was

the chief basis of the new learning. And the process by which Italy discovered it, namely by the aid and study of antiquity, was adopted by all Europe. Only by means of the past could humanity rise to the conquest of the future.

The first scholar of true independence and originality in philosophy—although no founder of a new system—was Lorenzo Valla (1405-57). In addition to a sound knowledge of Greek, which he translated with marvellous ease into most elegant Latin, he had a critical penetration of singular subtlety. The philological, grammatical, and rhetorical questions to which he gave much attention were converted by his pen into problems of philosophy and logic. He maintained that it was impossible to understand the laws of speech and composition until they were reduced to laws of thought. Accordingly, his works exhibit the process by which philology was transmuted into philosophy. Valla's acutely original and pungent wit often indulged in paradox. In order to combat the mystic and ascetic notions of the Middle Ages, and demonstrate the value of the laws and the voice of nature, he wrote a book entitled *De Voluptate et vero bono*, in which praise of sensual delights was pushed to obscenity. In his harsh censures on the jurists of the period, which raised a storm about his ears, he followed Petrarch's example in condemning their barbarous style. To arrive at a comprehension of Roman law, we must first, he said, read and write Cicero's tongue with facility. With the language used by you (jurists) it is absurd to pretend to expound, comment, or understand it. And going still farther, he added, "It is necessary to be able to connect the language with the history of Rome—of which the laws are a part, and from which they are derived." This showed that he had a perception of the historic method. Equal critical acuteness was displayed in his essay denouncing the Donation of Constantine. Besides combating it on historical and juridical grounds, denying that an emperor had the right to alienate imperial territory, he also urged philological objections, showing that the Latin text of the pretended document could not have been written at the alleged date.

Another philosopher who enjoyed great renown in the fifteenth

century was Marsilio Ficino (1433-99), the founder of the Platonic Academy, and translator of all Plato's works. Although in holy orders, and Canon of St. Lorenzo, he admired Plato so intensely as to place burning tapers before his bust. The author of many philosophical writings, his principal work was originally intended to have the title of *Theologia Christiana*, but this was afterwards changed into *Theologia Platonica*. This book claimed to be a full exposition of the author's philosophy. But on reading it, and remembering the universal reputation enjoyed by Ficino in his own day, and the crowds of learned strangers from all parts of the earth who flocked to his lectures in the Florentine Studio, one receives a shock of disappointment. There is not a spark of genuine, original philosophic thought in the whole work. Nothing but a medley of the pro-Platonic philosophy of Plotinus and Porphyrius. Ficino believed the world to be peopled with "third essences," or rather "rational souls," which are different, however, from the immortal souls infused into men by direct emanation from God. These "rational souls" are intimately related, exercising a reciprocal action, one on the other, and likewise on the immortal souls of men. This fact, says Ficino, is the cause of the planetary influences expounded by astrology, a science in which he firmly believed. All these souls, or spirits, of water and air, the earth and the stars, are then united in a single soul constituting, so to say, the collective rational soul of the universe. This creed was a species of Pantheism, although evidently Ficino did not thoroughly realise its nature, since he always remained a faithful Catholic. But thanks to this pantheistic theory, the idea of a personal and creative God was gradually merged in that of the "Absolute" by which the literature of the time was soon to be permeated. This system of philosophy, however, had one curious characteristic explaining to some extent its enormous popularity, and this was its constant symbolism. Through the medium of allegory, Ficino sought to maintain that the "third essences" of planets, Pagan divinities, and angels, were all so much alike that is was hard to distinguish between them; and he added, that when philosophy was well understood and explained, no essential difference would be found between

the fundamental conceptions of Christianity and Paganism. By means of allegorical interpretation, Ficino discerned in Plato's *Discourses* and in Virgil's *Æneid*, clear foreshadowings of the leading Christian dogmas, which he held to have been prophesied by the Sybilline oracles. And he exaggerated this theory to a degree that was almost absurd. Yet it was precisely this notion that evoked most admiration in his own day, and endowed him with historical importance. According to the mediæval conception of theology, Paganism, together with all Greco-Roman history and culture, had no place, as it were, in the real, *i.e.* Christian world. They were profane, diabolical, solely composed of error and fraud. This doctrine was highly painful and afflicting to those fifteenth-century scholars who admired antiquity more than all else. Ficino, therefore, with the neo-Platonic allegories, which he held to be integral parts of his system of philosophy, figured as a redeemer of antiquity, by giving it a proper place in the history of the human intelligence, and recognising it as an inherent and substantial part of our moral and mental existence. So, to our fifteenth-century scholars this seemed a great and genuine revelation, bringing back peace to the world, and restoring the spiritual harmony of mankind. Hence the huge success of Ficino's system, in spite of its weak philosophy.

Pico della Mirandola, as one of the more zealous of its propagators and champions, likewise obtained great success. It must be confessed that although Ficino's system of philosophy has vanished, leaving scarcely any trace, his theory of the historical connection between the ancient world and modern society has survived, thanks to its correspondence with reality. This, too, was another eminent service rendered to civilisation by Italian learning.

Among other writers of great contemporary importance, Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459) and Leonardo Aretino (1369-1444) are worthy of mention. Both were Secretaries to the Florentine Republic, and were the most celebrated historians among the learned men. Bracciolini was chiefly a man of letters and an accomplished Latinist. He travelled all over Europe in search of ancient manuscripts, and brought many to light. During his

wanderings he described the countries he visited, their manners and customs. At Constance he witnessed the execution of Jerome of Prague, and gives a detailed account of it; at Baden, in Argau, he describes the already famous mineral springs, and enlarges on Teutonic customs. Elsewhere, in Germany, he depicts the life of feudal lords, remarking that with them the armoury and wine-cellar frequently hold the place accorded to the library by Italian nobles. In England, he descants on the endless length of the dinners, and how, when the meal is over, one has to remain drinking at table for many hours. In order to avoid falling asleep, he was obliged, he adds, to bathe his eyes continually with cold water. But besides observations of this nature, he sometimes makes shrewd remarks on national institutions. He seems to have been the first to notice the dissimilarity of the English aristocracy from that of the continent in general, and more especially of the French. He notes with much surprise that the English nobles do not form a caste entirely apart from that of the burghers. If a banker or merchant makes his fortune, retires from business, and, buying a house and land, settles in the country to live on his property, he is received by the nobles as one of themselves, and even allowed to become their relation by marriage. This seemed exceedingly strange to Bracciolini, although he belonged to the Democratic Republic of Florence where feudalism was extinct. In our own time we have seen De Tocqueville make the same remark in his *Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, where with profound acumen he draws a comparison between the English aristocracy and that of his own land, throwing much light on the origin of the French Revolution.

The descriptive faculty and power of keen observation were attributes of our learned men. Enea, Silvio Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., not only produced marvellous descriptions of Italian scenery, but wrote such exactly faithful accounts of Viennese customs that, to this day, they are reprinted in guide-books to the city, as giving the truest idea of the character of the people.

On the other hand, Aretino, whose real name was Leonardo Bruni, was an industrious translator from the Greek, and

popularised the works of Plato and Aristotle. He also wrote a history of Florence from its origin to 1401, and the work was afterwards continued by Bracciolini. These two authors, by their adoption of Livy's style, were the first to write history instead of chronicles. Aretino's work is far more important, inasmuch as he starts from the foundation of the city and is the first to discard all the fabulous legends regarding the origin of Florence given by Villani, Malaspini, and other chroniclers. Instead, he gleans from classic authorities all the information to be found concerning the Etruscans and the Roman colony of Florence. Both he and Bracciolini trace the connection of events in order to give historic unity to their narrative, but they chiefly succeed in supplying a literary rather than a logical connection of causes and effects. In addition to this, their personages always appear in Roman guise, and always speak in magniloquent language copied from Livy and Sallust. Every event was swelled by them to grandiose proportions. The wars of Florence and Pisa must perforce resemble the Punic Wars, for otherwise the narrative would have lacked the historic dignity that was always their aim.

A learned man, of really sound historical equipment and genuine critical acuteness, was Flavio Biondo. In his work on the Fall of the Roman Empire, and other histories on less remote times, he verifies authorities, compares them one with another, and judges their credibility. But he knew no Greek, and could only write unpolished Latin. These were considered unpardonable sins in a learned man of his day, and condemned him to comparative obscurity.

Before the science of modern history could be completely formed, a closer observation of facts, their more faithful reproduction and assiduous inquiry into their logical connection were required; and it was also indispensable to resume the employment of the spoken tongue. Valuable help towards the literary re-adoption of Italian was furnished by the numerous ambassadors in the service of different potentates who visited all parts of Italy and all the capitals of Europe, and wrote marvellously shrewd reports on political institutions, personages, and events with careful recognition of causes and effects.

Their epistles, or despatches, during this period, and more especially those of the Venetian and Florentine envoys, are literary, historical, and political documents of the very first rank. All these men wrote with admirable ease, and best of all the Florentines. Their style retains all the vivid spontaneity and movement of the language spoken on the banks of the Arno, which had not only acquired correctness and grammatical purity from the prevalence of Latin studies, but, also from the same source, had developed a more harmonious and elaborate construction. These and other qualities promoted throughout Italy, by the current state of learning, led to the production of the sixteenth-century literature, and contributed to its splendour.

But the restoration of Italian as a written tongue was mainly due to the poets of the fifteenth century. Among these, the foremost place must be assigned to Angelo Poliziano (1454-94), a writer of incomparable grace. Even in his Latin elegies, the speech of Florence is fused with that of Rome in suchwise that the latter seems again a living language and endued with the primitive freshness of ancient Greek. Similar qualities are to be found in the imperishable Italian "Stanze," celebrating a tournament held by Giuliano de' Medici. These "Stanze" are no more than a fragment, and cannot claim to be regarded as poetic creations. Their chief merits consist in their admirable description of nature, and incomparable freshness and lucidity of style. For in Poliziano's verse, the *ottava rima* acquires harmony, colour, and variety, characteristics which it had never before possessed, but which it continued to preserve in subsequent literature, and above all in the poems of Ariosto.

We must not forget to mention here the name of Politian's great protector, Lorenzo de' Medici, whom nature had endowed with the most versatile literary gifts. Besides being a great statesman and a magnificent patron of art and letters, he also exercised a direct influence on literature by his own writings—above all, by his Italian poems, which are full of descriptive power and—more particularly in themes of rustic life—of remarkable spontaneity and charm. By giving the example of writing poetry in

Italian he brought the language into new esteem, and the revival of the vulgar tongue is mainly owed to his co-operation.

Another Italian poet of the period, Luigi Pulci, also flourished at the Court of Lorenzo de' Medici, and invented a new species of poetry with the heroi-comic epic of "Il Morgante Maggiore." This may be said to be the only work of the kind that was a special product of the fifteenth century, and, nevertheless, in apparently direct contradiction with the age. In fact, the heroi-comic poem treats of crusades against the heathen; whereas fifteenth-century Italy, immersed in classical studies, and plunged in the deepest admiration of Pagan writers, had become thoroughly sceptical as regarded religion. The world Pulci depicts is the world of chivalry; yet chivalry had never really thriven in Italy, which had sent forth few crusaders, by the fifteenth century had already destroyed feudalism, and now cared only for Greeks and Romans. How was it, that, in the midst of a society devoted to classic lore, a poem of so heterogenous a nature should have suddenly appeared? This is easily explained by the fact that the material of the poems was not of Italian birth, but derived from the French. Italy had imported it from over the Alps, adopted it as her own, and given it a new dress, without altering its substance. Italy's contribution was the rather sarcastic amusement aroused in the author's mind by the spectacle of a poetic world so thoroughly alien to his own ideas, and so much too fantastic for his sceptical and positive soul. His best addition to this romance of chivalry, and his chief merit, consisted of studies from life, descriptions of human nature and human passion. The effect of these is all the more brilliant in the midst of an impossible world and against an uncertain, shadowy, ever-changing background. Pulci's *dramatis personæ* are so real, their characteristics so clearly defined, their encounters depicted with such living force, exterior accessories so marvellously reproduced, that all seem revelations of truth and beauty suddenly bursting forth from a chaos of artificial confusion. It was this part of the heroi-comic poem that was of Italian birth, and in perfect accord with the society and culture of the time.

The "Morgante Maggiore" was followed by the "Orlando

Inamorato" of Matteo Maria Boiardo, a work of far greater originality, wealth of fancy, and fertility of imagination. But it shows less literary taste, and is accordingly deficient in the grace of form that is a vital element of art. As a continuation to Boiardo's poem, Ariosto wrote the "Orlando Furioso" and gained enduring fame. But the latter poet belonged to a later period of Italian literature, which, although still included by some authorities in that of the Renaissance, was very different in character from the preceding time.

To sum up, we may say that the following are the positive results owed to Italian learning:—the emancipation of reason, sincere and unprejudiced study of nature, society, mankind, and human passion; a critical spirit of inquiry, ardour for knowledge, warm faith in the power of reason, clear, spontaneous, correct and lively language, together with a construction improved and made harmonious by long study of Latin. These were the elements that Italy gave to the world, and that constitute the spirit of modern literature and modern culture.

— P. Villari —

20*th February* 1899.

POEMS OF MRS. HEMANS.

[Felicia Dorothea Browne, by marriage Hemans, was born at Liverpool in 1793, died in Ireland, 1835. Besides her famous short lyrics, she wrote "The Vespers of Palermo" (1823), "The Siege of Valencia" and "The Lost Constantine" (1828), "The Forest Sanctuary" (1827), and others.]

The Hour of Death.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
  And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
  Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer —
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour —
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
  There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears — but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
  And smile at thee — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
  And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
  When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain —
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale! —
They have *one* season — *all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth — and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest —
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all —
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

The Lost Pleiad.

And is there glory from the heavens departed?
O void unmarked! — thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence —
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning —
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning —
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
Even as a dewdrop from thy myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of scepters riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think on what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus — and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

POEMS OF THOMAS MOORE.

[Thomas Moore, Irish poet and song writer, was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and educated at Dublin University. He began early to contribute to periodicals; in 1799 went to London, and published a translation of the "Anacreontics," and in 1802 the "Poems by the Late Thomas Little," which were frowned on for eroticism, but gave him repute and a government place in the Bermudas; he left a deputy to do the work, visited the United States, returned to England, and for many years was a lion of the best English society, his Irish odes to music sung by himself, his poetical epistles, and his "Twopenny Post Bag" setting him in high poetic place. In 1817 he began "Lalla Rookh"; tours through Europe produced "The Fudge Family in Paris," "The Fudges in England," "Rhymes on the Road," "Fables for the Holy Alliance," etc. His Bermuda deputy's defalcation forced him to stay abroad 1819–1822; returning, he wrote the "Loves of the Angels," "The Epicurean" and its supplement "Alciphron," the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," the "Life of Byron" (based on Byron's Memoirs, which he first sold to Murray, then bought back and destroyed), etc. He died February 25, 1852.]

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Oft, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me;
    The smiles, the tears,
    Of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone,
    Now dimm'd and gone,
  The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather;
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mold
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
  The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
  As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
  So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
  Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
  Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

Believe me, if All those Endearing Young Charms.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
  Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
  Like fairy-gifts fading away,—
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
  Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
  Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
  And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
  To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
  But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
  The same look which she turned when he rose.

Oh! had we Some Bright Little Isle of our Own.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,

Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

Farewell! — but Whenever you welcome the Hour.

Farewell! — but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles —
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled —
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
  Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
  Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
  No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
  Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
  To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
  When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
  The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

The Time I've lost in Wooing.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
    The light that lies
    In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No — vain, alas! th' endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever; —
Poor Wisdom's chance:
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

Come, Rest in This Bosom.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thine own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart —
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

SACRED SONGS.

Thou art, O God!

Thou art, O God! the life and light
  Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from Thee,
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
  Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
  Through golden vistas into Heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
  O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
  Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
  Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
  Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

This World is All a Fleeting Show.

This world is all a fleeting show
  For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
  There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
  As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
  There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
  From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way, —
  There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Miriam's Song.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — His people are free.
Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
  His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting! — the Lord hath but spoken,
  And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free.

Praise to our Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword! —
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
  Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
  And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — His people are free.

The Bird Let Loose.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
  When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
  Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
  Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
  Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
  And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
  To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
  My soul as home she springs; —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
  Thy freedom in her wings!

SILVIO PELLICO'S IMPRISONMENT.

(From "My Prisons.")

[SILVIO PELLICO, an Italian author, was born at Saluzzo, June 24, 1789. He studied in Turin and Lyons, and taught in a college in Milan, where "Francesca da Rimini," his finest tragedy, was acted (1819). Being suspected of belonging to the Carbonari, he was arrested in 1820, taken to Venice, and condemned to death. His sentence was commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment, but after nine years' detention he was pardoned. During his imprisonment he wrote three tragedies and his celebrated work, "Le Mie Prigioni" ("My Prisons," 1833), which was at once translated into all European languages, and contributed powerfully to the cause of Italian independence. He died at Turin, January 31, 1854.]

THE German captain called out to us to turn toward the palace and look up. We obeyed, and saw upon the open gallery an officer of the court with a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it in a loud voice.

Profound silence reigned until he came to the words "*condemned to death.*" Silence again succeeded, that the reading might be finished. New murmurs arose at the words, "*condemned to severe imprisonment: Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*" . . .

The commissary at last arrived from Germany, and came to tell us that we should set out in two days. "I have the pleasure," he added, "of being able to give you one consolation. Returning from Spielberg, I saw at Vienna his Majesty the Emperor, who told me that the days of your punishment, gentlemen, will be calculated of twelve hours' length instead of twenty-four. By this expression he intends to signify that the punishment is diminished one half." . . .

Yet I could not rejoice at this. Seven years and a half in chains were scarcely less horrible to my mind than fifteen. It appeared to me impossible I should live so long.

My health was again very miserable. I suffered severe pains in the breast, with a cough, and I believed that my lungs were affected. I ate but little, and even that I did not digest.

Our departure took place on the night of the 25th of March [1822]. We were permitted to take leave of our friend, Cesare Armari. A *sbirro* chained us in a transverse manner,—namely,

the right hand and the left foot,—so as to render it impossible for us to escape.

We went into a gondola, and the guards rowed towards Fusina. On our arrival, we found two carriages in readiness for us. Rezia and Canova were placed in one, and Maroncelli and myself in the other. The commissary was with two of the prisoners, and an under commissary with the other two. Six or seven guards of police, armed with swords and muskets, completed our convoy.

To be compelled by misfortune to leave one's country is always painful; but to be torn from it in chains, doomed to exile in a horrible climate, to linger days and hours and years in solitary dungeons, is a fate so appalling that no language can describe it.

As we approached the Alps, I felt that my country was becoming doubly dear to me: the sympathy we awakened on every side, from all ranks, formed an irresistible appeal to my affection and gratitude. In every city, in every village, in every group of meanest houses, the news of our condemnation had been known for some weeks; and we were expected. In several places, the commissaries and the guards had difficulty in dispersing the crowd that surrounded us. It was astonishing to witness the benevolent and humane feeling generally manifested in our behalf.

In Udine we met with a singular and touching incident. On arriving at the inn, the commissary caused the door of the courtyard to be closed, in order to keep back the people. A room was assigned us; and he ordered the waiters to bring supper, and make such accommodation as we required for repose. In a few moments, three men entered with mattresses upon their shoulders.

What was our surprise to see that only one of them was a servant of the inn! The others were two of our acquaintances. We pretended to assist them in placing the beds, and had time to recognize each other, and give the hand of fellowship and sympathy. It was too much: the tears started to our eyes. Ah! how trying it was to us all, not to be allowed the sad satisfaction of shedding them in each other's arms!

The commissaries were not aware of the circumstance; but I had reason to think that one of the guards saw into the affair, just as the good Dario grasped me by the hand. He was a Venetian. He fixed his eyes upon us both, turned pale, and

seemed on the point of making an alarm, but turned away his eyes, as if pretending not to see us. If he did not think that they were our friends, he must have believed them to be some servants with whom we were acquainted.

The next morning we left Udine by dawn of day. The affectionate Dario was already in the street, wrapped in his mantle: he beckoned to us, and followed us a long way. A coach also continued at some little distance from us for several miles. Some one waved a handkerchief from it, till it turned back: who could it have been? We had our own conjectures. May Heaven protect all those generous souls who thus express their love for the unfortunate! I had the more reason to prize them from the fact of having met with cowards, who, not content with denying me, thought to benefit themselves by calumniating their once fortunate *friend*. These cases, however, were rare; while those of the former, to the honor of the human character be it said, were numerous.

On the 10th of April we arrived at our place of destination.

The city of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, where the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia is accustomed to reside. Situated in a pleasant valley, it presents a rich and noble aspect. At one time, it was a great manufactory of cloth; but its prosperous days were now passed, and its population did not exceed thirty thousand.

Contiguous to the walls on the western side rises a mount, on which stands the dreaded fortress of Spielberg, once the royal seat of the lords of Moravia, and now the severest prison of the Austrian monarchy. It was a well-guarded citadel, but was bombarded and taken by the French after the celebrated battle of Austerlitz, a village at a little distance from it. It was not repaired for the purpose of a fortress; but a portion of the outworks, which had been wholly demolished, were rebuilt. Within it are imprisoned some three hundred wretches, for the most part robbers and assassins: some condemned to severe imprisonment (*carcere duro*); others, to that called *durissimo*, the severest of all. The "*severe imprisonment*" comprehends compulsory daily labor, wearing chains on the legs, sleeping on bare boards, and eating the worst imaginable food. The *very severe imprisonment* signifies being chained in a more horrible manner; one part of the iron being fixed in the wall, united to a hoop round the body of the prisoner, so as to pre-

vent his moving further than the board which serves for his couch. We, as state prisoners, were condemned to severe imprisonment. The food, however, is the same; though, in the words of the law, it is prescribed to be *bread and water.*

While mounting the acclivity, we turned our eyes as if to take a last look of the world we were leaving, and doubted if ever the portals of that living grave, which was about to receive us, would be again unclosed to us. I was calm in appearance; but rage and indignation burned within. It was in vain I had recourse to philosophy: it had no arguments to quiet or to support me.

I was in poor health on leaving Venice, and the journey had fatigued me exceedingly. I had a fever, and felt severe pains, both in my head and my limbs. Illness increased my irritation, and probably the last aggravated the disease.

We were consigned to the superintendent of Spielberg, and our names were registered in the same list as that of the robbers. On taking leave, the imperial commissary shook our hands, and was evidently affected. "Farewell," he said, "and let me recommend to you calmness and submission; for I assure you that the least infraction of discipline will be punished by the governor in the severest manner."

The consignment being made, my friend and myself were conducted into a subterranean gallery, where two dismal-looking dungeons were unlocked, at a distance from each other. In one of these I was entombed alive, and poor Maroncelli in the other.

After having bid adieu to so many beloved objects, and there remains only a single friend between yourself and utter solitude,—the solitude of chains and a living death,—how bitter it is to be separated even from that one! Maroncelli, on leaving me ill and dejected, shed tears over me as one whom, it was most probable, he would never more behold. In him, too, I lamented a noble-minded man, cut off in the splendor of his intellect and the vigor of his days, snatched from society, all its duties and its pleasures, and even from the "common air, the earth, the sky." Yet he survived the unheard-of afflictions heaped upon him; but in what a state did he leave his living tomb!

When I found myself alone in that horrid cavern; heard the closing of the iron doors, and the rattling of chains; and, by the gloomy light of a high window, saw the wooden bench destined for my couch, with an enormous chain fixed in the

wall,— I sat down in sullen rage on my hard resting place, and, taking up the chain, measured its length in the belief that it was destined for me.

In half an hour, I caught the sound of locks and keys: the door opened, and the head jailer handed me a jug of water.

"Here is something to drink," he said in a rough tone; "and you will have your loaf to-morrow."

"Thanks, my good man."

"I am not good," was the reply.

"The worse for you," I answered rather sharply. "And this great chain," I added,— "is it for me?"

"It is, sir, if you do not keep quiet,— if you get into a rage, or say impertinent things. But, if you are reasonable, we shall only chain you by the feet. The blacksmith is getting all ready."

He then walked sullenly up and down, shaking that horrid ring of enormous keys; while, with angry eye, I measured his gigantic, lean, and aged figure. His features, though not decidedly vulgar, bore the most repulsive expression of brutal severity that I ever beheld.

How unjust mankind are when they presume to judge by appearances, and according to their arrogant prejudices! The man whom I upbraided in my heart for shaking, as it were in triumph, those horrible keys, to make me more keenly sensible of his power, whom I set down as an insignificant tyrant inured to practices of cruelty, was then revolving thoughts of compassion, and had spoken in that harsh tone only to conceal his real feelings. Perhaps he was afraid to trust himself, or thought that I should prove unworthy of gentler treatment; perhaps, though willing to afford me relief, he felt doubtful whether I might not be more criminal than unhappy.

Annoyed by his presence, and by the sort of lordly air he assumed, I determined to try to humble him, and called out, as if speaking to a servant, "Give me something to drink!"

He looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, "Arrogant man! this is no place for you to show the airs of a master."

Still he was silent, bent his long back, took up the jug, and gave it to me. On taking it from him, I perceived that he trembled; and, believing it to proceed from age, I felt a mingled emotion of reverence and compassion. "How old are you?" I inquired in a kinder tone.

"Seventy-four, sir. I have lived to see great calamities, as regards both others and myself."

The tremulous motion I had observed increased as he said this and again took the jug from my hand. I now thought it might be owing to some nobler feeling than the effect of age; and the aversion I had conceived instantaneously left me.

"And what is your name?" I inquired.

"It pleased fortune, sir, to make a fool of me, by giving me the name of a great man. My name is Schiller." He then told me, in a few words, some particulars as to his native place, his family, the campaigns in which he had served, and the wounds he had received.

He was a Swiss, the son of peasants; had been in the wars against the Turks under Marshal Laudon, in the reign of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He had subsequently served in the Austrian campaigns against France, up to the period of Napoleon's exile.

In beginning to form a better opinion of one against whom we had conceived a strong prejudice, we seem to discover in every feature, in his voice, and in his manners, fresh marks of a good disposition, to which we were before strangers. . . . In short, I won a little upon old Schiller: I looked at him more attentively, and he no longer appeared forbidding. To say the truth, there was something in his language which, spite of its rough tone, showed the genuine traits of a noble mind. And, in spite of our first looks of mutual distrust and defiance, we seemed to feel a certain respect for each other: he spoke boldly what he thought, and so did I.

"Captain as I am," he observed, "I have fallen into this wretched post of jailer as an easier duty; but God knows it is far more disagreeable for me to maintain it than it was to risk my life in battle."

I was now sorry I had asked him so haughtily to give me drink. "My dear Schiller," I said, grasping his hand, "it is in vain for you to deny it, I know you are a good fellow; and, since I have fallen into this calamity, I thank Heaven which has given me you for a keeper!"

He listened to me, shook his head, and then rubbed his forehead, like a man in some perplexity or trouble.

"No, sir, I am bad,—rank bad. They made me take an oath, which I must and will keep. I am bound to treat all the prisoners, without distinction, with equal severity; no indul-

gence, no permission to relent, or to soften the sternest orders, particularly as regards prisoners of state."

"You are a noble fellow: I respect you for making your duty a point of conscience. You may err, humanly speaking; but your motives are pure in the eyes of God."

"Poor gentleman, have patience, and pity me. I shall be hard as steel in my duty; but my heart bleeds at being unable to relieve the unfortunate. This is all I wished to say." We were both affected.

He then entreated that I would preserve my calmness, and not, as is too often the case with solitary prisoners, give way to passion, which calls for restraint, and even for severer punishment.

He afterwards resumed his gruff, affected tone, as if to conceal the compassion he felt for me; observing that it was high time for him to go.

He came back, however, and inquired how long a time I had been afflicted with that horrible cough, reflecting sharply upon the physician for not coming to see me that very evening. "You are ill of a fever," he added; "I see it well. You will need a straw bed; but we cannot give you one till the doctor has ordered it."

He retired, and locked the door; and I threw myself upon the hard boards with considerable fever and pain in my chest, but less irritable, less at enmity with mankind, and less alienated from God.

The inconvenience I experienced from the chain upon my legs, which prevented me from sleeping, destroyed my health. Schiller wished me to petition, and declared that it was the duty of the physician to order the chain to be taken off. For some time I refused to listen to him; then I yielded, and informed the doctor that, in order to obtain a little sleep, I should be thankful to have the chain removed, if only for a few days. He answered that my fever did not yet require the removal; and that it was necessary I should become accustomed to the chain. I was indignant at this reply, and at myself for having asked the favor.

"See what I have gained by following your advice," said I to Schiller; and I said it in a very sharp tone, not a little offensive to the old man.

"You are vexed," he exclaimed, "because you met with a

denial; and I am as much so with your arrogance! Could I help it?"

Then he began a long sermon. "The proud value themselves mightily in never exposing themselves to a refusal, in never accepting an offer, and in being ashamed of a thousand little matters. *Alle Eseleyen!* It is all nonsense! Vain pride, want of true dignity, which consists in being ashamed only of bad actions!" He went off, and made the door ring with a tremendous noise.

I was dismayed; yet his rough sincerity scarcely displeased me. Had he not spoken the truth? To how many weaknesses had I not given the name of dignity, while they were nothing but pride!

At the dinner hour, Schiller left my fare to the convict Kunda, who brought me some water, while Schiller stood outside. I called him. "I have no time," he replied very dryly.

I rose, and, going to him, said, "If you wish my dinner to agree with me, pray don't look so sour: it is worse than vinegar."

"And how ought I to look?" he asked, rather more appeased.

"Cheerful, and like a friend," was my reply.

"Let us be merry, then. *Viva l'allegria!*" cried the old man. "And, if it will make your dinner agree with you, I will dance you a hornpipe into the bargain." And, assuming a broad grin, he began to kick with his long, lean, spindle shanks, which he worked about like two huge stilts, till I thought I should have died with laughing. I laughed and almost cried at the same time.

One evening, Count Oroboni and I were standing at our windows, complaining of the mean diet to which we were subjected. Animated by the subject, we talked a little too loud; and the sentinels began to upbraid us. The superintendent also called in a loud voice to Schiller, as he happened to be passing, and inquired in a threatening voice why he did not keep a better watch, and teach us to be silent. Schiller came to me in a great rage to complain, and ordered me never more to think of speaking from the window. He wished me to promise that I would not.

"No," replied I; "I shall do no such thing."

"Oh, *der Teufel! der Teufel!*" exclaimed the old man; "do

you say that to me? Have I not had a horrible strapping on your account?"

"I am sorry, dear Schiller, if you have suffered on my account. But I cannot promise what I do not mean to perform."

"And why not perform it?"

"Because I cannot; because this continual solitude is such a torment to me. No: I will speak as long as I have breath, and invite my neighbor to talk to me. If he refuse, I will talk to my window bars, I will talk to the hills before me, I will talk to the birds as they fly about. I will talk."

"*Der Teufel!* you will! You had better promise."

"No, no, no! never!" I exclaimed.

He threw down his huge bunch of keys, and ran about, crying, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" Then, all at once, he threw his long, bony arms about my neck, exclaiming with an oath, "You shall talk! Am I to cease to be a man because of this vile mob of keys? You are a gentleman, and I like your spirit. I know you will not promise. I would do the same in your place."

I picked up his keys and presented them to him. "These keys," said I, "are not so bad after all: they cannot turn an honest soldier, like you, into a villainous cutthroat."

"Why, if I thought they could, I would hand them back to my superiors and say, 'If you will give me no bread but the wages of a hangman, I will go, and beg alms from door to door.'"

He took out his handkerchief, dried his eyes, and then, raising them, seemed to pray inwardly for some time. I, too, offered up my secret prayers for this good old man. He saw it, and took my hand with a look of grateful respect.

Upon leaving me, he said in a low voice, "When you speak with Count Oroboni, speak as I do now. You will do me a double kindness. I shall hear no more threats from my lord superintendent; and, by not making it necessary for any remarks of yours to be repeated in his ear, you will avoid giving fresh irritation to one who knows how to punish."

I assured him that not a word should come from either of our lips, which could possibly give cause of offense. In fact, we required no further instructions to be cautious. Two prisoners, desirous of communication, are skillful enough to invent a language of their own, without the least danger of its being interpreted by any listener.

VENICE.

By SAMUEL ROGERS.

[Samuel Rogers: an English poet, born at Newington Green, London, July 30, 1763; died in London, December 18, 1855. He was carefully educated by private tutors, and when about seventeen years old entered his father's bank, where he remained during the rest of his life, succeeding his father as proprietor in 1793. His best-known poem, "The Pleasures of Memory" (1792), passed through many editions. His other works include "The Voyage of Columbus" (1812), "Jacqueline" (1813), "Human Life" (1819), and "Italy" (1822).]

There is a glorious city in the sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and to the land we went,
As to a floating city, — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

* * * * * * *

A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south, — where they that came
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast metropolis, with glistering spires,
With theaters, basilicas adorned;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.

POEMS OF BÉRANGER.

[Pierre Jean de Béranger, French songwright, was born at Paris, August 19, 1780. A printer's apprentice and then his father's clerk, he broke with his father and began literary life in the garret he has made illustrious. In 1804 he was given a clerkship in the Imperial University, which he kept till 1821. For many years he had been making songs, universally sung; he first collected them in 1815. A fresh collection in 1821 cost him five hundred francs' fine and three months' imprisonment; one in 1825, ten thousand francs' fine and nine months' imprisonment. He published "New Songs" in 1830, and his autobiography in 1840; in 1848 he was elected to the Assembly, but refused to serve. He died July 16, 1857.]

The Gadfly.

(la mouche.)

(Translated by Walter Learned.)

In the midst of our laughter and singing,
  'Mid the clink of our glasses so gay,
What gadfly is over us winging,
  That returns when we drive him away?
'Tis some god. Yes, I have a suspicion
  Of our happiness jealous, he's come:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
  That he bore us no more with his hum.

Transformed to a gadfly unseemly,
  I am certain that we must have here
Old Reason, the grumbler, extremely
  Annoyed by our joy and our cheer.
He tells us in tones of monition
  Of the clouds and the tempests to come:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
  That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason who comes to me, quaffing,
  And says, "It is time to retire:
At your age one stops drinking and laughing,
  Stops loving, nor sings with such fire;"—
An alarm that sounds ever its mission
  When the sweetest of flames overcome:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
  That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason! Look out there for Lizzie!
  His dart is a menace alway.

He has touched her, she swoons — she is dizzy:
  Come, Cupid, and drive him away.
Pursue him; compel his submission,
  Until under your strokes he succumb.
Let us drive him away to perdition,
  That he bore us no more with his hum.

Hurrah, Victory! See, he is drowning
  In the wine that Lizzetta has poured.
Come, the head of Joy let us be crowning,
  That again he may reign at our board.
He was threatened just now with dismission,
  And a fly made us all rather glum:
But we've sent him away to perdition;
  He will bore us no more with his hum.

Fifty Years.

(CINQUANTE ANS.)

Wherefore these flowers? floral applause?
  Ah, no, these blossoms came to say
That I am growing old, because
  I number fifty years to-day.
O rapid, ever-fleeting day!
  O moments lost, I know not how!
O wrinkled cheek and hair grown gray!
  Alas, for I am fifty now!

Sad age, when we pursue no more —
  Fruit dies upon the withering tree:
Hark! some one rapped upon my door.
  Nay, open not. 'Tis not for me, —
Or else the doctor calls. Not yet
  Must I expect his studious bow.
Once I'd have called, "Come in, Lizzette" —
  Alas, for I am fifty now!

In age what aches and pains abound:
  The torturing gout racks us awhile;
Blindness, a prison dark, profound;
  Or deafness that provokes a smile.
Then Reason's lamp grows faint and dim
  With flickering ray. Children, allow
Old Age the honor due to him —
  Alas, for I am fifty now!

Ah, heaven! the voice of Death I know,
  Who rubs his hands in joyous mood;
The sexton knocks and I must go, —
  Farewell, my friends the human brood!
Below are famine, plague, and strife;
  Above, new heavens my soul endow:
Since God remains, begin, new life!
  Alas, for I am fifty now!

But no, 'tis you, sweetheart, whose youth,
  Tempting my soul with dainty ways,
Shall hide from it the somber truth,
  This incubus of evil days.
Springtime is yours, and flowers; come then,
  Scatter your roses on my brow,
And let me dream of youth again —
  Alas, for I am fifty now!

The Old Tramp.

(le vieux vagabond.)

(Translated by F. M.)

Here in this gutter let me die;
  Weary and sick and old, I've done.
"He's drunk," will say the passers-by;
  All right, I want no pity, — none.
I see the heads that turn away,
  While others glance and toss me sous.
"Off to your junket! go," I say:
Old tramp — to die I need no help from you.

Yes, of old age I'm dying now —
  Of hunger people never die.
I hoped some almshouse might allow
  A refuge when the end was nigh;
But all retreats are overflowed,
  Such crowds are suffering and forlorn.
My nurse, alas! has been the road:
Old tramp — let me die here where I was born.

When young, it used to be my prayer
  To craftsmen, "Let me learn your trade:"
"Clear out — we've got no work to spare;
  Go beg," was all reply they made.

You rich, who bade me work, I've fed
With relish on the bones you threw;
Made of your straw an easy bed:
Old tramp — I have no curse to vent on you.

Poor wretch, how easy 'twas to steal!
But no, I'd rather beg my bread.
At most I've thieved a wayside meal
Of apples ripening overhead.
Yet twenty times have I been thrown
In prison, — 'twas the King's decree;
Robbed of the only thing I own:
Old tramp — at least the sun belongs to me.

The poor — is any country his?
What are to me your grain, your wine,
Your glory and your industries,
Your orators? They are not mine.
And when a foreign foe waxed fat
Within your undefended walls,
I shed my tears, poor fool, at that:
Old tramp — his hand was open to my calls.

Why, like the venomous bug you kill,
Did you not crush me when you could?
Or, better yet, have taught me skill
To labor for the common good?
The grub a useful ant may end
If sheltered from the blast and fed;
And so might I have been your friend:
Old tramp — I die your enemy instead.

The King of Yvetot.

(Free Version by Thackeray.)

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass
  That four lusty meals made he;
And step by step, upon an ass,
  Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
        Why, an old cur.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
    That's the kind of king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
  'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless —
  Ods-fish! — must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
        At least a pot.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
    That's the kind of king for me.

To all the ladies of the land
  A courteous king, and kind, was he —
The reason why, you'll understand,
  They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
        Marched back again.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
    That's the kind of king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretense,
  He sought to make his kingdom great.
And made (O princes, learn from hence)
  "Live and let live" his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by
        Were known to cry.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
    That's the kind of king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
  Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
  Famed in the country for good wine.

The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing "ha, ha, ha!" and "he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me."

The People's Reminiscences.

(LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.)

(Translated by William Young.)

Ah, many a day the straw-thatched cot
Shall echo with his glory!
The humblest shed, these fifty years,
Shall know no other story.
There shall the idle villagers
To some old dame resort,
And beg her with those good old tales
To make their evenings short.
"What though they say he did us harm?
Our love this cannot dim:
Come, granny, talk of him to us;
Come, granny, talk of him."

"Well, children — with a train of kings
Once he passed by this spot;
'Twas long ago; I had but just
Begun to boil the pot.
On foot he climbed the hill, whereon
I watched him on his way;
He wore a small three-cornered hat;
His overcoat was gray.
I was half frightened till he said
'Good-day, my dear!' to me." ——
"O granny, granny! did he speak?
What, granny! you and he?"

"Next year, as I, poor soul, by chance
Through Paris strolled one day,
I saw him taking, with his Court,
To Notre Dame his way.
The crowd were charmed with such a show;
Their hearts were filled with pride;

'What splendid weather for the fête!
  Heaven favors him!' they cried.
Softly he smiled, for God had given
  To his fond arms a boy."——
"Oh, how much joy you must have felt!
  O granny, how much joy!"

"But when at length our poor Champagne
  By foes was overrun,
He seemed alone to hold his ground;
  Nor dangers would he shun.
One night — as might be now — I heard
  A knock — the door unbarred —
And saw — good God! — 'twas he, himself,
  With but a scanty guard.
'Oh, what a war is this!' he cried,
  Talking this very chair"——
"What! granny, granny, there he sat?
  What! granny, he sat there?"

"'I'm hungry,' said he: quick I served
  Thin wine and hard brown bread;
He dried his clothes, and by the fire
  In sleep dropped down his head.
Waking, he saw my tears — 'Cheer up,
  Good dame,' says he, 'I go
'Neath Paris' walls to strike for France
  One last avenging blow.'
He went; but on the cup he used,
  Such value did I set
It has been treasured——" "What! till now?
  You have it, granny, yet?"

"Here 'tis; but 'twas the hero's fate
  To ruin to be led;
He whom a Pope had crowned, alas!
  In a lone isle lies dead.
'Twas long denied: 'No, no,' said they,
  'Soon shall he reappear!
O'er ocean comes he, and the foe
  Shall find his master here.'
Ah, what a bitter pang I felt,
  When forced to own 'twas true!"——
"Poor granny! Heaven for this will look —
  Will kindly look on you."

THE PILOT.

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

[James Fenimore Cooper: An American novelist; born at Burlington, N.J., September 15, 1789; died September 14, 1851, at Cooperstown, N.Y., whither his father had removed about 1790, it being then a wild frontier region. Cooper attended Yale College for three years, when he was expelled; shipped as a common sailor, and became a lieutenant in the navy. Later in life he visited Europe, and was United States consul at Lyons (1826–1829). Among his most popular novels are: "The Spy" (1821), "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Red Rover," "The Bravo," "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," "Wing and Wing," "Wyandotte," and "Satanstoe." He also wrote a "Naval History of the United States" (1839), "Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers" (1846).]

It has been already explained to the reader that there were threatening symptoms in the appearance of the weather to create serious forebodings of evil in the breast of a seaman. When removed from the shadows of the cliffs, the night was not so dark but objects could be discerned at some little distance, and in the eastern horizon there was a streak of fearful light impending over the gloomy waters, in which the swelling outline formed by the rising waves was becoming each moment more distinct, and consequently more alarming. Several dark clouds overhung the vessel, whose towering masts apparently propped the black vapor, while a few stars were seen twinkling, with a sickly flame, in the streak of clear sky that skirted the ocean. Still, light currents of air occasionally swept across the bay, bringing with them the fresh odor from the shore, but their flitting irregularity too surely foretold them to be the expiring breath of the land breeze. The roaring of the surf, as it rolled on the margin of the bay, produced a dull, monotonous sound, that was only interrupted, at times, by a hollow bellowing, as a larger wave than usual broke violently against some cavity in the rock. Everything, in short, united to render the scene gloomy and portentous, without creating instant terror, for the ship rose easily on the long billows, without even straightening the heavy cable that held her to her anchor.

The higher officers were collected around the capstan, engaged in earnest discourse about their situation and prospects, while some of the oldest and most favored seamen would extend their short walk to the hallowed precincts of the quarter-deck, to catch, with greedy ears, the opinions that fell from

their superiors. Numberless were the uneasy glances that were thrown from both officers and men at their commander and the pilot, who still continued their secret communion in a distant part of the vessel. Once, an ungovernable curiosity, or the heedlessness of his years, led one of the youthful midshipmen near them, but a stern rebuke from his captain sent the boy, abashed and cowering, to hide his mortification among his fellows. This reprimand was received by the elder officers as an intimation that the consultation which they beheld was to be strictly inviolate; and, though it by no means suppressed the repeated expressions of their impatience, it effectually prevented an interruption to the communications, which all, however, thought unreasonably protracted for the occasion.

"This is no time to be talking over bearings and distances," observed the officer next in rank to Griffith; "but we should call the hands up, and try to kedge her off while the sea will suffer a boat to live."

"'Twould be a tedious and bootless job to attempt warping a ship for miles against a head-beating sea," returned the first lieutenant; "but the land breeze yet flutters aloft, and if our light sails would draw, with the aid of this ebb tide we might be able to shove her from the shore."

"Hail the tops, Griffith," said the other, "and ask if they feel the air above; 'twill be a hint at least to set the old man and that lubberly pilot in motion."

Griffith laughed as he complied with the request, and when he received the customary reply to his call, he demanded in a loud voice: —

"Which way have you the wind aloft?"

"We feel a light cat's-paw, now and then, from the land, sir," returned the sturdy captain of the top; "but our topsail hangs in the clew lines, sir, without winking."

Captain Munson and his companion suspended their discourse while this question and answer were exchanged, and then resumed their dialogue as earnestly as if it had received no interruption.

"If it did wink, the hint would be lost on our betters," said the officer of the marines, whose ignorance of seamanship added greatly to his perception of the danger, but who, from pure idleness, made more jokes than any other man in the ship. "That pilot would not receive a delicate intimation through his ears, Mr. Griffith; suppose you try him by the nose."

"Faith, there was a flash of gunpowder between us in the barge," returned the first lieutenant, "and he does not seem a man to stomach such hints as you advise. Although he looks so meek and quiet, I doubt whether he has paid much attention to the Book of Job."

"Why should he?" exclaimed the chaplain, whose apprehensions at least equaled those of the marine, and with a much more disheartening effect; "I am sure it would have been a great waste of time; there are so many charts of the coast, and books on the navigation of these seas, for him to study, that I sincerely hope he has been much better employed."

A loud laugh was created at this speech among the listeners, and it apparently produced the effect that was so long anxiously desired, by putting an end to the mysterious conference between their captain and the pilot. As the former came forward toward his expecting crew, he said, in the composed, steady manner that formed the principal trait in his character: —

"Get the anchor, Mr. Griffith, and make sail on the ship; the hour has arrived when we must be moving."

The cheerful "Ay! ay! sir!" of the young lieutenant was hardly uttered, before the cries of half a dozen midshipmen were heard summoning the boatswain and his mates to their duty.

There was a general movement in the living masses that clustered around the mainmast, on the booms, and in the gangways, though their habits of discipline held the crew a moment longer in suspense. The silence was first broken by the sound of the boatswain's whistle, followed by the hoarse cry of "All hands, up anchor, ahoy!" — the former rising on the night air from its first low mellow notes to a piercing shrillness that gradually died away on the waters; and the latter bellowing through every cranny of the ship, like the hollow murmurs of distant thunder.

The change produced by the customary summons was magical. Human beings sprang out from between the guns, rushed up the hatches, threw themselves with careless activity from the booms, and gathered from every quarter so rapidly, that, in an instant, the deck of the frigate was alive with men. The profound silence, that had hitherto been only interrupted by the low dialogue of the officers, was now changed for the stern orders of the lieutenants, mingled with the shriller cries of the midshipmen, and the hoarse bawling of the boatswain's crew, rising above the tumult of preparation and general bustle.

The captain and pilot alone remained passive in this scene of general exertion, for apprehension had even stimulated that class of officers which is called "idlers" to unusual activity, though frequently reminded by their more experienced messmates that, instead of aiding, they retarded the duty of the vessel. The bustle, however, gradually ceased, and, in a few minutes, the same silence pervaded the ship as before.

"We are brought-to, sir," said Griffith, who stood overlooking the scene, holding in one hand a short speaking trumpet, and grasping with the other one of the shrouds of the ship, to steady himself in the position he had taken on a gun.

"Heave round, sir," was the calm reply.

"Heave round!" repeated Griffith, aloud.

"Heave round!" echoed a dozen eager voices at once, and the lively strains of a fife struck up a brisk air, to enliven the labor. The capstan was instantly set in motion, and the measured tread of the seamen was heard, as they stamped the deck in the circle of their march. For a few minutes no other sounds were heard, if we except the voice of an officer occasionally cheering the sailors, when it was announced that they "were short"; or, in other words, that the ship was nearly over her anchor.

"Heave and pull!" cried Griffith; when the quivering notes of the whistle were again succeeded by a general stillness in the vessel.

"What is to be done now, sir?" continued the lieutenant; "shall we trip the anchor? There seems not a breath of air; and, as the tide runs slack, I doubt whether the sea do not heave the ship ashore."

There was so much obvious truth in this conjecture, that all eyes turned from the light and animation afforded by the decks of the frigate, to look abroad on the waters, in a vain desire to pierce the darkness, as if to read the fate of their apparently devoted ship from the aspect of Nature.

"I leave all to the pilot," said the captain, after he had stood a short time by the side of Griffith, anxiously studying the heavens and the ocean. "What say you, Mr. Gray?"

The man who was thus first addressed by name was leaning over the bulwarks, with his eyes bent in the same direction as the others; but as he answered he turned his face toward the speaker, and the light from the deck fell full upon his quiet features, which exhibited a calmness bordering on the supernatural considering his station and responsibility.

"There is much to fear from this heavy ground swell," he said, in the same unmoved tones as before; "but there is certain destruction to us if the gale that is brewing in the east finds us waiting its fury in this wild anchorage. All the hemp that was ever spun into cordage would not hold a ship an hour, chafing on these rocks, with a northeaster pouring its fury on her. If the powers of man can compass it, gentlemen, we must get an offing, and that speedily."

"You say no more, sir, than the youngest boy in the ship can see for himself," said Griffith. "Ha! here comes the schooner!"

The dashing of the long sweeps in the water was now plainly audible, and the little "Ariel" was seen through the gloom, moving heavily under their feeble impulse. As she passed slowly under the stern of the frigate, the cheerful voice of Barnstable was first heard, opening the communications between them.

"Here's a night for spectacles, Captain Munson!" he cried; "but I thought I heard your fife, sir. I trust, in God, you do not mean to ride it out here till morning?"

"I like the berth as little as yourself, Mr. Barnstable," returned the veteran seaman, in his calm manner, in which anxiety was, however, beginning to grow evident. "We are short, but are afraid to let go our hold of the bottom, lest the sea cast us ashore. How make you out the wind?"

"Wind!" echoed the other; "there is not enough to blow a lady's curl aside. If you wait, sir, till the land breeze fills your sails, you will wait another moon. I believe I've got my eggshell out of that nest of gray caps; but how it has been done in the dark, a better man than myself must explain."

"Take your directions from the pilot, Mr. Barnstable," returned his commanding officer, "and follow them strictly and to the letter."

A deathlike silence, in both vessels, succeeded this order; for all seemed to listen eagerly to catch the words that fell from the man on whom even the boys now felt depended their only hopes for safety. A short time was suffered to elapse, before his voice was heard, in the the same low but distinct tones as before: —

"Your sweeps will soon be of no use to you," he said, "against the sea that begins to heave in; but your light sails will help them to get you out. So long as you can head east-

and-by-north, you are doing well, and you can stand on until you open the light from that northern headland, when you can heave-to, and fire a gun ; but if, as I dread, you are struck aback before you open the light, you may trust to your lead on the larboard tack ; but beware, with your head to the southward, for no lead will serve you there."

"I can walk over the same ground on one tack as on the other," said Barnstable, "and make both legs of a length."

"It will not do," returned the pilot. "If you fall off a point to starboard from east-and-by-north, in going large, you will find both rocks and points of shoals to bring you up ; and beware as I tell you of the starboard tack."

"And how shall I find my way? You will let me trust to neither time, lead, nor log."

"You must trust to a quick eye and a ready hand. The breakers will only show you the dangers when you are not able to make out the bearings of the land. Tack in season, sir, and don't spare the lead when you head to port."

"Ay, ay," returned Barnstable, in a low, muttering voice. "This is a sort of blind navigation, with a vengeance, and all for no purpose that I can see. See! damme, eyesight is of about as much use now as a man's nose would be in reading the Bible."

"Softly, softly, Mr. Barnstable," interrupted his commander — for such was the anxious stillness in both vessels that even the rattling of the schooner's rigging was heard, as she rolled in the trough of the sea — "the duty on which Congress has sent us must be performed, at the hazard of our lives."

"I don't mind my life, Captain Munson," said Barnstable, "but there's a great want of conscience in trusting a vessel in such a place as this. However, it is a time to do, and not to talk. But if there be such danger to an easy draught of water, what will become of the frigate? Had I not better play jackal, and try and feel the way for you?"

"I thank you," said the pilot; "the offer is generous, but would avail us nothing. I have the advantage of knowing the ground well, and must trust to my memory and God's good favor. Make sail, make sail, sir, and, if you succeed, we will venture to break ground."

The order was promptly obeyed, and in a very short time the "Ariel" was covered with canvas. Though no air was perceptible on the decks of the frigate, the little schooner was so light

that she succeeded in stemming her way over the rising waves, aided a little by the tide; and in a few minutes her low hull was just discernible in the streak of light along the horizon, with the dark outline of her sails rising above the sea, until their fanciful summits were lost in the shadows of the clouds.

Griffith had listened to the foregoing dialogue, like the rest of the junior officers, in profound silence; but when the "Ariel" began to grow indistinct to the eye, he jumped lightly from the gun to the deck, and cried: —

"She slips off like a vessel from the stocks! Shall I trip the anchor, sir, and follow?"

"We have no choice," replied his captain. "You hear the question, Mr. Gray? Shall we let go the bottom?"

"It must be done, Captain Munson; we may want more drift than the rest of this tide to get us to a place of safety," said the pilot. "I would give five years from a life that I know will be short if the ship lay one mile farther seaward."

This remark was unheard by all except the commander of the frigate, who again walked aside with the pilot, where they resumed their mysterious communications. The words of assent were no sooner uttered, however, than Griffith gave forth from his trumpet the command to "heave away!" Again the strains of the fife were followed by the tread of the men at the capstan. At the same time that the anchor was heaving up, the sails were loosened from the yards and opened to invite the breeze. In effecting this duty, orders were thundered through the trumpet of the first lieutenant, and executed with the rapidity of thought. Men were to be seen, like spots in the dim light from the heavens, lying on every yard, or hanging as in air, while strange cries were heard issuing from every part of the rigging and each spar of the vessel. "Ready the fore royal!" cried a shrill voice, as if from the clouds; "Ready the foreyard!" uttered the hoarser tones of a seaman beneath him; "All ready aft, sir!" cried a third from another quarter; and in a few moments the order was given to "let fall."

The little light which fell from the sky was now excluded by the falling canvas, and a deeper gloom was cast athwart the decks of the ship, that served to render the brilliancy of the lanterns even vivid, while it gave to objects outboard a more appalling and dreary appearance than before.

Every individual, excepting the commander and his associ-

ate, was now earnestly engaged in getting the ship under way. The sounds of "We're away" were repeated by a burst from fifty voices, and the rapid evolutions of the capstan announced that nothing but the weight of the anchor was to be lifted. The hauling of cordage, the rattling of blocks, blended with the shrill calls of the boatswain and his mates, succeeded; and though to a landsman all would have appeared confusion and hurry, long practice and strict discipline enabled the crew to exhibit their ship under a cloud of canvas, from her deck to the trucks, in less time than we have consumed in relating it.

For a few minutes the officers were not disappointed by the result, for, though the heavy sails flapped lazily against the masts, the light duck on the loftier spars swelled outwardly, and the ship began sensibly to yield to their influence.

"She travels! she travels!" exclaimed Griffith, joyously. "Ah, the hussy; she has as much antipathy to the land as any fish that swims! It blows a little gale aloft yet!"

"We feel its dying breath," said the pilot, in low, soothing tones, but in a manner so sudden as to startle Griffith, at whose elbow they were unexpectedly uttered. "Let us forget, young man, everything but the number of lives that depend this night on your exertions and my knowledge."

"If you be but half as able to exhibit the one as I am willing to make the other, we shall do well," returned the lieutenant, in the same tone. "Remember, whatever may be your feelings, that *we* are on the enemy's coast, and love it not enough to wish to lay our bones here."

With this brief explanation they separated, the vessel requiring the constant and close attention of the officers to her movements.

The exultation produced in the crew by the progress of their ship through the water was of short duration, for the breeze that had seemed to await their motions, after forcing the vessel for a quarter of a mile, fluttered for a few minutes amid their light canvas, and then left them entirely. The quartermaster, whose duty it was to superintend the helm, soon announced that he was losing the command of the vessel, as she was no longer obedient to her rudder. This ungrateful intelligence was promptly communicated to his commander by Griffith, who suggested the propriety of again dropping an anchor.

"I refer you to Mr. Gray," returned the captain; "he is the pilot, sir, and with him rests the safety of the vessel."

"Pilots sometimes lose ships as well as save them," said Griffith. "Know you the man well, Captain Munson, who holds all our lives in his keeping, and so coolly as if he cared but little for the venture?"

"Mr. Griffith, I do know him; he is, in my opinion, both competent and faithful. This much I tell you, to relieve your anxiety; more you must not ask. But is there not a shift of wind?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "if that northeaster catches us within the shoals, our case will be desperate indeed!"

The heavy rolling of the vessel caused an occasional expansion, and as sudden a reaction, in their sails, which left the oldest seaman in the ship in doubt which way the currents of air were passing, or whether there existed any that were not created by the flapping of their own canvas. The head of the ship, however, began to fall off from the sea, and notwithstanding the darkness, it soon became apparent that she was driving in bodily toward the shore.

During these few minutes of gloomy doubt, Griffith, by one of those sudden revulsions of the mind that connect the opposite extremes of feeling, lost his animated anxiety, and relapsed into the listless apathy that so often came over him, even in the most critical moments of trial and danger. He was standing with one elbow resting on his capstan, shading his eyes from the light of the battle lantern that stood near him with one hand, when he felt a gentle pressure of the other, that recalled his recollection. Looking affectionately, though still recklessly, at the boy who stood at his side, he said: —

"Dull music, Mr. Merry."

"So dull, sir, that I can't dance to it," returned the midshipman. "Nor do I believe there is a man in the ship who would not rather hear 'The girl I left behind me' than those execrable sounds."

"What sounds, boy? The ship is as quiet as the Quaker meeting in the Jerseys, before your good old grandfather used to break the charm of silence with his sonorous voice."

"Ah! laugh at my peaceable blood, if thou wilt, Mr. Griffith," said the arch youngster; "but remember, there is a mixture of it in all sorts of veins. I wish I could hear one of the old gentleman's chants now, sir; I could always sleep to them,

like a gull in the surf. But he that sleeps to-night, with that lullaby, will make a nap of it."

"Sounds! I hear no sounds, boy, but the flapping aloft: even that pilot, who struts the quarter-deck like an admiral, has nothing to say."

"Is not that a sound to open a seaman's ear?"

"It is, in truth, a heavy roll of the surf, lad, but the night air carries it heavily to our ears. Know you not the sounds of the surf yet, yonker?"

"I know it too well, Mr. Griffith, and do not wish to know it better. How fast are we tumbling in toward that surf, sir?"

"I think we hold our own," said Griffith, rousing again; "though we had better anchor. Luff, fellow, luff—you are broadside to the sea!"

The man at the wheel repeated his former intelligence, adding a suggestion that he thought the ship was "gathering sternway."

"Haul up your courses, Mr. Griffith," said Captain Munson, "and let us feel the wind."

The rattling of the blocks was soon heard, and the enormous sheets of canvas that hung from the lower yards were instantly suspended "in the brails." When this change was effected, all on board stood silent and breathless, as if expecting to learn their fate by the result. Several contradictory opinions were at length hazarded among the officers, when Griffith seized the candle from the lantern, and, springing on one of the guns, held it on high, exposed to the action of the air. The little flame waved, with uncertain glimmering, for a moment, and then burned steadily, in a line with the masts. Griffith was about to lower his extended arm, when, feeling a slight sensation of coolness on his hand, he paused, and the light turned slowly toward the land, flared, flickered, and finally deserted the wick.

"Lose not a moment, Mr. Griffith," cried the pilot aloud; "clew up and furl everything but your three topsails, and let them be double-reefed. Now is the time to fulfill your promise."

The young man paused one moment in astonishment as the clear, distinct tones of the stranger struck on his ears so unexpectedly; but, turning his eyes to seaward, he sprang on the deck, and proceeded to obey the order, as if life and death depended on his dispatch.

The extraordinary activity of Griffith, which communicated itself with promptitude to the crew, was produced by a sudden alteration in the weather. In place of the well-defined streak along the horizon, that has been already described, an immense body of misty light appeared to be moving in, with rapidity, from the ocean, while a distinct but distant roaring announced the sure approach of the tempest that had so long troubled the waters. Even Griffith, while thundering his orders through the trumpet, and urging the men, by his cries, to expedition, would pause for instants to cast anxious glances in the direction of the coming storm; and the faces of the sailors who lay on the yards were turned instinctively toward the same quarter of the heavens, while they knotted the reef points, or passed the gaskets that were to confine the unruly canvas to the prescribed limits.

The pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice rose above voice, and cry echoed cry, in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly waiting the result.

The ship had fallen off, with her broadside to the sea, and was become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy fluttering of canvas was thrown across the water, with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce where darkness and danger unite to appall the seaman.

"The schooner has it!" cried Griffith: "Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment. God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!"

"His sails are easily handled," the commander observed, "and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?"

The pilot turned from his contemplative posture, and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question—like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.

"'Tis unnecessary," he at length answered; "'twould be certain destruction to be taken aback; and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us."

"'Tis difficult no longer," cried Griffith; "for here it comes, and in right earnest!"

The rushing sounds of the wind were now, indeed, heard at hand, and the words were hardly past the lips of the young lieutenant, before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend. Not another minute elapsed before the ship was throwing the waters aside, with a lively progress, and, obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow. The hurry and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped, and some shaking their heads in melancholy doubt, afraid to express the apprehensions they really entertained. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced in that gallant frigate as not to know that as yet they only felt the infant effects of the wind. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the breeze, as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows, like the foam of a cataract.

"It blows fresh," cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; "but it is no more than a capful of wind after all. Give us elbowroom, and the right canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht, in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" said the low voice of the stranger.

"She will do all that man, in reason, can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel don't float the ocean that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone, against a heavy sea. Help her with the courses, pilot, and you shall see her come round like a dancing master."

"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned the man who was called Mr. Gray, moving from the side of Griffith to the weather gangway of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship, with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

All the lanterns had been extinguished on the deck of the frigate, when her anchor was secured, and, as the first mist of the gale had passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke in white curls around the vessel in every direction. The land could be faintly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity. The last rope was coiled, and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one that their ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves; and as she was approaching, with such velocity, the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard, calling to the pilot.

"Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

Although this question was asked aloud, and the interest it excited drew many of the officers and men around him in eager impatience for his answer, it was unheeded by the man to whom it was addressed. His head rested on his hand as he leaned over the hammock cloths of the vessel, and his whole air was that of one whose thoughts wandered from the pressing necessity of their situation. Griffith was among those who had approached the pilot; and after waiting a moment, from respect, to hear the answer to his commander's question, he presumed on his own rank, and, leaving the circle that stood at a little distance, stepped to the side of the mysterious guardian of their lives.

"Captain Munson desires to know whether you wish a cast of the lead?" said the young officer, with a little impatience of manner. No immediate answer was made to this repetition of the question, and Griffith laid his hand unceremoniously on the shoulder of the other, with an intent to rouse him before he made another application for a reply, but the convulsive start of the pilot held him silent in amazement.

"Fall back there," said the lieutenant, sternly, to the men, who were closing around them in a compact circle; "away with you to your stations, and see all clear for stays!" The

dense mass of heads dissolved, at this order, like the water of one of the waves commingling with the ocean, and the lieutenant and his companions were left by themselves.

"This is not a time for musing, Mr. Gray," continued Griffith; "remember our compact, and look to your charge — is it not time to put the vessel in stays? Of what are you dreaming?"

The pilot laid his hand on the extended arm of the lieutenant, and grasped it with a convulsive pressure, as he answered: —

"'Tis a dream of reality. You are young, Mr. Griffith, nor am I past the noon of life; but, should you live fifty years longer, you can never see and experience what I have encountered in my little period of three and thirty years!"

A good deal astonished at this burst of feeling, so singular at such a moment, the young sailor was at a loss for a reply; but, as his duty was uppermost in his thoughts, he still dwelt on the theme that most interested him.

"I hope much of your experience has been on this coast, for the ship travels lively," he said, "and the daylight showed us so much to dread, that we do not feel overvaliant in the dark. How much longer shall we stand on, upon this tack?"

The pilot turned slowly from the side of the vessel, and walked toward the commander of the frigate, as he replied, in a tone that seemed deeply agitated by his melancholy reflections:

"You have your wish, then; much, very much of my early life was passed on this dreaded coast. What to you is all darkness and gloom, to me is as light as if a noonday sun shone upon it. But tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish!"

Griffith gazed at him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station, to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the pilot respecting the qualities of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result. The helm was no sooner put alee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air, as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind: and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she

fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round, as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air; and in a few moments the frigate again moved, with stately progress, through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl, surlily, as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded, each moment, more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of the gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried: "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot, with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis,

and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster at the cun gave out his orders to the men at the wheel, in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark, seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot, calmly: "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Ay! you must hold the vessel in command, now," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call, "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing master was heard shouting from the forecastle: —

"Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried: —

"Breakers on our lee bow!"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," cried the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded: —

"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it

not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word——"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray, he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered, in bitterness of feeling: —

"Then all is lost, indeed! and among the rest the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head-yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel, with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud — but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obe-

dient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from among the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government; and during those anxious moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course, in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but, if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it — by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hom-moc, a

little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon — 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well; but if not, we shall surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head, as he replied: —

"There is no more tacking or boxhauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course; and, if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their uttermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without it — see! the light already touches the edge of the hom-moc; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsails were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hom-moc already: if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report, like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting

before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib, blown from the boltropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck — but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff — luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands, he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers, with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass, to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping the spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting: —

"Square away the yards! — in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed "Square away the yards!" and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time

to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing behind them like men recovered from a trance, when Griffith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, as he said: —

"You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world cannot equal!"

COUNT ALARCOS AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

[John Gibson Lockhart, Scotch man of letters, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, was born in Glasgow, July 14, 1794; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford; gained early repute for his translations of Spanish ballads; joined the staff of *Blackwood's* in 1817; in 1819 published "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk"; "Valerius" in 1821; "Adam Blair" in 1822; "Reginald Dalton" in 1823. In 1826 he succeeded Gifford as editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He wrote lives of Burns and Napoleon, and in 1837–1839 his great biography of Scott. He left the *Quarterly* in 1853, and died November 25, 1854.]

Alone, as was her wont, she sate,—within her bower alone;—
Alone, and very desolate, Solisa made her moan,
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass away,
And she be never wooed to wife, nor see a bridal day.

Thus said the sad Infanta—"I will not hide my grief,
I'll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief."
The King, when he beheld her near, "Alas! my child," said he,
"What means this melancholy cheer?—reveal thy grief to me."

"Good King," she said, "my mother was buried long ago,
She left me to thy keeping, none else my griefs shall know.
I fain would have a husband, 'tis time that I should wed,—
Forgive the words I utter, with mickle shame they're said."

'Twas thus the King made answer,—"This fault is none of mine,
You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;
Yet round us here where lives your peer?—nay, name him if you can,—
Except the Count Alarcos, and he's a married man."

"Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night?
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break—
Alas! I've lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover's sake."

The good King sat confounded in silence for some space;
At length he made this answer with very troubled face—
"It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;
You've done much wrong, my daughter; we're shamed, both I and you.

"If it be true that you have said, our honor's lost and gone;
And while the Countess is in life, remeed for us is none.
Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not spare—
Speak, daughter, for your mother's dead, whose counsel eased my care."

"How can I give you counsel?—but little wit have I;
But certes, Count Alarcos may make this Countess die:
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
What passed between us long ago, of that be nothing said;
Thus none shall our dishonor know, in honor I shall wed."

The Count was standing with his friends, thus in the midst he spake—
"What fools we be, what pains men dree, for a fair woman's sake!
I loved a fair one long ago;—though I'm a married man,
Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began."

While yet the Count was speaking, the good King came full near;
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.
"Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
For I have something secret I in your ear must say."

The King came from the chapel, when he had heard the mass;
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass;
Full nobly were they served there, by pages many a one;
When all were gone, and they alone, 'twas thus the King begun:—

"What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight,
To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night?
If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth,
But shamed is my gray head—alas!—and scorned Solisa's youth.

"I have a heavy word to speak,—a lady fair doth lie
Within my daughter's rightful place, and certes! she must die.

Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife:
What passed between you long ago, of that be nothing said,
Thus, none shall my dishonor know — in honor you shall wed."

Thus spake the Count Alarcos — "The truth I'll no deny,
I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;
I feared my King would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter;
But, oh! spare her that's innocent — avoid that sinful slaughter."

"She dies, she dies," the King replies; — "from thine own sin it springs,
If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood of kings:
Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed,
Else thou on shameful block must bend: thereof is no remeed."

"Good King, my hand thou mayst command, else treason blots my name!
I'll take the life of my dear wife — (God! mine be not the blame!)
Alas! that young and sinless heart for others' sins should bleed!
Good King, in sorrow I depart." — "May God your errand speed!"

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
The weary journey from that place, unto his own abode;
He grieved for his fair Countess, dear as his life was she;
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best;
The others were young children, that had but little wit,
Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

"Alas!" he said, when he had come within a little space,
"How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face?
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,
When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all!"

Just then he saw her at the door with all her babes appear —
(The little page had run before to tell his lord was near) —
"Now welcome home, my lord, my life! — Alas! you droop your head:
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red?"

"I'll tell you all — I'll tell you all: it is not yet the hour;
We'll sup together in the hall — I'll tell you in your bower."
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate;
He sate beside her pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.

The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so),
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow:
"I fain would sleep — I fain would sleep," — the Count Alarcos said: —
Alas! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.

They came together to the bower where they were used to rest,
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast:
The Count had barred the chamber doors — they ne'er were barred till then;
"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost of men!"

"Now, speak not so, my noble lord, my husband and my life,
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos' wife."
"Alas! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gathered all your woe.

"Long since I loved a lady, — long since I oaths did plight,
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night;
Her father is our lord the King, to him the thing is known,
And now, that I the news should bring! she claims me for her own.

"Alas! my love, alas! my life, the right is on their side;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride;
But, oh! that I should speak the word — since in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our lord, that you this night must die."

"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?
O, kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy foot I kneel!
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three."

"It may not be — mine oath is strong — ere dawn of day you die!"
"O! well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I —
My father is an old frail man, — my mother's in her grave, —
And dead is stout Don Garcia — alas! my brother brave!

"'Twas at this coward King's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land. — It is not death I fear,
But loath, loath am I to depart, and leave my children so —
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go."

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast — the rest thou mayst not see."
"I fain would say an Ave." "Then say it speedily."
She knelt her down upon her knee: "O Lord! behold my case —
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace."

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose —
"Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose,
And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be cold."

"Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep —
Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep."
"Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free,
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I've loved thee.

"But *they* have not my pardon, the King and his proud daughter —
The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne!"

He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,
Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along;
He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,
To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

Then called he for his esquires: — oh! deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay;
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong,
But God took heed of their offense — his vengeance stayed not long.

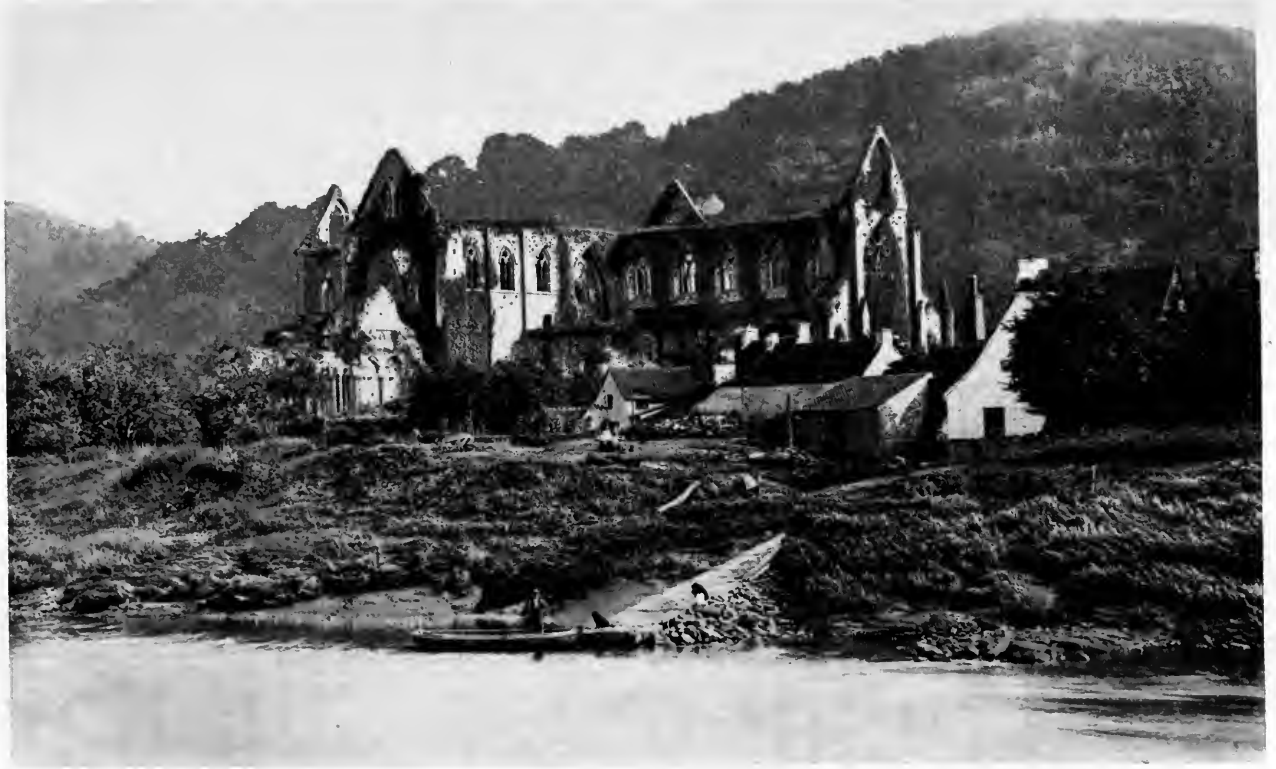
Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta passed away,
The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
Alarcos followed ere the Moon had made her round complete,
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment seat.

SCOTT AND THE BALLANTYNES.

By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

A SERIOUS change was about to take place in his relations with the spirited publishing house which had hitherto been the most efficient supporters of that press; and his letters begin to be much occupied with differences and disputes which, uninteresting as the details would now be, must have cost him many

Tintern Abbey



anxious hours in the apparently idle autumn of 1808. Mr. Constable had then for his partner Mr. Alexander Gibson Hunter, afterwards Laird of Blackness, to whose intemperate language, much more than to any part of Constable's own conduct, Scott ascribed this unfortunate alienation; which, however, as well as most of my friend's subsequent misadventures, I am inclined to trace, in no small degree, to the influence which a third person, hitherto unnamed, was about this time beginning to exercise over the concerns of James Ballantyne.

John Ballantyne, a younger brother of Scott's schoolfellow, had been originally bred to their father's trade of a merchant (that is to say, a dealer in everything from broadcloth to children's tops) at Kelso; but James's rise in the world was not observed by him without ambitious longings; for he too had a love, and he at least fancied that he had a talent, for literature. He left Kelso abruptly for the chances of the English metropolis. After a short residence in London, where among other things he officiated for a few months as clerk in a banking-house, the continued intelligence of the printer's prosperity determined him to return to Scotland. Not finding any opening at the moment in Edinburgh, he tried again the shop at Kelso; but his habits had not been improved by his brief sojourn in London, and the business soon melted to nothing in his hands. His goods were disposed of by auction for the benefit of his creditors — the paternal shop was finally closed; and John again quitted his birthplace, under circumstances which, as I shall show in the sequel, had left a deep and painful trace even upon that volatile mind.

He was a quick, active, intrepid little fellow; and in society so very lively and amusing, so full of fun and merriment, such a thoroughly light-hearted droll, all-over quaintness and humorous mimicry, and moreover such a keen and skillful devotee to all manner of field-sports, from fox-hunting to badger-baiting inclusive, that it is no wonder he should have made a favorable impression on Scott, when he appeared in Edinburgh in this destitute plight and offered to assist his brother in the management of a concern by which James's comparatively indolent habits were now very severely tried. The contrast between the two brothers was not the least of the amusement; indeed, that continued to amuse him to the last. The elder of these is painted to the life in an early letter of Leyden's, which, on the

doctor's death, he, though not (I fancy) without wincing, permitted Scott to print: "Methinks I see you with your confounded black beard, bull-neck, and upper lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eyebrows is cocked perpendicularly, and the other forms pretty well the base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great, gloating eyes, and crying, *But Leyden!!!*" James was a short, stout, well-made man, and would have been considered a handsome one, but for these grotesque frowns, starts, and twistings of his features, set off by a certain mock-majesty of walk and gesture, which he had perhaps contracted from his usual companions, the emperors and tyrants of the stage. His voice in talk was grave and sonorous, and he sung well (theatrically well) in a fine, rich bass. John's tone in singing was a sharp treble; in conversation, something between a croak and a squeak. Of *his* style of story-telling it is sufficient to say that the late Charles Matthews's "old Scotch lady" was but an imperfect copy of the original, which the inimitable comedian first heard in my presence from his lips. He was shorter than James, but lean as a scarecrow, and he rather hopped than walked; his features, too, were naturally good, and he twisted them about quite as much, but in a very different fashion. The elder brother was a gormand; the younger liked his bottle and his bowl, as well as, like Johnny Armstrong, "a hawk, a hound, and a fair woman." Scott used to call the one Aldiborontiphoscophornio, the other Rigdumfunnidos. They both entertained him; they both loved and revered him; and, I believe, would have shed their heart's blood in his service: but they both, as men of affairs, deeply injured him; and, above all, the day that brought John into pecuniary connection with him was the blackest in his calendar. A more reckless, thoughtless, improvident adventurer never rushed into the serious responsibilities of business; but his cleverness, his vivacity, his unaffected zeal, his gay fancy, always seeing the light side of everything, his imperturbable good humor and buoyant elasticity of spirits, made and kept him such a favorite that I believe Scott would have as soon ordered his dog to be hanged, as harbored, in the darkest hour of perplexity, the least thought of discarding "jocund Johnny."

The great bookseller of Edinburgh was a man of caliber infinitely beyond these Ballantynes. Though with a strong dash of the sanguine, without which, indeed, there can be no great projector in any walk of life, Archibald Constable was

one of the most sagacious persons that ever followed his profession. A brother poet of Scott's says to him, a year or two before this time, "Our butteraceous friend at the Cross turns out a deep draw-well;" and another eminent literator, still more closely connected with Constable, had already, I believe, christened him "The Crafty." Indeed, his fair and very handsome physiognomy carried a bland astuteness of expression not to be mistaken by any one who could read the plainest of nature's handwriting. He made no pretensions to literature, though he was in fact a tolerable judge of it generally, and particularly well skilled in the department of Scotch antiquities. He distrusted himself, however, in such matters, being conscious that his early education had been very imperfect; and moreover, he wisely considered the business of a critic as quite as much out of his "proper line" as authorship itself. But of that "proper line," and his own qualifications for it, his estimation was ample; and, often as I may have smiled at the lofty serenity of his self-complacence, I confess I now doubt whether he rated himself too highly as a master in the true science of the bookseller. He had indeed, in his mercantile character, one deep and fatal flaw, for he hated accounts, and systematically refused, during the most vigorous years of his life, to examine or sign a balance-sheet; but for casting a keen eye over the remotest indications of popular taste, for anticipating the chances of success and failure in any given variety of adventure, for the planning and invention of his calling, he was not, in his own day at least, surpassed; and among all his myriad of undertakings I question if any one that really originated with himself, and continued to be superintended by his own care, ever did fail. He was as bold as far-sighted, and his disposition was as liberal as his views were wide. Had he and Scott from the beginning trusted as thoroughly as they understood each other; had there been no third parties to step in, flattering an overweening vanity on the one hand into presumption, and on the other side spurring the enterprise that wanted nothing but a bridle, I have no doubt their joint career might have been one of unbroken prosperity. But the Ballantynes were jealous of the superior mind, bearing, and authority of Constable; and though he, too, had a liking for them both personally, esteemed James's literary tact, and was far too much of a humorist not to be very fond of the younger brother's company, he could never away with the feeling that they

intervened unnecessarily, and left him but the shadow where he ought to have the substantial lion's share of confidence. On his part, again, he was too proud a man to give entire confidence where that was withheld from himself; and, more especially, I can well believe that a frankness of communication as to the real amount of his capital and general engagements of business, which would have been the reverse of painful to him in habitually confidential intercourse with Scott, was out of the question when Scott's proposals and suggestions were to be met in conference, not with his own manly simplicity, but the buckram propensity of the one, or the burlesque levity of the other, of his plenipotentiaries.

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James Ballantyne then lived in St. John Street, a row of good, old-fashioned, and spacious houses, adjoining the Canongate and Holyrood, and at no great distance from his printing establishment. He had married, a few years before, the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Berwickshire — a quiet, amiable woman, of simple manners and perfectly domestic habits. A group of fine young children were growing up about him; and he usually, if not constantly, had under his roof his aged mother, his and his wife's tender care of whom it was most pleasing to witness. As far as a stranger might judge, there could not be a more exemplary household, or a happier one; and I have occasionally met the poet in St. John Street when there were no other guests but Erskine, Terry, George Hogarth, and another intimate friend or two, and when James Ballantyne was content to appear in his own true and best colors, the kind head of his family, the respected but honest schoolfellow of Scott, the easy landlord of a plain, comfortable table. But when any great event was about to take place in the business, especially on the eve of a new novel, there were doings of a higher strain in St. John Street; and to be present at one of those scenes was truly a rich treat, even — if not especially — for persons who, like myself, had no more *knowledge* than the rest of the world as to the authorship of Waverley. Then were congregated about the printer all his own literary allies, of whom a considerable number were by no means personally familiar with "THE GREAT UNKNOWN," who, by the way, owed to him that widely adopted title; and he appeared among the rest with his usual open aspect of buoyant good humor, although it was

not difficult to trace, in the occasional play of his features, the diversion it afforded him to watch all the procedure of his swelling confidant, and the curious neophytes that surrounded the well-spread board.

The feast was, to use one of James's own favorite epithets, *gorgeous;* an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn the burly preses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of Macbeth, —

"Fill full;
I drink to the general joy of the whole table!"

This was followed by "The King, God bless him!" and second came: "Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been, nor shall be, omitted in this house of mine. I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three!" All honor having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired; the bottles passed round twice in the usual way, and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended, his eyes solemnly fixed upon vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with "'bated breath," in the sort of whisper by which a stage conspirator thrills the gallery, "*Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley!*" The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by deep silence, and then Ballantyne proceeded, —

"In his Lord-Burleigh-look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious,"

to lament the obscurity in which his illustrious, but too modest, correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world, to thank the company for the manner in which the *nominis umbra* had been received, and to assure them that the Author of Waverley would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted, "the proudest hour of his life," etc. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummery was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay *non-chalance* was still more ludicrously meritorious. Aldiborontiphoscophornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well

to allow the new novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but after that no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonor to almost any orchestra, *The Maid of Lodi*, or perhaps *The Bay of Biscay, oh!* or *The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.* Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers; old George Thompson, the friend of Burns, was ready for one with *The Moorland Wedding*, or *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut;* and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened *ore rotundo* on the merits of the forthcoming romance. "One chapter — one chapter only," was the cry. After "*Nay, by'r Lady, nay!*" and a few more coy shifts, the proof sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he considered as the most striking dialogue they contained.

The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle, and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable, and no wonder that the exulting typographer's *one bumper more to Jedediah Cleishbotham* preceded his parting stave, which was uniformly *The last word of Marmion*, executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham.

What a different affair was a dinner, although probably including many of the same guests, at the junior partner's. He, in those days, retained, I think, no private apartments attached to his auction-rooms in Hanover Street, over the door of which he still kept emblazoned, "John Ballantyne and Company, Booksellers." At any rate, such of his entertainments as I ever saw Scott partake of, were given at his villa near to the Firth of Forth, by Trinity; a retreat which the little man had named "Harmony Hall," and invested with an air of dainty, voluptuous finery, contrasting strikingly enough with the substantial citizenlike snugness of his elder brother's domestic

appointments. His house was surrounded by gardens so contrived as to seem of considerable extent, having many a shady tuft, trellised alley, and mysterious alcove, interspersed among their bright parterres. It was a fairylike labyrinth, and there was no want of pretty Armidas, such as they might be, to glide half-seen among its mazes. The sitting rooms opened upon gay and perfumed conservatories, and John's professional excursions to Paris and Brussels in quest of objects of *vertu* had supplied both the temptation and the means to set forth the interior in a fashion that might have satisfied the most fastidious *petite maitresse* of Norwood or St. Denis. John, too, was a married man; he had, however, erected for himself a private wing, the access to which, whether from the main building, or the bosquet, was so narrow that it was physically impossible for the handsome and portly lady who bore his name to force her person through any one of them. His dinners were, in all respects, Parisian, for his wasted palate disdained such John Bull luxuries as were all in all with James. The piquant pastry of Strasburg or Perigord was never to seek; and even the *pièce de résistance* was probably a boar's head from Coblentz or a turkey ready stuffed with truffles from the Palais Royal. The pictures scattered among John's innumerable mirrors were chiefly of theatrical subjects, many of them portraits of beautiful actresses, the same Peg Woffingtons, Bellamys, Kitty Clives, and so forth, that found their way in the sequel to Charles Matthews's gallery at Highgate. Here that exquisite comedian's own mimicries and parodies were the life and soul of many a festival, and here too he gathered from his facetious host not a few of the richest materials for his *at homes* and *monopolylogues*. But, indeed, whatever actor or singer of eminence visited Edinburgh, of the evenings when he did not perform, several were sure to be reserved for Trinity. Here Braham quavered, and here Liston drolled his best; here Johnstone and Murray and Yates mixed jest and stave; here Kean reveled and rioted, and here the Roman Kemble often played the Greek from sunset to dawn. Nor did the popular *cantatrice* or *danseuse* of the time disdain to freshen her roses, after a laborious week, amidst these Paphian arbors of Harmony Hall.

Johnny had other tastes that were equally expensive. He had a well-furnished stable, and followed the fox-hounds whenever the cover was within an easy distance. His horses were

all called after heroes in Scott's poems or novels; and at this time he usually rode up to his auction on a tall, milk-white hunter, yclept *Old Mortality*, attended by a leash or two of greyhounds, Die Vernon, Jenny Dennison, and so forth, by name. The featherweight himself appeared, uniformly, hammer in hand, in the half-dress of some sporting club, a light gray frock, with emblems of the chase on its silver buttons, white cord breeches, and jockey-boots, in Meltonian order. Yet he affected in the pulpit rather a grave address, and was really one of the most plausible and imposing of the Puff tribe. Probably Scott's presence overawed his ludicrous propensities; for the poet was, when sales were going on, almost a daily attendant in Hanover Street, and himself not the least energetic of the numerous competitors for Johnny's uncut *fifteeners*, Venetian lamps, Milanese cuirasses, and old Dutch cabinets. Maida, by the way, was so well aware of his master's habits that, about the time when the Court of Session was likely to break up for the day, he might usually be seen couched in expectation among Johnny's own *tail* of greyhounds at the threshold of the mart.

It was at one of these Trinity dinners this summer that I first saw Constable. Being struck with his appearance, I asked Scott who he was, and he told me, expressing some surprise that anybody should have lived a winter or two in Edinburgh without knowing, by sight at least, a citizen whose name was so familiar to the world. I happened to say that I had not been prepared to find the great bookseller a man of such gentlemanlike and even distinguished bearing. Scott smiled, and answered: "Ay, Constable is indeed a grand-looking chield. He puts me in mind of Fielding's apology for Lady Booby, to wit, that Joseph Andrews had an air which, to those who had not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility." I had not, in those days, been much initiated in the private jokes of what is called, by way of excellence, *the trade*, and was puzzled when Scott, in the course of the dinner, said to Constable, "Will your Czarish Majesty do me the honor to take a glass of Champagne?" I asked the master of the feast for an explanation. "Oh!" said he, "are you so green as not to know that Constable long since dubbed himself *The Czar of Muscovy*, John Murray *The Emperor of the West*, and Longman and his string of partners *The Divan?*" "And what title," I asked, "has Mr. John Ballantyne himself found in this new

almanac imperial?" "Let that flee stick to the wa'," quoth Johnny, "when I set up for a bookseller. The Crafty christened me *The Dey of Alljeers*, but he now considers me as next thing to dethroned." He added: "His Majesty, the autocrat, is too fond of these nicknames. One day a partner of the house of Longman was dining with him in the country, to settle an important piece of business, about which there occurred a good deal of difficulty. 'What fine swans you have in your pond there!' said the Londoner, by way of parenthesis. 'Swans!' cried Constable, 'they are only geese, man. There are just five of them, if you please to observe, and their names are Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.' This skit cost The Crafty a good bargain."

It always appears to me that James Ballantyne felt his genius rebuke him in the presence of Constable; his manner was constrained, his smile servile, his hilarity elaborate. Not so with Johnny; the little fellow never seemed more airily frolicsome than when he capered for the amusement of the Czar. I never, however, saw those two together, where, I am told, the humors of them both were exhibited to the richest advantage — I mean at the Sunday dinners with which Constable regaled, among others, his own circle of literary serfs, and when "Jocund Johnny" was very commonly his croupier. There are stories enough of practical jokes upon such occasions, some of them near akin to those which the author of Humphrey Clinker has thought fit to record of his own suburban villa, in the most diverting of young Melford's letters to Sir Watkin Philips. I have heard, for example, a luculent description of poor *Elshender Campbell* and another drudge of the same class running a race after dinner, for a new pair of breeches, which Mr. David Bridges — tailor in ordinary to this northern potentate, himself a wit, a virtuoso, and the croupier, on that day, in lieu of Rigdum — had been instructed to bring with him, and display before the threadbare rivals. But I had these pictures from John Ballantyne, and I dare say they might be overcharged. That Constable was a most bountiful and generous patron to the ragged tenants of Grub Street, there can, however, be no doubt; and as little that John himself acted, on all occasions, by them in the same spirit, and this to an extent greatly beyond what prudence (if he had ever consulted that guide in anything) would have dictated.

When I visited Constable, as I often did at a period somewhat later than that of which I now speak, and for the most part in company with Scott, I found the bookseller established in a respectable country gentleman's seat, some six or seven miles out of Edinburgh, and doing the honors of it with all the ease that might have been looked for, had he been the long-descended owner of the place. There was no foppery, no show, no idle luxury, but to all appearance the plain abundance and simple enjoyment of hereditary wealth. His conversation was manly and vigorous, abounding in Scotch anecdotes of the old time, which he told with a degree of spirit and humor only second to his great author's. No man could more effectually control, when he had a mind, either the extravagant vanity which, on too many occasions, made him ridiculous, or the despotic temper, which habitually held in fear and trembling all such as were in any sort dependent on his Czarish Majesty's pleasure. In him I never saw (at this period) anything but the unobtrusive sense and calm courtesy of a well-bred gentleman. His very equipage kept up the series of contrasts between him and the two Ballantynes. Constable went back and forth between the town and Polton in a deep-hung and capacious green barouche, without any pretense at heraldic blazonry, drawn by a pair of sleek, black, long-tailed horses, and conducted by a grave old coachman in plain blue livery. The Printer of the Canongate drove himself and wife about the streets and suburbs in a snug machine which did not overburden one powerful and steady cob; while the gay auctioneer, whenever he left the saddle for the box, mounted a bright blue dog-cart, and rattled down the Newhaven road with two high-mettled steeds prancing *tandem* before him, and most probably, especially if he was on his way to the races at Musselburgh, with some "sweet singer of Israel" flaming, with all her feathers, beside him. On such occasions, by the by, Johnny sometimes had a French horn with him, and he played on it with good skill and with an energy by no means prudent in the state of his lungs.

The sheriff told with peculiar unction the following anecdote of this spark. The first time he went over to pick up curiosities at Paris, it happened that he met, in the course of his traffickings, a certain brother bookseller of Edinburgh, as unlike him as one man could well be to another — a grave, dry Presbyterian, as rigid in all his notions as the buckle of his wig. This precise worthy, having ascertained John's address, went

to call on him, a day or two afterwards, with the news of some richly illuminated missal, which he might possibly be glad to make a prize of. On asking for his friend, a smiling *laquais de place* informed him that *Monsieur* had gone out, but that *Madame* was at home. Not doubting that Mrs. Ballantyne had accompanied her husband on his trip, he desired to pay his respects to *Madame*, and was ushered in accordingly. "But oh, Mr. Scott!" said, or rather groaned, the austere elder, on his return from this modern Babylon — "oh, Mr. Scott, there was nae Mrs. John yonder, but a painted Jezebel sittin' up in her bed, wi' a wheen impudent French limmers like hersel', and twa or three whiskered blackguards, takin' their collation o' nicknacks and champagne wine! I ran out o' the house as if I had been shot. What judgment will this wicked warld come to? The Lord pity us!" Scott was a severe enough censor, in general, of such levities, but somehow, in the case of Rigdumfunnidos, he seemed to regard them with much the same toleration as the naughty tricks of a monkey in the "Jardin des Plantes."

Why did Scott persist in mixing up all his most important concerns with such people as I have been describing? I asked himself that question too unceremoniously at a long subsequent period, and in due time the reader shall see the answer I received. But it left the main question, to my apprehension, as much in the dark as ever. I shall return to the sad subject hereafter more seriously; but in the meantime let it suffice to say, that he was the most patient, long-suffering, affectionate, and charitable of mankind; that in the case of both the Ballantynes he could count, after all, on a sincerely, nay, a passionately devoted attachment to his person; that, with the greatest of human beings, use is in all but unconquerable power; and that he who so loftily tossed aside the seemingly most dangerous assaults of flattery, the blandishment of dames, the condescension of princes, the enthusiasm of crowds — had still his weak point upon which two or three humble besiegers, and one unwearied though most frivolous underminer, well knew how to direct their approaches. It was a favorite saw of his own, that the wisest of our race often reserve the average stock of folly to be all expended upon some one flagrant absurdity.

THE OWL.

PROBABLY BY JOHN WILSON.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine.*)

[JOHN WILSON ("Christopher North"), the well-known Scotch poet and essayist, was the son of a wealthy manufacturer at Paisley, where he was born May 19, 1785. He attended the University of Glasgow and Magdalen College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a scholar and athlete. On leaving the university, he resided at his beautiful estate of Elleray, on Lake Windermere, and lived in intimate intercourse with Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and De Quincey. Losing most of his inherited fortune, he removed to Edinburgh and studied law. In 1820 he was called to the chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh University, retiring in 1853. He died in 1854. His reputation is founded principally upon the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," essays and sketches originally contributed to *Blackwood's* (1822–1835). Other works are the poems "The Isle of Palms" and "The City of the Plague"; "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life"; "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," a novel; "Recreations of Christopher North."]

THERE sat an Owl in an old oak tree,
Whooping very merrily;
He was considering, as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night:
He looked about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the Owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
There sat his wife, and his children three!

She was singing one to rest,
Another, under her downy breast,
'Gan trying his voice to learn her song,
The third (a hungry Owl was he)
Peeped slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peered for his dad, and said "You're long;"
But he hooted for joy, when he presently saw
His sire, with a full-grown mouse at his claw.
Oh, what a supper they had that night!
All was feasting and delight;
Who most can chatter, or cram, they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old Owl do?
Ah! Not so gay was his next to-whoo!
It was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,

He did not sleep with his children three,
For, truly a gentleman Owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood;
So not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He called his wife with a loud to-whoo;
"Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He called once more, and he shuddered when
No voice replied to his again;
Yet still unwilling to believe,
That Evil's raven wing was spread,
Hovering over his guiltless head,
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
"Ha — ha — they play me a trick," quoth he,
"They will not speak, — well, well, at night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
But still he went not in, nor out,
But hopped uneasily about.

What then did the father Owl?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain and woe,
And saw his wife and children three,
In a young boy's captivity.
He followed them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewildered family;
And he heard the hall with laughter ring,
When the boy said, "Blind, they'll learn to sing;"
And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel pin
Through their eyeballs was thrust in!
He felt it all! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell;
It quailed him, as he shuddering said,
"Lo! the little birds are dead."

—But the father Owl!
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, recked not, where!

But whither went the father Owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl?
—He had got a strange wild stare,
For he thought he saw them ever there,
And he screamed, as they screamed when he saw them fall
Dead on the floor of the marble hall.

Many seasons traveled he,
With his load of misery,
Striving to forget the pain
Which was clinging to his brain,
Many seasons, many years,
Numbered by his burning tears;
Many nights his boding cry
Scared the traveler passing by;
But all in vain his wanderings were,
He could not from his memory tear
The things that had been, still were, there.

One night, very very weary,
He sat in a hollow tree,
With his thoughts—ah! all so dreary
For his only company—
He heard something like a sound
Of horse hoofs through the forest bound,
And full soon he was aware,
A stranger, and a lady fair,
Hid them, motionless and mute,
From a husband's swift pursuit.

The cheated husband passed them by,
The Owl shrieked out, he scarce knew why;
The spoiler looked, and, by the light,
Saw two wild eyes that, ghastly bright,
Threw an unnatural glare around
The spot where he had shelter found.—
Starting he woke from rapture's dream,
For again he heard that boding scream;
And "On—for danger and death are nigh,
When drinks mine ear yon dismal cry"—
He said—and fled through the forest fast;
The Owl has punished his foe at last—

For he knew, in the injured husband's foe,
Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,
And again and again he took to flight:
But ever on his wandering wing
He bore that load of suffering! —
Naught could cheer him! — the pale moon,
In whose soft beam he took delight,
He looked at now reproachfully,
That she could smile, and shine, while he
Had withered 'neath such cruel blight.
He hooted her — but still she shone —
And then away — alone! alone! —

The wheel of time went round once more,
And his weary wing him backward bore,
Urged by some strange destiny,
Again to the well-known forest tree,
Where the stranger he saw at night,
With the lovely lady bright.

The Owl was dozing — but a stroke,
Strong on the root of the sturdy oak,
Shook him from his reverie —
He looked down, and he might see
A stranger close to the hollow tree.
His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
Yet the Owl knew in the man, the lad
Who had destroyed him! — he was glad!

And the lovely lady too was there,
But now no longer bright nor fair;
She was lying on the ground,
Mute and motionless, no sound
Came from her coral lips, for they
Were sealed in blood; and, as she lay,
Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
Were dabbled in the crimson stream,
That from a wound on her bosom white —
(Ah! that man's hand could such impress
On that sweet seat of loveliness) —
Welled, a sad and ghastly sight,
And ran all wildly forth to meet
And cling around the murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave — the bird
Shrieked aloud — the murderer heard
Once again that boding scream,
And saw again those wild eyes gleam —
And "Curse on the fiend!" he cried, and flung
His mattock up — it caught and hung —
The felon stood awhile aghast —
Then fled through the forest, fast, fast, fast!

The hardened murderer hath fled —
But the Owl kept watch by the shroudless dead,
Until came friends with the early day,
And bore the mangled corse away —
Then, cutting the air all silently,
He fled away from his hollow tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
And why do the people shout "Huzza"?
And why is yonder felon given
Alone to feed the birds of heaven?
Had he no friend, now all is done,
To give his corse a grave? — Not one!

Night has fallen. What means that cry?
It descends from the gibbet high —
There sits on its top a lonely Owl,
With a staring eye and a dismal scowl:
And he screams aloud, "Revenge is sweet!"
His mortal foe is at his feet!

MISS PRATT: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By SUSAN FERRIER.

(From "The Inheritance.")

[Susan Edmonstone Ferrier: A Scotch novelist; born at Edinburgh, September 7, 1782; died there November 5, 1854. Her father was a writer to the signet, and held an appointment in the Court of Session as the colleague of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Ferrier was one of the leading lights in the literary society of her native city, and a frequent visitor at Abbotsford, the residence of Scott. Her principal novels are: "Marriage" (1818), "The Inheritance" (1824), and "Destiny" (1831).]

"Miss Pratt, by means of great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers (who, *par parenthèse*, may commonly be classed

under the head of great bores), is, somehow or other, cousin to all families of distinction, in general, throughout Scotland. I cannot pretend to show forth the various modifications of which cousinship is susceptible, first, second, and third degrees, as far as numbers and degrees can go. And, indeed, I have already committed a great error in my outset by having introduced Miss Pratt by herself Miss Pratt, when I ought to have presented her as Miss Pratt and Anthony Whyte. In fact, as Whittington without his cat would be nobody in the nursery, so neither would Miss Pratt be recognized in the world without Anthony Whyte. Not that there exists the same reciprocal attachment, or unity of fortune, between the aunt and the nephew which distinguished the master and his cat; for Anthony Whyte is rich, and Miss Pratt is poor; — Anthony Whyte lives in a castle, Miss Pratt in a cottage; — Anthony Whyte has horses and hounds, Miss Pratt has clogs and pattens. There is something so uninteresting, if not unpromising, in the name that" — addressing himself to Miss St. Clair — "you, at present, will scarcely care whether it belongs to a man or a cat, and will be ready to exclaim, 'What's in a name?' But do not expect long to enjoy this happy state of indifference: by dint of hearing it repeated day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute, upon every possible and impossible occasion, it will at length take such hold of your imagination, that you will see the mystic letters which compose the name of Anthony Whyte wherever you turn your eyes — you will be ready to 'hollow out his name to the reverberate rocks, and teach the babbling gossips of the air to cry out' — Anthony Whyte!" [So said Lord Rossville.]

Miss Pratt appeared to be a person from whom nothing could be hid. Her eyes were not by any means fine eyes — they were not reflecting eyes; they were not soft eyes; they were not sparkling eyes; they were not melting eyes; they were not penetrating eyes; neither were they restless eyes, nor rolling eyes, nor squinting eyes, nor prominent eyes — but they were active, brisk, busy, vigilant, immovable eyes, that looked as if they could not be surprised by anything — not even by sleep. They never looked angry, or joyous, or perturbed, or melancholy, or heavy; but morning, noon, and night they shone the same, and conveyed the same impression to the beholder, viz. that they were eyes that had a look — not like the look of Sterne's monk, beyond this world — but a look into

all things on the face of this world. Her other features had nothing remarkable in them, but the ears might evidently be classed under the same head with the eyes; they were something resembling rabbits' — long, prominent, restless, vibrating ears, forever listening, and never shut by the powers of thought. Her voice had the tone and inflections of one accustomed to make frequent sharp interrogatories. She had rather a neat, compact figure, and the *tout ensemble* of her person and dress was that of smartness. Such, though not quite so strongly defined, was the sort of impression Miss Pratt generally made upon the beholder. . . .

Miss Pratt appeared, shaking the straw from her feet, and having alighted, it was expected that her next movement would be to enter the house; but they knew little of Miss Pratt who thought all was done when she had reached her destination. Much yet remained to be done, which she would not trust either to her companion or the servants. She had, in the first place, to speak in a very sharp manner to the driver, on the condition of his chaise and horses, and to throw out hints of having him severely punished, inasmuch as one of his windows would not let down, and she had almost sprained her wrist in attempting it — and another would not pull up, though the wind was going through her head like a spear; besides having taken two hours and a quarter to bring them nine miles, and her watch was held up in a triumphant manner in proof of her assertion. She next made it a point to see with her own eyes every article pertaining to her (and they were not a few) taken out of the chaise, and to give with her own voice innumerable directions as to the carrying, stowing, and placing of her bags, boxes, and bundles. All these matters being settled, Miss Pratt then accepted the arm of her companion, and was now fairly on her way to the drawing-room. But people who make use of their eyes have often much to see even between two doors, and in her progress from the hall door to the drawing-room door Miss Pratt met with much to attract her attention. True, all the objects were perfectly familiar to her, but a real *looker*, like a great genius, is never at a loss for subject; things are either better or worse since they saw them last; or if the things themselves should happen to be the same, they have seen other things either better or worse, and can, therefore, either improve or disprove them. Miss Pratt's head, then, turned from side to side a thousand times as she went along, and a

thousand observations and criticisms about stair carpets, patent lamps, hall chairs, slab tables, etc., etc., etc., passed through her crowded brain.

How Miss Pratt arrived at the Castle of the Earl of Rossville in Scotland.

The dreary monotony of a snowstorm now reigned in all its morbid solemnity. All nature was shrouded in one common covering; neither heavens nor earth offered any variety to the wearied sight, any sound to the listening ear. All was sameness and stillness, 'twas as the pulse of life stood still — of time congealed; or if a sound perchance broke the dreary silence that reigned, it fell with that dull muffled tone which only denoted the still burdened atmosphere.

Nothing can be more desolate and depressing than this exterior of nature to those who, assembled under one roof, are yet strangers to those fireside enjoyments, that home-born happiness, which springs from social intercourse. Here were no intimate delights, no play of fancy, no pleasures to deceive the hours and embellish existence. Here was nothing to palliate dullness, nothing to give time a zest, nothing to fill the void of an unfurnished brain. There was stupor of mind without tranquillity of soul, restlessness of body without animation of spirit. Gertrude felt her heart droop beneath the oppressive gloom which surrounded her, and thought even actual suffering must be preferable to this total stagnation of all enjoyment. But,

> All human things a day
> In darkness sinks — a day to light restores.

It was drawing towards the close of a day when the snow had fallen without intermission, but was now beginning to abate. Lord Rossville stood at his drawing-room window speculating on the aspect of the clouds, and predicting a change of weather, when he suddenly uttered an exclamation, which attracted the whole of the family to where he stood.

A huge black object was dimly discernible entering the avenue, and dragging its ponderous length towards the Castle; but what was its precise nature the still falling snow prevented their ascertaining. But suddenly the snow ceased, the clouds rolled away, and a red brassy glare of the setting sun fell

abruptly on this moving phenomena, and disclosed to view a stately full-plumed hearse. There was something so terrific, yet so picturesque, in its appearance, as it plowed its way through waves of snow — its sable plumes and gilded skulls nodding and grinning in the now livid glimmering of the fast-sinking sun — that all stood transfixed with alarm and amazement. At length the prodigy drew near, followed by two attendants on horseback; it drew up at the grand entrance; the servants gathered round; one of the men began to remove the end board, that threshold of death ——

"This is — is ——" gasped the Earl, as he tried to throw open the window and call to his servants; but the window was frozen, and ere his Lordship could adopt another expedient his fury was turned from the dead to the living, for there was lifted out — not "a slovenly unhandsome corpse, betwixt the wind and his nobility," but the warm, sentient, though somewhat discomfited, figure of Miss Pratt. All uttered some characteristic exclamation; but Lord Rossville's tongue clove to the very roof of his mouth, and he in vain labored to find words suited to the occasion.

Whether the contents of the hearse should be permitted to enter his castle walls from such a conveyance was a doubt in itself so weighty, as for the moment to overpower every faculty of mind and body. True, to refuse admission to one of the blood of Rossville — a cousin to himself, the cousin of many noble families, the aunt of Mr. Whyte of Whyte Hall — would be a strong measure. Yet to sanction such a violation of all propriety! to suffer such an example of disrespect to the living, of decorum to the dead! to receive into his presence a person just issued from a hearse! Who could tell what distempers she might not bring in her train? That thought decided the matter. His Lordship turned round to pull the bell, and, in doing so, found both hands locked in those of Miss Pratt. The shock of a mantrap is probably faint compared to that which he experienced at finding himself in the grasp of the fair, and all powers of resistance failed under the energy of her hearty shake.

"Well, my Lord, what do you think of my traveling equipage? My Jerusalem dilly, as Anthony Whyte calls it? 'Pon my word, you must make much of me, for a pretty business I've had to get here. I may well say I've come through thick and thin to get to you. At one time, I assure you, I thought

you would never have seen me but in my coffin, and a great mercy it is it's only in a hearse. I fancy I'm the first that ever thought themselves in luck to get into one; but, however, I think I am still luckier in having got well out of it—ha! ha! ha!"

"Miss Pratt!" heaved the Earl, as with a lever.

"Well, you shall hear all about it by and by. In the mean time, I must beg the favor of you to let the men put up their hearse and horses for the night, for it's perfectly impossible for them to go a step farther, and, indeed, I promised that if they would but bring me safe here, you would make them all welcome to a night's lodging, poor creatures!"

This was a pitch of assurance so far beyond anything Lord Rossville had ever contemplated that his words felt like stones in his throat, and he strove, but strove in vain, to get them up, and hurl them at Pratt's audacious jaws. Indeed, all ordinary words and known language would have been inadequate for his purpose. Only some mighty terror-compelling compound, or some magical anathema, something which would have caused her to sink into the ground, or have made her quit the form of a woman and take that of an insect, would have spoke the feelings of his breast. While his Lordship was thus struggling, like one under the influence of the nightmare, for utterance, Miss Pratt called to one of the servants who just then entered:—

"Jackson, you'll be so good as see these men well taken care of, and I hope Bishop will allow a good feed to the horses, poor beasts! and ——"

"Miss Pratt!" at length bolted the Earl—"Miss Pratt, this conduct of yours is of so extraordinary, so altogether unparalleled a nature, that ——"

"You may well say that, my Lord—unparalleled, indeed, if you knew all."

"There's eight horses and four men," said Lady Betty, who had been pleasing her fancy by counting them. "Whose burial is it?"

"It's Mr. M'Vitae's, the great distiller. I'm sure I'm much obliged to him, for if it hadn't been for him, poor man, I might have been stiff and stark by this time." And Miss Pratt busied herself in taking off her snowshoes, and turning and chafing herself before the fire.

"Miss Pratt," again began the Earl, mustering all his

energies — "Miss Pratt, it is altogether inconceivable and inexplicable to me, how you, or any one else, could possibly so far forget what was due to themselves and me, as to come to my house in a manner so wholly unprecedented, so altogether unwarrantable, so — so — so perfectly unjustifiable; I say, how any person or persons could thus presume ——"

A burst of laughter from Miss Pratt here broke in upon the Earl's harangue.

"My dear Lord Rossville, I beg your pardon; but really the notion of my *presuming* to come in a hearse is too good. 'Pon my word, it's a piece of presumption few people would be guilty of if they could help it. I assure you I felt humble enough when I was glad to creep into it."

"I repeat *presume*, Miss Pratt," cried his Lordship, now fairly kindled into eloquence, "to presume to bring to my house an equipage and attendants of — of — of the most luctiferous description; and farther, to presume to expect that I am to permit the hearse of Mr. M'Vitae, the distiller, the — the democratic distiller, with eight horses and four men, to — to — to — to — to transform Rossville Castle into an inn, a — a caravansery of the very lowest description, a — a — a charnel house, a — a — a receptacle for vehicles employed for the foulest, the vilest, the — the most unseemly of all purposes! Jackson, desire those people, with their carriage and horses, to quit my grounds without one moment's delay."

"My dear Lord Rossville! — (Stop, Jackson) — Bless my heart! you're not going to turn away the people at this time of night! Only look how it's snowing, and the sky as black as pitch; there's neither man nor beast fit to travel afoot this night. Jackson, I'm sure you must be sensible that it's perfectly impossible for them to find their way now."

Jackson, who had, like his betters, felt considerable ennui during the storm, and rather rejoiced at the thoughts of any visitors, however inferior to himself in rank and station, confirmed the assertion with all due respect — but to little purpose.

"At all events, and whatever may be the consequence," said his master, "they certainly can, and, indeed, positively must, return by the road which they have recently traversed."

"They may just as well attempt to fly as to go back the way they came — a pretty fight they had to get through! I only wish you had seen it — the horses up to their shoulders more than once in the snow, even then, and it's now snowing

ten times worse than ever; so I leave you to judge how they are to drag a hearse back nine miles at this time of night."

Here Jackson reëntered with a manifesto from the hearse drivers and company, stating that they had been brought two miles and a half out of their way under promise of being provided in quarters for the night, and that it was now impossible for them to proceed.

"It will be a pretty story if I'm landed in a lawsuit," cried Miss Pratt, in great alarm, as the Earl was about to reiterate his orders; "and it will make a fine noise in the county, I can tell you."

Mr. Delmour, who had been out investigating matters, here struck in, and having remarked that it might be an unpopular measure, recommended that Mr. M'Vitae's suite should be accommodated for the night, with strict charges to depart by dawn the following morning; and the Earl, though with great reluctance, was prevailed upon to agree to this arrangement.

Miss Pratt having carried her point, and dried, warmed, fed, and cherished her person in all possible ways, now commenced the narrative of what she called her unparalleled adventures. But as has been truly said, there are always two ways of telling a story, and Miss Pratt's biographer and herself are by no means at one as to the motives which led to this extraordinary expedition. Miss Pratt set forth that she had been living most comfortably at Skinflint Cottage, where she had been most kindly treated and much pressed to prolong her visit; but she had taken an anxious fit about her good friends at Rossville; she had had a great dreaming about them the night before last, and she could not rest till she had seen them all. She had, therefore, borrowed the Skinflint carriage, and set out at the risk of her life; but the horses had stuck in the snow, etc., etc., etc.

Miss Pratt's biographer, on the other hand, asserts that Miss Pratt, in the course of circulation, had landed at Skinflint Cottage, which she sometimes used as a stepping stone, but never as a resting place. Here, however, she had been taken prisoner by the snowstorm, and confined for a week in a small house full of children, some in measles, some in scarlet fevers, some in whooping coughs — the only healthy individuals two strong unruly boys, just broke loose from school for the holidays. The fare was bad, her bed was hard, her blankets heavy, her pillows few, her curtains thin, and her room, which was next

to the nursery, to use her own expression, smoked like a killogie.

To sum up the whole, it was a retreat of Miss Becky Duguid's, and at this very time Miss Becky was in such requisition that it was resolved to send the carriage for her, in the double hope that, as Rossville Castle was in the way, their guest would avail herself of the opportunity of taking her departure. Accordingly, a pair of old, stiff, starved, superannuated horses were yoked to a large, heavy family coach, to which Miss Pratt joyfully betook herself even in the very teeth of the storm. But the case was a desperate one, for she had received several broad hints about one of the children in the whooping cough — Charles Fox by name — having taken a fancy to sleep with her, in consequence of her having, in an unwary fit of generosity, presented it with a peppermint drop. But all these minute particulars Miss Pratt passed over, which occasions some little discrepancy betwixt herself and her faithful biographer; but from this point they can now proceed hand in hand.

The old horses tugged their way through the snow most manfully till they came to Cocklestonetop Muir, and there it lay so deep as to baffle their utmost exertions. After every other alternative had been tried in vain, there remained no other than to leave the carriage, and for Miss Pratt, her green bag, and the coachman to mount the horses and proceed to the nearest habitation. But the snow fell thick and fast; Miss Pratt could not keep her seat on the bare back of a huge, stiff plow horse, whose every movement threatened dislocation if not dissolution, and even her dauntless spirit was sinking beneath the horrors of her situation, when, as she expressed it, by mere dint of good luck, up came Mr. M'Vitae's hearse, drawn by six stout horses, who had been living for the last two days at heck-and-manger in Mr. M'Vitae's well-filled stables. After a little parley, and many promises, they were induced — nothing loath, indeed — to turn out of the way and deposit Miss Pratt and her bag at Rossville Castle.

THOUGHTS FROM JOUBERT.

[JOSEPH JOUBERT, epigrammatist and thinker, was born 1754 at Montigny in Périgord, France; was a teacher in the college of Toulouse; went to Paris in 1778; was mayor of his native town 1790–1792; had his home from 1792 to his death in 1824 at Villeneuve in Brittany. Though living much of the time in Paris, was made a regent of the University by Napoleon. His rooms in Paris were the resort of the best intellectual society, among whom he was a leader. His "Thoughts," now ranked very high, were published posthumously.]

I PREFER even those who render vice lovable to those who render virtue unlovable.

Some people's morality is all in one piece: they never make it into a garment for themselves.

Heaven is for those who take thought of it.

We should do everything to let the good have their will.

Virtue is to be prayed for at any cost and with importunity; prosperity timidly and with resignation. With true riches, to ask is to receive.

Everything may be learned, even virtue.

There is in the soul a taste for the good, just as there is in the body an appetite for enjoyment.

Not only is there no virtue where there is no rule, but there is not even pleasure. Even children's plays cannot go on without laws, and the more strictly they are obeyed the greater is the sport.

Life without duty is without bones, and limp.

Men must be the slaves either of duty or of force.

Nature has made two kinds of excellent intellects: one to produce beautiful thoughts or actions, the other to admire them.

To be capable of respect is well-nigh as rare as to be worthy of it.

Obliquity of mind comes from obliquity of heart — from setting one's own opinion in the place of truth. A false mind is false in everything, just as a cross eye always looks askant.

There is a nucleus of error in some minds which attracts and assimilates everything to itself.

With enough good sense and right feeling one is never mediocre.

We should carry about with us the indulgence and attentiveness which make others' thoughts blossom.

We should pride ourselves on being rational, not on being right; sincere, not infallible.

Do not cut what you can untie. Imitate time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears out, loosens, disintegrates; it does not uproot.

All the passions seek what nourishes them. Fear craves the idea of danger.

The drawback of sentiment is that it makes everything else seem insipid; of pleasure, that it creates a distaste for reason.

Tenderness is the repose of passion.

Passions are only nature; it is failure to repent that produces corruption.

A certain coldness of spirit makes part of every excess: it is a studied and deliberate abuse of pleasure.

Our worries always come from our weaknesses.

We should make ourselves beloved for the reason that men are just only to those they love.

Ambition is merciless: it holds in contempt any merit unserviceable to it.

Unless we watch ourselves we shall find ourselves condemning those who are merely unfortunate.

The sight of a man to whom one has done a kindness is always agreeable: we love our own work in him.

Continence makes the soul strong no matter what the condition of the body; it enables her to surmount with ease the obstacles that lie along the path of duty. When chastity is lost, the soul becomes emasculated and craven; what virtues are left cost her nothing.

The punishment of loving women too much is the not being able to love anything else.

Two ages of life should be sexless: the child and the old man should be as modest as women.

Address yourselves to the young, for they know all.

Young feelings and old thoughts make up all the good in man.

A beautiful old age is a promise of delight to each beholder, for him and his.

It is good to die still lovable if one can.

Never show the reverse of a medal to those who have not seen its face. Do not set forth a good man's faults to those who do not know his face, his life, or his merits.

Never show warmth where it will not find a response.

Whoever laughs at any sort of evil has a defective moral sense. To find amusement in vice is to be glad of it.

Politeness is the blossom of humaneness. One who is not polite enough is not humane enough.

Gravity is only the rind of wisdom; but it is a preservative rind.

Strength comes by nature; but grace is the growth of habit, and requires practice.

The life of most men and women is made up of a little vanity and a little sensual gratification.

We may convince others by our arguments; but we can only persuade them by their own.

We should be able to enter into other people's ideas and to withdraw from them again; just as we should know how to relinquish our own ideas and again resume them.

What can one possibly introduce into a mind that is full, and full of itself?

Treating men at the outset with esteem and confidence proves that one has lived in good society with others and with one's self.

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but cannot make it praiseworthy.

Good maxims are the germs of all excellence: they nourish the will.

When we act we should conform to rules; when we judge others' acts we should take account of exceptions.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.

How many weak shoulders have craved heavy burdens!

There are some acts of justice that corrupt those who perform them.

Public manners are a path which successive generations find ready beaten before them along the journey of life. Where there are no manners there is no road; every one is then obliged to make his own, and instead of reaching his goal, exhausts himself in searching for a route.

None but the truly wise are willing to turn back even to regain the right road.

Children need models rather than critics.

The direction of a mind is of more importance than its progress.

Education does not consist merely in adorning the memory and enlightening the understanding: its chief function is to direct the will.

The word *good* said to a child is always understood, and is never explained to him.

Over-severity crystallizes and fixes our faults: indulgence often withers them. A good praiser is as necessary as a good correcter.

Education should be tender and rigorous, not cold and flabby.

Children should be rendered reasonable but not reasoners. The first thing to teach them is that it is reasonable for them to obey and unreasonable for them to dispute. Otherwise education would spend itself in bandying argument, and everything would be lost if the teacher were not a clever caviler.

Place before children nothing but what is simple, lest you spoil their taste, and nothing that is not innocent, lest you spoil their heart.

Mathematics make the mind mathematically exact, while literature makes it morally exact. Mathematics will teach a man to build a bridge; the humanities will teach him to live.

The poets have a hundred times more good sense than the philosophers. In seeking for the beautiful, they meet with more truths than the philosophers find in their researches after the true.

In a poem there should be not only the poetry of images, but also the poetry of ideas. In ordinary language, words serve to recall things; but when language is really poetical, things always serve to recall words.

Poetry is only to be found within us.

Liquid, flowing words are the choicest and the best, if language is regarded as music. But when it is considered as a picture, then there are rough words which are very telling — they make their mark.

Words, like glass, darken whatever they do not help us to see. Before using a fine word in writing, find a place for it.

Ideas never lack words: it is words that lack ideas.

Beware of expatiating too much upon what is quite clear.

With some writers the style grows out of the thoughts; with others the thoughts grow out of the style.

There are some styles that are pleasant to the eye, melodious to the ear, and smooth to the touch; but scentless and tasteless.

Strength is not energy; some writers have more muscle than talent.

Nothing is thoroughly well known until after it has been long learned.

In the minds of some authors, there is neither grouping nor drapery nor outline. Their books present a plane surface over which the words roll.

How many people have a good ear for literature but sing out of tune!

It is not the opinions of authors, and what in their teaching may be termed assertions, that instruct and nourish the mind. There is, in reading great authors, an invisible and hidden essence — a nameless something, a fluid, a salt, a subtle principle — which is more nourishing than all the rest.

A knowledge that excludes admiration is a bad knowledge: it substitutes memory for sight, and inverts everything.

Fully to understand a grand and beautiful thought requires, perhaps as much time as to conceive it.

THE PAMPHLET OF PAMPHLETS.

By PAUL LOUIS COURIER, Vine-Dresser.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[Paul Louis Courier, French Hellenist, reformer, and pamphleteer, was born at Paris in 1772; son of a country gentleman, and imbibing from a quarrel of his father's a bitter hatred of the nobility. He was trained for the army, and served in the artillery till the battle of Wagram in 1809, becoming major; but his insubordinate temper made the discipline hateful to him, and his venomous tongue made him dreaded by his superiors. Moreover, his passion was for Greek literature, and his critiques, translations, and editions won him repute. For some years he lived on his estate, giving his spare time to letters and to fighting the local magistracy over administrative abuses; but in 1816, after the return of the Bourbons, he began the series of pamphlets which give him enduring fame as a master of French style, — condensed, vigorous, witty, and graceful, and exceedingly powerful in argument. They were in the interest of constitutional reform, and in 1819–1820 he published a paper, *The Censor*, as a vehicle for his ideas. The Bourbons found him one of their most formidable opponents, and took the occasion of his writing in opposition to a royal grant to fine and imprison him. The pamphlet below was his last: April 10, 1825, he was assassinated near his house.]

Paris, 1824, 8.

I have thought it all over, and remember that already M. de Broë, an eloquent man and zealous in the cause of public morality, had advised me in like manner, in less flattering terms, before the Court of Assizes. "Low pamphleteer!"

It was a most striking oratorical effect, his turning towards me, — and on my faith as a peasant I was thinking of anything rather than that at the time, — apostrophizing me in that way! "low pamphleteer!" et cetera. It was like a thunderbolt, nay rather a blow with a club, considering the orator's style, with which he knocked me flat, beyond all hope of recovery. This one word, exciting against me judges, witnesses, jurymen, the audience, — even my own lawyer seemed shaken by it, — this one word decided the whole case. I was condemned from that moment in all eyes, as soon as the King's man had called me pamphleteer, to which accusation I could find no answer. For in my secret soul I felt that I had written what is called a pamphlet, — I dared not deny it. I was a pamphleteer then, according to my own judgment, and seeing the horror that this name inspired in the entire audience, I was overcome with shame.

On leaving the court I met on the great stairway M. Arthus Bertrand, a bookseller, one of my jurymen who having declared me guilty, was going off to dine. I bowed, he greeted me kindly, for he is the best soul in the world, and on the way I begged him to tell me what he considered reprehensible in the simple discourse they had condemned. "I have not read it," he answered, "but it is a pamphlet, and that is enough." Whereupon I asked him what a pamphlet was, and the true meaning of this word, which without being entirely new to me, still seemed to require some sort of explanation. "A pamphlet," he answered, "is a writing of some few pages, such as your own, of a page or two only." "If of three pages," I asked, "would that still be a pamphlet?" "Perhaps," he said, "in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but correctly speaking, a pamphlet has but a single sheet; two or three form a brochure." "And ten pages, fifteen — twenty pages?" "Make a volume," he said, "a work."

And I returned: "Sir, I rely on your decision, for you should know all about these things. But alack, I fear me I have really written a pamphlet, as the public prosecutor states. On your honor and conscience, M. Arthus Bertrand, since you are a juryman, is my work of a page and a half a pamphlet or a brochure?"

"A pamphlet," said he, "there's no doubt about it." "So I am really a pamphleteer?" "I would not have told you so, out of politeness, out of consideration for your feelings, for I

sympathize in your misfortunes, — but it is the truth." And then he added: "Besides, if you repent, God will doubtless pardon you — so great is his mercy — in another world. Go, sir, and sin no more! Go to Sainte Pélagie!"

This, then, was his way of consoling me! "Sir," I said to him, "I beg of you, one more question." "Two," said he, "and as many more as you like until half-past four, which will soon strike I believe." "Well then, here is my question. If instead of this pamphlet on the subscription of Chambord I had written a volume, a real work, would you have condemned it?" "That depends." "I understand. You would have read it first, to see if it were condemnable." "Yes, I should have examined it." "But you do not read pamphlets?" "No, because pamphlets can have no good in them. To call a thing a pamphlet is to condemn it as a writing full of poison." "Of poison?" "Yes, sir, and of the most detestable kind. Were it not for this, no one would read it." "No one would read it but for the poison?" "No, that is human nature. Men love to find poison in everything that's printed. Your pamphlet, for instance, which we have just condemned, I know nothing about it. I really do not know, nor do I want to know, what is in it. But it is read, — there is poison in it. The public prosecutor has told us so, and I will take his word for it. It's the poison that justice prosecutes, you see, in this sort of writing. For otherwise the press is free; — print, publish what you will, but no poison. It's no use talking, sirs, you'll not be allowed to distribute poison. That's impossible, under proper police regulations, and the government is there to prevent."

"O Lord," I said to myself, in a low tone, — "O Lord, deliver us from all evil and from figurative language. Doctors have nearly killed me, in an attempt to 'freshen up my blood!' I am imprisoned lest I write 'poison'; others let their fields 'rest,' and wheat grows rare in the Market! O Lord, save us from metaphor!"

After this brief mental prayer I began again: "Indeed sir, poison is a bad drug, and they do well to stop all sale of it. But I wonder that people, as you say they do, should be so fond of it. It must be that with the poison the pamphlets contain . . ." "Yes sir, there is nonsense, and poor jokes and puns . . . and what can you expect, my dear sir? How could anything of value be printed in one wretched sheet? What ideas could be developed in so short a space? In an

analytical work now, in the sixth volume one can scarcely see what the author is aiming at." "It is true," said I, "a single sheet cannot contain much." "Nothing of value," answered he, "and I never read one." "So you do not read the charges of Monseigneur the Bishop of Troyes for Lent and Advent?" "Ah, but really that is quite another thing." "Nor the Pastorals of Toulouse, on papal supremacy?" "Ah, that again is quite different. . . ." "So sometimes a brochure, a simple sheet. . . ." "Fie, fie, do not mention them! disgrace to literature, shame of the century and the nation that there should be found authors, printers and readers of such impertinence!" "Sir," I said, "Pascal's Provincial Letters. . . ." "Oh, admirable, divine work! the masterpiece of our language!" "Well, this divine masterpiece, what was it but a series of pamphlets, of sheets which came out. . . ." "No, no, with me it is a matter of principle, of conviction. Just as I honor great works, made to endure for all time, I despise and detest these little ephemeral writings, these papers passed from hand to hand, informing people of the present time of the deeds and events of the day." "And you admire 'Les Provinciales,' 'little letters' as they called them then, while they were passing from hand to hand." "Indeed," he continued without hearing me, "it is incomprehensible that you, sir, who appear to be of good birth and education, made to play a rôle in the world, should so lower yourself, should stoop to write pamphlets! — for why should you not be made baron as well as the next man? Honorably employed in the police force, in the customhouse, gaoler or policeman, you could take rank, cut a figure! No, I cannot get over it! Do you not blush for yourself?" "Blaise," I answered, "Blaise Pascal was neither gaoler, policeman nor employee of M. Franchet." "Hush! silence? speak lower, for he may hear you." "Who? the abbé Franchet? Can he be so near us?" "Sir, he is everywhere. Now it is half-past four, — your humble servant, sir." "The same to you, sir." So he hurries away, leaving me alone.

Now this, my dear friends, is worth thinking over; three such worthy persons as M. Arthus Bertrand, this gentleman on the police force, and M. de Broë, a man of note and distinguished in science, these three men are all inimical to pamphlets. You will find plenty more, and in the best society too, who would deceive a friend, seduce his wife or his daughter, or lend their own in order to obtain an honorable position, lie right and left,

betray and go back on their word of honor, and who would yet consider it a real disgrace to have told the truth in a writing of fifteen or sixteen pages! For therein lies all the evil! Sixteen pages, and you are a pamphleteer! look out for Sainte Pélagie! But make it sixteen hundred, and you will be presented to the King. Unhappily I could not do it. When in 1815 the mayor of our commune — he still occupies that position — sent his gendarmes to attack us at night, to drag from their beds to the prison unhappy people who were in no way responsible for the Revolution, and whose wives and children were left to perish, there was ample material furnished for writing volumes, and I could produce but a single page, such was my plentiful lack of eloquence. And even then I set about it wrongly. Instead of telling just who I was, and stating as I did at the very beginning: "My good sirs, I am from Touraine," had I begun: "Christians, after the unexampled outrages of an infernal Revolution . . ." in the style of the abbé de la Mennais, once risen to this lofty tone it would have been easy to continue and finish my volume without vexing the public prosecutor. But I wrote sixteen pages in very much the style in which I am talking to you, and so became an arrant pamphleteer. Since then, being an old offender, when the Chambord subscription came, it would have been the part of true wisdom to say nothing; it was not a matter to be treated of in one page nor yet a hundred. Here was no subject for pamphlet, brochure nor volume, as it was difficult to add anything to what sycophants had already said, and dangerous to contradict them, as I found to my cost. For having attempted to express my ideas on the subject, clearly and without circumlocution, I am become pamphleteer again, with two months at Sainte Pélagie! Then à propos of the danse they forbade us, I gave my opinion independently, seriously, you will understand, because of the Church being concerned in it; but failing to write at length, I again fell back on the pamphlet form! Accused, prosecuted, my innocent language and my timid speech hardly found favor with the judges, and I was condemned. In all printed matter there is poison, more or less diluted, according to the extent of the work, more or less noxious, fatal. A grain of acetate of morphine is lost in a cask, and is not felt; in a cup it makes one sick; in a teaspoon it kills; and herein lies the danger of the pamphlet!

GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART.

By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

(From "The Physiology of Taste.")

[Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, remembered by his remarkable book, "The Physiology of Taste" (1825), — a treatise on gastronomy and the great social interests generated or subserved by the need and pleasure of eating, in which the subject is taken as seriously as music or art, — was nevertheless not a Sybarite, but an active and very estimable man of affairs and public official. Born 1755 at Belley, near Savoy, he was its mayor in 1793; forced to fly by the Revolution, he went first to Switzerland; then spent three years in the United States, teaching and playing in orchestras for a living; returned in 1796, settled in Paris, and held several offices, becoming finally a judge of the Court of Cassation. He died in 1826.]

On the Senses, especially that of Taste.

The stream of time, rolling over successive generations of men, has incessantly brought new improvements; and this tendency to perfection, so real though unobserved, is due to the action of the senses, and their constant demand for healthy exercise.

Thus, sight has given birth to painting, sculpture, and every kind of show or pageant; hearing, to melody, harmony, dancing, and all that is connected with music; smell, to the search and observation of perfumes, their use and culture; the sense of taste, to the production, selection, and preparation of every kind of food; the sense of touch, to all the arts, all the skillful trades, and all the industries; the genetic sense, to romantic love, flirtation, and fashion, to all that adorns the relations between man and woman or æsthetically improves their union.

Such, then, are the origin and growth of the arts and sciences, even the most abstract; they are produced directly by the natural demand of the senses to be kept in constant play and exercise. . . .

In one respect, taste resembles the genetic sense. As two main factors in man's nature, their influence is seen throughout all the fine arts, and almost everywhere that delicacy and refinement come into play. The faculty of taste is, however, more under restraint, although quite as active, and has advanced so gradually, yet steadily, as to make certain that its success is lasting.

Elsewhere, we shall consider that advancement; but meantime, we may observe that if any man has sat at a sumptuous dinner in a hall adorned with mirrors, paintings, sculptures, flowers, scented with perfumes, enriched with beautiful women, and filled with notes of gentle music, he will feel convinced, without any great mental effort, that, to enhance the pleasures of the sense of taste and give them their proper surroundings, all the arts have been laid under contribution.

Let us now cast a general glance over the senses, considered as one system, and we shall see that they are intended by the Creator for two ends, one the consequence of the other; to wit, the preservation of the individual and the continuation of the species.

Such is the destiny of man, considered as a being endowed with senses; everything he does has some reference to that twofold object of nature. The eye perceives outward objects, discovers the wonders with which man is surrounded, and teaches him that he is a part of a mighty whole. By hearing, we perceive not only those sounds which are agreeable to the sense, but others which warn us of danger. Touch is on the watch to inform us at once, by means of pain, of every hurt. The hand, like a faithful servant, never uncertain in his movements, instinctively chooses what is necessary to repair the losses caused by the maintenance of the vital functions. Smell is used as a test of wholesomeness, since poisonous bodies have almost invariably an unpleasant odor. Then the sense of taste is called into exercise, and the teeth, tongue, and palate being put to use, the stomach presently begins the work of assimilation. During that process, a vague languor is felt, objects are seen less vividly, the body takes an easy position, the eyes close, every sensation vanishes, and the senses are in a state of absolute repose.

Such are the general and philosophical views which I have thought right to lay before my readers, to prepare them for the more special examination of the organ of the sense of taste.

This sense seems to have two principal uses. First, it invites us, by the pleasure, to repair the losses which we constantly suffer from the action of life. Secondly, amongst the different substances presented to us by nature, taste assists us to choose those which are fit to serve for food.

Let us now cast a philosophic glance on the pleasures or annoyances caused by the sense of taste.

First of all, we find here an instance of that unhappily too general truth, that man's organization is more susceptible of pain than of pleasure. The introduction of anything extremely sour, acrid, or bitter can excite sensations painful in the highest degree; and it is even maintained that hydrocyanic acid only kills quickly because it causes an agony so keen that the vital forces cannot endure it without succumbing.

Agreeable sensations, on the contrary, run through only a limited scale; and if there is a difference perceptible enough between the insipid and the palatable, there is no very great interval between what is good and that which is considered excellent. As an illustration, take the following: positive, hard-boiled beef; comparative, a piece of veal; superlative, a roast pheasant, done to a turn.

Nevertheless, of all the senses in their natural state, taste procures us the greatest number of enjoyments: —

1. Because the pleasure of eating, taken in moderation, is the only one that is not followed by fatigue. 2. Because it is common to every time, age, and condition. 3. Because it must return at least once every day, and may, during that space of time, be easily repeated two or three times. 4. Because it can combine with all our other pleasures, and even console us for their absence. 5. Because its sensations are at once more lasting than others, and more subject to our will; and 6. Because we have a certain special but indefinable satisfaction, arising from the instinctive knowledge that, by the very act of eating, we are making good our losses and prolonging our existence.

This will be found more fully developed in a future chapter, where the "pleasures of the table" are treated from a modern point of view, especially as affected by the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Of all the animals that walk, swim, climb, or fly, man has the sense of taste the most perfect.

Another result of that organic perfection is that epicurism, or the art of Good Living, belongs to man exclusively. By a sort of contagion, however, it is transferred to those animals which are appropriated to man's use, and in a certain sense become his companions, such as the dog, the cat, the elephant, and even the parrot.

Thus, in the chapters about to follow, we shall show how, by dint of repetition and reflection, the sensations of taste have

perfected their organ, and extended the sphere of its powers; how the desire for food, at first a mere instinct, has become a prevailing passion which has a marked influence on all that relates to our social life. We shall trace the operations of chemistry up to the moment when, entering our laboratories underground, she throws light upon our food preparation, lays down principles, devises methods, and unveils the causes of what formerly lay hid in mystery.

In short, we shall see how, by the combined influence of time and experience, there has appeared all at once a new science, which nourishes, restores, and preserves man, advises and consoles him, and, not satisfied with strewing flowers along his path with an ample hand, also increases powerfully the might and prosperity of empires.

On the Love of Good Living.

I have consulted the dictionaries under the word "gourmandise," and am by no means satisfied with what I find. The love of good living seems to be constantly confounded with gluttony and voracity: whence I infer that our lexicographers, however otherwise estimable, are not to be classed with those good fellows amongst learned men who can put away gracefully a wing of partridge and then, by raising the little finger, wash it down with a glass of Lafitte or Clos-Vougeot.

They have utterly forgot that social love of good eating which combines in one Athenian elegance, Roman luxury, and Parisian refinement. It implies discretion to arrange, skill to prepare: it appreciates energetically, and judges profoundly. It is a precious quality, almost deserving to rank as a virtue, and is very certainly the source of much unqualified enjoyment.

"Gourmandise," or the love of good living, is an impassioned, rational, and habitual preference for whatever flatters the sense of taste. It is opposed to excess; therefore every man who eats to indigestion, or makes himself drunk, runs the risk of being erased from the list of its votaries.

"Gourmandise" also comprises a love for dainties or titbits, which is merely an analogous preference, limited to light, delicate, or small dishes, to pastry and so forth. It is a modification allowed in favor of the women, or men of feminine tastes.

Regarded from any point of view, the love of good living deserves nothing but praise and encouragement. Physically, it is

the result and proof of the digestive organs being healthy and perfect. Morally it shows implicit resignation to the commands of Nature, who, in ordering man to eat that he may live, gives him appetite to invite, flavor to encourage, and pleasure to reward.

From the political economist's point of view, the love of good living is a tie between nations, uniting them by the interchange of various articles of food which are in constant use. Hence the voyage from Pole to Pole of wines, sugars, fruits, and so forth. What else sustains the hope and emulation of that crowd of fishermen, huntsmen, gardeners, and others, who daily stock the most sumptuous larders with the results of their skill and labor? What else supports the industrious army of cooks, pastry cooks, confectioners, and many other food preparers, with all their various assistants? These various branches of industry derive their support, in a great measure, from the largest incomes, but they also rely upon the daily wants of all classes.

As society is at present constituted, it is almost impossible to conceive of a race living solely on bread and vegetables. Such a nation would infallibly be conquered by the armies of some flesh-eating race (like the Hindoos, who have been the prey of all those, one after another, who cared to attack them); or else it would be converted by the cooking of the neighboring nations, as ancient history records of the Bœotians, who acquired a love for good living after the battle of Leuctra.

Good living opens out great resources for replenishing the public purse; it bring contributions to town-dues, to the custom-house, and other indirect contributions. Everything we eat is taxed, and there is no exchequer that is not substantially supported by lovers of good living.

Shall we speak of that swarm of cooks who have for ages been annually leaving France, to improve foreign nations in the art of good living? Most of them succeed; and, in obedience to an instinct which never dies in a Frenchman's heart, bring back to their country the fruits of their economy. The sum thus imported is greater than might be supposed, and therefore they, like the others, will be honored by posterity.

But if nations were grateful, then Frenchmen, above all races, ought to raise a temple and altars to "Gourmandise."

By the treaty of November, 1815, the allies imposed upon France the condition of paying thirty millions sterling in three

years, besides claims for compensation and various requisitions, amounting to nearly as much more. The apprehension, or rather certainty, became general that a national bankruptcy must ensue, more especially as the money was to be paid in specie.

"Alas!" said all who had anything to lose, as they saw the fatal tumbril pass to be filled in the Rue Vivienne, "there is our money emigrating in a lump; next year we shall fall on our knees before a crown-piece; we are about to fall into the condition of a ruined man; speculations of every kind will fail; it will be impossible to borrow; there will be nothing but weakness, exhaustion, civil death."

These terrors were proved false by the result; and to the great astonishment of all engaged in financial matters, the payments were made without difficulty, credit rose, loans were eagerly caught at, and during all the time this "superpurgation" lasted, the balance of exchange was in favor of France. In other words, more money came into the country than went out of it.

What is the power that came to our assistance? Who is the divinity that worked this miracle? The love of good living.

When the Britons, Germans, Teutons, Cimmerians, and Scythians made their irruption into France, they brought a rare voracity, and stomachs of no ordinary capacity. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality had to supply them with. They aspired to enjoyments of greater refinement; and soon the queen city was nothing but a huge refectory. Everywhere they were seen eating, those intruders — in the restaurants, the eating-houses, the inns, the taverns, the stalls, and even in the streets. They gorged themselves with flesh, fish, game, truffles, pastry, and especially with fruit. They drank with an avidity equal to their appetite, and always ordered the most expensive wines, in the hope of finding some enjoyment in them hitherto unknown, and seemed quite astonished when they were disappointed.

Superficial observers did not know what to think of this menagerie without bounds or limits; but your genuine Parisian laughed and rubbed his hands. "We have them now!" said he; "and to-night they'll have paid us back more than was counted out to them this morning from the public treasury!"

That was a lucky time for those who provide for the enjoyments of the sense of taste. Véry made his fortune; Archard

laid the foundation of his; Beauvilliers made a third; and Madame Sullot, whose shop in the Palais Royal was a mere box of a place, sold as many as twelve thousand tarts a day.

The effect still lasts. Foreigners flow in from all quarters of Europe to renew during peace the delightful habits which they contracted during the war. They must come to Paris, and when they are there, they must be regaled at any price. If our funds are in favor, it is due not so much to the higher interest they pay, as to the instinctive confidence which foreigners cannot help placing in a people amongst whom every lover of good living finds so much happiness.

Love of good living is by no means unbecoming in women. It agrees with the delicacy of their organization, and serves as a compensation for some pleasures which they are obliged to abstain from, and for some hardships to which nature seems to have condemned them.

There is no more pleasant sight than a pretty *gourmande* under arms. Her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands rests on the table, the other carries to her mouth little morsels artistically carved, or the wing of a partridge which must be picked. Her eyes sparkle, her lips are glossy, her talk cheerful, all her movements graceful; nor is there lacking some spice of the coquetry which accompanies all that women do. With so many advantages, she is irresistible, and Cato the Censor him self could not help yielding to the influence.

The love of good living is in some sort instinctive in women, because it is favorable to beauty. It has been proved, by a series of rigorously exact observations, that by a succulent, delicate, and choice regimen, the external appearances of age are kept away for a long time. It gives more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and, as it is certain in physiology that wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, are caused by the depression of muscle, it is equally true that, other things being equal, those who understand eating are comparatively four years younger than those ignorant of that science.

Painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for in representing those who practice abstinence by choice or duty, such as misers or anchorites, they always give them the pallor of disease, the leanness of misery, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

Good living is one of the main links of society, by gradually

extending that spirit of conviviality by which different classes are daily brought closer together and welded into one whole, by animating the conversation, and rounding off the angles of conventional inequality.

To the same cause we can also ascribe all the efforts a host makes to receive his guests properly, as well as their gratitude for his pains so well bestowed. What disgrace should ever be heaped upon those senseless feeders who, with unpardonable indifference, swallow down morsels of the rarest quality, or gulp with unrighteous carelessness some fine-flavored and sparkling wine?

As a general maxim: Whoever shows a desire to please will be certain of having a delicate compliment paid him by every well-bred man.

Again, when shared, the love of good living has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair, with this taste in common, have once a day, at least, a pleasant opportunity of meeting. For, even when they sleep apart (and a great many do so), they eat at least at the same table, they have a subject of conversation which is ever new, they speak not only of what they are eating, but also of what they have eaten or will eat, of dishes which are in vogue, of novelties, etc. Everybody knows that a familiar chat is delightful.

Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who are fond of it, but one must set about it — it is an exertion. Besides, one sometimes has a cold, the music is mislaid, the instruments are out of tune, one has a fit of the blues, or it is a forbidden day. Whereas, in the other case, a common want summons the spouses to the table, the same inclination keeps them there; they naturally show each other these little attentions as a proof of their wish to oblige, and the mode of conducting their meals has a great share in the happiness of their lives.

All honor to the love of good living, so long as it does not come between men and their occupations or duties! For, as all the debaucheries of a Sardanapalus cannot bring disrespect upon womankind in general, so the excess of a Vitellius cannot make us turn our backs upon a well-appointed banquet. Should the love of good living pass into gluttony, voracity, intemperance, it then loses its name and advantages, escapes from our jurisdiction, and falls within that of the moralist to ply it with good counsel, or of the physician who will cure it by his remedies.

Historical Elegy.

You, the first parents of the human race, who ruined yourselves for an apple, what would you have done for a turkey done with truffles? but in Eden there were neither cooks nor confectioners. — How I pity you!

Ye mighty kings who brought haughty Troy to ruins, your prowess will be handed down from age to age, but your table was scanty. With nothing but a joint of beef or a chine of pork, you knew not the charms of a *matelote*, or the delights of a chicken *fricassée* — How I pity you!

You, Aspasia, Chloë, and others whose forms the Grecian chisel has immortalized to the despair of modern belles, never did your charming mouths inhale the sweetness of a scented *meringue;* your ideas scarcely rose above gingerbread. — How I pity you!

You, gentle priestesses of Vesta, burdened at once with so many honors and with the dread of such dreadful punishments, if only you had tasted those delightful sirups, preserved fruits, and ice creams of various flavor, the marvels of our age! — How I pity you!

You, invincible Paladins, renowned by the minstrels, never — after vanquishing giants, delivering fair ladies, or exterminating armies — never did a black-eyed captive offer you the foaming champagne or a goblet of Madeira: you had to content yourselves with ale and some poor, herb-flavored wine. — How I pity you!

You, abbots and bishops, who dispensed the favors of heaven, and you, the dreaded Templars, who armed yourselves for the extermination of the Saracens, you knew nothing of the sweet, restoring influence of our modern chocolate, nor of the thought-inspiring bean of Arabia. — How I pity you!

You, too, gastronomes of the present day, who dream of some new dish to flatter your palled appetite, even you I pity, because you cannot enjoy the discoveries which science has in store for the year 1900, such as contributions drawn from the mineral kingdom, and liqueurs produced by the pressure of a hundred atmospheres; nor will you ever see the importations to be brought by voyagers yet unborn from distant lands still unknown or unexplored!

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

By THOMAS PRINGLE.

[Thomas Pringle, Scotch writer and reform worker, was born in Teviotdale in 1789; permanently lamed in infancy, and used crutches through life; was delicate, dyspeptic, melancholy, and a Liberal amid dense Toryism. Graduating at Edinburgh University, he became a government clerk, then a professional man of letters; started the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* for Blackwood, but dropped it in a few months from disagreement with him, and the latter replaced it with *Blackwood's*, while Pringle went back to the government office. He raised a colony and emigrated to South Africa; became librarian at Cape Town, conducted a private academy and founded a newspaper and magazine which were shortly suppressed by the government. He resigned his post and returned to Scotland; became secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society; and died in 1834.]

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Daydreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,

And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, —
Oh, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand, —
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan, —
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,

The Hermit

Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread, — void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, — Man is distant, but God is near!

SILENCE.

By THOMAS HOOD.

[1798–1845.]

There is a silence where hath been no sound;
  There is a silence where no sound may be; —
  In the cold grave; under the deep, deep sea;
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound —
  No voice is hushed, no life treads silently,
  But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground.

But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
  Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
  And owls, that flit continually between,
  Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan, —
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

[EDWARD COATE PINKNEY, son of William Pinkney the Maryland statesman, was born in London during his father's commissionership, in October 1802; was brought home in 1812; after some study was placed in the navy; resigned six years later from a quarrel with his commodore; studied law, and was admitted to the bar; gained national reputation by a volume of poems in 1825; went to Mexico to join the revolutionists, killed a native in a duel and had to flee the country; returned broken in health and spirits; became professor of *belles lettres* in the University of Maryland, and editor of the (National Republican) *Maryland*er, but shortly died, April 1828.]

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

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

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

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

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

THE BROCKENHAUS.

By HEINRICH HEINE.

(From "Pictures of Travel.")

[Heinrich Heine, one of the most celebrated of German lyric poets, was born of Jewish parents at Düsseldorf, December 13, 1799, and was sent to Hamburg to prepare for a commercial life, but preferred studying law. At Bonn he became a pupil and friend of August W. Schlegel, and at Berlin associated with Varnhagen von Ense, Chamisso, Grabbe, and other leading literary characters of the day. In 1825 he renounced Judaism, and after the French Revolution of July 1830, lived mostly in Paris. He died there February 17, 1856, after many years of suffering from spinal paralysis. His best works are: "The Book of Songs," "New Poems," "Romanzero," "Reisebilder" ("Pictures of Travel").]

My entrance into the Brockenhaus produced on me a strange eerie sensation. After a long solitary scramble among rocks and pine trees, one finds himself suddenly transplanted to a house in the clouds; after leaving towns, mountains, and forests below, he meets above a mixed company of strangers, by whom, as is natural in such places, he is received almost like an expected acquaintance, with a mixture of curiosity and indifference. I found the house full, and, like a prudent traveler, I thought at once about night quarters and the discomfort of a shake-down in the straw. In a die-away voice I at once asked for tea, and the landlord had the sense to see that one so ill as I must have a proper bed. This he procured me in a room the size of a closet, where a young merchant, who looked like an emetic powder in a long brown wrapper, had already established himself.

In the coffee-room I found nothing but life and movement. Students of various universities, some just arrived and refresh-

ing themselves; others just off again, strapping on their knapsacks, writing their names in the visitors' book, receiving Brocken nosegays from the chambermaids, chucking them under the chin, singing, jumping, jodeling, questioning, answering questions, "fine weather, short cut, your health, adieu!" Some of the departing students were more or less fuddled, and these, as drunken men see double, must have doubly enjoyed the view.

After recruiting myself, I ascended the observatory, where I found a short gentleman with two ladies, one young, the other oldish. The young lady was very beautiful. A splendid profile, curling hair confined by a black satin helmet-shaped hat, with a white feather, which waved in the wind; a close-fitting black silk mantle which revealed the fine lines of her slim figure; great open eyes looking calmly out on the great open world.

When I was a boy I thought of nothing but fairy tales and stories of magic, and every pretty woman I saw with ostrich feathers in her bonnet was for me an elfin queen: and if I did chance to notice that her skirts were wet, I thought her a water witch. Now that I have studied natural history, and know that those symbolic feathers are plucked from the stupidest of birds, and that the skirts of a lady's dress may get wet by a very natural process, I have lost my early faith. But if I could have seen with my boyish eyes the fair lady as and where I have described her on the Brocken, I should certainly have thought, This is the fairy of the mountain, and 'tis she that spoke the spell that cast such a wondrous glamour on the whole scene beneath. Yes, very wonderful is our first view from the Brocken; each side of our nature receives new impressions, and these separate impressions, mostly distinct, nay contradictory, produce on us a powerful effect, though we cannot as yet analyze or understand it. If we succeed in grasping the conception which underlies this state of feeling, we recognize the character of the mountain. Its character is wholly German in its weakness no less than in its strength. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he shows us clearly and plainly as in a giant panorama the hundreds of cities, towns, and villages (mostly to the north), and all around, the hills, forests, rivers, and plains, stretching away to the distant horizon. But this very distinctness gives everything the sharp definition and clear coloring of a local chart; there is nowhere

a really beautiful landscape for the eye to rest on. This is just our way. Thanks to the conscientious exactitude with which we are bent on giving every single fact, we German compilers never think about the form that will best represent any particular fact. The mountain, too, has something of German calmness, intelligence, and tolerance, just because it can command such a wide, clear view of things. And when such a mountain opens its giant eyes, it may well happen that it sees more than we dwarfs, who clamber over him with purblind eyes. Many, indeed, declare that the Brocken is thoroughly *bourgeois*, and Claudius has sung of "The Blocksberg, that tall Philistine." But that is a mistake. It is true that owing to his bald pate, over which he sometimes draws his white cap of mist, he gives himself an air of *bourgeoisie*, but, as with many other great Germans, this is pure irony. Nay, it is notorious that the Brocken has his wild freshman days, *e.g.* the first of May. Then he tosses his cloud cap in the air and goes romantic mad, like a genuine German.

I tried at once to engage the pretty lady in a conversation, for one never properly enjoys the beauties of nature unless one can talk them over on the spot. She was no genius, but bright and intelligent. Really distinguished manners, not the common stiff and starched distinction, a negative quality which knows what *not* to do, but that rare positive quality, the ease of manner which tells us exactly how far we may go, and by setting us at our ease give us a perfect sense of social self-possession. I displayed an amount of geographical knowledge that astonished myself, satisfied the curiosity of my fair inquirer by telling her the names of all the towns that lay at our feet, looked them out and showed them to her on my pocket map, which I unrolled on the stone table in the middle of the observatory with the air of a regular professor. Several towns I failed to find, perhaps because I sought them with my finger rather than with my eyes, which were engaged in taking the bearings of the fair face and finding there more attractive regions than Schierke and Elend. The face was one of those that always please, though we are rarely enchanted and never fall in love with them. I like such faces because they smile to rest my too susceptible heart. The lady was not married, although she had reached the full flower of beauty which gives its possessor a claim to matrimony. But it's a matter of everyday experience that the prettiest girls find it hardest to get a

husband. Even in ancient times this was the case, and we know that the three Graces were all old maids.

In what relationship the short gentleman stood to the ladies he was escorting I could not make out. He was a spare, odd-looking figure. A small head, with a sprinkling of gray hairs straggling over his low forehead as far as his green dragon-fly eyes; a broad prominent nose; mouth and chin, on the other hand, receding almost to the ears. The face seemed made of that soft, yellowish clay that sculptors use for their first models; and when he pursed up his thin lips, some thousands of faint semicircular wrinkles spread over the cheeks. The little man never said a word; only now and then, when the elder lady made some pleasant remark to him in a whisper, he smiled like a lapdog with a cold in its head.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and had, like her, a most distinguished manner. Her eyes betrayed a sort of sickly mysticism, and the lips wore an expression of austere piety; yet I detected traces of past beauty, and it seemed to me as though they had laughed much, felt many a kiss, and given many a kiss in return. Her face was like a palimpsest, where beneath the black modern monkish manuscript of one of the Fathers you can trace the half-obliterated characters of an old Greek love song. Both ladies had this year been to Italy with their companion, and were full of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother talked about the Raphaels in St. Peter's, the daughter of the opera in La Fenice theater. Both were enchanted with the improvisatori. Their native town was Nüremberg, but they could tell me little of its ancient glories. The divine art of the Meistersingers has grown dumb, and in Wagenseil's verse we hear its dying echoes. Now the dames of Nüremberg are edified by the silly extemporizations of Italians and the songs of castrati. Saint Sebaldus! thou art truly but an indifferent patron to-day.

Whilst we were conversing, twilight approached; the air grew cooler, the sun was sinking, and the platform of the watchtower began to fill — students, mechanics, and a few respectable citizens with their wives and daughters, all intent on seeing the sunset. It is a solemnizing spectacle, which frames the beholder's mind to prayer. For full a quarter of an hour we all stood in solemn silence, and gazed at the fiery orb sinking slowly to the west. The ruddy glow lit up our faces, and our hands instinctively were clasped as in prayer.

We seemed a silent congregation, standing in the nave of a giant cathedral, at the moment when the priest is elevating the Host, and the organ rolls forth Palestrina's immortal chorale.

While I was standing thus absorbed in devotion, I heard a voice near me exclaiming, "Generally speaking, how very beautiful Nature is!" These words proceeded from the sentimental breast of the young merchant who shared my bedroom. They restored me to my workaday frame of mind, and I was ready to address to the ladies any number of appropriate remarks about the sunset, and conduct them back to their rooms with perfect nonchalance, as if nothing had happened. They allowed me, moreover, to stay with them for an hour more. Our conversation, like the earth, revolved round the sun. The mother thought that the sun, as it sank in mist, looked like a glowing rose thrown down by her lover the heavens into the outspread white veil of his bride the earth. The daughter smiled and observed that a too frequent sight of such natural phenomena would weaken their impressiveness. The mother corrected her daughter's heresy by quoting a passage from Goethe's "Reisebriefe," and asked me whether I had read his "Werther." I believe we talked besides of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady recited some sunset descriptions with a pretty lisp and sigh. The younger lady, who did not understand English, wanted to know something of the poems, so I recommended her the translation of my fair and accomplished countrywoman Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen, and I did not miss the opportunity of holding forth, as I make a point of doing to all young ladies I meet, on Byron's godlessness, lovelessness, hopelessness, and Heaven knows what besides.

This business over, I went for a turn on the Brocken, for it's never quite dark on the summit. There was only a slight mist, and I made out the outlines of the two mounds called the Witches' Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired off my pistols, but there was not an echo. Suddenly, however, I heard voices that I recognized, and felt myself embraced and kissed. It was a party of my college friends who had left Göttingen four days later than I, and they were now considerably surprised to find me again alone on the Blocksberg. At once we set to — telling the news, expressing our astonishment, making plans, laughing at old college jokes; in the spirit we were back again

in our learned Siberia, where culture is carried to such a pitch that the bears in the public houses run up scores, and the pussies wish the hunter good evening.

In the dining room of the inn supper was laid — a long table with two rows of hungry students. At first we had nothing but the usual university shop, — duels, duels, and still duels. The company was composed mostly of Halle men, and so Halle was the chief topic. The broken windows of Councilor Schütz were exegetically illustrated. Then we heard that the last levée at the King of Cyprus' court had been very brilliant, that he had chosen as his successor a natural son, contracted a left-handed marriage with a Lichtenstein princess, and given the royal mistress her congé, and that the whole ministry, on hearing the sad news, had wept to order. I need hardly explain that all this gossip referred to the king and queen of the Halle drinking halls. The subject then changed to two Chinamen who exhibited themselves two years ago in Berlin, and now hold appointments as private teachers of Chinese æsthetics. Here was an opening for the wits. Suppose a German shown as a rarity in China; posters announcing the show, with certificates from mandarins Tsching-Tschang-Tschung and Hi-Ha-Ho attesting that he is a genuine German; announcing further his accomplishments, the principal being philosophy, smoking, and patience; finally warning visitors who come at twelve o'clock, when the beasts are fed, not to bring dogs with them, as dogs have a way of making off with the poor German's tidbits.

A young students-club man, who had lately kept his feast of Purification at Berlin, was very full of that city, though his information was one-sided and partial. He had been to the theater and Wisotzki's tea gardens, but his criticism of both was erroneous. "Rash youth is ever ready with his word." He talked about extravagant costumes, scandals of actors and actresses, etc. The young man did not know that in Berlin of all towns appearances are everything, as even the common expression, "the correct thing," testifies; that this worship of outside show must flourish most of all on the boards of a theater; that the chief concern of managers is the color of the beard in which a part is played, the fidelity of the costume, attested by historians on their oath, and executed by scientific tailors. And this is all-important. If, for instance, Maria Stuart wore an apron, as aprons did not come in till Queen

Anne's reign, Christian Gumpel the banker would have a right to complain that all illusion was dispelled by such a blunder. If, again, Lord Burleigh was dressed by mistake in Henry IV.'s hose, the wife of the minister for war Frau Dunderhead (*née* Lilidew) would not lose sight of the anachronism the whole evening. This anxiety for illusion, on the part of the managers, is not confined to aprons and breeches: it extends to the persons they envelop. Thus Othello in future must be played by a real Moor, whom Professor Lichtenstein has engaged in Africa for the part. In "Menschenhass und Reue" (Misanthropy and Repentance), the part of Eulalie is in future to be taken by a real runaway wife, Peter by a real blockhead, and the Stranger by a real wittol, though we need not send to Africa for any one of these three characters. In "Die Macht der Verhältnisse" (The Force of Circumstances), the hero is to be a real author, whose ears have really been boxed. In the "Ahnfrau" (The Ancestress), the artist who plays Jaromir must have really committed a robbery, or at least a theft. Lady Macbeth should be played by a lady naturally amiable, as Tieck will have her, but at the same time not unacquainted with the bloody aspect of a real assassination.

Lastly, for the representation of peculiarly shallow, empty-headed, vulgar dogs, the great Wurm should be permanently engaged — Wurm, who enchants all kindred spirits whenever he rises to his true greatness, and towers "every inch a clown." If my young friend misconceived the condition of the Berlin boards, he could hardly be expected to remark that the Spontini Janissary Opera Company, with their kettledrums, elephants, trumpets, and tomtoms, is an heroic cure for the unwarlike apathy in which our nation is sunk, a cure that shrewd politicians like Plato and Cicero have already recommended. Least of all could the young man grasp the diplomatic significance of the ballet. I had difficulty in proving to him that there was more policy in Huguet's feet than in Buchholz's head, that all his *pas* signified diplomatic negotiations, and each movement had some political import. For instance, when he leans forward with a languishing air and stretches out his hands, he means our Prussian cabinet; when he pirouettes round and round on one toe without advancing an inch, he means the German Diet; when he trips round as if his legs were tied together, he represents the petty German princes; when he sways backwards and forwards like a drunken man,

he signifies the balance of power; arms crossed and interlaced mean a congress; and, lastly, when he gradually straightens himself to his full height, rests some moments in this attitude, and then suddenly indulges in a series of tremendous bounds, he is figuring our too powerful friend in the East. To my young friend this was a revelation. He saw for the first time why dancers are better paid than great poets, why the ballet is an inexhaustible topic of conversation with the diplomatic corps, and why a minister so often has private interviews with a fair figurante — of course he spends days and nights in laboring to indoctrinate her with his political views. By Apis! how great is the number of the exoteric theater-goers, how small the number of the esoterics! Look at the mob of gobemouches gaping at the capers and twirls, studying anatomy in the poses of Lemière, clapping the *entrechats* of Röhnisch, and talking of grace, harmony, and legs, and not a soul has an inkling that he has before his eyes in terpsichorean cipher the fate of the German fatherland!

Such interchange of ideas did not make us lose sight of the practical, and the huge dishes liberally filled with meat, potatoes, etc., were done full justice to. But the quality was not equal to the quantity. I ventured to hint as much to my neighbor, who answered me rudely in an unmistakable Swiss accent, that we Germans knew as little of true contentment as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, and remarked that royal lackeys and pastry cooks all the world over were Swiss, in fact as well as in name, and that the present Swiss champions of liberty, who deafen the public with their swaggering politics, reminded me of the hares you see shooting off pistols at fairs. Their boldness sets the rustics and children staring, and yet they are hares.

The son of the Alps had certainly meant no offense. "He was a fat man, and therefore a good man," as Cervantes says. But my neighbor on the other side, a Greifswald man, was nettled by his remark. He maintained that German vigor and simplicity had not degenerated, scowled, smote his breast, and emptied a monstrous glass of pale ale. "My good sir!" cried the Swiss, in a propitiatory tone; but the more he apologized the more the Greifswald man fumed and raved. He was a wild man, and seemed as if he belonged to the age when vermin had a good time of it, and hairdressers were in danger of starving. His hair streamed down his shoulders; he wore a

military berretta and an old-fashioned black coat; his linen was dirty, and served both for shirt and waistcoat; inside it was a medallion, with a tuft of hair from Blücher's white charger. He looked a consummate fool. I like some excitement at supper time, and was not sorry to break a lance with him on the subject of patriotism.

He maintained that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts; I argued for forty-eight, to enable a systematic handbook on Germany to be written, and pleaded the necessity of correlating life and science. My Greifswald friend was besides a German bard, and confided to me he was at work on a national epic in commemoration of Hermann and the Hermann battle. I gave him some useful hints for his poem, and suggested that he might represent the swamps and trunk roads of the Teutoberg forest onomatopoetically by wishy-washy lines and jolting rhythms, and that it would be a delicate stroke of patriotism to make Varus and his legionaries talk sheer nonsense. I hope he will make as good use of this literary trick as other Berlin poets have, and succeed in sounds that are "echoes of the sense."

Our company meanwhile grew less stiff and more noisy; beer made way for wine, and wine for steaming punch bowls; we drank, we fraternized, we sang "The Old German Worthy," and other grand songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, etc., were trolled out; pretty airs of Methfessel; best of all, the words of our German Arndt, "God planted iron ore to show he'd have no slaves on earth." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain was taking a part in the music, and some of our reeling topers swore that he was nodding his bald head in approval, which accounted for the unsteadiness of the room. As bottles got lighter brains got heavier; one bawled, another sang falsetto, a third recited passages from "Die Schuld" (Guilt), a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached a sermon on temperance, and a sixth mounted a chair and began to lecture: "Gentlemen, the earth is a barrel, and men are pins stuck seemingly at random on its surface; but the barrel turns, and the pins strike and give a sound, a few frequently, the rest seldom, and this produces a curious, complicated music which is called history. My subject then divides itself into three heads: music, the world, and history; the last head, however, is subdivided into matters of fact and Spanish flies" — and so on, with a strange jumble of sense and nonsense.

A jovial Mecklenberger, who had buried his nose in his punch glass and was inhaling the fragrant steam with a silly smile, remarked that he felt as if he were again at the buffet of the Schwerin theater. Another student put his wine glass to his eye like a telescope, and gazed at the company through it, while the red wine trickled down his cheeks into his open mouth. The Greifswald man threw himself by a sudden inspiration on my breast, and shouted, "Sure you know me, a lover, a happy lover, his love returned — and I'm d——d if she's not accomplished — soft bosom, white frock, plays piano." But the Swiss wept, kissed my hand tenderly, and kept on whimpering, "O Bäbeli, Bäbeli!"

During all this mad carouse of dancing plates and flying glasses, I observed two youths sitting opposite me, pale as marble statues, the one like Adonis, the other more like an Apollo. The wine had tinged their cheeks with the faintest touch of pink. They gazed at one another with infinite passion, as though they could read in each other's eyes, and their eyes beamed as though they had caught the drops of light that fall from the love-lit lamp that the angels bear from one star to another. They whispered together, in a voice tremulous with emotion, sad stories, whose melancholy echo reached my ear. "Lory, too, is dead," said one, and sighed; and, after a pause, he told a tale of a Halle maiden who fell in love with a student, and when her lover left Halle, she shut herself up and starved herself, and wept day and night, and did nothing but gaze at the canary that her lover had once given her. "The bird died, and soon after Lory died too!" That was the end of the tale, and both youths ceased talking, and sighed as though their hearts would break. At last one said to the other: "My soul is sad! Come out with me into the darkness of night! I would drink in the breath of the clouds and the beams of the moon. Partner of my misery! I love thee; thy words are musical as whispering reeds; as rippling streams they find an echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful."

The two youths rose, one threw his arm round the other's neck, and they left the roisterers of the supper table. I followed, and observed them enter a dark room, where one of them opened a big wardrobe, mistaking it for the window. Both stood in front of it, and with sentimentally outstretched arms poured forth alternate strains. "Airs of the dusky night," cried the first,

"how refreshingly ye cool my cheeks! how sweetly ye sport with my flowing locks! I stand on the cloudy mountain top, beneath me lie the sleeping cities of men and the blinking blue waters! Hark, below in the valley is the rustle of pine trees! Above me in the mist flit the spirits of my fathers! O! that I might fly with you on your cloud steeds through the stormy night o'er the billowy sea, up, up to the stars. But, O! I am laden with sorrow, and my soul is sad." The other youth had also stretched out his arms, like a lover, to the clothespress. His eyes were streaming, and in a lovelorn strain he addressed a pair of yellow leather breeches, which he mistook for the moon. "Fair art thou, daughter of Heaven! Benign is the peace of thy countenance! Thy paths are paths of pleasantness, and the stars follow thy blue tracks in the East! The clouds rejoice in the joy of thy countenance, and their dark forms are illumined. Who is like thee in Heaven, thou progeny of night? The stars are abashed in thy presence, and turn away their green twinkling eyes. Whither, when at morn thy face pales, dost thou fly from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dost thou live in the shadow of mourning? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Thy fellow-pilgrims of the night, are they no more? Yes, bright orb! thy sisters fell from heaven, and thou hidest thyself to mourn them. Yes, the night will come, and then even thou wilt pass away, and thy blue paths know thee no more. Then will the stars lift their green heads, whom once thy presence shamed, and rejoice once more. But now thou art clad in radiant majesty, and lookest down from the gates of Heaven. Part the clouds, ye breezes, that the daughter of Night may shine forth, and the shaggy mountains shine forth, and the deep roll his billows in light!"

A well-known acquaintance of mine, a somewhat corpulent man, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had devoured for his supper as usual enough beef to have satisfied six life guardsmen and a boy, happened at this moment to pass by as merry as a grig (as a pig, I ought to have said), and shoved the two maudlin youths somewhat roughly into the press; after which he blundered out of doors, and there swore at large. Indoors, too, the sounds of revelry grew more confused and less articulate. The two youths in the press kept whining and whimpering. They thought they were lying crushed at the bottom of the mountain, the red wine streamed from their throats, and each was deluged by the other. One youth said to

the other: "Farewell! I feel that I am bleeding to death. Why do ye awake me, O breezes of Spring? Ye woo me and whisper; 'We bedew thee with the dews of heaven;' but my days are in the yellow leaf, the storm will soon scatter my leafy honors. Soon will the wanderer come; to-day he beheld me in my beauty; to-morrow he will seek me and find me not — the flowers of the forest are a' wede away!" But high above the hubbub rose a well-known basso, bellowing and cursing and swearing outside, "Not a blessed lantern alight in the whole of the d——d dark Weenderstrasse, and how's a fellow to tell whose windows he's smashing."

Fortunately I can carry my liquor well, — the exact tale of bottles my modesty forbids me to tell, — and I reached my bedroom not much the worse for the carouse. The young merchant was already in bed, with his white nightcap and his yellow jacket of hygienic flannel, but not yet asleep, and ready to engage me in conversation. He was from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and consequently he began on the Jews, and complained that they were lost to all sense of the beautiful and noble, selling English wares twenty-five per cent. under cost price. I was tempted to try and mystify him a bit, so I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beg his pardon by anticipation if I should chance to disturb him in his sleep. In consequence the wretched man, as he confided to me next day, did not get a wink, but lay the whole night in mortal terror that I might, in my sleepwalking, do him a mischief with my pistols, which I had placed at my bedside. . . .

The book which lay near me was the so-called "Brocken-book," in which all travelers write their names — many inscribing their thoughts, or in default thereof their "feelings." Many even express themselves in verse. In this book one may observe the horrors which result when the great Philistine Pegasus at convenient opportunities, such as this on the Brocken, becomes poetic. The palace of the Prince of Pallagonia never contained such absurdities and insipidities as are to be found in this book. Those who shine in it with especial splendor are Messrs. the excise collectors, with their moldy "high inspirations;" counter-jumpers, with their pathetic outgushings of the soul; old German revolution dilettanti with their Turner-Union phrases, and Berlin schoolmasters with their unsuccessful efforts at enthusiasm. Mr. Snobbs will also for once show himself as author. In one place the majestic splendor of the

sun is described; in another, complaints occur of bad weather, of disappointed hopes, and of the clouds which obstruct the view. A Caroline writes that in climbing the mountain his feet were wetted; to which a naïve Nanny, who was impressed by this, adds, "I too got wet in this thing." "Went up wet without and came down 'wet within,'" is a standing joke, repeated in the book hundreds of times. The whole volume smells of beer, tobacco, and cheese; we might fancy it one of Clauren's romances.

While I drank the coffee aforesaid and turned over the Brocken-book, the Swiss entered, his cheeks deeply glowing, and described with enthusiasm the sublime view which he had just enjoyed in the tower above, as the pure calm light of the Sun, that symbol of truth, fought with the night mists, and that it appeared like a battle of spirits, in which raging giants brandished their long swords, where harnessed knights on leaping steeds chased each other, and war chariots, fluttering banners, and extravagant monster forms sank in the wildest confusion, till all finally entwined in the maddest contortions, melted into dimness and vanished, leaving no trace. This demagogical natural phenomenon I had neglected; and should the curious affair be ever made the subject of investigation I am ready to declare on oath that all I know of the matter is the flavor of the good brown coffee I was then tasting.

Alas! this was the guilty cause of my neglecting my fair lady, and now, with mother or friend, she stood before the door, about to step into her carriage. I had scarcely time to hurry to her, and assure her that it was cold. She seemed piqued at my not coming sooner, but I soon drove the clouds from her fair brow by presenting to her a beautiful flower, which I had plucked the day before, at the risk of breaking my neck, from a steep precipice. The mother inquired the name of the flower, as if it seemed to her not altogether correct that her daughter should place a strange, unknown flower before her bosom — for this was in fact the enviable position which the flower attained, and of which it could never have dreamed the day before when on its lonely height. The silent friend here opened his mouth, and after counting the stamens of the flower, dryly remarked that it belonged to the eight class.

It vexes me every time when I remember that even the dear flowers which God hath made have been, like us, divided into castes, and like us are distinguished by those external names

which indicate descent as in a family tree. If there *must* be such divisions, it were better to adopt those suggested by Theophrastus, who wished that flowers might be divided according to souls,—that is, their perfumes. As for myself, I have my own system of natural science, according to which all things are divided into those which may or may not be eaten!

POEMS OF HEINE.

The Lorelei.

(Translated by Charles G. Leland.)

I know not what sorrow is o'er me,
  What spell is upon my heart;
But a tale of old times is before me—
  A legend that will not depart.

Night falls as I linger, dreaming,
  And calmly flows the Rhine;
The peaks of the mountains gleaming
  In the golden sunset shine.

A wondrous lovely maiden
  Sits high in glory there;
Her robe with gems is laden,
  And she combs out her golden hair.

And she spreads out the golden treasure,
  Still singing in harmony;
And the song has a mystical measure,
  And a wonderful melody.

The boatman, when once she has bound him,
  Is lost in a wild sad love:
He sees not the black rocks around him,
  He sees but the beauty above.

I believe that the billows springing
  The boat and the boatman drown;
And that this, with her magical singing,
  The Lorelei has done.

The Pine and the Palm.

In the north a pine-tree
  Stands alone . . .
Dreaming of a palm-tree
  Which afar . . .

Evening by the Seaside.

(Translated by Charles G. Leland.)

We sat by the fisher's cottage
  And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising
  And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
  The lamps shone out on high,
And far on the dim horizon
  A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
  Of sailors who live on the deep,
And how between sky and water
  And terror and joy they sweep.

We spoke of distant countries,
  In regions strange and fair,
And of the wondrous beings
  And curious customs there.

Of perfume and lights on the Ganges,
  Where trees like giants tower,
And beautiful silent beings
  Still worship the lotus flower.

Of the dirty dwarfs of Lapland,
  Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small,
Who crouch round their oil-fires cooking,
  And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
  Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
  And darkness fell deep on the shore.

The Jewels.

(Translated by Ernest Beard.)

Blue sapphires are those eyes of thine,
  Those eyes so sweet and tender:
Oh, three times happy is the man
  Whom they shall happy render!

Thy heart's a diamond, pure and clear,
  With radiance overflowing:
Oh, three times happy is the man
  Who sets that heart a-glowing!

Red rubies are those lips of thine —
  Love ne'er did fairer fashion:
Oh, three times happy is the man
  Who hears their vows of passion!

Oh, could I know that fortunate man,
  And meet him unattended
Beneath the forest trees so green —
  His luck would soon be ended!

Countess-Palatine Jutta.

(Translated for this work.)

Countess-Palatine Jutta went over the Rhine,
In a light canoe, by the pale moonshine.
The maid rows, and thus speaks the Countess to her:
"Do you notice those seven dead bodies, my dear,
  That drift and float
  In the wake of our boat?
So dolefully swim the dead!

"They were knights full of young desire —
They sank on my breast in amorous fire
And swore me true — For certainty's sake,
That their oaths they might not be tempted to break,
  I had them bound
  Directly, and drowned —
So dolefully swim the dead!"

The maid rows on, the Countess laughs shrill.
So mocking it rings through the darkness still!
Up to their haunches plunge as they lie
The corpses, and nodding, their fingers on high
  Stretch as to swear,
  With a glassy glare —
So dolefully swim the dead!

FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

By ESAIAS TEGNER.

[Esaias Tegner, regarded as the chief of Swedish poets, was born at Kyrkernd in Wermland, November 13, 1782. He entered the University of Lund; held a Greek professorship in that institution for twelve years; and in 1824 was elected bishop of Wexiö, where he died November 2, 1846. In 1825 appeared in its complete form the cycle of romances, based upon the old Norse saga of the same name, "Frithiof's Saga," his masterpiece and one of the most famous works in Scandinavian literature. It has been repeatedly translated into English. Tegner also wrote "Axel," "Svea," and "The Children of the Lord's Supper," an idyll, translated by Longfellow.]

Frithiof and Ingeborg.

In Hilding's manor, broad and fair,
Two graceful plants were fostered there;
There bloomed beneath the Northern shadow
No statelier buds on verdant meadow.

Straight as a lance, firm as a rock,
Upshot the one, a sapling oak,
Whose crown is in the mid air trembling,
Its archèd brow a helm resembling.

The other bloomed a tender rose,
By winter held in sweet repose,
Which, as the Spring dispels earth's sadness,
Awakes to beauty and to gladness.

When tempests on the earth appear,
The oak the combat does not fear;
When Spring sun glows, and sing the thrushes,
The rose then opes her lip and blushes.

Thus they grew up, in fresh fields free:
Young Frithiof was the strong young tree;
The rose, the valley's green adorning,
Was Ing'borg named, fair as the morning.

Didst see them in the sun's bright ray,
Thou'dst think thyself 'neath Freyâ's sway
Where couples dance in bridal dresses,
With rosy wings and golden tresses.

Didst see them trip, at moonlight's sheen,
Beneath the forest's fragrant green,

Thou'dst think the silver beams were glancing,
On Elfin king and queen there dancing.

With love of lore his heart throbbed fast,
When he his runes had learned at last,
And, all their mystic import gleaning,
To Ing'borg taught their hidden meaning.

How happy in his little boat,
They o'er the clear blue billows float!
How winsome when, in stormy weather,
Her wee white hands are clasped together!

No bird's nest was for him too high,
For *her* would he all risk defy;
The eagle, who with clouds is wrestling,
Is robbed by him of eggs and nestling.

There was no stream however swift,
O'er which he did not Ing'borg lift;
And where tumultuous it was ringing,
Her soft white arms were round him clinging.

The first sweet flower his garden yields,
The first red berry of the fields,
The first gold ear in ripened beauty,
He brought to her, in bounden duty.

But childhood passes swiftly on,
Soon to a youth the boy has grown,
His sparkling eye is love demanding —
The maid is full-blown beauty standing.

Young Frithiof now on hunting bent,
When others blanched, he boldly went
To darksome cave, with courage peerless,
To seek the bear, unarmed and fearless.

There, breast to breast, with hug and strain,
The savage monster strives in vain;
Returned, with shaggy booty laden —
How happy then the blushing maiden!

Man's courage, woman e'er esteems;
To beauty strength most worthy seems;
The fair should to the strong be clinging,
As helm to brow, when swords are swinging.

But when at winter's eve there shed
The hearth its ruddy glow, he read
Songs with Walhalla's glories swelling,
Where gods and goddesses are dwelling.

Then sang he: "Freyâ's hair is gold,
A wavy field of sheaves untold;
My Ing'borg's hair, like hers, is shining,
Bright gold round rose and lily twining.

"Iduna's breast, like snowy down,
Heaves chaste beneath her silken gown;
I know a silk 'neath which are hiding
Two elfins gay, 'midst rosebuds gliding.

"And clear and blue is Frigga's eye,
Reflecting heaven's purest sky;
I know two eyes whose lustrous powers
Spring sky obscure at midday hours.

"Are Gerda's cheeks alone so white?
Like new-fallen snow 'neath northern light?
I know two cheeks with bloom, adorning,
Like roseate blush, the early morning.

"A heart I know as tender framed
As Nanna's, though not quite so famed,
Nanna, the theme of every Skalder,
In songs of praise, with thee, O Baldur.

"Ah! that, like thee, I could find death,
Bewailed by a true maiden's breath:
Like Nanna's, faithful, true, and tender,
To Hel' would gladly I surrender."

The royal maid wrought at her frame,
And sang of heroes and of fame;
Brave deeds the 'broidery is showing,
Round verdant groves blue waves are flowing.

And deftly in the woolly snow,
Gold-woven shields in splendor grow;
Red lances are in combat flying,
On fields of green the armor lying.

And more and more like Frithiof stands
The hero worked by nimble hands;

Her blushing cheek the truth confesses —
The pliant wool *his* deeds expresses.

And every birch within the grove,
With F and I told Frithiof's love;
The runes in joy and glee are meeting,
Like two young hearts together beating.

Soon as the Day King's fiery blaze
Tinges with gold the rising haze;
When life is stirring, men are moving,
They think but of each other, loving.

And when through clouds, hid in the night,
World Queen appears in silvery light;
When through the stillness stars are gleaming,
They of each other's love are dreaming.

"Thou emerald earth! in fresh array,
Decked is thy hair with flowers gay,
Give me the freshest, perfume breathing,
My Frithiof's hair shall they be wreathing!"

"Thou sea! beneath whose deep blue wave
A thousand pearls their beauty lave,
Of thee I am the rarest asking —
On Ing'borg's breast they shall lie basking!"

"Thou orb of Odin's kingly hall!
Eye of the day, thou flaming ball!
Wert mine, shouldst serve, thou burnished dial,
As Frithiof's shield, without denial!"

"Thou orb, high in Alfader's hall,
Thou clear pale moon, thou silvery ball!
Wert mine, thou shouldst adorn, oh, pleasure!
My lovely maid, my choicest treasure!"

But Hilding warned: "Set not thy heart
Upon this love, ye two must part;
Unequally the Norns are laden,
King Bela's daughter is thy maiden.

"To Odin e'en, his star-spread dome,
Does Bela's lineage heavenwards roam;
Thou, Thorsten's son, to fate surrender,
Thine ne'er can be the blossom tender."

But Frithiof laughs: "My line I sped
Down to the valley of the dead;
When I the forest king was taming,
My lineage with his fur was claiming.

"No freeborn man to fate will yield,
To him belongs the world's wide field;
Fortune succeeds where fate is frowning,
Hope is with victory courage crowning!

"Nobility is valor's claim,
On high to Thrudwang reaches fame;
For prowess only Thor is caring,—
The sword is suitor for the daring.

"For her I dare to combat fly,
And e'en with Thor my prowess try;
In joy bloom safe, my lily ever,
Woe him who dares us two to sever!

Ingeborg's Lament.

Summer is past,
Storms on the sea the autumn has cast;
Yet, glad, with the storms would I stray,
Far, far away!

Long did I stand,
Watching the sails leave the Northern strand.
Ah! happy sails; o'er Frithiof ye wave,
Ye fly with the brave.

Thou, Ocean blue!
Storm not, but guard him, faithful and true.
Light him, ye stars, ye celestial bands,
To distant lands.

Thou, blooming Spring!
Frithiof's return, but not Ing'borg's, wilt bring;
Neither in vales nor halls will she meet him,
Nowhere will greet him.

Low in the ground,
Cold lies she, pale, and heav'nward bound;
A sacrifice was she bled to death,
By Helga's breath!

Falcon he left,
Mine shalt thou be, of thy master bereft;
I'll feed thee myself, thou huntsman rare,
High in the air!

Thou, on his hand,
With outspread wings, embroidered shalt stand.
Wrought of silver thy pinions behold,
Talons of gold.

Freya once took
Wings of the hawk, for Odur to look;
She roamed in infinite space above,
Seeking her love.

Her wings to me
Would bring no help, would not set me free;
Death alone will bring me relief,
From care and grief.

Huntsman, thou free!
Fly on my shoulder, look on the sea.
Ah! as far as our strained eyes may roam,
He comes not home.

When laid to rest,
Should he return, fulfill my behest;
Greet me from his bride, then here sleeping,
Frithiof, when weeping..

The Viking Code.

[Frithiof, on his voyage as a sea rover, draws up the following code of conduct for himself and his party.]

Far and wide, like the falcon that hunts through the sky, flew he now o'er the desolate sea;
And his Vikinga Code, for his champions on board, wrote he well; wilt thou hear what it be?

"On thy ship pitch no tent; in no house shalt thou sleep; in the hall who our friends ever knew?
On his shield sleeps the Viking, his sword in his hand, and for tent has yon heaven the blue.

With a short-shafted hammer fights conquering Thor: Frey's own shaft but an ell long is made:
That's enough. — Hast thou courage? Strike close to thy foe: not too short for thee then is thy blade!

"When the storm roars on high, up aloft with the sail: oh, how pleasant's the sea in its wrath!
Let it blow, let it blow! He's a coward that furls; rather founder than furl in thy path.

"On the shore, not on board, mayst thou toy with a maid: Freja's self would prove false to thy love,
For the dimple deceives on her cheek, and her tresses would net-like entrap thee above!

"Wine is Valfather's drink, — a carouse thou mayst have; but yet steady and upright appear:
He who staggers on shore may stand up, but will soon down to sleep-giving Ran stagger here.

"Sails the merchant ship forth, thou his bark mayst protect, if due tribute his weak hand has told:
On thy wave art thou king; he's a slave to his pelf, and thy steel is as good as his gold!

"With the dice and the lot shall the booty be shared; and complain not, however it goes:
But the sea-king himself throws no dice on the deck, — only glory he seeks from his foes.

"Heaves a Viking in sight — then come boarding and strife, and hot work is it under the shield;
But from us art thou banished — forget not the doom — if a step or a foot thou shalt yield!

"'Tis enough, shouldst thou conquer! Who prays thee for peace has no sword, and cannot be thy foe:
Prayer is Valhalla's child, hear the pale Virgin's voice; yes! a scoundrel is he who says no!

"Viking gains are deep wounds, and right well they adorn if they stand on the brow or the breast.
Let them bleed! Twice twelve hours first must circle ere binds them, who Vikinga comrade would rest!"

Thus his laws carved he out, and fresh exploits each day and fresh fame to strange coastlands he brought;
And his like found he none on the blue-rolling sea, and his champions right willing they fought.

But himself sat all darkly, with rudder in hand, and looked down on the slow-rocking spray; —
"Deep thou art! Peace perchance in those depths still may bloom, but above here all peace dies away.

"Is the White God enraged? Let him take his good sword, — I will fall should it so be decreed:
But he sits in yon sky, gloomy thoughts sending down; ne'er my soul from their sadness is freed!"

Yet when battle is near, like the fresh eagle flying, his spirit fierce soars with delight;
Loudly thunders his voice, and with clear brow he stands, like the lightener still foremost in fight.

TRICKED OUT OF HERSELF.

By ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

(From "The Betrothed.")

[Count Alessandro Manzoni, Italian novelist and poet, was born in Milan, March 8, 1784; graduated at the University of Pavia. His mother and grandfather were noted writers. He wrote religious hymns of high rank; but his first famous composition was an ode on the death of Napoleon. He also wrote dramas of great repute, as "Conte di Carmagnola" and "Adelchi"; but his most celebrated work, the classic novel of modern Italy, is "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed Pair), a historical romance (1827). He was an ardent patriot, deeply interested in the reconstruction of Italy. He died May 22, 1873.]

The Signora, who, in the presence of a Capuchin of advanced age, had studied her actions and words, now, when left *tête-à-tête* with an inexperienced country girl, no longer attempted to restrain herself; and her conversation became by degrees so strange, that, instead of relating it, we think it better briefly to narrate the previous history of this unhappy person: so much, that is, as will suffice to account for the unusual and mysterious conduct we have witnessed in her, and

to explain the motives of her behavior in the facts which we shall be obliged to relate.

She was the youngest daughter of the Prince ——, a Milanese nobleman, who was esteemed one of the richest men of the city. But the unbounded idea he entertained of his title made his property appear scarcely sufficient, nay, even too limited to maintain a proper appearance; and all his attention was turned towards keeping it, at least, such as it was, in one line, so far as it depended upon himself. How many children he had does not appear from history: it merely records that he had designed all the younger branches of both sexes for the cloister, that he might leave his property entire to the eldest son, destined to perpetuate the family: that is, bring up children that he might torment himself in tormenting them after his father's example. Our unhappy Signora was yet unborn when her condition was irrevocably determined upon. It only remained to decide whether she should be a monk or a nun, a decision, for which, not her assent, but her presence, was required. When she was born, the Prince, her father, wishing to give her a name that would always immediately suggest the idea of a cloister, and which had been born by a saint of high family, called her Gertrude. Dolls dressed like nuns were the first playthings put into her hands; then images in nuns' habits, accompanying the gift with admonitions to prize them highly, as very precious things, and with that affirmative interrogation, "Beautiful, eh?" When the Prince, or the Princess, or the young Prince, the only one of the sons brought up at home, would represent the happy prospects of the child, it seemed as if they could find no other way of expressing their ideas than by the words, "What a lady abbess!" No one, however, directly said to her, "You must become a nun." It was an intention understood and touched upon incidentally in every conversation relating to her future destiny. If at any time the little Gertrude indulged in rebellious or imperious behavior, to which her natural disposition easily inclined her, "You are a naughty little girl," they would say to her: "this behavior is very unbecoming. When you are a lady abbess, you shall then command with the rod: you can then do as you please." On another occasion, the Prince reproving her for her too free and familiar manners, into which she easily fell: "Hey! hey!" he cried; "they are not becoming to one of your rank. If you wish some day to engage the respect that is due to you, learn from henceforth to

be more reserved: remember you ought to be in everything the first in the monastery, because you carry your rank wherever you go."

Such language imbued the mind of the little girl with the implicit idea that she was to be a nun; but her father's words had more effect upon her than all the others put together. The manners of the Prince were habitually those of an austere master, but when treating of the future prospects of his children, there shone forth in every word and tone an immovability of resolution which inspired the idea of a fatal necessity.

At six years of age, Gertrude was placed for education, and still more as a preparatory step towards the vocation imposed upon her, in the monastery where we have seen her; and the selection of the place was not without design. The worthy guide of the two women has said that the father of the Signora was the first man in Monza; and, comparing this testimony, whatever it may be worth, with some other indications which our anonymous author unintentionally suffers to escape here and there, we may very easily assert that he was the feudal head of that country. However it may be, he enjoyed here very great authority, and thought that here, better than elsewhere, his daughter would be treated with that distinction and deference which might induce her to choose this monastery as her perpetual abode. Nor was he deceived: the then abbess and several intriguing nuns — who had the management of affairs, finding themselves entangled in some disputes with another monastery, and with a noble family of the country, were very glad of the acquisition of such a support — received with much gratitude the honor bestowed upon them, and fully entered into the intentions of the Prince concerning the permanent settlement of his daughter; intentions on every account entirely consonant with their interests. Immediately on Gertrude's entering the monastery, she was called by Antonomasia, the Signorina. A separate place was assigned her at table, and a private sleeping apartment; her conduct was proposed as an example to others; indulgences and caresses were bestowed upon her without end, accompanied with that respectful familiarity so attractive to children, when observed in those whom they see treating other children with an habitual air of superiority. Not that all the nuns had conspired to draw the poor child into the snare; many there were of simple and undesigning minds, who would have shrunk with horror from the

thought of sacrificing a child to interested views; but all of them being intent on their several individual occupations, some did not notice all these maneuvers, others did not discern how dishonest they were; some abstained from looking into the matter, and others were silent rather than give useless offense. There was one, too, who, remembering how she had been induced by similar arts to do what she afterwards repented of, felt a deep compassion for the poor little innocent, and showed that compassion by bestowing on her tender and melancholy caresses, which she was far from suspecting were tending towards the same result; and thus the affair proceeded. Perhaps it might have gone on thus to the end, if Gertrude had been the only little girl in the monastery; but, among her schoolfellows, there were some who knew they were designed for marriage.

The little Gertrude, brought up with high ideas of her superiority, talked very magnificently of her future destiny as abbess and principal of the monastery; she wished to be an object of envy to the others on every account, and saw with astonishment and vexation that some of them paid no attention to all her boasting. To the majestic, but circumscribed and cold, images the headship of a monastery could furnish, they opposed the varied and bright pictures of a husband, guests, routs, towns, tournaments, retinues, dress, and equipages. Such glittering visions roused in Gertrude's mind that excitement and ardor which a large basketful of freshly gathered flowers would produce, if placed before a beehive. Her parents and teachers had cultivated and increased her natural vanity, to reconcile her to the cloisters; but when this passion was excited by ideas so much calculated to stimulate it, she quickly entered into them with a more lively and spontaneous ardor. That she might not be below her companions, and influenced at the same time by her new turn of mind, she replied that, at the time of decision, no one could compel her to take the veil without her consent; that she, too, could marry, live in a palace, enjoy the world, and that better than any of them; that she *could* if she wished it; that she *would* if she wished it; and that, in fact, she *did* wish it. The idea of the necessity of her consent, which hitherto had been, as it were, unnoticed, and hidden in a corner of her mind, now unfolded and displayed itself in all its importance. On every occasion she called it to her aid, that she might enjoy in tranquillity the

images of a self-chosen future. Together with this idea, however, there invariably appeared another; that the refusal of this consent involved rebellion against her father, who already believed it, or pretended to believe it, a decided thing; and at this remembrance, the child's mind was very far from feeling the confidence which her words proclaimed. She would then compare herself with her companions, whose confidence was of a far different kind, and experienced lamentably that envy of their condition which, at first, she endeavored to awaken in them. From envy she changed to hatred; which she displayed in contempt, rudeness, and sarcastic speeches; while, sometimes, the conformity of her inclinations and hopes with theirs, suppressed her spite, and created in her an apparent and transient friendship. At times, longing to enjoy something real and present, she would feel a complacency in the distinctions accorded to her, and make others sensible of this superiority; and then, again, unable to tolerate the solitude of her fears and desires, she would go in search of her companions, her haughtiness appeased, almost, indeed, imploring of them kindness, counsel, and encouragement. In the midst of such pitiable warfare with herself and others, she passed her childhood, and entered upon that critical age at which an almost mysterious power seems to take possession of the soul, arousing, refreshing, invigorating all the inclinations and ideas, and sometimes transforming them, or turning them into some unlooked-for channel. That which, until now, Gertrude had most distinctly figured in these dreams of the future, was external splendor and pomp; a something soothing and kindly, which, from the first, was lightly, and, as it were, mistily, diffused over her mind, now began to spread itself and predominate in her imagination. It took possession of the most secret recesses of her heart, as of a gorgeous retreat; hither she retired from present objects; here she entertained various personages strangely compounded of the confused remembrances of childhood, the little she had seen of the external world, and what she had gathered in conversations with her companions; she entertained herself with them, talked to them, and replied in their name; here she gave commands, and here she received homage of every kind. At times, the thoughts of religion would come to disturb these brilliant and toilsome revels. But religion, such as it had been taught to this poor girl, and such as she had received it, did not prohibit pride, but rather sancti-

fied it, and proposed it as a means of obtaining earthly felicity. Robbed thus of its essence, it was no longer religion, but a phantom like the rest. In the intervals in which this phantom occupied the first place, and ruled in Gertrude's fancy, the unhappy girl, oppressed by confused terrors, and urged by an indefinite idea of duty, imagined that her repugnance to the cloister, and her resistance to the wishes of her superiors in the choice of her state of life, was a fault; and she resolved in her heart to expiate it, by voluntarily taking the veil.

It was a rule that, before a young person could be received as a nun, she should be examined by an ecclesiastic, called the vicar of the nuns, or by some one deputed by him; that it might be seen whether the lot were her deliberate choice or not; and this examination could not take place for a year after she had, by a written request, signified her desire to the vicar. Those nuns who had taken upon themselves the sad office of inducing Gertrude to bind herself forever with the least possible consciousness of what she was doing, seized one of the moments we have described to persuade her to write and sign such a memorial. And, in order the more easily to persuade her to such a course, they failed not to affirm and impress upon her, what, indeed, was quite true, that, after all, it was a mere formality, which could have no effect, without other and posterior steps, depending entirely upon her own will. Nevertheless the memorial had scarcely reached its destination, before Gertrude repented having written it. Then she repented of these repentances; and thus days and months were spent in an incessant alternation of wishes and regrets. For a long while she concealed this act from her companions; sometimes from fear of exposing her good resolution to opposition and contradiction, at others from shame at revealing her error; but, at last, the desire of unburdening her mind, and of seeking advice and encouragement, conquered.

Another rule was this; that a young girl was not to be admitted to this examination upon the course of life she had chosen, until she had resided for at least a month out of the convent where she had been educated. A year had almost passed since the presentation of this memorial; and it had been signified to Gertrude that she would shortly be taken from the monastery, and sent to her father's house, for this one month, there to take all the necessary steps towards the completion of the work she had really begun. The Prince, and

the rest of the family, considered it an assured thing, as if it had already taken place. Not so, however, his daughter; instead of taking fresh steps, she was engaged in considering how she could withdraw the first. In her perplexity, she resolved to open her mind to one of her companions, the most sincere and always the readiest to give spirited advice. She advised Gertrude to inform her father, by letter, that she had changed her mind, since she had not the courage to pronounce to his face, at the proper time, a bold *I will not*. And as gratuitous advice in this world is very rare, the counselor made Gertrude pay for this by abundance of raillery upon her want of spirit. The letter was agreed upon with three or four confidantes, written in private, and dispatched by means of many deeply studied artifices. Gertrude waited with great anxiety for a reply; but none came; excepting that, a few days afterwards, the Abbess, taking her aside, with an air of mystery, displeasure, and compassion, let fall some obscure hints about the great anger of her father, and a wrong step she must have been taking; leaving her to understand, however, that if she behaved well, she might still hope that all would be forgotten. The poor young girl understood it, and dared not venture to ask any further explanation.

At last, the day so much dreaded, and so ardently wished for, arrived. Although Gertrude knew well enough that she was going to a great struggle, yet to leave the monastery, to pass the bounds of those walls in which she had been for eight years immured, to traverse the open country in a carriage, to see once more the city and her home, filled her with sensations of tumultuous joy. As to the struggle, with the direction of her confidantes, she had already taken her measures, and concerted her plans. Either they will force me, thought she, and then I will be immovable — I will be humble and respectful, but will refuse; the chief point is not to pronounce another "*Yes*," and I will not pronounce it. Or they will catch me with good words; and I will be better than they; I will weep, I will implore, I will move them to pity; at last, will only entreat that I may not be sacrificed. But, as it often happens in similar cases of foresight, neither one nor the other supposition was realized. Days passed, and neither her father, nor any one else, spoke to her about the petition, or the recantation; and no proposal was made to her, with either coaxing or threatening. Her parents were serious, sad, and morose,

towards her, without ever giving a reason for such behavior. It was only to be understood that they regarded her as faulty and unworthy; a mysterious anathema seemed to hang over her, and divide her from the rest of her family, merely suffering so much intercourse as was necessary to make her feel her subjection. Seldom, and only at certain fixed hours, was she admitted to the company of her parents and elder brother. In the conversations of these three there appeared to reign a great confidence, which rendered the exclusion of Gertrude doubly sensible and painful. No one addressed her; and if she ventured timidly to make a remark, unless very evidently called for, her words were either unnoticed, or were responded to by a careless, contemptuous, or severe look. If unable any longer to endure so bitter and humiliating a distinction, she sought and endeavored to mingle with the family, and implored a little affection; she soon heard some indirect but clear hint thrown out about her choice of a monastic life, and was given to understand that there was one way of regaining the affection of the family; and since she would not accept of it on these conditions, she was obliged to draw back, to refuse the first advances towards the kindness she so much desired, and to continue in her state of excommunication; continue in it, too, with a certain appearance of being to blame.

Such impressions from surrounding objects painfully contradicted the bright visions with which Gertrude had been so much occupied, and which she still secretly indulged in her heart. She had hoped that, in her splendid and much-frequented home, she should have enjoyed at least some real taste of the pleasures she had so long imagined; but she found herself woefully deceived. The confinement was as strict and close at home as in the convent; to walk out for recreation was never even spoken of; and a gallery that led from the house to an adjoining church, obviated the sole necessity there might have been to go into the street. The company was more uninteresting, more scarce, and less varied than in the monastery. At every announcement of a visitor, Gertrude was obliged to go upstairs, and remain with some old woman in the service of the family; and here she dined whenever there was company. The domestic servants concurred in behavior and language with the example and intentions of their master; and Gertrude, who by inclination would have treated them with ladylike unaffected familiarity; and who, in the rank in

which she was placed, would have esteemed it a favor if they had shown her any little mark of kindness as an equal, and even have stooped to ask it, was now humbled and annoyed at being treated with a manifest indifference, although accompanied by a slight obsequiousness of formality. She could not, however, but observe, that one of these servants, a page, appeared to bear her a respect very different to the others, and to feel a peculiar kind of compassion for her. The behavior of this youth approached more nearly than anything she had yet seen to the state of things that Gertrude had pictured to her imagination, and more resembled the doings of her ideal characters. By degrees, a strange transformation was discernible in the manners of the young girl; there appeared a new tranquillity, and at the same time a restlessness, differing from her usual disquietude; her conduct was that of one who had found a treasure which oppresses him, which he incessantly watches, and hides from the view of others. Gertrude kept her eyes on this page more closely than ever; and, however it came to pass, she was surprised one unlucky morning by a chambermaid, while secretly folding up a letter, in which it would have been better had she written nothing. After a brief altercation, the maid got possession of the letter, and carried it to her master. The terror of Gertrude at the sound of his footsteps, may be more easily imagined than described. It was *her* father; he was irritated, and she felt herself guilty. But when he stood before her with that frowning brow, and the ill-fated letter in his hand, she would gladly have been a hundred feet under ground, not to say in a cloister. His words were few, but terrible; the punishment named at the time was only to be confined in her own room under the charge of the maid who had made the discovery; but this was merely a foretaste, a temporary provision; he threatened, and left a vague promise of some other obscure, undefined, and therefore more dreadful punishment.

The page was, of course, immediately dismissed, and was menaced with something terrible, if ever he should breathe a syllable about the past. In giving him this intimation, the Prince seconded it with two solemn blows, to associate in his mind with this adventure a remembrance that would effectually remove every temptation to make a boast of it. Some kind of pretext to account for the dismissal of a page was not difficult to find; as to the young lady, it was reported that she was ill.

She was now left to her fears, her shame, her remorse, and her dread of the future; with the sole company of this woman, whom she hated as the witness of her guilt, and the cause of her disgrace. She, in her turn, hated Gertrude, by whom she was reduced, she knew not for how long, to the wearisome life of a jailer, and had become forever the guardian of a dangerous secret.

The first confused tumult of these feelings subsided by degrees; but each remembrance recurring by turns to her mind, was nourished there, and remained to torment her more distinctly, and at leisure. Whatever could the punishment be, so mysteriously threatened? Many, various, and strange were the ideas that suggested themselves to the ardent and inexperienced imagination of Gertrude. The prospect that appeared most probable was, that she would be taken back to the monastery at Monza, no longer to appear as the Signorina, but as a guilty person, to be shut up there — who knew how long! who knew with what kind of treatment! Among the many annoyances of such a course, perhaps the most annoying was the dread of the shame she should feel. The expressions, the words, the very commas of the unfortunate letter, were turned over and over in her memory: she fancied them noticed and weighed by a reader so unexpected, so different from the one to whom they were destined in reply; she imagined that they might have come under the view of her mother, her brother, or indeed any one else; and by comparison, all the rest seemed to her a mere nothing. The image of him who had been the primary cause of all this offense failed not also frequently to beset the poor recluse; and it is impossible to describe the strange contrast this phantasm presented to those around her; so dissimilar, so serious, reserved, and threatening. But, since she could not separate his image from theirs, nor turn for a moment to those transient gratifications, without her present sorrows, as the consequence of them, suggesting themselves to her mind, she began, by degrees, to recall them less frequently, to repel the remembrance of them, and wean herself from such thoughts. She no longer willingly indulged in the bright and splendid fancies of her earlier days; they were too much opposed to her real circumstances, and to every probability for the future. The only castle in which Gertrude could conceive a tranquil and honorable retreat, which was not in the air, was the monastery, if she could make up her mind to enter it for-

ever. Such a resolution, she could not doubt, would have repaired everything, atoned for every fault, and changed her condition in a moment. Opposed to this proposal, it is true, rose up the plans and hopes of her whole childhood: but times were changed; and in the depths to which Gertrude had fallen, and in comparison of what, at times, she so much dreaded, the condition of a nun, respected, revered, and obeyed, appeared to her a bright prospect. Two sentiments of very different character, indeed, contributed, at intervals, to overcome her former aversion: sometimes remorse for a fault, and a capricious sensibility of devotion; and at other times, her pride embittered and irritated by the manners of her jailer, who (often, it must be confessed, provoked to it) revenged herself now by terrifying her with the prospect of the threatened punishment, or taunting her with the disgrace of her fault. When, however, she chose to be benign, she would assume a tone of protection, still more odious than insult. On these different occasions, the wish that Gertrude felt to escape from her clutches, and to raise herself to a condition above either her anger or pity, became so vivid and urgent that it made everything which could lead to such an end appear pleasant and agreeable.

At the end of four or five long days of confinement, Gertrude, disgusted and exasperated beyond measure by one of these sallies of her guardian, went and sat down in a corner of the room, and covering her face with her hands, remained for some time secretly indulging her rage. She then felt an overbearing longing to see some other faces, to hear some other words, to be treated differently. She thought of her father, of her family; and the idea made her shrink back in horror. But she remembered that it only depended upon her to make them her friends; and this remembrance awakened a momentary joy. Then there followed a confused and unusual sorrow for her fault, and an equal desire to expiate it. Not that her will was already determined upon such a resolution, but she had never before approached it so near. She rose from her seat, went to the table, took up the fatal pen, and wrote a letter to her father, full of enthusiasm and humiliation, of affliction and hope, imploring his pardon, and showing herself indefinitely ready to do anything that would please him who alone could grant it.

There are times when the mind, of the young especially, is so disposed that any external influence, however slight, suffices

to call forth whatever has the appearance of virtuous self-sacrifice; as a scarcely expanded flower abandons itself negligently to its fragile stem, ready to yield its fragance to the first breath of the zephyrs that float around. These moments, which others should regard with reverential awe, are exactly those which the wily and interested eagerly watch for, and seize with avidity, to fetter an unguarded will.

On the perusal of this letter the Prince —— instantly saw a door opened to the fulfillment of his early and still cherished views. He therefore sent to Gertrude to come to him, and prepared to strike the iron while it was hot. Gertrude had no sooner made her appearance, than, without raising her eyes towards her father, she threw herself upon her knees, scarcely able to articulate the word "Pardon." The Prince beckoned to her to rise, and then, in a voice little calculated to reassure her, replied, that it was not sufficient to desire and solicit forgiveness, for that was easy and natural enough to one who had been convicted of a fault, and dreaded its punishment; that, in short, it was necessary she should deserve it. Gertrude, in a subdued and trembling voice, asked what she must do. To this question the Prince (for we cannot find in our heart at this moment to give him the title of father) made no direct reply, but proceeded to speak at some length on Gertrude's fault, in words which grated upon the feelings of the poor girl like the drawing of a rough hand over a wound. He then went on to say, that even if . . . supposing he ever . . . had had at the first any intention of settling her in the world, she herself had now opposed an insuperable obstacle to such a plan; since a man of honor, as he was, could never bring himself to give to any gentleman a daughter who had shown such a specimen of her character. His wretched auditor was completely overwhelmed; and then the Prince, gradually softening his voice and language, proceeded to say that for every fault there was a remedy and a hope of mercy; that hers was one the remedy for which was very distinctly indicated; that she ought to see in this sad event a warning, as it were, that a worldly life was too full of danger for her . . .

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Gertrude, excited by fear, subdued by a sense of shame, and overcome at the instant by a momentary tenderness of spirit.

"Ah; you see it too," replied the Prince, instantly taking up her words. "Well, let us say no more of what is past: all is

canceled. You have taken the only honorable and suitable course that remained for you; but, since you have chosen it willingly and cheerfully, it rests with me to make it pleasant to you in every possible way. I have the power of turning it to your advantage, and giving all the merit of the action to yourself, and I'll engage to do it for you." So saying, he rang a little bell that stood on the table, and said to the servant who answered it, — "The Princess and the young Prince immediately." Then turning to Gertrude, he continued: "I wish them to share in my satisfaction at once; and I wish you immediately to be treated by all as is fit and proper. You have experienced a little of the severe parent, but from henceforth you shall find me an affectionate father."

Gertrude stood thunderstruck at these words. One moment she wondered how that "yes," which had escaped her lips, could be made to mean so much: then she thought, was there no way of retracting — of restricting the sense; but the Prince's conviction seemed so unshaken, his joy so sensitively jealous, and his benignity so conditional, that Gertrude dared not utter a word to disturb them in the slightest degree.

The parties summoned quickly made their appearance, and, on seeing Gertrude, regarded her with an expression of surprise and uncertainty. But the Prince, with a cheerful and loving countenance, which immediately met with an answering look from them, said, — "Behold the wandering sheep: and I intend this to be the last word that shall awaken sad remembrances. Behold the consolation of the family! Gertrude no longer needs advisers, for she has voluntarily chosen what we desired for her good. She has determined — she has given me to understand that she has determined . . ." Here Gertrude raised towards her father a look between terror and supplication, as if imploring him to pause, but he continued boldly: "that she has determined to take the veil."

"*Brava!* well done!" exclaimed the mother and son, turning at the same time to embrace Gertrude, who received these congratulations with tears, which were interpreted as tears of satisfaction. The Prince then expatiated upon what he would do to render the situation of his daughter pleasant, and even splendid. He spoke of the distinction with which she would be regarded in the monastery and the surrounding country: that she would be like a princess, the representative of the family; that, as soon as ever her age would allow of it, she

would be raised to the first dignity, and in the mean while would be under subjection only in name. The Princess and the young Prince renewed their congratulations and applauses, while poor Gertrude stood as if possessed by a dream.

"We had better fix the day for going to Monza to make our request of the Abbess," said the Prince. "How pleased she will be! I venture to say that all the monastery will know how to estimate the honor which Gertrude does them. Likewise . . . but why not go this very day? Gertrude will be glad to take an airing."

"Let us go, then," said the Princess.

"I will go and give orders," said the young Prince.

"But . . ." suggested Gertrude, submissively.

"Softly, softly," replied the Prince, "let her decide: perhaps she does not feel inclined to-day, and would rather delay till to-morrow. Tell me, would you prefer to-day or to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," answered Gertrude, in a faint voice, thinking it something that she could get a little longer respite.

"To-morrow," pronounced the Prince, solemnly; "she has decided that we go to-morrow. In the mean while I will go and ask the vicar of the nuns to name a day for the examination."

No sooner said than done; the Prince took his departure, and absolutely went himself (no little act of condescension) to the vicar, and obtained a promise that he would attend her the day after to-morrow.

During the remainder of this day Gertrude had not two moments of quiet. She wished to have calmed her mind after so many scenes of excitement, to clear and arrange her thoughts, to render an account to herself of what she had done, and of what she was about to do, determine what she wished, and, for a moment at least, retard that machine, which, once started, was proceeding so precipitously; but there was no opening. Occupations succeeded one another without interruption — one treading, as it were, upon the heels of another. Immediately after this solemn interview, she was conducted to her mother's dressing room, there, under her superintendence, to be dressed and adorned by her own waiting maid. Scarcely was this business completed when dinner was announced. Gertrude was greeted on her way by the bows of the servants, who expressed their congratulations for her recovery; and, on reaching the

dining room, she found a few of their nearest friends, who had been hastily invited to do her honor, and to share in the general joy for the two happy events, — her restored health, and her choice of a vocation.

The young bride — (as the novices were usually distinguished, and Gertrude was saluted on all sides by this title on her first appearance) — the young bride had enough to do to reply to all the compliments that were addressed to her. She was fully sensible that every one of these answers was, as it were, an assent and confirmation; yet how could she reply otherwise? Shortly after dinner came the driving hour, and Gertrude accompanied her mother in a carriage, with two uncles who had been among the guests. After the usual tour, they entered the Strada Marina, which crossed the space now occupied by the public gardens, and was the rendezvous of the gentry who drove out for recreation after the labors of the day. The uncles addressed much of their conversation to Gertrude, as was to be expected on such a day; and one of them, who seemed to be acquainted with everybody, every carriage, every livery, and had every moment something to say about Signor this and Lady that, suddenly checked himself, and turning to his niece — "Ah, you young rogue!" exclaimed he; "you are turning your back on all these follies, — you are one of the saints; we poor worldly fellows are caught in the snare, but you are going to lead a religious life, and go to heaven in your carriage."

As evening approached they returned home, and the servants, hastily descending to meet them with lights, announced several visitors who were awaiting their return. The rumor had spread, and friends and relations crowded to pay their respects. On entering the drawing-room the young bride became the idol — the sole object of attention — the victim. Every one wished to have her to himself; one promised her pleasures, — another visits, one spoke of *Madre* this, her relation, — another of *Madre* that, an acquaintance; one extolled the climate of Monza, — another enlarged with great eloquence upon the distinctions she would there enjoy. Others, who had not yet succeeded in approaching Gertrude while thus besieged, stood watching their opportunity to address her, and felt a kind of regret until they had discharged their duty in this matter. By degrees the party dispersed, and Gertrude remained alone with the family.

"At last," said the Prince, "I have had the pleasure of seeing my daughter treated as becomes her rank. I must confess that she has conducted herself very well, and has shown that she will not be prevented making the first figure, and maintaining the dignity of the family." They then went to supper, so as to retire early, that they might be ready in good time in the morning.

Gertrude, annoyed, piqued, and at the same time a little puffed up by the compliments and ceremonies of the day, at this moment remembered all she had suffered from her jailer; and, seeing her father so ready to gratify her in everything but one, she resolved to make use of this disposition for the indulgence of at least one of the passions which tormented her. She displayed a great unwillingness again to be left alone with her maid, and complained bitterly of her treatment.

"What!" said the Prince; "did she not treat you with respect? To-morrow I will reward her as she deserves. Leave it to me, and I will get you entire satisfaction. In the mean while, a child with whom I am so well pleased must not be attended by a person she dislikes." So saying, he called another servant, and gave her orders to wait upon Gertrude, who, though certainly enjoying the satisfaction she received, was astonished at finding it so trifling, in comparison with the earnest wishes she had felt beforehand. The thought that, in in spite of her unwillingness, predominated in her imagination, was the remembrance of the fearful progress she had this day made towards her cloistral life, and the consciousness that to draw back now would require a far, far greater degree of courage and resolution than would have sufficed a few days before, and which, even *then*, she felt she did not possess.

The woman appointed to attend her was an old servant of the family, who had formerly been the young Prince's governess, having received him from the arms of his nurse, and brought him up until he was almost a young man. In him she had centered all her pleasures, all her hopes, all her pride. She was delighted at this day's decision, as if it had been her own good fortune; and Gertrude, at the close of the day, was obliged to listen to the congratulations, praises, and advice of this old woman. She told her of some of her aunts and near relations who had been very happy as nuns, because, being of so high a family, they had always enjoyed the first honors, and had been able to have a good deal of influence beyond the

walls of the convent; so that, from their parlor, they had come off victorious in undertakings in which the first ladies of the land had been quite foiled. She talked to her about the visits she would receive; she would some day be seeing the Signor Prince with his bride, who must certainly be some noble lady; and then not only the monastery, but the whole country would be in excitement. The old woman talked while undressing Gertrude; she talked after she had lain down, and even continued talking after Gertrude was asleep. Youth and fatigue had been more powerful than cares. Her sleep was troubled, disturbed, and full of tormenting dreams, but was unbroken, until the shrill voice of the old woman aroused her to prepare for her journey to Monza.

"Up, up, Signora bride; it is broad daylight, and you will want at least an hour to dress and arrange yourself. The Signora Princess is getting up; they awoke her four hours earlier than usual. The young Prince has already been down to the stables and come back, and is ready to start whenever you are. The creature is as brisk as a hare! but he was always so from a child: I have a right to say so who have nursed him in my arms. But when he's once set a going, it won't do to oppose him; for, though he is the best-tempered creature in the world, he sometimes gets impatient and storms. Poor fellow! one must pity him; it is all the effect of his temperament; and besides, this time there is some reason in it, because he is going to all this trouble for you. People must take care how they touch him at such times! he minds no one except the Signor Prince. But some day he will be the Prince himself; may it be as long as possible first, however. Quick, quick, Signorina, why do you look at me as if you were bewitched? You ought to be out of your nest at this hour."

At the idea of the impatient Prince, all the other thoughts which had crowded into Gertrude's mind on awaking, vanished before it, like a flock of sparrows on the sudden appearance of a scarecrow. She instantly obeyed, dressed herself in haste, and, after submitting to the decoration of her hair and person, went down to the saloon, where her parents and brother were assembled. She was then led to an armchair, and a cup of chocolate was brought to her, which in those days was a ceremony similar to that formerly in use among the Romans, of presenting the *toga virilis*.

When the carriage was at the door, the Prince drew his

daughter aside, and said: "Come, Gertrude, yesterday you had every attention paid you; to-day you must overcome yourself. The point is now to make a proper appearance in the monastery and the surrounding country, where you are destined to take the first place. They are expecting you." (It is unnecessary to say that the Prince had dispatched a message the preceding day to the Lady Abbess.) "They are expecting you, and all eyes will be upon you. You must maintain dignity and an easy manner. The Abbess will ask you what you wish, according to the usual form. You must reply that you request to be allowed to take the veil in the monastery where you have been so lovingly educated, and have received so many kindnesses, which is the simple truth. You will pronounce these words with an unembarrassed air; for I would not have it said that you have been drawn in, and that you don't know how to answer for yourself. These good mothers know nothing of the past: it is a secret which must remain forever buried in the family. Take care you don't put on a sorrowful or dubious countenance, which might excite any suspicion. Show of what blood you are: be courteous and modest; but remember that there, away from the family, there will be nobody above you."

Without waiting for a reply, the Prince led the way, Gertrude, the Princess, and the young Prince, following; and, going downstairs, they seated themselves in the carriage. The snares and vexations of the world, and the happy, blessed life of the cloister, more especially for young people of noble birth, were the subjects of conversation during the drive. On approaching their destination the Prince renewed his instructions to his daughter, and repeated over to her several times the prescribed form of reply. On entering this neighborhood, Gertrude felt her heart beat violently; but her attention was suddenly arrested by several gentlemen, who stopped the carriage and addressed numberless compliments to her. Then continuing their way, they drove slowly up to the monastery, amongst the inquisitive gazes of the crowds who had collected upon the road. When the carriage stopped before these well-known walls, and that dreaded door, Gertrude's heart beat still more violently. They alighted between two wings of bystanders, whom the servants were endeavoring to keep back, and the consciousness that the eyes of all were upon her, compelled the unfortunate girl closely to study her behavior; but, above all, those of her father kept her in awe; for, spite of the

dread she had of them, she could not help every moment raising her eyes to his, and, like invisible reins, they regulated every movement and expression of her countenance. After traversing the first court, they entered the second, where the door of the interior cloister was held open, and completely blockaded by nuns. In the first row stood the Abbess, surrounded by the eldest of the sisterhood; behind them the younger nuns promiscuously arranged, and some on tiptoe; and, last of all, the lay sisters mounted on stools. Here and there among them were seen the glancing of certain bright eyes and some little faces peeping out from between the cowls: they were the most active and daring of the pupils, who, creeping in and pushing their way between nun and nun, had succeeded in making an opening where *they* might also see something. Many were the acclamations of this crowd, and many the hands held up in token of welcome and exultation. They reached the door, and Gertrude found herself standing before the Lady Abbess. After the first compliments, the superior, with an air between cheerfulness and solemnity, asked her what she wanted in that place, where there was no one who would deny her anything.

"I am here . . ." began Gertrude; but, on the point of pronouncing the words which would almost irrevocably decide her fate, she hesitated a moment, and remained with her eyes fixed on the crowd before her. At this moment she caught the eye of one of her old companions, who looked at her with a mixed air of compassion and malice which seemed to say: ah! the boaster is caught. This sight, awakening more vividly in her mind her old feelings, restored to her also a little of her former courage; and she was on the point of framing a reply far different to the one which had been dictated to her, when, raising her eyes to her father's face, almost, as it were, to try her strength, she encountered there such a deep disquietude, such a threatening impatience, that, urged by fear, she continued with great precipitation, as if flying from some terrible object: "I am here to request permission to take the religious habit in this monastery, where I have been so lovingly educated." The Abbess quickly answered that she was very sorry in this instance that the regulations forbade her giving an immediate reply, which must come from the general votes of the sisters, and for which she must obtain permission from her superiors; that, nevertheless, Gertrude knew well enough the feelings

entertained towards her in that place, to foresee what the answer would be; and that, in the mean while, no regulation prevented the Abbess and the sisterhood from manifesting the great satisfaction they felt in hearing her make such a request. There then burst forth a confused murmur of congratulations and acclamations. Presently, large dishes were brought filled with sweetmeats, and were offered first to the bride, and afterwards to her parents. While some of the nuns approached to greet Gertrude, others complimenting her mother, and others the young Prince, the Abbess requested the Prince to repair to the grate of the parlor of conference, where she would wait upon him. She was accompanied by two elders, and on his appearing, "Signor Prince," said she; "to obey the regulations . . . to perform an indispensable formality, though in this case . . . nevertheless I must tell you . . . that whenever a young person asks to be admitted to take the veil, . . . the superior, which I am unworthily . . . is obliged to warn the parents . . . that if by any chance . . . they should have constrained the will of their daughter, they are liable to excommunication. You will excuse me . . ."

"Oh! certainly, certainly, reverend mother. I admire your exactness; it is only right. . . . But you need not doubt . . ."

"Oh! think Signor Prince . . . I only spoke from absolute duty . . . for the rest . . ."

"Certainly, certainly, Lady Abbess."

Having exchanged these few words, the two interlocutors reciprocally bowed and departed, as if neither of them felt very willing to prolong the interview, each retiring to his own party, the one outside, the other within the threshold of the cloister. "Now then let us go," said the Prince: "Gertrude will soon have plenty of opportunity of enjoying as much as she pleases the society of these good mothers. For the present, we have put them to enough inconvenience." And, making a low bow, he signified his wish to return: the party broke up, exchanged salutations, and departed.

During the drive home Gertrude felt little inclination to speak. Alarmed at the step she had taken, ashamed at her want of spirit, and vexed with others as well as herself, she tried to enumerate the opportunities which still remained of saying no, and languidly and confusedly resolved in her own mind that in this, or that, or the other instance she *would* be

more open and courageous. Yet, in the midst of these thoughts, her dread of her father's frown still held its full sway; so that once, when, by a stealthy glance at his face, she was fully assured that not a vestige of anger remained, when she even saw that he was perfectly satisfied with her, she felt quite cheered, and experienced a real but transient joy.

On their arrival, a long toilet, dinner, visits, walks, a *conversazione* and supper, followed each other in rapid succession. After supper the Prince introduced another subject — the choice of a godmother. This was the title of the person who, being solicited by the parents, became the guardian and escort of the young novice, in the interval between the request and the admission; an interval frequently spent in visiting churches, public palaces, *conversazioni*, villas, and temples; in short, everything of note in the city and its environs; so that the young people, before pronouncing the irrevocable vow, might be fully aware of what they were giving up.

"We must think of a godmother," said the Prince; "for to-morrow the vicar of the nuns will be here for the usual formality of an examination, and shortly afterwards Gertrude will be proposed in council for the acceptance of the nuns."

In saying this he turned towards the Princess, and she, thinking he intended it as an invitation to her to make some proposal, was beginning: "There should be . . ." But the Prince interrupted her.

"No, no, Signora Princess; the godmother should be acceptable above all to the bride; and though universal custom gives the selection to the parents, yet Gertrude has so much judgment, and such excellent discernment, that she richly deserves to be made an exception." And here, turning to Gertrude, with the air of one who was bestowing a singular favor, he continued: "Any one of the ladies who were at the *conversazioni* this evening possesses all the necessary qualifications for the office of godmother to a person of your family; and any one of them, I am willing to believe, will think it an honor to be made choice of. Do you choose for yourself."

Gertrude was fully sensible that to make a choice was but to renew her consent; yet the proposition was made with so much dignity that a refusal would have borne the appearance of contempt, and an excuse, of ignorance or fastidiousness. She therefore took this step also, and named a lady who had chiefly taken her fancy that evening; that is to say, one who

had paid her the most attention, who had most applauded her, and who had treated her with those familiar, affectionate, and engaging manners, which, on the first acquaintanceship, counterfeit a friendship of long standing. "An excellent choice," exclaimed the Prince, who had exactly wished and expected it. Whether by art or chance, it happened just as when a card player, holding up to view a pack of cards, bids the spectator think of one, and then will tell him which it is, having previously disposed them in such a way that but one of them can be seen. This lady had been so much with Gertrude all the evening, and had so entirely engaged her attention, that it would have required an effort of imagination to think of another. These attentions, however, had not been paid without a motive; the lady had for some time fixed her eyes upon the young Prince as a desirable son-in-law; hence she regarded everything belonging to the family as her own; and therefore it was natural enough that she should interest herself for her dear Gertrude, no less than for her nearest relatives.

On the morrow, Gertrude awoke with the image of the approaching examination before her eyes; and, while she was considering if and how she could seize this most decisive opportunity to draw back, she was summoned by the Prince. "Courage, my child," said he: "until now you have behaved admirably, and it only remains to-day to crown the work. All that has been done hitherto has been done with your consent. If, in this interval, any doubts had arisen in your mind, any misgivings, or youthful regrets, you ought to have expressed them; but at the point at which we have now arrived, it is no longer the time to play the child. The worthy man who is coming to you this morning, will ask you a hundred questions about your election, and whether you go of your own good will, and why, and how, and what not besides. If you tantalize him in your replies, he will keep you under examination I don't know how long. It would be an annoyance and a weariness to you; and it might produce a still more serious effect. After all the public demonstrations that have been made, every little hesitation you may display will risk my honor, and may make people think that I have taken a momentary fancy of yours for a settled resolution — that I have rushed headlong into the business — that I have . . . what not? In this case, I shall be reduced to the necessity of choosing between two painful alternatives; either to let the world

form a derogatory judgment of my conduct — a course which I absolutely cannot take in justice to myself — or to reveal the true motive of your resolution, and . . ." But here, observing that Gertrude colored crimson, that her eyes became inflamed, and her face contracted like the petals of a flower in the sultry heat that precedes a storm, he broke off this strain, and continued with a serene face: "Come, come, all depends upon yourself — upon your judgment. I know that you are not deficient in it, and that you are not a child, to go spoil a good undertaking just at the conclusion; but I must foresee and provide for all contingencies. Let us say no more about it; only let me feel assured that you will reply with frankness so as not to excite suspicion in the mind of this worthy man. Thus you, also, will be set at liberty the sooner." Then, after suggesting a few answers to the probable interrogations that would be put, he entered upon the usual topic of the pleasures and enjoyments prepared for Gertrude at the monastery, and contrived to detain her on this subject till a servant announced the arrival of the examiner. After a hasty repetition of the most important hints, he left his daughter alone with him, according to the usual custom.

The good man came with a slight preconceived opinion that Gertrude had a strong desire for a cloistral life, because the Prince had told him so, when he went to request his attendance. It is true that the good priest, who knew well enough that mistrust was one of the most necessary virtues of his office, held as a maxim that he should be very slow in believing such protestations, and should be on his guard against preconceptions; but it seldom happens that the positive affirmations of a person of such authority, in whatever matter, do not give a bias to the mind of those who hear them. After the usual salutations: "Signorina," said he, "I am coming to act the part of the tempter; I have come to excite doubts where your request expresses certainty, to place difficulties before your eyes, and to assure myself whether you have well considered them. Will you allow me to ask you some questions?"

"Proceed," replied Gertrude.

The worthy priest then began to question her in the usual prescribed forms. "Do you feel in your heart a free, voluntary resolution to become a nun? Have no threatenings, no flatteries, been resorted to? Has no authority been made use of to persuade you to this step? Speak without reserve and with

perfect sincerity to a man whose duty it is to ascertain your unbiased will, that he may prevent your being compelled by any exercise of force to take such a course."

The true answer to such a demand rose up before Gertrude's mind with fearful distinctness. But to make that reply, she must come to an explanation; she must disclose what she had been threatened with, and relate a story. . . . The unhappy girl shrank back in horror from such an idea, and tried to find some other reply, which would more speedily release her from this unpleasant interview. "I wish to take the veil," said she, concealing her agitation—"I wish to take the veil at my own desire, voluntarily."

"How long have you had this desire?" again demanded the good priest.

"I have always felt it," replied Gertrude, rendered after this first step more unscrupulous about speaking the truth.

"But what is the principal motive that induces you to become a nun?"

The good priest little knew what a terrible chord he was touching; and Gertrude had to make a great effort not to betray in her countenance the effect which these words produced on her mind, as she replied: "My motive is to serve God, and to fly the perils of the world."

"May there not have been some disgust? Some . . . excuse me . . . some caprice? There are times when a passing cause may make an impression that seems at the moment sure to be lasting; but afterwards, when the cause is removed, and the mind calmed, then . . ."

"No, no," replied Gertrude, precipitately, "the reason is exactly what I have told you."

The vicar, rather to discharge his duty faithfully than because he thought it necessary, persisted in his inquiries; but Gertrude was resolved to deceive him. Besides the horror she felt at the thought of making him acquainted with her weakness, when he seemed so far from suspecting her of anything of the kind, the poor girl thought that though he could certainly easily prevent her taking the veil, yet that there was the end of his authority over her, or his power of protection. When once he had gone, she would be left alone with the Prince, and of what she would then have to endure in that house, the worthy priest could know nothing; or, even if he did, he could only pity her. The examiner was tired of questioning, before the

unfortunate girl of deceiving him; and, finding her replies invariably consistent, and having no reason to doubt their sincerity, he at last changed his tone, and said all he could to confirm her in her good resolution; and, after congratulating her, he took his leave. Passing through one of the apartments, he met with the Prince, who appeared to fall in with him accidentally, and congratulated him on the good dispositions his daughter had displayed. The Prince had been waiting in a very wearisome state of suspense, but, on receiving this account, he breathed more freely, and, forgetting his usual gravity, he almost ran to Gertrude, and loaded her with commendations, caresses, and promises, with cordial satisfaction, and a tenderness of manner to a great degree sincere. Such a strange medley is the human heart!

We will not follow Gertrude in her continual round of sights and amusements, nor will we describe, either generally or particularly, the feelings of her mind during this period; it would be a history of sorrows and fluctuations too monotonous, and too much resembling what we have already related. The beauty of the surrounding seats, the continual variety of objects, and the pleasant excursions in the open air rendered the idea of the place where she must shortly alight for the last time, more odious to her than ever. Still more painful were the impressions made upon her by the assemblies and amusements of the city. The sight of a bride, in the more obvious and common sense of the word, aroused in her envy and anguish, to a degree almost intolerable; and sometimes the sight of some other individual made her feel as if to hear that title given to herself would be the height of felicity. There were even times when the pomp of palaces, the splendor of ornaments, and the excitement and clamorous festivity of the *conversazione* so infatuated her, and aroused in her such an ardent desire to lead a gay life, that she resolved to recant, and to suffer anything rather than turn to the cold and deathlike shade of the cloister. But all these resolutions vanished into air, on the calmer consideration of the difficulties of such a course, or on merely raising her eyes to the Prince's face. Sometimes, too, the thought that she must forever abandon these enjoyments made even this little taste of them bitter and wearisome to her; as the patient, suffering with thirst, eyes with vexation, and almost refuses with contempt, the spoonful of water the physician unwillingly allows him. In the mean while, the vicar of the nuns had dispatched

the necessary attestation, and permission arrived, to hold the conference for the election of Gertrude. The meeting was called; two thirds of the secret votes, which were required by the regulations, were given, as was to be expected, and Gertrude was accepted. She herself, wearied with this long struggle, begged for immediate admission into the monastery, and no one came forward to oppose such a request. She was therefore gratified in her wish; and, after being pompously conducted to the monastery, she assumed the habit. After twelve months of novitiate, full of alternate regret and repentings, the time of public profession arrived; that is to say, the time when she must either utter a "no," more strange, more unexpected, and more disgraceful than ever; or pronounce a "yes," already so often repeated: she pronounced it, and became a nun forever.

TO SYLVIA.

By GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

[Count Giacomo Leopardi, the famous Italian poet of pessimism, was born 1798 in Tuscany, of a very impoverished family, and self-educated; but became deeply learned while a mere boy, and before eighteen wrote specialist treatises on classic subjects in Latin and Italian. His odes "To Italy" (1818), "On the Monument to Dante" (1819), "Brutus the Younger" (1823), and others, his "Moral Opinions" (1827), and several minor poems, are noted. He died in 1837.]

Sylvia, hast thou still the memory
Of that season in thy life as mortal,
When thy beauty shot its radiance
From thine eyes in glances fleeting, smiling,
While, now gay, now pensive, o'er the borders
Of thy childhood thou didst bound?

All the quiet chambers
And thy daily walks resounded
To thy ceaseless carols,
As intent upon thy feminine taskwork
Satst thou, well contented
With the future vaguely held in fancy.
It was May the fragrant, and thy wont was
Thus to while away the hours.

I, my fascinating studies
Sometimes leaving, and the parchments sweated,
Over which the better portion
Of myself and of my youth I spent in poring,
From the terrace of my father's mansion

Strained my ears thy voice's sound to listen,
And thy swift hand with the shuttle
As it darted through the tedious fabric;
Gazed upon the tranquil heavens,
On the golden lanes and orchards,
Here upon the far-off sea, and there upon the mountains.
Mortal tongue can never utter
What upsprung within my bosom.

What delicious musings,
Hopes and hearts were ours, O Sylvia mine!
In what lovely guise before us
Human life and fortune lay!
When so many hopes come back to memory,
Such emotions seize me,
Comfortless and bitter,
Turning back, I mourn my ill-starred fate.
Nature, Mother Nature,
Wherefore dost not render
What was promised at the outset? Why so often
Dost thou cheat thy very children?

Thou, ere winter withered the green herbage,
Fell disease by stealth had fought and conquered;
Thou didst perish, tender flower, and never
Sawest the blossom of thine years;
Never had thy heart been melted
By sweet praise of now thine ebon tresses,
Now thy glances love-shot yet all modest;
Nor on holidays with thee did thy companions
Hold discourse on love.

With thee too there shortly faded
The dear hopes I cherished; to my years
Fate denied me
Even youth. Alas, how from me,
How has passed away forever
That beloved companion of my childhood,
Hopes for which my tears are flowing!
Can this be the world we visioned?
Pleasures, love, and tasks, and happenings,
That so oft we chatted of together?
This the lot of human beings?
When the truth dawned on thee,
Sad one, thou didst fall; and showed me
With thy hand cold death and unknown tomb
Awaiting me afar.

A BROKEN DREAM.[1]

By JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF.

(From the "Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing," translation of Charles Godfrey Leland.)

[Baron Joseph von Eichendorff, noted German romancist and poet, was born, 1788, on a manor near Ratibor in Silesia; studied law at Halle and Heidelberg, but loved letters more; was a friend of Achim Von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, and aided Görres in editing old romances. Visiting Paris and Vienna, he became intimate with Frederick Schlegel and an ardent Romanticist, and wrote "Presentiment and the Present" (1815), the extremest of "decadent" novels, nearly a century before that spirit's supposed existence. But his life proved it only a boy's mood and theory: in 1813 he had joined the Army of Liberation, served till the peace in 1815, and from 1816 to 1841 held government law-places in various cities, then entering the Ministry as Secret State Councillor with supervision of the Catholic Church and the school system. He retired in 1844, and died at Neisse in 1857. "War on the Philistines" appeared in 1821; but "From the Life of a Good-for-Nothing" (1824) is his masterpiece and remains a popular classic. "The Marble Image," with "Songs and Tales," appeared the same year, the novel "Much Ado About Nothing" in 1833. His lyric poems, many of them set to music by eminent composers, were an even greater element in his repute; and valuable works on literary history and criticism, as "Poets and their Companions" (1834), solidified it. From 1828 to 1833 he wrote dramas not much read, and a failure on the stage.]

The wheel of my father's mill was again roaring and rustling right merrily, the thawing snow dropped steadily from the roof, and the sparrows chirped and hopped in harmony with the music, while I sat on the doorstep and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. Oh, it was so comfortable there, in the warm sunshine!

But soon my father came out. Since daybreak he had been bustling about in the mill, and, with his nightcap cocked sharply over his eye, he began: "Well, Good-for-Nothing! there you are sunning yourself again! Nice, isn't it, to yawn and stretch your bones till you're tired, and leave *me* to do all the work? Once for all, I say, I'll not find your fodder any longer. Spring is come: get out into the world and earn your own bread!"

"Well," thought I, "if I *am* a good-for-nothing, it's all right; I *will* go out into the world and make my fortune." And to tell the truth, the hint pleased me; for I had, of my own accord, thought of traveling, some time before, when the yellow-hammer which through autumn and winter had sung

[1] By permission of Henry Holt & Co.

wearily at the window, "Farmer, hire me! farmer, hire me!" began to warble proudly and gayly from the trees, in the fine spring weather, "Farmer, keep your service!" So I went into the house and took from the wall my fiddle, which I played very well, and, after making my little bundle and receiving a few shillings from my father, I strolled away through the long village. I felt a droll and quite peculiar delight as I saw all my old acquaintances and comrades digging and plowing just as they had gone out to work yesterday, and the day before, and every day, while I struck out into the open world. I called out my good-bys very proudly and contentedly to the poor souls on every side, very few of whom troubled themselves much about them. It seemed to me as if life were all one happy holiday.

Happening to glance around, I saw close behind me a splendid traveling coach, which, for aught I knew, may have been close behind for a long time; for my heart was so full of music that I heard nothing, and the vehicle went just at my pace. Two aristocratic dames looked from the window and listened to me. One of them was decidedly younger and fairer than the other; but I was really very much pleased with both. And as I ceased to sing, the elder bade the coachman stop, and said, in a kind tone, "Why, my cheerful boy, you sing very pretty songs!" "Please your ladyship, I know many a prettier one," I replied, promptly. "But where are you going so early in the morning?" she asked. I blushed at first, as it struck me that I myself did not know, and then said, boldly, "To Vienna."

The two ladies conversed together in a foreign language which I did not understand, the younger sometimes shaking her head, while the elder laughed continually, casting an occasional side glance of good omen at me. At last she said to me, "Jump up behind; we too are going to Vienna." And wasn't I glad to hear it? I made my politest bow, and, with a single leap, took my place behind. The coachman cracked his whip, and we went at such a headlong rate over the smooth road that the wind fairly whistled around my hat.

The village, with its gardens and church towers, lessened behind me, and other villages, castles, and hills grew larger as we approached them. Far below, seed-fields, groves, and meadows seemed to fly by; and innumerable larks soared above in the clear blue sky. I dared not, in all the joy of my heart,

shout aloud, but I frolicked away to myself, dancing my feet and stamping on the footboard, so that I well-nigh dropped the fiddle which I held under my arm. But as the sun rose higher, and the heavy white clouds of noon arose, and all above or in the wide horizon grew empty and sultry and still over the softly waving cornfields, then, for the first time since leaving home, I began to think of the village, and of my father and of our mill, and how homelike it was by the cool, shady pond, and how very far away I was from it all! It gave me a strange, uneasy feeling, as though I ought to turn back; and so, full of thought, I put my fiddle safely between my coat and vest, coiled myself into a corner, and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the coach was standing still under stately linden trees, near a broad flight of stairs which swept upwards between rows of columns to a splendid *château*. Sideways through the trees I saw the spires and towers of Vienna, purple in the early evening glow. The ladies had long since left the coach; even the horses had been taken away. I felt alarmed at finding myself alone, and ran quickly into the castle, hearing, as I ran, merry laughter from a window above.

I met with an odd reception. As I looked around in the broad, cool hall, some one rapped me with a stick on the shoulder. I turned quickly, and there stood a great "gentleman," in state livery, with a very broad shoulder-belt of gold and silk hanging to his hip. He held in his hand a staff, the upper part plated with silver, — an implement which at once suggested vividly to my mind the wonderful wealth of people who live in castles; while his remarkably long and princely nose had, in its puffs and scornful curves, a vague resemblance to a fully expanded and very full-fed turkey cock. This stately being it was who, having touched me from afar, majestically inquired what I wanted. In my astonishment and awe I could not utter a word; and my embarrassment was but little soothed by the presence of several servants, who, running up or down stairs, stopped to examine me closely from head to foot. In the midst of it all tripped up a gay waiting-maid, who opened fire bravely on me by declaring that I was a charming boy, and a delightful dear, and that the "great folks" would like to know if I would stay there to work in the garden.

By a rapid flash of associated ideas, I clapped my hand to my shallow pocket. The shillings were gone — jolted out, I suppose, while riding on the coach. I instinctively looked at

my fiddle; whereupon the stately being with the staff, who had also traveled on the fast train of my ideas, and who felt it to be his duty to aid the "great folks," and incidentally the pretty chambermaid, assured me majestically that *he* wouldn't give a farthin' for all the fiddlin' in the world. Saying this, his mighty form moved, in regular time, backwards and forwards, up and down the hall, so that I somehow thought of the great pendulum I had once seen swinging in a tower, stepping, like the awful form before me, back into shadow, forward into sunset light, back — forth — back — forth — exactly like the sound of his stately steps. And after looking up and down his figure, as if seeking for counsel in its movements, I turned to the pretty waiting-maid.

The girl gave no advice; she did better, by bestowing on me an amiable, aerial nod, significant of favor from the great folks on high, and a smile of good will on her own account. It all passed in a minute, and my flutter and fear still quivered in my voice as I looked up doubtfully to the damsel and said, "Yes, miss." She ran away, and soon returned with the gardener, a person who, from behind a mighty beard, sent forth sundry remarks as to "vagabonds," "riff-raffs," and "country louts," by which I was rolled down as it were into nothing. This done, he led me into the garden and raised me up again by a long sermon, the burden of which set forth that I "had it in me," or *would* have it, if I should become sober and industrious, and that I might rely on coming to something if I would give up strolling about in the world and abandon the exercise of arts which wouldn't give bread. (This was a hit at my poor fiddle; and I couldn't help thinking it was rather inconsistent in both the authorities to abuse it, since it had been the means of my rising to preferment.) There were many other good counsels. Perhaps it is a pity I have forgotten them. But as I had all the time, in this sudden change of my condition, a sensation something between that of an old rat in a new trap and a young bird soaked in water, I simply said "yes" to it all.

I can remember very well how it occurred to me that both the stately being and the gardener were disposed to favor me, behind all their dignity, and that the former must be by far the more cultivated of the two, since he had maintained his grand style without using, at first sight, any terms of abuse. This difference I attributed to the fact that the former exer-

cised his functions within doors, whereas the gardener, exposed to the sunshine and open air, must be naturally ruder in his manners, and that, in fact, though his business was to raise flowers instead of potatoes, he was only a sort of rose-and-pink peasant, after all!

[He is installed as toll-house keeper in place of a former functionary, and endued with his robes.]

So here was I, thank goodness! earning my living, Good-for-Nothing as I was!

It was an easy life, this of taking toll, and I enjoyed it. Nothing to do but sit all day on a bench before my house, arrayed in dressing-robe and cap, and smoke my predecessor's pipe, blowing blue clouds, and seeing how the people rode or walked past to and fro. From the very depths of my soul did I wish that just a few people from our village — some of the rascals who prophesied that I would never in all my life come to anything — would travel to my little establishment and see me in *this* sort of thing — particular reference being made in the end of my wish to the red dressing-gown; for if there was any one article of faith to which I adhered with all my heart and soul, it was to the belief that the garment in question was the very perfection of all elegance and style. So I sat there and thought of many things, — how hard it is to get a start in the world, and how much better the more aristocratic style of life, with its easy work, was, than any other, — and finally determined that I would cease traveling, and save up my money like other folks, so as to become something great at last. But, with all this, morning and evening I thought continually on the beautiful lady.

I pulled up and threw away the potatoes which I found growing in my little garden, planting in their place the choicest flowers, at which the stately castle-porter with the princely nose (who since I was toll-taker had become my most intimate friend and daily visitor) shook his head and intimated that my sudden good fortune had turned my brain. But I never let that disturb me; for just then among the voices in the park I thought I heard that of the fair lady. After this, I made every day as choice a bouquet as I could, and, when it was dark, laid it on a stone table, where she was wont to go, in a retired thicket; and every evening, when I brought fresh flowers, those of yesterday were gone!

One evening the people of the castle had ridden away, hunting. The sun was setting, covering all the land with gleaming, quivering light; the Danube wound like a serpent of pure gold and fire, far, far away, and from every hill into the deep distance rang the songs and shouts of the vine-dressers. I sat with the porter on the bench before my house, and reveled in the mild air as the merry daylight slowly grew dim and the echoes died away. Then all at once the horns of the returning huntsmen were heard, as they answered one another from hill to hill. I felt pleased to my very heart, and cried out, in a rapture, "Ah, that's the business for me, that noble hunting!" But the porter calmly knocked out the ashes from his pipe, and said: "That's what *you* think, is it? Well, I've been through all that work, and poor work it is. One doesn't earn the value of the soles which he wears out; and as for the colds and coughs one gets from wet feet—"

I do not know how it was, but his answer cast me into such a rage that I fairly trembled. All at once the whole fellow, with his bore of a cloak, and everlasting feet, and snuff and turkey-cock nose, appeared intolerable. I caught him, as if beside myself, by the breast, and said, "Now, porter, pack away with you: go home; or I'll thrash you like the deuce!"

Hearing this, the porter suddenly recurred to his old idea that I was literally insane. He looked at me seriously, but with secret fear, and, without speaking a word, went away with long strides to the castle, ever and anon turning and shaking his head significantly, until he reached home, where he reported that I had really gone mad. I, however, only burst out laughing, and was glad to have got rid of this heavy sage, —the more so as it was just the hour when I was accustomed to make my bouquet and lay it in the thicket. So I sprang quickly over the wall, and was flying towards the stone table when I suddenly heard the tread of a horse near by. There was no escape for me, as I saw my fair lady in a green hunting-dress, with nodding feathers in her hat, riding slowly, apparently in a deep reverie, up the avenue. I could not stir; and it seemed to me as though I saw before me that most beautiful of women, the fair Magelona, of whom I had read in old books at home, as she had even so appeared under high trees, amid the ring of hunting-horns ever sounding nearer and nearer, and in the changing lights of early eve. She, however, was almost alarmed as she beheld me, and unconsciously

checked her horse; while I was like one intoxicated with doubt, heart-beating, and wild joy. But as I observed that she bore on her bosom the bouquet of yesterday, I could no longer restrain myself, and said, very confusedly: "Beautiful lady — your ladyship — please to take these flowers too from me, and all in my garden, and all that I have! Oh, if I could only go through fire and water for you!"

She looked at me, as I first spoke, steadily, almost angrily, so that her eyes thrilled me to the very heart; but, as I went on, her glance sunk to the ground. Suddenly the sound of huntsmen approaching us was heard, and, catching the flowers from my hand, she disappeared, without speaking a word, through the farther end of the avenue.

I still continued to lay my bouquets every evening on the stone table. But — there was the sorrow! — no living soul troubled itself about the matter after that evening; and when I in the morning looked at my little offering, there lay the flowers, gazing at me with their hanging, fading eyes covered with dew, as though they wept for grief. This troubled me, and I made no more bouquets. Weeds might grow in my garden now if they would, and the flowers bloomed sadly and alone till the wind scattered their leaves. All was quite as weedy and seedy in my heart.

While I had been gardener's boy, none of the castle folk had ever talked to me; and after I became tollman I spoke as little with them, — always excepting my late reserved friend the stately porter, who said nothing at all: so that I knew very little of my lords and ladies. A servant either knows everything or nothing. In this critical time of ignorance, weeds, and grief, it happened one evening, as I lay in the great window of my little home, looking wearily up at the sky, that the waiting-maid of the castle came tripping along. She came up as she saw me, and stood by the window. "My lord returned yesterday from his journey," said she, in a hurry. "Indeed!" I replied, quite unconscious, in the depth of my ignorance, that he had been gone for weeks; "then our young lady his daughter must be very glad." The girl looked at me with a sly glance, so that I wondered what I had said particularly stupid. "Pshaw! why, the child knows actually nothing at all!" she cried, with a shrug of her little shoulders. "Well," she continued, "this evening there is to be a ball at the castle in honor of my lord's return, and a masquerade.

My lady will be masked too, as a gardener-girl — do you mind that, innocence? — I say, as a gardener's girl! Now, my lady happens to have noticed that you have very fine flowers in your garden ["That is more than I have noticed myself, lately," thought I, "considering the state of the weeds"], and as my lady wants flowers fresh from the bed, — mind that too, innocence! — why, you are to bring her some, and this evening at that, after dark, and you're to wait in the castle garden under the great pear tree, and she will come and get them."

I was bewildered with joy at this news, and, in my delight, made but one jump from the window at the pretty waiting-maid.

"Oh, what a nasty old night gown!" she cried, as I appeared at full length in full blaze of scarlet with yellow rings. That hit hard; and, to show her that I was not altogether slow in matters of gallantry, I chased her right and left to get a kiss. But, as the deuce would have it, the dressing-robe, which was much too long for me, caught under my feet, and I fell on the ground. As I picked myself up, like one who has tumbled in running a sack race, I saw the pretty waiting-maid vanishing among the trees, and heard her laughing merrily at my mishap, as if she herself could hardly keep her feet.

And now I had something to think of, and to gladden my heart. She *did* remember me and my flowers, after all! I ran into my garden, and, tearing up the weeds in haste, threw them high in the air and far away, as though I were rooting up and destroying a sorrow with every one. The roses again grew ruddy like *her* mouth, the heavenly blue convolvulus was like her eyes, and the snow-white lily, with its musing, melancholy drooping head, was all like her; and I placed the whole sisterhood carefully in a basket. It was a lovely, silent evening, without a cloud. Here and there a star began to gleam in the sky; over the meadows, borne on the fragrant breeze, came the rush of the Danube; and all around the wild birds sang merrily. Ah! I was so happy!

As night came on, I took my basket on my arm and went towards the great garden. The flowers lay so beautifully in their little nest, and seemed so patient and gentle in their red, blue, and white freshness and fragrance, that my heart expanded with them as I peeped in.

Full of glad thoughts, I went on in the moonlight, past the dainty thickets and summerhouses, and over the silent, neatly

sanded walks, and trim little white bridges, under which, sleeping as they floated in the grotesque shadows, sat the stately swans. The great pear tree I found readily enough; for it was the same under which, when gardener's boy, I had dreamed away so many sultry summer afternoons.

Now it was so dark and lonely! Only a high aspen trembled incessantly, and whispered with its silver leaves. Sometimes the swell of music rose from the castle; and now and then in the garden voices were heard which came near me, and then, step by step, died away, till all was again silent.

How my heart beat! I felt as tremulous and guilty as though I were there to steal. Long I stood leaning on the tree, lurking and listening on every side; but still no one came, and I could bear the suspense no more. I *must* do something: so I hung my basket quickly on my arm, and climbed the pear tree, to breathe, higher up, fresher air.

For the first time the music now sounded distinctly, as it swept over the tops of the trees. I could see all the garden, and look directly into the brilliantly lighted castle hall. There the chandeliers turned in the breeze, like wreaths of stars; innumerable gentlemen and ladies crowded and whirled in the dance, and mingled gayly, ever disappearing amid each other, while many came to the windows and looked out on the night. Before the house were the green banks, the flowering shrubs, and the trees — all gilded by the many lights; while the flowers and birds seemed to stare as if awakened from their sleep. And farther on, around and behind all, lay the garden, buried in deepest, blackest shade.

"There *she* dances," thought I, alone up in the tree, "and has doubtless long since forgotten you and your flowers. All is so merry, and no living soul troubles himself about you. Every one has his little corner of the earth to himself, — his warm stove, his cup of coffee, his wife, and his glass of wine in the evening, — and is well contented with it all. Even the porter, there, is satisfied in his long dress. But nothing goes right with you. It's just as if you came a little too late everywhere, and as if the whole world took no account of you."

While I philosophized thus, I heard all at once something rustling below me in the grass. Two sweet voices conversed closely and in subdued tones, together. Soon the twigs in the shrubbery parted, and from between them came forth the wee

little face of the waiting-maid, looking to every side among the leaves, while the moonlight shone directly on her shrewd eyes as she peeped around. An instant after, and the gardener-girl — just as the waiting-maid had described her — stepped out from among the trees. My heart beat as if it would break. She, however, wore a mask, and seemed to look around as if bewildered. Somehow it struck me that she did not seem so slender and graceful as usual. At last she came close to the tree, and removed her mask — Why, it was the elder of the two ladies, the plump, black-eyed one!

How glad I was, as I recovered from my first surprise, that I was up there in safety! "How in all the world," thought I, "does *she* come here? 'Faith, if the dear, beautiful countess were to step in just at this minute for her flowers, there would be a nice story!" But I felt, on the whole, as if I could weep with vexation at the whole affair.

Meanwhile, the masked gardener-girl below began to speak: "It is *so* suffocating and warm there in the hall! I must cool myself a little in the delicious open air." Therewith she fanned herself with her mask, and blew away the air. I could see by the bright moonlight that her plump neck seemed to fairly swell as she crimsoned with vexation. The waiting-maid sought, meanwhile, under every hedge and bush, as though hunting for pins.

"I wanted fresh flowers so much for my character," continued the gardener-girl. "Where on earth can he be hiding?" (Here the waiting-maid giggled.)

"Did you say anything, Rosette?" exclaimed the mask, rather sharply.

"I say," was the reply, with a very devoted air, "what I always *have* said, — that the whole tollman from head to foot was, is, and always will be, a lout. Pshaw! he's lying asleep now somewhere under a bush!"

I felt a thrilling, prickling sensation, as of a million tiny spurs, goading me down to rescue my reputation from this horrible charge, when all at once a thundering sound of drums, orchestral music, and shouts rose from the castle, and the lady exclaimed, with vexation: "There! they are about to cheer my lord. Come, or we shall be missed!" Saying this, she clapped on her mask and ran angrily towards the castle.

The trees seemed to point their long and branching fingers after her as if with jeers, the boughs of shrubbery were lifted

in the breeze like sneering noses above her head, while the moonlight played quickly around her full waist as if gliding over the keyboard of a piano; and so she made her exit, as I have often seen it done by *prima donnas* on the stage, amid a final roar of trumpets and drums.

But I, up in my tree there, could not determine exactly what had happened to me, and so kept my glance fixed immovably upon the castle; for a row of tall flambeaux upon the broad steps before it cast a strange gleam over the glittering windows and far into the garden. They were lighted just as the servants of the household came to play a serenade to their lord. Among them, stately and gloriously arrayed, as prime minister, stood the porter at a music-desk, blowing away with vigor and industry on a bassoon.

As I sat myself more comfortably to listen to the beautiful serenade, I saw the folding gates in the balcony thrown open, and between them appeared a tall and stately gentleman, in uniform and with many glittering orders, supporting on one arm — the beautiful young lady, all in white, like a lily in the night, or the moon sweeping over a cloudless sky.

I could not turn my eyes from the spot, and garden, forest, and field seemed to vanish as she stood there, tall and slender and beautiful, among the gleaming torches, at one time speaking confidingly to the officer, and at another nodding amiably to the musicians. The people down below were wild with joy, and I too, at last, yielding to the excitement, cried, "*Hurrah!*" with them, and with all my might.

But after they had disappeared, and one torch after another was extinguished before the castle, and the music-desks were cleared away, little by little the garden became dark as before, and the rustling of the trees in the night wind was again a constant solitary sound—*then* all seemed plain to me, and it fell at once like ice on my heart that it was the aunt alone who had sent for my flowers, that the beautiful young lady was betrothed or married to the handsome nobleman, and that I myself was a fool!

It all plunged me into an abyss of dark reverie. I rolled myself like a hedgehog against the sharp points of my own thoughts, while the music of the dance sounded fitfully and at longer intervals from the castle, and clouds swept one by one over the dark gardens. And so I sat, like an owl, amid the ruins of my happiness, all through the lonely night.

The cool morning air at last awoke me from my dreams. How astonished I was as I looked around! Music and dancing had long since ceased; while in the castle and all about it, on the broad turf, and among the stone steps and pillars, all was so silent, cool, and calm — only the fountain before the gate prattled merrily as it ran on. Here and there, on the twigs near me, the birds were waking, shaking their plumes and looking with wonder on their new tree-fellow, while gayly sweeping morning sun-rays fell across the garden upon my breast.

Then I sat straight up in my tree, and looked for the first time over the country, to where a sail here and there, far, far on the Danube, shone white between the vineyards, or where the as yet empty highways threw themselves out like bridges in the shining land, along over hill and dale.

I know not how it was, but all at once my old longing to wander seized on me — all the old sadness and joy and strange hope. And at once with it there fell into my soul the thought that the fair lady lay slumbering in the castle, among flowers and under silken canopies, and that an angel sat by her in the early morning stillness. "No! no!" I cried, "I must away hence, and ever away, as far as the heaven is blue!"

With that, strange, wild boy that I was, I threw my basket high in the air; and it was right pleasant to see how the flowers rained down between the branches and lay in many colors on the turf. Then I quickly descended, and ran to my house, where I long lingered, gazing on the places where I had seen her, or where I had lain in the shade and mused over what I had seen.

Everything in my house was unchanged from the day before. My garden was plundered and waste, while in the room the great account book lay wide open, and on the wall my long-forgotten fiddle hung covered with dust. A sunbeam from the opposite window fell gleaming on the strings, and seemed to awake a chord which reëchoed in my heart. "Yes," I cried; "come here, my trusty friend! Our kingdom is not of this world!"

EVENING HYMN.

By JOHN KEBLE.

[JOHN KEBLE: An English clergyman and poet; born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792; died at Bournemouth, March 29, 1866. He was educated at Oxford University; became a clergyman of the Church of England; was professor of poetry at Oxford; and from 1836 until his death was vicar of Horsley. His greatest work, "The Christian Year," appeared in two volumes in 1827, and in 1872 had reached its 158th edition. From the profits of the book the author built one of the most beautiful parish churches in England. He also wrote: "Contributions to 'Lyra Apostolica'" (1836), "The Psalter in English Verse" (1839), "Lyra Innocentium" (1846), "On Eucharistical Adoration" (1857), "The Life of Thomas Wilson" (1863), "A Litany of Our Lord's Warnings" (1864), and others.]

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HYMN FOR FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

By JOHN KEBLE.

(From "The Christian Year.")

It was not then a poet's dream,
  An idle vaunt of song,
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
  On vacant fancies throng:

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
  In all fair things around,
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth
  With sinless glories crowned;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
  From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
  Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
  In the deep weltering flood,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words:
  "God made us all for good."

All true, all faultless, all in tune,
  Creation's wondrous choir
Opened in mystic unison
  To last till time expire.

And still it lasts: by day and night,
  With one consenting voice,
All hymn Thy glory, Lord, aright,
  All worship and rejoice.

Man only mars the sweet accord,
  O'erpowering with "harsh din,"
The music of Thy works and word,
  Ill-matched with grief and sin.

Sin is with man at morning break,
  And through the livelong day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
  To Nature's simple lay.

But when eve's silent footfall steals
  Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
  Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound
  Dies on the awful ear,
Then Nature's voice no more is drowned,
  She speaks, and we must hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
  That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start
  Even from their Pagan sleep,

Just guessing, through their murky blind,
  Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
  A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,
  Through many a dreary age,
Upbore whate'er of good and wise
  Yet lived in bard or sage:

They marked what agonizing throes
  Shook the great mother's womb;
But Reason's spells might not disclose
  The gracious birth to come;

Nor could th' enchantress Hope forecast
  God's secret love and power;
The travail pangs of earth must last
  Till her appointed hour —

The hour that saw from opening heaven
  Redeeming glory stream,
Beyond the summer hues of even,
  Beyond the midday beam.

Thenceforth, to eyes of high desire,
  The meanest things below,
As with a Seraph's robe of fire
  Invested, burn and glow:

The rod of Heaven has touched them all,
  The word from heaven is spoken:
"Rise, shine, and sing, thou captive thrall;
  Are not thy fetters broken?

"The God who hallowed thee and blessed,
  Pronouncing thee all good —
Hath He not all thy wrongs redressed,
  And all thy bliss renewed?

"Why mourn'st thou still as one bereft,
  Now that th' eternal Son
His blessèd home in heaven hath left
  To make thee all His own?"

Thou mourn'st because Sin lingers still
  In Christ's new heaven and earth;
Because our rebel works and will
  Stain our immortal birth —

Because, as love and prayer grow cold,
  The Savior hides His face,
And worldlings blot the Temple's gold
  With uses vile and base.

Hence all thy groans and travail pains,
  Hence, till thy God return,
In wisdom's ear thy blithest strains,
  O Nature, seem to mourn.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AND HIS COMPANIONS.

(From "Apologia pro Vita Sua.")

[JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, poet, prose writer, and cardinal, was born in London, February 21, 1801. After a brilliant scholastic career at Oxford, he took his degree in 1820, was elected Fellow of Oriel (1822), and ordained (1824). His early religious tendencies were evangelical, but he now became a supporter of the High Church party, and after being appointed incumbent of St. Mary's, preached a series of sermons which exercised an immense influence on the Oxford students and laid the foundation of the religious system to which his friend, Dr. Pusey, was to give his name. He entered the Roman Catholic Church in 1845; established a branch of the order of St. Philip Neri; and in 1879 made a visit to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat. He died August 11, 1890. As a prose writer Cardinal Newman is one of the greatest masters of style in the English language. His works include: "Callista," "Apologia pro Vita Sua," "Dream of Gerontius," "A History of Arianism," the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," etc.]

THE two persons who knew me best at that time are still alive, beneficed clergymen, no longer my friends. They could

tell better than any one else what I was in those years. From this time my tongue was, as it were, loosened, and I spoke spontaneously and without effort. One of the two, Mr. Rickards, said of me, I have been told, "Here is a fellow who, when he is silent, will never begin to speak; and when he once begins to speak, will never stop." It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years. I gained upon my pupils, and was in particular intimate and affectionate with two of our probationer Fellows, Robert Isaac Wilberforce (afterwards Archdeacon) and Richard Hurrell Froude. Whately then, an acute man, perhaps saw around me the signs of an incipient party, of which I was not conscious myself. And thus we discern the first elements of that movement afterwards called Tractarian.

The true and primary author of it, however, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honors of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on occasion of my election to a fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years, forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had a letter in my hands, which I sent at the time to my great friend, John William Bowden, with whom I passed almost exclusively my Undergraduate years. "I had to hasten to the Tower," I say to him, "to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honor done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking in High Street with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, "There's Keble!" and with what awe did I look at him! Then at another time I heard a Master of Arts of my College give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then too it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant

reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding that somehow he was strangely unlike any one else. However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel, he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools. At least so I have ever thought. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1828: it is one of the sayings preserved in his "Remains,"—"Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well; if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other."

Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. I knew him first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts,—so truly many-sided that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient, winning considerateness in discussion which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sake, or because I love and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. In this respect, then, I speak of Hurrell Froude—in his intellectual aspect—as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression. And he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely as he did, and in the conflict and transition state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power, and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, "The Bible and the Bible only is

the religion of Protestants ; " and he gloried in accepting Tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had a high severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of Virginity ; and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great Pattern. He delighted in thinking of the Saints ; he had a vivid appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibility and its heights ; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of miraculous interference as occurring in the early and middle ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church, but not to the Primitive.

He had a keen insight into abstract truth ; but he was an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete. He had a most classical taste, and a genius for philosophy and art ; and he was fond of historical inquiry, and the politics of religion. He had no turn for theology as such. He set no sufficient value on the writings of the Fathers, on the detail or development of doctrine, on the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, on the teaching of the Ecumenical Councils, or on the controversies out of which they arose. He took an eager, courageous view of things on the whole. I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others did not equal his other gifts ; he could not believe, for instance, that I really held the Roman Church to be Antichristian. On many points he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not. He seemed not to understand my difficulties. His were of a different kind, the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a high Tory of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the Reform Bill. He was smitten with the love of the Theocratic Church ; he went abroad and was shocked by the degeneracy which he thought he saw in the Catholics of Italy.

It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.

To mention Mr. Hugh Rose's name is to kindle in the minds of those who knew him a host of pleasant and affection-

ate remembrances. He was the man above all others fitted by his cast of mind and literary powers to make a stand, if a stand could be made, against the calamity of the times. He was gifted with a high and large mind, and a true sensibility of what was great and beautiful; he wrote with warmth and energy; and he had a cool head and cautious judgment. He spent his strength and shortened his life, Pro Ecclesia Dei, as he understood that sovereign idea. Some years earlier he had been the first to give warning, I think from the University Pulpit at Cambridge, of the perils to England which lay in the biblical and theological speculations of Germany. The Reform agitation followed, and the Whig Government came into power; and he anticipated in their distribution of Church patronage the authoritative introduction of liberal opinions into the country. He feared that by the Whig party a door would be opened in England to the most grievous of heresies, which never could be closed again. In order under such grave circumstances to unite Churchmen together, and to make a front against the coming danger, he had in 1832 commenced the *British Magazine*, and in the same year he came to Oxford in the summer term, in order to beat up for writers for his publication; on that occasion I became known to him through Mr. Palmer. His reputation and position came in aid of his obvious fitness, in point of character and intellect, to become the center of an ecclesiastical movement, if such a movement were to depend on the action of a party. His delicate health, his premature death, would have frustrated the expectation, even though the new school of opinion had been more exactly thrown into the shape of a party, than in fact was the case. But he zealously backed up the first efforts of those who were principals in it; and when he went abroad to die, in 1838, he allowed me the solace of expressing my feelings of attachment and gratitude to him by addressing him, in the dedication of a volume of my Sermons, as the man "who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother."

But there were other reasons, besides Mr. Rose's state of health, which hindered those who so much admired him from availing themselves of his close coöperation in the coming fight. United as both he and they were in the general scope of the Movement, they were in discordance with each other from the first in their estimate of the means to be adopted for

attaining it. Mr. Rose had a position in the Church, a name, and serious responsibilities; he had direct ecclesiastical superiors; he had intimate relations with his own University, and a large clerical connection through the country. Froude and I were nobodies, with no characters to lose, and no antecedents to fetter us. Rose could not go ahead across country, as Froude had no scruples in doing. Froude was a bold rider — as on horseback, so also in his speculations. After a long conversation with him on the logical bearing of his principles, Mr. Rose said of him, with quiet humor, that "he did not seem to be afraid of inferences." It was simply the truth; Froude had that strong hold of first principles, and that keen perception of their value, that he was comparatively indifferent to the revolutionary action which would attend on their application to a given state of things; whereas in the thoughts of Rose, as a practical man, existing facts had the precedence of every other idea, and the chief test of the soundness of a line of policy lay in the consideration whether it would work. This was one of the first questions which, as it seemed to me, on every occasion occurred to his mind. With Froude, Erastianism — that is, the union (so he viewed it) of Church and State — was the parent or, if not the parent, the serviceable and sufficient tool of liberalism. Till that union was snapped, Christian doctrine never could be safe; and, while he well knew how high and unselfish was the temper of Mr. Rose, yet he used to apply to him an epithet, reproachful in his own mouth: — Rose was a "conservative." By bad luck I brought out this word to Mr. Rose in a letter of my own, which I wrote to him in criticism of something he had inserted in his Magazine: I got a vehement rebuke for my pains, for though Rose pursued a conservative line, he had as high a disdain as Froude could have of a worldly ambition, and an extreme sensitiveness of such an imputation.

I had known Dr. Pusey well since 1827–1828, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him ὁ μέγας. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His Tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the Movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published

his Tract on Baptism, and started the Library of the Fathers. He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had little chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the Movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr. Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment, which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and center of the zealous people in every part of the country, who were adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the Movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. Robert Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman were but individuals; and when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significancy to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together in order to resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the Movement took our place by right among them.

Such was the benefit which he conferred on the Movement externally; nor were the internal advantages at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. People are apt to say that he was once nearer to the Catholic Church than he is now; I pray God that he may be one day far nearer to the Catholic Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all. When I became a Catholic, I was often asked, "What of Dr. Pusey?" When I said that I did not see symptoms of his doing as I had done, I was sometimes thought uncharitable. If confidence in

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his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, this Dr. Pusey possessed preëminently. The most remarkable instance of this was his statement, in one of his subsequent defenses of the Movement, when, moreover, it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its more hopeful peculiarities was its "stationariness." He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.

Dr. Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility, in the Tracts and in the whole Movement. It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed. When he gave to us his Tract on Fasting, he put his initials to it. In 1835 he published his elaborate Treatise on Baptism, which was followed by other Tracts from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness. The Catenas of Anglican divines, projected by me, which occur in the Series, were executed with a like aim at greater accuracy and method. In 1836 he advertised his great project for a Translation of the Fathers: but I must return to myself.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

THE STORY OF THE FALSE PRINCE.

By WILHELM HAUFF.

[WILHELM HAUFF was born at Stuttgart, November 29, 1802, and died November 18, 1827; yet in the last two years of his short life he wrote a mass of tales which have set him in the front rank of German letters. He was the son of a high official; a precocious reader and story-teller; studied at Tübingen; became a private tutor; in 1826 published his first work, "The Story Almanac," containing fairy tales he had written and told to his pupils. This was followed by "Communications from the Memoirs of Satan." Next came "The Man in the Moon," a travesty on Clauren's sentimentalism, published under Clauren's own name, which got Hauff sued and fined for forging the name; but he more than turned the tables by his "Controversial Sermon." Admiring Scott's work, he then wrote the novel "Lichtenstein," on the history of Würtemberg. He became editor of the *Morgenblatt* in January 1827; wrote "Phantasies in a Bremen Wine Cellar," "The Beggar Woman of the Pont des Arts," and other stories. His tales accessible in English are "The Caravan," "The Sheik of Alexandria and his Slaves," and "The Inn in the Spessart,"—sets of short stories with a framework like the "Arabian Nights."]

THERE was once an honest journeyman tailor named Labakan, who was apprenticed to a clever master in Alexandria. It could not be said of Labakan that he was awkward in plying his needle; on the contrary, he could turn out some very excellent work. One would also be wrong in calling him lazy. Nevertheless there was something wrong with the journeyman, for he could sit sewing away for hours, so that the needle would grow red-hot in his hand, and the thread would smoke: this of course put him much in advance of the others. At other times, and this, unhappily, occurred very frequently, he would sit buried in deep thought, his eyes staring before him, and having in his face and deportment something so singular, that his master and the rest of his fellow-workmen never said anything else about this except "Labakan is putting on his distinguished airs again."

On Fridays, however, when other people were quietly returning home from their prayers to their work, Labakan would issue from the mosque attired in a magnificent costume, which had cost many hours' work to purchase, and would walk slowly and proudly through the squares and streets of the city. When any of his fellow-workmen saluted him with "Peace be with thee," or "How is it, friend Labakan?" he would wave his hand gracefully, or even nod with his head in a dignified manner. When on such occasions his master would say to him jocosely, "A Prince has been lost in thee, Labakan," the latter would rejoice at it, and say, "Have you noticed it too?" or, "I have thought so for a long time."

In this way the honest journeyman tailor Labakan had been carrying on his folly for a long time; his master, however, tolerated it, because he was otherwise a good and clever workman. One day, Selim, the brother of the Sultan, while traveling through Alexandria, sent a gala dress to his master to have something altered on it, and it was given to Labakan, who did the most delicate work. In the evening, when his master and the journeymen had gone away to refresh themselves after the toils of the day, an irresistible longing urged Labakan to return again into the workshop, where the robe of the imperial brother was hanging. He stood before it for a long time meditating, admiring at one time its brilliant embroidery, at another the bright colors of the velvet and silk.

He could not help putting it on; and lo! it fitted him as excellently as if it had been made for him. "Am I not a Prince as well as anybody else?" he soliloquized whilst stalking up and down the room. "Did not my master himself say I was born a Prince?" With the dress the journeyman also seemed to have assumed royal ideas; he could think of nothing else but that he was a king's son in disguise, and as such he resolved to go into the world, and to quit a place where the people had been so stupid as not to discover, under the guise of his humble vocation, his innate dignity.

The splendid dress seemed to him to have been sent him by some good fairy; and he took good care therefore not to despise so costly a present. He put the little money he had into his pockets, and, favored by the darkness of the night, left the gates of Alexandria.

The new Prince created astonishment everywhere on his journey; for his superb robe, together with his grave and majestic bearing, by no means suited a traveler on foot. When he was questioned on the matter, he would answer with a mysterious air that he had his own reasons. Seeing, however, that he made a laughingstock of himself through his traveling on foot, he bought at a moderate price an old steed, which suited him excellently; its quiet air and gentleness never caused him any uneasiness, and there was no necessity for his showing himself a skillful horseman.

One day, as he was pursuing his way step by step on Murva, for so he had named his horse, he was joined by a rider who requested permission to journey in his company, as the road would appear shorter to him in conversation with another.

The rider was a joyous young fellow, handsome, and of engaging manners. He had soon entered into a conversation with Labakan as to whence he came, and whither he was going; and as chance would have it, he too, like the journeyman tailor, was traveling in the world without any plan.

He said his name was Omar, that he was nephew to Elfi-Bey, the unfortunate Pasha of Cairo, and that he was traveling about to execute a commission which his uncle had given him on his deathbed. Labakan was a little more guarded as to his own personal affairs, but intimated that he was of high parentage, and that he was traveling for pleasure.

The two young gentlemen seemed pleased with one another, and continued their journey. On the second day of their journey, Labakan asked his companion Omar what orders he had to execute, and to his surprise heard the following. Elfi-Bey, Pasha of Cairo, had brought up Omar from his earliest childhood, and he had never known his parents. When therefore Elfi-Bey had been defeated by his enemies, and mortally wounded, after three unfortunate battles, when he had been obliged to flee, he told his ward that he was not his nephew, but the son of a mighty ruler, who had removed the young Prince from his Court, alarmed by the prophecies of his astrologers, and he had taken an oath not to see him again till his twenty-second birthday. Elfi-Bey had not told him the name of his father, but that he had received distinct instructions from him to be, on the fourth day of the coming month Ramadan, on which day he would complete his twenty-second year, at the celebrated pillar El-Serujah, four days' journey eastward of Alexandria; there he was to present to the men standing near the pillar a dagger which he had given to him, with these words, "I am he whom you seek!" whereupon they would say, "Praised be the Prophet who has preserved thee!" He then was to follow them, and they would conduct him to his father.

The journeyman tailor Labakan was very much astonished at this communication, and from this time he regarded Prince Omar with envious eyes, much annoyed that fate, although he already passed for the nephew of a mighty pasha, bestowed upon him also the dignity of a royal Prince, while it condemned him, though possessed of all the requisite qualifications of a Prince, as if to mock him, to an obscure birth and a common calling. He made comparisons between himself and the

Prince. He was obliged to own that the other man was of prepossessing appearance: bright and lively eyes, aquiline nose, of a gentle and obliging demeanor; in short, he possessed all the exterior advantages which can recommend anybody. But, notwithstanding the numerous advantages of his companion, yet he argued that a Labakan would be much more welcome to the royal father than the real Prince.

These thoughts haunted Labakan all day, and with them he closed his eyes through the coming night. In the morning, however, when he awoke, and saw Omar by his side sleeping so calmly, dreaming of his good fortune, then the idea occurred to him of procuring for himself, either by cunning or violence, that which his unlucky fate had refused him. The dagger, the sign of recognition of the returning Prince, was sticking in the girdle of the sleeper. Gently he drew it from its sheath, in order to plunge it into the bosom of the owner. But the peaceable mind of the journeyman revolted at the idea of murder; he was satisfied with taking the dagger and saddling the fleeter horse of the Prince for himself; and when Omar awoke, his perfidious fellow-traveler was many miles ahead of him.

It was exactly on the first day of the holy month of Ramadan on which Labakan had committed the robbery of the Prince, and consequently he had yet four more days to reach the pillar of El-Serujah, which was well known to him. Although the place where this pillar was could hardly be more than two days' journey distant, yet he hastened to reach it, afraid of being overtaken by the real Prince. Toward the close of the second day Labakan perceived the pillar of El-Serujah. It was situated on a little eminence in a vast plain, and could be seen at a distance of some two or three hours. The heart of Labakan beat more quickly at the sight, and although during the last two days he had plenty of time to reflect upon the part he was about to play, yet his guilty conscience intimidated him a little. The thought, however, that he was born a Prince encouraged him again, and thus he proceeded more calmly toward his destination.

The country round about the pillar was uninhabited and barren, and the new Prince would have been in a dilemma had he not provided himself with victuals for several days. He therefore encamped by the side of his horse beneath some palm trees, and there awaited his coming fate.

Toward midday of the following day, he perceived a large train of horses and camels traveling across the plain, and going toward the pillar of El-Serujah. The procession stopped at the foot of the hill where the pillar was. Magnificent tents were pitched, and all appeared like the suite of a rich Pasha or a Sheik. Labakan perceived that the numerous assembly which he saw had come here on his account, and would like to have shown them already their future master; but he restrained his eagerness to appear as Prince, since the next day was to satisfy his most ardent wishes.

The morning sun roused the supremely happy tailor to the most important moment of his life, which was to elevate him from his humble position to the side of a royal father. Although he was aware, on saddling his horse in order to ride toward the pillar, of the illegality of his proceedings, and although his thoughts pictured to him the grief of the Prince, deceived in his splendid hopes, yet the die was cast, he could no longer undo what had been done, and his self-love whispered to him, that he looked grand enough to represent himself as the son of the most powerful king. Encouraged by these thoughts, he mounted his horse, summoned all his courage in order to urge it into a moderate gallop, and in less than a quarter of an hour he had reached the foot of the hill. He dismounted, and tied his horse to a shrub, many of which grew on the hill, pulled out the dagger of Prince Omar, and went up the hill. At the foot of the pillar were six men, surrounding an old man of noble and majestic appearance; a magnificent caftan made of gold material, girded about by a white cashmere shawl, his white turban studded with brilliant diamonds, denoted him to be a man of wealth and dignity.

Labakan went towards him, made a deep bow, and presenting him with the dagger, said, "I am he whom you seek." "Praised be the Prophet who has preserved thee!" replied the old man with tears of joy. "Embrace thy old father, my beloved son Omar!" The good tailor was very much moved by these solemn words, and sank amidst a mixture of joy and shame into the arms of the old Prince. But only for a moment was he allowed to enjoy undisturbed the ecstasy of his new position. As he disengaged himself from the embrace of the princely old man, he saw a horseman riding over the plain and hastening toward the hill. The rider and his horse presented a peculiar appearance: the horse seemed, either from obstinacy

or fatigue, unwilling to proceed; it went along with a shambling gait, which was neither step nor trot; the rider, however, urged it on to a quicker pace, both with his hands and feet.

Only too soon did Labakan recognize his horse Murva and the real Prince Omar; but the wicked spirit of lies now possessed him, and he resolved, come what might, to assert his presumptuous rights with a brazen forehead.

The rider had already been seen beckoning in the distance, and now, in spite of the wretched pace of his horse Murva, had reached the foot of the hill, threw himself from his horse and hastened up the hill. "Stop!" cried he. "Whoever you may be, do not allow yourselves to be deceived by the most infamous of impostors; my name is Omar, and no mortal dare to misuse my name."

A profound astonishment was seen on the faces of the bystanders at this turn of affairs; the old man particularly seemed much struck, whilst now turning to the one, now to the other, with a questioning gesture. Labakan, however, said in a voice of calmness gained with great difficulty: "Most gracious lord and father, be not deceived by that man there. He is, I believe, a mad journeyman tailor from Alexandria, called Labakan, who deserves our pity rather than our anger." These words nearly drove the Prince crazy. Foaming with rage, he would have rushed upon Labakan, but the bystanders threw themselves between them and laid hold of him. The old Prince said: "Yes, my dear son, the poor fellow is mad. Let him be bound, and put upon one of our camels; perhaps we may be able to help the unfortunate man."

The anger of the Prince had subsided, and crying, he called out to the old Prince: "My heart tells me that you are my father; by the memory of my mother, I adjure you to listen to me!"

"God be merciful to us," cried the old Prince, "the poor fellow is beginning to rave again! How can such mad notions enter into the head of the man?" Then taking Labakan's arm, he allowed himself to be conducted by him down the hill. Both mounted richly caparisoned steeds, and rode at the head of the procession across the plain. The unfortunate Prince, however, was handcuffed, and tightly bound upon a camel; two riders were always at his side, who very carefully watched all his movements.

The royal old man was Saaud, Sultan of the Wechabites. He had lived for a long time without children; at length, however, a Prince was born to him, whom he had long desired. The astrologers, however, whom he consulted as to the destiny of the boy declared "that till he reached his twenty-second year he would be in danger of being supplanted by a rival." Therefore, in order to be on the safe side, the Sultan had intrusted the education of the Prince to his old and faithful friend Elfi-Bey, and awaited him for twenty-two years in painful expectation.

This the Sultan related to his supposed son, and expressed himself immensely satisfied with his figure and dignified bearing.

When they reached the territories of the Sultan they were received everywhere with shouts of joy, for the report of the arrival of the Prince had spread like wildfire through all the towns and villages. In the streets through which they passed were erected arches with flowers and branches, bright carpets of many colors ornamented the houses, and the people in a loud voice praised God and His Prophet, who had sent them such a handsome Prince. All this filled the proud heart of the tailor with delight. All the more unhappy, however, felt the real Omar, who was still in fetters, and following the procession in profound despair.

Nobody took any notice of him amidst this universal joy which was really on his account. The name of Omar was shouted by thousands of voices, but he who bore this name rightly was ignored. Only now and then somebody inquired who it was that was carried with them so tightly bound, and the answer of his guards sounded terrible to the ears of the Prince, namely, that he was a crazy tailor.

The procession had at length reached the capital of the Sultan, where everything had been prepared for their reception, with even greater splendor than in any of the other towns. The Sultana, an elderly, venerable lady, awaited them with her entire Court in the most magnificent saloon of the palace. The floor of this room was covered with an immense carpet, the walls were decorated with light blue cloth, which was suspended in golden tassels and cords on large silver hooks. It was already dark when the procession arrived, and therefore many colored lamps inclosed in globes were lighted in the room, turning night into day. The throne was erected on four steps, and was

covered with pure gold and large diamonds. Four of the most distinguished Emirs held a canopy of red silk over the head of the Sultana, and the Sheik of Medina cooled her with a fan of peacock's feathers.

Thus the Sultana awaited her husband and son, the latter of whom she, also, had not seen since his birth. Significant dreams had pictured to her the one she longed for, so that she would have recognized him amongst thousands. The noise of the approaching procession was now heard; trumpets and drums were mixed with the acclamations of the crowd; the horses' hoofs rang in the palace yard; nearer and nearer sounded the steps of the approaching multitude; the doors of the saloon flew open, and through the rows of prostrating servants, the Sultan, with his son by the hand, hastened toward the throne of the mother.

"Here," he said, "I bring thee the one for whom thou hast yearned so long." The Sultana, however, interrupted him. "That is not my son!" she exclaimed. "These are not the features which the Prophet revealed to me in my dreams!"

Just as the Sultan was about to reprove her for her superstition, the door of the saloon opened, and in hastened Prince Omar, followed by his guards, from whom he had escaped by the exertion of all his strength. Throwing himself breathlessly before the throne, he exclaimed: "Here will I die! Let me be killed, cruel father; for this disgrace I will not bear any longer!" All were astounded at these words. The guards rushed forward around the unfortunate Prince, and were about to pinion him again, when the Sultana, who had witnessed all this in silent surprise, jumped up from the throne. "Stop!" she exclaimed. "This is the right one, and none other; this is the one whom my eyes have never seen, and whom my heart has nevertheless known."

The guards released Omar involuntarily; the Sultan, however, inflamed with anger, called to them to bind the madman. "It is for me to decide here," he said in a commanding voice. "One does not judge here by women's dreams, but by certain infallible signs. This one here is my son (pointing to Labakan), for he has brought me the token of recognition of my friend Elfi, namely the dagger."

"He stole it!" cried Omar. "He has treacherously abused my innocent confidence!" But the Sultan paid no attention to

his son's voice, for he was accustomed obstinately to follow only his own judgment in all things, and therefore he ordered the unhappy Omar to be dragged by main force out of the saloon, whilst he himself, together with Labakan, went to his apartment, enraged at the Sultana his wife, with whom he had lived for five-and-twenty years in peace. The Sultana, however, was deeply grieved at these occurrences; she was perfectly convinced that an impostor had gained the affection of the Sultan, for the other unfortunate one had shown himself to be her son in so many significant dreams.

After her grief had somewhat subsided, she thought of means to convince her husband of his mistake. This was certainly very difficult, for the one who pretended to be her son had presented the dagger as a sign of recognition, and had also been told so much about Omar's early life by him, that he was playing his part without betraying himself.

She summoned to her presence the men who had accompanied the Sultan to the pillar El-Serujah, in order that she might hear all minutely, and afterwards held council with her most intimate female slaves. Many suggestions were offered and rejected, until at length an old and prudent Circassian named Melechsalach said: "If I have heard aright, honored mistress, the bearer of the dagger has said that he whom you look upon as your son is called Labakan, a crazy tailor?" "Yes, quite right," answered the Sultana. "But what dost thou mean to infer from that?" "Supposing this impostor had fastened his own name upon your son?" she continued. "If this is the case, I know of an excellent means by which we can entrap the impostor, and which I will tell you secretly." The Sultana inclined her ear toward her slave, and the latter whispered to her an idea which she seemed to like, for she arose at once in order to go to the Sultan.

The Sultana was a shrewd woman, and was well aware of the weak points of the Sultan, and knew how to turn them to account. She therefore appeared to yield, and to be willing to recognize the false son, and merely requested one condition. The Sultan, who expressed his regret at his anger toward his wife, agreed to the condition; and she said: "I should like to impose upon both of them a proof of their skill. Anybody else might ask that they should subdue a fiery horse, or fight, or throw the javelin; but these are things which anybody can do. No; I will give them a task which requires acuteness. Each

of them shall make a caftan and a pair of trousers, and then we shall see who makes the best."

The Sultan laughed, and said: "Well, I must say that thou hast hit upon something very cunning. My son is to compete with your crazy tailor who will make the best caftan! No, that won't do."

The Sultana, however, pleaded that he had agreed to her conditions beforehand, and the Sultan, who was a man of his word, yielded at last, although he vowed that if the crazy tailor made his caftan ever so fine, he would not own him as his son.

The Sultan himself went to his son and begged him to gratify the whims of his mother, who wished to have a caftan made by his own hands. Labakan's good heart overflowed with joy; if that is all, he thought to himself, then shall the Sultana be mightily pleased with me very shortly. Two rooms were prepared, one for the Prince, the other for the tailor. It was there that they were to display their skill, and each had been supplied with a piece of silk, scissors, needle and thread.

The Sultan was very anxious to see what sort of a caftan his son would manufacture. But the heart of the Sultana also beat anxiously, as to whether her artifice would succeed or not. Two days were allowed them for their work. On the third day the Sultan sent for his wife, and when she had made her appearance, he sent to both of the rooms in order to fetch both the caftans and their makers. Labakan entered triumphantly, and spreading his caftan before the astonished eyes of the Sultan, "Behold, father!" he said. "Look here, noble mother, is not this caftan a masterpiece? I will wager that the cleverest tailor at Court will not turn out one to equal it."

The Sultana smiled, and turned toward Omar. "And what hast thou achieved, my son?" Indignantly the latter threw the silk and scissors upon the floor. "I have been taught to subdue a horse, and to handle a sword, and my javelin strikes the mark within sixty paces, but the arts of the needle are unknown to me. Besides, they are unworthy of a ward of Elfi-Bey, the ruler of Cairo."

"O thou true son of my lord!" exclaimed the Sultana. "Alas! would that I might embrace thee and call thee my son! Pardon me, my husband and master," she said, turning to the Sultan, "for having employed this stratagem against you. Do you not perceive yet which is the Prince and which the tailor? Truly the caftan is magnificent which your son has made, and I

should like to ask him with what master he has been apprenticed!"

The Sultan had sunk in deep thought, at one time distrusting his wife, another time looking at Labakan, who was vainly endeavoring to suppress his blushing and dismay at having so stupidly betrayed himself. "This proof is not sufficient," he said. "But I know, thanks be to Allah, a way of finding out whether I have been deceived or not." He ordered his swiftest horse to be brought, jumped into the saddle, and rode into a forest which almost skirted the town. There lived, according to an old tradition, a good fairy named Adolzaide, who had already more than once assisted the Sultans of his race with her counsel in the hour of need. It was to this place the Sultan hastened.

In the midst of the forest was an open tract surrounded by lofty cedars. There lived the fairy, according to tradition, and mortal man seldom ventured to approach the place, for a certain fear of it had descended from times immemorial from father to son.

When the Sultan had reached the place, he dismounted, tethered his horse to a tree, stepped toward the center of the place, and said in a loud voice: "If it be true that thou hast assisted my forefathers with thy good advice in the hour of need, refuse not to listen to the prayer of their grandchild, and counsel me where human wisdom is too short-sighted." Scarcely had he uttered the last words, when one of the cedars opened, and a lady, veiled with long white garments, appeared. "I know why thou hast come to me, Sultan Saaud; thy intention is honest, and therefore I am willing to aid thee. Take these two little boxes. Let the two, who pretend to be thy sons, choose. I know that he who is the true one will not miss the right box." Thus spoke the veiled fairy, presenting him with two little boxes made of ivory, richly inlaid with gold and pearls. On the lid, which the Sultan in vain endeavored to open, were inscriptions with inlaid diamonds.

The Sultan considered on his way home what the little boxes might contain, which he could not open in spite of all his strength. Also the inscription threw no light upon the matter, for on the one was written, "Honor and fame," and on the other "Happiness and wealth." The Sultan thought to himself, he himself might have some difficulty in choosing

between these two things, which were equally attractive and tempting.

Having returned to his palace, he sent for the Sultana and told her the oracle of the fairy. She was filled with a wonderful hope that the one after whom her heart yearned would choose the little box which was to testify his royal descent.

Two tables were placed before the Sultan's throne, and he himself put the two little caskets upon them, ascended the throne, and beckoned to one of his slaves to open the doors of the saloon. A grand assembly of Pashas and Emirs of the empire, who had been summoned by the Sultan, rushed through the opened doors. They seated themselves upon splendid cushions which were ranged along the walls. After all had taken their places, the King beckoned the second time, and Labakan was introduced. He went through the saloon with a haughty step, prostrated himself before the throne, and said, "What does my lord and father command?"

The Sultan rose from his throne and said: "My son, some doubts have been entertained as to the genuineness of thy claim to this name; one of these little boxes contains the confirmation of thy real birth. Choose. I doubt not but that thou wilt choose the right one."

Labakan rose, and stepped before the caskets. He considered for a long time which to select; at length he said: "Honored father, what can be better than the happiness of being thy son, what nobler than the wealth of thy grace! I choose the casket with the inscription of happiness and wealth."

"We shall see afterwards if thou hast chosen wisely. Seat thyself yonder, in the meantime, upon the cushion beside the Pasha of Medina," said the Sultan, beckoning his slave.

Omar was now introduced. His look was gloomy, his countenance sad, and his appearance excited universal sympathy from all present. He prostrated himself before the throne and inquired the will of the Sultan.

The Sultan signified to him that he had to select one of the caskets. He arose and stepped before the table.

Attentively he read both inscriptions, and said: "The last few days have taught me how fleeting is happiness, how transitory are riches. But they have also taught me that honor dwells in the breast of a brave man as an imperishable treasure,

and that the brilliant star of fame does not perish together with that of fortune. And though I should renounce a crown, the die is cast; honor and fame, I choose you!"

He put his hand upon the casket which he had selected. The Sultan ordered him to stand still, and beckoned Labakan also to approach the table, and the latter likewise placed his hand on the casket.

The Sultan, however, ordered a basin, filled with water taken from the sacred spring Zemzem in Mecca, to be brought to him, washed his hands, and being about to pray, turned his face toward the East, prostrated himself, and prayed: "God of my ancestors, Thou who hast for centuries preserved our race pure and spotless, let not an unworthy being bring shame upon the name of the Abassides! Protect Thou my true son in this his hour of trial."

The Sultan arose and again ascended the throne. A general expectation fettered all present; one scarcely dared to breathe; a little mouse might have been heard running across the room, such a silence prevailed and so intensely eager were all. Those behind stretched forth their heads above those in front in order to be able to see the caskets.

The Sultan now said, "Open the caskets," and they, which no exertion of strength had hitherto been able to open, now sprang open of their own accord.

In the casket which Omar had selected lay upon a velvet cushion a miniature golden crown, and a scepter. In Labakan's little box, a long needle and a little cotton. The Sultan ordered both to bring their caskets before him. He took the little crown from the cushion, put it into his hand, and it was surprising to see it as he took it growing larger and larger, till it attained the size of a real crown. He placed the crown upon the head of his son Omar, who was kneeling before him, kissed his forehead, and ordered him to be seated at his right side. Then turning toward Labakan, he said, "It is an old proverb — The shoemaker must not go beyond his last! It seems as if you were to pursue your vocation as a tailor. Although you have not deserved my clemency, yet some one has interceded for you to whom I cannot refuse anything to-day. Your miserable life therefore shall be spared, and if my advice be worth anything to you, make haste and quit my country." Ashamed and crushed as he was, the poor journeyman tailor

was unable to make a reply. He prostrated himself before the Prince, and tears were running down his cheeks. "Can you forgive me, Prince?" he said.

"Fidelity toward a friend, magnanimity toward an enemy, are the pride of the Abassides," replied the Prince, in lifting him up. "Go in peace."

"Oh thou, my true son!" exclaimed the old Sultan, deeply moved, falling upon the bosom of his son. The Emirs and Pashas and all the grandees of the empire rose from their seats and exclaimed, "Hail to the new Prince!" and amidst all these acclamations Labakan, with his casket under his arm, stole out of the room.

He went down into the stable of the Sultan, saddled his horse Murva, and rode out of the gate toward Alexandria. His whole princely life appeared to him a dream, and only the splendid casket, richly inlaid with pearls and diamonds, reminded him that he had not dreamt.

When at last he had reached Alexandria again, he rode toward the house of his old master, dismounted, tied his horse to the door, and entered the workshop. His master, who did not recognize him immediately, made a profound bow, and asked what he desired; but on looking at his guest more closely, and recognizing his old Labakan, he called his workmen and apprentices. They all fell like madmen upon poor Labakan, who had not expected such a reception; they pushed and beat him with their smoothing irons and yard measures, pricked him with needles, and nipped him with sharp scissors, until at length he fell quite exhausted upon a heap of old clothes.

Whilst he was lying there, the master lectured him about the stolen robe. In vain Labakan assured him that he had only returned on that account, to compensate him for it, and in vain he offered him the treble value for it. The master and his journeymen again attacked him, beat him thoroughly, and threw him out of the door. Bruised and in rags, he mounted his horse Murva, and rode toward a caravanserai.

He there rested his weary and battered head, and began to reflect upon the sufferings on earth, about the so often abused merit, and the vanity and transitoriness of all earthly wealth. He fell asleep, with the intention of renouncing all grandeur and of becoming an honest citizen. The following

day he did not repent of his resolution, for the heavy hands of his master and the journeymen seemed to have beaten all pride out of him.

He now sold his casket for an enormous price to a jeweler, bought a house, and opened a workshop for his trade. After he had put everything in order, and had also hung a board outside his window with the inscription, "Labakan, Tailor," he sat down and began mending with the needle and thread he had found in the casket the coat which his late master had so cruelly damaged.

He was called away from his work, and as he was about to resume it, what a marvelous sight was before him! The needle continued stitching away busily without any hand to guide it, and made such fine and delicate stitches as Labakan himself had not made in his most skillful moments! Indeed, the smallest present of a good fairy is useful and of great value. This present, however, had another value; namely, that the bit of thread never gave out, however industrious the needle might be.

Labakan very soon had many customers, and in a short time was the most celebrated tailor far and wide. He cut out the garments, and made the first stitches with the needle, which went on quickly without interruption till the whole dress was completed. Master Labakan had nearly the whole town for his customers, for he worked well and at a moderate price; but there was one thing at which the people of Alexandria shook their heads; namely, that he had no workmen, and that he worked with his doors locked.

Thus the inscription on the casket promising happiness and wealth had been fulfilled. Happiness and riches attended the steps of the good tailor in a moderate measure; and when he heard of the fame of the young Sultan Omar, whose name was on every one's lips; and when they told him that this brave man was the pride and love of his people, and the terror of his enemies, then the former Prince thought to himself, "After all, it is much better that I have remained a tailor, for it is a very dangerous thing when it is a question of honor and fame." Thus Labakan lived contented with himself, esteemed by his fellow-citizens; and if the needle has not grown weak in the meantime, I dare say it is still sewing with the inexhaustible thread of the good fairy Adolzaide.

PERSIAN STORIES AND MANNERS.

By Sir JOHN MALCOLM.

(From "Sketches of Persia.")

[Sir John Malcolm, English statesman and historian, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, May 2, 1769; went to India at fourteen; later studied Oriental languages, and became staff interpreter. In 1800 he was ambassador, and in 1802, 1807, and 1809 minister to Persia. He was president of Mysore, India, 1803–1805. He was a valuable commander and administrator in India, 1817–1830; died in England, May 30, 1833. His "Sketches of Persia" is a delightful classic; his other works are "History of Persia" (1815), "Memoir of Central India," "Political History of India, 1784–1823," and "Life of Lord Clive."]

The view I had taken of the Imam's court—the intercourse we had with him, his sons, and chief officers—the security which I observed merchants and other inhabitants, both Mahomedan and Hindu, enjoying at Muscat, gave me a very pleasing impression of that place, and I had made a sketch of the manners and customs of the people, no way unfavorable. This I showed one day to a friend, who was a captain in the navy, who, rather to my surprise, burst into a fit of laughter, and said he could show me a very opposite picture of the same scene.

"There is an order from the Admiralty," said he, "that the officers of a man-of-war, when they visit a port little known, should describe the manners and customs of the inhabitants. I have a blunt fellow of a master, an excellent seaman, but who troubles himself very little with matters on shore. Curious to have his observations, and knowing that he had two or three times visited the town of Muscat, I insisted on his complying with orders, and filling up the column of his journal. He evaded this duty as long as he could: at last, in despair, he went to his cabin, and returning with his book, said, 'There, sir, I have obeyed orders, and you will find all I could write about these black fellows, and all they deserve.' I took the journal and read:—

"'Inhabitants of Muscat.

'As to manners, they have none; and their customs are very beastly.'"

When we had fairly entered the Persian Gulf, I found myself on classic ground, where all the wonderful adventures

of Sinbad the sailor were what a genuine Yankee would call "located." I sent for an Arabian servant called Khudâdâd, and asked him who were the inhabitants of the barren shore of Arabia that we saw. He answered with apparent alarm: "They are of the sect of Wahâbees, and are called Jouassimee; but God preserve us from them, for they are monsters. Their occupation is piracy and their delight murder; and to make it worse, they give you the most pious reasons for every villainy they commit. They abide by the letter of the sacred volume, rejecting all commentaries and traditions. If you are their captive, and offer all you possess to save your life, they say, 'No! it is written in the Koran that it is unlawful to plunder the living, but we are not prohibited in that sacred work from stripping the dead;' so saying, they knock you on the head. But then," continued Khudâdâd, "that is not so much their fault, for they are descended from a Houl [ghoul], or monster, and they act according to their nature."

I begged he would inform me about their descent. He seemed surprised at my ignorance, and said it was a story that he thought was known to every one in the world, but proceeded to comply with my request.

"An Arab fisherman," said he, "who lived in a village on the Persian Gulf, not far from Gombroon, being one day busy at his usual occupation, found his net so heavy that he could hardly drag it on shore. Exulting in his good fortune, he exerted all his strength: but judge of his astonishment when, instead of a shoal of fish, he saw in his net an animal of the shape of a man, but covered with hair. He approached it with caution; but finding it harmless, carried it to his house, where it soon became a favorite; for, though it could speak no language, and utter no sound except 'Houl, houl' (from whence it took its name), it was extremely docile and intelligent; and the fisherman, who possessed some property, employed it to guard his flocks.

"It happened one day that a hundred Persian horsemen, clothed in complete armor, came from the interior, and began to drive away the sheep. The Houl, who was alone, and had no arms but a club, made signs for them to desist; but they only scoffed at his unnatural appearance, till he slew one or two who approached too near him. They now attacked him in a body; but his courage and strength were surpassed by his activity, and while all fell who came within his reach, he eluded

every blow of his enemies; and they fled after losing half their numbers.

"The fisherman and his neighbors, when they heard of the battle, hastened to the aid of the faithful Houl, whom they found in possession of the horses, clothes, and arms of the vanquished Persians. An Arab of the village, struck with his valor, and casting an eye of cupidity at the wealth he had acquired, offered him the hand of his daughter, who was very beautiful, and she, preferring good qualities to outward appearance, showed no reluctance to become the bride of this kind and gallant monster. Their marriage was celebrated with more pomp than was ever before known in the village; and the Houl, who was dressed in one of the richest suits of the Persians he had slain, and mounted on one of their finest horses, looked surprisingly well. He was quite beside himself with joy, playing such antics and exhibiting such good humor, strength, and agility, that his bride, who had at first been pitied, became the envy of every fisherman's daughter. She would have been more so, could they have foreseen the fame to which she was destined. She had four sons, from whom are descended the four tribes of Ben Jouassin, Ben Ahmed, Ben Nasir, and Ben Saboohil, who are to this day known by the general name of Ben Houl, or the children of Houl. They are all fishermen, boatmen, and pirates, and live chiefly at sea, inheriting, it is believed, the amphibious nature of their common ancestor."

After this tale was concluded, I asked Khudâdâd what kind of men inhabited those high mountains which we saw rising on the Persian shores of the gulf. Delighted at this second opportunity of showing his knowledge, he replied: "They also are robbers, but they are not so bad as the Jouassimee. They refer their first settlement in these mountains to the devil; but then, they are the children of men, and their nature is not diabolical, though their deeds are sometimes very like it."

On questioning Khudâdâd further, I found he had the popular story taken from Firdousee, and that he kept pretty near to his text; but I shall give it in his own words. "You have heard of Zohâk prince of Arabia?" I said I had. "Well, then," he continued, "you know he was a very wicked man. He conquered Jemsheed king of Persia, who was in those days deemed the most glorious monarch on earth. After this great success Zohâk was tempted by the devil, who allured him, under the shape of a venerable old man, to kill his father, that

he might become king of Arabia as well as Persia. In those days men lived on vegetable diet; but the devil, anxious to destroy as many of the human race as he could, tempted Zohâk with some new roasted eggs, and perceiving him to relish his food, proposed to cook him a dish of partridges and quails, with the flavor of which the Prince was so delighted that he bade his friend ask any favor he liked. The wily old man said all he wished was to kiss the shoulders of his beloved monarch. They were bared for that purpose; but no sooner had the infernal lips touched them than out sprang from each a ravenous serpent, and at the same time the venerable old man changed to his natural shape, and disappeared in a thunderstorm, exclaiming that human brains alone would satisfy the monsters he had created, and that their death would be followed by that of Zohâk.

"It fell out as the devil foretold: the serpents refused all other food, and for a period, two victims were daily slain to satisfy them. Those charged with the preparation of this horrid repast, seeing the devil's design, determined on frustrating it; and while they paraded before Zohâk and his serpents the persons who were doomed to death, they substituted the brains of sheep, and sent their supposed human victims to the mountains of Kerman and Lauristan, where they increased and became a great people, and their descendants still inhabit these hills. There can be no doubt," said Khudâdâd, gravely, "of the truth of what I have told you; for it is all written in a book, and a fine poem made upon it, which is called the Shâh-nâmeh, or Book of Kings."

Before the year 1800 no political mission from a European nation had visited the court of Persia for a century; but the English, though only known in that kingdom as merchants, had fame as soldiers, from the report of their deeds in India. An officer of one of the frigates, who had gone ashore to visit the Envoy, when mounted on a spirited horse, afforded no small entertainment to the Persians by his bad horsemanship. The next day the man who supplied the ship with vegetables, and who spoke a little English, met him on board, and said, "Don't be ashamed, sir, nobody knows you: bad rider! I tell them, you, like all English, ride well, but that time they see you very drunk!" We were much amused at this conception of our national character. The Persian thought it would have been a

reproach for a man of a warlike nation not to ride well, but none for a European to get drunk.

Riza Kooli Khan, the governor of Kazeroon, came to pay the Elchee a visit. This old nobleman had a silk band over his eye-sockets, having had his eyes put out during the late contest between the Zend and Kajir families for the throne of Persia. He began, soon after he was seated, to relate his misfortunes, and the tears actually came to my eyes at the thoughts of the old man's sufferings; when judge of my surprise to find it was to entertain, not to distress us, he was giving the narration, and that, in spite of the revolting subject, I was compelled to smile at the tale, which in any country except Persia would have been deemed a subject for a tragedy: but as poisons may by use become aliment, so misfortunes, however dreadful, when they are of daily occurrence, appear like common events of life. But it was the manner and feelings of the narrator that, in this instance, gave the comic effect to the tragedy of which he was the hero.

"I had been too active a partisan," said Riza Kooli Khan, "of the Kajir family to expect much mercy when I fell into the hands of the rascally tribe of Zend. I looked for death, and was rather surprised at the lenity which only condemned me to lose my eyes. A stout fellow of a ferash came as executioner of the sentence; he had in his hand a large blunt knife, which he meant to make his instrument: I offered him twenty tomans if he would use a penknife I showed him. He refused in the most brutal manner; called me a merciless villain, asserting that I had slain his brother, and that he had solicited the present office to gratify his revenge; adding, his only regret was not being allowed to put me to death.

"Seeing," continued Riza Kooli, "that I had no tenderness to look for from this fellow, I pretended submission, and laid myself on my back; he seemed quite pleased, tucked up his sleeves, brandished his knife, and very composedly put one knee on my chest, and was proceeding to his butchering work, as if I had been a stupid innocent lamb, that was quite content to let him do what he chose. Observing him from this impression off his guard, I raised one of my feet, and planting it on the pit of his stomach, sent him heels over head in a way that would have made you laugh (imitating with his foot the action he described, and laughing heartily himself at the recollection

of it). I sprung up; so did my enemy; we had a short tussle — but he was the stronger; and having knocked me down, succeeded in taking out my eyes.

"The pain at the moment," said the old Khan, "was lessened by the warmth occasioned by the struggle. The wounds soon healed: and when the Kajirs obtained the undisputed sovereignty of Persia, I was rewarded for my suffering in their cause. All my sons have been promoted, and I am governor of this town and province. Here I am in affluence, and enjoying a repose to which men who can see are in this country perfect strangers. If there is a deficiency of revenue, or any real or alleged cause for which another governor would be removed, beaten, or put to death, the king says, 'Never mind, it is poor blind Riza Kooli; let him alone:' so you observe, Elchee, that I have no reason to complain, being in fact better defended from misfortune by the loss of my two eyes, than I could be by the possession of twenty of the clearest in Persia:' and he laughed again at this second joke.

Meerza Aga Meer, the Persian secretary, when commenting upon Riza Kooli Khan's story, said that his grounds of consolation were substantial; for that a stronger contrast could not exist between his condition, as he had described it, and that of others who are employed as revenue officers under the present administration of Fars. "I cannot better," said he, "illustrate this fact than by the witty and bold answer given a short time since by one of the nobles to the Prince Regent at Shiraz. The Prince asked of his advisers what punishment was great enough for a very heinous offender who was brought before him: 'Make him a collector of revenue,' said an old favorite nobleman; 'there can be no crime for which such an appointment will not soon bring a very sufficient punishment.'"

Ceremonies and forms have, and merit, consideration in all countries, but particularly among Asiatic nations. With these the intercourse of private as well as public life is much regulated by their observance. From the spirit and decision of a public envoy upon such points, the Persians very generally form their opinion of the character of the country he represents. This fact I had read in books, and all I saw convinced me of its truth. Fortunately the Elchee [Malcolm himself] had resided at some of the principal courts of India, whose usages are very similar. He was, therefore, deeply versed in that important science

denominated "Kâida-e-nishest-oo-berkhâst" (or the art of sitting and rising), in which is included a knowledge of the forms and manners of good society, and particularly those of Asiatic kings and their courts.

He was quite aware, on his first arrival in Persia, of the consequence of every step he took on such delicate points; he was, therefore, anxious to fight all his battles regarding ceremonies before he came near the footstool of royalty. We were consequently plagued, from the moment we landed at Abushehr, till we reached Shiraz, with daily, almost hourly, drilling, that we might be perfect in our demeanor at all places, and under all circumstances. We were carefully instructed where to ride in a procession, where to stand or sit within-doors, when to rise from our seats, how far to advance to meet a visitor, and to what part of the tent or house we were to follow him when he departed, if he was of sufficient rank to make us stir a step.

The regulations of our risings and standings, and movings and reseatings, were, however, of comparatively less importance than the time and manner of smoking our Kelliâns and taking our coffee. It is quite astonishing how much depends upon coffee and tobacco in Persia. Men are gratified or offended, according to the mode in which these favorite refreshments are offered. You welcome a visitor, or send him off, by the way in which you call for a pipe or a cup of coffee. Then you mark, in the most minute manner, every shade of attention and consideration, by the mode in which he is treated. If he be above you, you present these refreshments yourself, and do not partake till commanded: if equal, you exchange pipes, and present him with coffee, taking the next cup yourself: if a little below you, and you wish to pay him attention, you leave him to smoke his own pipe, but the servant gives him, according to your condescending nod, the first cup of coffee: if much inferior, you keep your distance and maintain your rank, by taking the first cup of coffee yourself, and then directing the servant, by a wave of the hand, to help the guest.

When a visitor arrives, the coffee and pipe are called for to welcome him; a second call for these articles announces that he may depart; but this part of the ceremony varies according to the relative rank or intimacy of the parties.

These matters may appear light to those with whom observances of this character are habits, not rules; but in this country

they are of primary consideration, a man's importance with himself and with others depending on them.

From the hour the first mission reached Persia, servants, merchants, governors of towns, chiefs, and high public officers, presuming upon our ignorance, made constant attempts to trespass upon our dignity, and though repelled at all points, they continued their efforts, till a battle royal at Shiraz put the question to rest, by establishing our reputation, as to a just sense of our own pretensions, upon a basis which was never afterwards shaken. But this memorable event merits a particular description.

The first mission arrived at Shiraz on the 13th of June, 1800. The King of Persia was at this time in Khorassan, and the province of Fars, of which Shiraz is the capital, was nominally ruled by one of his sons, called Hoosein Ali Meerzâ, a boy of twelve years of age. He was under the tuition of his mother, a clever woman, and a Minister called Cherâgh Ali Khan. With the latter redoubtable personage there had been many fights upon minor ceremonies, but all were merged in a consideration of those forms which were to be observed on our visit to the young Prince.

According to Persian usage, Hoosein Ali Meerzâ was seated on a Nemmed, or thick felt, which was laid on the carpet, and went half across the upper end of the room in which he received the Mission. Two slips of felt, lower by two or three inches than that of the Prince, extended down each side of the apartment. On one of these sat the Ministers and nobles of the petty Court, while the other was allotted to the Elchee and suite; but according to a written "Destoor-ool-Amal" (or programme), to which a plan of the apartment was annexed, the Elchee was not only to sit at the top of our slip, but his right thigh was to rest on the Prince's Nemmed.

The Elchee, on entering this apartment, saluted the Prince, and then walked up to his appointed seat; but the master of the ceremonies pointed to one lower, and on seeing the Elchee took no notice of his signal, he interposed his person between him and the place stated in the programme. Here he kept his position, fixed as a statue, and in his turn paid no attention to the Elchee, who waved his hand for him to go on one side. This was the crisis of the battle. The Elchee looked to the Minister; but he stood mute, with his hands crossed before his body, looking down on the carpet. The young Prince, who had hitherto been

as silent and dignified as the others, now requested the Elchee to be seated; which the latter, making a low bow to him, and looking with no slight indignation at the Minister, complied with. Coffee and pipes were handed round; but as soon as that ceremony was over, and before the second course of refreshments was called for, the Elchee requested the Prince to give him leave to depart; and, without waiting a reply, arose and retired.

The Minister seeing matters were wrong, and being repulsed in an advance he made to an explanation, sent Mahomed Shereef Khan, the Mehmandar, to speak to the Elchee; but he was told to return, and tell Cherâgh Ali Khan "that the British Representative would not wait at Shiraz to receive a second insult. Say to him," he added, "that regard for the King, who is absent from his dominions, prevented my showing disrespect to his son, who is a mere child; I therefore seated myself for a moment; but I have no such consideration for his Minister, who has shown himself alike ignorant of what is due to the honor of his sovereign and his country, by breaking his agreement with a foreign Envoy."

The Elchee mounted his horse, after delivering this message, which he did in a loud and indignant tone, and rode away apparently in a great rage. It was amusing to see the confusion to which his strong sense of the indignity put upon him threw those, who a moment before were pluming themselves on the clever manner by which they had compelled him to seat himself fully two feet lower on the carpet than he had bargained for. Meerzâs and Omrâhs came galloping one after another, praying different persons of his suite to try and pacify him. The latter shook their heads; but those who solicited them appeared to indulge hopes, till they heard the orders given for the immediate movement of the English camp. All was then dismay; message after message was brought deprecating the Elchee's wrath. He was accused of giving too much importance to a trifle; it was a mistake of my lord of the ceremonies; would his disgrace — his punishment — the bastinado — putting his eyes out — cutting off his head, satisfy or gratify the offended Elchee? — To all such evasions and propositions the Envoy returned but one answer: "Let Cherâgh Ali Khan write an acknowledgment that he has broken his agreement, and that he entreats my forgiveness: if such a paper is brought me, I remain; if not, I march from Shiraz."

Every effort was tried in vain to alter this resolution, and

the Minister, seeing no escape, at last gave way, and sent the required apology, adding, if ever it reached his Majesty's ear that the Elchee was offended, no punishment would be deemed too severe for those who had ruffled his Excellency's temper or hurt his feelings.

The reply was, the explanation was ample and satisfactory, and that the Elchee would not for worlds be the cause of injury to the meanest person in Persia, much less to his dear friend Cherâgh Ali Khan; and a sentence was added to this letter by particular desire of Meerzâ Aga Meer, who penned it, stating, "that everything disagreeable was erased from the tablet of the Elchee's memory, on which nothing was now written but the golden letters of amity and concord."

The day after this affair was settled, the Minister paid the Elchee a long visit, and insisted upon his going again to see the Prince. We went — but what a difference in our reception: all parties were attentive; the master of the ceremonies bent almost to the ground; and though the Elchee only desired to take his appointed seat, that would neither satisfy the Prince nor the Minister, who insisted that, instead of his placing one thigh on the Nemmed, which was before unapproachable, he should sit altogether on its edge! This was "miherbânee, serafrâzee" (favor, exaltation), and we were all favored and exalted.

Such is the history of this battle of ceremony, which was the only one of any consequence there was occasion to fight in Persia; for in wars of this kind, as in other wars, if you once establish your fame for skill and courage, victory follows as a matter of course.

It must not be supposed from what has been stated, that the Persians are all grave formal persons. They are the most cheerful people in the world; and they delight in familiar conversation; and every sort of recreation appears, like that of children, increased by those occasional restraints to which their customs condemn them. They contrive every means to add to the pleasures of their social hours; and as far as society can be agreeable, divested of its chief ornament, females, it is to be met with in this country. Princes, chiefs, and officers of state, while they pride themselves, and with justice, on their superior manners, use their utmost efforts to make themselves pleasant companions. Poets, historians, astrologers, wits, and reciters of stories and fables, who have acquired eminence, are not only

admitted into the first circles, but honored. It is not uncommon to see a nobleman of high rank give precedence to a man of wit or of letters, who is expected to amuse or instruct the company; and the latter, confident in those acquirements to which he owes his distinction, shows, by his manner and observations, that usage has given him a right to the place he occupies.

I heard, before I mixed in it, very different accounts of Persian society. With one class of persons it was an infliction, to another a delight. I soon found that its enjoyment depended upon a certain preparation; and from the moment I landed in the country, I devoted a portion of my time to their most popular works in verse and prose. I made translations, not only of history and poetry, but of fables and tales, being satisfied that this occupation, while it improved me in the knowledge of the language, gave me a better idea of the manners and mode of thinking of this people than I could derive from any other source. Besides, it is a species of literature with which almost every man in Persia is acquainted; and allusions to works of fancy and fiction are so common in conversation, that you can never enjoy their society if ignorant of such familiar topics.

I have formerly alluded to the cause which leads all ranks in Persia to blend fables and apologues in their discourse, but this subject merits a more particular notice. There has been a serious and protracted discussion among the learned in Europe as to the original country of those tales which have delighted and continue to delight successive generations. One or two facts connected with this abstruse question are admitted by all. — First, that the said tales are not the native produce of our western clime. They are decidedly exotics, though we have improved upon the original stock by careful culture, by grafting, and other expedients, so as to render them more suited to the soil into which they have been transplanted.

The next admission is that some of our best fables and tales came with the Sun from the East, that genial clime where Nature pours forth her stores with so liberal a hand that she spoils by her indulgence those on whom she bestows her choicest gifts. In that favored land the imagination of authors grows and flourishes, like their own evergreens, in unpruned luxuriance. This exuberance is condemned by the fastidious critics of the West. As for myself, though an ad-

mirer of art, I like to contemplate Nature in all her forms; and it is amidst her varied scenes that I have observed how much man takes his shape and pursuits from the character of the land in which he is born. Our admirable and philosophic poet, after asserting the command which the uncircumscribed soul, when it chooses to exert itself, has over both the frigid and torrid zones, beautifully and truly adds: —

> Not but the human fabric from its birth
> Imbibes a flavor of its parent earth;
> As various tracts enforce a various toil,
> The manners speak the idiom of the soil.

The warmth of the climate of the East, the ever-teeming abundance of the earth, while it fosters lively imaginations and strong passions, disposes the frame to the enjoyment of that luxurious ease which is adverse to freedom. That noblest of all plants which ever flourished on earth has, from the creation to the present day, been unknown in the East. This being the case, the fathers of families, the chiefs of tribes, and the sovereigns of kingdoms are, within their separate circles, alike despotic; their children, followers, and subjects are consequently compelled to address these dreaded superiors in apologues, parables, fables, and tales, lest the plain truth, spoken in plain language, should offend; and the person who made a complaint or offered advice should receive the bastinado, or have his head struck off on the first impulse of passion, and before his mighty master had time to reflect on the reasonableness of such prompt punishment.

To avoid such unpleasant results, every bird that flies, every beast that walks, and even fish that swim, have received the gift of speech, and have been made to represent kings, queens, ministers, courtiers, soldiers, wise men, foolish men, old women, and little children, in order, as a Persian author says, "That the ear of authority may be safely approached by the tongue of wisdom."

There is another reason why tales and fables continue so popular in the East; we observe how pleasing and useful they are as a medium of conveying instruction in childhood: a great proportion of the men and women of the countries of which we speak are, in point of general knowledge, but children; and while they learn, through allegories and apologues, interspersed

with maxims, to appreciate the merits of their superiors, the latter are, in their turn, taught by the same means lessons of humanity, generosity, and justice.

"Have you no laws," said I one day to Aga Meer, "but the Koran, and the traditions upon that volume?" "We have," said he, gravely, "the maxims of Sâdee." Were I to judge from my own observations, I should say that these stories and maxims, which are known to all, from the king to the peasant, have fully as great an effect in restraining the arbitrary and unjust exercise of power as the laws of the Prophet.

It is through allegories and fables that we receive the earliest accounts we have of all nations, but particularly those of the Eastern hemisphere. We may, in these days in which exactness is so much valued, deplore this medium as liable to mislead, but must recollect that if we had not their ancient records in this form we should have them in none. One of the wisest men in the West, Francis Bacon, has truly said, "Fiction gives to mankind what history denies, and in some measure satisfies the mind with shadows when it cannot enjoy the substance."

Those who rank highest amongst the Eastern nations for genius have employed their talents in works of fiction; and they have added to the moral lessons they desired to convey so much of grace and ornament, that their volumes have found currency in every nation of the world. The great influx of them into Europe may be dated from the crusades; and if that quarter of the globe derived no other benefits from these holy wars, the enthusiastic admirers of such narrations may consider the tales of Boccaccio and similar works as sufficient to compensate all the blood and treasure expended in that memorable contest!

England has benefited largely from these tales of the East. Amongst other boons from that land of imagination, we have the groundwork on which Shakespeare has founded his inimitable play of the "Merchant of Venice."

The story of the Mahomedan and the Jew has been found in several books of Eastern Tales. In one Persian version love is made to mix with avarice in the breast of the Israelite, who had cast the eye of desire upon the wife of the Mahomedan, and expected, when he came to exact his bond, the lady would make any sacrifice to save her husband.

At the close of this tale, when the parties come before the

judge, the Jew puts forth his claim to the forfeited security of a pound of flesh. "How answerest thou?" said the judge, turning to the Mahomedan. "It is so," replied the latter; "the money is due by me, but I am unable to pay it." "Then," continued the judge, "since thou hast failed in payment, thou must give the pledge; go, bring a sharp knife." When that was brought, the judge turned to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and separate one pound of flesh from his body, so that there be not a grain more or less; for if there is, the governor shall be informed, and thou shalt be put to death." "I cannot," said the Jew, "cut off one pound exactly; there will be a little more or less." But the judge persisted that it should be the precise weight. On this the Jew said he would give up his claim and depart. This was not allowed, and the Jew being compelled to take his bond with all its hazards, or pay a fine for a vexatious prosecution, he preferred the latter, and returned home a disappointed usurer.

Admitting that the inhabitants of Europe received these tales and apologues from the Saracens, the next question is, where did they get them? Mahomed and his immediate successors, while they proscribed all such false and wicked lies and inventions, accuse the Persians of being the possessors and propagators of those delusive tales, which were, according to them, preferred by many of their followers to the Koran. But in the course of time Caliphs became less rigid. The taste for poetry and fiction revived, and Persian stories and Arabian tales deluged the land.

For some centuries the above countries were the supposed sources of this branch of literature, but, since the sacred language of the Hindus has become more generally known, the Persians are discovered to have been not only the plunderers of their real goods and chattels, but also of their works of imagination.

DEPENDING UPON OTHERS.

By MRS. S. C. HALL.

[Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall (Anna Maria Fielding): An Irish novelist; born in Dublin, January, 1800; died in 1881. At fifteen she removed to London and married (1824) S. C. Hall, editor and critic, with whom she wrote many volumes. Her own works include: "Sketches of Irish Character"

(1828), "The Buccaneer," "The Outlaw," "Lights and Shadows of Irish Character," "Tales of the Irish Peasantry," and numerous short stories. She received a pension of one hundred pounds in 1868.]

"INDEPENDENCE" — it is the word, of all others, that Irishmen, women, and children least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who "love the land" or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let me select a few cases from our Irish village, such as are abundant in every neighborhood. Shane Thurlough, "as dacent a boy," and Shane's wife, "as clane-skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with, — those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him.

"Good morrow, Shane."

"Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady; and won't ye step in and rest? — it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure, — the Lord be praised!"

"Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hayfield to-day; if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days."

"Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe? and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and *depinding* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years."

"But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?"

"To Carrick! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground, — saving your presence, — for I *depinded* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen, he forgot it."

"Where's your pretty wife, Shane?"

"She's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the faut this time, anyhow. The child's taken the smallpox, and she *depinded* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cowpox, and I *depinded* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor

but out o' sight, out o' mind, — the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble, — to say nothing o' myself, — and it is the first, and all."

"I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men."

"That's a true word, my lady, only she's fidgety-like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing."

"I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane."

"Bad cess to the wheel! I got it this morning about that too. I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. But where's the good? says I; sure he'll bring it next time."

"I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself."

"Och, ma'am dear, don't mention it; sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent-like: 'Shane, you've an eye to squire's new lodge,' says he. 'Maybe I have,' says I. 'I am yer man,' says he. 'How so?' says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' says he; 'and I'll spake to the squire for you my own self.' 'The blessing be about you,' says I, quite grateful, and we took a strong cup on the strength of it, and *depinding* on that, I thought all safe. And what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place, — talked the squire over to be sure, — and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house, and I may go whistle."

"It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn."

"That's a true word for ye, ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depind* on."

HAJJI BABA AND THE STOLEN MONEY.

By JAMES MORIER.

(From "The Adventures of Hajji Baba.")

[James Morier: An English traveler and author; born in England in 1780; died at Brighton, March 23, 1849. He entered the diplomatic service, was private secretary to Lord Elgin in his embassy to Constantinople; accompanied the grand vizier in the campaign in Egypt against the French, and was for many years chargé d'affaires in Persia. His books about Persia established his reputation as an author. He was master of several Oriental languages, and a charming and graceful writer. His works include: "A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor to Constantinople in the Years 1808 and 1809" (1812), "A Second Journey through Persia between the Years 1810 and 1816, with a Journal of the Voyage by the Brazils and Bombay to the Persian Gulf" (1818), "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan" (5 vols., 1824–1828), "Zohrab the Hostage" (3 vols., 1832), "Ayesha, the Maid of Kars" (3 vols., 1834), and "Mirza" (3 vols., 1841).]

My father having died without a will, I was, of course, proclaimed his sole heir without any opposition, and consequently all those who had aspired to be sharers of his property, balked by my unexpected appearance, immediately withdrew to vent their disappointment in abusing me. They represented me as a wretch devoid of all respect for my parents, as one without religion, an adventurer in the world, and the companion of lûties and wandering dervishes.

As I had no intention of remaining at Ispahan, I treated their endeavors to hurt me with contempt, and consoled myself by giving them a full return of all their scurrility, by expressions which neither they nor their fathers had ever heard — expressions which I had picked up from amongst the illustrious characters with whom I had passed the first years of my youth.

When we were left to ourselves, my mother and I, after having bewailed in sufficiently pathetic language, she the death of a husband, I the loss of a father, the following conversation took place: —

"Now tell me, O my mother — for there can be no secrets between us — tell me what was the state of Kerbelai Hassan's concerns. He loved you, and confided in you, and you must therefore be better acquainted with them than any one else."

"What do I know of them, my son?" said she, in great haste, and seeming confusion.

I stopped her, to continue my speech. "You know that, according to the law, his heir is bound to pay his debts: — they must be ascertained. Then, the expenses of the funeral are to be defrayed; they will be considerable; and at present I am as destitute of means as on the day you gave me birth. To meet all this, money is necessary, or else both mine and my father's name will be disgraced among men, and my enemies will not fail to overcome me. He must have been reputed wealthy, or else his deathbed would never have been surrounded by that host of bloodsuckers and timeservers which have been driven away by my presence. You, my mother, must tell me where he was accustomed to deposit his ready cash; who were, or who are likely to be, his debtors; and what might be his possessions, besides those which are apparent."

"Oh, Allah!" exclaimed she, "what words are these? Your father was a poor, good man, who had neither money nor possessions. Money, indeed! We had dry bread to eat, and that was all! Now and then, after the arrival of a great caravan, when heads to be shaved were plentiful, and his business brisk, we indulged in our dish of rice, and our skewer of kabob, but otherwise we lived like beggars. A bit of bread, a morsel of cheese, an onion, a basin of sour curds — that was our daily fare; and, under these circumstances, can you ask me for money, ready money too? There is this house, which you see and know; then his shop, with its furniture; and when I have said that, I have nearly said all. You are just arrived in time, my son, to step into your father's shoes, and take up his business; and *Inshallah*, please God, may your hand be fortunate! may it never cease wagging, from one year's end to the other!"

"This is very strange!" exclaimed I, in my turn. "Fifty years, and more, hard and unceasing toil! and nothing to show for it! This is incredible! We must call in the diviners."

"The diviners?" said my mother, in some agitation; "of what use can they be? They are only called in when a thief is to be discovered. You will not proclaim your mother a thief, Hajji, will you? Go, make inquiries of your friend, and your father's friend, the *âkhon* [schoolmaster]. He is acquainted with the whole of the concerns, and I am sure he will repeat what I have said."

"You do not speak amiss, mother," said I. "The âkhon probably does know what were my father's last wishes, for he appeared to be the principal director in his dying moments; and he may tell me, if money there was left, where it is to be found."

Accordingly I went straightway to seek the old man, whom I found seated precisely in the very same corner of the little parish mosque, surrounded by his scholars, in which some twenty years before I myself had received his instructions. As soon as he saw me he dismissed his scholars, saying that my footsteps were fortunate, and that others, as well as himself, should partake of the pleasure which I was sure to dispense wherever I went.

"Ahi, âkhon," said I, "do not laugh at my beard. My good fortune has entirely forsaken me; and even now, when I had hoped that my destiny, in depriving me of my father, had made up the loss by giving me wealth, I am likely to be disappointed, and to turn out a greater beggar than ever."

"*Allah kerim*, God is merciful," said the schoolmaster; and lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst he placed his hands on his knees, with their palms uppermost, he exclaimed, "Oh, Allah, whatever is, thou art it." Then addressing himself to me, he said, "Yes, my son, such is the world, and such will it ever be, as long as man shuts not up his heart from all human desires. Want nothing, seek nothing, and nothing will seek you."

"How long have you been a Sûfi," said I, "that you talk after this manner? I can speak on that subject also, since my evil star led me to Kom, but now I am engrossed with other matters." I then informed him of the object of my visit, and requested him to tell me what he knew of my father's concerns.

Upon this question he coughed, and, making up a face of great wisdom, went through a long string of oaths and professions, and finished by repeating what I had heard from my mother; namely, that he believed my father to have died possessed of no (*nagd*) ready cash (for that, after all, was the immediate object of my search); and what his other property was, he reminded me that I knew as well as himself.

I remained mute for some time with disappointment, and then expressed my surprise in strong terms. My father, I was aware, was too good a Mussulman to have lent out his money upon interest; for I recollected a circumstance, when

I was quite a youth, which proved it. Osman Aga, my first master, wanting to borrow a sum from him, for which he offered an enormous interest, my father put his conscience into the hands of a rigid mollah, who told him that the precepts of the Koran entirely forbade it. Whether since that time he had relaxed his principles, I could not say; but I was assured that he always set his face against the unlawful practice of taking interest, and that he died as he had lived, a perfect model of a true believer.

I left the mosque in no very agreeable mood, and took my way to the spot where I had made my first appearance in life, — namely, my father's shop, — turning over in my mind as I went what steps I should take to secure a future livelihood. To remain at Ispahan was out of the question — the place and the inhabitants were odious to me; — therefore, it was only left me to dispose of everything that was now my own, and to return to the capital, which, after all, I knew to be the best market for an adventurer like myself. However, I could not relinquish the thought that my father had died possessed of some ready money, and suspicions would haunt my mind, in spite of me, that foul play was going on somewhere or other. I was at a loss to whom to address myself, unknown as I was in the city, and I was thinking of making my case known to the cadi, when, approaching the gate of the caravanserai, I was accosted by the old capiji. "Peace be unto you, Aga!" said he; "may you live many years, and may your abundance increase! My eyes are enlightened by seeing you."

"Are your spirits so well wound up, Ali Mohamed," said I, in return, "that you choose to treat me thus? As for the abundance you talk of, 'tis abundance of grief, for I have none other that I know of. Och!" said I, sighing, "my liver has become water, and my soul has withered up."

"What news is this?" said the old man. "Your father (peace be unto him!) is just dead — you are his heir — you are young, and, *Mashallah!* you are handsome — your wit is not deficient: — what do you want more?"

"I am his heir, 'tis true; but what of that — what advantage can accrue to me, when I only get an old mud-built house, with some worn-out carpets, some pots and pans, and decayed furniture, and yonder shop with a brass basin and a dozen of razors? — Let me spit upon such an inheritance."

"But where is your money, your ready cash, Hajji? Your father (God be with him!) had the reputation of being as great

a niggard of his money as he was liberal of his soap. Everybody knows that he amassed much, and never passed a day without adding to his store."

"That may be true," said I; "but what advantage will that be to me, since I cannot find where it was deposited? My mother says that he had none — the âkhon repeats the same — I am no conjurer to discover the truth. I had it in my mind to go to the cadi."

"To the cadi?" said Ali Mohamed. "Heaven forbid! Go not to him — you might as well knock at the gate of this caravanserai, when I am absent, as try to get justice from him, without a heavy fee. No, he sells it by the miscal, at a heavy price, and very light weight does he give after all. He does not turn over one leaf of the Koran until his fingers have been well plated with gold, and if those who have appropriated your father's sacks are to be your opponents, do not you think that they will drain them into the cadi's lap, rather than he should pronounce in your favor?"

"What then is to be done?" said I. "Perhaps the diviners might give me some help."

"There will be no harm in that," answered the doorkeeper. "I have known them make great discoveries during my service in this caravanserai. Merchants have frequently lost their money, and found it again through their means. It was only in the attack of the Turcomans, when much property was stolen, that they were completely at their wits' end. Ah! that was a strange event. It brought much misery on my head; for some were wicked enough to say that I was their accomplice, and, what is more extraordinary, that you were amongst them, Hajji! — for it was on account of your name, which the dog's son made use of to induce me to open the gate, that the whole mischief was produced."

Lucky was it for me that old Ali Mohamed was very dull of sight, or else he would have remarked strange alterations in my features when he made these observations. However, our conference ended by his promising to send me the most expert diviner of Ispahan; "a man," said he, "who would entice a piece of gold out of the earth, if buried twenty gez deep, or even if it was hid in the celebrated well of Kashan."

The next morning, soon after the first prayers, a little man came into my room, whom I soon discovered to be the diviner.

He was a humpback, with an immense head, with eyes so wonderfully brilliant, and a countenance so intelligent, that I felt he could look through and through me at one glance. He wore a dervish's cap, from under which flowed a profusion of jet-black hair, which, added to a thick bush of a beard, gave an imposing expression to his features. His eyes, which by a quick action of his eyelid (whether real or affected, I know not) twinkled like stars, made the monster, who was not taller than a good bludgeon, look like a little demon.

He began by questioning me very narrowly; made me relate every circumstance of my life — particularly since my return to Ispahan — inquired who were my father's greatest apparent friends and associates, and what my own suspicions led me to conclude. In short, he searched into every particular, with the same scrutiny that a doctor would in tracing and unraveling an intricate disorder.

When he had well pondered over everything that I had unfolded, he then required to be shown the premises which my father principally inhabited. My mother having gone that morning to the bath, I was enabled, unknown to her, to take him into her apartments, where he requested me to leave him to himself, in order that he might obtain a knowledge of the localities necessary to the discoveries which he hoped to make. He remained there a full quarter of an hour, and when he came out requested me to collect those who were in my father's intimacy, and in the habit of much frequenting the house, and that he would return, they being assembled, and begin his operations.

Without saying a word to my mother about the diviner, I requested her to invite her most intimate friends for the following morning, it being my intention to give them a breakfast; and I myself begged the attendance of the âkhon, the capiji, my father's nephew by his first wife, and a brother of my mother, with others who had free entrance into the house.

They came punctually; and when they had partaken of such fare as I could place before them, they were informed of the predicament in which I stood, and that I had requested their attendance to be witnesses to the endeavors of the diviner to discover where my father was wont to keep his money, of the existence of which, somewhere or other, nobody who knew him could doubt. I looked into each man's face as I made this speech, hoping to remark some expression which might

throw a light upon my suspicions, but everybody seemed ready to help my investigation, and maintained the most unequivocal innocence of countenance.

At length the dervish, Teez Negah (for that was the name of the conjurer), was introduced, accompanied by an attendant who carried something wrapt up in a handkerchief. Having ordered the women in the anderûn to keep themselves veiled, because they would probably soon be visited by men, I requested the dervish to begin his operations.

He first looked at every one present with great earnestness, but more particularly fixed his basilisk eyes upon the âkhon, who evidently could not stand the scrutiny, but exclaimed "*Allah il Allah!*" — there is but one God, — stroked down his face and beard, and blew first over one shoulder and then over the other, by way of keeping off the evil spirit. Some merriment was raised at his expense; but he did not appear to be in a humor to meet any one's jokes.

After this, the dervish called to his attendant, who from the handkerchief drew forth a brass cup of a plain surface, but written all over with quotations from the Koran, having reference to the crime of stealing, and defrauding the orphan of his lawful property. He was a man of few words, and simply saying, "In the name of Allah, the All-wise, and All-seeing," he placed the cup on the floor, treating it with much reverence, both in touch and in manner.

He then said to the lookers-on, "*Inshallah*, it will lead us at once to the spot where the money of the deceased Kerbelai Hassan (may God show him mercy!) is, or was, deposited."

We all looked at each other, some with expressions of incredulity, others with unfeigned belief, when he bent himself towards the cup, and with little shoves and pats of his hand he impelled it forwards, exclaiming all the time, "See, see, the road it takes. Nothing can stop it. It will go, in spite of me. *Mashallah, Mashallah!*"

We followed him, until he reached the door of the harem, where we knocked for admittance. After some negotiation it was opened, and there we found a crowd of women (many of whom had only loosely thrown on their veils) waiting with much impatience to witness the feats which this wonderful cup was to perform.

"Make way," said the diviner to the women who stood in his path, as he took his direction towards a corner of the

court, upon which the windows of the room opened — "Make way; nothing can stop my guide."

A woman, whom I recognized to be my mother, stopped his progress several times, until he was obliged to admonish her, with some bitterness, to keep clear of him.

"Do not you see," said he, "we are on the Lord's business? Justice will be done in spite of the wickedness of man."

At length he reached a distant corner, where it was plain that the earth had been recently disturbed, and there he stopped.

"*Bismillah*, in the name of Allah," said he, "let all present stand around me, and mark what I do." He dug into the ground with his dagger, clawed the soil away with his hands, and discovered a place in which were the remains of an earthen vessel, and the marks near it of there having been another.

"Here," said he, "here the money was, but is no more." Then taking up his cup, he appeared to caress it, and make much of it, calling it his little uncle and his little soul.

Every one stared. All cried out, "*ajaib*," wonderful; and the little humpback was looked upon as a supernatural being.

The capiji, who was accustomed to such discoveries, was the only one who had the readiness to say, "But where is the thief? You have shown us where the game lay, but we want you to catch it for us: — the thief and the money, or the money without the thief — that is what we want."

"Softly, my friend," said the dervish to the capiji, "don't jump so soon from the crime to the criminal. We have a medicine for every disorder, although it may take some time to work."

He then cast his eyes upon the company present, twinkling them all the while in quick flashes, and said, "I am sure every one here will be happy to be clear of suspicion, and will agree to what I shall propose. The operation is simple and soon over."

"*Elbettah*," certainly; "*Belli*," yes; "*Een che har est?*" what word is this? was heard to issue from every mouth, and I requested the dervish to proceed.

He called again to his servant, who produced a small bag, whilst he again took the cup under his charge.

"This bag," said the diviner, "contains some old rice. I will put a small handful of it into each person's mouth, which they will forthwith chew. Let those who cannot break it beware, for Eblis is near at hand."

Upon this, placing us in a row, he filled each person's

mouth with rice, and all immediately began to masticate. Being the complainant, of course I was exempt from the ordeal; and my mother, who chose to make common cause with me, also stood out of the ranks. The quick-sighted dervish would not allow of this, but made her undergo the trial with the rest, saying, "The property we seek is not yours, but your son's. Had he been your husband, it would be another thing." She agreed to his request, though with bad grace, and then all the jaws were set to wagging, some looking upon it as a good joke, others thinking it a hard trial to the nerves. As fast as each person had ground his mouthful, he called to the dervish, and showed the contents of his mouth.

All had now proved their innocence excepting the âkhon and my mother. The former, whose face exhibited the picture of an affected cheerfulness with great nervous apprehension, kept mumbling his rice, and turning it over between his jaws, until he cried out in a querulous tone, "Why do you give me this stuff to chew? I am old, and have no teeth: — it is impossible for me to reduce the grain;" and then he spit it out. My mother, too, complained of her want of power to break the hard rice, and did the same thing. A silence ensued, which made us all look with more attention than usual upon them, and it was only broken by a timeserver of my mother, an old woman, who cried out, "What child's play is this? Who has ever heard of a son treating his mother with this disrespect, and his old schoolmaster, too? Shame, shame! — let us go — he is probably the thief himself."

Upon this the dervish said, "Are we fools and asses, to be dealt with in this manner? — either there was money in that corner, or there was not — either there are thieves in the world, or there are not. This man and this woman," pointing to the âkhon and my mother, "have not done that which all the rest have done. Perhaps they say the truth, they are old, and cannot break the hard grain. Nobody says that they stole the money — they themselves know that best," said he, looking at them through and through; "but the famous diviner, Hezarfun, he who was truly called the bosom friend to the Great Bear, and the confidant of the planet Saturn, — he who could tell all that a man has ever thought, thinks, or will think, — he hath said that the trial by rice among cowards was the best of all tests of a man's honesty. Now, my friends, from all I have remarked, none of you are slayers of lions,

and fear is easily produced among you. However, if you doubt my skill in this instance, I will propose a still easier trial, — one which commits nobody, which works like a charm upon the mind, and makes the thief come forward of his own accord, to ease his conscience and purse of its ill-gotten wealth, at one and the same time. I propose the *Hak reezî*, or the heaping up earth. Here in this corner I will make a mound, and will pray so fervently this very night, that, by the blessing of Allah, the Hajji," pointing to me, "will find his money buried in it to-morrow at this hour. Whoever is curious, let them be present, and if something be not discovered, I will give him a miscal of hair from my beard."

He then set to work, and heaped up earth in a corner, whilst the lookers-on loitered about, discussing what they had just seen; some examining me and the dervish as children of the evil spirit, whilst others again began to think as much of my mother and the schoolmaster. The company then dispersed, most of them promising to return the following morning, at the appointed time, to witness the search into the heap of earth.

I must own that I began now to look upon the restoration of my property as hopeless. The diviner's skill had certainly discovered that money had been buried in my father's house, and he had succeeded in raising ugly suspicions in my mind against two persons whom I felt it to be a sin to suspect; but I doubted whether he could do more.

However, he appeared again on the following morning, accompanied by the capiji, and by several of those who had been present at the former scene. The âkhon, however, did not appear, and my mother was also absent, upon pretext of being obliged to visit a sick friend. We proceeded in a body to the mound, and the dervish having made a holy invocation, he approached it with a sort of mysterious respect.

"Now we shall see," said he, "whether the Gins and the Peris have been at work this night;" and, exclaiming "*Bismillah!*" he dug into the earth with his dagger.

Having thrown off some of the soil, a large stone appeared, and having disengaged that, to the astonishment of all, and to my extreme delight, a canvas bag, well filled, was discovered.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my heart!" exclaimed the humpback, as he seized upon the bag, "you see that the dervish Teez

Negah is not a man to lose a hair of his beard. There, there," said he, putting it into my hand, "there is your property: go, and give thanks that you have fallen into my hands, and do not forget my *hak sai*, or my commission."

Everybody crowded round me, whilst I broke open the wax that was affixed to the mouth of the bag, upon which I recognized the impression of my father's seal; and eagerness was marked on all their faces as I untied the twine with which it was fastened. My countenance dropped woefully when I found that it contained only silver, for I had made up my mind to see gold. Five hundred reals was the sum of which I became the possessor; out of which I counted fifty, and presented them to the ingenious discoverer of them. "There," said I, "may your house prosper! If I were rich I would give you more: and although this is evidently but a small part of what my father (God be with him!) must have accumulated, still, again I say, may your house prosper, and many sincere thanks to you."

The dervish was satisfied with my treatment of him, and took his leave, and I was soon after left by the rest of the company — the capiji alone remaining. "Famous business we have made of it this morning," said he. "Did I not say that these diviners performed wonders?"

"Yes," said I, "yes, it is wonderful, for I never thought his operations would have come to anything."

Impelled by a spirit of cupidity, now that I had seen money glistening before me, I began to complain that I had received so little, and again expressed to Ali Mohamed my wish of bringing the case before the cadi; "for," said I, "if I am entitled to these five hundred reals, I am entitled to all my father left; and you will acknowledge that this must be but a very small part of his savings."

"Friend," said he, "listen to the words of an old man. Keep what you have got, and be content. In going before the cadi, the first thing you will have to do will be to give of your certain, to get at that most cursed of all property, the uncertain. Be assured that, after having drained you of your four hundred and fifty reals, and having got five hundred from your opponents, you will have the satisfaction to hear him tell you both to 'go in peace, and do not trouble the city with your disputes.' Have not you lived long enough in the world to have learnt this common saying — 'Every one's teeth are blunted by acids, except the cadi's, which are by sweets?' The cadi who

takes five cucumbers as a bribe will admit any evidence for ten beds of melons."

After some deliberation, I determined to take the advice of the capiji; for it was plain that, if I intended to prosecute any one, it could only be my mother and the âkhon; and to do that, I should raise such a host of enemies, and give rise to such unheard-of scandal, that perhaps I should only get stoned by the populace for my pains.

THE UNDERTAKER.

BY A. S. PUSHKIN.

(Translated by S. S. Skidelsky.)

[ALEXANDER SERGEJEVICH PUSHKIN: A Russian poet; born at Moscow, May 26, 1799; died at St. Petersburg, January 29, 1837. He was educated at the Lyceum of Tzarskoe Selo, and entered the service of the government, but his sharp and fearless attacks on various public men and institutions brought about his dismissal. He was sent to southern Russia in 1820, and thence, in 1824, to his estate near Pskov. His poems are as remarkable for their force and realism as for their beauty and elegance of form. They include: "Ruslan and Liudmila" (1820); "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" (1822); "Fountain of Bakhchiserai" (1826); "Tzigani" (1827); "Evgeny Onyegin" (1828); "Poltava" (1829); "Boris Godunov," a tragedy; "A History of the Revolt of Pugachev" (1834); and many others.]

THE enlightened reader doubtless remembers that both Shakespeare and Walter Scott portray their gravediggers as cheerful and humorous creatures. With due deference to the truth, we cannot emulate their example, and must confess that the disposition of our undertaker fully harmonizes with his somber trade.

Adrian Prokhorof was of a stern, thoughtful, and pensive temperament, and if he ever broke his silence it was only upon the most urgent occasions, such, for example, as reprimanding his daughters if he found them sitting idly at the window and gazing at the passers-by, or asking a threefold price for his coffins of those who were so unfortunate (and at times, perhaps, so fortunate) as to be in need of such articles.

Many and varied were the thoughts upon which Prokhorof's mind dwelt this evening while finishing his seventh cup of tea. He thought of the last funeral, during that memorable rain storm, which had caused so much damage to his hearse, robes, hats, etc. He anticipated unavoidable expenses, for his undertaking supplies in general were in a very poor state indeed. Of course, he entertained great hopes with regard to the wealthy Mrs. Truchina, who for nearly a year had been hovering between life and death.

But Truchina was slow in taking her departure — a circumstance which had caused him no little anxiety. Besides, he entertained some fears lest her heirs should engage another undertaker, notwithstanding their faithful promise to award the job of burying their mother to him. Sadder and sadder grew Prokhorof as he advanced to his tenth cup of tea, but a knock at the door soon brought his thoughts and reflections to a standstill.

"Come in!" uttered the undertaker. A man who at a glance could be taken to be a German tradesman made his appearance and with a most happy smile upon his face approached the undertaker.

"I beg your pardon, kind neighbor," he began in broken Russian — "beg pardon for disturbing your peace. . . . It is my wish to make your acquaintance. I am a shoemaker by trade and my name is Gottlieb Schultz. I live across the street in that little house, which faces your windows. I am celebrating my silver wedding to-morrow and we shall be greatly honored to have you and your daughters to dinner with us."

This invitation was courteously accepted. Precisely at noon on the following day the undertaker, accompanied by his daughters, started toward Schultz's residence.

The shoemaker's little house was crowded to its utmost capacity, mostly with German mechanics, their wives and apprentices.

Of the Russian officials there was only one present — an old policeman, Urko, who, notwithstanding his humble name and station in life, was well trained in the art of predisposing people of influence in his favor. He was very popular and was well known to all the German residents in the Nikitski district, and no social affair among them ever took place without his presence.

Adrian Prokhorof became charmed with Urko almost at first

sight. "A man like Urko," he thought to himself, "is well worth becoming acquainted with" — and when dinner was announced he managed to take his seat at the table next to Urko's.

Both Schultz and his wife, as well as their seventeen-year-old daughter, Lotchen, took great pains about the dinner, and everything was provided in abundance. Although Urko disposed of a quantity sufficient to feed four men, Adrian Prokhorof was not far behind in keeping pace with him; both did justice to the dinner. The conversation in German grew more and more noisy.

Suddenly the host demanded attention. Extracting a cork from a bottle and filling his glass, he uttered in broken Russian: "I drink to the health of my dear Louise." He then tenderly embraced his forty-five-year-old spouse and imprinted a loud kiss upon her healthy and rosy cheek. The guests followed his example, all draining their glasses to the good health of the "dear Louise."

"Here, I drink to the health of my noble friends," exclaimed the host, opening another bottle. The guests, thanking him for his courtesy, emptied their glasses for the second time. And here a general health drinking began in rapid succession. They drank to the health of every individual present as well as to the health of all as a body; to the health of the city of Moscow as well as to the health of a dozen German colonies within and around the city of Moscow; to the health of all mechanics and tradesmen as a body, as well as to the health of each known member individually; to the health of the "boss" mechanics and to the health of their apprentices.

Prokhorof drank glass after glass, becoming quite lively and proposing some sort of a humorous toast himself. His example was followed by a stout baker, who, seizing a glass full of wine, arose from his seat and proposed a toast to *Unserer Kundleute* (our customers). The last toast, not unlike all the former ones, was responded to heartily and unanimously. A general exchange of compliments now took place — the tailor bowing to the shoemaker, the shoemaker bowing to the tailor, and the baker bowing to both the shoemaker and the tailor. While the bowing was thus going on, Urko arose and turning to his neighbor exclaimed: "See here, my friend, ain't you going to propose a toast to the health of your buried patrons?" This joke made the audience roar with laughter, but the undertaker,

finding himself insulted, assumed a very somber face. No one, however, paid any attention to him, and the health drinking, as well as the drinking for its own sake, kept up till an early hour in the morning. At last the guests started to depart. The stout baker and the bookbinder, whose face looked as though it was bound in red leather, escorted Urko arm in arm to his budka.

The undertaker came home very drunk and quite angry. "What made those fools laugh, anyhow? Is not my business as honorable as any of theirs? Ah," he argued to himself aloud, "do they mean to compare an undertaker with a hangman? You just wait! . . . I intended to invite them to my house to give them a dinner, . . . but never now! . . . I will invite my customers, this I will do — my dead, Christian customers."

"What makes you talk such nonsense, master?" remarked the servant girl, who was busying herself about pulling off his boots. "What are you talking about? Cross yourself and go to bed. The idea of inviting the dead to a dinner! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, now, that's straight. As true as my name is Adrian, I will call them all, and to-morrow sure! Come all, my kind-hearted dead friends, and partake of my hospitality! All of you! . . ."

After these last words he fell on his bed and was soon sound asleep.

Mrs. Truchina took her departure at last. A messenger was dispatched to summon Prokhorof at once. Prokhorof was quite pleased with this call; he even tipped the messenger with a ten-kopeck silver coin for the good tidings. He then dressed himself, took a *drosky*, and hurried off to Mrs. Truchina's house. At the gates he met a number of police officers, merchants, relations — the whole crowd resembling a flock of ravens scenting a dead body. The corpse, yellow and disfigured, was put upon the table. Friends, relations, and the domestics came crowding around it. The windows and shutters were closed, candles were lit, and the priest read the appropriate prayers. Adrian approached Mrs. Truchina's son, a young merchant attired in fashionable clothes, and informed him that everything for the funeral was ready and in the best of order. The young heir thanked him for his pains, remarking that under the circum-

stances he would not enter into any negotiations as to the price for his services, etc.; that he would leave the matter to him and that he would trust to his, Prokhorof's, conscience. As usual, the undertaker assured him that he would not overcharge for his services, and, after exchanging a significant glance with one of the managers of Truchina's estate, who happened to be present, he left to make the necessary preparations for the funeral. It was a very busy day for Prokhorof, and he was glad when evening came and his work was over.

The night was bright and starry. As the undertaker approached his house some one opened his gate and entered the yard. "Who might it be?" he thought to himself. "Who else should want me at this hour? Maybe a thief or perhaps some lover calls to see my stupid little girls. Such things are to be expected nowadays." He thought of calling to his assistance his friend Urko, but at this moment another person approached the gate and intended to enter it, but upon seeing the frightened undertaker, he stopped and removed his white cap. His face seemed familiar to Prokhorof, though his attempt to recognize him and call him by his name was fruitless.

"You came to honor me with your visit," uttered Prokhorof, in a breathless tone — "step right in, please."

"You need not stand on ceremony with us," answered the stranger, bluntly; "go ahead and show your visitors the way." The little gate was thrown open. Prokhorof and his visitor entered the yard. "Go ahead and lead the way to your reception room," commanded the stranger. Prokhorof obeyed in silence and was soon climbing the flight of stairs leading to the second story. It seemed to him that his rooms were full of strangers. "What in the d—— does all this mean?" he thought to himself as he hastened to enter his sitting room. "Is it possible?" but he could think no longer; he trembled like an aspen leaf and it seemed as if he were nailed to the spot he stood upon. His room was full of ghosts. Their ghastly faces, sunken mouths, their turbid and half-open eyes, were fearful to behold. Prokhorof recognized with terror all his patrons; the stranger who followed him was the retired army officer whom he had buried during the recent memorable rain storm. Prokhorof was soon surrounded by a number of gentlemen and ladies — all bowing and complimenting him in various ways. One individual, however, kept aloof from the audience. He seemed to be ashamed of his garb, which was poor and shabby-looking.

It was the one who had been recently buried at the expense of the community. All the others were attired in the finest of cloth, silks and satins, the noblemen wearing their uniforms and the merchants their Sunday *Kaftans*.

"Don't you know, Prokhorof," began the retired officer of the army, in behalf of the audience, "we have accepted your invitation, and we have come to partake of your hospitality. Except those who were utterly unable to move, who fell apart, whose flesh and skin is stripped off their bones, except those, I say, you see all your patrons here. And even from among those unfortunate, one individual could not decline your tempting invitation and came to see you." At this moment a little skeleton pushed himself through the crowd and approached Prokhorof. His clothes were in shreds and his feet, or mere bones, produced a loud rattle in his long top boots.

"Don't you know me, Prokhorof?" asked the skeleton. "Cannot you recollect the ex-sergeant of the guard, Peter Petrovitch Kurilkin, the very man to whom in 1799 you sold your first coffin? Don't you remember that pine coffin, which you kindly substituted for the oak one, after the bargain was made and closed?" Here the skeleton offered his bony embrace. Prokhorof uttered a shriek of terror and felled him to the ground. A general uproar filled the room. All were ready to fight for the honor of their comrade. Poor Prokhorof was surrounded on all sides with threats of revenge. Squeezed and almost deafened by the tumult, he fell upon the bones of the ex-sergeant of the guard and became unconscious.

The sun had already long risen and cast his rays upon Prokhorof's bed. He opened his eyes. The servant girl was in the room, busying herself about the samovar. The events of last night inspired his mind with terror. He expected to hear from the servant girl about the result of last night's occurrence.

"You slept pretty well," remarked Akulina, handing him his *chalat* (smoking jacket). "Our neighbor, the tailor, was here to invite you to a birthday feast, but we thought we had better not disturb you from your sleep."

"Has anybody been here from Mrs. Truchina?"

"Why, is she dead?"

"What a stupid girl you are! Where is your memory? Have not you yourself helped me to get ready for her funeral?"

"Are you out of your mind, master, or are you still drunk?

What funeral are you talking about? You spent all day yesterday with the Germans, came home dead drunk, went to bed, and slept to this very hour."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the undertaker, with a sigh of relief.

"Certainly," replied Akulina.

"Well, if such is the case, call the girls and let us have some breakfast."

AN INVOLUNTARY IMPOSTOR.

By NIKOLAI V. GOGOL.

(From "The Inspector General": translated by Arthur A. Sykes.)

[NIKOLAI VASSILIEVITCH GOGOL: A Russian novelist; born at Sorochintzy in the government of Poltava, March 31, 1809; died at Moscow, March 4, 1852. He was called the "father of modern Russian journalism." His works include: "Evenings on a Farm" (2 series, 1831 and 1834); "The Inspector," a play (1836); "Dead Souls," his greatest work (1837); "Marriage," a play; "How the Two Ivans Quarreled"; "Taras Bulba," an historical novel; and many others.]

[Khlestakóf, a clerk, is mistaken by the local authorities for the "revizór" or inspector general.]

The POLICE OFFICERS *throw both folding doors open.* KHLESTAKÓF *enters; after him the* GOVERNOR, *then the* CHARITY COMMISSIONER, *the* DIRECTOR OF SCHOOLS, *and* BOBCHÍNSKI *with plaster on his nose. The* GOVERNOR *points out a piece of paper lying on the floor to the* POLICE OFFICERS, *who rush breathlessly to pick it up, and butt against each other.*

Khlestakóf—Splendid institutions! I'm charmed with the way you have of showing strangers all that's to be seen in your town! In other places they showed me nothing.

Governor—In *other* towns, I venture to suggest, the authorities and officials care most for their own advancement; but *here*, one may say, there is no other thought than how to win the recognition of the Government by good order and vigilance.

Khlestakóf—That lunch was excellent; I've quite overeaten myself. D'you then have a spread like that every day?

Governor—No; it was in honor of such an acceptable guest!

Khlestakóf — I'm fond of my dinner! What does one live for but to pluck the flowers of pleasure? What was that fish called?

Charity Commissioner [*stepping forward*] — *Labardán* [cod-fish], sir!

Khlestakóf — It was exquisite! Where was it we lunched? In the infirmary, wasn't it?

Charity Commissioner — Precisely so, sir; in the hospital.

Khlestakóf — I remember, I remember — there were beds there. But have the sick got well? There were not many of them, it seemed.

Charity Commissioner — Ten or so remain, not more; the rest have all recovered. The place is so well organized — there's such good discipline. It may seem incredible to you, perhaps, but ever since I've undertaken the management they all get well like flies. [Instead of "die like flies."] The patient no sooner gets into the sick ward than he's well again. It's not so much done by the doctoring as by honesty and regularity.

Governor — And I venture to point out what a head-splitting business is the office of a Town Governor! How many multifarious matters are referred to him, concerning the cleanness of the town and repairs and alterations alone! In a word, the most competent of men might get into hopeless difficulties. God be thanked though, everything progresses favorably here! Any *other* governor, to be sure, would look after his own profit; but believe me that when I lie down to rest my sole prayer is: "O Lord my God, grant that Government may see my zeal and be satisfied!" They may, or may not, reward me — that is as they please, of course — but, at any rate, my conscience is clear. When there is order throughout the town, when the streets are swept clean, and the prisoners are well kept and locked up, when the number of drunkards is small — what more do I want? Ah, I long for no honors! They are, without doubt, alluring, but to the upright all dust and vanity!

Charity Commissioner [*aside*] — Ah, the villain, how he can spout! It's a gift of Heaven!

Khlestakóf — Quite true. I don't mind saying I also like to declaim now and then; sometimes it's in prose, and sometimes I throw off verses.

Bobchínski [*to* DOBCHÍNSKI] — How well, how very well that was put, Pyotr Ivánovich! Such an observation — shows he's studied the liberal arts!

Khlestakóf — By the way, could you tell me if you have any amusements here, any places where you could get a game of *cards*, for instance?

Governor [*aside*] — Oho, my young friend, *I* know who you mean *that* for! [*Aloud*] God forbid! We've never even heard of such a thing as a card club here! I've not dealt a card in my life; I don't even know how cards are played. I can't bear to *look* at 'em — if ever I happen to see a king of diamonds or such like, I'm so overcome with disgust that I just have to spit to relieve myself. It *did* once happen that, to please the children, I built a house of cards, but I had a nightmare of the cursed things the night after! Lord forgive 'em — how *can* people waste precious time over card playing?

Lukâ [*aside*] — But, the rascal, he rooked me to the tune of a hundred roubles at faro yesterday!

Governor — No, I think it better to employ my time for the Empire's benefit!

Khlestakóf — Well, I don't quite agree with you, though. It all depends how you look at it. As long as you stop, say, after losing three quarters of your cash, it's all right. No, don't say that cards are not good fun, now and then!

Enter ANNA ANDRÉYEVNA *and* MÁRYA ANTÓNOVNA.

Governor — May I take the liberty of introducing my family: my wife and daughter!

Khlestakóf [*bowing to each*] — How fortunate I am, madam, in being permitted the pleasure of meeting you!

Anna — It is far more agreeable to *us* to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a personage!

Khlestakóf [*with an air of gallantry*] — Pardon me, *Sudárînya*, it is quite the contrary; the pleasure is on *my* side!

Anna — Impossible, sir — you allow yourself to say that by way of compliment! I beg of you to take a seat.

Khlestakóf — To *stand* near you is happiness enough; still, if you insist on it, I will sit. How favored I am, to sit at length by your side!

Anna — Pardon me, but I cannot dare to take that as meant sincerely. You have found the journey very disagreeable, I should think, after life in the capital?

Khlestakóf — Excessively so! After being used, *comprenez vous*, to living in society — to find myself all at once on my

travels — with dirty inns, in the depths of uncivilization! If it were not, I must say, for circumstances which [*looks meaningly at* ANNA, *showing off*] — which recompense me for all the ——

Anna — Really, how unpleasant it must have been for you!

Khlestakóf — I find it quite the reverse, though, madam, at the present moment!

Anna — Oh, how can you say so, sir! You do me much honor. I do not deserve it!

Khlestakóf — Why *not*, indeed? *Sudárînya*, you *do* deserve it!

Anna — Oh, I live only in the country.

Khlestakóf — Ah, but the country, all the same, has its charming hills and rivulets. To be sure, who could compare it to St. Petersburg? Ah, Petersburg — what a life it is, indeed! I dare say you think I am only a copying clerk; on the contrary, I'm on the most friendly terms with the chief of our department. He slaps me on the back and says, "Come and dine, my boy!" I only look in at my office for a couple of minutes or so, just to say, "This is to be done *so*, and that *so*." There's a rat of a clerk there, who scribbles away — tr — tr! for dear life. They wanted even to make me a "College Assessor." I can guess pretty well why. And the porter flies after me on the stairs with the blacking brush: "Allow me, Iván Alexándrovich," says he, "to clean your boots for you!" [*To the* GOVERNOR] But why do you *stand*, gentlemen? Pray be seated!

Together.
Governor — Our rank is not high enough; we must stand!
Chief Commissioner — Oh, we had rather remain standing.
Luká — Don't allow yourself to bother about *us!*

Khlestakóf — No ceremony! I entreat you to take seats! [*The* GOVERNOR *and the rest sit down.*] I do not care to stand on my dignity; on the contrary, I always try to slip away unobserved! But it's impossible to hide one's self. Quite impossible! No matter where I go, they cry at once: "There goes Iván Alexándrovich!" Once they even took me for the Commander in Chief; the soldiers rushed out of the guardhouse and saluted. An officer, whom I knew very well, said to me afterwards: "Hullo, my boy, we completely mistook you for the Commander in Chief!"

Anna — You don't say so!

Khlestakóf — I know nearly all the pretty actresses, and compose all sorts of vaudevilles. I frequently see literary men; I'm on a very friendly footing with Púshkin — often say to him: "Well, how de do, Púshkin, my boy!" "So-so, old man," he'd reply. "Things might be better." A regular original, is Púshkin!

Anna — So you *write* too? How delightful it must be to be an author! And do you really write for the papers?

Khlestakóf — Yes, I write for the papers too. Besides that, there are a good many of my productions, such as "Figaro's Wedding," "Robert the Devil," "Norma" — I really forget some of their names. It all happened by chance. I didn't intend to write, but a theater manager said, "*Do* turn me off something, old man." I consider a bit: "You may as well, brother!" And so I knocked it off in one evening, I dare say. I have a marvelous flow of ideas, you know. All that came out under the name of "Baron Brambeus," and "The Frigate of Hope," and the *Moscow Telegraph* — all that was *my* composition!

Anna — Is it possible; and so you were really "Brambeus"?

Khlestakóf — Of course, and I correct all their verses. Smirdin gives me forty thousand for that.

Anna — And, I dare say, "Yúri Miloslávski" was composed by you.

Khlestakóf — Yes, that's by me.

Anna — I thought so at once.

Márya — But, mamma dear, it says on the title-page that Zagoskin was the author.

Anna — There! of course: I *knew* you would want to argue!

Khlestakóf — Ah, so it was; that's true, that particular work *was* by Zagoskin; but there's another "Yúri Miloslávski," and that was written by *me*.

Anna — Ah, to be sure! I read yours. How beautifully it is written!

Khlestakóf — I must admit, I live by my pen. My house is the first in Petersburg; it's well known there as "Iván Alexándrovich's." [*Addresses the company generally.*] Do me the favor, if any of you are ever in Petersburg, to pay me a visit — I beg, I beg of you! I give balls too, you know.

Anna — I can fancy with what good taste and magnificence the balls are given!

Khlestakóf—It's a simple affair, not worth talking about! On the table, for instance, is a watermelon that costs seven hundred roubles. The soup comes straight from Paris by steamer in the tureen: there's nothing in the world to be compared with its flavor! I go to a ball every day. We have our whist club there too: the Foreign Minister, the French Ambassador, the German Ambassador, and myself. We regularly kill ourselves over cards; there's nothing to be seen like it! How I rush home, and clamber up four flights of stairs, and just have strength to say to the cook, "Here, Mavrúsha, take my greatcoat!" What do I say? I was forgetting that I live on the first floor. —Why, the staircase alone cost me I don't know how much. And it's a curious sight to see my antechamber: counts and princes jostling and humming there like bees; all you can hear is *buzz, buzz, buzz!* Once there was a Minister [*the* GOVERNOR *and the rest start from their chairs in alarm*]. They even write "Your Excellency" on their letters to me. On one occasion I took charge of a Department. It was a funny story: the Director went off somewhere—nobody knew where. So, naturally, people began to ask how was his place to be taken? who was to fill it? Any number of generals coveted the post and tried it, but they soon gave the thing up—too difficult for 'em! It looked easy enough, but, on closer inspection, it proved a devil of a business! There was nothing to be done, but come to *me*. In a twinkling the streets were choke-full of couriers, couriers after couriers. Just picture to yourselves thirty-five thousand couriers! How's that for a situation, I ask you? "Iván Alexándrovich, come and direct the Department!" I own I was a little taken aback. I went out in my dressing gown and wanted to refuse, but, thinks I, it'll get to the Emperor's ears, and it wouldn't look well on my record of service either—so, "All right," I say, "I'll undertake the job, I'll undertake it! So be it!" I say, "I'll take it; only remember, sharp's the word with me—*sharp's the word*, mind!" And so it *was;* I go through the Department like an earthquake; they all shake and tremble like an aspen leaf. [*The* GOVERNOR *and others quake with terror;* KHLESTAKÓF *proceeds with redoubled vehemence.*] Oh, it's no joke, I can tell you. I gave them all a jobation! Even the Council of the Empire is in awe of me. And why not, indeed? I'm such a— I don't spot any one in particular. I address them all generally, and say, "*I* know my power; *I* know my business!" I'm

everywhere — everywhere! I go to Court every day. Why, to-morrow, they're going to make me a Field Marsh——

[*Slips off his chair, and sprawls on the floor, but is respectfully helped up by the chinovniks.*

Governor [*approaches, trembling all over, and struggles to speak*] — But, your E—e—ex—— [*Gasps.*

Khlestakóf [*sharply*] — What's the matter?

Governor — Your E—e—ex——

Khlestakóf [*as before*] — I can't make out a word you say; it's all nonsense.

Governor — Yo—ur E—e—xlncy, excellency, won't you be pleased to rest a little? Here is a room, and all you require.

Khlestakóf — Bosh! Rest a little! Stay, I think I will! Your lunch, gentlemen, was excellent. I'm delighted, delighted! [*Theatrically.*] Labardán! Labardán!

[*Exit into the side room, followed by the* GOVERNOR.

Bobchínski — There, Pyótr Ivánovich, there's a man for you! That's what I call a *man!* Never have I been before in the presence of such a swell — I nearly died of fright! What's his rank, do you think, Dobchínski?

Dobchínski — I should think he's almost a general.

Bobchínski — Well, *I* think that a general wouldn't do for the sole of his boots! Or if he is a general, then he must be the very Generalissimo himself! Did you hear how he bullies the Council of State? Let's go quick, and tell Ammos Fyódorovich and Karóbkin. Good afternoon, Anna Andréyevna!

Dobchínski — Good afternoon, *Kúmushka!* [*Both go out.*

Charity Commissioner [*to* LUKÁ LUKÍCH] — It's a terrible anxiety, and one doesn't know who's the culprit. We're not in uniform either! As soon as he wakes he'll send a report about us to Petersburg! [*Exit dejectedly with the* SCHOOL INSPECTOR, *both saying to* ANNA:] Good-by, *Sudárînya!*

Governor [*entering on tiptoe*] — Sh — sh ——

Anna — What?

Governor — I'm vexed that he has drunk so much. Now, supposing *half* of what he said was true! [*Reflects.*] And why shouldn't it be so? When a man's tipsy he let's everything out: what's in his heart flies to his tongue. Of course he invented a little; but then no story is ever told without a

little ornamentation. So he plays whist with Ministers, and goes to Court. Upon my word, the more one thinks about it — the devil knows what to make of it — I feel as giddy as if I stood on the top of a steeple, or they were going to hang me.

Anna — *I* don't feel the slightest nervousness; I merely saw in him an educated, polished, well-bred young man; but I don't bother myself about his rank.

Governor — Oh, that's just like you *women!* That one word *woman* explains everything! You women only care about fiddle-faddle, and fire off remarks without rhyme or reason. *You* may be let off with a flogging, but *your husband* will never more be heard of. You treat this gentleman, my dear, as familiarly as if he was another Dobchínski.

Anna — I recommend you not to trouble about *that.* We shall see what we shall see.

[*Glances significantly at her daughter.*

Governor [*soliloquizing*] — Oh, it's no good talking to you! *What* a state of things this is! I haven't yet been able to recover from my fright. [*Opens the door and calls off:*] Mishka, call the police officers Svistunóv and Derzhimórda; they are somewhere about near the gate. [*After a short silence.*] It's a very queer world now. One *ought* to be able to recognize such people by their distinguished appearance; but *this* miserable stripling — how is one to know *who* he is? A military man reveals himself at once. When he puts on civilian dress he looks like a fly with its wings clipped. But then he obstinately remained at the inn, and just now gave vent to such allegories and ambiguities that it would take you an age to make head or tail of 'em. However, he has surrendered at last. Yes, and said a good deal more than he'd need to. It's pretty plain he's *quite* young! [*Exeunt.*

Khlestakóf [*coming out alone, with the look of a man who has overslept himself*] — I've had a proper snooze, it seems. Where did they get such mattresses and feather beds from? I regularly perspired. They must have plied me fairly well after lunch: my head aches yet. As far as I can see, I can pass the time here very comfortably. I like generosity and hospitality — all the more if I think they've not got a deep game to play. And the Governor's daughter's not at all bad; while her mother, well. No. I don't know but this sort of life just suits me to a T.

Judge [*enters and stops still, soliloquizing*] — Oh Lord! oh Lord! grant me success! How my knees knock together! [*Aloud, drawing himself up and steadying himself with his sword*] I have the honor to present myself: County Court Judge of this district and College Assessor Lyápkin-Tyápkin!

Khlestakóf — Pray take a seat! So you are the judge here?

Judge — I was elected judge for three years by the nobility and gentry in the year 1816, and have continued in the office ever since.

Khlestakóf — You find it profitable, I dare say, being a judge?

Judge — After three periods of the three years I was decorated with the Vladímir of the Fourth Class, with commendation from the Government. [*Aside*] This money is regularly burning a hole through my hand!

Khlestakóf — Well, I like the Vladímir; it's better than the Anna of the Third Class, at any rate.

Judge [*thrusting his clenched fist somewhat forward, aside*] — Oh, Lord God! I don't know *where* I'm sitting! I feel as if I was on hot burning coals!

Khlestakóf — What have you got in your hand there?

Judge [*loses his head, and drops the bank notes on the floor*] — No—othing, sir!

Khlestakóf — Nothing? How's that? Why, I see there's some money dropped!

Judge [*shaking all over*] — I—impos—sible, sir! [*Aside*] Oh, Lord, now *I'm* before the judge! They've brought the cart to take me to Siberia!

Khlestakóf [*picks the notes up*] — Yes, so it is; it's money!

Judge — Now, all is over! I'm lost! I'm lost!

Khlestakóf — I say, *lend* me this!

Judge [*eagerly*] — If you wish, sir, if you wish — with the greatest of pleasure! [*Aside*] Now, courage — courage! Aid me, Most Holy Mother!

Khlestakóf — I spent all my money on the road, you know, over one thing and another. However, as soon as I get home I'll return it you.

Judge — Don't mention it; it's quite unnecessary! The *honor* of lending it you is enough. Indeed, with my feeble powers, but with all zeal and loyalty to the Government — I shall endeavor to deserve — [*Rises and stands erect, hands down*

his sides.]. I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence. Will there be any injunction?

Khlestakóf — *Injunction* — what injunction?

Judge — I mean, will you not give any injunction to the judge of this district?

Khlestakóf — *Why* should I? I've no need for him at present; no, thank you — thanks very much!

Judge [*bowing and going out, aside*] — *Now* the town is ours!

Khlestakóf [*alone*] — H'm, the Judge is an excellent fellow!

Enter the POSTMASTER *in uniform, sword in hand.*

Postmaster — I have the honor to present myself: Postmaster and Court Councilor Shpyókin!

Khlestakóf — Ah, welcome! I'm very fond of agreeable company! Take a seat! And so you live here always?

Postmaster — Yes, sir, just so.

Khlestakóf — Well, I like this little town of yours. Cert'nly, there are not many people in it, but what of that? it's not the capital. That's true, isn't it — it's *not* the capital?

Postmaster — That's quite true, sir.

Khlestakóf — You see, it is only in the capital you get *bonton*, and no country bumpkins. That's your opinion, isn't it?

Postmaster — Exactly so, sir! [*Aside*] Well, he's not at all *haughty* — he talks about anything!

Khlestakóf — Still you admit you *can* live happily in a small town?

Postmaster — Precisely so, sir!

Khlestakóf — What does one want? In *my* opinion, all you want is that people should respect you, and sincerely like you — isn't that so?

Postmaster — Absolutely correct.

Khlestakóf — I must say I'm glad we are of the same mind. I dare say I'm called eccentric, but it's my nature. [*Catches the other's eye, and speaks sotto voce.*] I may as well borrow a trifle of this Postmaster too. [*Aloud*] A very odd thing has happened to me: I've spent my last coin on the way. Can you lend me three hundred roubles?

Postmaster — Of course! I shall count it a very great happiness. Here it is — take it, sir, please — delighted to oblige you!

Khlestakóf — Thanks, very much. You see, I've a mortal

hatred of stinting myself when I'm traveling — why should I? Ain't I right?

Postmaster — *Quite* right, sir! [*Rises and draws himself up, with his hand on his sword.*] I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence. Have you any observation to make with reference to the postal administration?

Khlestakóf — No, nothing!

[*The* POSTMASTER *bows and exit.*

Khlestakóf [*lighting a cigar*] — The Postmaster, it seems to me, is also a very good fellow — at least, he's ready to oblige; that's the sort of people I like.

Enter LUKÁ LUKÍCH, *unceremoniously propelled from behind. A voice in his rear is heard saying, almost aloud,* "Go on, what are you afraid of?"

Luká [*saluting nervously, with his hand on his sword*] — I have the honor to present myself: Director of Schools and Honorary Councilor Khlópof!

Khlestakóf — Ah, how d'ye do! Take a seat! take a seat! Won't you have a weed? [*Offers him one.*

Luká [*aside, irresolutely*] — Good gracious now! I never *thought* of that! Shall I take it or not?

Khlestakóf — Take it, take it; it's of an excellent brand. To be sure, it's not a Petersburg one. I used to smoke cigars *there*, my good sir, that cost twenty-five roubles the hundred. Ah! you'd lick your fingers after smoking *them!* Here's a match — light up! [*Gives him a match.* LUKÁ *tries to smoke, shaking all over.*] There, don't put *that* end in your mouth!

Luká [*throws the cigar down, spits, and gesticulates. Aside*] — Devil take it all; my cursed nervousness spoils everything!

Khlestakóf — I see you're not very fond of cigars, but I own they're one of *my* weaknesses. Not the only one, though — I'm rather susceptible to the charms of the fair sex too. What's *your* taste? Do you prefer *brunettes*, or *blondes?*

[LUKÁ *is completely dumfoundered.*

Khlestakóf — No, out with it! — *brunettes*, or *blondes!*

Luká — I daren't give an opinion.

Khlestakóf — No, no; don't get out of it *that* way. I particularly want to know your taste.

Luká — I will venture to say then — [*Aside*] *I* don't know what I'm saying — my head's in a whirl!

Khlestakóf — Aha! Aha! So you won't commit yourself! I'm sure you're smitten with some little *brunette* or other! Confess it now — you *are!* [LUKÁ *is speechless.*] Oho, you're blushing. Look, look! Why won't you speak?

Luká — I'm too shy, your nob — excell — enity! [*Aside*] Confound my tongue, it's done for me, done for me!

Khlestakóf — Too shy — eh? Well, there's a certain something in my look which inspires that feeling; at least I know that not a woman can resist it — can they?

Luká — Certainly not, sir!

Khlestakóf — Now, there's a very funny thing happened to me: I've spent all I possess in coming here. You couldn't lend me three hundred roubles, could you?

Luká [*aside, grabbing at his purse*] — What a case, if I haven't got them! — Ah, I have, I have!

[*Takes some notes out, and hands them, trembling, to* KHLESTAKÓF.

Khlestakóf — I'm deeply indebted to you!

Luká — I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence!

Khlestakóf — Good-by, then!

Luká [*disappears hastily, remarking, aside*] — There! thank Heaven! perhaps he won't visit the schools now!

Enter the CHARITY COMMISSIONER, ARTÉMI PHILÍPPOVICH. *He draws himself up like the others, in a military attitude of respectful attention, with his hand on his sword.*

Charity Commissioner — I have the honor to present myself: Charity Commissioner and Court Councilor Zemlyaníka.

Khlestakóf — How do you do? Won't you take a seat?

Charity Commissioner — I had the honor of receiving and personally conducting you through the charitable institutions committed to my charge.

Khlestakóf — Ah, so you did, I remember. You gave me an excellent luncheon.

Charity Commissioner — I am glad to labor in the service of my Fatherland.

Khlestakóf — It's my weakness — I confess it — I'm fond of good cookery. But it seems as if you weren't so tall and erect yesterday, were you?

Charity Commissioner — It's very possible. [*After a short silence.*] I can only say that I spare no effort to perform my duty zealously. [*Draws his chair a little closer, and speaks in a*

lower tone.] There's this Postmaster here does absolutely nothing. Everything is in the greatest state of neglect: letters and packages are kept back — pray investigate the matter yourself. The Judge too, who was here just before me, does nothing but hunt hares, and keeps his dogs in the County Court buildings; while his general conduct, if I *must* unburden my mind to you — certainly it's for my country's good that I have to do it, though he's my friend and connection — well, his conduct is most deplorable. There's a certain proprietor here, Dobchínski by name — you have deigned to meet him — and as soon as ever Dobchínski goes away anywhere, his wife and the Judge are having a *tête-à-tête.* I am ready to swear to it — and the *children*, down to the youngest little girl, have a very strong likeness to the Judge ——

Khlestakóf — Well, I declare! I never should have thought it!

Charity Commissioner — Then there's the Director of Schools. I can't think *how* the Government could have appointed him. He's worse than a Jacobin, and he poisons the minds of the young generation with revolutionary doctrines that simply baffle description. Hadn't I better put all this down on paper?

Khlestakóf — Do, by all means; I shall be very glad to have it! I like to read something amusing when I'm bored. By the way, what is your name? I keep forgetting!

Charity Commissioner — Zemlyaníka.

Khlestakóf — Ah, of course — Zemlyaníka. And tell me, please, have you any children?

Charity Commissioner — To be sure I have, sir, five of 'em; two are now grown up.

Khlestakóf — You don't say so; grown up! And now — what are their ——

Charity Commissioner — I understand, you are pleased to ask what their names are?

Khlestakóf — Yes, what are their names?

Charity Commissioner — Nikolaí, Iván, Yelizavéta, Márya, and Perepetúya.

Khlestakóf — Good, good!

Charity Commissioner — As I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence, or take up the time which you consecrate to the performance of your duties ——

[*Bows and prepares to leave.*

Khlestakóf [*accompanying him out*] — Oh, don't mention it! All you told me is very amusing. It's a great treat to me. [*Turns back, and reopens the door, calling after him:*] Hi, there! what are your — I quite forget your Christian and paternal names!

Charity Commissioner — Artémi Philíppovich.

Khlestakóf — Oh, I beg your pardon, Artémi Philíppovich, but an odd thing has happened to me — I've cleaned myself out coming here. You haven't got four hundred roubles to lend me?

Charity Commissioner — Yes, I have. [*Gives it.*

Khlestakóf — Well, that *is* lucky! I thank you most sincerely!

Enter the GOVERNOR, *breathlessly, and* ANNA ANDRÉYEVNA *and* MÁRYA ANTÓNOVNA.

Governor — I will never do so again, your Excellency! Don't ruin me — don't ruin me!

Khlestakóf — Why, what's the matter?

Governor — The merchants have been here, complaining to your Excellency. I swear, on my honor, not half of what they say is true. They cheat and rob the people themselves. The sergeant's wife lied when she told you I flogged her — it's false, *yéi Bóhu*, it's false. Why, *she flogged herself!*

Khlestakóf — The sergeant's wife may go to the devil — I'm not going to bother about *her!*

Governor — Don't believe 'em — don't believe 'em! they're such liars — not a *child* will trust 'em even! The whole town knows they're liars, and as for cheating, I'll go so far as to say the world has never bred such a gang!

Anna — But do you know the honor Iván Alexándrovich has conferred on us? He has asked for our daughter's hand!

Governor — What? what? You're *mad, mátushka.* Don't be offended, your Excellency; but she's a little wrong in the head sometimes — she takes after her mother.

Khlestakóf — But I do really ask for her hand! I'm deeply in love!

Governor — I can't believe it, your Excellency ——

Anna — Not when he *tells* you so?

Khlestakóf — I'm not joking — I'm madly in love with her!

Governor — I daren't believe it; I'm not worthy of such an honor!

Khlestakóf — If you refuse me Márya Antónovna's hand, the devil knows what I'm not ready for!

Governor — I *can't* believe you — you are pleased to be jesting, Excellency!

Anna — Oh, what a *blockhead* you are, to be sure! How many times are you to be told?

Governor — No, no — it's incredible!

Khlestakóf — Give me your consent, give me your consent! I'm a desperate man — capable of anything! If I blow my brains out, *you* will be held responsible.

Governor — Oh, my God! I am innocent, body and soul! Don't take offense, I beg! Please do what your honor thinks fit! My head's in such a whirl now — I can't realize what's going on. I've become a regular tom fool — such as I never was before!

Anna — There now, give them your blessing!

[KHLESTAKÓF *and* MÁRYA *approach him.*

Governor — May the Lord bless you — but I am innocent of it! [KHLESTAKÓF *kisses* MÁRYA. *The* GOVERNOR *stares at them, and at last realizes that it is not all a plot.*] *What?* what the devil! They're really — [*Rubs his eyes.*] *So* they are, they're kissing each other; they actually *are* — just as if they were engaged! Aha! Oho! What a stroke of luck! *Well*, I'm blest!!

Enter OSIP.

Osip — The horses are ready!

Khlestakóf — All right — I'll come directly!

Governor — Why! Are you going away?

Khlestakóf — Yes, I'm starting.

Governor — But just when — that is to say — you condescended to hint at a marriage, I thought!

Khlestakóf — I have to leave, though, at a minute's notice, but I'm only going for a day to see my uncle — he's a wealthy old boy — and I'll be back again to-morrow!

Governor — We won't venture to detain you then — we'll only hope for your safe return!

Khlestakóf — Thanks, thanks; I'll come back directly! [*To* MÁRYA] Good-by, my love! — No, I can't bear to say it! Farewell, darling. [*Kisses her hand.*

Governor — Will you want anything for your journey? You were good enough, I think, to say you were short of funds?

Khlestakóf — Oh, no, it doesn't matter. [*Reflects a little.*] Well — all the same — since you *are* so kind ——

Governor — How much do you want?

Khlestakóf — Well, you know, you have lent me two hundred — that's to say, it wasn't *two* hundred, but *four* — I don't want to profit by your mistake — so, if you like to lend me as much again, that will make it a round sum, just eight hundred.

Governor — You shall have it at once! [*Takes the notes out of his purse.*] There, as if on purpose, there's some brand-new notes!

Khlestakóf — Ah, so they are! [*Takes the notes and examines them.*] That's fine! They say new bank notes mean good luck, don't they?

Governor — So they do, sir; exactly so!

Khlestakóf — Well, good-by, Antón Antónovich! I'm deeply grateful to you for your hospitality — I've never been so well treated as here. Good-by, Anna Andréyevna! Farewell, Márya Antónovna, my darling!

[*They go off, and their voices are heard behind the scenes.*

Khlestakóf — Farewell, Márya Antónovna, angel of my soul!

Governor — Oh, how's this? you're going to ride in a post carriage?

Khlestakóf — Yes, it's a way I have. Springs give me a headache.

Driver — Tprr. — Whoa then!

Governor — Have something then laid there; a rug, say. Won't you let me tell them to get you one?

Khlestakóf — Oh no, why? it's needless — still, if you like, let's have the rug!

Governor — Here, Avdótya, run to the cupboard and get out the very best rug, the Persian one with the blue ground — make haste!

Driver — Tprrr ——

Governor — How long are we to wait for your return?

Khlestakóf — Oh, to-morrow, or the day after!

Osip — Ah, is that the rug? let's have it here — lay it *so!* And now put some hay this side!

Driver — Whoa then, whoa ——

Osip — Here, on this side! this way! more — that's right! that'll do famous! [*Pats the rug with his hand.*] Now you can take your seat, your honor!

Khlestakóf — Good-by, Antón Antónovich!
Governor — Good-by, your Excellency!
Women's Voices — Good-by, Iván Alexándrovich!
Khlestakóf — Good-by, *mámenka!*
Driver — Gee-up, my beauties!

[*Bell tinkles; the curtain falls.*

Enter the JUDGE, CHARITY COMMISSIONER, GOVERNOR, DOBCHÍNSKI, BOBCHÍNSKI, *and* LUKÁ LUKÍCH.

Judge — Who was it then who first gave out he was the Revizór? Answer me!

Charity Commissioner [*shrugging his shoulders*] — It all happened in such a way that I wouldn't tell you, if you were to kill me. Our wits were befogged — it was the devil's doing!

Judge — Who started the idea? Why, there they are — those enterprising young bucks!

[*Points to* DOBCHÍNSKI *and* BOBCHÍNSKI.

Bobchínski — I swear it wasn't *me!* I never thought ——

Dobchínski — I hadn't the *least* idea ——

Charity Commissioner — Undoubtedly it was *you!*

Luká — Why, certainly it was; they ran like mad from the inn with the news — "He's here, he's come, he pays no money!" A *fine* bird you discovered!

Governor — Of course, it was *you* — you gossiping busybodies, you damnable liars!

Charity Commissioner — I wish you had gone to the devil with your revizór and your stories!

Governor — All you do is to run about the town and meddle with everybody, you confounded chatterboxes, you tittle-tattling scandal mongers, you short-tailed jackdaws!

Judge — You confounded bunglers!

Luká — You dirty nightcaps!

Charity Commissioner — You pot-bellied drivelers!

[*All crowd up to them threateningly.*

Bobchínski — *Yéi Bóhu*, it wasn't *me*, it was Dobchínski!

Dobchínski — No, Peter Ivánovich, you certainly were the first to ——

Bobchínski — No, I did *not* — *you* began it.

Enter a Gendarme.

Gendarme — The Inspector General sent by Imperial com-

mand has arrived, and requests your attendance at once. He awaits you in the inn.

[*They are thunderstruck at this announcement. The ladies utter simultaneous ejaculations of amazement; the whole group suddenly shift their positions and remain as if petrified.*

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

By CHARLES LAMB.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

FROM "TOM CRINGLE'S LOG."

By MICHAEL SCOTT.

[Michael Scott: A Scotch author; born at Glasgow in 1789; died in 1835. After studying in the University of Glasgow, he lived in Jamaica 1806–1822, then returned to Scotland and established himself in business. He is the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the Midge," which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine.*]

This day was the first of the Negro Carnival or Christmas Holidays, and at the distance of two miles from Kingston the sound of the negro drums and horns, the barbarous music and yelling of the different African tribes, and the more mellow singing of the Set Girls, came off upon the breeze loud and strong.

When we got nearer, the wharfs and different streets, as we successively opened them, were crowded with blackamoors, men, women, and children, dancing and singing and shouting, and all rigged out in their best. When we landed on the agents' wharf we were immediately surrounded by a group of these merrymakers, which happened to be the Butchers' John Canoe party, and a curious exhibition it unquestionably was. The prominent character was, as usual, the John Canoe or Jack Pudding. He was a light, active, clean-made young Creole negro, without shoes or stockings; he wore a pair of light jean smallclothes, all too wide, but confined at the knees, below and above, by bands of red tape, after the manner that Malvolio would have called cross-gartering. He wore a splendid blue velvet waistcoat, with old-fashioned flaps coming down over his hips, and covered with tarnished embroidery. His shirt was absent on leave, I suppose, but at the wrists of his coat he had tin or white iron frills, with loose pieces attached, which tinkled as he moved, and set off the dingy paws that were stuck through these strange manacles, like black wax tapers in silver candlesticks. His coat was an old blue artillery uniform one, with a small bell hung to the extreme points of the swallow-tailed skirts, and three tarnished epaulets; one on each shoulder, and, O ye immortal gods! O Mars armipotent! the biggest of the three stuck at his rump, the *point d'appui* for a sheep's tail. He had an enormous cocked hat on, to which was appended in front a white false-face or mask, of a most

Methodistical expression, while, Janus-like, there was another face behind, of the most quizzical description, a sort of living Antithesis, both being garnished and overtopped with one coarse wig, made of the hair of bullocks' tails, on which the *chapeau* was strapped down with a broad band of gold lace.

He skipped up to us with a white wand in one hand and a dirty handkerchief in the other, and with sundry moppings and mowings, first wiping my shoes with his *mouchoir*, then my face (murder, what a flavor of salt fish and onions it had!), he made a smart enough pirouette, and then sprung on the back of a nondescript animal, that now advanced capering and jumping about after the most grotesque fashion that can be imagined. This was the signal for the music to begin. The performers were two gigantic men, dressed in calfskins entire, head, four legs, and tail. The skin of the head was made to fit like a hood, the two fore feet hung dangling down in front, one over each shoulder, while the other two legs, or hind feet, and the tail trailed behind on the ground; deuce another article had they on in the shape of clothing except a handkerchief, of some flaming pattern, tied round the waist. There were also two flute players in sheepskins, looking still more outlandish from the horns on the animals' heads being preserved, and three stout fellows, who were dressed in the common white frock and trousers, who kept sounding on bullocks' horns. These formed the band, as it were, and might be considered John's immediate tail or following; but he was also accompanied by about fifty of the butcher negroes, all neatly dressed — blue jackets, white shirts, and Osnaburgh trousers, with their steels and knife cases by their sides, as bright as Turkish yataghans, and they all wore clean blue and white striped aprons. I could see and tell what *they* were; but the thing John Canoe had perched himself upon I could make nothing of. At length I began to comprehend the device.

The Magnus Apollo of the party, the poet and chief musician, the nondescript already mentioned, was no less than the boatswain of the butcher gang, answering to the driver in an agricultural one. He was clothed in an entire bullock's hide, horns, tail, and the other particulars, the whole of the skull being retained; and the effect of the voice growling through the jaws of the beast was most startling. His legs were enveloped in the skin of the hind legs, while the arms were cased in that of the fore, the hands protruding a little above

the hoofs; and, as he walked reared up on his hind legs, he used, in order to support the load of the John Canoe who had perched on his shoulders, like a monkey on a dancing bear, a strong stick, or sprit, with a crutch top to it, which he leant his breast on every now and then.

After the creature, which I will call the *Device* for shortness, had capered with its extra load, as if it had been a feather, for a minute or two, it came to a standstill, and, sticking the end of the sprit into the ground, and tucking the crutch of it under its chin, it motioned to one of the attendants, who thereupon handed, of all things in the world, a *fiddle to the ox.* He then shook off the John Canoe, who began to caper about as before, while the *Device* set up a deuced good pipe, and sung and played, barbarously enough, I will admit, to the tune of "Guinea Corn," the following ditty: —

"Massa Buccra lob for see
Bullock caper like monkee —
Dance, and shump, and poke him toe,
Like one humane person — just so."

And hereupon the tail of the beast, some fifty strong, music men, John Canoe and all, began to rampage about, as if they had been possessed by a devil whose name was Legion: —

"But Massa Buccra have white love,
Soft and silken like one dove.
To brown girl — him barely shivel —
To black girl — oh, Lord, de Devil!"

Then a tremendous gallopading, in the which Tailtackle was nearly capsized over the wharf. He looked quietly over the edge of it.

"Boatkeeper, hand me up that switch of a stretcher." (Friend, if thou be'st not nautical, thou knowest what a *rack pin*, something of the stoutest, is.)

The boy did so, and Tailtackle, after moistening well his dexter claw with tobacco juice, seized the stick with his left by the middle, and balancing it for a second or two, he began to fasten the end of it into his right fist, as if he had been screwing a bolt into a socket. Having satisfied himself that his grip was secure, he let go the hold with his left hand, and crossed his arms on his breast, with the weapon projecting over his left shoulder, like the drone of a bagpipe.

The *Device* continued his chant, giving the seaman a wide berth, however —

> "But when him once two tree year here,
> Him tink white lady wery great boder;
> De colored peoples, never fear,
> Ah, him lob him de morest nor any oder."

Then another tumblification of the whole party.

> "But top — one time bad fever catch him,
> Colored peoples kindly watch him —
> In sick room, nurse voice like music —
> From him hand taste sweet de physic."

Another trampoline.

> "So alway come — in two tree year,
> And so wid you, massa — never fear
> Brown girl for cook — for wife — for nurse —
> Buccra lady — poo — no wort a curse."

"Get away, you scandalous scoundrel," cried I; "away with you, sir!"

Here the morris dancers began to circle round old Tail-tackle, keeping him on the move, spinning round like a weathercock in a whirlwind, while they shouted, "Oh, massa, one *macaroni*, if you please." To get quit of their importunity, Captain Transom gave them one. "Ah, good massa, tank you, sweet massa!" And away danced John Canoe and his tail, careering up the street.

In the same way all the other crafts and trades had their Gumbi-men, Hornblowers, John Canoes, and Nondescript. The Gardeners came nearest of anything I had seen before to the May-day boys in London, with this advantage, that their Jack-in-the-Green was incomparably more beautiful, from the superior bloom of the larger flowers used in composing it.

The very workhouse people, whose province it is to guard the negro culprits who may be committed to it, and to inflict punishment on them, when required, had their John Canoe and *Device;* and their prime jest seemed to be every now and then to throw the fellow down who enacted the latter at the corner of a street, and to administer a sound flogging to him. The John Canoe, who was the workhouse driver, was dressed

up in a lawyer's cast-off gown and bands, black silk breeches, no stockings nor shoes, but with sandals of bullock's hide strapped on his great splay feet, a small cocked hat on his head, to which were appended a large cauliflower wig, and the usual white false-face, bearing a very laughable resemblance to Chief Justice S——, with whom I happened to be personally acquainted.

The whole party which accompanied these two worthies, musicians and tail, were dressed out so as to give a tolerable resemblance of the Bar broke loose, and they were all pretty considerably well drunk. As we passed along, the *Device* was once more laid down, and we could notice a shield of tough hide strapped over the fellow's stern frame, so as to save the lashes of the cat, which John Canoe was administering with all his force, while the *Device* walloped about and yelled, as if he had been receiving the punishment on his naked flesh. Presently, as he rolled over and over in the sand, bellowing to the life, I noticed the leather shield slip upwards to the small of his back, leaving the lower story uncovered in reality; but the driver and his tail were too drunk to observe this, and the former continued to lay on and laugh, while one of his people stood by in all the gravity of drunkenness, counting, as a first lieutenant does, when a poor fellow is polishing at the gangway, — "Twenty — twenty-one — twenty-two" — and so on, while the patient roared out, an' it were anything but a nightingale. At length he broke away from the men who held him, after receiving a most sufficient flogging, to revenge which he immediately fastened on the John Canoe, wrenched his cat from him, and employed it so scientifically on him and his followers, giving them passing taps on the shins now and then with the handle, by way of spice to the dose, that the whole crew pulled foot as if Old Nick had held them in chase.

The very children, urchins of five and six years old, had their Liliputian John Canoes and *Devices*. But the beautiful part of the exhibition was the Set Girls. They danced along the streets, in bands of from fifteen to thirty. There were brown sets, and black sets, and sets of all the intermediate gradations of color. Each set was dressed pin for pin alike, and carried umbrellas or parasols of the same color and size, held over their nice showy, well-put-on *toques*, or Madras handkerchiefs, all of the same pattern, tied round their heads, fresh out of the fold. — They sang, as they swam along the streets,

in the most luxurious attitudes. I had never seen more beautiful creatures than there were amongst the brown sets — clear olive complexions, and fine faces, elegant carriages, splendid figures, — full, plump, and magnificent.

Most of the Sets were as much of a size as Lord ——'s *eighteen* daughters, sailing down Regent Street, like a Charity School of a Sunday, led by a rum-looking old beadle — others again had large Roman matron-looking women in the leading files, the *figurantes* in their tails becoming slighter and smaller, as they tapered away, until they ended in *leetle picaniny, no bigger as my tumb*, but always preserving the uniformity of dress, and color of the umbrella or parasol. Sometimes the breeze, on opening a corner, would strike the sternmost of a *set* composed in this manner of small fry, and stagger the little things, getting beneath their tiny umbrellas, and fairly blowing them out of the line, and ruffling their ribbons and finery, as if they had been tulips bending and shaking their leaves before it. But the *colors* were never blended in the same set — no blackie ever interloped with the browns, nor did the browns in any case mix with the sables — always keeping in mind — black *woman* — brown *lady*.

But, as if the whole city had been tomfooling, a loud burst of military music was now heard, and the north end of the street we were ascending, which leads out of the *Place d'Armes* or parade, that occupies the center of the town, was filled with a cloud of dust, that rose as high as the house tops, through which the head of a column of troops sparkled, swords, and bayonets, and gay uniforms glancing in the sun. This was the Kingston regiment marching down to the Courthouse in the lower part of the town, to mount the Christmas guards, which is always carefully attended to, in case any of the John Canoes should take a small fancy to burn or pillage the town, or to rise and cut the throats of their masters, or any little innocent recreation of the kind, out of compliment to Dr. Lushington, or Messrs. Macaulay and Babington.

First came a tolerably good band, a little too drummy, but still not amiss — well-dressed, only the performers being of all colors, from white down to jet black, had a curious hodgepodge or piebald appearance. Then came a dozen mounted officers at the very least — colonels in chief, and colonels, and lieutenant colonels, and majors — all very fine, and very bad horsemen. Then the grenadier company, composed of white clerks of the

place, very fine-looking young men indeed — another white company followed, not quite so smart-looking — then came a century of the children of Israel, not over military in appearance — the days of Joshua, the son of Nun, had passed away, the glory had long departed from their house, — a phalanx of light browns succeeded, then a company of dark browns, or mulattoes; the regular half-and-half in this, as well as in grog, is the best mixture after all — then quashie himself, or a company of free blacks, who, with the browns, seemed the best soldiers of the set, excepting the flank companies — and after blackie the battalion again gradually whitened away, until it ended in a very fine light company of buccras, smart young fellows as need be — all the officers were white, and all the soldiers, whatever their caste or color, free of course. Another battalion succeeded, composed in the same way, and really I was agreeably surprised to find the indigenous force of the colony so efficient. I had never seen anything more soldierlike amongst our volunteers at home. Presently a halt was called, and a mounted officer, evidently desirous of showing off, galloped up to where we were standing, and began to swear at the drivers of a wagon, with a long team of sixteen bullocks, who had placed their vehicle, whether intentionally or not I could not tell, directly across the street, where being met by another wagon of the same kind, coming through the opposite lane, a regular jam had taken place, as they had contrived, being redolent of new rum, to lock their wheels, and twist their lines of bullocks together, in much-admired confusion.

"Out of the way, sir, out of the way, you black rascals — don't you see the regiment coming?"

The men spanked their long whips, and shouted to the steers by name — "Back, back — Cæsar — Antony — Crab, back, sir, back;" and they whistled loud and long, but Cæsar and the rest only became more and more involved.

"Order arms," roared another officer, fairly beaten by the bullocks and wagons — "Stand at ease."

On this last signal, a whole cloud of spruce-beer sellers started fiercely from under the piazzas.

"An insurrection of the slave population, mayhap," thought I; but their object was a very peaceable one, for presently, I verily believe, every man and officer in the regiment had a tumbler of this, to me, most delicious beverage at his head — the drawing of the corks was more like street firing than any-

thing else — a regular *feu de joie*. In the mean time, a council of war seemed to be holden by the mounted officers, as to how the obstacle in front was to be overcome; but at this moment confusion became worse confounded, by the approach of what I concluded to be the white man's John Canoe party, mounted by way of preëminence. First came a trumpeter John Canoe with a *black* face, which was all in rule, as his black counterparts wore *white* ones; but his *Device*, a curious little old man, dressed in a sort of blue uniform, and mounted on the skeleton, or ghost, of a gig horse, I could make nothing of. It carried a drawn sword in its hand, with which it made various flourishes, at each one of which I trembled for its Rosinante's ears. The *Device* was followed by about fifty other odd-looking creatures, all on horseback; but they had no more *seat* than so many pairs of tongs, which in truth they greatly resembled, and made no show, and less fun. So we were wishing them out of the way, when some one whispered that the Kingston Light Horse mustered strong this morning. I found afterwards that every man who kept a good horse, or could ride, invariably served in the foot — all free persons must join some corps or other; so that the *troop*, as it was called, was composed exclusively of those who could not ride, and who kept no saddle horses.

The line was now formed, and after a variety of cumbrous maneuvers out of Dundas, sixteen at the least, the regiment was countermarched, and filed along another street, where they gave three cheers, in honor of their having had a drink of spruce, and of having circumvented the bullocks and wagons. A little farther on we encountered four beautiful nine-pounder fieldpieces, each lumbering along, drawn by half a dozen mules, and accompanied by three or four negroes, but with no escort whatsoever.

"I say, quashie, where are the bombardiers, the artillerymen?"

"Oh, massa, dem all gone to drink pruce ——"

"What, more spruce! — spruce — nothing but spruce!" quoth I.

"Oh yes, massa — after dem drink pruce done, dem all go to him breakfast, massa — left we for take de gun to de barrack — beg one *feepenny*, massa" — as the price of the information, I suppose.

"Are the guns loaded?" said I.

"Me no sabe, massa — top, I shall see." And the fellow to

whom I addressed myself stepped forward, and began to squint into the muzzle of one of the fieldpieces, slewing his head from side to side, with absurd gravity, like a magpie peeping into a marrowbone. "Him most be load — no daylight come troo de touchhole — take care — make me try him." And without more ado he shook out the red embers from his pipe right on the touchhole of the gun, when the fragment of a broken tube spun up in a small jet of flame, that made me start and jump back.

"How dare you, you scoundrel?" said the captain.

"Eigh, massa, him no hax me to see if him be load — so I was try see. Indeed, I tink him *is* load after all yet."

He stepped forward, and entered his rammer into the cannon, after an unavailing attempt to blow with his blubber lips through the touchhole.

Noticing that it did not produce the ringing sound it would have done in an empty gun, but went home with a soft *thud*, I sung out, "Stand clear, sir. By Jupiter, the gun *is* loaded."

The negro continued to *bash* at it with all his might.

Meanwhile, the fellow who was driving the mules attached to the fieldpiece, turned his head, and saw what was going on. In a trice he snatched up another rammer, and without any warning, came crack over the fellow's cranium to whom we had been speaking, as hard as he could draw, making the instrument quiver again.

"Dem you, ye, ye Jericho — ah so you *bash* my brokefast — eh? You no see me tick him into de gun before we yoke de mule, dem, eh? — You tief you, eh?"

"No!" roared the other — "you Walkandnyam, you hab no brokefast, you liard — at least I never see him."

"Dem lie dat!" replied Walkandnyam — "look in de gun."

Jericho peered into it again.

"Dere, you son of a ——" (I shan't say what) — "dere, I see de red flannin wadding over de cartridge. Your brokefast! you be dem!" roared Jericho.

And he made at him as if he would have eaten him alive.

"You be dem youshef!" shrieked Walkandnyam — "and de red wadding be dem!" as he took a screw, and hooked out, not a cartridge certainly, but his own nightcap, full of yams and salt fish, smashed into a paste by Jericho's rammer.

In the frenzy of his rage, he dashed this into his opponent's face, and they both stripped in a second. Separating several

yards, they leveled their heads like two telescopes on stands, and ran *butt* at each other like ram goats, and quite as odoriferous, making the welkin ring again as their flint-hard skulls cracked together. Finding each other invulnerable in this direction, they closed, and began scrambling and biting and kicking, and tumbling over and over in the sand; while the skipper and I stood by cheering them on, and nearly suffocated with laughter. They never once struck with their closed fists, I noticed; so they were not much hurt. It was great cry and little wool; and at length they got tired, and hauled off by mutual consent, finishing off as usual with an appeal to us — "beg one feepenny, massa!"

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

(From "The Misfortunes of Elphin.")

Prince Rhûn being safe in schistous bastile, Taliesin commenced his journey to the court of King Arthur. On his way to Caer Lleon, he was received with all hospitality, entertained with all admiration, and dismissed with all honor, at the castles of several petty kings; and amongst the rest, at the castle of Dinas Vawr, on the Towy, which was then garrisoned by King Melvas, who had marched with a great force out of his own kingdom, on the eastern shores of the Severn, to levy contributions in the country to the westward, — where, as the pleasure of his company had been altogether unlooked for, he had got possession of a good portion of movable property. The castle of Dinas Vawr presenting itself to him as a convenient hold, he had taken it by storm, and having cut the throats of the former occupants, thrown their bodies into the Towy, and caused a mass to be sung for the good of their souls, he was now sitting over his bowl, with the comfort of a good conscience, enjoying the fruits of the skill and courage with which he had planned and accomplished his scheme of ways and means for the year.

The hall of Melvas was full of magnanimous heroes, who were celebrating their own exploits in sundry choruses; especially in that which follows, which is here put upon record as being the quintessence of all the war-songs that ever were writ-

ten, and the sum and substance of all the appetencies, tendencies, and consequences of military glory.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
  But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
  To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
  We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
  And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
  Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
  To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
  We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
  But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
  The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
  But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
  And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
  While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
  Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
  And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
  We glutted with our foemen:
The heroes and the cravens,
  The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
  And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
  And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
  His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
  And his overthrow, our chorus.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

By WILLIAM COBBETT.

[William Cobbett, political writer and agitator, was born in Surrey, England, 1762; a farmer's son, kept hard at work. He went to London as a copying clerk; shortly enlisted, and was in Nova Scotia with the regiment for eight years; returning in 1791, obtained a discharge, married, and in 1792 emigrated and settled in Philadelphia. Taking the Federalist side, he wrote lampoons under the name of "Peter Porcupine," which brought on him two prosecutions for libel. Returning to England in 1800, he founded his *Weekly Political Register* in 1802, and continued it till death. It began as a furious Tory organ, and gradually shifted to an equally furious radical one; his writing was always coarse and bitter, and allowed no decent motives to opponents, even if former friends. He earned and received three libel suits, the third landing him in Newgate for two years, with a fine of £1000. In 1817, fearing another term in Newgate, he once more came to America, remaining two years and sending his *Register* articles across. In 1829–1830 he lectured in England and Scotland in favor of the Reform Bill, and was regarded as a chief popular leader; and in 1832 became a member of the first Reformed Parliament. He died in 1835. His power is shown by the enormous literature of refutation his writings provoked; and his essential sincerity by the fact that in spite of his changes, venality is never charged against him. He wrote a still famous "English Grammar," "Rural Rides," "Cottage Economy," "Advice to Young Men and Women," a Parliamentary History, a History of the English Reformation (violently pro-Catholic), "History of the Regency and Reign of George IV." (with defense of Queen Caroline), Life of Jackson, and many other works.]

It is not the dangling about after a wife; it is not the loading her with baubles and trinkets; it is not the jaunting of her about from show to show, and from what is called pleasure to pleasure, — it is none of these that endears you to her; it is the adherence to that part of the promise you have made her: "With my *body* I thee *worship;*" that is to say, *respect* and *honor* by personal attention and acts of affection. And remember, that the greatest possible proof that you can give of real and solid affection is to give her your *time* when not wanted in matters of business; when not wanted for the discharge of some *duty*, either toward the public or toward private persons. Amongst duties of this sort, we must, of course, in some ranks and circumstances of life, include the intercourse amongst friends and neighbors, which may frequently and reasonably call the husband from his home; but what are we to think of the husband who is in the habit of leaving his own fireside, after the business of the day is over, and seeking promiscuous companions in the ale or the coffee house? I am told that in France it is rare to meet with a husband who does not spend every evening of his life in what is

called a *café;* that is to say, a place for no other purpose than that of gossiping, drinking, and gaming. And it is with great sorrow that I acknowledge that many English husbands indulge too much in a similar habit. Drinking clubs, smoking clubs, singing clubs, clubs of odd fellows, whist clubs, sotting clubs: these are inexcusable, they are censurable, they are at once foolish and wicked, even in single men; what must they be, then, in *husbands;* and how are they to answer, not only to their wives, but to their children, for this profligate abandonment of their homes; this breach of their solemn vow made to the former, this evil example to the latter?

Innumerable are the miseries that spring from this cause. The *expense* is, in the first place, very considerable. I much question whether, amongst tradesmen, a *shilling* a night pays the average score; and that, too, for that which is really *worth* nothing at all, and cannot, even by possibility, be attended with any one single advantage, however small. Fifteen pounds a year thus thrown away would amount, in the course of a tradesman's life, to a decent fortune for a child. Then there is the injury to *health* from these night adventures; there are the *quarrels;* there is the vicious habit of loose and filthy talk; there are the slanders and the backbitings; there are the admiration of contemptible wit, and there are the scoffings at all that is sober and serious.

And does the husband who thus abandons his wife and children imagine that she will not, in some degree at least, follow his example? If he do, he is very much deceived. If she imitate him even in drinking, he has no great reason to complain; and then the cost may be *two shillings* the night instead of one, equal in amount to the cost of all the bread wanted in the family, while the baker's bill is perhaps unpaid. Here are the slanderings, too, going on at home; for, while the husbands are assembled, it would be hard if the wives were not to do the same; and the very least that is to be expected is, that the *teapot* should keep pace with the porter pot or grog glass. Hence crowds of female acquaintances and intruders, and all the consequent and inevitable squabbles which form no small part of the torment of the life of man.

If you have *servants*, they know to a moment the time of your absence; and they regulate their proceedings accordingly. "Like master, like man," is an old and true proverb; and it is natural, if not just, that it should be thus; for it would be

unjust if the careless and neglectful sot were served as faithfully as the vigilant, attentive, and sober man. Late hours, cards, and dice are amongst the consequences of the master's absence; and why not, seeing that he is setting the example? Fire, candle, profligate visitants, expenses, losses, children ruined in habits and morals, and, in short, a train of evils hardly to be enumerated, arise from this most vicious habit of the master spending his leisure time from home. But beyond all the rest is the *ill treatment of the wife*. When left to ourselves we all seek the company that we *like best;* the company in which we *take the most delight:* and therefore every husband, be his state of life what it may, who spends his leisure time, or who, at least, is in the habit of doing it, in company other than that of his wife and family, tells her and them, as plainly by deeds as he could possibly do by words, that he *takes more delight in other company than in theirs*. Children repay this with *disregard* for their father; but to a wife of any sensibility it is either a dagger to her heart or an incitement to revenge, and revenge, too, of a species which a young woman will seldom be long in want of the means to gratify. In conclusion of these remarks respecting *absentee husbands* I would recommend all those who are prone to, or likely to fall into, the practice, to remember the words of Mrs. SULLEN, in the BEAUX STRATAGEM: "My husband," says she, addressing a footman whom she had taken as a paramour,[1] "comes reeling home at midnight, tumbles in beside me as a salmon flounces in a net, oversets the economy of my bed, belches the fumes of his drink in my face, and then twists himself round, leaving me half naked, and listening till morning to that tuneful nightingale, his nose." It is at least forty-three years since I read the BEAUX STRATAGEM, and I now quote from memory; but the passage has always occurred to me whenever I have seen a sottish husband; and though that species of revenge, for the taking of which the lady made this apology, was carrying the thing too far, yet I am ready to confess, that if I had to sit in judgment on her for taking even this revenge, my sentence would be very lenient; for what right has such a husband to expect *fidelity?* He has broken his vow, and by what rule of right has she to be bound to hers? She thought that she was marrying *a man;* and she finds that she was married to a beast. He has, indeed, committed no offense that *the*

[1] A slip of memory: she has no paramour, and is complaining to her sister.

law of the land can reach; but he has violated the vow by which he obtained possession of her person; and in the eye of justice the compact between them is dissolved.

The way to avoid the sad consequences of which I have been speaking is *to begin well:* many a man has become a sottish husband, and brought a family to ruin, without being sottishly *inclined*, and without *liking* the gossip of the ale or coffee house. It is by slow degrees that the mischief is done. He is first inveigled, and, in time, he really likes the thing; and, when arrived at that point, he is incurable. Let him resolve from the very first, *never to spend an hour from home*, unless business, or at least some necessary and rational purpose demand it. Where ought he to be, but with the person whom he himself hath chosen to be his partner for life, and the mother of his children? What *other company* ought he to deem so good and so fitting as this? With whom else can he so pleasantly spend his hours of leisure and relaxation? Besides, if he quit her to seek company more agreeable, is not she set at large by that act of his? What justice is there in confining her at home without any company at all, while he rambles forth in search of company more gay than he finds at home?

Let the young married man try the thing; let him resolve not to be seduced from his home; let him never go, in one single instance, unnecessarily from his own fireside. *Habit* is a powerful thing; and if he begin right, the pleasure that he will derive from it will induce him to continue right. This is not being "*tied to the apron strings*," which means quite another matter, as I shall show by and by. It is being at the husband's place, whether he have children or not. And is there any want of matter for conversation between a man and his wife? Why not talk of the daily occurrences to her, as well as to anybody else; and especially to a company of tippling and noisy men? If you excuse yourself by saying that you go *to read the newspaper*, I answer, *buy the newspaper*, if you must read it: the cost is not half of what you spend per day at the pothouse; and then you have it your own, and may read it at your leisure, and your wife can read it as well as yourself, if read it you must. And in short, what must that man be made of, who does not prefer sitting by his own fireside with his wife and children, reading to them, or hearing them read, to hearing the gabble and balderdash of a club or a pothouse company!

Men must frequently be from home at all hours of the day and night. Sailors, soldiers, merchants, all men out of the common track of labor, and even some in the very lowest walks are sometimes compelled by their affairs, or by circumstances, to be from their homes. But what I protest against is, the *habit* of spending *leisure* hours from home and near to it; and doing this without any necessity, and by *choice:* liking the next door, or any house in the same street, better than your own. When absent from *necessity*, there is no wound given to the heart of the wife; she concludes that you would be with her if you could, and that satisfies; she laments the absence, but submits to it without complaining. Yet, in these cases, her feelings ought to be consulted as much as possible; she ought to be fully apprised of the probable duration of the absence, and of the time of return; and if these be dependent on circumstances, those circumstances ought to be fully stated; for you have no right to keep her mind upon the rack, when you have it in your power to put it in a state of ease.

Now, if all young men knew how much value women set upon this species of fidelity, there would be fewer unhappy couples than there are. If men have appointments with *lords*, they never dream of breaking them; and I can assure them that wives are as sensitive in this respect as lords. I had seen many instances of conjugal unhappiness arising out of that carelessness which left wives in a state of uncertainty as to the movements of their husbands; and I took care, from the very outset, to guard against it. For no man has a right to sport with the feelings of any innocent person whatever, and particularly with those of one who has committed her happiness to his hands. The truth is, that men in general look upon women as having no feelings different from their own; and they know that they themselves would regard such disappointments as nothing. But this is a great mistake: women feel more acutely than men; their love is more ardent, more pure, more lasting, and they are more frank and sincere in utterance of their feelings. They ought to be treated with due consideration had for all their amiable qualities and all their weaknesses, and nothing by which their minds are affected ought to be deemed a *trifle*.

When we consider what a young woman gives up on her wedding day: she makes a surrender, an absolute surrender, of her liberty, for the joint lives of the parties; she gives the husband the absolute right of causing her to live in what place,

and in what manner and what society, he pleases; she gives him the power to take from her, and to use, for his own purposes, all her goods, unless reserved by some legal instrument; and, above all, she surrenders to him *her person.* Then, when we consider the pains which they endure for us, and the large share of all the anxious parental cares that fall to their lot; when we consider their devotion to us, and how unshaken their affection remains in our ailments, even though the most tedious and disgusting; when we consider the offices that they perform, and cheerfully perform, for us, when, were we left to one another, we should perish from neglect; when we consider their devotion to their children, how evidently they love them better, in numerous instances, than their own lives; when we consider these things, how can a just man think anything a trifle that affects their happiness?

But though all the afore-mentioned considerations demand from us the kindest possible treatment of a wife, the husband is to expect dutiful deportment at her hands. He is not to be her slave; he is not to yield to her against the dictates of his own reason and judgment; it is her duty to obey all his lawful commands; and if she have sense, she will perceive that it is a disgrace to herself to acknowledge, as a husband, a thing over which she has an absolute control. A charming, a most enchanting, life, indeed, would be that of a husband if he were bound to cohabit with and to maintain one for all the debts and all the slanders of whom he was answerable, and over whose conduct he possessed no compulsory control.

A wife may be chaste, sober in the full sense of the word, industrious, cleanly, frugal, and may be devoted to her husband and her children to a degree so enchanting as to make them all love her beyond the power of words to express. And yet she may, partly under the influence of her natural disposition, and partly encouraged by the great and constant homage paid to her virtues, and presuming, too, on the pain with which she knows her will would be thwarted; — she may, with all her virtues, be thus led to *a bold interference in the affairs of her husband;* may attempt to dictate to him in matters quite out of her own sphere; and, in the pursuit of the gratification of her love of power and command, may wholly overlook the acts of folly or injustice which she would induce her husband to commit, and overlook, too, the contemptible thing that she is making the man whom it is her duty to honor and obey, and

the abasement of whom cannot take place without some portion of degradation falling upon herself. At the time when "THE BOOK" came out, relative to the late ill-treated QUEEN CAROLINE, I was talking upon the subject, one day, with *a parson*, who had not read the Book, but who, as was the fashion with all those who were looking up to the government, condemned the Queen unheard. "Now," said I, "be not so shamefully unjust; but *get the book, read it, and then* give your judgment."

"Indeed," said his wife, who was sitting by, "but HE SHA'N'T," pronouncing the word *sha'n't* with an emphasis and a voice tremendously masculine. "Oh!" said I, "if he SHA'N'T, that is another matter; but, if he sha'n't read, if he sha'n't hear the evidence, he sha'n't be looked upon, by me, as a just judge; and I sha'n't regard him, in future, as having any opinion of his own in anything." All which the husband, the poor henpecked thing, heard without a word escaping his lips.

A husband thus under command is the most contemptible of God's creatures. Nobody can place reliance on him for anything; whether in the capacity of employer or employed, you are never sure of him. No bargain is firm, no engagement sacred, with such a man. Feeble as a reed before the boisterous she-commander, he is bold in injustice toward those whom it pleases her caprice to mark out for vengeance. In the eyes of neighbors, for *friends* such a man cannot have, in the eyes of servants, in the eyes of even the beggars at his door, such a man is a mean and despicable creature, though he may roll in wealth and possess great talents into the bargain. Such a man has, in fact, no property; he has nothing that he can rightly call *his own;* he is a beggarly dependant under his own roof; and if he has anything of the man left in him, and if there be rope or river near, the sooner he betakes him to the one or the other the better. How many men, how many families, have I known brought to utter ruin only by the husband suffering himself to be subdued, to be cowed down, to be held in fear, of even a virtuous wife! What, then, must be the lot of him who submits to a commander who at the same time sets all virtues at defiance

Women are a *sisterhood.* They make *common cause* in behalf of the *sex;* and, indeed, this is natural enough, when we consider the vast power that the *law* gives us over them. The law is for us, and they combine, whenever they can, to mitigate its effects. This is perfectly natural, and, to a certain extent,

laudable, evincing fellow-feeling and public spirit; but when carried to the length of "*he sha'n't*" it is despotism on the one side and slavery on the other. Watch, therefore, the incipient steps of encroachment; and they come on so slowly, so softly, that you must be sharp-sighted if you perceive them; but the moment you *do perceive them:* your love will blind for too long a time; but the moment you do perceive them, put at once an effectual stop to their progress. Never mind the pain that it may give you; a day of pain at this time will spare you years of pain in time to come. Many a man has been miserable and made his wife miserable too, for a score or two of years, only for want of resolution to bear one day of pain; and it is a great deal to bear; it is a great deal to do, to thwart the desire of one whom you so dearly love, and whose virtues daily render her more and more dear to you. But (and this is one of the most admirable of the mother's traits) as she herself will, while the tears stream from her eyes, force the nauseous medicine down the throat of her child, whose every cry is a dagger to her heart; as she herself has the courage to do this for the sake of her child, why should you flinch from the performance of a still more important and more sacred duty toward herself, as well as toward you and your children?

Am I recommending *tyranny?* am I recommending *disregard* of the wife's opinions and wishes? Am I recommending a *reserve* toward her that would seem to say that she was not trustworthy, or not a party interested in her husband's affairs? By no means: on the contrary, though I would keep anything disagreeable from her, I should not enjoy the prospect of a good without making her a participator. But reason says, and God has said, that it is the duty of wives to be obedient to their husbands, and the very nature of things prescribes that there must be *a head* of every house, and an *undivided* authority. And then it is so clearly *just* that the authority should rest with him on whose head rests the whole responsibility, that a woman, when patiently reasoned with on the subject, must be a virago in her very nature not to submit with docility to the terms of her marriage vow.

There are, in almost every considerable neighborhood, a little squadron of she-commanders, generally the youngish wives of old or weak-minded men, and generally without children. These are the tutoresses of the young wives of the vicinage: they, in virtue of their experience, not only school

the wives, but scold the husbands; they teach the former how to encroach and the latter how to yield: so that if you suffer this to go quietly on, you are soon under the care of a *comité*, as completely as if you were insane. You want no *comité;* reason, law, religion, the marriage vow, all these have made you head, have given you full power to rule your family, and if you give up your right, you deserve the contempt that assuredly awaits you, and also the ruin that is, in full probability, your doom.

"A house divided against itself," or, rather *in* itself, "cannot stand;" and it *is* divided against itself if there be a *divided authority*. The wife ought to be *heard*, and *patiently* heard; she ought to be reasoned with, and, if possible, convinced; but if, after all endeavors in this way, she remain opposed to the husband's opinion, his will *must* be obeyed; or he at once becomes nothing; she is in fact the *master*, and he is nothing but an insignificant inmate. As to matters of little comparative moment: as to what shall be for dinner; as to how the house shall be furnished; as to the management of the house and of menial servants; as to these matters and many others, the wife may have her way without any danger: but when the questions are, what is to be the *calling* to be pursued; what is to be the *place of residence;* what is to be the *style* of *living* and *scale* of expense; what is to be done with *property;* what the manner and place of educating children; what is to be their *calling* or state of life; who are to be employed or intrusted by the husband; what are the principles that he is to adopt as to public manners; whom he is to have for coadjutors or friends: all these must be left solely to the husband; in all these he must have his will; or there never can be any harmony in the family.

Nevertheless, in some of these concerns, wives should be heard with a great deal of attention, especially in the affairs of choosing your male acquaintances and friends and associates. Women are more quick-sighted than men: they are less disposed to confide in persons upon a first acquaintance; they are more suspicious as to motives; they are less liable to be deceived by professions and protestations; they watch words with a more scrutinizing ear, and looks with a keener eye; and making due allowance for their prejudices in particular cases, their opinions and remonstrances, with regard to matters of this sort, ought not to be set at naught without great deliberation.

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

By FRANÇOIS GUIZOT.

[François Pierre Guillaume Guizot: A French historian and statesman; born at Nîmes, October 4, 1787. In early life a law student, tutor, and journalist, he was appointed to a professorship of modern history (1812) in the University of France. He then engaged in politics; entered the ministry of justice after the second restoration; and while minister of public instruction under Soult, established a system of primary schools throughout France. From 1840 to 1848 he was actually, though not nominally, chief minister to Louis Philippe. On the fall of the latter he escaped to London, and later returned to France, devoting the remainder of his life to literary work at his country seat of Val Richer, in Normandy, where he died in 1874. His most important writings are: "History of the English Revolution," "General History of Civilization in Europe," "Parliamentary History of France," "Corneille and his Time," "Shakespeare and his Time."]

I purpose now to enter upon the History of the Civilization of Europe; but before doing so, before going into its proper history, I must make you acquainted with the peculiar character of this civilization — with its distinguishing features, so that you may be able to recognize and distinguish European civilization from every other.

When we look at the civilizations which have preceded that of modern Europe, whether in Asia or elsewhere, including even those of Greece and Rome, it is impossible not to be struck with the unity of character which reigns among them. Each appears as though it had emanated from a single fact, from a single idea. One might almost assert that society was under the influence of one single principle, which universally prevailed and determined the character of its institutions, its manners, its opinions — in a word, all its developments.

In Egypt, for example, it was the theocratic principle that took possession of society, and showed itself in its manners, in its monuments, and in all that has come down to us of Egyptian civilization. In India the same phenomenon occurs — it is still a repetition of the almost exclusively prevailing influence of theocracy. In other regions a different organization may be observed — perhaps the domination of a conquering caste: and where such is the case, the principle of force takes entire possession of society, imposing upon it its laws and its character. In another place, perhaps, we discover

society under the entire influence of the democratic principle; such was the case in the commercial republics which covered the coasts of Asia Minor and Syria — in Ionia and Phœnicia. In a word, whenever we contemplate the civilizations of the ancients, we find them all impressed with one ever-prevailing character of unity, visible in their institutions, their ideas, and manners — one sole, or at least one very preponderating influence, seems to govern and determine all things.

I do not mean to aver that this overpowering influence of one single principle, of one single form, prevailed without any exception in the civilization of those states. If we go back to their earliest history, we shall find that the various powers which dwelt in the bosom of the societies frequently struggled for mastery. Thus among the Egyptians, the Etruscans, even among the Greeks and others, we may observe the warrior caste struggling against that of the priests. In other places we find the spirit of clanship struggling against the spirit of free association, the spirit of aristocracy against popular rights. These struggles, however, mostly took place in periods beyond the reach of history, and no evidence of them is left beyond a vague tradition.

Sometimes, indeed, these early struggles broke out afresh at a later period in the history of the nations; but in almost every case they were quickly terminated by the victory of one of the powers which sought to prevail, and which then took sole possession of society. The war always ended by the domination of some special principle, which, if not exclusive, at least greatly preponderated. The coexistence and strife of various principles among these nations were no more than a passing, an accidental circumstance.

From this cause a remarkable unity characterizes most of the civilizations of antiquity, the results of which, however, were very different. In one nation, as in Greece, the unity of the social principle led to a development of wonderful rapidity; no other people ever ran so brilliant a career in so short a time. But Greece had hardly become glorious, before she appeared worn out: her decline, if not quite so rapid as her rise, was strangely sudden. It seems as if the principle which called Greek civilization into life was exhausted. No other came to invigorate it, or supply its place.

In other states, say, for example, in India and Egypt,

where again only one principle of civilization prevailed, the result was different. Society here became stationary; simplicity produced monotony; the country was not destroyed; society continued to exist; but there was no progression; it remained torpid and inactive.

To this same cause must be attributed that character of tyranny which prevailed, under various names, and the most opposite forms, in all the civilizations of antiquity. Society belonged to one *exclusive* power, which could bear with no other. Every principle of a different tendency was proscribed. The governing principle would nowhere suffer by its side the manifestation and influence of a rival principle.

This character of simplicity, of unity, in their civilization, is equally impressed upon their literature and intellectual productions. Who that has run over the monuments of Hindu literature lately introduced into Europe, but has seen that they are all struck from the same die? They all seem the result of one same fact; the expression of one same idea. Religious and moral treatises, historical traditions, dramatic poetry, epics, all bear the same physiognomy. The same character of unity and monotony shines out in these works of mind and fancy, as we discover in their life and institutions. Even in Greece, notwithstanding the immense stores of knowledge and intellect which it poured forth, a wonderful unity still prevailed in all relating to literature and the arts.

How different to all this is the case as respects the civilization of modern Europe! Take ever so rapid a glance at this, and it strikes you at once as diversified, confused, and stormy. All the principles of social organization are found existing together within it; powers temporal, powers spiritual, the theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements, all classes of society, all the social situations, are jumbled together, and visible within it; as well as infinite gradations of liberty, of wealth and of influence. These various powers, too, are found here in a state of continual struggle among themselves, without any one having sufficient force to master the others, and take sole possession of society. Among the ancients, at every great epoch, all communities seem cast in the same mold: it was now pure monarchy, now theocracy or democracy, that became the reigning principle, each in its turn reigning absolutely. But modern Europe contains examples

of all these systems, of all the attempts at social organization; pure and mixed monarchies, theocracies, republics more or less aristocratic, all live in common, side by side, at one and the same time; yet, notwithstanding their diversity, they all bear a certain resemblance to each other, a kind of family likeness which it is impossible to mistake, and which shows them to be essentially European.

In the moral character, in the notions and sentiments of Europe, we find the same variety, the same struggle. Theocratical opinions, monarchical opinions, aristocratic opinions, democratic opinions, cross and jostle, struggle, become interwoven, limit, and modify each other. Open the boldest treatises of the middle age: in none of them is an opinion carried to its final consequences. The advocates of absolute power flinch, almost unconsciously, from the results to which their doctrine would carry them. We see that the ideas and influences around them frighten them from pushing it to its uttermost point. Democracy felt the same control. That imperturbable boldness, so striking in ancient civilizations, nowhere found a place in the European system. In sentiments we discover the same contrasts, the same variety; an indomitable taste for independence dwelling by the side of the greatest aptness for submission; a singular fidelity between man and man, and at the same time an imperious desire in each to do his own will, to shake off all restraint, to live alone, without troubling himself with the rest of the world. Minds were as much diversified as society.

The same characteristic is observable in literature. It cannot be denied that in what relates to the form and beauty of art, modern Europe is very inferior to antiquity; but if we look at her literature as regards depth of feeling and ideas, it will be found more powerful and rich. The human mind has been employed upon a greater number of objects, its labors have been more diversified, it has gone to a greater depth. Its imperfection in form is owing to this very cause. The more plenteous and rich the materials, the greater is the difficulty of forcing them into a pure and simple form. That which gives beauty to a composition, that which in works of art we call form, is the clearness, the simplicity, the symbolical unity of the work. With the prodigious diversity of ideas and sentiments which belong to European civilization, the diffi-

culty to attain this grand and chaste simplicity has been increased.

In every part, then, we find this character of variety to prevail in modern civilization. It has undoubtedly brought with it this inconvenience, that when we consider separately any particular development of the human mind in literature, in the arts, in any of the ways in which human intelligence may go forward, we shall generally find it inferior to the corresponding development in the civilization of antiquity: but, as a set-off to this, when we regard it as a whole, European civilization appears incomparably more rich and diversified: if each particular fruit has not attained the same perfection, it has ripened an infinitely greater variety. Again, European civilization has now endured fifteen centuries, and in all that time it has been in a state of progression. It may be true that it has not advanced so rapidly as the Greek; but, catching new impulses at every step, it is still advancing. An unbounded career is open before it; and from day to day it presses forward to the race with increasing rapidity, because increased freedom attends upon all its movements. While in other civilizations the exclusive domination, or at least the excessive preponderance of a single principle, of a single form, led to tyranny, in modern Europe the diversity of the elements of social order, the incapability of any one to exclude the rest, gave birth to the liberty which now prevails. The inability of the various principles to exterminate one another compelled each to endure the others, made it necessary for them to live in common, for them to enter into a sort of mutual understanding. Each consented to have only that part of civilization which fell to its share. Thus, while everywhere else the predominance of one principle has produced tyranny, the variety of elements of European civilization, and the constant warfare in which they have been engaged, have given birth in Europe to that liberty which we prize so dearly.

It is this which gives to European civilization its real, its immense superiority — it is this which forms its essential, its distinctive character. And if, carrying our views still further, we penetrate beyond the surface into the very nature of things, we shall find that this superiority is legitimate — that it is acknowledged by reason as well as proclaimed by facts. Quit-

ting for a moment European civilization, and taking a glance at the world in general, at the common course of earthly things, what is the character we find it to bear? What do we here perceive? Why, just that very same diversity, that very same variety of elements, that very same struggle, which is so strikingly evinced in European civilization. It is plain enough that no single principle, no particular organization, no simple idea, no special power, has ever been permitted to obtain possession of the world, to mold it into a durable form, and to drive from it every opposing tendency, so as to reign itself supreme. Various powers, principles, and systems here intermingle, modify one another, and struggle incessantly — now subduing, now subdued — never wholly conquered, never conquering. Such is apparently the general state of the world, while diversity of forms, of ideas, of principles, their struggles and their energies, all tend toward a certain unity, a certain ideal, which, though perhaps it may never be attained, mankind is constantly approaching by dint of liberty and labor. Hence European civilization is the reflected image of the world — like the course of earthly things, it is neither narrowly circumscribed, exclusive, nor stationary. For the first time, civilization appears to have divested itself of its special character: its development presents itself for the first time under as diversified, as abundant, as laborious an aspect as the great theatre of the universe itself.

European civilization has, if I may be allowed the expression, at last penetrated into the ways of eternal truth — into the scheme of Providence; — it moves in the ways which God has prescribed. This is the rational principle of its superiority.

TO NIGHT.

By JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

[Joseph Blanco White was born in Seville, Spain, in 1775; son of a resident Irish merchant and a Spanish lady. He left the counting-house for the Catholic priesthood in 1799; becoming unsettled in that faith, went to London in 1810, joined the English Church, later the Unitarians, and at last became practically an agnostic. Till 1814 he conducted a monthly in the Spanish interest; thence till his death in 1841 lived as a man of letters, latterly in Liverpool. His best known works are "Letters from Spain, by Leucadio Doblado" (collected 1822); "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" (1833); and this sonnet.]

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,

Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened to man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

[Daniel Webster, American statesman and orator, was born January 18, 1782, in Salisbury, N.H.; graduated at Dartmouth in 1801; became a leading lawyer at the then capital of New Hampshire, Portsmouth; was in Congress (1813–1815) as a Federalist; from 1816 to 1823 practiced law in Boston, and was regarded as in the foremost rank of lawyers and orators. The Dartmouth College case was argued in 1818; he was a member of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention in 1820; in December, 1820, delivered his address on the 200th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. In 1822 he was again elected to Congress; from 1828 to 1842 was United States senator. In the House he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In the Senate he delivered his reply to Hayne June 26–27, 1830. His oration on the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument was delivered June 17, 1825. He was Secretary of State (1841–1843) under Harrison and Tyler, and negotiated the Ashburton Treaty; he resigned in 1843, and in 1845 was returned to the Senate. He opposed the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War. In 1848 he was candidate for the presidency. In 1850 he supported the compromises, including the Fugitive Slave Act, and was appointed Secretary of State by Fillmore; in 1852 was again a candidate for the presidency; and died October 24 of that year.]

There yet remains to be performed, Mr. President, by far the most grave and important duty which I feel to be devolved on me by this occasion. It is to state, and to defend, what I conceive to be the true principles of the constitution under which we are here assembled. I might well have desired that so weighty a task should have fallen into other and abler hands. I could have wished that it should have been executed by those whose character and experience give weight and influence to their opinions, such as cannot possibly belong to mine. But, sir, I have met the occasion, not sought it; and I shall proceed to state my own sentiments, without challenging for them any particular regard, with studied plainness, and as much precision as possible.

I understand the honorable gentleman from South Carolina to maintain that it is a right of the state legislatures to interfere, whenever, in their judgment, this government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its laws.

I understand him to maintain this right, as a right existing *under* the constitution, not as a right to overthrow it on the ground of extreme necessity, such as would justify violent revolution.

I understand him to maintain an authority, on the part of the states, thus to interfere, for the purpose of correcting the exercise of power by the general government, of checking it, and of compelling it to conform to their opinion of the extent of its powers.

I understand him to maintain that the ultimate power of judging of the constitutional extent of its own authority is not lodged exclusively in the general government, or any branch of it; but that, on the contrary, the states may lawfully decide for themselves, and each state for itself, whether, in a given case, the act of the general government transcends its power.

I understand him to insist that, if the exigency of the case, in the opinion of any state government, require it, such state government may, by its own sovereign authority, annul an act of the general government which it deems plainly and palpably unconstitutional.

This is the sum of what I understand from him to be the South Carolina doctrine, and the doctrine which he maintains. I propose to consider it, and compare it with the constitution. Allow me to say, as a preliminary remark, that I call this the South Carolina doctrine only because the gentleman himself has so denominated it. I do not feel at liberty to say that South Carolina, as a state, has ever advanced these sentiments. I hope she has not and never may. That a great majority of her people are opposed to the tariff laws, is doubtless true. That a majority, somewhat less than that just mentioned, conscientiously believe these laws unconstitutional, may probably also be true. But that any majority holds to the right of direct state interference at state discretion, the right of nullifying acts of congress by acts of state legislation, is more than I know, and what I shall be slow to believe. . . .

And now, sir, what I have first to say on this subject is that at no time, and under no circumstances, has New England, or any state in New England, or any respectable body of persons

in New England, or any public man of standing in New England, put forth such a doctrine as this Carolina doctrine.

The gentleman has found no case, he can find none, to support his own opinions by New England authority. New England has studied the constitution in other schools, and under other teachers. She looks upon it with other regards, and deems more highly and reverently both of its just authority and its utility and excellence. The history of her legislative proceedings may be traced. The ephemeral effusions of temporary bodies, called together by the excitement of the occasion, may be hunted up; they have been hunted up. The opinions and votes of her public men, in and out of congress, may be explored. It will all be in vain. The Carolina doctrine can derive from her neither countenance nor support. She rejects it now; she always did reject it; and till she loses her senses, she always will reject it. The honorable member has referred to expressions on the subject of the embargo law, made in this place, by an honorable and venerable gentleman, (Mr. Hillhouse,) now favoring us with his presence. He quotes that distinguished senator as saying that, in his judgment, the embargo law was unconstitutional, and that therefore, in his opinion, the people were not bound to obey it. That, sir, is perfectly constitutional language. An unconstitutional law is not binding; *but then it does not rest with a resolution or a law of a state legislature to decide whether an act of congress be or be not constitutional.* An unconstitutional act of congress would not bind the people of this district, although they have no legislature to interfere in their behalf; and, on the other hand, a constitutional law of congress does bind the citizens of every state, although all their legislatures should undertake to annul it by act or resolution. The venerable Connecticut senator is a constitutional lawyer, of sound principles and enlarged knowledge; a statesman practiced and experienced, bred in the company of Washington, and holding just views upon the nature of our governments. He believed the embargo unconstitutional, and so did others; but what then? Who did he suppose was to decide that question? The state legislatures? Certainly not. No such sentiment ever escaped his lips.

Let us follow up, sir, this New England opposition to the embargo laws; let us trace it, till we discern the principle which controlled and governed New England throughout the whole course of that opposition. We shall then see what simi-

larity there is between the New England school of constitutional opinions, and this modern Carolina school. The gentleman, I think, read a petition from some single individual addressed to the legislature of Massachusetts, asserting the Carolina doctrine; that is, the right of state interference to arrest the laws of the Union. The fate of that petition shows the sentiment of the legislature. It met no favor. The opinions of Massachusetts were otherwise. They had been expressed in 1798, in answer to the resolutions of Virginia, and she did not depart from them, nor bend them to the times. Misgoverned, wronged, oppressed, as she felt herself to be, she still held fast her integrity to the Union. The gentleman may find in her proceedings much evidence of dissatisfaction with the measures of government, and great and deep dislike to the embargo; all this makes the case so much the stronger for her; for, notwithstanding all this dissatisfaction and dislike, she claimed no right, still, to sever asunder the bonds of the Union. There was heat, and there was anger in her political feeling. Be it so; her heat or her anger did not, nevertheless, betray her into infidelity to the government. The gentleman labors to prove that she disliked the embargo as much as South Carolina dislikes the tariff, and expressed her dislike as strongly. Be it so; but did she propose the Carolina remedy? did she threaten to interfere, by state authority, to annul the laws of the Union? That is the question for the gentleman's consideration.

No doubt, sir, a great majority of the people of New England conscientiously believed the embargo law of 1807 unconstitutional; as conscientiously, certainly, as the people of South Carolina hold that opinion of the tariff. They reasoned thus: Congress has power to regulate commerce; but here is a law, they said, stopping all commerce, and stopping it indefinitely. The law is perpetual; that is, it is not limited in point of time, and must of course continue until it shall be repealed by some other law. It is as perpetual, therefore, as the law against treason or murder. Now, is this regulating commerce, or destroying it? Is it guiding, controlling, giving the rule to commerce, as a subsisting thing, or is it putting an end to it altogether? Nothing is more certain than that a majority in New England deemed this law a violation of the constitution. The very case required by the gentleman to justify state interference had then arisen. Massachusetts believed this law to be "a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of a power not granted by the

constitution." Deliberate it was, for it was long continued; palpable she thought it, as no words in the constitution gave the power, and only a construction, in her opinion most violent, raised it; dangerous it was, since it threatened utter ruin to her most important interests. Here, then, was a Carolina case. How did Massachusetts deal with it? It was, as she thought, a plain, manifest, palpable violation of the constitution, and it brought ruin to her doors. Thousands of families, and hundreds of thousands of individuals, were beggared by it. While she saw and felt all this, she saw and felt also that, as a measure of national policy, it was perfectly futile; that the country was no way benefited by that which caused so much individual distress; that it was efficient only for the production of evil, and all that evil inflicted on ourselves. In such a case, under such circumstances, how did Massachusetts demean herself? Sir, she remonstrated, she memorialized, she addressed herself to the general government, not exactly "with the concentrated energy of passion," but with her own strong sense, and the energy of sober conviction. But she did not interpose the arm of her own power to arrest the law, and break the embargo. Far from it. Her principles bound her to two things; and she followed her principles, lead where they might. First, to submit to every constitutional law of congress, and secondly, if the constitutional validity of the law be doubted, to refer that question to the decision of the proper tribunals. The first principle is vain and ineffectual without the second. A majority of us in New England believed the embargo law unconstitutional; but the great question was, and always will be in such cases, Who is to decide this? Who is to judge between the people and the government? And, sir, it is quite plain that the constitution of the United States confers on the government itself, to be exercised by its appropriate department, and under its own responsibility to the people, this power of deciding ultimately and conclusively upon the just extent of its own authority. If this had not been done, we should not have advanced a single step beyond the old confederation.

Being fully of opinion that the embargo law was unconstitutional, the people of New England were yet equally clear in the opinion — it was a matter they did not doubt upon — that the question, after all, must be decided by the judicial tribunals of the United States. Before these tribunals, therefore, they brought the question. Under the provisions of the law, they

had given bonds to millions in amount, and which were alleged to be forfeited. They suffered the bonds to be sued, and thus raised the question. In the old-fashioned way of settling disputes, they went to law. The case came to hearing, and solemn argument; and he who espoused their cause, and stood up for them against the validity of the embargo act, was none other than that great man, of whom the gentleman has made honorable mention, Samuel Dexter. He was then, sir, in the fullness of his knowledge and the maturity of his strength. He had retired from long and distinguished public service here, to the renewed pursuit of professional duties, carrying with him all that enlargement and expansion, all the new strength and force, which an acquaintance with the more general subjects discussed in the national councils is capable of adding to professional attainment, in a mind of true greatness and comprehension. He was a lawyer, and he was also a statesman. He had studied the constitution, when he filled public station, that he might defend it; he had examined its principles that he might maintain them. More than all men, or at least as much as any man, he was attached to the general government and to the union of the states. His feelings and opinions all ran in that direction. A question of constitutional law, too, was, of all subjects, that one which was best suited to his talents and learning. Aloof from technicality, and unfettered by artificial rule, such a question gave opportunity for that deep and clear analysis, that mighty grasp of principle, which so much distinguished his higher efforts. His very statement was argument; his inference seemed demonstration. The earnestness of his own conviction wrought conviction in others. One was convinced, and believed, and assented, because it was gratifying, delightful, to think, and feel, and believe, in unison with an intellect of such evident superiority.

Mr. Dexter, sir, such as I have described him, argued the New England cause. He put into his effort his whole heart, as well as all the powers of his understanding; for he had avowed, in the most public manner, his entire concurrence with his neighbors on the point in dispute. He argued the cause; it was lost, and New England submitted. The established tribunals pronounced the law constitutional, and New England acquiesced. Now, sir, is not this the exact opposite of the doctrine of the gentleman from South Carolina? According to him, instead of referring to the judicial tribunals, we should have broken up

the embargo by laws of our own; we should have repealed it, *quoad* New England; for we had a strong, palpable, and oppressive case. Sir, we believed the embargo unconstitutional; but still that was matter of opinion, and who was to decide it? We thought it a clear case; but, nevertheless, we did not take the law into our own hands, because we did not wish to bring about a revolution, nor to break up the Union; for I maintain that between submission to the decision of the constituted tribunals, and revolution, or disunion, there is no middle ground; there is no ambiguous condition, half allegiance and half rebellion. And, sir, how futile, how very futile it is, to admit the right of state interference, and then attempt to save it from the character of unlawful resistance, by adding terms of qualification to the causes and occasions, leaving all these qualifications, like the case itself, in the discretion of the state governments. It must be a clear case, it is said, a deliberate case, a palpable case, a dangerous case. But then the state is still left at liberty to decide for herself what is clear, what is deliberate, what is palpable, what is dangerous. Do adjectives and epithets avail anything? Sir, the human mind is so constituted that the merits of both sides of a controversy appear very clear, and very palpable, to those who respectively espouse them; and both sides usually grow clearer as the controversy advances. South Carolina sees unconstitutionality in the tariff; she sees oppression there, also, and she sees danger. Pennsylvania, with a vision not less sharp, looks at the same tariff, and sees no such thing in it; she sees it all constitutional, all useful, all safe. The faith of South Carolina is strengthened by opposition, and she now not only sees, but *resolves*, that the tariff is palpably unconstitutional, oppressive, and dangerous; but Pennsylvania, not to be behind her neighbors, and equally willing to strengthen her own faith by a confident asseveration, *resolves*, also, and gives to every warm affirmative of South Carolina, a plain, downright, Pennsylvania negative. South Carolina, to show the strength and unity of her opinion, brings her assembly to a unanimity, within seven voices; Pennsylvania, not to be outdone in this respect any more than in others, reduces her dissentient fraction to a single vote. Now, sir, again I ask the gentleman, What is to be done? Are these states both right? Is he bound to consider them both right? If not, which is in the wrong? or rather, which has the best right to decide? And if he, and if I, are not to know what the

constitution means, and what it is, till those two state legislatures, and the twenty-two others, shall agree in its construction, what have we sworn to, when we have sworn to maintain it! I was forcibly struck, sir, with one reflection, as the gentleman went on in his speech. He quoted Mr. Madison's resolutions, to prove that a state may interfere, in a case of deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of a power not granted. The honorable member supposes the tariff law to be such an exercise of power, and that consequently a case has arisen in which the state may, if it see fit, interfere by its own law. Now it so happens, nevertheless, that Mr. Madison deems this same tariff law quite constitutional. Instead of a clear and palpable violation, it is, in his judgment, no violation at all. So that, while they use his authority for a hypothetical case, they reject it in the very case before them. All this, sir, shows the inherent futility, I had almost said a stronger word, of conceding this power of interference to the states, and then attempting to secure it from abuse by imposing qualifications of which the states themselves are to judge. One of two things is true: either the laws of the union are beyond the discretion and beyond the control of the states; or else we have no constitution of general government, and are thrust back again to the days of the confederacy.

Let me here say, sir, that if the gentleman's doctrine had been received and acted upon in New England, in the times of the embargo and non-intercourse, we should probably not now have been here. The government would very likely have gone to pieces, and crumbled into dust. No stronger case can ever arise than existed under those laws; no states can ever entertain a clearer conviction than the New England states then entertained; and if they had been under the influence of that heresy of opinion, as I must call it, which the honorable member espouses, this Union would, in all probability, have been scattered to the four winds. I ask the gentleman, therefore, to apply his principles to that case; I ask him to come forth and declare whether, in his opinion, the New England states would have been justified in interfering to break up the embargo system under the conscientious opinions which they held upon it? Had they a right to annul that law? Does he admit or deny? If what is thought palpably unconstitutional in South Carolina justifies that state in arresting the progress of the law, tell me whether that which was thought palpably unconstitutional also

in Massachusetts would have justified her in doing the same thing. Sir, I deny the whole doctrine. It has not a foot of ground in the constitution to stand on. No public man of reputation ever advanced it in Massachusetts in the warmest times, or could maintain himself upon it there at any time.

I wish now, sir, to make a remark upon the Virginia resolutions of 1798. I cannot undertake to say how these resolutions were understood by those who passed them. Their language is not a little indefinite. In the case of the exercise by congress of a dangerous power not granted to them, the resolutions assert the right, on the part of the state, to interfere and arrest the progress of the evil. This is susceptible of more than one interpretation. It may mean no more than that the states may interfere by complaint or remonstrance, or by proposing to the people an alteration of the federal constitution. This would all be quite unobjectionable. Or it may be that no more is meant than to assert the general right of revolution, as against all governments, in cases of intolerable oppression. This no one doubts, and this, in my opinion, is all that he who framed the resolutions could have meant by it; for I shall not readily believe that he was ever of opinion that a state, under the constitution and in conformity with it, could, upon the ground of her own opinion of its unconstitutionality, however clear and palpable she might think the case, annul a law of congress, so far as it should operate on herself, by her own legislative power.

I must now beg to ask, sir, Whence is this supposed right of the states derived? Where do they find the power to interfere with the laws of the Union? Sir, the opinion which the honorable gentleman maintains is a notion founded in a total misapprehension, in my judgment, of the origin of this government, and of the foundation on which it stands. I hold it to be a popular government, erected by the people; those who administer it, responsible to the people; and itself capable of being amended and modified, just as the people may choose it should be. It is as popular, just as truly emanating from the people, as the state governments. It is created for one purpose; the state governments for another. It has its own powers; they have theirs. There is no more authority with them to arrest the operation of a law of congress, than with congress to arrest the operation of their laws. We are here to administer a constitution emanating immediately from the

people, and trusted by them to our administration. It is not the creature of the state governments. It is of no moment to the argument, that certain acts of the state legislatures are necessary to fill our seats in this body. That is not one of their original state powers, a part of the sovereignty of the state. It is a duty which the people, by the constitution itself, have imposed on the state legislatures, and which they might have left to be performed elsewhere, if they had seen fit. So they have left the choice of president with electors; but all this does not affect the proposition that this whole government, president, senate, and house of representatives, is a popular government. It leaves it still all its popular character. The governor of the state (in some of the states) is chosen, not directly by the people, but by those who are chosen by the people, for the purpose of performing, among other duties, that of electing a governor. Is the government of the state, on that account, not a popular government? This government, sir, is the independent offspring of the popular will. It is not the creature of state legislatures; nay, more, if the whole truth must be told, the people brought it into existence, established it, and have hitherto supported it, for the very purpose, amongst others, of imposing certain salutary restraints on state sovereignties. The states cannot now make war; they cannot contract alliances; they cannot make, each for itself, separate regulations of commerce; they cannot lay imposts; they cannot coin money. If this constitution, sir, be the creature of state legislatures, it must be admitted that it has obtained a strange control over the volition of its creators.

The people, then, sir, erected this government. They gave it a constitution, and in that constitution they have enumerated the powers which they bestow on it. They have made it a limited government. They have defined its authority. They have restrained it to the exercise of such powers as are granted; and all others, they declare, are reserved to the states or the people. But, sir, they have not stopped here. If they had, they would have accomplished but half their work. No definition can be so clear, as to avoid possibility of doubt; no limitation so precise, as to exclude all uncertainty. Who, then, shall construe this grant of the people? Who shall interpret their will, where it may be supposed they have left it doubtful? With whom do they repose this ultimate right of deciding on the powers of the government? Sir,

they have settled all this in the fullest manner. They have left it with the government itself, in its appropriate branches. Sir, the very chief end, the main design, for which the whole constitution was framed and adopted was to establish a government that should not be obliged to act through state agency, or depend on state opinion and state discretion. The people had had quite enough of that kind of government under the confederacy. Under that system, the legal action, the application of law to individuals, belonged exclusively to the states. Congress could only recommend; their acts were not of binding force, till the states had adopted and sanctioned them. Are we in that condition still? Are we yet at the mercy of state discretion and state construction? Sir, if we are, then vain will be our attempt to maintain the constitution under which we sit.

But, sir, the people have wisely provided, in the constitution itself, a proper, suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law. There are in the constitution grants of powers to congress, and restrictions on those powers. There are, also, prohibitions on the states. Some authority must, therefore, necessarily exist, having the ultimate jurisdiction to fix and ascertain the interpretation of these grants, restrictions, and prohibitions. The constitution has itself pointed out, ordained, and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and essential end? By declaring, sir, that "*the constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.*"

This, sir, was the first great step. By this the supremacy of the constitution and laws of the United States is declared. The people so will it. No state law is to be valid which comes in conflict with the constitution, or any law of the United States passed in pursuance of it. But who shall decide this question of interference? To whom lies the last appeal? This, sir, the constitution itself decides also, by declaring "*that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the constitution and laws of the United States.*" These two provisions, sir, cover the whole ground. They are, in truth, the keystone of the arch! With these it is a government; without them it is a confederacy. In pursuance of these clear and express provisions, congress established, at its very first session, in the

judicial act, a mode for carrying them into full effect, and for bringing all questions of constitutional power to the final decision of the supreme court. It then, sir, became a government. It then had the means of self-protection; and but for this, it would, in all probability, have been now among the things which are past. Having constituted the government, and declared its powers, the people have further said that, since somebody must decide on the extent of these powers, the government shall itself decide; subject, always, like other popular governments, to its responsibility to the people. And now, sir, I repeat, how is it that a state legislature acquires any power to interfere? Who, or what, gives them the right to say to the people, "We, who are your agents and servants, for one purpose, will undertake to decide that your other agents and servants, appointed by you for another purpose, have transcended the authority you gave them!" The reply would be, I think, not impertinent, — "Who made you a judge over another's servants? To their own masters they stand or fall."

Sir, I deny this power of state legislatures altogether. It cannot stand the test of examination. Gentlemen may say that, in an extreme case, a state government might protect the people from intolerable oppression. Sir, in such a case, the people might protect themselves, without the aid of the state governments. Such a case warrants revolution. It must make, when it comes, a law for itself. A nullifying act of a state legislature cannot alter the case, nor make resistance any more lawful. In maintaining these sentiments, sir, I am but asserting the rights of the people. I state what they have declared, and insist on their right to declare it. They have chosen to repose this power in the general government, and I think it my duty to support it, like other constitutional powers.

For myself, sir, I do not admit the jurisdiction of South Carolina, or any other state, to prescribe my constitutional duty, or to settle, between me and the people, the validity of laws of congress, for which I have voted. I decline her umpirage. I have not sworn to support the constitution according to her construction of its clauses. I have not stipulated, by my oath of office or otherwise, to come under any responsibility, except to the people, and those whom they have appointed to pass upon the question whether laws, supported by my votes, conform to the constitution of the country. And, sir, if we look to the general nature of the case, could anything have been

more preposterous than to make a government for the whole Union, and yet leave its powers subject, not to one interpretation, but to thirteen or twenty-four interpretations! Instead of one tribunal, established by all, responsible to all, with power to decide for all, shall constitutional questions be left to four and twenty popular bodies, each at liberty to decide for itself, and none bound to respect the decisions of others; and each at liberty, too, to give a new construction on every new election of its own members? Would anything, with such a principle in it, rather with such a destitution of all principle, be fit to be called a government? No, sir. It should not be denominated a constitution. It should be called, rather, a collection of topics for everlasting controversy, heads of debate for a disputatious people. It would not be a government. It would not be adequate to any practical good, or fit for any country to live under.

To avoid all possibility of being misunderstood, allow me to repeat again, in the fullest manner, that I claim no powers for the government by forced or unfair construction. I admit that it is a government of strictly limited powers; of enumerated, specified, and particularized powers; and that whatsoever is not granted, is withheld. But notwithstanding all this, and however the grant of powers may be expressed, its limit and extent may yet, in some cases, admit of doubt; and the general government would be good for nothing, it would be incapable of long existing, if some mode had not been provided in which those doubts, as they should arise, might be peaceably, but authoritatively, solved.

And now, Mr. President, let me run the honorable gentleman's doctrine a little into its practical application. Let us look at his probable *modus operandi*. If a thing can be done, an ingenious man can tell *how* it is to be done. Now I wish to be informed *how* this state interference is to be put in practice, without violence, bloodshed, and rebellion. We will take the existing case of the tariff law. South Carolina is said to have made up her opinion upon it. If we do not repeal it, (as we probably shall not,) she will then apply to the case the remedy of her doctrine. She will, we must suppose, pass a law of her legislature, declaring the several acts of congress, usually called the tariff laws, null and void, so far as they respect South Carolina, or the citizens thereof. So far, all is a paper transaction, and easy enough. But the collector at Charleston is collecting

the duties imposed by these tariff laws. He, therefore, must be stopped. The collector will seize the goods if the tariff duties are not paid. The state authorities will undertake their rescue, the marshal, with his posse, will come to the collector's aid, and here the contest begins. The militia of the state will be called out to sustain the nullifying act. They will march, sir, under a very gallant leader; for I believe the honorable member himself commands the militia of that part of the state. He will raise the NULLIFYING ACT on his standard, and spread it out as his banner! It will have a preamble, bearing that the tariff laws are palpable, deliberate, and dangerous violations of the constitution! He will proceed, with his banner flying, to the customhouse in Charleston,

> All the while,
> Soncrous metal blowing martial sounds.

Arrived at the customhouse, he will tell the collector that he must collect no more duties under any of the tariff laws. This he will be somewhat puzzled to say, by the way, with a grave countenance, considering what hand South Carolina herself had in that of 1816. But, sir, the collector would not, probably, desist at his bidding. He would show him the law of congress, the treasury instruction, and his own oath of office. He would say, he should perform his duty, come what might.

Here would come a pause; for they say that a certain stillness precedes the tempest. The trumpeter would hold his breath awhile, and before all this military array should fall on the customhouse, collector, clerks, and all, it is very probable some of those composing it would request of their gallant commander in chief to be informed a little upon the point of law; for they have, doubtless, a just respect for his opinions as a lawyer, as well as for his bravery as a soldier. They know he has read Blackstone and the constitution, as well as Turenne and Vauban. They would ask him, therefore, something concerning their rights in this matter. They would inquire whether it was not somewhat dangerous to resist a law of the United States. What would be the nature of their offense, they would wish to learn, if they, by military force and array, resisted the execution in Carolina of a law of the United States, and it should turn out, after all, that the law *was constitutional!* He would answer, of course, treason. No lawyer could give any other answer. John Fries, he would tell them, had

learned that, some years ago. How, then, they would ask, do you propose to defend us? We are not afraid of bullets, but treason has a way of taking people off that we do not much relish. How do you propose to defend us? "Look at my floating banner," he would reply; "see there the *nullifying law!*" Is it your opinion, gallant commander, they would then say, that, if we should be indicted for treason, that same floating banner of yours would make a good plea in bar? "South Carolina is a sovereign state," he would reply. That is true; but would the judge admit our plea? "These tariff laws," he would repeat, "are unconstitutional, palpably, deliberately, dangerously." That may all be so; but if the tribunal should not happen to be of that opinion, shall we swing for it? We are ready to die for our country, but it is rather an awkward business, this dying without touching the ground! After all, that is a sort of hemp tax worse than any part of the tariff.

Mr. President, the honorable gentleman would be in a dilemma, like that of another great general. He would have a knot before him which he could not untie. He must cut it with his sword. He must say to his followers, "Defend yourselves with your bayonets;" and this is war — civil war.

Direct collision, therefore, between force and force, is the unavoidable result of that remedy for the revision of unconstitutional laws which the gentleman contends for. It must happen in the very first case to which it is applied. Is not this the plain result? To resist by force the execution of a law, generally, is treason. Can the courts of the United States take notice of the indulgence of a state to commit treason? The common saying that a state cannot commit treason herself, is nothing to the purpose. Can she authorize others to do it? If John Fries had produced an act of Pennsylvania, annulling the law of congress, would it have helped his case? Talk about it as we will, these doctrines go the length of revolution. They are incompatible with any peaceable administration of the government. They lead directly to disunion and civil commotion; and therefore it is, that at their commencement, when they are first found to be maintained by respectable men, and in a tangible form, I enter my public protest against them all.

The honorable gentleman argues that if this government be the sole judge of the extent of its own powers, whether that right of judging be in congress or the supreme court, it equally

subverts state sovereignty. This the gentleman sees, or thinks he sees, although he cannot perceive how the right of judging, in this matter, if left to the exercise of state legislatures, has any tendency to subvert the government of the Union. The gentleman's opinion may be that the right *ought not* to have been lodged with the general government; he may like better such a constitution as we should have under the right of state interference; but I ask him to meet me on the plain matter of fact. I ask him to meet me on the constitution itself. I ask him if the power is not found there, clearly and visibly found there?

But, sir, what is this danger, and what are the grounds of it? Let it be remembered that the constitution of the United States is not unalterable. It is to continue in its present form no longer than the people who established it shall choose to continue it. If they shall become convinced that they have made an injudicious or inexpedient partition and distribution of power between the state governments and the general government, they can alter that distribution at will.

If anything be found in the national constitution, either by original provision or subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction be established unacceptable to them, so as to become practically a part of the constitution, they will amend it, at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it, and refuse to change it, who has given, or who can give, to the state legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise? Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do anything for themselves. They imagine there is no safety for them, any longer than they are under the close guardianship of the state legislatures. Sir, the people have not trusted their safety, in regard to the general constitution, to these hands. They have required other security, and taken other bonds. They have chosen to trust themselves, first, to the plain words of the instrument, and to such construction as the government itself, in doubtful cases, should put on its own powers, and under their oaths of office, and subject to their responsibility to them; just as the people of a state trust their own state government with a similar power. Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections, and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents

whenever they see cause. Thirdly, they have reposed trust in the judicial power, which, in order that it might be trustworthy, they have made as respectable, as disinterested, and as independent as was practicable. Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely, in case of necessity, or high expediency, on their known and admitted power to alter or amend the constitution, peaceably and quietly, whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And, finally, the people of the United States have at no time, in no way, directly or indirectly, authorized any state legislature to construe or interpret *their* high instrument of government; much less, to interfere, by their own power, to arrest its course and operation.

If, sir, the people in these respects had done otherwise than they have done, their constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And if its plain provisions shall now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist in every state but as a poor dependent on state permission. It must borrow leave to be; and will be, no longer than state pleasure, or state discretion, sees fit to grant the indulgence, and prolong its poor existence.

But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, NULLIFIED, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the

states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe

erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind, under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

EUGENE ARAM'S CONFESSION AFTER TRIAL.

By BULWER-LYTTON.

[Edward George Earle Lytton-Bulwer, later Lord Lytton, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years; colonial secretary 1858–1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831–1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell them the lamentable fall of me." — *Richard II.*

"I was born at Ramsgill, a little village in Netherdale. My family had originally been of some rank; they were formerly lords of the town of Aram, on the southern banks of the Tees. But time had humbled these pretensions to consideration, though they were still fondly cherished by the inheritors of an ancient name, and idle but haughty recollections. My father resided on a small farm, and was especially skillful in horticulture, a taste I derived from him. When I was about thirteen, the deep and intense passion that has made the demon of my

life first stirred palpably within me. I had always been, from my cradle, of a solitary disposition, and inclined to reverie and musing; these traits of character heralded the love that now seized me — the love of knowledge. Opportunity or accident first directed my attention to the abstruser sciences. I pored my soul over that noble study, which is the best foundation of all true discovery; and the success I met with soon turned my pursuits into more alluring channels. History, poetry, — the mastery of the past, and the spell that admits us into the visionary world, took the place which lines and numbers had done before. I became gradually more and more rapt and solitary in my habits; knowledge assumed a yet more lovely and bewitching character, and every day the passion to attain it increased upon me; I do not — I have not now the heart to do it — enlarge upon what I acquired without assistance, and with labor sweet in proportion to its intensity. The world, the creation, all things that lived, moved, and were, became to me objects contributing to one passionate, and, I fancied, one exalted end. I suffered the lowlier pleasures of life, and the charms of its more common ties, to glide away from me untasted and unfelt. As you read, in the East, of men remaining motionless for days together, with their eyes fixed upon the heavens, my mind, absorbed in the contemplation of the things above its reach, had no sight of what passed around. My parents died, and I was an orphan. I had no home and no wealth; but wherever the field contained a flower, or the heavens a star, there was matter of thought, and food for delight, to me. I wandered alone for months together, seldom sleeping but in the open air, and shunning the human form as that part of God's works from which I could learn the least. I came to Knaresbro': the beauty of the country, a facility in acquiring books from a neighboring library that was open to me, made me resolve to settle there. And now, new desires opened upon me with new stores: I became haunted with the ambition to enlighten and instruct my race. At first, I had loved knowledge solely for itself: I now saw afar an object grander than knowledge. To what end, said I, are these labors? Why do I feed a lamp which consumes itself in a desert place? Why do I heap up riches, without asking who shall gather them? I was restless and discontented. What could I do? I was friendless; I was strange to my kind; I saw my desires checked when their aim was at the highest; all that was aspir-

ing in my hopes, and ardent in my nature, was cramped and chilled. I exhausted the learning within my reach. Where, with my appetite excited, not slaked, was I, destitute and penniless, to search for more? My abilities, by bowing them to the lowliest tasks, but kept me from famine: was this to be my lot forever? And all the while I was thus grinding down my soul in order to satisfy the vile physical wants, what golden hours, what glorious advantages, what openings into new heavens of science, what chances of illuminating mankind were forever lost to me! Sometimes, when the young, to whom I taught some homely elements of knowledge, came around me; when they looked me in the face with their laughing eyes; when, for they all loved me, they told me their little pleasures and their petty sorrows, I have wished that I could have gone back again into childhood, and, becoming as one of them, entered into that heaven of quiet which was denied me now. Yet it was more often with an indignant than a sorrowful spirit that I looked upon my lot. For, there lay my life imprisoned in penury as in the walls of a jail; Heaven smiled and earth blossomed around, but how scale the stern barriers?—how steal through the inexorable gate? True, that by bodily labor I could give food to the body—to starve by such labor the craving wants of the mind. Beg I could not. When ever lived the real student, the true minister and priest of Knowledge, who was not filled with the lofty sense of the dignity of his calling? Was I to show the sores of my pride, and strip my heart from its clothing, and ask the dull fools of wealth not to let a scholar starve? No!—he whom the vilest poverty ever stooped to this, may be the quack, but never the true disciple, of Learning. What did I then? I devoted the meanest part of my knowledge to the procuring the bare means of life, and the knowledge that pierced to the depths of earth, and numbered the stars of heaven—why, that was valueless in the market!

"In Knaresbro', at this time, I met a distant relation, Richard Houseman. Sometimes in our walks we encountered each other; for he sought me, and I could not always avoid him. He was a man like myself, born to poverty, yet he had always enjoyed what to him was wealth. This seemed a mystery to me; and when we met, we sometimes conversed upon it. 'You are poor, with all your wisdom,' said he. 'I know nothing, but I am never poor. Why is this? The world is my treasury. I live

upon my kind. Society is my foe. Laws order me to starve; but self-preservation is an instinct more sacred than society, and more imperious than laws.'

"The audacity of his discourse revolted me. At first I turned away in disgust; then I stood and heard — to ponder and inquire. Nothing so tasks the man of books as his first blundering guess at the problems of a guilty heart! Houseman had been a soldier; he had seen the greatest part of Europe; he possessed a strong, shrewd sense; he was a villain, — but a villain bold, adroit, and not then thoroughly unredeemed. Trouble seized me as I heard him, and the shadow of his life stretched farther and darker over the wilderness of mine. When Houseman asked me, 'What law befriended the man without money? — to what end I had cultivated my mind? — or what good the voice of knowledge could effect while Poverty forbade it to be heard?' the answer died upon my lips. Then I sought to escape from these terrible doubts. I plunged again into my books. I called upon my intellect to defend, — and my intellect betrayed me. For suddenly as I pored over my scanty books, a gigantic discovery in science gleamed across me. I saw the means of effecting a vast benefit to truth and to man — of adding a new conquest to that only empire which no fate can overthrow, and no time wear away. And in this discovery I was stopped by the total inadequacy of my means. The books and implements I required were not within my reach; a handful of gold would buy them; I had not wherewithal to buy bread for the morrow's meal! In my solitude and misery this discovery haunted me like a visible form; it smiled upon me — a fiend that took the aspect of beauty; it wooed me to its charms that it might lure my soul into its fangs. I heard it murmur, 'One bold deed and I am thine! Wilt thou lie down in the ditch and die the dog's death, or hazard thy life for the means that may serve and illumine the world? Shrinkest thou from men's laws, though the laws bid thee rot on their outskirts? Is it not for the service of man that thou shouldst for once break the law on behalf of that knowledge from which all laws take their source? If thou wrongest the one, thou shalt repay it in boons to the million. For the ill of an hour thou shalt give a blessing to ages!' So spoke to me the tempter. And one day, when the tempter spoke loudest, Houseman met me, accompanied by a stranger who had just visited our town, for what purpose you know already. His name — supposed

name — was Clarke. Man, I am about to speak plainly of that stranger — his character and his fate. And yet — yet you are his son! I would fain soften the coloring; but I speak truth of myself, and I must not, unless I would blacken my name yet deeper than it deserves, varnish truth when I speak of others. Houseman joined me and presented this person. From the first I felt a dislike of the stranger, which indeed it was easy to account for. He was of a careless and somewhat insolent manner. His countenance was impressed with the lines and character of a thousand vices; you read in the brow and eye the history of a sordid yet reckless life. His conversation was repellent to me beyond expression. He uttered the meanest sentiments, and he chuckled over them as the maxims of a superior sagacity; he avowed himself a knave upon system, and upon the lowest scale. To overreach, to deceive, to elude, to shuffle, to fawn, and to lie, were the arts to which he confessed with so naked and cold a grossness that one perceived that in the long habits of debasement he was unconscious of what was not debased. Houseman seemed to draw him out: Clarke told us anecdotes of his rascality, and the distresses to which it had brought him; and he finished by saying: 'Yet you see me now almost rich, and wholly contented. I have always been the luckiest of human beings: no matter what ill chances to-day, good turns up to-morrow. I confess that I bring on myself the ill, and Providence sends me the good.' We met accidentally more than once, and his conversation was always of the same strain — his luck and his rascality: he had no other theme, and no other boast. And did not this aid the voice of the tempter? Was it not an ordination that called upon men to take Fortune in their own hands, when Fate lavished her rewards on this low and creeping thing, that could only enter even Vice by its sewers and alleys? Was it worth while to be virtuous, and look on, while the bad seized upon the feast of life? This man was but moved by the basest passions, the pettiest desires: he gratified them, and Fate smiled upon his daring. I, who had shut out from my heart the poor temptations of sense — I, who fed only the most glorious visions, the most august desires — I denied myself their fruition, trembling and spellbound in the cerements of human laws, without hope, without reward — losing the very powers of virtue because I would not stray into crime!

"These thoughts fell on me darkly and rapidly; but they

led as yet to no result. I saw nothing beyond them. I suffered my indignation to gnaw my heart, and preserved the same calm and serene demeanor which had grown with my growth of mind. Strange that while I upbraided Fate, I did not cease to love mankind. I coveted — what? the power to serve them. I had been kind and loving to all things from a boy; there was not a dumb animal that would not single me from a crowd as its protector, and yet I was doomed — but I must not forestall the dread catastrophe of my life. In returning at night to my own home, from my long and solitary walks, I often passed the house in which Clarke lodged; and sometimes I met him reeling by the door, insulting all who passed; and yet their resentment was absorbed in their disgust. 'And this loathsome and groveling thing,' said I inly, 'squanders on low excesses, wastes upon outrages to society, that with which I could make my soul as a burning lamp, that should shed a light over the world!'

"There was that in the man's vices which revolted me far more than the villainy of Houseman. The latter had possessed few advantages of education; he descended to no minutiæ of sin; he was a plain, blunt, coarse wretch, and his sense threw something respectable around his vices. But in Clarke you saw the traces of happier opportunities; of better education; it was in him not the coarseness of manner that displeased, it was the lowness of sentiment that sickened me. Had Houseman money in his purse, he would have paid a debt and relieved a friend from mere indifference; not so the other. Had Clarke been overflowing with wealth, he would have slipped from a creditor and duped a friend; there was a pitiful cunning in his nature, which made him regard the lowest meanness as the subtlest wit. His mind, too, was not only degraded, but broken by his habits of life; he had the laugh of the idiot at his own debasement. Houseman was young; he might amend; but Clarke had gray hairs and dim eyes; was old in constitution, if not years; and everything in him was hopeless and confirmed; the leprosy was in the system. Time, in this, has made Houseman what Clarke was then.

"One day, in passing through the street, though it was broad noon, I encountered Clarke in a state of intoxication, and talking to a crowd he had collected about him. I sought to pass in an opposite direction; he would not suffer me; he, whom I sickened to touch, to see, threw himself in my way, and affected gibe and insult, nay, even threat. But when he

came near, he shrank before the mere glance of my eye, and I passed on, unheeding him. The insult galled me; he had taunted my poverty — poverty was a favorite jest with him; it galled me: anger? revenge? no! *those* passions I had never felt for any man. I could not rouse them for the first time at such a cause; yet I was lowered in my own eyes, I was stung. Poverty! *he* taunt *me!* I wandered from the town, and paused by the winding and shagged banks of the river. It was a gloomy winter's day, the waters rolled on black and sullen, and the dry leaves rustled desolately beneath my feet. Who shall tell us that outward nature has no effect upon our mood? All around seemed to frown upon my lot. I read in the face of heaven and earth a confirmation of the curse which man hath set upon poverty. I leaned against a tree that overhung the waters, and suffered my thoughts to glide on in the bitter silence of their course. I heard my name uttered — I felt a hand on my arm, I turned, and Houseman was by my side.

"'What! moralizing?' said he, with his rude smile.

"I did not answer him.

"'Look,' said he, pointing to the waters, 'where yonder fish lies waiting his prey, — that prey his kind. Come, you have read Nature, is it not so universally?'

"Still I did not answer him.

"'They who do not as the rest,' he renewed, 'fulfill not the object of their existence; they seek to be wiser than their tribe, and are fools for their pains. Is it not so? I am a plain man and would learn.'

"Still I did not answer.

"'You are silent,' said he: 'do I offend you?'

"'No!'

"'Now, then,' he continued, 'strange as it may seem, we, so different in mind, are at this moment alike in fortunes. I have not a guinea in the wide world; you, perhaps, are equally destitute. But mark the difference. I, the ignorant man, ere three days have passed, will have filled my purse; you, the wise man, will be still as poor. Come, cast away your wisdom, and do as I do.'

"'How?'

"'Take from the superfluities of others what your necessities crave. My horse, my pistol, a ready hand, a stout heart, these are to me what coffers are to others. There is the chance

of detection and of death; I allow it; but is not this chance better than some certainties?'

"The tempter with the glorious face and the demon fangs rose again before me — and spoke in the Robber's voice.

"'Will you share the danger and the booty?' renewed Houseman, in a low voice.

"'Speak out,' said I; 'explain your purpose!'

"Houseman's looks brightened.

"'Listen!' said he; 'Clarke, despite his present wealth lawfully gained, is about to purloin more; he has converted his legacy into jewels; he has borrowed other jewels on false pretenses; he intends to make these also his own, and to leave the town in the dead of night; he has confided to me his purpose, and asked my aid. He and I, be it known to you, were friends of old; we have shared together other dangers and other spoils. Now do you guess my meaning? Let us ease him of his burden! I offer to you the half; share the enterprise and its fruits.'

"I rose, I walked away, I pressed my hands on my heart. Houseman saw the conflict; he followed me; he named the value of the prize he proposed to gain; that which he called my share placed all my wishes within my reach! Leisure, independence, — knowledge. The sublime discovery — the possession of the glorious Fiend. All, all within my grasp — and by a single deed — no frauds oft repeated — no sins long continued — a single deed! I breathed heavily — but the weight still lay upon my heart. I shut my eyes and shuddered — the mortal shuddered, but still the demon smiled.

"'Give me your hand,' said Houseman.

"'No, no,' I said, breaking away from him. 'I must pause — I must consider — I do not yet refuse, but I will not now decide.'

"Houseman pressed, but I persevered in my determination; he would have threatened me, but my nature was haughtier than his, and I subdued him. It was agreed that he should seek me that night and learn my choice; the next night was the one on which the robbery was to be committed. We parted; I returned an altered man to my home. Fate had woven her mesh around me; a new incident had occurred which strengthened the web: there was a poor girl whom I had been accustomed to see in my walks. She supported her family by her dexterity in making lace, — a quiet, patient-looking, gentle

creature. Clarke had, a few days since, under pretense of purchasing lace, decoyed her to his house (when all but himself were from home), where he used the most brutal violence towards her. The extreme poverty of the parents had enabled him easily to persuade them to hush up the matter, but something of the story got abroad; the poor girl was marked out for that gossip and scandal which among the very lowest classes are as coarse in the expression as malignant in the sentiment; and in the paroxysm of shame and despair, the unfortunate girl had that day destroyed herself. This melancholy event wrung forth from the parents the real story: the event and the story reached my ears in the very hour in which my mind was wavering to and fro. 'And it is to such uses,' said the Tempter, 'that this man puts his gold!'

"Houseman came, punctual to our dark appointment. I gave him my hand in silence. The tragic end of his victim, and the indignation it caused, made Clarke yet more eager to leave the town. He had settled with Houseman that he would abscond that very night, not wait for the next, as at first he had intended. His jewels and property were put in a small compass. He had arranged that he would, towards midnight or later, quit his lodging; and about a mile from the town, Houseman had engaged to have a chaise in readiness. For this service Clarke had promised Houseman a reward, with which the latter appeared contented. It was agreed that I should meet Houseman and Clarke at a certain spot in their way from the town. Houseman appeared at first fearful lest I should relent and waver in my purpose. It is never so with men whose thoughts are deep and strong. To resolve was the arduous step — once resolved, and I cast not a look behind. Houseman left me for the present. I could not rest in my chamber. I went forth and walked about the town: the night deepened — I saw the lights in each house withdrawn, one by one, and at length all was hushed: Silence and Sleep kept court over the abodes of men. Nature never seemed to me to make so dread a pause.

"The moon came out, but with a pale and sickly countenance. It was winter; the snow, which had been falling towards eve, lay deep upon the ground; and the frost seemed to lock the universal nature into the same dread tranquillity which had taken possession of my soul.

"Houseman was to have come to me at midnight, just be-

fore Clarke left his house, but it was nearly two hours after that time ere he arrived. I was then walking to and fro before my own door; I saw that he was not alone, but with Clarke. 'Ha!' said he, 'this is fortunate; I see you are just going home. You were engaged, I recollect, at some distance from the town, and have, I suppose, just returned. Will you admit Mr. Clarke and myself for a short time? — for to tell you the truth,' said he, in a lower voice — 'the watchman is about, and we must not be seen by him! I have told Clarke that he may trust you, — *we* are relatives!'

"Clarke, who seemed strangely credulous and indifferent, considering the character of his associate, — but those whom Fate destroys she first blinds, — made the same request in a careless tone, assigning the same cause. Unwillingly, I opened the door and admitted them. We went up to my chamber. Clarke spoke with the utmost unconcern of the fraud he purposed, and, with a heartlessness that made my veins boil, of the poor wretch his brutality had destroyed. They stayed for nearly an hour, for the watchman remained some time in that beat — and then Houseman asked me to accompany them a little way out of the town. Clarke seconded the request. We walked forth: the rest — why need I tell? I cannot — O God, I cannot! Houseman lied in the court. I did not strike the blow — I never designed a murder. Crime enough in a robber's deed! He fell — he grasped my hand, raised not to strike but to shield him! Nevermore has the right hand cursed by that dying clasp been given in pledge of human faith and friendship. But the deed was done, and the robber's comrade, in the eyes of man and law, was the murderer's accomplice.

"Houseman divided the booty: my share he buried in the earth, leaving me to withdraw it when I chose. There, perhaps, it lies still. I never touched what I had murdered my *own* life to gain. His share, by the aid of a gypsy hag with whom he had dealings, Houseman removed to London. And now, mark what poor strugglers we are in the eternal web of destiny! Three days after that deed, a relation who neglected me in life died, and left me wealth! — wealth at least to me! — Wealth, greater than that for which I had . . . ! The news fell on me as a thunderbolt. Had I waited but three little days! Just Heaven! when they told me, I thought I heard the devils laugh out at the fool who had boasted wisdom!

Had I waited but three days, three little days! — Had but a dream been sent me, had but my heart cried within me — 'Thou hast suffered long, tarry yet!' No, it was for this, for the guilt and its penance, for the wasted life and the shameful death — with all my thirst for good, my dreams of glory — that I was born, that I was marked from my first sleep in the cradle!

"The disappearance of Clarke of course created great excitement; those whom he had overreached had naturally an interest in discovering him. Some vague surmises that he might have been made away with were rumored abroad. Houseman and I, owing to some concurrence of circumstance, were examined, — not that suspicion attached to me before or after the examination. That ceremony ended in nothing. Houseman did not betray himself; and I, who from a boy had mastered my passions, could master also the nerves by which passions are betrayed: but I read in the face of the woman with whom I lodged that I was suspected. Houseman told me that she had openly expressed her suspicion to him; nay, he entertained some design against her life, which he naturally abandoned on quitting the town. This he did soon afterwards. I did not linger long behind him. I received my legacy, and departed on foot to Scotland. And now I was above want — was I at rest? Not yet. I felt urged on to wander; Cain's curse descends to Cain's children. I traveled for some considerable time, — I saw men and cities, and I opened a new volume in my kind. It was strange; but before the deed, I was as a child in the ways of the world, and a child, despite my knowledge, might have duped me. The moment after it, a light broke upon me; it seemed as if my eyes were touched with a charm, and rendered capable of piercing the hearts of men! Yes, it *was* a charm, — a new charm, — it was SUSPICION! I now practiced myself in the use of arms, — they made my sole companions. Peaceful as I seemed to the world, I felt there was that eternally within me with which the world was at war.

"And what became of the superb ambition which had undone me? Where vanished that Grand Discovery which was to benefit the world? The ambition died in remorse, and the vessel that should have borne me to the far Land of Science lay rotting piecemeal on a sea of blood. The Past destroyed my old heritage in the Future. The consciousness that at any hour, in the possession of honors, by the hearth of love, I might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer; that I held my

life, my reputation, at the breath of accident; that in the moment I least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim, — this could I feel — all this — and not see a specter in the place of science? — a specter that walked by my side, that slept in my bed, that rose from my books, that glided between me and the stars of heaven, that stole along the flowers, and withered their sweet breath; that whispered in my ear, 'Toil, fool, and be wise; the gift of wisdom is to place us above the reach of fortune, but *thou* art her veriest minion!' Yes; I paused at last from my wanderings, and surrounded myself with books, and knowledge became once more to me what it had been, a thirst, but not what it had been, a reward. I occupied my thoughts, I laid up new hoards within my mind, I looked around, and I saw few whose stores were like my own, — but gone forever the sublime desire of applying wisdom to the service of mankind! Mankind had grown my foes. I looked upon them with other eyes. I knew that I carried within me that secret which, if bared to day, would make them loathe and hate me, — yea, though I coined my future life into one series of benefits to them and their posterity! Was not this thought enough to quell my ardor — to chill activity into rest? The brighter the honors I might win — the greater services I might bestow on the world, the more dread and fearful might be my fall at last! I might be but piling up the scaffold from which I was to be hurled! Possessed by these thoughts, a new view of human affairs succeeded to my old aspirings: the moment a man feels that an object has ceased to charm, his reasonings reconcile himself to his loss. 'Why,' said I, 'why flatter myself that I *can* serve, that I can enlighten mankind? Are we fully sure that individual wisdom has ever, in reality, done so? Are we really better because Newton lived, and happier because Bacon thought?' These freezing reflections pleased the present state of my mind more than the warm and yearning enthusiasm it had formerly nourished. Mere worldly ambition from a boy I had disdained; the true worth of scepters and crowns, the disquietude of power, the humiliations of vanity, had never been disguised from my sight. Intellectual ambition had inspired me. I now regarded it equally as a delusion. I coveted light solely for my own soul to bathe in.

"Rest now became to me the sole *to kalon*, the sole charm of existence. I grew enamored of the doctrine of those old

mystics who have placed happiness only in an even and balanced quietude. And where but in utter loneliness was that quietude to be enjoyed? I no longer wondered that men in former times, when consumed by the recollection of some haunting guilt, fled to the desert and became hermits. Tranquillity and solitude are the only soothers of a memory deeply troubled; light griefs fly to the crowd, fierce thoughts must battle themselves to rest. Many years had flown, and I had made my home in many places. All that was turbulent, if not all that was unquiet, in my recollections, had died away. Time had lulled me into a sense of security. I breathed more freely. I sometimes stole from the past. Since I had quitted Knaresbro' chance had often thrown it in my power to serve my brethren — not by wisdom, but by charity or courage — by individual acts that it soothed me to remember. If the grand aim of enlightening a world was gone, if to so enlarged a benevolence had succeeded apathy or despair, still the man, the human man, clung to my heart; still was I as prone to pity, as prompt to defend, as glad to cheer whenever the vicissitudes of life afforded me the occasion, and to poverty, most of all, my hand never closed. For oh! what a terrible devil creeps into that man's soul who sees famine at his door! One tender act, and how many black designs, struggling into life within, you may crush forever! He who deems the world his foe, — convince *him* that he has one friend, and it is like snatching a dagger from his hand!

"I came to a beautiful and remote part of the country. Walter Lester, I came to Grassdale! — the enchanting scenery around, the sequestered and deep retirement of the place, arrested me at once. 'And among these valleys,' I said, 'will I linger out the rest of my life, and among these quiet graves shall mine be dug, and my secret shall die with me!'

"I rented the lonely house in which I dwelt when you first knew me; thither I transported my books and instruments of science, and a deep quiet, almost amounting to content, fell like a sweet sleep upon my soul!

"In this state of mind, the most free from memory that I had known for twelve years, I first saw Madeline Lester. Even with that first time a sudden and heavenly light seemed to dawn upon me. Her face — its still, its serene, its touching beauty — shone down on my desolation like a dream of mercy — like a hope of pardon. My heart warmed as I beheld it, my

pulse woke from its even slowness. I was young once more. Young! the youth, the freshness, the ardor — not of the frame only, but of the soul. But I then only saw, or spoke to her — scarce knew her — not loved her — nor was it often that we met. The south wind stirred the dark waters of my mind, but it passed, and all became hushed again. It was not for two years from the time we first saw each other that accident brought us closely together. I pass over the rest. We loved! Yet, oh, what struggles were mine during the progress of that love! How unnatural did it seem to me to yield to a passion that united me with my kind; and as I loved her more, how far more torturing grew my fear of the future! That which had almost slept before awoke again to terrible life. The soil that covered the past might be riven, the dead awake, and that ghastly chasm separate me forever from HER! What a doom, too, might I bring upon that breast which had begun so confidingly to love me! Often — often I resolved to fly — to forsake her — to seek some desert spot in the distant parts of the world, and never to be betrayed again into human emotions! But as the bird flutters in the net, as the hare doubles from its pursuers, I did but wrestle, I did but trifle, with an irresistible doom. Mark how strange are the coincidences of Fate — Fate that gives us warnings, and takes away the power to obey them — the idle prophetess, the juggling fiend! On the same evening that brought me acquainted with Madeline Lester, Houseman, led by schemes of fraud and violence into that part of the country, discovered and sought me! Imagine my feelings, when in the hush of night I opened the door of my lonely home to his summons, and by the light of that moon which had witnessed so never-to-be-forgotten a companionship between us, beheld my accomplice in murder after the lapse of so many years. Time and a course of vice had changed, and hardened, and lowered his nature: and in the power — at the will — of that nature, I beheld myself abruptly placed. He passed that night under my roof. He was poor. I gave him what was in my hands. He promised to leave that part of England — to seek me no more.

"The next day I could not bear my own thoughts; the revulsion was too sudden, too full of turbulent, fierce, torturing emotions; I fled for a short relief to the house to which Madeline's father had invited me. But in vain I sought, by wine, by converse, by human voices, human kindness, to fly the ghost that had been raised from the grave of time. I soon

returned to my own thoughts. I resolved to wrap myself once more in the solitude of my heart. But let me not repeat what I have said before, somewhat prematurely, in my narrative. I resolved — I struggled in vain: Fate had ordained that the sweet life of Madeline Lester should wither beneath the poison tree of mine. Houseman sought me again; and now came on the humbling part of crime, its low calculations, its poor defense, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy! They made my chiefest penance! I was to evade, to beguile, to buy into silence this rude and despised ruffian. No matter now to repeat how this task was fulfilled: I surrendered nearly my all on the condition of his leaving England forever: not till I thought that condition already fulfilled, till the day had passed on which he should have left England, did I consent to allow Madeline's fate to be irrevocably woven with mine.

"How often, when the soul sins, are her loftiest feelings punished through her lowest! To me, lone, rapt, forever on the wing to unearthly speculation, galling and humbling was it, indeed, to be suddenly called from the eminence of thought, to barter, in pounds and pence, for life, and with one like Houseman! These are the curses that deepen the tragedy of life, by grinding down our pride. But I wander back to what I have before said. I was to marry Madeline; I was once more poor, but want did not rise before me; I had succeeded in obtaining the promise of a competence from one whom you know. For that which I had once sought to force from my kind, I asked now, not with the spirit of a beggar, but of the just claimant, and in that spirit it was granted. And now I was really happy; Houseman I believed removed forever from my path; Madeline was about to be mine; I surrendered myself to love, and, blind and deluded, I wandered on, and awoke on the brink of that precipice into which I am about to plunge. You know the rest. But oh! what now was my horror! It had not been a mere worthless, isolated unit in creation that I had seen blotted out of the sum of life. The murder done in my presence, and of which Law would deem me the accomplice, had been done upon the brother of him whose child was my betrothed! Mysterious avenger, relentless Fate! How, when I deemed myself the farthest from her, had I been sinking into her grasp! How incalculable, how measureless, how viewless the consequences of one crime, even when we think we have weighed them all with scales that would have turned with a

hair's weight! Hear me — as the voice of a man who is on the brink of a world, the awful nature of which reason cannot pierce — hear me! when your heart tempts to some wandering from the line allotted to the rest of men, and whispers, 'This may be crime in others, but it is not so in thee; or, it is but one misdeed, it shall entail no other,' — tremble; cling fast, fast to the path you are lured to leave. Remember me!

"But in this state of mind I was yet forced to play the hypocrite. Had I been alone in the world, had Madeline and Lester not been to me what they were, I might have disproved the charge of fellowship in murder; I might have wrung from the pale lips of Houseman the actual truth; but though I might clear myself as the murderer, I must condemn myself as the robber, and in avowal of that lesser guilt, though I might have lessened the abhorrence of others, I should have inflicted a blow, worse than that of my death itself, on the hearts of those who deemed me sinless as themselves. *Their* eyes were on me; *their* lives were set on my complete acquittal, less even of life than honor; my struggle against truth was less for myself than them. My defense fulfilled its end: Madeline died without distrusting the innocence of him she loved. Lester, unless you betray me, will die in the same belief. In truth, since the arts of hypocrisy have *been* commenced, the pride of consistency would have made it sweet to me to leave the world in a like error, or at least in doubt. For you I conquer that desire, the proud man's last frailty. And now my tale is done. From what passes at this instant within my heart, I lift not the veil! Whether beneath be despair, or hope, or fiery emotions, or one settled and ominous calm, matters not. My last hours shall not belie my life: on the verge of death I will not play the dastard, and tremble at the Dim Unknown. Perhaps I am not without hope that the Great and Unseen Spirit, whose emanation within me I have nursed and worshiped, though erringly and in vain, may see in his fallen creature one bewildered by his reason rather than yielding to his vices. The guide I received from heaven betrayed me, and I was lost; but I have not plunged wittingly from crime to crime. Against one guilty deed, some good, and much suffering, may be set; and dim and afar off from my allotted bourn, I may behold in her glorious home the face of her who taught me to love, and who, even there, could scarce be blessed without shedding the light of her divine forgiveness upon me. Enough! ere you break

this seal, my doom rests not with man nor earth. The burning desires I have known — the resplendent visions I have nursed — the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay — these tell me that, whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an Immortality, and the creature of a God! As men of the old wisdom drew their garments around their face, and sat down collectedly to die, I wrap myself in the settled resignation of a soul firm to the last, and taking not from man's vengeance even the method of its dismissal. The courses of my life I swayed with my own hand; from my own hand shall come the manner and moment of my death!

"EUGENE ARAM.

"August, 1759."

On the day after that evening in which Aram had given the above confession to Walter Lester — on the day of execution, when they entered the condemned cell, they found the prisoner lying on the bed; and when they approached to take off the irons, they found that he neither stirred nor answered to their call. They attempted to raise him, and he then uttered some words in a faint voice. They perceived that he was covered with blood. He had opened his veins in two places in the arm with a sharp instrument which he had contrived to conceal. A surgeon was instantly sent for, and by the customary applications the prisoner in some measure was brought to himself. Resolved not to defraud the law of its victim, they bore him, though he appeared unconscious of all around, to the fatal spot. But when he arrived at that dread place, his sense suddenly seemed to return. He looked hastily round the throng that swayed and murmured below, and a faint flush rose to his cheek; he cast his eyes impatiently above, and breathed hard and convulsively. The dire preparations were made, completed; but the prisoner drew back for an instant — was it from mortal fear? He motioned to the clergyman to approach, as if about to whisper some last request in his ear. The clergyman bowed his head — there was a minute's awful pause — Aram seemed to struggle as for words, when, suddenly throwing himself back, a bright triumphant smile flashed over his whole face. With that smile the haughty spirit passed away, and the law's last indignity was wreaked upon a breathless corpse!

EUGENE ARAM'S DREAM.

By THOMAS HOOD.

[Thomas Hood, English poet, was born May 23, 1798, in London; son of a bookseller and nephew of an engraver. A merchant's clerk at thirteen, the engraver's apprentice at nineteen, his health gave out from the confinement of each; he next became a subeditor of the *London Magazine* for two years; then a professional man of letters, editing *The Gem* in 1829, starting the *Comic Annual* in 1830, succeeding Hook as editor of the *New Monthly* in 1841, and starting *Hood's Own* in 1844. He died May 3, 1845. An eleven-volume edition of his works was issued 1882–1884. His fame rests chiefly on his matchless lines "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Fair Ines," "A Deathbed," "I Remember," "Eugene Aram's Dream," etc.; but his humorous pieces, like "The Lost Heir," "Ode to a Child," etc., the tragi-grotesque "Miss Kilmansegg," and others, swell its volume.]

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
  An evening calm and cool,
And four and twenty happy boys
  Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
  Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
  And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
  They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
  Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
  And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
  As only boyhood can,
But the usher sat remote from all,
  A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
  To catch Heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
  And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
  The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
  Nor ever glanced aside,

For the peace of his soul he read that book
  In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
  And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
  With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
  And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
  And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
  Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
  And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
  That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read,
  Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
  Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
  "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
  As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
  Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
  And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
  Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
  And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
  And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
  Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
  To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
  Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
  Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
  And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
  Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
  Their pangs must be extreme, —
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
  Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
  A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong,
  A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field, —
  The moon shone clear and cold;
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
  And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
  And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
  And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot
  But lifeless flesh and bone.

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
  That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
  For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
  That murder could not kill.

"And, lo! the universal air
  Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
  Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
  And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
  Such sense within the slain;
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
  The blood gushed out amain;

For every clot a burning spot
  Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal;
  My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
  Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
  Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
  From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice,—the awful voice
  Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
  And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
  And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
  The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
  Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with hollow plunge,
  And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
  And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
  That evening in the school.

"O heaven! to think of their white souls,
  And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
  Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
  Mid holy cherubim.

"And peace went with them, one and all,
  And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
  That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
  With fingers bloody red.

"All night I lay in agony,
  In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
  But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin has rendered unto her
  The keys of hell to keep.

"All night I lay in agony,
  From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
  That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning like the first
  Fierce impulse unto crime.

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
  All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
  Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
  The dead man in his grave.

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
  As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool,
  With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
  For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
  The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
  I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
  Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
  I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
  Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
  I hid the murdered man;

"And all that day I read in school,
  But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
  In secret I was there;

And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
  And still the corpse was bare.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
  And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
  That earth refused to keep, —
Or land or sea, though he should be
  Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
  Till blood for blood atones;
Ay, though he's burried in a cave,
  And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
  The world shall see his bones.

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
  Besets me now, awake;
Again, again, with dizzy brain,
  The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
  Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
  Will wave or mold allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —
  It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
  Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
  The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
  Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
  With gyves upon his wrist.

HANNAH BINT.

By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

(From "Our Village.")

[MARY RUSSELL MITFORD: An English author; born at Alresford, Hants, December 16, 1786; died at Swallowfield, January 10, 1855. On her tenth

birthday her father bought her a lottery ticket which drew a prize of £20,000. She was well educated and in 1810 published her first volume of poems. She wrote several dramas, including: "Julian," "The Foscari," "Rienzi," and "Charles I." ; contributed poems and essays to magazines; and the following books: "Our Village" (5 vols., 1824–1832), "Recollections of a Literary Life" (1852), and "Atherton, and Other Tales" (1854).]

THE Shaw, leading to Hannah Bint's habitation, is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice , that is to say, a tract of thirty or forty acres covered with fine growing timber — ash, and oak, and elm, very regularly planted, and interspersed here and there with large patches of underwood, hazel, maple, birch, holly, and hawthorn, woven into almost impenetrable thickets by long wreaths of the bramble, the briony, and the brier rose, or by the pliant and twisting garlands of the wild honeysuckle. In other parts, the Shaw is quite clear of its bosky undergrowth, and clothed only with large beds of feathery fern, or carpets of flowers, primroses, orchids, cowslips, ground ivy, crane's bill, cotton grass, Solomon's seal, and forget-me-not, crowded together with a profusion and brilliancy of color such as I have rarely seen equaled even in a garden. Here the wild hyacinth really enamels the ground with its fresh and lovely purple; there,

> On aged roots, with bright green mosses clad,
> Dwells the wood sorrel, with its bright thin leaves
> Heart shaped and triply folded, and its root
> Creeping like beaded coral; whilst around
> Flourish the copse's pride, anemones,
> With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
> Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,
> Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow.

The variety is much greater than I have enumerated; for the ground is so unequal, now swelling in gentle accents, now dimpling into dells and hollows, and the soil so different in different parts, that the sylvan Flora is unusually extensive and complete.

The season is, however, now too late for this floweriness; and except the tufted woodbines, which have continued in bloom during the whole of this lovely autumn, and some lingering garlands of the purple wild vetch, wreathing round the thickets, and uniting with the ruddy leaves of the bramble, and the pale festoons of the briony, there is little to call one's attention from the grander beauties of the trees — the syca-

more, its broad leaves already spotted — the oak, heavy with acorns — and the delicate shining rind of the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," thrown out in strong relief from a background of holly and hawthorn, each studded with coral berries, and backed with old beeches, beginning to assume the rich tawny hue which makes them perhaps the most picturesque of autumnal trees, as the transparent freshness of their young foliage is undoubtedly the choicest ornament of the forest in spring.

A sudden turn round one of these magnificent beeches brings us to the boundary of the Shaw, and leaning upon a rude gate, we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. As a piece of color, nothing can well be finer. The ruddy glow of the heath flower, contrasting, on the one hand, with the golden-blossomed furze — on the other, with a patch of buckwheat, of which the bloom is not past, although the grain be ripening, the beautiful buckwheat, whose transparent leaves and stalks are so brightly tinged with vermilion, while the delicate pink-white of the flower, a paler persicaria, has a feathery fall, at once so rich and so graceful, and a fresh and reviving odor, like that of birch trees in the dew of a May evening. The bank that surmounts this attempt at cultivation is crowned with the late foxglove and the stately mullein; the pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

The living and moving accessories are all in keeping with the cheerfulness and repose of the landscape. Hannah's cow grazing quietly beside the keeper's pony; a brace of fat pointer puppies holding amicable intercourse with a litter of young pigs; ducks, geese, cocks, hens, and chickens scattered over the turf; Hannah herself sallying forth from the cottage door, with her milk bucket in her hand, and her little brother following with the milking stool.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John, indeed in our parts he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack), was a drover

of high repute in his profession. No man, between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skillfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and highroads, as Jack Bint, aided by Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, black, with a little white about the muzzle, and one white ear, was as well known at fairs and markets as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together better than any shepherd's dog on the road—Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition. No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge, and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheep dogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer. His master, though not averse to a pot of good double X, preferred gin; and they who plod slowly along, through wet and weary ways, in frost and in fog, have undoubtedly a stronger temptation to indulge in that cordial and reviving stimulus, than we water drinkers, sitting in warm and comfortable rooms, can readily imagine. For certain, our drover could never resist the gentle seduction of the gin bottle, and being of a free, merry, jovial temperament, one of those persons commonly called good fellows, who like to see others happy in the same way with themselves, he was apt to circulate it at his own expense, to the great improvement of his popularity, and the great detriment of his finances.

All this did vastly well whilst his earnings continued proportionate to his spendings, and the little family at home were comfortably supported by his industry: but when a rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face; and poor Jack, a thoughtless but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, looked at his three motherless children with the acute misery of a parent who has brought those whom he loves best in the world to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's death, which event had occurred two or three

years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two brothers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry, but which forms the surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded after settling their trifling affairs to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew also that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely was a rich and liberal cattle dealer in the neighborhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah saw no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way—"a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by installments, but that she would not promise!" and, partly amused, partly interested, by the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow on the Shaw common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good nature—half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so

much that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now Hannah showed great judgment in setting up as a dairywoman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment in this neighborhood is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessaries of housekeeping. To your thoroughbred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and new-laid eggs, grow, so to say, in the country — form an actual part of its natural produce — it may be some comfort to learn that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is; that farmers' wives have ceased to keep poultry; and that we unlucky villagers sit down often to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thin milk and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milkmaid. She changed away some of the cottage finery which, in his prosperous days, poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home, the china tea service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry — for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and osiers, erected, under his sister's direction, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron the lord of the manor) until it became so ample that the produce not only kept the pig, and half kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandise to the indefatigable directress of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity school, where he made great progress — retaining him at home, how-

ever, in the haymaking and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favorite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out quick at his book), that it is the general opinion that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. Her cow, her calves, her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered. She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin. Not but Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betters. Why should she not? The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold from the first she would come to no good, and could not forgive her for falsifying her prediction; and Betty Barnes, the slatternly widow of a tippling farmer, who rented a field, and set up a cow herself, and was universally discarded for insufferable dirt, said all that the wit of an envious woman could devise against Hannah and her Alderney; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbor, who had whilom held entire sway over the Shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so good-natured and genial a person could grumble, when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buckwheat destined to feed his noble pheasants. Nobody that had been accustomed to see that paragon of keepers, so tall and manly, and pleasant looking, with his merry eye, and his knowing smile, striding gayly along, in his green coat, and his gold-laced hat, with Neptune, his noble Newfoundland dog (a retriever is the sporting word), and his beautiful spaniel Flirt at his heels, could conceive how askew he looked, when he first found

Hannah and Watch holding equal reign over his old territory, the Shaw common.

Yes! Hannah hath had her enemies; but they are passing away. The old woman at the lodge is dead, poor creature; and Betty Barnes, having herself taken to tippling, has lost the few friends she once possessed, and looks, luckless wretch, as if she would soon die too! — and the keeper? — why, he is not dead, or like to die; but the change that has taken place there is the most astonishing of all — except, perhaps, the change in Hannah herself.

Few damsels of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sunburnt hair, and eyes whose very brightness had in them something startling, overinformed, supersubtle, too clever for her age, — at twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared; her countenance has developed itself; her figure has shot up into height and lightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed and curled and brushed, with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue, close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!) — there he stands — holding her milk pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; while she is returning the compliment by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling and she blushing — he never looking so handsome nor she so pretty in all their lives. There they stand, in blessed forgetfulness of all except each other; as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING UNDER THE EAVES AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

By JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

[Jane Baillie Welsh Carlyle was born at Haddington, Scotland, July 14, 1801. She was educated at the Haddington school. She was married, October 17, 1826, to Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881). Her published writings are contained in "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle and edited by J. A. Froude (3 vols., 1883). She died in London, April 21, 1866.]

Thou, too, hast traveled, little fluttering thing,
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest.
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou likest so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight,
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?
Ah no, thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not — of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor.

What was it then? Some mystic turn of thought
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek!

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether a desert or an Eden be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! may thy small nest
With little ones, all in good time be blest!
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I — oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

HEROISM IN HOUSEKEEPING.

By JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoiled for want of a little patience and endurance, for want of understanding and laying to heart the meaning of *The Present* — for want of recognizing that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, which makes one's doing noble or mean! I can't think how people who have any natural ambition, and any sense of power in them, escape going mad in a world like this, without the recognition of that. I know I was very near mad when I found it out for myself (as one has to find out for oneself everything that is to be of any real practical use to one).

Shall I tell you how it came into my head? Perhaps it may be of comfort to you in similar moments of fatigue and disgust. I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of peat bog, that had descended to me all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter, who married a daughter of John Knox. *That* didn't, I'm ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat bog and a most dreary, untoward place to live at. In fact, it was sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life, shops, and even post office. Further, we were very poor, and further and

worst, being an only child, and brought up to great prospects, I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and very fair mathematician.

It behooved me in these astonishing circumstances to learn to sew. Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes, and were always losing buttons, and *I* was expected to "look to all that"; also it behooved me to learn to *cook!* no capable servant choosing to live at such an out-of-the-way place, and my husband having bad digestion, which complicated my difficulties dreadfully. The *bread*, above all, brought from Dumfries, "soured on his stomach" (O Heaven!), and it was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home.

So I sent for Cobbett's "Cottage Economy," and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But, knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert.

One o'clock struck! and then two!! and then three!!! And still I was sitting there in the midst of an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation. That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching *a loaf of bread* — which mightn't turn out bread after all!

Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself: "After all, in the sight of the upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing that one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman, living at Craigenputtock with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these qualities would have come out more fitly in a *good* loaf of bread!"

I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea

spread over my uncongenial life during the years we lived at that savage place, where my two immediate predecessors had gone mad, and a third had taken to drink.

DOOMED TO LIVE.

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

[Honoré de Balzac, the greatest of French novelists, was born at Tours in 1799, educated at the Collège de Vendôme, and studied law; then retired to a Paris garret to write novels in the most miserable poverty for years, before he won the least public attention. Ten years later he had become famous, though not prosperous. In 1848 he married a Polish lady whom he had long loved, and just as he was beginning to have an easy life he died, August 18, 1850. His novels are very numerous; most of them were grouped by him as a "Comédie Humaine," which was to comprise all sides of life. Some of the best known are "Eugénie Grandet," "César Birotteau," "Père Goriot," "Lost Illusions," "The Woman of Thirty," "The Poor Relations," "The Last Chouan" (his first success), "Le Peau de Chagrin," "The Search for the Absolute," and "The Country Doctor."]

The clock of the little town of Menda had just struck midnight. At this moment a young French officer was leaning on the parapet of a long terrace which bounded the gardens of the castle. He seemed plunged in the deepest thought — a circumstance unusual amid the thoughtlessness of military life; but it must be owned that never were the hour, the night, and the place more propitious to meditation. The beautiful Spanish sky stretched out its azure dome above his head. The glittering stars and the soft moonlight lit up a charming valley that unfolded all its beauties at his feet. Leaning against a blossoming orange tree he could see, a hundred feet below him, the town of Menda, which seemed to have been placed for shelter from the north winds at the foot of the rock on which the castle was built. As he turned his head he could see the sea, framing the landscape with a broad silver sheet of glistening water. The castle was a blaze of light. The mirth and movement of a ball, the music of the orchestra, the laughter of the officers and their partners in the dance, were borne to him mingled with the distant murmur of the waves. The freshness of the night imparted a sort of energy to his limbs, weary with the heat of the day. Above all, the gardens were planted with

trees so aromatic, and flowers so fragrant, that the young man stood plunged, as it were, in a bath of perfumes.

The castle of Menda belonged to a Spanish grandee, then living there with his family. During the whole of the evening his eldest daughter had looked at the officer with an interest so tinged with sadness that the sentiment of compassion thus expressed by the Spaniard might well call up a reverie in the Frenchman's mind.

Clara was beautiful, and although she had three brothers and a sister, the wealth of the Marques de Leganes seemed great enough for Victor Marchand to believe that the young lady would have a rich dowry. But how dare he hope that the most bigoted old hidalgo in all Spain would ever give his daughter to the son of a Parisian grocer? Besides, the French were hated. The Marques was suspected by General Gautier, who governed the province, of planning a revolt in favor of Ferdinand VII. For this reason the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been cantoned in the little town of Menda, to hold the neighboring hamlets, which were dependent on the Marques, in check. Recent dispatches from Marshal Ney had given ground for fear that the English would shortly land on the coast, and had indicated the Marques as a man who carried on communication with the cabinet of London.

In spite, therefore, of the welcome which the Spaniard had given him and his soldiers, the young officer Victor Marchand remained constantly on his guard. As he was directing his steps towards the terrace whither he had come to examine the state of the town and the country districts intrusted to his care, he debated how he ought to interpret the friendliness which the Marques had unceasingly shown him, and how the tranquillity of the country could be reconciled with his General's uneasiness. But in one moment these thoughts were driven from his mind by a feeling of caution and well-grounded curiosity. He had just perceived a considerable number of lights in the town. In spite of the day being the Feast of St. James, he had given orders, that very morning, that all lights should be extinguished at the hour prescribed by his regulations; the castle alone being excepted from this order. He could plainly see, here and there, the gleam of his soldiers' bayonets at their accustomed posts; but there was a solemnity in the silence, and nothing to suggest that the Spaniards were a prey to the excitement of a festival. After having sought to

explain the offense of which the inhabitants were guilty, the mystery appeared all the more unaccountable to him because he had left officers in charge of the night police and the rounds. With all the impetuosity of youth, he was just about to leap through a breach and descend the rocks in haste, and thus arrive more quickly than by the ordinary road at a small outpost placed at the entrance of the town nearest to the castle, when a faint sound stopped him. He thought he heard the light footfall of a woman upon the gravel walk. He turned his head and saw nothing; but his gaze was arrested by the extraordinary brightness of the sea. All of a sudden he beheld a sight so portentous that he stood dumfounded; he thought that his senses deceived him. In the far distance he could distinguish sails gleaming white in the moonlight. He trembled and tried to convince himself that this vision was an optical illusion, merely the fantastic effect of the moon on the waves. At this moment a hoarse voice pronounced his name. He looked towards the breach, and saw slowly rising above it the head of the soldier whom he had ordered to accompany him to the castle.

"Is that you, Commandant?"

"Yes; what do you want?" replied the young man, in a low voice. A sort of presentiment warned him to be cautious.

"Those rascals down there are stirring like worms. I have hurried, with your leave, to tell you my own little observations."

"Go on," said Victor Marchand.

"I have just followed a man from the castle who came in this direction with a lantern in his hand. A lantern's a frightfully suspicious thing. I don't fancy it was tapers my fine Catholic was going to light at this time of night. 'They want to eat us body and bones!' says I to myself; so I went on his track to reconnoiter. There, on a ledge of rock, not three paces from here, I discovered a great heap of fagots."

Suddenly a terrible shriek rang through the town, and cut the soldier short. At the same instant a gleam of light flashed before the Commandant. The poor grenadier received a ball in the head and fell. A fire of straw and dry wood burst into flame like a house on fire, not ten paces from the young man. The sound of the instruments and the laughter ceased in the ballroom. The silence of death, broken only by groans, had suddenly succeeded to the noises and music of the feast. The fire of a cannon roared over the surface of the sea. Cold sweat

trickled down the young officer's forehead; he had no sword. He understood that his men had been slaughtered, and the English were about to disembark. If he lived he saw himself dishonored, summoned before a council of war. Then he measured with his eyes the depth of the valley. He sprang forward, when just at that moment his hand was seized by the hand of Clara.

"Fly!" said she; "my brothers are following to kill you. Down yonder at the foot of the rock you will find Juanito's Andalusian. Quick!"

The young man looked at her for a moment, stupefied. She pushed him on; then, obeying the instinct of self-preservation which never forsakes even the bravest man, he rushed down the park in the direction she had indicated. He leapt from rock to rock, where only the goats had ever trod before; he heard Clara crying out to her brothers to pursue him; he heard the footsteps of the assassins; he heard the balls of several discharges whistle about his ears; but he reached the valley, he found the horse, mounted, and disappeared swift as lightning. In a few hours he arrived at the quarters occupied by General Gautier. He found him at dinner with his staff.

"I bring you my life in my hand!" cried the Commandant, his face pale and haggard.

He sat down and related the horrible disaster. A dreadful silence greeted his story.

"You appear to me to be more unfortunate than criminal," said the terrible General at last. "You are not accountable for the crime of the Spaniards, and unless the Marshal decides otherwise, I acquit you."

These words could give the unfortunate officer but slight consolation.

"But when the Emperor hears of it!" he exclaimed.

"He will want to have you shot," said the General. "However —— But we will talk no more about it," he added severely, "except how we are to take such a revenge as will strike wholesome fear upon this country, where they carry on war like savages."

One hour afterwards, a whole regiment, a detachment of cavalry, and a convoy of artillery were on the road. The General and Victor marched at the head of the column. The soldiers, informed of the massacre of their comrades, were filled with extraordinary fury. The distance which separated the

town of Menda from the general quarters was passed with marvelous rapidity. On the road the General found whole villages under arms. Each of these wretched townships was surrounded and their inhabitants decimated.

By some inexplicable fatality, the English ships stood off instead of advancing. It was known afterwards that these vessels had outstript the rest of the transports and only carried artillery. Thus the town of Menda, deprived of the defenders she was expecting, and which the sight of the English vessels had seemed to assure, was surrounded by the French troops almost without striking a blow. The inhabitants, seized with terror, offered to surrender at discretion. Then followed one of those instances of devotion not rare in the peninsula. The assassins of the French, foreseeing, from the cruelty of the General, that Menda would probably be given over to the flames and the whole population put to the sword, offered to denounce themselves. The General accepted this offer, inserting as a condition that the inhabitants of the castle, from the lowest valet to the Marques himself, should be placed in his hands. This capitulation agreed upon, the General promised to pardon the rest of the population and to prevent his soldiers from pillaging or setting fire to the town. An enormous contribution was exacted, and the richest inhabitants gave themselves up as hostages to guarantee the payment, which was to be accomplished within twenty-four hours.

The General took all precautions necessary for the safety of his troops, provided for the defense of the country, and refused to lodge his men in the houses. After having formed a camp, he went up and took military possession of the castle. The members of the family of Leganes and the servants were gagged, and shut up in the great hall where the ball had taken place, and closely watched. The windows of the apartment afforded a full view of the terrace which commanded the town. The staff was established in a neighboring gallery, and the General proceeded at once to hold a council of war on the measures to be taken for opposing the debarkation. After having dispatched an aid-de-camp to Marshal Ney, with orders to plant batteries along the coast, the General and his staff turned their attention to the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards, whom the inhabitants had surrendered, were shot down then and there upon the terrace. After this military execution, the General ordered as many gallows to be erected on the

terrace as there were prisoners in the hall of the castle, and the town executioner to be brought. Victor Marchand made use of the time from then until dinner to go and visit the prisoners. He soon returned to the General.

"I have come," said he, in a voice broken with emotion, "to ask you a favor."

"You?" said the General, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" replied Victor, "it is but a melancholy errand that I am come on. The Marques has seen the gallows being erected, and expresses a hope that you will change the mode of execution for his family; he entreats you to have the nobles beheaded."

"So be it!" said the General.

"They further ask you to allow them the last consolations of religion, and to take off their bonds; they promise not to attempt to escape."

"I consent," said the General; "but you must be answerable for them."

"The old man also offers you the whole of his fortune if you will pardon his young son."

"Really!" said the General. "His goods already belong to King Joseph; he is under arrest." His brow contracted scornfully, then he added: "I will go beyond what they ask. I understand now the importance of the last request. Well, let him buy the eternity of his name, but Spain shall remember forever his treachery and its punishment. I give up the fortune and his life to whichever of his sons will fulfill the office of executioner. Go, and do not speak to me of it again."

Dinner was ready, and the officers sat down to table to satisfy appetites sharpened by fatigue.

One of them only, Victor Marchand, was not present at the banquet. He hesitated for a long time before he entered the room. The haughty family of Leganes were in their agony. He glanced sadly at the scene before him; in this very room, only the night before, he had watched the fair heads of those two young girls and those three youths as they circled in the excitement of the dance. He shuddered when he thought how soon they must fall, struck off by the sword of the headsman. Fastened to their gilded chairs, the father and mother, their three sons, and their two young daughters, sat absolutely motionless. Eight serving men stood upright before them, their hands bound behind their backs. These fifteen persons

looked at each other gravely, their eyes scarcely betraying the thoughts that surged within them. Only profound resignation and regret for the failure of their enterprise left any mark upon the features of some of them. The soldiers stood likewise motionless, looking at them, and respecting the affliction of their cruel enemies. An expression of curiosity lit up their faces when Victor appeared. He gave the order to unbind the condemned, and went himself to loose the cords which fastened Clara to her chair. She smiled sadly. He could not refrain from touching her arm, and looking with admiring eyes at her black locks and graceful figure. She was a true Spaniard; she had the Spanish complexion and the Spanish eyes, with their long curled lashes and pupils blacker than the raven's wing.

"Have you been successful?" she said, smiling upon him mournfully with somewhat of the charm of girlhood still lingering in her eyes.

Victor could not suppress a groan. He looked one after the other at Clara and her three brothers. One, the eldest, was aged thirty; he was small, even somewhat ill made, with a proud disdainful look, but there was a certain nobleness in his bearing; he seemed no stranger to that delicacy of feeling which elsewhere has rendered the chivalry of Spain so famous. His name was Juanito. The second, Felipe, was aged about twenty; he was like Clara. The youngest was eight, Manuel; a painter would have found in his features a trace of that Roman steadfastness which David has given to children's faces in his episodes of the Republic. The old Marques, his head still covered with white locks, seemed to have come forth from a picture of Murillo. The young officer shook his head. When he looked at them, he was hopeless that he would ever see the bargain proposed by the General accepted by either of the four; nevertheless he ventured to impart it to Clara. At first she shuddered, Spaniard though she was; then, immediately recovering her calm demeanor, she went and knelt down before her father.

"Father," she said, "make Juanito swear to obey faithfully any orders that you give him, and we shall be content."

The Marquesa trembled with hope; but when she leant towards her husband, and heard — she who was a mother — the horrible confidence whispered by Clara, she swooned away. Juanito understood all; he leapt up like a lion in its cage.

After obtaining an assurance of perfect submission from the Marques, Victor took upon himself to send away the soldiers. The servants were led out, handed over to the executioner, and hanged. When the family had no guard but Victor to watch them, the old father rose and said, "Juanito."

Juanito made no answer, except by a movement of the head, equivalent to a refusal; then he fell back in his seat, and stared at his parents with eyes dry and terrible to look upon. Clara went and sat on his knee, put her arm round his neck, and kissed his eyelids.

"My dear Juanito," she said gayly, "if thou didst only know how sweet death would be to me if it were given by thee, I should not have to endure the odious touch of the headsman's hands. Thou wilt cure me of the woes that were in store for me—and, dear Juanito, thou couldst not bear to see me belong to another, well——" Her soft eyes cast one look of fire at Victor, as if to awaken in Juanito's heart his horror of the French.

"Have courage," said his brother Felipe, "or else our race, that has almost given kings to Spain, will be extinct."

Suddenly Clara rose, the group which had formed round Juanito separated, and this son, dutiful in his disobedience, saw his aged father standing before him, and heard him cry in a solemn voice, "Juanito, I command thee."

The young Count remained motionless. His father fell on his knees before him; Clara, Manuel, and Felipe did the same instinctively. They all stretched out their hands to him as to one who was to save their family from oblivion; they seemed to repeat their father's words—"My son, hast thou lost the energy, the true chivalry of Spain? How long wilt thou leave thy father on his knees? What right hast thou to think of thine own life and its suffering? Madam, is this a son of mine?" continued the old man, turning to his wife.

"He consents," cried she in despair. She saw a movement in Juanito's eyelids, and she alone understood its meaning.

Mariquita, the second daughter, still knelt on her knees, and clasped her mother in her fragile arms; her little brother Manuel, seeing her weeping hot tears, began to chide her. At this moment the almoner of the castle came in; he was immediately surrounded by the rest of the family and brought to Juanito. Victor could bear this scene no longer; he made a sign to Clara, and hastened away to make one last effort with

the General. He found him in high good humor in the middle of the banquet, drinking with his officers; they were beginning to make merry.

An hour later a hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda came up to the terrace, in obedience to the General's orders, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes. A detachment of soldiers was drawn up to keep back these Spanish burghers who were ranged under the gallows on which the servants of the Marques still hung. The feet of these martyrs almost touched their heads. Thirty yards from them a block had been set up, and by it gleamed a scimiter. The headsman also was present, in case of Juanito's refusal. Presently, in the midst of the profoundest silence, the Spaniards heard the footsteps of several persons approaching, the measured tread of a company of soldiers, and the faint clinking of their muskets. These diverse sounds were mingled with the merriment of the officers' banquet, — just as before it was the music of the dance which had concealed preparations for a treacherous massacre. All eyes were turned towards the castle; the noble family was seen advancing with incredible dignity. Every face was calm and serene; one man only leant, pale and haggard, on the arm of the Priest. Upon this man he lavished all the consolations of religion — upon the only one of them doomed to live. The executioner understood, as did all the rest, that for that day Juanito had undertaken the office himself. The aged Marques and his wife, Clara, Mariquita, and their two brothers, came and knelt down a few steps from the fatal spot. Juanito was led thither by the Priest. As he approached the block the executioner touched him by the sleeve and drew him aside, probably to give him certain instructions.

The Confessor placed the victims in such a position that they could not see the executioner; but like true Spaniards, they knelt erect without a sign of emotion.

Clara was the first to spring forward to her brother. "Juanito," she said, "have pity on my faint-heartedness; begin with me."

At that moment they heard the footsteps of a man running at full speed, and Victor arrived on the tragic scene. Clara was already on her knees, already her white neck seemed to invite the edge of the scimiter. A deadly pallor fell upon the officer, but he still found strength to run on.

"The General grants thee thy life if thou wilt marry me," he said to her in a low voice.

The Spaniard cast a look of proud disdain on the officer. "Strike, Juanito," she said, in a voice of profound meaning.

Her head rolled at Victor's feet. When the Marquesa heard the sound a convulsive start escaped her; this was the only sign of her affliction.

"Am I placed right so, dear Juanito?" little Manuel asked his brother.

"Ah, thou weepest, Mariquita!" said Juanito to his sister.

"Yes," answered the girl; "I was thinking of thee, my poor Juanito; thou wilt be so unhappy without us."

At length the noble figure of the Marques appeared. He looked at the blood of his children; then he turned to the spectators, who stood mute and motionless before him. He stretched out his hands to Juanito, and said in a firm voice: "Spaniards, I give my son a father's blessing. Now, *Marques*, strike without fear, as thou art without fault."

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the Confessor, he groaned aloud, "She fed me at her own breast." His cry seemed to tear a shout of horror from the lips of the crowd. At this terrible sound the noise of the banquet and the laughter and merrymaking of the officers died away. The Marquesa comprehended that Juanito's courage was exhausted. With one leap she had thrown herself over the balustrade, and her head was dashed to pieces against the rocks below. A shout of admiration burst forth. Juanito fell to the ground in a swoon.

"Marchand has just been telling me something about this execution," said a half-drunken officer. "I'll warrant, General, it wasn't by your orders that——"

"Have you forgotten, Messieurs," cried General Gautier, "that during the next month there will be five hundred French families in tears, and that we are in Spain? Do you wish to leave your bones here?"

After this speech there was not a man, not even a sublieutenant, who dared to empty his glass.

In spite of the respect with which he is surrounded—in spite of the title of El Verdugo (the executioner), bestowed

upon him as a title of nobility by the King of Spain — the Marques de Leganes is a prey to melancholy. He lives in solitude, and is rarely seen. Overwhelmed with the load of his glorious crime, he seems only to await the birth of a second son, impatient to seek again the company of those Shades who are about his path continually.

A PASSION IN THE DESERT.

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

"THE whole show is dreadful," she cried, coming out of the menagerie of M. Martin. She had just been watching that daring speculator "perform his great feats with the hyena," to speak in the style of the circus bill.

"By what means," she continued, "can he have tamed these animals to such a point as to be certain of their affection for——"

"What seems to you a problem," said I, interrupting, "is really quite natural."

"Oh!" she cried, letting an incredulous smile wander over her lips.

"You think that beasts are wholly without passions?" I asked her. "Quite the reverse; we can communicate to them all the vices arising in our own state of civilization."

She looked at me with an air of astonishment.

"Nevertheless," I continued, "the first time I saw M. Martin, I admit, like you, I did give vent to an exclamation of surprise. I found myself next to an old soldier with the right leg amputated, who had come in with me. His face had struck me. He had one of those intrepid heads, stamped with the seal of warfare, and on which the battles of Napoleon are written. Besides, he had that frank good-humored expression which always impresses me favorably. He was without doubt one of those troopers who are surprised at nothing, who find matter for laughter in the contortions of a dying comrade, who bury or plunder him quite light-heartedly, who stand intrepidly in the way of bullets; — in fact, one of those men who waste no time in deliberation, and would not hesitate to make friends with the devil himself. After looking very at-

tentively at the proprietor of the menagerie getting out of his box, my companion pursed up his lips with an air of mockery and contempt, with that peculiar and expressive twist which superior people assume to show they are not taken in. Then, when I was expatiating on the courage of M. Martin, he smiled, shook his head knowingly, and said, 'Well known.'"

"'How "well known"?' I said. 'If you would only explain me the mystery, I should be vastly obliged.'

"After a few minutes, during which we made acquaintance, we went to dine at the first *restaurateur's* whose shop caught our eye. At dessert a bottle of champagne completely refreshed and brightened up the memories of this odd old soldier. He told me his story, and I said that he had every reason to exclaim 'Well known.'"

* * * * * * *

When she got home, she teased me to that extent, and made so many promises, that I consented to communicate to her the old soldier's confidences. Next day she received the following episode of an epic which one might call "The Frenchman in Egypt."

During the expedition in Upper Egypt under General Desaix, a Provençal soldier fell into the hands of the Mangrabins, and was taken by these Arabs into the deserts beyond the falls of the Nile.

In order to place a sufficient distance between themselves and the French army, the Mangrabins made forced marches, and only rested during the night. They camped round a well overshadowed by palm trees under which they had previously concealed a store of provisions. Not surmising that the notion of flight would occur to their prisoner, they contented themselves with binding his hands, and after eating a few dates, and giving provender to their horses, went to sleep.

When the brave Provençal saw that his enemies were no longer watching him, he made use of his teeth to steal a scimitar, fixed the blade between his knees, and cut the cords which prevented him using his hands; in a moment he was free. He at once seized a rifle and a dagger, then taking the precaution to provide himself with a sack of dried dates, oats, and powder and shot, and to fasten a scimitar to his waist, he leapt on to a horse, and spurred on vigorously in the direction where he thought to find the French army. So impatient was he to see a bivouac again that he pressed on the already tired courser at

such speed, that its flanks were lacerated with his spurs, and at last the poor animal died, leaving the Frenchman alone in the desert. After walking some time in the sand with all the courage of an escaped convict, the soldier was obliged to stop, as the day had already ended. In spite of the beauty of an oriental sky at night, he felt he had not strength enough to go on. Fortunately he had been able to find a small hill, on the summit of which a few palm trees shot up into the air ; it was their verdure seen from afar which had brought hope and consolation to his heart. His fatigue was so great that he lay down upon a rock of granite, capriciously cut out like a camp-bed ; there he fell asleep without taking any precaution to defend himself while he slept. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His last thought was one of regret. He repented having left the Mangrabins, whose nomad life seemed to smile on him now that he was far from them and without help. He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays fell with all their force on the granite and produced an intolerable heat — for he had had the stupidity to place himself inversely to the shadow thrown by the verdant majestic heads of the palm trees. He looked at the solitary trees and shuddered — they reminded him of the graceful shafts crowned with foliage which characterize the Saracen columns in the cathedral of Arles.

But when, after counting the palm trees, he cast his eyes around him, the most horrible despair was infused into his soul. Before him stretched an ocean without limit. The dark sand of the desert spread further than sight could reach in every direction, and glittered like steel struck with bright light. It might have been a sea of looking-glass, or lakes melted together in a mirror. A fiery vapor carried up in streaks made a perpetual whirlwind over the quivering land. The sky was lit with an oriental splendor of insupportable purity, leaving naught for the imagination to desire. Heaven and earth were on fire.

The silence was awful in its wild and terrible majesty. Infinity, immensity, closed in upon the soul from every side. Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a flaw on the bosom of the sand, ever moving in diminutive waves ; the horizon ended as at sea on a clear day, with one line of light, definite as the cut of a sword.

The Provençal threw his arms round the trunk of one of the palm trees, as though it were the body of a friend, and then

in the shelter of the thin straight shadow that the palm cast upon the granite, he wept. Then sitting down he remained as he was, contemplating with profound sadness the implacable scene, which was all he had to look upon. He cried aloud, to measure the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hill, sounded faintly, and aroused no echo — the echo was in his own heart. The Provençal was twenty-two years old; — he loaded his carbine.

"There'll be time enough," he said to himself, laying on the ground the weapon which alone could bring him deliverance.

Looking by turns at the black expanse and the blue expanse, the soldier dreamt of France — he smelt with delight the gutters of Paris — he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his fellow-soldiers, the most minute details of his life. His southern fancy soon showed him the stones of his beloved Provence, in the play of the heat which waved over the spread sheet of the desert. Fearing the danger of this cruel mirage, he went down the opposite side of the hill to that by which he had come up the day before. The remains of a rug showed that this place of refuge had at one time been inhabited; at a short distance he saw some palm trees full of dates. Then the instinct which binds us to life awoke again in his heart. He hoped to live long enough to await the passing of some Arabs, or perhaps he might hear the sound of cannon; for at this time Bonaparte was traversing Egypt.

This thought gave him new life. The palm tree seemed to bend with the weight of the ripe fruit. He shook some of it down. When he tasted this unhoped-for manna, he felt sure that the palms had been cultivated by a former inhabitant — the savory, fresh meat of the dates was proof of the care of his predecessor. He passed suddenly from dark despair to an almost insane joy. He went up again to the top of the hill, and spent the rest of the day in cutting down one of the sterile palm trees which the night before had served him for shelter. A vague memory made him think of the animals of the desert; and in case they might come to drink at the spring, visible from the base of the rocks, but lost further down, he resolved to guard himself from their visits by placing a barrier at the entrance of his hermitage.

In spite of his diligence, and the strength which the fear of being devoured asleep gave him, he was unable to cut the palm in pieces, though he succeeded in cutting it down. At even-

tide the king of the desert fell; the sound of its fall resounded far and wide, like a sigh in the solitude; the soldier shuddered as though he had heard some voice predicting woe.

But like an heir who does not long bewail a deceased parent, he tore off from this beautiful tree the tall broad green leaves which are its poetic adornment, and used them to mend the mat on which he was to sleep.

Fatigued by the heat and his work, he fell asleep under the red curtains of his wet cave.

In the middle of the night his sleep was troubled by an extraordinary noise; he sat up, and the deep silence around allowed him to distinguish the alternative accents of a respiration whose savage energy could not belong to a human creature.

A profound terror, increased still further by the darkness, the silence, and his waking images, froze his heart within him. He almost felt his hair stand on end, when by straining his eyes to their utmost he perceived through the shadow two faint yellow lights. At first he attributed these lights to the reflection of his own pupils, but soon the vivid brilliance of the night aided him gradually to distinguish the objects around him in the cave, and he beheld a huge animal lying but two steps from him. Was it a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile?

The Provençal was not educated enough to know under what species his enemy ought to be classed; but his fright was all the greater, as his ignorance led him to imagine all terrors at once; he endured a cruel torture, noting every variation of the breathing close to him without daring to make the slightest movement. An odor, pungent like that of a fox, but more penetrating, profounder — so to speak — filled the cave, and when the Provençal became sensible of this, his terror reached its height, for he could no longer doubt the proximity of a terrible companion, whose royal dwelling served him for a shelter.

Presently the reflection of the moon descending on the horizon lit up the den, rendering gradually visible and resplendent the spotted skin of a panther.

This lion of Egypt slept, curled up like a big dog, the peaceful possessor of a sumptuous niche at the gate of an *hôtel;* its eyes opened for a moment and closed again; its face was turned towards the man. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the Frenchman's mind; first he thought of killing it with a bullet from his gun, but he saw there was not enough

distance between them for him to take proper aim — the shot would miss the mark. And if it were to wake! — the thought made his limbs rigid. He listened to his own heart beating in the midst of the silence, and cursed the too violent pulsations which the flow of blood brought on, fearing to disturb that sleep which allowed him time to think of some means of escape.

Twice he placed his hand on his scimitar, intending to cut off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting the stiff short hair compelled him to abandon this daring project. To miss would be to die for *certain*, he thought; he preferred the chances of fair fight, and made up his mind to wait till morning; the morning did not leave him long to wait.

He could now examine the panther at ease; its muzzle was smeared with blood.

"She's had a good dinner," he thought, without troubling himself as to whether her feast might have been on human flesh. "She won't be hungry when she gets up."

It was a female. The fur on her belly and flanks was glistening white; many small marks like velvet formed beautiful bracelets round her feet; her sinuous tail was also white, ending with black rings; the overpart of her dress, yellow like unburnished gold, very lissom and soft, had the characteristic blotches in the form of rosettes, which distinguish the panther from every other feline species.

This tranquil and formidable hostess snored in an attitude as graceful as that of a cat lying on a cushion. Her blood-stained paws, nervous and well armed, were stretched out before her face, which rested upon them, and from which radiated her straight slender whiskers, like threads of silver.

If she had been like that in a cage, the Provençal would doubtless have admired the grace of the animal, and the vigorous contrasts of vivid color which gave her robe an imperial splendor; but just then his sight was troubled by her sinister appearance.

The presence of the panther, even asleep, could not fail to produce the effect which the magnetic eyes of the serpent are said to have on the nightingale.

For a moment the courage of the soldier began to fail before this danger, though no doubt it would have risen at the mouth of a cannon charged with shell. Nevertheless, a bold thought brought daylight to his soul and sealed up the source of the cold sweat which sprang forth on his brow. Like men

driven to bay, who defy death and offer their body to the smiter, so he, seeing in this merely a tragic episode, resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"The day before yesterday the Arabs would have killed me perhaps," he said; so considering himself as good as dead already, he waited bravely, with excited curiosity, his enemy's awakening.

When the sun appeared, the panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she put out her paws with energy, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. At last she yawned, showing the formidable apparatus of her teeth and pointed tongue, rough as a file.

"A regular *petite maitresse*," thought the Frenchman, seeing her roll herself about so softly and coquettishly. She licked off the blood which stained her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head with reiterated gestures full of prettiness. "All right, make a little toilet," the Frenchman said to himself, beginning to recover his gayety with his courage; "we'll say good morning to each other presently," and he seized the small short dagger which he had taken from the Margrabins. At this moment the panther turned her head towards the man and looked at him fixedly without moving.

The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable luster made him shudder, especially when the animal walked towards him. But he looked at her caressingly, staring into her eyes in order to magnetize her, and let her come quite close to him; then with a movement both gentle and amorous, as though he were caressing the most beautiful of women, he passed his hand over her whole body, from the head to the tail, scratching the flexible vertebræ which divided the panther's yellow back. The animal waved her tail voluptuously, and her eyes grew gentle; and when for the third time the Frenchman accomplished this interested flattery, she gave forth one of those purrings by which our cats express their pleasure; but this murmur issued from a throat so powerful and so deep, that it resounded through the cave like the last vibrations of an organ in a church. The man, understanding the importance of his caresses, redoubled them in such a way as to surprise and stupefy his imperious courtesan. When he felt sure of having extinguished the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been satisfied the day before, he got up to go out of the cave; the panther let him go out, but when

he had reached the summit of the hill she sprang with the lightness of a sparrow hopping from twig to twig, and rubbed herself against his legs, putting up her back after the manner of all the race of cats. Then regarding her guest with eyes whose glare had softened a little, she gave vent to that wild cry which naturalists compare to the grating of a saw.

"She is exacting," said the Frenchman, smiling.

He was bold enough to play with her ears; he caressed her belly and scratched her head as hard as he could. When he saw he was successful he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for the moment to kill her, but the hardness of her bones made him tremble for his success.

The sultana of the desert showed herself gracious to her slave; she lifted her head, stretched out her neck, and manifested her delight by the tranquillity of her attitude. It suddenly occurred to the soldier that to kill this savage princess with one blow he must poniard her in the throat.

He raised the blade, when the panther, satisfied, no doubt, laid herself gracefully at his feet, and cast up at him glances in which, in spite of their natural fierceness, was mingled confusedly a kind of good will. The poor Provençal ate his dates, leaning against one of the palm trees, and casting his eyes alternately on the desert in quest of some liberator and on his terrible companion to watch her uncertain clemency.

The panther looked at the place where the date stones fell, and every time he threw one down her eyes expressed an incredible mistrust.

She examined the man with an almost commercial prudence. However, this examination was favorable to him, for when he had finished his meager meal she licked his boots with her powerful rough tongue, brushing off with marvelous skill the dust gathered in the creases.

"Ah, but when she's really hungry!" thought the Frenchman. In spite of the shudder this thought caused him, the soldier began to measure curiously the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most splendid specimens of its race. She was three feet high and four feet long without counting her tail; this powerful weapon, rounded like a cudgel, was nearly three feet long. The head, large as that of a lioness, was distinguished by a rare expression of refinement. The cold cruelty of a tiger was dominant, it was true, but there was also a vague resemblance to the face of a sensual woman.

Indeed, the face of this solitary queen had something of the gayety of a drunken Nero: she had satiated herself with blood, and she wanted to play.

The soldier tried if he might walk up and down, and the panther left him free, contenting herself with following him with her eyes, less like a faithful dog than a big Angora cat, observing everything, and every movement of her master.

When he looked round, he saw, by the spring, the remains of his horse; the panther had dragged the carcass all that way; about two thirds of it had been devoured already. The sight reassured him.

It was easy to explain the panther's absence, and the respect she had had for him while he slept. The first piece of good luck emboldened him to tempt the future, and he conceived the wild hope of continuing on good terms with the panther during the entire day, neglecting no means of taming her and remaining in her good graces.

He returned to her and had the unspeakable joy of seeing her wag her tail with an almost imperceptible movement at his approach. He sat down, then, without fear, by her side, and they began to play together; he took her paws and muzzle, pulled her ears, rolled her over on her back, stroked her warm, delicate flanks. She let him do whatever he liked, and when he began to stroke the hair on her feet she drew her claws in carefully.

The man, keeping the dagger in one hand, thought to plunge it into the belly of the too confiding panther, but he was afraid that he would be immediately strangled in her last convulsive struggle; besides, he felt in his heart a sort of remorse which bade him respect a creature that had done him no harm. He seemed to have found a friend, in a boundless desert; half unconsciously he thought of his first sweetheart, whom he had nicknamed "Mignonne" by way of contrast, because she was so atrociously jealous, that all the time of their love he was in fear of the knife with which she had always threatened him.

This memory of his early days suggested to him the idea of making the young panther answer to this name, now that he began to admire with less terror her swiftness, suppleness, and softness. Towards the end of the day he had familiarized himself with his perilous position; he now almost liked the painfulness of it. At last his companion had got into the

habit of looking up at him whenever he cried in a falsetto voice, "Mignonne."

At the setting of the sun Mignonne gave, several times running, a profound melancholy cry. "She's been well brought up," said the light-hearted soldier; "she says her prayers." But this mental joke only occurred to him when he noticed what a pacific attitude his companion remained in. "Come, *ma petite blonde*, I'll let you go to bed first," he said to her, counting on the activity of his own legs to run away as quickly as possible, directly she was asleep, and seek another shelter for the night.

The soldier awaited with impatience the hour of his flight, and when it had arrived he walked vigorously in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he made a quarter of a league in the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, crying with that sawlike cry, more dreadful even than the sound of her leaping.

"Ah!" he said, "then she's taken a fancy to me; she has never met any one before, and it is really quite flattering to have her first love." That instant the man fell into one of those movable quicksands so terrible to travelers and from which it is impossible to save oneself. Feeling himself caught he gave a shriek of alarm; the panther seized him with her teeth by the collar, and, springing vigorously backwards, drew him as if by magic out of the whirling sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, caressing her enthusiastically; "we're bound together for life and death — but no jokes, mind!" and he retraced his steps.

From that time the desert seemed inhabited. It contained a being to whom the man could talk, and whose ferocity was rendered gentle by him, though he could not explain to himself the reason for their strange friendship. Great as was the soldier's desire to stay up on guard, he slept.

On awakening he could not find Mignonne; he mounted the hill, and in the distance saw her springing towards him after the habit of these animals, who cannot run on account of the extreme flexibility of the vertebral column. Mignonne arrived, her jaws covered with blood; she received the wonted caress of her companion, showing with much purring how happy it made her. Her eyes, full of languor, turned still more gently than the day before towards the Provençal, who talked to her as one would to a tame animal.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, you are a nice girl, aren't you? Just look at that! so we like to be made much of, don't we? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? So you have been eating some Arab or other, have you? that doesn't matter. They're animals just the same as you are; but don't you take to eating Frenchmen, or I shan't like you any longer."

She played like a dog with its master, letting herself be rolled over, knocked about, and stroked, alternately; sometimes she herself would provoke the soldier, putting up her paw with a soliciting gesture.

Some days passed in this manner. This companionship permitted the Provençal to appreciate the sublime beauty of the desert; now that he had a living thing to think about, alternations of fear and quiet, and plenty to eat, his mind became filled with contrasts and his life began to be diversified.

Solitude revealed to him all her secrets, and enveloped him in her delights. He discovered in the rising and setting of the sun sights unknown to the world. He knew what it was to tremble when he heard over his head the hiss of a bird's wings, so rarely did they pass, or when he saw the clouds, changing and many colored travelers, melt one into another. He studied in the nighttime the effects of the moon upon the ocean of sand, where the simoom made waves swift of movement and rapid in their change. He lived the life of the Eastern day, marveling at its wonderful pomp; then, after having reveled in the sight of a hurricane over the plain where the whirling sands made red, dry mists and death-bearing clouds, he would welcome the night with joy, for then fell the healthful freshness of the stars, and he listened to imaginary music in the skies. Then solitude taught him to unroll the treasures of dreams. He passed whole hours in remembering mere nothings, and comparing his present life with his past.

At last he grew passionately fond of the panther; for some sort of affection was a necessity.

Whether it was that his will powerfully projected had modified the character of his companion, or whether, because she found abundant food in her predatory excursions in the deserts, she respected the man's life, he began to fear for it no longer, seeing her so well tamed.

He devoted the greater part of his time to sleep, but he was obliged to watch like a spider in its web that the moment of his deliverance might not escape him, if any one should

pass the line marked by the horizon. He had sacrificed his shirt to make a flag with, which he hung at the top of a palm tree, whose foliage he had torn off. Taught by necessity, he found the means of keeping it spread out, by fastening it with little sticks; for the wind might not be blowing at the moment when the passing traveler was looking through the desert.

It was during the long hours, when he had abandoned hope, that he amused himself with the panther. He had come to learn the different inflections of her voice, the expressions of her eyes; he had studied the capricious patterns of all the rosettes which marked the gold of her robe. Mignonne was not even angry when he took hold of the tuft at the end of her tail to count the rings, those graceful ornaments which glittered in the sun like jewelry. It gave him pleasure to contemplate the supple, fine outlines of her form, the whiteness of her belly, the graceful pose of her head. But it was especially when she was playing that he felt most pleasure in looking at her; the agility and youthful lightness of her movements were a continual surprise to him; he wondered at the supple way which she jumped and climbed, washed herself and arranged her fur, crouched down and prepared to spring. However rapid her spring might be, however slippery the stone she was on, she would always stop short at the word "Mignonne."

One day, in a bright midday sun, an enormous bird coursed through the air. The man left his panther to look at this new guest; but after waiting a moment the deserted sultana growled deeply.

"My goodness! I do believe she's jealous," he cried, seeing her eyes become hard again; "the soul of Virginie has passed into her body, that's certain."

The eagle disappeared into the air, whilst the soldier admired the curved contour of the panther.

But there was such youth and grace in her form! she was beautiful as a woman! the blond fur of her robe mingled well with the delicate tints of faint white which marked her flanks.

The profuse light cast down by the sun made this living gold, these russet markings, to burn in a way to give them an indefinable attraction.

The man and the panther looked at one another with a look full of meaning; the coquette quivered when she felt her

friend stroke her head; her eyes flashed like lightning — then she shut them tightly.

"She has a soul," he said, looking at the stillness of this queen of the sands, golden like them, white like them, solitary and burning like them.

* * * * * * *

"Well," she said, "I have read your plea in favor of beasts; but how did two so well adapted to understand each other end?"

"Ah, well! you see, they ended as all great passions do end — by a misunderstanding. From some reason *one* suspects the other of treason; they don't come to an explanation through pride, and quarrel and part from sheer obstinacy."

"Yet sometimes at the best moments a single word or a look are enough — but anyhow go on with your story."

"It's horribly difficult, but you will understand, after what the old villain told me over his champagne. He said — 'I don't know if I hurt her, but she turned round, as if enraged, and with her sharp teeth caught hold of my leg — gently, I dare say; but I, thinking she would devour me, plunged my dagger into her throat. She rolled over, giving a cry that froze my heart; and I saw her dying, still looking at me without anger. I would have given all the world — my cross even, which I had not got then — to have brought her to life again. It was as though I had murdered a real person; and the soldiers who had seen my flag, and were come to my assistance, found me in tears.'

"'Well, sir,' he said, after a moment of silence, 'since then I have been in war in Germany, in Spain, in Russia, in France; I've certainly carried my carcass about a good deal, but never have I seen anything like the desert. Ah! yes, it is very beautiful!'

"'What did you feel there?' I asked him.

"'Oh! that can't be described, young man! Besides, I am not always regretting my palm trees and my panther. I should have to be very melancholy for that. In the desert, you see, there is everything, and nothing.'

"'Yes, but explain ——'

"'Well,' he said, with an impatient gesture, 'it is God without mankind.'"

A CORSICAN VENDETTA.[1]

By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

(From "Colomba": by courtesy of T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

[PROSPER MÉRIMÉE: A French writer; born in Paris, September 28, 1803; died at Cannes, September 23, 1870. His father and mother were both artists, his father being for a long time secretary of the École des Beaux Arts. The son was given a college education, and studied law, but abandoned it for literary work. He was inspector general of the historical monuments of France, and in 1852 was appointed senator for life in the reconstructed French government. Among his notable writings are: "Colomba," a novel (1830); "Carmen," the novel which furnished the plot for Bizet's opera (1840); "Historic Monuments" (1843); "Arsène Guillot," (1845); "Studies in the History of Rome"; "Historic and Literary Medleys" (1855); "Social War" and "Letters to an Unknown" (1873). He was elected to the French Academy in 1844.]

THE following day passed without hostilities. Both sides held themselves on the defensive. Orso did not go out of his house, and the door of the Barricinis' remained constantly closed. Five policemen who had been left as garrison at Pietranera were to be seen walking in the square or in the outskirts of the village, accompanied by the rural constable, the only representative of the town force. The deputy mayor did not take off his scarf; but with the exception of the loopholes at the windows of the hostile houses, nothing indicated war. No one but a Corsican would have noticed that in the square around the green oak only women were to be seen.

At supper time Colomba joyfully showed her brother the following letter, which she had just received from Miss Nevil: —

MY DEAR COLOMBA, —

I was very glad to learn from your brother's letter that your enmities are over. Let me congratulate you. My father cannot endure Ajaccio now that your brother is not here to talk war and to hunt with him. We leave to-day; and we shall spend the night with your relative, for whom we have a letter. Day after to-morrow, at about eleven o'clock, I shall come to ask you for that *bruccio* of the mountains, which you say is so superior to that of the town.

Good-by, dear Colomba,

Your friend,
LYDIA NEVIL.

[1] Copyright, 1898, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"Then she has not received my second letter!" exclaimed Orso.

"You see by the date of hers that Miss Lydia must have been on the way when your letter arrived at Ajaccio. Did you tell her not to come?"

"I told her that we were in a state of siege. This is not, it seems to me, a situation in which to receive company."

"Bah! Those English are queer people. She told me the last night I spent in her room that she should be sorry to leave Corsica without having seen a fine *vendetta*. If you are willing, Orso, we can show her an assault upon the house of our enemies."

"Do you know, Colomba," said Orso, "that nature was wrong to make a woman of you? You would have made an excellent soldier."

"Perhaps. At all events I am going to prepare my *bruccio*."

"It is useless. We must send some one to inform them, and to stop them before they start."

"What? Would you send out a messenger in such weather, when a torrent might sweep him away with your letter? How I pity the poor bandits in this storm! Fortunately they have good cloaks. Let me tell you what you ought to do, Orso. If the storm ceases, go very early to-morrow morning and reach our kinsman's house before our friends have started. That will be easy for you, because Miss Lydia always rises late. You can tell them what has happened here; and if they insist upon coming, we shall be very glad to receive them."

Orso readily gave his consent to this scheme; and Colomba, after a few moments of silence, went on: —

"Perhaps you think, Orso, that I was joking when I spoke of an assault upon the Barricini house. Do you know that we are stronger than they are, two against one, at least? Since the prefect suspended the mayor, all the men here are on our side. We can cut them to pieces. It would be easy to begin the affair. If you were willing, I would go to the fountain and make fun of their women; they would come out — or perhaps, they are so cowardly, they would shoot upon me from their loopholes; they would miss me. Then the amount of it all is that they made the attack. So much the worse for the vanquished. In a quarrel, who holds the victorious responsible? Rely upon your sister, Orso; the black-robed lawyers who are going to come will waste some paper, and will say

many useless words. Nothing will result from it. The old fox would find a way to make them see stars at high noon. Ah, if the prefect had not put himself in front of Vincentello, there would have been one less!"

All this was said with the same coolness with which she had spoken a few moments before about the preparation of the *bruccio*.

Orso, stupefied, stared at his sister with admiration mingled with fear.

"My dear Colomba," he said, as he rose from the table, "you are, I fear, the Devil personified. But be at rest; if I do not succeed in getting the Barricinis hanged, I shall find means to have my revenge on them in another way. Hot ball or cold steel! You see that I have not forgotten Corsican."

"The sooner the better," said Colomba, with a sigh. "What horse shall you ride to-morrow, Ors' Anton'?"

"The black. Why do you ask?"

"So that barley may be given him."

When Orso had retired to his room, Colomba sent Saveria and the shepherds to bed, and remained alone in the kitchen, where she prepared her *bruccio*. From time to time she listened, and seemed to be waiting impatiently for her brother to get to bed. When she thought he was at last asleep, she took a knife, made sure that it was sharp, put her little feet into big shoes, and without making the slightest noise slipped out into the garden.

The garden, inclosed with walls, bordered on a large piece of land surrounded with hedges, where they kept the horses; for Corsican horses do not know the stable. Generally people let them loose in a field, and leave it to their intelligence to find food, and to shelter themselves against the cold and the rain.

Colomba opened the garden gate with the same precaution, and entered the inclosure; and by whistling softly she drew around her the horses, to whom she often brought bread and salt.

As soon as the black horse was within her reach, she seized him firmly by the mane, and slit his ear with her knife. The horse made a wild bound and ran away, making a sharp cry, such as acute pain sometimes draws from animals of that kind. Colomba, quite satisfied, was returning to the garden, when Orso opened his window and cried, "Who goes there?" At

the same time she heard him loading his gun. Fortunately for her the garden gate was in complete darkness, and a large fig tree partially covered it. Soon, from the intermittent lights that shone in her brother's room, she concluded that he was trying to light his lamp. Then she hastily closed the gate; and by gliding along the walls in such a way that her black dress blended with the dark foliage of the fruit trees trained against them, she succeeded in reaching the kitchen a few moments before Orso appeared.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"It seemed to me," replied Orso, "that some one was opening the garden gate."

"Impossible! The dog would have barked. However, let us go and see."

Orso went around the garden; and when he had ascertained that the outer door was well locked, he felt a little ashamed of his false alarm, and prepared to return to his room.

"I like to see, brother," said Colomba, "that you are becoming prudent, as one in your position ought to be."

"You are training me," responded Orso. "Good night."

At the dawn of day Orso was up and ready to start. His dress indicated at the same time the pretension to elegance of a man who is going to present himself before a woman whom he wishes to please, and the prudence of a Corsican engaged in a *vendetta*. Over a tight-fitting coat he wore, slung over his shoulder, a little tin box containing cartridges, suspended by a green silk cord; his stiletto was placed in a side pocket; and he carried in his hand the beautiful Manton gun, loaded with bullets. While he was hurriedly drinking a cup of coffee which Colomba had poured out for him, a shepherd went out to saddle and bridle the horse. Orso and his sister followed close behind him, and entered the inclosure. The shepherd had caught the horse, but he had let saddle and bridle fall, and appeared to be horror-stricken; while the horse, who remembered the wound of the preceding night and feared for his other ear, was rearing, kicking, neighing, and playing a thousand pranks.

"Here, hurry up!" Orso shouted.

"O Ors' Anton'! O Ors' Anton'!" cried the shepherd; "by the blood of our Lady!" And he made imprecations without number, the greater part of which are untranslatable.

"What has happened?" demanded Colomba.

Every one approached the horse; and when they saw that

he was bloody, and his ear was slit, there was a general exclamation of surprise and indignation. It must be understood that to mutilate the horse of an enemy is, among Corsicans, at once a vengeance, a challenge, and a threat of murder. Nothing less than a gunshot can expiate such a crime. Although Orso, who had lived a long time on the Continent, felt the enormity of the outrage less than another would have done, yet, if a Barricinist had appeared before him at this moment, it is probable that he would have made him immediately atone for the insult which he attributed to his enemies. "The cowardly rascals!" he exclaimed; "to take revenge on a poor beast, when they dare not meet me face to face!"

"What are we waiting for?" cried Colomba, impetuously. "They have provoked us, and mutilated our horses, and are we to give no answer? Are you men?"

"Vengeance!" responded the shepherds. "Let us lead the horse through the village, and assault their house!"

"There is a barn covered with straw joining their tower," said old Polo Griffo; "in a trice I could put it in flames." Another proposed going to get ladders from the church tower; a third suggested breaking in the doors of the Barricini house by means of a beam which was lying in the square, intended for some house in construction. In the midst of all these furious voices, Colomba was heard announcing to her satellites that before putting themselves to the work, each was to receive a large glass of anisette.

Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, the effect that she had expected from her cruelty to the poor horse was in a great measure lost, on account of Orso. He did not doubt that this savage mutilation was the work of his enemies, and he suspected Orlanduccio particularly; but he did not consider that the young man whom he had provoked and struck had effaced his dishonor by cutting a horse's ear. On the contrary, this base and absurd vengeance increased his scorn for his adversaries; and he now agreed with the prefect that such people did not deserve to fight a duel with him. As soon as he could make himself heard, he declared to his amazed partisans that they were to renounce their warlike intentions, and that justice, which should be done, would thoroughly punish the injury to his horse. "I am master here," he added in a severe tone, "and I will be obeyed. The first man who presumes to kill or to burn, I will burn in his turn. Here, saddle the gray horse!"

"What, Orso," said Colomba, drawing him aside, "do you allow people to insult us? When our father was alive, no Barricini ever dared to mutilate one of our beasts."

"I promise you that they will have reason to repent; but it is for the police and the jailers to punish the wretches who have no courage excepting against animals. I have said that justice will avenge me, — or if not, you will not need to remind me whose son I am!"

"Patience!" said Colomba to herself, with a sigh.

"Remember, sister," Orso continued, "that if I find on my return that any demonstration has been made against the Barricinis, I shall never forgive you." Then he added in a gentler tone: "It is very possible, indeed very probable, that I shall return with the colonel and his daughter; see that their rooms are in order, and that the breakfast is good, — in short, that our guests may be as comfortable as possible. It is a very good thing, Colomba, to have courage; but it is also necessary for a woman to know how to manage a house. Come, kiss me; be prudent; there is the gray horse saddled."

"Orso," said Colomba, "you are not going alone?"

"I do not need any one," Orso replied; "and I promise you that I will not let my own ear be cut."

"Oh! I shall never allow you to go alone in a time of war. Here, Polo Griffo, Gian' Francè, Memmo! take your guns; you are to accompany my brother."

After a rather lively discussion, Orso had to submit to be followed by an escort. He took from among his excited shepherds those who had most loudly advised beginning the war; then after he had renewed his injunctions to his sister and to the remaining shepherds, he started, taking this time a roundabout way in order to avoid the Barricini house.

They were far from Pietranera, and the horses were walking rapidly, when old Polo Griffo perceived, at a passage of a little stream which lost itself in a marsh, several hogs lying comfortably in the mud, enjoying both the sun and the coolness of the water. Immediately aiming at the largest, he shot it in the head, and killed it on the spot. Its companions got up and rushed away with surprising swiftness; and although the other shepherd fired in his turn, they gained a thicket into which they disappeared safe and sound.

"Fools!" cried Orso, "you mistake hogs for wild boars!"

"No, indeed, Ors' Anton'," replied Polo Griffo; "but this

drove belongs to the lawyer, and this is to teach him to mutilate our horses."

"What, you rascals!" cried Orso, transported with rage, "are you imitating the infamies of our enemies! Leave me, wretches! I do not need you. You are good for nothing but to fight with hogs. I swear that if you follow me I will blow your brains out!"

The two shepherds looked at each other, speechless. Orso spurred his horse, and disappeared at a gallop.

"Well!" said Polo Griffo, "I call that good! Love people, in order to have them treat you like that! The colonel, his father, was once angry with you because you aimed at the lawyer, — Great fool, not to shoot! And the son — you see what I have done for him. He talks of breaking my head as he would a gourd which will not hold wine. That is what they learn on the Continent, Memmo!"

"Yes, and if it is known that you have killed a hog, a lawsuit will be made against you; and Ors' Anton' will neither speak to the judges in your favor, nor pay the lawyer. Luckily no one saw you, and Saint Nega will get you out of the scrape."

After a short deliberation, the two shepherds concluded that the most prudent thing to do was to throw the hog into a slough, a plan which they executed, after each had taken several slices from the innocent victim of the hatred of the della Rebbias and Barricinis.

When Orso was rid of his undisciplined escort, he continued his way, more occupied with the pleasant anticipation of seeing Miss Nevil again than with fear of meeting his enemies. "The lawsuit which I am going to have with these Barricini wretches," he said to himself, "will oblige me to go to Bastia. Why should I not accompany Miss Nevil? Why should we not go together from Bastia to the mineral springs of Orezza?" All at once reminiscences of childhood brought that picturesque place plainly to his mind. He seemed to be transported to a green lawn at the foot of chestnut trees a century old. On the shining grass, dotted with blue flowers like eyes which smiled at him, he saw Miss Lydia seated by his side. She had taken off her hat; and her fair hair, finer and softer than silk, shone like gold in the sunlight which penetrated through the foliage. Her pure blue eyes seemed to him bluer than the sky. With her cheek resting on one

hand, she listened pensively to the words of love that he tremblingly addressed to her. She had on the muslin dress that she had worn on the last day he saw her at Ajaccio. From beneath the folds of this dress escaped a little foot in a black satin slipper. Orso said to himself that he would like to kiss that foot: but one of Miss Lydia's hands was not gloved, and it held a daisy. Orso took the daisy from her, and Miss Lydia's hand clasped his; he kissed the daisy and then the hand, and she was not offended. All these thoughts hindered him from paying attention to the road that he was following, and yet his horse had been continually trotting. He was going to kiss in imagination Miss Lydia's white hand for the second time, when he almost kissed in reality the head of his horse, which stopped abruptly. Little Chilina had barred his way, and seized his bridle.

"Where are you going in this fashion, Ors' Anton'?" she asked. "Don't you know that your enemy is near?"

"My enemy!" cried Orso, furious at being interrupted at such an interesting moment. "Where is he?"

"Orlanduccio is near here. He is waiting for you. Return, do return!"

"Ah, he is waiting for me, is he? Have you seen him?"

"Yes, Ors' Anton', I was lying in the fern when he passed. He was looking all around with his field glass."

"In what direction did he go?"

"He descended there, in the same direction in which you are going."

"Thank you."

"Ors' Anton', wouldn't it be better to wait for my uncle? He will soon be here, and with him you would be safe."

"Don't be afraid, Chili; I do not need your uncle."

"If you were willing, I would go in front of you."

"No, thank you, thank you."

And Orso, urging his horse, rode rapidly away in the direction that the little girl had indicated to him.

His first feeling had been a blind transport of rage, and he had said to himself that fortune offered him an excellent opportunity to correct the coward who mutilated a horse in order to avenge himself for a blow. Then, while riding, the partial promise that he had made to the prefect, and above all the fear of losing the visit from Miss Nevil, changed his mood, and made him almost wish not to meet Orlanduccio. But soon the remem-

brance of his father, the insult done to his horse, and the threats of the Barricinis, kindled his wrath again, and impelled him to seek out his enemy, in order to provoke him and force him to fight. Thus agitated by contradictory resolutions he continued to go forward, but now with precaution, examining the bushes and hedges, and now and then even stopping to listen to the indistinct sounds that are heard in the country. Ten minutes after he had left little Chilina (it was then about nine o'clock in the morning), he found himself at the top of a very steep slope. The road, or rather the ill-defined footpath, which he was following crossed a recently burned *maquis*. In this place the ground was covered with whitish ashes; and here and there some shrubs and large trees blackened by the fire, and entirely despoiled of their leaves, were standing upright, although they had ceased to live. When a person sees a burned *maquis*, he believes himself transported into the midst of the scenery of the north in midwinter; and the contrast between the barrenness of the places over which the flames have swept, and the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding country, makes them appear still more sad and desolate. But in this landscape Orso saw at this time only one important thing with regard to his position; since the ground was bare, it could not conceal an ambush, and one who fears at every moment to see issuing from a thicket the barrel of a gun aimed at his own breast regards as a kind of oasis a stretch of level ground where nothing obstructs the view. Beyond the burned *maquis* were several cultivated fields, inclosed, according to the custom of the country, with unmortared stone walls, breast high. The path passed between these inclosures, in which enormous chestnut trees, irregularly grouped, presented from a distance the appearance of a thick wood.

On account of the steepness of the slope, Orso was obliged to dismount; and leaving the bridle loose on the horse's neck, he descended rapidly by sliding on the ashes. When he was not more than twenty-five paces from one of these inclosures, he perceived directly in front of him, first the barrel of a gun, then a head projecting above the top of the wall. The gun was lowered, and he recognized Orlanduccio ready to fire. Orso was prompt in preparing to defend himself; and both of them, while aiming, looked at each other for a few seconds with that keen emotion which the bravest feel at the moment of giving or of receiving death.

"Miserable coward!" Orso cried out. He had hardly finished speaking when he saw the flash of Orlanduccio's gun; and at almost the same instant a second shot came from his left, on the other side of the path, discharged by a man whom he had not seen, and who had aimed from behind another wall. Both balls hit him; the first, that of Orlanduccio, passed through his left arm, which had been extended forward in taking aim; the other struck him in the breast and tore his coat, but fortunately coming in contact with the blade of his stiletto, flattened out against it, and made only a slight bruise.

Orso's left arm sank motionless at his side, and the barrel of his gun dropped for an instant; but he immediately raised it again, and aiming with his right hand alone, fired at Orlanduccio, whose head, which had been visible only down to the eyes, disappeared behind the wall. Orso, turning to the left, discharged his second shot at a man so enveloped in smoke that he could scarcely be seen. This figure in turn disappeared. The four shots had succeeded one another with incredible swiftness, and trained soldiers never left a shorter interval between their firings. After Orso's last shot everything became silent. The smoke from his gun rose slowly towards the sky; there was no movement behind the wall, not the slightest noise. If it had not been for the pain which he felt in his arm, he could have believed that the men at whom he had just shot were phantoms of his imagination.

Expecting a second shot, Orso moved a few steps in order to place himself behind one of the burnt trees standing in the *maquis*. Behind this shelter he placed his gun between his knees, and hastily reloaded it. His left arm pained him cruelly, and it seemed as if he were sustaining an enormous weight. What had become of his enemies? He could not understand. If they had fled, or if they had been wounded, he would certainly have heard some noise, some movement in the foliage. Were they dead, then, or rather, were they not waiting under the protection of the wall for an opportunity to fire upon him again? In this state of uncertainty, feeling his strength fail, he placed his right knee on the ground, rested his wounded arm on the other, and made use of a branch projecting from the trunk of the burnt tree to support his gun. With his finger on the trigger, his eyes fixed on the wall, and his ears attentive to the slightest sound, he remained without stirring for several minutes, which seemed to him a century. Finally, far behind

him, a sharp cry was heard; and soon a dog descended the slope like a flash of lightning, and stopped beside him wagging his tail. It was Brusco, the disciple and companion of the bandits, announcing without doubt the arrival of his master; and never was honest man waited for more impatiently.

The dog, with his nose in the air, turned in the direction of the nearest inclosure, sniffing restlessly. Suddenly he uttered a low growl, cleared the wall with one bound, and almost immediately jumped back upon the top of it, where he looked fixedly at Orso, expressing surprise with his eyes as clearly as a dog can do it; then he started off again with his nose in the wind, this time in the direction of the other inclosure, the wall of which he leaped. At the end of a second he reappeared on the top, showing the same feeling of astonishment and restlessness; then he plunged into the *maquis* with his tail between his legs, and walking sidewise he withdrew slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on Orso until he was some distance away. Then he began to run again, and remounted the hill almost as quickly as he had descended it, until he met a man who was advancing rapidly in spite of the steepness of the slope.

"Here, Brando!" shouted Orso, when he believed him within hearing distance.

"Well, Ors' Anton'! are you wounded?" asked Brandolaccio, as he ran up quite out of breath. "In the body or the limbs?"

"In the arm."

"The arm! that's nothing. What about the other man?"

"I think I hit him."

Brandolaccio, following his dog, hastened to the nearest inclosure, and leaned over the wall in order to look on the other side. As he hung there he took off his cap and said: —

"Good morning to Signor Orlanduccio!" Then he turned towards Orso, and saluted him in turn in a perfectly serious manner. "That," he said, "is what I call a man neatly served up."

"Is he still alive?" asked Orso, breathing with difficulty.

"Oh, no! nothing of the kind; he had too much pain from that ball you put into his eye. By the blood of the Virgin, what a hole! A good gun, upon my word! What size! How it does crush one's brains! I say, Ors' Anton', when I first heard *pif! pif!* I said to myself, 'Confound it! they are murdering my lieutenant!' Then I heard *boom! boom!* 'Ah!'

said I, 'that is the English gun talking; he is returning the shot.' — Well, Brusco, what do you want of me?"

The dog led him to the other inclosure. "Bless me!" cried Brandolaccio, in surprise. "A double hit — nothing more nor less! The deuce! it is evident that powder is dear, for you are economical with it."

"What is it, in God's name?" asked Orso.

"Come, come! none of your jokes, lieutenant! You bring game to the ground, and want some one to pick it up for you. There's one man who will have a funny dessert to-day, and that's Lawyer Barricini! Here is butcher's meat, plenty of it! Now who the deuce will be his heir?"

"What! Vincentello dead too?"

"Dead as a doornail. Good health to the rest of us! The good thing about you is that you don't make them suffer. Just come and see Vincentello; he is still on his knees, with his head leaning against the wall. He looks as if he were asleep. This is what might be called a leaden sleep. Poor wretch!"

Orso turned his head away in horror. "Are you sure that he is dead?"

"You are like Sampiero Corso, who never gave more than one blow. Look, here,— in the breast, on the left,— it is exactly the way Vincileone was hit at Waterloo. I wager that the ball is not far from the heart. A double shot! Ah, I will have nothing more to do with shooting! Two in two shots! with bullets! The two brothers! If he had had a third shot he would have killed the papa! He will do better another time. What a shot, Ors' Anton'! And to think that it never happened to a brave fellow like me to make a double shot at the police!"

While talking, the bandit examined Orso's arm, and slit open his sleeve with his stiletto.

"That is nothing," he said. "This coat will give Colomba some work. Ah! what do I see? this tear in the front of it? Did anything enter there? No, you would not be so gay. Here, try to move your fingers — do you feel my teeth when I bite your little finger? Not at all? That is all right then; it won't amount to anything. Let me take your handkerchief and cravat; your frock coat is entirely spoiled. Why are you arrayed so finely? Are you on the way to your wedding? There, drink a drop of wine. Why don't you carry a gourd? Does a Corsican ever go out without a gourd?" Then, in the

midst of the dressing, he interrupted himself to exclaim: "A double shot! Both of them stark dead! How the vicar will laugh — a double shot! Ah, here comes that little snail of a Chilina."

Orso did not answer. He was as pale as death, and was trembling from head to foot.

"Chili!" shouted Brandolaccio, "go and look behind that wall. How's that?"

The child, making use of her feet and hands, clambered up on the wall, and as soon as she perceived the corpse of Orlanduccio, made the sign of the cross.

"That isn't anything," continued the bandit; "go and look farther, over there."

The child again made the sign of the cross.

"Did you do it, uncle?" she asked timidly.

"I! haven't I become an old good-for-nothing? Chili, it is the work of this gentleman. Pay him your compliments."

"Colomba will be very glad," said Chilina; "and she will be very sorry to know that you are wounded, Ors' Anton'."

"Here, Ors' Anton'," said the bandit, when he had finished the dressing. "Chilina has caught your horse. Mount, and come with me to the *maquis* of Stazzona. He would be a clever man who could find you there. We will give you our best treatment. When we get to the cross of Saint Christine, you must dismount. You will give your horse to Chilina, who will go to inform Colomba about you, and on the way you will give her your messages. You can tell everything to the little girl, Ors' Anton'; she would rather be hacked to pieces than betray her friends." Then in a gentle tone he said: "Here, you little jade, be excommunicated, rogue!" Since Brandolaccio, like many bandits, was superstitious, he was afraid of fascinating children by addressing to them benedictions of praises; for every one knows that the mysterious powers exercised by looks and speech have the bad habit of bringing about just the opposite of what we wish.

"Where do you want me to go, Brando?" asked Orso, in a faint voice.

"Why, that is for you to choose, — to prison or to the *maquis*. But a della Rebbia does not know the way to prison. Go to the *maquis*, Ors' Anton'!"

"Farewell to all my hopes, then!" moaned the wounded man.

"Your hopes! The deuce! did you hope to do better with a double-barreled gun? Come, now! how did they manage to hit you? These fellows must have had as many lives as a cat to do it."

"They shot first," replied Orso.

"That's so — I forgot. . . . Pif! pif! boom! boom! A double shot with one hand! When any one beats that, I shall go hang. Oh! there you are mounted; before going, just take a look at your work. It is not polite to leave the company without saying good-by."

Orso spurred his horse; he would not for anything in the world have looked at the unfortunate men whom he had just killed.

"Look here, Ors' Anton'," said the bandit, seizing Orso's reins, "will you let me speak frankly? Well, with no offense to you, I am grieved about these two young men. I beg you to excuse me, — they were so handsome, so strong, so young. I have hunted with Orlanduccio many a time. Only four days ago he gave me a package of cigars. And Vincentello was always so good-natured! It is true that you have done what you ought to have done; and, besides, the shot was too fine to be regretted. But as for me, I had nothing to do with your revenge. I know that you are right; when one has an enemy, one must get rid of him. But the Barricinis were one of the old families — now there is one less of them, and by a double shot! It is really curious."

Thus making the funeral oration of the Barricinis, Brandolaccio hastily conducted Orso, Chilina, and the dog Brusco towards the *maquis* of Stazzona.

A CONQUEST.

By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

I found him openly wearing her token;
I knew that her troth could never be broken:
I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword —
He did the same, and he spoke no word.
I faced him with his villainy;
He laughed and said, "She gave it me."

We searched for seconds, they soon were found:
They measured our swords; they measured the ground:
They held to the deadly work too fast, —
They thought to gain our place at last.
We fought in the sheen of a wintry wood;
The fair white snow was red with his blood:
But his was the victory, for, as he died,
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

THE GRIDIRON.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[SAMUEL LOVER: An Irish artist, novelist, and song writer; born at Dublin, February 24, 1797; died at St. Heliers, July 6, 1868. He established himself in his native city as a marine painter and miniaturist, and in 1835 removed to London, where he wrote for periodicals. He was the author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland" (1831), the novels "Rory O'More" (1836) and "Handy Andy" (1842), and the songs "Molly Bawn," "Low-backed Car," "Four-leaved Shamrock," etc.]

MATHEWS, in his "Trip to America," gives a ludicrous representation of an Irishman who has left his own country on the old-fashion speculation of "seeking his fortune," and who, after various previous failures in the pursuit, at length goes into the back settlements, with the intention of becoming interpreter general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes; but the Indians rejected his proffered service, "*the poor ignorant craytures*," as he himself says, "*just because* he did not understand the language." We are told, moreover, that Goldsmith visited the land of dikes and dams, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders *English*, quite overlooking (until his arrival in the country made it obvious) that he did not know a word of *Dutch* himself! I have prefaced the following story thus, in the hope that the "*precedent*," which covers so many absurdities in *law*, may be considered available by the *author*, as well as the *suitor*, and may serve a turn in the court of criticism, as well as in the common pleas.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equaled his taste for claret and fox-hunt-

ing, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants, who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "*thravels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Throth you won't, sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject-matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former services, general good conduct, or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself) — "you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plaze your honor!"

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they are not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North America* for a "raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," — a favorite

phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the 'Colleen dhas' (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord, at last, and the pumps were choak'd (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us; and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it; and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in — and fait, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the 'Colleen dhas,' went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many strokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed illigant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean — the broad Atlantic — not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together — and the barest rock in the world — so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough, throth, our provision began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum — throth *that* was gone first of all — God help uz — and oh! it was thin starvation began to stare us in the face — 'Oh, murther, murther, captain, darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven,

supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christhans as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddint,' says he.

"'Thrue for you, captain, darlint,' says I — I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal — 'thrue for you, captain, jewel — God betune uz and harm, I own no man any spite' — and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld. Well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crysthal: — but it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land — by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and 'Thunder an' turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring-'em-near — (that's what the sailors call a spyglass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurra,' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog bank, captain, darlint,' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain,' says I, 'maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oceant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he — for he had that consaited way wid him — thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else — 'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same;' and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—'so,' says I, 'captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why then,' says he, 'thunder an turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wildherness*,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron?' says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sich a *gommoch* all out as that, anyhow. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beefstake,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beefstake?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'Be gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in a joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearin' the land all the time), 'and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest now,' says he; 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me *sinsible*,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor I could do,' says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him aff for his bit o' consait about the Garman Oceant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all.'

"'*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he; 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain — 'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil — I never met the likes o' you, Paddy, 'says he — 'pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So with that, it was no sooner said nor done — they pulled away and got close inshore in less than no time, and run the boat up into a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand — an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got — and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was, afther bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or t'other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like.

"'By the powdhers o' war, I am all right,' says I; 'there's a house there;' and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table, quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely — and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me — and, faith, they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all — more betoken from furriners which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard o' wanting the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if yez could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that says I (knowin' what was in their minds), 'indeed it's thrue for you,' says I — 'I'm tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough — but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and they tuck me for a poor beggar, comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes—we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever—and, faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine owld man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't you furriners?' says I—'*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy—and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the old chap began to munseer me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to owld Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the owld chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—'*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scran to you.'

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the owld chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Phoo! — the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison,' says I — '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen — throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and, says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more — you owld thief — are you a Christhan at all at all! Are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world call so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language? — *Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then thunder an turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me — and so with that, the 'curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villain,' says I: 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,' says I, 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I, and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away — and in throth it's often sence that *I thought that it was remarkable.*"

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

By WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL: A Scottish poet; born in Glasgow, October 13, 1797; died there, November 1, 1835. He was educated at Edinburgh, in Paisley, and at Glasgow University, and in 1818 began his literary career by contributing verses to the Greenock *Visitor*. He was deputy sheriff clerk of Renfrewshire, 1819–1829, and then entered journalism. His works are: "Renfrewshire Characters and Scenery" (written under the pen name Isaac Brown, 1824), "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern" (1827), "Jeannie Morrison" (1832), and "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical" (1832).]

A STEED, a steed of matchlesse speed!
  A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble hearts is drosse,
  All else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war horse prowde,
  The rowlings of the drum,

The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
  Be soundes from heaven that come;
And O! the thundering presse of knightes
  Whenas their war cryes swell,
May toll from heaven an angel bright,
  And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants all,
  And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
  Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
  When the sword hilt's in our hand,—

Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
  For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight
  Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
  And hero-like to die!

WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

By LAMENNAIS.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[Hugues Félicité de La Mennais (he democratized his name when he democratized his opinions), reformer, evolving from priest to republican, anti-clerical, and agnostic, was born at St. Malo in 1782, of an old commercial family. Of both scholarly and ultra-religious bent, he became teacher of mathematics instead of shipper, and an extreme advocate for church pretensions; wrote a book against materialism and another on the episcopate; entered the priesthood after the restoration; and wrote a celebrated work on "Indifference in Religion," upholding authority as the sole rule of belief, which nearly made him a cardinal. But though a leader in the reactionary group, he fast developed out of it, and in 1824 was fined for a work on the "Relations of Religion and Politics." After the revolution of 1830, being a zealous liberal but still a zealous clerical, he established a journal called *L'Avenir* [the Future] to reconcile the two interests. As it recommended the separation of church and state and other things distasteful to the clericals, Gregory XVI. suppressed it. Lamennais at first submitted; but soon becoming convinced that he must give up one side or the other, broke with the church and published in 1834 the still famous "Paroles d'un Croyant" [Words of a Believer], which went over Europe like wildfire, and was put in the Index Expurgatorius at Rome, to which Lamennais retorted with "Affaires de Rome" (1836). He became a great liberal leader, and wrote "The Book of the People" (1837), "The Country and the Government" (1840), "On Religion" (1841), "The Guide of the First Age" (1844), "A Voice from Prison" (1846), which were text-books of democracy; also a "Sketch of Philosophy" (4 vols., 1840–1846). He ceased from all religious faith, and on his death in 1854 forbade religious ceremonies at his burial.]

I

It was on a somber night; a starless sky weighed down upon the earth, like a vaulting of black marble upon a tomb.

And nothing troubled the silence that night, except a strange noise as of the soft beating of wings, that from time to time was heard above the fields and the cities;

And then the shades grew denser, and each man felt his spirit shrink and a shiver run through his veins.

And within a room swathed in sable and lighted by one dull red lamp, seven men, clothed in purple and their heads encircled with crowns, were seated on seven seats of iron.

And in the midst of the room rose a throne constructed of bones; and at the base of the throne, in the guise of a footstool, was an overturned crucifix; and before the throne, a table of ebony; and on the table, a vessel filled with red and frothy blood, and a human skull.

And the seven crowned men seemed pensive and mournful; and from the depths of the hollow sockets, their eyes from time to time let gleams of livid fire escape.

And one of them, having risen, totteringly approached the throne, and set his foot upon the crucifix.

And at that moment his limbs trembled, and he seemed about to sink. The others regarded him stonily; they made not the slightest movement, but something inscrutable passed over their brows, and an unearthly smile distorted their lips.

And he who had seemed about to sink stretched out his hand, grasped the vessel filled with blood, turned some of it into the skull, and drank it.

And that draught seemed to fortify him.

And, raising his head, this cry came from his breast in a dull rattle: —

"Accursed be Christ, who has brought back Liberty upon the earth!"

And the six other crowned men rose in unison, and in unison sent up the same cry: —

"Accursed be Christ, who has brought back Liberty upon the earth!"

After which, having seated themselves once more upon their iron chairs, the first one said: —

"My brethren, what can we do to strangle Liberty? for our reign is ended if hers begins. Our cause is one: let each propose what seemeth him good.

"This, for mine own part, is the counsel I give. Before Christ came, who stood erect in our presence? It is his religion that has destroyed us: let us abolish the religion of Christ."

And all responded: "It is true. Let us abolish the religion of Christ."

And a second advanced toward the throne, took the human skull, poured the blood therein, drank it, and spoke thus: —

"It is not religion alone that must be abolished, but science and thought as well; for science would know what it is not good for us that men should know, and thought is ever ready to lift the heel against force."

And all responded: "It is true. Let us abolish science and thought."

And having done what the first two had done, the third said: —

"When we have plunged men once more into brutishness

by taking from them religion and science and thought at once, we shall have done much, but there will yet remain somewhat more to do.

"The brute has dangerous instincts and sympathies. No nation must hear the voice of any other nation, for fear lest, if one shall complain and arouse itself, another may be tempted to imitate it. Let no sound from outside penetrate among us."

And all responded: "It is true. Let no sound from outside penetrate among us."

And a fourth said: "We have our interests, and the nations have also their interests opposed to ours. If they unite to defend those interests against us, how can we resist them?

"Let us divide to rule. Let us create in each province, in each town, in each hamlet, an interest contrary to those of other hamlets, of other towns, of other provinces.

"By this means they will hate one another, and they will not think of uniting against us."

And all responded: "It is true. Let us divide to rule: agreement would be death to us."

And a fifth, having twice filled with blood and twice emptied the human skull, said: —

"I approve all these methods: they are good — but insufficient. Make brutes, that is well; but intimidate those brutes, strike terror into them by an inexorable justice and by atrocious punishments, if you would not sooner or later be devoured by them. The executioner is the prime minister of a good prince."

And all responded: "It is true. The executioner is the prime minister of a good prince."

And a sixth said: —

"I recognize the advantage of prompt punishments, terrible, inevitable. Nevertheless there are strong spirits and desperate spirits which brave such punishments.

"Would you govern men easily, enervate them by pleasures. Virtue is worth nothing to us, — it nourishes force; rather let us exhaust it by corruption."

And all responded: "It is true. Let us exhaust force and energy and courage by corruption."

Then the seventh, having like the others drunk from the human skull, spake after this sort, his feet on the crucifix: —

"No more about Christ: there is war to the death, eternal war, between him and us.

"But how detach the nations from him? It is a vain

attempt. What then shall be done? Listen to me: the priests of Christ must be won over with wealth, honors, and power.

"And they will command the people, on the part of Christ, to submit to us in all things, whatever we may do, whatever we may ordain;

"And the people will believe them, and will obey them for conscience' sake, and our power will be more firmly fixed than heretofore."

And all responded: "It is true. Let us win over the priests of Christ."

And suddenly the lamp which lit the room went out, and the seven men departed in the darkness.

And it had been said to a righteous man, who at that moment watched and prayed before the cross: "My day approaches. Worship and fear naught."

II.

And through a gray and heavy fog, I saw, as one sees on the earth the hour of twilight, a naked, desert, and frigid plain.

In its midst arose a rock, whence fell drop by drop a blackish water; and the feeble and hollow sound of the drops which fell was the only sound that was heard.

And seven paths, after having meandered through the plain, led finally up to the rock; and near the rock, at the opening of each, was a stone covered with an unknown something moist and green, in seeming like the slime of a reptile.

And lo, on one of the paths I espied a sort of shadow which slowly moved; and little by little the shadow approached, and I distinguished, not a man, but the similitude of a man.

And in place of a heart this human form had a clot of blood.

And it seated itself on the moist green rock, and its limbs shivered, and with drooping head it hugged itself with its arms, as if to retain the remainder of its warmth.

And by the six other roads, six other shadows successively arrived at the foot of the rock.

And each of them, shivering and hugging itself with its arms, seated itself on the moist green rock.

And they sat there in silence, and bowed beneath the weight of an incomprehensible anguish.

And their silence lasted long, — I know not how long, for the sun never rose over that plain; neither morning nor even-

ing there was known. The drops of blackish water solely measured, in falling, an enduring monotony, dusky, sluggish, eternal.

And that was so horrible to see, that if God had not fortified me, I could not have sustained the view.

And after a sort of convulsive shiver, one of the shadows, lifting up its head, let a sound be heard like the hoarse, dry sound of the wind as it whistles through a skeleton.

And the rock sent back these words to my ear: —

"Christ has conquered: may he be accursed!"

And the six other shadows started; and all raising their heads at once, the same blasphemy sprang from their bosoms: —

"Christ has conquered: may he be accursed!"

And directly they were seized with a stronger trembling, the fog grew denser, and for a moment the blackish water ceased to flow.

And the seven shadows had bent anew beneath the weight of their secret anguish, and there had been a second silence longer than the first.

Then one of them, without arising from his stone, moveless and bowed down, said to the others: —

"It has then fortuned to you as to me. What service have our counsels done us?"

And another replied: "Faith and thought have broken the chains of the nations; faith and thought have freed the earth."

And another said: "We would have divided men, and our oppression has united them against us."

And another: "We have shed blood, and the blood has rained back upon our heads."

And another: "We have sowed corruption, and it has sprouted in ourselves, and devoured our bones."

And another: "We have thought to strangle Liberty, and her breath has withered our power to its root."

Then the seventh shadow: —

"Christ has conquered: may he be accursed!"

And all with one voice responded: —

"Christ has conquered: may he be accursed!"

And I saw a hand that stretched forth; it dipped a finger in the blackish water, whereof the drops in falling measured eternal duration, marked with it the forehead of the seven shadows, and that was forever.

THE OLD STOIC.

By EMILY BRONTË.

[1818–1848.]

Riches I hold in light esteem,
  And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
  That vanished with the morn;

And if I pray, the only prayer
  That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
  And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal
  'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
  With courage to endure.