

“As for the seaman, he fell like a log as the wheel flew round.”
—*Homeward Bound*, page 335.

HOMeward BOUND:

OR,

THE CHASE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "THE SPY," ETC.

"Is it not strange, Canidius
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?"

—SHAKESPEARE.



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PREFACE.

IN one respect, this book is a parallel to Franklin's well-known apologue of the hatter and his sign. It was commenced with a sole view to exhibit the present state of society in the United States, through the agency, in part, of a set of characters with different peculiarities, who had freshly arrived from Europe, and to whom the distinctive features of the country would be apt to present themselves with greater force, than to those who had never lived beyond the influence of the things portrayed. By the original plan, the work was to open at the threshold of the country, or with the arrival of the travellers at Sandy Hook, from which point the tale was to have been carried regularly forward to its conclusion. But a consultation with others has left little more of this plan than the hatter's friends left of his sign. As a vessel was introduced in the first chapter, the cry was for "more ship," until the work has become "all ship;" it actually closing at, or near, the spot where it was originally intended it should commence. Owing to this diversion from the author's design—a design that lay at the bottom of all his projects—a necessity has been created of running the tale through two separate works, or of making a hurried and insufficient conclusion. The former scheme has, consequently, been adopted.

It is hoped that the interest of the narrative will not be essentially diminished by this arrangement.

There will be, very likely, certain imaginative persons, who will feel disposed to deny that every minute event mentioned in these volumes ever befell one and the same ship, though ready enough to admit that they may very well have occurred to several different ships; a mode of commenting that is much in favor with your small critic. To this objection, we shall make but a single answer. The caviller, if any there should prove to be, is challenged to produce the log-book of the Montauk, London packet, and if it should be found to contain a

single sentence to controvert any one of our statements or facts, a frank recantation shall be made. Captain Truck is quite as well known in New York as in London or Portsmouth, and to him also we refer with confidence, for a confirmation of all we have said; with the exception, perhaps, of the little occasional touches of character that may allude directly to himself. In relation to the latter, Mr. Leach, and particularly Mr. Saunders, are both invoked as unimpeachable witnesses.

Most of our readers will probably know that all which appears in a New York journal is not necessarily as true as the Gospel. As some slight deviations from the facts accidentally occur, though doubtless at very long intervals, it should not be surprising that they sometimes omit circumstances that are quite as veracious as anything they do actually utter to the world. No argument, therefore, can justly be urged against the incidents of this story, on account of the circumstance of their not being embodied in the regular marine news of the day.

Another serious objection on the part of the American reader to this work is foreseen. The author has endeavored to interest his readers in occurrences of a date as antiquated as two years can make them, when he is quite aware, that, in order to keep pace with a state of society in which there was no yesterday, it would have been much safer to anticipate things, by laying his scene two years in advance. It is hoped, however, that the public sentiment will not be outraged by this glimpse at antiquity, and this the more so, as the sequel of the tale will bring down events within a year of the present moment.

Previously to the appearance of that sequel, however, it may be well to say a few words concerning the fortunes of some of our *characters*, as it might be *en attendant*.

To commence with the most important: the Montauk herself, once deemed so "splendid" and convenient, is already supplanted in the public favor by a new ship; the reign of a popular packet, a popular preacher, or a popular anything-else, in America, being limited by a national *esprit de corps*, to a time materially shorter than that of a lustre. This, however, is no more than just; rotation in favor being as evidently a matter of constitutional necessity, as rotation in office.

Captain Truck, for a novelty, continues popular, a circumstance that he himself ascribes to the fact of his being still a bachelor.

Toast is promoted, figuring at the head of a pantry quite equal to that of his great master, who regards his improvement

with some such eyes as Charles the Twelfth of Sweden regarded that of his great rival Peter, after the affair of Pultowa.

Mr. Leach now smokes his own cigar, and issues his own orders from a monkey rail, his place in the line being supplied by his former "Dickey." He already speaks of his great model, as of one a little antiquated, it is true, but as a man who had merit in his time, though it was not the particular merit that is in fashion to day.

Notwithstanding these little changes, which are perhaps inseparable from the events of a period so long as two years in a country as energetic as America, and in which nothing seems to be stationary but the ages of Tontine nominees and three-life leases, a cordial esteem was created among the principal actors in the events of this book, which is likely to outlast the passage, and which will not fail to bring most of them together again in the sequel.

April, 1838.



HOMeward BOUND.

CHAPTER I.

An inner room I have,
Where thou shalt rest and some refreshment take,
And then we will more fully talk of this.

ORRA.

THE coast of England, though infinitely finer than our own, is more remarkable for its verdure, and for a general appearance of civilization, than for its natural beauties. The chalky cliffs may seem bold and noble to the American, though compared to the granite piles that buttress the Mediterranean they are but mole-hills ; and the travelled eye seeks beauties instead, in the retiring vales, the leafy hedges, and the clustering towns that dot the teeming island. Neither is Portsmouth a very favorable specimen of a British port, considered solely in reference to the picturesque. A town situated on a humble point, and fortified after the manner of the Low Countries, with an excellent haven, suggests more images of the useful than of the pleasing ; while a background of modest receding hills offers little beyond the verdant swales of the country. In this respect England itself has the fresh beauty of youth, rather than the mellowed hues of a more advanced period of life ; or it might be better to say, it has the young freshness and retiring sweetness that distinguish her females, as compared with the warmer tints of Spain and Italy, and which, women and landscape alike, need the near view to be appreciated.

Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of

the traveller who stood on the deck of the packet *Montauk*, resting an elbow on the quarter-deck rail, as he contemplated the view of the coast that stretched before him east and west for leagues. The manner in which this gentleman, whose temples were sprinkled with gray hairs, regarded the scene, denoted more of the thoughtfulness of experience, and of taste improved by observation, than it is usual to meet amid the bustling and commonplace characters that compose the majority in almost every situation of life. The calmness of his exterior, an air removed equally from the admiration of the novice and the superciliousness of the tyro, had, indeed, so strongly distinguished him from the moment he embarked in London to that in which he was now seen in the position mentioned, that several of the seamen swore he was a man-of-war's-man in disguise. The fair-haired, lovely, blue-eyed girl at his side, too, seemed a softened reflection of all his sentiment, intelligence, knowledge, tastes, and cultivation, united to the artlessness and simplicity that became her sex and years.

"We have seen nobler coasts, *Eve*," said the gentleman, pressing the arm that leaned on his own; "but, after all, England will always be fair to American eyes."

"More particularly so if those eyes first opened to the light in the eighteenth century, father."

"You, at least, my child, have been educated beyond the reach of national foibles, whatever may have been my own evil fortune; and still, I think even you have seen a great deal to admire in this country, as well as in this coast."

Eve Effingham glanced a moment towards the eye of her father, and perceiving that he spoke in playfulness, without suffering a cloud to shadow a countenance that usually varied with her emotions, she continued the discourse, which had, in fact, only been resumed by the remark first mentioned.

"I have been educated, as it is termed, in so many different places and countries," returned *Eve*, smiling, "that I sometimes fancy I was born a woman, like my great predecessor and namesake, the mother of *Abel*. If a congress of nations, in the way of masters, can make one independent of prejudice, I may claim to possess the advantage. My greatest fear is, that in acquiring liberality, I have acquired nothing else."

Mr. Effingham turned a look of parental fondness, in which parental pride was clearly mingled, on the face of his daughter, and said with his eyes, though his tongue did not second the

expression, "This is a fear, sweet one, that none besides thyself would feel."

"A congress of nations, truly!" muttered another male voice near the father and daughter. "You have been taught music in general, by seven masters of as many different states, besides the touch of the guitar by a Spaniard; Greek by a German; the living tongues by the European powers, and philosophy by seeing the world; and now, with a brain full of learning, fingers full of touches, eyes full of tints, and a person full of grace, your father is taking you back to America, to 'waste your sweetness on the desert air.'"

"Poetically expressed, if not justly imagined, cousin Jack," returned the laughing Eve; "but you have forgot to add, and a heart full of feeling for the land of my birth."

"We shall see, in the end."

"In the end, as in the beginning, now and for evermore."

"All love is eternal in the commencement."

"Do you make no allowance for the constancy of woman? Think you that a girl of twenty can forget the country of her birth, the land of her forefathers—or, as you call it yourself when in a good humor, the land of liberty?"

"A pretty specimen *you* will have of its liberty!" returned the cousin sarcastically. "After having passed a girlhood of wholesome restraint in the rational society of Europe, you are about to return home to the slavery of American female life, just as you are about to be married."

"Married! Mr. Effingham?"

"I suppose the catastrophe will arrive, sooner or later; and it is more likely to occur to a girl of twenty than to a girl of ten."

"Mr. John Effingham never lost an argument for the want of a convenient fact, my love," the father observed by way of bringing the brief discussion to a close. "But here are the boats approaching; let us withdraw a little and examine the chance medley of faces with which we are to become familiar by the intercourse of a month."

"You will be much more likely to agree on a verdict of murder," muttered the kinsman.

Mr. Effingham led his daughter into the hurricane-house—or, as the packet-men quaintly term it, the *coach*-house, where they stood watching the movements on the quarterdeck for the next half hour; an interval of which we shall take advantage to touch in a few of the stronger lights of our picture, leaving

the softer tints and the shadows to be discovered by the manner in which the artist "tells the story."

Edward and John Effingham were brothers' children; were born on the same day; had passionately loved the same woman, who had preferred the first-named, and died soon after Eve was born; had, notwithstanding this collision in feeling, remained sincere friends, and this the more so, probably, from a mutual and natural sympathy in their common loss; had lived much together at home, and travelled much together abroad, and were now about to return in company to the land of their birth, after what might be termed an absence of twelve years; though both had visited America for short periods in the intervals,—John not less than five times.

There was a strong family likeness between the cousins, their persons and even features being almost identical; though it was scarcely possible for two human beings to leave more opposite impressions on mere casual spectators when seen separately. Both were tall, of commanding presence, and handsome; while one was winning in appearance, and the other, if not positively forbidding, at least distant and repulsive. The noble outline of face in Edward Effingham had got to be cold severity in that of John; the aquiline nose of the latter, seeming to possess an eagle-like and hostile curvature,—his compressed lip, sarcastic and cold expression, and the fine classical chin, a feature in which so many of the Saxon race fail, a haughty scorn that caused strangers usually to avoid him. Eve drew with great facility and truth, and she had an eye, as her cousin had rightly said, "full of tints." Often and often had she sketched both of these loved faces, and never without wondering wherein that strong difference existed in nature which she had never been able to impart to her drawings. The truth is, that the subtle character of John Effingham's face would have puzzled the skill of one who had made the art his study for a life, and it utterly set the graceful but scarcely profound knowledge of the beautiful young painter at defiance. All the points of character that rendered her father so amiable and so winning, and which were rather felt than perceived, in his cousin were salient and bold, and if it may be thus expressed, had become indurated by mental suffering and disappointment.

The cousins were both rich, though in ways as opposite as their dispositions and habits of thought. Edward Effingham possessed a large hereditary property, that brought a good income, and which attached him to this world of ours by kindly

feelings towards its land and water; while John, much the wealthier of the two, having inherited a large commercial fortune, did not own ground enough to bury him. As he sometimes deridingly said, he "kept his gold in corporations, that were as soulless as himself."

Still, John Effingham was a man of cultivated mind, of extensive intercourse with the world, and of manners that varied with the occasion; or perhaps it were better to say with his humors. In all these particulars but the latter the cousins were alike; Edward Effingham's deportment being as equal as his temper, though also distinguished for a knowledge of society.

These gentlemen had embarked at London, on their fiftieth birthday, in the packet of the 1st of October, bound to New York; the lands and family residence of the proprietor lying in the state of that name, of which all of the parties were natives. It is not usual for the cabin passengers of the London packets to embark in the docks; but Mr. Effingham,—as we shall call the father in general, to distinguish him from the bachelor, John,—as an old and experienced traveller, had determined to make his daughter familiar with the peculiar odors of the vessel in smooth water, as a protection against sea-sickness; a malady, however, from which she proved to be singularly exempt in the end. They had, accordingly, been on board three days, when the ship came to an anchor off Portsmouth, the point where the remainder of the passengers were to join her on that particular day when the scene of this tale commences.

At this precise moment, then, the Montauk was lying at a single anchor, not less than a league from the land, in a flat calm, with her three topsails loose, the courses in the brails, and with all those signs of preparation about her that are so bewildering to landsmen, but which seamen comprehend as clearly as words. The captain had no other business there than to take on board the wayfarers; and to renew his supply of fresh meat and vegetables; things of so familiar import on shore as to be seldom thought of until missed, but which swell into importance during a passage of a month's duration. Eve had employed her three days of probation quite usefully, having, with the exception of the two gentlemen, the officer of the vessel, and one other person, been in quiet possession of all the ample, not to say luxurious cabins. It is true, she had a female attendant; but to her she had been accustomed from childhood, and Nanny Sidley, as her quondam nurse and actual

lady's-maid was termed, appeared so much a part of herself, that, while her absence would be missed almost as greatly as that of a limb, her presence was as much a matter of course as a hand or foot. Nor will a passing word concerning this excellent and faithful domestic be thrown away, in the brief preliminary explanations we are making.

Ann Sidley was one of those excellent creatures who, it is the custom with the European travellers to say, do not exist at all in America, and who, while they are certainly less numerous than could be wished, have no superiors in the world, in their way. She had been born a servant, lived a servant, and was quite content to die a servant,—and this, too, in one and the same family. We shall not enter into a philosophical examination of the reasons that had induced old Ann to feel certain she was in the precise situation to render her more happy than any other that to her was attainable; but feel it she did, as John Effingham used to express it, “from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot.” She had passed through infancy, childhood, girlhood, up to womanhood, *pari passu*, with the mother of Eve, having been the daughter of a gardener, who died in the service of the family, and had heart enough to feel that the mixed relations of civilized society, when properly understood and appreciated, are more pregnant of happiness than the vulgar scramble and heart-burnings, that in the *melee* of a migrating and unsettled population, are so injurious to the grace and principles of American life. At the death of Eve's mother, she had transferred her affections to the child; and twenty years of assiduity and care had brought her to feel as much tenderness for her lovely young charge as if she had been her natural parent. But Nanny Sidley was better fitted to care for the body than the mind of Eve; and when, at the age of ten, the latter was placed under the control of an accomplished governess, the good woman had meekly and quietly sunk the duties of the nurse into those of the maid.

One of the severest trials—or “crosses,” as she herself termed it—that poor Nanny had ever experienced, was endured when Eve began to speak in a language she could not herself comprehend; for, in despite of the best intentions in the world, and twelve years of use, the good woman could never make anything of the foreign tongues her young charge was so rapidly acquiring. One day, when Eve had been maintaining an animated and laughing discourse in Italian with her instructress, Nanny, unable to command herself, had actually caught the child to her bosom, and, bursting into tears, implored her

not to estrange herself entirely from her poor old nurse. The caresses and solicitations of Eve soon brought the good woman to a sense of her weakness; but the natural feeling was so strong, that it required years of close observation to reconcile her to the thousand excellent qualities of Mademoiselle Viefville, the lady to whose superintendence the education of Miss Effingham had been finally confided.

This Mademoiselle Viefville was also among the passengers, and was the one other person who now occupied the cabins in common with Eve and her friends. She was the daughter of a French officer who had fallen in Napoleon's campaigns, had been educated at one of those admirable establishments which form points of relief in the ruthless history of the conqueror, and had now lived long enough to have educated two young persons, the last of whom was Eve Effingham. Twelve years of close communion with her *élève* had created sufficient attachment to cause her to yield to the solicitations of the father to accompany his daughter to America, and to continue with her during the first year of her probation, in a state of society that the latter felt must be altogether novel to a young woman educated as his own child had been.

So much has been written and said of French governesses, that we shall not anticipate the subject, but leave this lady to speak and act for herself in the course of the narrative. Neither is it our intention to be very minute in these introductory remarks concerning any of our characters; but having thus traced their outlines, we shall return again to the incidents as they occurred, trusting to make the reader better acquainted with all the parties as we proceed.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Cram and Lord Vultur,
Sir Brandish O'Cultur,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Mouser

BATH GUIDE.

THE assembling of the passengers of a packet-ship is at all times a matter of interest to the parties concerned. During the western passage in particular, which can never safely be set down at less than a month, there is the prospect of being shut up for the whole of that period, within the narrow compass

of a ship, with those whom chance has brought together, influenced by all the accidents and caprices of personal character, and a difference of nations, conditions in life, and education. The quarter-deck, it is true, forms a sort of local distinction, and the poor creatures in the steerage seem the rejected of Providence for the time being; but all who know life will readily comprehend that the *pele-mele* of the cabins can seldom offer anything very enticing to people of refinement and taste. Against this evil, however, there is one particular source of relief; most persons feeling a disposition to yield to the circumstances in which they are placed, with the laudable and convenient desire to render others comfortable, in order that they may be made comfortable themselves.

A man of the world and a gentleman, Mr. Effingham had looked forward to this passage with a good deal of concern, on account of his daughter, while he shrank with the sensitiveness of his habits from the necessity of exposing one of her delicacy and plastic simplicity to the intercourse of a ship. Accompanied by Mademoiselle Viefville, watched over by Nanny, and guarded by himself and his kinsman, he had lost some of his apprehensions on the subject during the three probationary days, and now took his stand in the centre of his own party to observe the new arrivals, with something of the security of a man who is entrenched in his own door-way.

The place they occupied, at the window of the hurricane-house, did not admit of a view of the water; but it was sufficiently evident from the preparations in the gangway next the land, that boats were so near as to render that unnecessary.

"*Genus*, cockney; *species*, bagman," muttered John Effingham, as the first arrival touched the deck. "That worthy has merely exchanged the basket of a coach for the deck of a packet; we may now learn the price of buttons."

It did not require a naturalist to detect the species of the stranger, in truth; though John Effingham had been a little more minute in his description than was warranted by the fact. The person in question was one of those mercantile agents that England scatters so profusely over the world, some of whom have all the most sterling qualities of their nation, though a majority, perhaps, are a little disposed to mistake the value of other people as well as their own. This was the *genus*, as John Effingham had expressed it; but the *species* will best appear on dissection. The master of the ship saluted this person cordially, and as an old acquaintance, by the name of Monday.

"A *mousquetaire* resuscitated," said Mademoiselle Viefville,

in her broken English, as one who had come in the same boat as the first-named, thrust his whiskered and mustachod visage above the rail of the gangway.

"More probably a barber, who has converted his own head into a wig-block," growled John Effingham.

"It cannot, surely, be Wellington in disguise!" added Mr. Effingham, with a sarcasm of manner that was quite unusual for him.

"Or a peer of the realm in his robes!" whispered Eve, who was much amused with the elaborate toilet of the subject of their remarks, who descended the ladder supported by a sailor, and, after speaking to the master, was formally presented to his late boat-companion, as Sir George Templemore. The two bustled together about the quarter-deck for a few minutes, using eye-glasses, which led them into several scrapes, by causing them to hit their legs against sundry objects they might have avoided, though both were much too high-bred to betray feelings—or fancied they were, which answered the same purpose.

After these flourishes, the new comers descended to the cabin in company, not without pausing to survey the party in the hurricane-house, more especially Eve, who, to old Ann's great scandal, was the subject of their manifest and almost avowed admiration and observation.

"One is rather glad to have such a relief against the tediousness of a sea-passage," said Sir George as they went down the ladder. "No doubt you are used to this sort of thing, Mr. Monday; but with me, it is voyage the first,—that is, if I except the Channel and the seas one encounters in making the usual run on the Continent."

"Oh, dear me! I go and come as regularly as the equinoxes, Sir George, which you know is quite, in rule, once a year. I call my passages the equinoxes, too, for I religiously make it a practice to pass just twelve hours out of the twenty-four in my berth."

This was the last the party on deck heard of the opinions of the two worthies, for the time being; nor would they have been favored with all this, had not Mr. Monday what he thought a rattling way with him, which caused him usually to speak in an octave above every one else. Although their voices were nearly mute, or rather lost to those above, they were heard knocking about in their state-rooms; and Sir George, in particular, as frequently called out for the steward, by the name of "Saun-

ders," as Mr. Monday made similar appeals to the steward's assistant for succor, by the appropriate appellation of "Toast."

"I think we may safely claim this person, at least, for a countryman," said John Effingham: "he is what I have heard termed an American in a European mask."

"The character is more ambitiously conceived than skilfully maintained," replied Eve, who had need of all her *retenue* of manner to abstain from laughing outright. "Were I to hazard a conjecture, it would be to describe the gentleman as a collector of costumes, who had taken a fancy to exhibit an assortment of his riches on his own person. Mademoiselle Viefville, you, who so well understand costumes, may tell us from what countries the separate parts of that attire have been collected?"

"I can answer for the shop in Berlin where the travelling cap was purchased," returned the amused governess; "in no other part of the world can a parallel be found."

"I should think, ma'am," put in Nanny, with the quiet simplicity of her nature as well as of her habits, "that the gentleman must have bought his boots in Paris, for they seem to pinch his feet, and all the Paris boots and shoes pinch one's feet,—at least, all mine did."

"The watch-guard is stamped 'Geneva,'" continued Eve.

"The coat comes from Frankfort: *c'est une équivoque.*"

"And the pipe from Dresden, Mademoiselle Viefville."

"The *conchiglia* savors of Rome, and the little chain annexed bespeaks the Rialto; while the *moustaches* are anything but *indigènes*, and the *tout ensemble* the world: the man is travelled, at least."

Eve's eyes sparkled with humor as she said this: while the new passenger, who had been addressed as Mr. Dodge, and as an old acquaintance also, by the captain, came so near them as to admit of no further comments. A short conversation between the two soon let the listeners into the secret that the traveller had come from America in the spring, whither, after having made the tour of Europe, he was about to return in the autumn.

"Seen enough, ha!" added the captain with a friendly nod of the head, when the other had finished a brief summary of his proceedings in the eastern hemisphere. "All eyes, and no leisure or inclination for more?"

"I've seen as much as I *warnt* to see," returned the traveller, with an emphasis *on*, and a pronunciation *of*, the word we

have italicized, that cannot be committed to paper, but which were eloquence itself on the subject of self-satisfaction and self-knowledge.

“Well, that is the main point. When a man has got all he wants of a thing, any addition is like over-ballast. Whenever I can get fifteen knots out of the ship, I make it a point to be satisfied, especially under close-reefed topsails and on a taut bow-line.”

The traveller and the master nodded their heads at each other, like men who understood more than they expressed; when the former, after inquiring with marked interest if his room-mate, Sir George Templemore, had arrived, went below. An intercourse of three days had established something like an acquaintance between the latter and the passengers she had brought from the River, and turning his red quizzical face towards the ladies, he observed with inimitable gravity,—

“There is nothing like understanding when one has enough, even if it be of knowledge. I never yet met with the navigator who found two ‘noons’ in the same day, that he was not in danger of shipwreck. Now I daresay, Mr. Dodge there, who has just gone below, has, as he says, seen all he *warrants* to see, and it is quite likely he knows more already than he can cleverly get along with.—Let the people be getting the booms on the yards, Mr. Leach; we shall be *warning* to spread our wings before the end of the passage.”

As Captain Truck, though he often swore, seldom laughed, his mate gave the necessary order with a gravity equal to that with which it had been delivered to him; and even the sailors went aloft to execute it with greater alacrity for an indulgence of humor that was peculiar to their trade, and which, as few understood it so well, none enjoyed so much as themselves. As the homeward-bound crew was the same as the outward bound, and Mr. Dodge had come abroad quite as green as he was now going home ripe, this traveller of six months’ finish did not escape divers commentaries that literally cut him up “from clew to ear-ring,” and which flew about in the rigging much as active birds flutter from branch to branch in a tree. The subject of all this wit, however, remained profoundly, not to say happily, ignorant of the sensation he had produced, being occupied in disposing of the Dresden pipe, the Venetian chain, and the Roman *conchiglia* in his state-room, and in “instituting an acquaintance,” as he expressed it, with his room-mate, Sir George Templemore.

"We must surely have something better than this," observed Mr. Effingham, "for I observed that two of the staterooms in the main cabin are taken singly."

In order that the general reader may understand this, it may be well to explain that the packet ships have usually two berths in each stateroom, but they who can afford to pay an extra charge are permitted to occupy the little apartment singly. It is scarcely necessary to add, that persons of gentlemanly feeling, when circumstances will at all permit, prefer economizing in other things in order to live by themselves for the month usually consumed in the passage, since in nothing is refinement more plainly exhibited than in the reserve of personal habits.

"There is no lack of vulgar fools stirring with full pockets," rejoined John Effingham; "the two rooms you mention may have been taken by some 'yearling' travellers, who are little better than the semi-annual *savant* who has just passed us."

"It is at least *something*, cousin Jack, to have the wishes of a gentleman."

"It *is something*, Eve, though it end in wishes, or even in caricature."

"What are the names?" pleasantly asked Mademoiselle Vieffville; "the *names* may be a clue to the characters."

"The papers pinned to the bed-curtains bear the antithetical titles of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt; though it is quite probable the first is wanting of a letter or two by accident, and the last is merely a synonyme of the old *nom de guerre* 'Cash.'"

"Do persons, then, actually travel with borrowed names in our days?" asked Eve, with a little of the curiosity of the common mother whose name she bore.

"That do they, and with borrowed money too, as well as in other days. I dare say, however, these two co-voyagers of ours will come just as they are, in truth, Sharp enough, and Blunt enough."

"Are they Americans, think you?"

"They ought to be; both the qualities being thoroughly *indigènes*, as Mademoiselle Vieffville would say."

"Nay, cousin John, I will bandy words with you no longer; for the last twelve months you have done little else than try to lessen the joyful anticipations with which I return to the home of my childhood."

"Sweet one, I would not willingly lessen one of thy young and generous pleasures by any of the alloy of my own bitterness; but what wilt thou? A little preparation for that which

is as certain to follow as that the sun succeeds the dawn, will rather soften the disappointment thou art doomed to feel."

Eve had only time to cast a look of affectionate gratitude towards him,—for whilst he spoke tauntingly, he spoke with a feeling that her experience from childhood had taught her to appreciate,—ere the arrival of another boat drew the common attention to the gangway. A call from the officer in attendance brought the captain to the rail; and his order "to pass in the luggage of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt," was heard by all near.

"Now for *les indigènes*," whispered Mademoiselle Vieffville, with the nervous excitement that is a little apt to so betray a lively expectation in the gentler sex.

Eve smiled, for there are situations in which trifles help to awaken interest, and the little that had just passed served to excite curiosity in the whole party. Mr. Effingham thought it a favorable symptom that the master, who had had interviews with all his passengers in London, walked to the gangway to receive the new comers; for a boat load of the quarter-deck *oi polloi* had come on board a moment before without any other notice on his part than a general bow, with the usual order to receive their effects.

"The delay denotes Englishmen," the caustic John had time to throw in, before the silent arrangement at the gangway was interrupted by the appearance of the passengers.

The quiet smile of Mademoiselle Vieffville, as the two travellers appeared on deck, denoted approbation, for her practised eye detected at a glance, that both were certainly gentlemen. Women are more purely creatures of convention in their way than men, their education inculcating nicer distinctions and discriminations than that of the other sex; and Eve, who would have studied Sir George Templemore and Mr. Dodge as she would have studied the animals of a caravan, or as creatures with whom she had no affinities, after casting a sly look of curiosity at the two who now appeared on deck, unconsciously averted her eyes like a well-bred young person in a drawing-room.

"They are indeed English," quietly remarked Mr. Effingham; "but, out of question, English gentlemen."

"The one nearest appears to me to be Continental," answered Mademoiselle Vieffville, who had not felt the same impulse to avert her look as Eve; "he is *jamaïs Anglais!*"

Eve stole a glance in spite of herself, and, with the intuitive penetration of a woman, intimated that she had come to the same conclusion. The two strangers were both tall, and de

cidedly gentleman-like young men, whose personal appearance would cause either to be remarked. The one whom the captain addressed as Mr. Sharp had the most youthful look, his complexion being florid, and his hair light; though the other was altogether superior in outline of feature as well as in expression; indeed, Mademoiselle Vieville fancied she never saw a sweeter smile than that he gave on returning the salute of the deck; there was more than the common expression of suavity and of the usual play of features in it, for it struck her as being thoughtful and as almost melancholy. His companion was gracious in his manner, and perfectly well toned; but his demeanor had less of the soul of the man about it, partaking more of the training of the social caste to which it belonged. These may seem to be nice distinctions for the circumstances; but Mademoiselle Vieville had passed her life in good company, and under responsibilities that had rendered observation and judgment highly necessary, and particularly observations of the other sex.

Each of the strangers had a servant; and while their luggage was passed up from the boat, they walked aft nearer to the hurricane-house, accompanied by the captain. Every American, who is not very familiar with the world, appears to possess the mania of introducing. Captain Truck was no exception to the rule; for, while he was perfectly acquainted with a ship, and knew the etiquette of the quarter-deck to a hair, he got into blue water the moment he approached the finesse of deportment. He was exactly of that school of *élégants* who fancy drinking a glass of wine with another, and introducing, are touches of breeding; it being altogether beyond his comprehension that both have especial uses, and are only to be resorted to on especial occasions. Still, the worthy master, who had begun life on the fore-castle, without any previous knowledge of usages, and who had imbibed the notion that "manners make the man," taken in the narrow sense of the axiom, was a devotee of what he fancied to be good breeding, and one of his especial duties, as he imagined, in order to put his passengers at their ease, was to introduce them to each other; a proceeding which, it is hardly necessary to say, had just a contrary effect with the better class of them.

"You are acquainted gentlemen?" he said, as the three approached the party in the hurricane-house.

The two travellers endeavored to look interested, while Mr. Sharp carelessly observed that they had met for the first time in the boat. This was delightful intelligence to Captain Truck,

who did not lose a moment in turning it to account. Stopping short, he faced his companions, and, with a solemn wave of the hand, he went through the ceremonial in which he most delighted, and in which he piqued himself at being an adept.

“Mr. Sharp, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Blunt;—Mr. Blunt, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Sharp.”

The gentlemen, though taken a little by surprise at the dignity and formality of the captain, touched their hats civilly to each other, and smiled. Eve, not a little amused at the scene, watched the whole procedure; and then she too detected the sweet melancholy of the one expression, and the marble-like irony of the other. It may have been this that caused her to start, though almost imperceptibly, and to color.

“Our turn will come next,” muttered John Effingham; “get the grimaces ready.”

His conjecture was right; for, hearing his voice without understanding the words, the captain followed up his advantage to his own infinite gratification.

“Gentlemen,—Mr. Effingham, Mr. John Effingham”—(everyone soon came to make this distinction in addressing the cousins)—“Miss Effingham, Mademoiselle Vieville:—Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, ladies;—gentlemen, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp.”

The dignified bow of Mr. Effingham, as well as the faint and distant smile of Eve, would have repelled any undue familiarity in men of less tone than either of the strangers, both of whom received the unexpected honor like those who felt themselves to be intruders. As Mr. Sharp raised his hat to Eve, however, he held it suspended a moment above his head, and then dropping his arm to its full length, he bowed with profound respect, though distantly. Mr. Blunt was less elaborate in his salute, but as pointed as the circumstances at all required. Both gentlemen were a little struck with the distant hauteur of John Effingham, whose bow, while it fulfilled all the outward forms, was what Eve used laughingly to term “imperial.” The bustle of preparation, and the certainty that there would be no want of opportunities to renew the intercourse, prevented more than the general salutations, and the new-comers descended to their staterooms.

“Did you remark the manner in which those people took my introduction?” asked Captain Truck of his chief mate, whom he was training up in the ways of packet politeness, as one in the road of preferment. “Now, to my notion,

they might have shook hands at least. That's what I call *Vattel*."

"One sometimes falls in with what are *rum* chaps," returned the other, who, from following the London trade, had caught a few cockneyisms. "If a man chooses to keep his hands in the becketts, why let him, say I; but I take it as a slight to the company to sheer out of the usual track in such matters."

"I was thinking as much myself; but after all, what can packet-masters do in such a case? We can set luncheon and dinner before the passengers, but we can't make them eat. Now, my rule is, when a gentleman introduces me, to do the thing handsomely, and to return shake for shake, if it is three times three; but as for a touch of the beaver, it is like setting a top-gallant sail in passing a ship at sea, and means just nothing at all. Who would know a vessel because he has let run his halyards and swayed the yard up again? One would do as much to a Turk for manners' sake. No, no! there is something in this, and, d— me, just to make sure of it, the first good opportunity that offers, I'll —'ay, I'll just introduce them all over again!—Let the people ship their handspikes, Mr. Leach, and heave in the slack of the chain.—Ay, ay! I'll take an opportunity when all hands are on deck, and introduce them, shipshape, one by one, as your greenhorns go through a lubber's-hole, or we shall have no friendship during the passage."

The mate nodded approbation, as if the other had hit upon the right expedient, and then he proceeded to obey the orders, while the cares of his vessel soon drove the subject temporarily from the mind of his commander.

CHAPTER III.

By all description, this should be the place.

Who's here?—Speak, ho!—No answer!—What is this?

TIMON OF ATHENS.

A SHIP with her sails loosened and her ensign abroad is always a beautiful object; and the Montauk, a noble New York-built vessel of seven hundred tons burthen, was a first-class specimen of the "kettle-bottom" school of naval archi-

ecture, wanting in nothing that the taste and experience of the day can supply. The scene that was now acting before their eyes therefore soon diverted the thoughts of Mademoiselle Viefville and Eve from the introductions of the captain, both watching with intense interest the various movements of the crew and passengers as they passed in review.

A crowd of well-dressed, but of an evidently humbler class of persons than those farther aft, were thronging the gangways, little dreaming of the physical suffering they were to endure before they reached the land of promise,—that distant America, towards which the poor and oppressed of nearly all nations turn longing eyes in quest of a shelter. Eve saw with wonder aged men and women among them; beings who were about to sever most of the ties of the world in order to obtain relief from the physical pains and privations that had borne hard on them for more than threescore years. A few had made sacrifices of themselves in obedience to that mysterious instinct which man feels in his offspring; while others, again, went rejoicing, flushed with the hope of their vigor and youth. Some, the victims of their vices, had embarked in the idle expectation that a change of scene, with increased means of indulgence, could produce a healthful change of character. All had views that the truth would have dimmed, and, perhaps, no single adventurer among the emigrants collected in that ship entertained either sound or reasonable notions of the mode in which his step was to be rewarded, though many may meet with a success that will surpass their brightest picture of the future. More, no doubt, were to be disappointed.

Reflections something like these passed through the mind of Eve Effingham, as she examined the mixed crowd, in which some were busy in receiving stores from boats; others in holding party conferences with friends, in which a few were weeping; here and there a group were drowning reflection in the parting cup; while wondering children looked up with anxiety into the well-known faces, as if fearful they might lose the countenances they loved, and the charities on which they habitually relied, in such a *melee*.

Although the stern discipline which separates the cabin and steerage passengers into castes as distinct as those of the Hindoos had not yet been established, Captain Truck had too profound a sense of his duty to permit the quarterdeck to be unceremoniously invaded. This part of the ship, then, had partially escaped the confusion of the moment; though trunks, boxes, hampers, and other similar appliances of travelling,

were scattered about in tolerable affluence. Profiting by the space, of which there was still sufficient for the purpose, most of the party left the hurricane-house to enjoy the short walk that a ship affords. At that instant, another boat from the land reached the vessel's side, and a grave-looking personage, who was not disposed to lessen his dignity by levity or an omission of forms, appeared on deck, where he demanded to be shown the master. An introduction was unnecessary in this instance ; for Captain Truck no sooner saw his visitor than he recognized the well-known features and solemn pomposity of a civil officer of Portsmouth, who was often employed to search the American packets, in pursuit of delinquents of all degrees of crime and folly.

"I had just come to the opinion I was not to have the pleasure of seeing you this passage, Mr. Grab," said the captain, shaking hands familiarly with the myrmidon of the law ; "but the turn of the tide is not more regular than you gentlemen who come in the name of the king. Mr. Grab, Mr. Dodge ; Mr. Dodge, Mr. Grab. And now, to what forgery, or bigamy, or elopement, or *scandalum magnatum*, do I owe the honor of your company this time ?—Sir George Templemore, Mr. Grab ; Mr. Grab, Sir George Templemore."

Sir George bowed with the dignified aversion an honest man might be supposed to feel for one of the other's employment ; while Mr. Grab looked gravely and with a counter dignity at Sir George. The business of the officer, however, was with none in the cabin ; but he had come in quest of a young woman who had married a suitor rejected by her uncle,—an arrangement that was likely to subject the latter to a settlement of accounts which he found inconvenient, and which he had thought it prudent to anticipate by bringing an action of debt against the bridegroom for advances, real or pretended, made to the wife during her nonage. A dozen eager ears caught an outline of this tale as it was communicated to the captain, and in an incredibly short space of time it was known throughout the ship, with not a few embellishments.

"I do not know the person of the husband," continued the officer, "nor indeed does the attorney who is with me in the boat ; but his name is Robert Davis, and you can have no difficulty in pointing him out. We know him to be in the ship."

"I never introduce any steerage passengers, my dear sir ; and there is no such person in the cabin, I give you my honor,—and that is a pledge that must pass between gentlemen like us. You are welcome to search, but the duty of the vessel

must go on. Take your man—but do not detain the ship. Mr Sharp, Mr. Grab; Mr. Grab, Mr. Sharp. Bear a hand there, Mr. Leach, and let us have the slack of the chain as soon as possible.”

There appeared to be what the philosophers call the attraction of repulsion between the parties last introduced, for the tall gentlemanly-looking Mr. Sharp eyed the officer with a supercilious coldness, neither party deeming much ceremony on the occasion necessary. Mr. Grab now summoned his assistant, the attorney, from the boat, and there was a consultation between them as to their further proceedings. Fifty heads were grouped around them, and curious eyes watched their smallest movements, one of the crowd occasionally disappearing to report proceedings.

Man is certainly a clannish animal; for without knowing any thing of the merits of the case, without pausing to inquire into the right or the wrong of the matter, in the pure spirit of partizanship, every man, woman, and child of the steerage, which contained fully a hundred souls, took sides against the law, and enlisted in the cause of the defendant. All this was done quietly, however, for no one menaced or dreamed of violence, crew and passengers usually taking their cues from the officers of the vessel on such occasions, and those of the Montauk understood too well the rights of the public agents to commit themselves in the matter.

“Call Robert Davis,” said the officer, resorting to a *ruse*, by affecting an authority he had no right to assume. “Robert Davis,” echoed twenty voices, among which was that of the bridegroom himself, who was nigh to discover his secret by an excess of zeal. It was easy to call, but no one answered.

“Can you tell me which is Robert Davis, my little fellow?” the officer asked coaxingly, of a fine flaxen-headed boy, whose age did not exceed ten, and who was a curious spectator of what passed. “Tell me which is Robert Davis, and I will give you a sixpence.”

The child knew, but professed ignorance.

“*C'est un esprit de corps admirable!*” exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville: for the interest of the scene had brought nearly all on board, with the exception of those employed in the duty of the vessel, near the gangway. “*Ceci est délicieux*, and I could devour that boy!”

What rendered this more odd, or indeed absolutely ludicrous, was the circumstance that, by a species of legerdemain, a whisper had passed among the spectators so stealthily, and

yet so soon, that the attorney and his companion were the only two on deck who remained ignorant of the person of the man they sought. Even the children caught the clue, though they had the art to indulge their natural curiosity by glances so sly as to escape detection.

Unfortunately, the attorney had sufficient knowledge of the family of the bride to recognize her by a general resemblance, rendered conspicuous as it was by a pallid face and an almost ungovernable nervous excitement. He pointed her out to the officer, who ordered her to approach him,—a command that caused her to burst into tears. The agitation and distress of his wife were near proving too much for the prudence of the young husband, who was making an impetuous movement towards her, when the strong grasp of a fellow-passenger checked him in time to prevent discovery. It is singular how much is understood by trifles when the mind has a clue to the subject, and how often signs, that are palpable as day, are overlooked when suspicion is not awakened, or when the thoughts have obtained a false direction. The attorney and the officer were the only two present who had not seen the indiscretion of the young man, and who did not believe him betrayed. His wife trembled to a degree that almost destroyed the ability to stand; but, casting an imploring look for self-command on her indiscreet partner, she controlled her own distress, and advanced towards the officer, in obedience to his order, with a power of endurance that the strong affections of a woman could alone enable her to assume.

“If the husband will not deliver himself up, I shall be compelled to order the wife to be carried ashore in his stead!” the attorney coldly remarked, while he applied a pinch of snuff to a nose that was already saffron-colored from the constant use of the weed.

A pause succeeded this ominous declaration, and the crowd of passengers betrayed dismay, for all believed there was now no hope for the pursued. The wife bowed her head to her knees, for she had sunk on a box as if to hide the sight of her husband’s arrest. At this moment a voice spoke from among the group on the quarter-deck.

“Is this an arrest for crime, or a demand for debt?” asked the young man who has been announced as Mr. Blunt.

There was a quiet authority in the speaker’s manner that reassured the failing hopes of the passengers, while it caused the attorney and his companion to look round in surprise, and perhaps a little in resentment. A dozen eager voices assured

"the gentleman" there was no crime in the matter at all—there was even no just debt, but it was a villanous scheme to compel a wronged ward to release a fraudulent guardian from his liabilities. Though all this was not very clearly explained, it was affirmed with so much zeal and energy as to awaken suspicion, and to increase the interest of the more intelligent portion of the spectators. The attorney surveyed the travelling dress, the appearance of fashion, and the youth of his interrogator, whose years could not exceed five-and-twenty, and his answer was given with an air of superiority.

"Debt or crime, it can matter nothing in the eye of the law."

"It matters much in the view of an honest man," returned the youth with spirit. "One might hesitate about interfering in behalf of a rogue, however ready to exert himself in favor of one who is innocent, perhaps, of everything but misfortune."

"This looks a little like an attempt at a rescue! I hope we are still in England, and under the protection of English laws?"

"No doubt at all of that, Mr. Seal," put in the captain, who having kept an eye on the officer from a distance, now thought it time to interfere, in order to protect the interests of his owners. "Yonder is England, and that is the Isle of Wight, and the Montauk has hold of an English Bottom, and good anchorage it is; no one means to dispute your authority, Mr. Attorney, nor to call in question that of the king. Mr. Blunt merely throws out a suggestion, sir; or rather, a distinction between rogues and honest men; nothing more, depend on it, sir.—Mr. Seal, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Seal. And a thousand pities it is, that the distinction is not more commonly made."

The young man bowed slightly, and with a face flushed, partly with feeling, and partly at finding himself unexpectedly conspicuous among so many strangers, he advanced a little from the quarter-deck group, like one who feels he is required to maintain the ground he has assumed.

"No one can be disposed to question the supremacy of the English laws in this roadstead," he said, "and least of all myself; but you will permit me to doubt the legality of arresting, or in any manner detaining, a wife in virtue of a process issued against the husband."

"A briefless barrister!" muttered Seal to Grab. "I dare

say a timely guinea would have silenced the fellow. What is now to be done ? ”

“ The lady must go ashore, and all these matters can be arranged before a magistrate.”

“ Ay, ay ! let her sue out a *habeas corpus* if she please,” added the ready attorney, whom a second survey caused to distrust his first inference. “ Justice is blind in England as well as in other countries, and is liable to mistakes ; but still she is just. If she does mistake sometimes, she is always ready to repair the wrong.”

“ Cannot *you* do something here ? ” Eve involuntarily half-whispered to Mr. Sharp, who stood at her elbow.

This person started on hearing her voice making this sudden appeal, and glancing a look of intelligence at her, he smiled and moved nearer to the principal parties.

“ Really, Mr. Attorney,” he commenced, “ this appears to be rather irregular, I must confess,—quite out of the ordinary way, and it may lead to unpleasant consequences.”

“ In what manner, sir ? ” interrupted Seal, measuring the other’s ignorance at a glance.

“ Why, irregular in form, if not in principle. I am aware that the *habeas corpus* is all-essential, and that the law must have its way ; but really this does seem a little irregular, not to describe it by any harsher term.”

Mr. Seal treated this new appeal respectfully, in appearance at least, for he saw it was made by one greatly his superior, while he felt an utter contempt for it in essentials, as he perceived intuitively that this new intercession was made in a profound ignorance of the subject. As respects Mr. Blunt, however, he had an unpleasant distrust of the result, the quiet manner of that gentleman denoting more confidence in himself, and a greater practical knowledge of the laws. Still, to try the extent of the other’s information, and the strength of his nerves, he rejoined in a magisterial and menacing tone—

“ Yes, let the lady sue out a writ of *habeas corpus* if wrongfully arrested ; and I should be glad to discover the foreigner who will dare to attempt a rescue in old England in defiance of English laws.”

It is probable Paul Blunt would have relinquished his interference, from an apprehension that he might be ignorantly aiding the evil doer, but for this threat ; and even the threat might not have overcome his prudence, had not he caught the imploring look of the fine blue eyes of Eve.

“ All are not necessarily foreigners who embark on board

an American ship at an English port," he said steadily, "nor is justice denied those that are. The *habeas corpus* is as well understood in other countries as in this, for happily we live in an age when neither liberty nor knowledge is exclusive. If an attorney, you must know yourself that you cannot legally arrest a wife for a husband, and that what you say of the *habeas corpus* is little worthy of attention."

"We arrest, and whoever interferes with an officer in charge of a prisoner is guilty of a rescue. Mistakes must be rectified by the magistrates."

"True, provided the officer has warranty for what he does."

"Writs and warrants may contain errors, but an arrest is an arrest," growled Grab.

"Not the arrest of a woman for a man. In such a case there is design, and not a mistake. If this frightened wife will take counsel from me, she will refuse to accompany you."

"At her peril, let her dare to do so!"

"At *your* peril do you dare to attempt forcing her from the ship!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!—let there be no misunderstanding, I pray you," interposed the captain. "Mr. Blunt, Mr. Grab; Mr. Grab, Mr. Blunt. No warm words, gentlemen, I beg of you. But the tide is beginning to serve, Mr. Attorney, and 'time and tide,' you know— If we stay here much longer, the Montauk may be forced to sail on the 2d, instead of the 1st, as has been advertised in both hemispheres. I should be sorry to carry you to sea, gentlemen, without your small stores; and as for the cabin, it is as full as a lawyer's conscience. No remedy but the steerage in such a case.—Lay forward, men, and heave away. Some of you, man the fore-top-sail halyards.—We are as regular as our chronometers; the 1st, 10th, and 20th, without fail."

There was some truth, blended with a little poetry, in Captain Truck's account of the matter. The tide had indeed made in his favor, but the little wind there was blew directly into the roadstead, and had not his feelings become warmed by the distress of a pretty and interesting young woman, it is more than probable the line would have incurred the disgrace of having a ship sail on a later day than had been advertised. As it was, however, he had the matter up in earnest and he privately assured Sir George and Mr. Dodge, if the affair were not immediately disposed of, he should carry both the attorney and officer to sea with him, and that he did not feel himself bound to furnish either with water. "They may catch a little

rain, by wringing their jackets," he added, with a wink; "though October is a dryish month in the American seas."

The decision of Paul Blunt would have induced the attorney and his companion to relinquish their pursuit but for two circumstances. They had both undertaken the job as a speculation, or on the principle of "no play, no pay," and all their trouble would be lost without success. Then the very difficulty that occurred had been foreseen, and while the officer proceeded to the ship, the uncle had been busily searching for a son on shore, to send off to identify the husband,—a step that would have been earlier resorted to could the young man have been found. This son was a rejected suitor, and he was now seen, by the aid of a glass that Mr. Grab always carried, pulling towards the Montauk, in a two-oared boat, with as much zeal as malignancy and disappointment could impart. His distance from the ship was still considerable; but a peculiar hat, with the aid of the glass, left no doubt of his identity. The attorney pointed out the boat to the officer, and the latter, after a look through the glass, gave a nod of approbation. Exultation overcame the usual wariness of the attorney, for his pride, too, had got to be enlisted in the success of his speculation,—men being so strangely constituted as often to feel as much joy in the accomplishment of schemes that are unjustifiable, as in the accomplishment of those of which they may have reason to be proud.

On the other hand, the passengers and people of the packet seized something near the truth, with that sort of instinctive readiness which seems to characterize bodies of men in moments of excitement. That the solitary boat which was pulling towards them in the dusk of the evening contained some one who might aid the attorney and his myrmidon, all believed, though in what manner none could tell.

Between all seamen and the ministers of the law there is a long-standing antipathy, for the visits of the latter are usually so timed as to leave nothing between the alternatives of paying or of losing a voyage. It was soon apparent, then, that Mr. Seal had little to expect from the apathy of the crew, for never did men work with better will to get a ship loosened from the bottom.

All this feeling manifested itself in a silent and intelligent activity rather than in noise and bustle, for every man on board exercised his best faculties, as well as his best good will and strength; the clock-work ticks of the palls of the windlass re-

sembling those of a watch that had got the start of time, while the chain came in with surges of half a fathom at each heave.

"Lay hold of this rope, men," cried Mr. Leach, placing the end of the main-topsail halyards in the hands of half-a-dozen athletic steerage passengers, who had all the inclination in the world to be doing, though uncertain where to lay their hands ; "lay hold, and run away with it."

The second mate performed the same feat forward, and as the sheets had never been started, the broad folds of the Montauk's canvas began to open, even while the men were heaving at the anchor. These exertions quickened the blood in the veins of those who were not employed, until even the quarter-deck passengers began to experience the excitement of a chase, in addition to the feelings of compassion. Captain Truck was silent, but very active in preparations. Springing to the wheel, he made its spokes fly until he had forced the helm hard up, when he unceremoniously gave it to John Effingham to keep there. His next leap was to the mizen-mast, where, after a few energetic efforts alone, he looked over his shoulder and beckoned for aid.

"Sir George Templemore, mizen-topsail-halyards ; mizen-topsail-halyards, Sir George Templemore," muttered the eager master, scarce knowing what he said. "Mr. Dodge, now is the time to show that your name and nature are not identical."

In short, nearly all on board were busy, and, thanks to the hearty good will of the officers, stewards, cooks, and a few of the hands that could be spared from the windlass, busy in a way to spread sail after sail with a rapidity little short of that seen on board of a vessel of war. The rattling of the clew-garnet blocks, as twenty lusty fellows ran forward with the tack of the mainsail, and the hauling forward of braces, was the signal that the ship was clear of the ground, and coming under command.

A cross current had superseded the necessity of casting the vessel, but her sails took the light air nearly abeam ; the captain understanding that motion was of much more importance just then than direction. No sooner did he perceive by the bubbles that floated past, or rather appeared to float past, that his ship was dividing the water forward, than he called a trusty man to the wheel, relieving John Effingham from his watch. The next instant, Mr. Leach reported the anchor catted and fished.

"Pilot, you will be responsible for this if my prisoners escape," said Mr. Grab menacingly. "You know my errand, and it is your duty to aid the ministers of the law."

“Harkee, Mr. Grab,” put in the Master, who had warmed himself with the exercise; “we all know, and we all do our duties, on board the Montauk. It is your duty to take Robert Davis on shore if you can find him; and it is my duty to take the Montauk to America; now, if you will receive counsel from a well-wisher, I would advise you to see that you do not go in her. No one offers any impediment to your performing your office, and I’ll thank you to offer me none in performing mine.—Brace the yards further forward, boys, and let the ship come up to the wind.”

As there were logic, useful information, law, and seamanship united in this reply, the attorney began to betray uneasiness; for by this time the ship had gathered so much way as to render it exceedingly doubtful whether a two-oared boat would be able to come up with her, without the consent of those on board. It is probable, as evening had already closed and the rays of the moon were beginning to quiver on the ripple of the water, that he would have abandoned his object, though with infinite reluctance, had not Sir George Templemore pointed out to the captain a six-oared boat, that was pulling towards them from a quarter that permitted it to be seen in the moonlight.

“That appears to be a man-of-war’s cutter,” observed the baronet uneasily, for by this time all on board felt a sort of personal interest in their escape.

“It does indeed, Captain Truck,” added the pilot, “and if she make a signal, it will become my duty to heave-to the Montauk.”

“Then bundle out of her, my fine fellow, as fast as you can; for not a brace of a bowline shall be touched here, with my consent, for any such purpose. The ship is cleared—my hour is come—my passengers are on board—and America is my haven. Let them that want me, catch me. That is what I call *Vattel*.”

The pilot and the master of the Montauk were excellent friends, and understood each other perfectly, even while the former was making the most serious professions of duty. The boat was hauled up, and, first whispering a few cautions about the shoals and the currents, the worthy marine guide leaped into it, and was soon seen floating astern—a cheering proof that the ship had got fairly in motion. As he fell out of hearing in the wake of the vessel, the honest fellow kept calling out “to tack in season.”

“If you wish to try the speed of your boat against that of

the pilot, Mr. Grab," called out the captain, "you will never have a better opportunity. It is a fine night for a regatta, and I will stand you a pound on Mr. Handlead's heels. For that matter, I would as soon trust his head, or his hands, in the bargain."

The officer continued obstinately on board, for he saw that the six-oared boat was coming up with the ship, and, as he well knew the importance to his client of compelling a settlement of the accounts, he fancied some succor might be expected in that quarter. In the meantime, this new movement on the part of their pursuers attracted general attention, and, as might be expected, the interest of this little incident increased the excitement that usually accompanies a departure for a long sea-voyage, fourfold. Men and women forgot their griefs and leave-takings in anxiety, and in that pleasure which usually attends agitation of the mind that does not proceed from actual misery of our own.

CHAPTER IV.

Whither away so fast?

O God save you!

Even to the hall to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

Henry III.

THE assembling of the passengers of the large packet ship is necessarily an affair of coldness and distrust, especially with those who know the world, and more particularly still when the passage is from Europe to America. The greater sophistication of the old than of the new hemisphere, with its consequent shifts and vices, the knowledge that the tide of emigration sets westward, and that few abandon the home of their youth unless impelled by misfortune at least, with other obvious causes, unite to produce this distinction. Then come the fastidiousness of habits, the sentiments of social castes, the refinements of breeding, and the reserves of dignity of character, to be put in close collision with bustling egotism, ignorance of usages, an absence of training and downright vulgarity of thought and practices. Although necessity soon brings these chaotic elements into something like order, the first week commonly passes in recon-

noitring, cool civilities, and cautious concessions, to yield at length to the never-dying charities; unless, indeed, the latter may happen to be kept in abeyance by a downright quarrel, about midnight carousals, a squeaking fiddle, or some incorrigible snorer.

Happily, the party collected in the Montauk had the good fortune to abridge the usual probation in courtesies, by the stirring events of the night on which they sailed. Two hours had scarcely elapsed since the last passenger crossed the gangway, and yet the respective circles of the quarter-deck and steeage felt more sympathy with each other than the boasted human charities ordinarily quicken in days of commonplace intercourse. They had already found out each other's names, thanks to the assiduity of Captain Truck, who had stolen time, in the midst of all his activity, to make half-a-dozen more introductions, and the Americans of the less trained class were already using them as freely as if they were old acquaintances. We say Americans, for the cabins of these ships usually contain a congress of nations, though the people of England, and of her *ci-devant* colonies, of course predominate in those of the London lines. On the present occasion, the last two were nearly balanced in numbers, so far as national character could be made out; opinion (which, as might be expected, had been busy the while,) being suspended in reference to Mr. Blunt, and one or two others whom the captain called "foreigners," to distinguish them from the Anglo-Saxon stock.

This equal distribution of forces might, under other circumstances, have led to a division in feeling; for the conflicts between American and British opinions, coupled with a difference in habits, are a prolific source of discontent in the cabins of packets. The American is apt to fancy himself at home, under the flag of his country; while his Transatlantic kinsman is strongly addicted to fancying that when he has fairly paid his money he has a right to embark all his prejudices with his other luggage.

The affair of the attorney and the newly-married couple, however, was kept quite distinct from all feelings of nationality; the English apparently entertaining quite as lively a wish that the latter might escape from the fangs of the law, as any other portion of the passengers. The parties themselves were British, and although the authority evaded was of the same origin, right or wrong, all on board had taken up the impression that it was improperly exercised. Sir George Templemore, the Englishman of highest rank, was decidedly of this way of thinking,

—an opinion he was rather warm in expressing,—and the example of a baronet had its weight, not only with most of his own countrymen, but with not a few of the Americans also. The Effingham party, together with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, were, indeed, all who seemed to be entirely indifferent to Sir George's sentiments; and, as men are intuitively quick in discovering who do and who do not defer to their suggestions, their accidental independence might have been favored by this fact, for the discourse of this gentlemen was addressed in the main to those who lent the most willing ears. Mr. Dodge, in particular, was his constant and respectful listener, and profound admirer:—But then he was his room-mate, and a democrat of a water so pure, that he was disposed to maintain no man had a right to any one of his senses, unless by popular sufferance.

In the mean while, the night advanced, and the soft light of the moon was playing on the waters, adding a semi-mysterious obscurity to the excitement of the scene. The two-oared boat had evidently been overtaken by that carrying six oars, and, after a short conference, the first had returned reluctantly towards the land, while the latter, profiting by its position, had set two lug-sails, and was standing out into the offing, on a course that would compel the Montauk to come under its lee, when the shoals, as would soon be the case, should force the ship to tack.

“England is most inconveniently placed,” Captain Truck dryly remarked as he witnessed this manœuvre. “Were this island only out of the way, now, we might stand on as we head, and leave those men-of-war's men to amuse themselves all night with backing and filling in the roads of Portsmouth.”

“I hope—there is no danger of that little boat's overtaking this large ship!” exclaimed Sir George, with a vivacity that did great credit to his philanthropy, according to the opinion of Mr. Dodge at least; the latter having imbibed a singular bias in favor of persons of condition, from having travelled in an *eilwagen* with a German baron, from whom he had taken a model of the pipe he carried but never smoked, and from having been thrown for two days and nights into the society of a “Polish countess,” as he uniformly termed her, in the *gondole* of a *diligence*, between Lyons and Marseilles. In addition, Mr. Dodge, as has just been hinted, was an ultra-freeman at home—a circumstance that seems always to react, when the subject of the feeling gets into foreign countries.

“A feather running before a lady's sigh would outsail either

of us in this air, which breathes on us in some such fashion as a whale snores, Sir George, by sudden puffs. I would give the price of a steerage passage, if Great Britain lay off the Cape of Good Hope for a week or ten days."

"Or Cape Hatteras!" rejoined the mate.

"Not I; I wish the old island no harm, nor a worse climate than it has got already; though it lies as much in our way just at this moment, as the moon is an eclipse of the sun. I bear the old creature a great-grandson's love—or a step or two farther off, if you will,—and come and go too often to forget the relationship. But, much as I love her, the affection is not strong enough to go ashore on her shoals, and so we will go about, Mr. Leach; at the same time, I wish from my heart that two-lugged rascal would go about his business."

The ship tacked slowly but gracefully, for she was in what her master termed "racing trim;" and as her bows fell off to the eastward, it became pretty evident to all who understood the subject, that the two little lug-sails that were "eating into the wind," as the sailors express it, would weather upon her track ere she could stretch over to the other shoal. Even the landsmen had some feverish suspicions of the truth, and the steerage passengers were already holding a secret conference on the possibility of hiding the pursued in some of the recesses of the ship. "Such things were often done," one whispered to another, "and it was as easy to perform it now as at any other time."

But Captain Truck viewed the matter differently: his vocation called him three times a year into the roads at Portsmouth, and he felt little disposition to embarrass his future intercourse with the place by setting its authorities at a too open defiance. He deliberated a good deal on the propriety of throwing his ship up into the wind, as she slowly advanced towards the boat, and of inviting those in the latter to board him. Opposed to this was the pride of profession, and Jack Truck was not a man to overlook or to forget the "yarns" that were spun among his fellows at the New England Coffee-house, or among those farming hamlets on the banks of the Connecticut, whence all the packet-men are derived, and whither they repair for a shelter when their careers are run, as regularly as the fruit decays where it falleth, or the grass that has not been harvested or cropped withers on its native stalk.

"There is no question, Sir George, that this fellow is a man-of-war's man," said the master to the baronet, who stuck close to his side. "Take a peep at the creeping rogue through

this night-glass, and you will see his crew seated at their thwarts with their arms folded, like men who eat the king's beef. None but your regular public servant ever gets that impudent air of idleness about him, either in England or America. In this respect, human nature is the same in both hemispheres, a man never falling in with luck, but he fancies it is no more than his deserts."

"There seems to be a great many of them! Can it be their intention to carry the vessel by boarding?"

"If it is, they must take the will for the deed," returned Mr. Truck a little coldly. "I very much question if the Montauk, with three cabin officers, as many stewards, two cooks, and eighteen foremast-men, would exactly like the notion of being 'carried,' as you style it, Sir George, by a six-oared cutter's crew. We are not as heavy as the planet Jupiter, but have somewhat too much gravity to be 'carried' as lightly as all that, too."

"You intend, then, to resist?" asked Sir George, whose generous zeal in behalf of the pursued apparently led him to take a stronger interest in their escape than any other person on board.

Captain Truck, who had never an objection to sport, pondered with himself a little, smiled, and then loudly expressed a wish that he had a member of congress or a member of parliament on board.

"Your desire is a little extraordinary for the circumstances," observed Mr. Sharp; "will you have the goodness to explain why?"

"This matter touches on international law, gentlemen," continued the master, rubbing his hands; for, in addition to having caught the art of introduction, the honest mariner had taken it into his head he had become an adept in the principles of Vattel, of whom he possessed a well-thumbed copy, and for whose dogmas he entertained the deference that they who begin to learn late usually feel for the particular master into whose hands they have accidentally fallen. "Under what circumstances, or in what category, can a public armed ship compel a neutral to submit to being boarded—not 'carried,' Sir George, you will please to remark; for d—— me, if any man 'carries' the Montauk that is not strong enough to 'carry' her crew and cargo along with her!—but in what category, now, is a packet like this I have the honor to command obliged, in comity, to heave-to and to submit to an examination at all? The ship is a-weigh, and has handsomely tacked under her

canvas ; and, gentlemen, I should be pleased to have your sentiments on the occasion. Just have the condescension to point out the category."

Mr. Dodge came from a part of the country in which men were accustomed to think, act, almost to eat and drink and sleep, in common ; or, in other words, from one of those regions, in America, in which there was so much community, that few had the moral courage, even when they possessed the knowledge, and all the other necessary means, to cause their individuality to be respected. When the usual process of conventions, sub-conventions, caucuses, and public meetings did not supply the means of "concentrated action," he and his neighbors had long been in the habit of having recourse to societies, by way of obtaining "energetic means," as it was termed ; and from his tenth year up to his twenty-fifth, this gentleman had been either a president, vice-president, manager, or committee-man, of some philosophical, political, or religious expedient to fortify human wisdom, make men better, and resist error and depotism. His experience had rendered him expert in what may well enough be termed the language of association. No man of his years, in the twenty-six States, could more readily apply the terms of "taking up"—"excitement"—"unqualified hostility"—"public opinion"—"spreading before the public," or any other of those generic phrases that imply the privileges of all, and the rights of none. Unfortunately, the pronunciation of this person was not as pure as his motives, and he misunderstood the captain when he spoke of comity, as meaning a "committee ;" and although it was not quite obvious what the worthy mariner could intend by "obliged in committee (comity) to heave-to," yet, as he had known these bodies to do so many "energetic things," he did not see why they might not perform this evolution as well as another.

"It really does appear, Captain Truck," he remarked accordingly, "that our situation approaches a crisis, and the suggestion of a comity (committee) strikes me as being peculiarly proper and suitable to the circumstances, and in strict conformity with republican usages. In order to save time, and that the gentlemen who shall be appointed to serve may have opportunity to report, therefore, I will at once nominate Sir George Templemore as chairman, leaving it for any other gentleman present to suggest the name of any candidate he may deem proper. I will only add, that in my poor judgment this

comity (committee) ought to consist of at least three, and that it have power to send for persons and papers."

"I would propose five, Captain Truck, by way of amendment," added another passenger of the same kidney as the last speaker, gentlemen of their school making it a point to differ a little from every proposition by way of showing their independence.

It was fortunate for both the mover of the original motion, and for the proposer of the amendment, that the master was acquainted with the character of Mr. Dodge, or a proposition that his ship was to be worked by a committee, (or indeed by comity,) would have been very likely to meet with but an indifferent reception; but, catching a glimpse of the laughing eyes of Eve, as well as of the amused faces of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, by the light of the moon, he very gravely signified his entire approbation of the chairman named, and his perfect readiness to listen to the report of the aforesaid committee as soon as it might be prepared to make it.

"And if your committee, or comity, gentlemen," he added, "can tell me what Vattel would say about the obligation to heave-to in a time of profound peace, and when the ship, or boat, in chase, can have no belligerent rights, I shall be grateful to my dying day; for I have looked him through as closely as old women usually examine almanacs to tell which way the wind is about to blow, and I fear he has overlooked the subject altogether."

Mr. Dodge, and three or four more of the same community-propensity as himself, soon settled the names of the rest of the committee, when the nominees retired to another part of the deck to consult together; Sir George Templemore, to the surprise of all the Effingham party, consenting to serve with a willingness that rather disregarded forms.

"It might be convenient to refer other matters to this committee, captain," said Mr. Sharp, who had tact enough to see that nothing but her habitual *retenue* of deportment kept Eve, whose bright eyes were dancing with humor, from downright laughter: "there are the important points of reefing and furling, the courses to be steered, the sail to be carried, the times and seasons of calling all hands together, with sundry other customary duties, that, no doubt, would be well treated on in this forthcoming report."

"No doubt, sir; I perceive you have been at sea before, and I am sorry you were overlooked in naming the members of the comity; take my word for it, all that you have mentioned

can be done on board the Montauk by a comity, as well as settling the question of heaving-to, or not, for yonder boat. By the way, Mr. Leach, the fellows have tacked, and are standing in this direction, thinking to cross our bows and speak us. Mr. Attorney, the tide is setting us off the land, and you may make it morning before you get into your nests, if you hold on much longer. I fear Mrs. Seal and Mrs. Grab will be unhappy women."

The bloodhounds of the law heard this warning with indifference, for they expected succor of some sort, though they hardly knew of what sort, from the man-of-war's boat, which, it was now plain enough, must weather on the ship. After putting their heads together, Mr. Seal offered his companion a pinch of snuff, helping himself afterwards, like a man indifferent to the result, and one patient in time of duty. The sunburnt face of the captain, whose standing color was that which cooks get when the fire burns the brightest, but whose hues no fire or cold ever varied, was turned fully on the two, and it is probable they would have received some decided manifestation of his will, had not Sir George Templemore, with the four other committeemen, approached to give in the result of their conference.

"We are of opinion, Captain Truck," said the baronet, "that as the ship is under way, and your voyage may be fairly said to have commenced, it is quite inexpedient and altogether unnecessary for you to anchor again; but that it is your duty——"

"I have no occasion for advice as to my duty, gentlemen. If you can let me know what Vattel says, or ought to have said, on the subject, or touching the category of the right of search, except as a belligerent right, I will thank you; if not, we must e'en guess at it. I have not sailed a ship in this trade these ten years to need any jogging of the memory about port-jurisdiction either, for these are matters in which one gets to be expert by dint of use, as my old master used to say when he called us from table with half a dinner. Now, there was the case of the blacks in Charleston, in which our government showed clearly it had not studied Vattel, or it never would have given the answer it did. Perhaps you never heard that case, Sir George, and as it touches a delicate principle, I will just run over the category lightly; for it has its points, as well as a coast."

"Does not this matter press,—may not the boat——"

"The boat will do nothing, gentlemen, without the permis

sion of Jack Truck. You must know, the Carolinians have a law that all niggers brought into their state by ships, must be caged until the vessel sails again. This is to prevent emancipation, as they call it, or abolition, I know not which. An Englishman comes in from the islands with a crew of blacks, and, according to law, the authorities of Charleston house them all before night. John Bull complains to his minister, and his minister sends a note to our secretary, and our secretary writes to the Governor of Carolina, calling on him to respect the treaty, and so on. Gentlemen, I need not to tell you what a treaty is—it is a thing in itself to be obeyed ; but it is all important to know what it commands. Well, what was this said treaty ? That John should come in and out of the ports, on the footing of the most favored nation ; on the *statu quo ante bellum* principle, as Vattel has it. Now, the Carolinians treated John just as they treated Jonathan, and there was no more to be said. All parties were bound to enter the port, subject to the municipals, as is set forth in Vattel. That was a case soon settled, you perceive, through depending on a nicety.”

Sir George had listened with extreme impatience, but, fearful of offending, he listened to the end ; then, seizing the first pause in the captain’s discourse, he resumed his remonstrances with an interest that did infinite credit to his humanity, at the same time that he overlooked none of the obligations of politeness.

“ An exceedingly clear case, I protest,” he answered, “ and capitally put—I question if Lord Stowell could do it better—and exceedingly apt, that about the *ante bellum* ; but I confess my feelings have not been so much roused for a long time as they have been on account of those poor people. There is something inexpressibly painful in being disappointed as one is setting out in the morning of life, as it were, in this cruel manner ; and rather than see this state of things protracted, I would prefer paying a trifle out of my own pocket. If this wretched attorney will consent, now, to take a hundred pounds and quit us, and carry back with him that annoying cutter with the lug-sails, I will give him the money most cheerfully,—most cheerfully, I protest.”

There is something so essentially respectable in practical generosity, that, though Eve and all the curious auditors of what was passing felt an inclination to laugh at the whole procedure up to this declaration, eye met eye in commendation of the liberality of the baronet. He had shown he had a heart, in the opinion of most of those who heard him, though his

previous conversation had led several of the observers to distrust his having the usual quantum of head.

“ Give yourself no trouble about the attorney, Sir George,” returned the captain, shaking the other cordially by the hand: “ he shall not touch a pound of your money, nor do I think he is likely to touch Robert Davis. We have caught the tide on our lee bow, and the current is wheeling us up to windward, like an opposition coach flying over Blackheath. In a few minutes we shall be in blue water ; and then I’ll give the rascal a touch of Vattle that will throw him all aback, if it don’t throw him overboard.”

“ But the cutter ? ”

“ Why, if we drive the attorney and Grab out of the ship, there will be no process in the hands of the others, by which they can carry off the man, even admitting the jurisdiction. I know the scoundrels, and not a shilling shall either of the knaves take from this vessel with my consent. Harkee, Sir George, a word in your ear : two of as d——d cockroaches as ever rummaged a ship’s bread-room ; I’ll see that they soon heave about, or I’ll heave them both into their boat, with my own fair hands.”

The captain was about to turn away to examine the position of the cutter, when Mr. Dodge asked permission to make a short report in behalf of the minority of the comity (committee), the amount of which was, that they agreed in all things with the majority except on the point that, as it might become expedient for the ship to anchor again in some of the ports lower down the Channel, it would be wise to keep that material circumstance in view, in making up a final decision in the affair. This report, on the part of the minority, which, Mr. Dodge explained to the baronet, partook rather of the character of a caution than of a protest, had quite as little influence on Captain Truck as the opinion of the majority, for he was just one of those persons who seldom took advice that did not conform with his own previous decision ; but he coolly continued to examine the cutter, which by this time was standing on the same course as the ship, a short distance to windward of her, and edging a little off the wind, so as to bring the two nearer to each other, every yard they advanced.

The wind had freshened to a little breeze, and the captain nodded his head with satisfaction when he heard, even where he stood on the quarter-deck, the slapping of the sluggish swell, as the huge bows of the ship parted the water. At this moment those in the cutter saw the bubbles glide swiftly past

them, while to those in the Montauk the motion was still slow and heavy; and yet, of the two, the actual velocity was rather in favor of the latter, both having about what is technically termed "four-knot way" on them. The officer of the boat was quick to detect the change that was acting against him, and by easing the sheets of his lug-sails, and keeping the cutter as much off the wind as he could, he was soon within a hundred feet of the ship, running along on her weather-beam. The bright soft moonlight permitted the face of a young man in a man-of-war cap, who wore the undress uniform of a sea lieutenant, to be distinctly seen, as he rose in the stern-sheets, which contained also two other persons.

"I will thank you to heave-to the Montauk," said the lieutenant civilly, while he raised his cap, apparently in compliment to the passengers who crowded the rail to see and hear what passed. "I am sent on the duty of the king, sir."

"I know your errand, sir," returned Captain Truck, whose resolution to refuse to comply was a good deal shaken by the gentleman-like manner in which the request was made; "and I wish you to bear witness, that if I do consent to your request, it is voluntarily; for, on the principles laid down by Vattel and the other writers on international law, the right of search is a belligerent right, and England being at peace, no ship belonging to one nation can have a right to stop a vessel belonging to another."

"I cannot enter into these niceties, sir," returned the lieutenant, sharply: "I have my orders, and you will excuse me if I say, I intend to execute them."

"Execute them, with all my heart, sir: if you are ordered to heave-to my ship, all you have to do is to get on board if you can, and let us see the style in which you handle yards. As to the people now stationed at the braces, the trumpet that will make them stir is not to be spoken through at the Admiralty. The fellow has spirit in him, and I like his principles as an officer, but I cannot admit his conclusions as a jurist. If he flatters himself with being able to frighten us into a new category, now, that is likely to impair national rights, the lad has just got himself into a problem that will need all his logic, and a good deal of his spirit, to get out of again."

"You will scarcely think of resisting a king's officer in British waters!" said the young man with that haughtiness that the meekest tempers soon learn to acquire under a pennant.

"Resisting, my dear sir! I resist nothing. The misconception is in supposing that you sail this ship instead of John

Truck. That is my name, sir ; John Truck. Do your errand in welcome, but do not ask me to help you. Come aboard, with all my heart ; nothing would give me more pleasure than to take wine with you ; but I see no necessity of stopping a packet, that is busy on a long road, without an object, as we say on the other side of the big waters."

There was a pause, and then the lieutenant, with the sort of hesitation that a gentleman is apt to feel when he makes a proposal that he knows ought not to be accepted, called out that those in the boat with him would pay for the detention of the ship. A more unfortunate proposition could not be made to Captain Truck, who would have hove-to his ship in a moment had the lieutenant proposed to discuss Vattel with him on the quarter-deck, and who was only holding out as a sort of salvo to his rights, with that disposition to resist aggression that the experience of the last forty years has so deeply implanted in the bosom of every American sailor, in cases connected with English naval officers, and who had just made up his mind to let Robert Davis take his chance, and to crack a bottle with the handsome young man who was still standing up in the boat. But Mr. Truck had been too often to London not to understand exactly the manner in which Englishmen appreciate American character ; and, among other things, he knew it was the general opinion in the island that money could do anything with Jonathan, or, as Christophe is said once to have sententiously expressed the same sentiment, " If there were a bag of coffee in h—, a Yankee could be found to go and bring it out."

The master of the Montauk had a proper relish for his lawful gains as well as another, but he was vainglorious on the subject of his countrymen, principally because he found that the packets outsailed all other merchant-ships, and fiercely proud of any quality that others were disposed to deny them.

At hearing this proposal, or intimation, therefore, in stead of accepting it, Captain Truck raised his hat with formal civility, and coolly wished the other " good night. This was bringing the affair to a crisis at once ; for the helm of the cutter was borne up, and an attempt was made to run the boat alongside of the ship. But the breeze had been steadily increasing, the air had grown heavier as the night advanced, and the dampness of evening was thickening the canvas of the coarser sails in a way sensibly to increase the speed of the ship, When the conversation commenced, the boat was abreast of the fore-rigging ; and by the time it ended, it was barely up with the mizzen

The lieutenant was quick to see the disadvantage he labored under, and he called out "Heave" as he found the cutter was falling close under the counter of the ship, and would be in her wake in another minute. The bowman of the boat cast a light grapnel with so much precision that it hooked in the mizzen rigging, and the line instantly tightened so as to tow the cutter. A seaman was passing along the outer edge of the hurricane-house at the moment, coming from the wheel, and with the decision of an old salt, he quietly passed his knife across the stretched cordage, and it snapped like packthread. The grapnel fell into the sea, and the boat was tossing in the wake of the ship, all as it might be while one could draw a breath. To furl the sails and ship the oars consumed but an instant, and then the cutter was ploughing the water under the vigorous strokes of her crew.

"Spirited! spirited and nimble!" observed Captain Truck, who stood coolly leaning against a shroud, in a position where he could command a view of all that was passing, improving the opportunity to shake the ashes from his cigar while he spoke; "a fine young fellow, and one who will make an admiral, or something better, I daresay, if he live;—perhaps a cherub, in time. Now, if he pull much longer in the back-water of our wake I shall have to give him up, Leach, as a little marin-*ish*: ah! there he sheers out of it, like a sensible youth as he is? Well, there is something pleasant in the conceit of a six-oared boat's carrying a London liner by boarding, even admitting the lad could have got alongside."

So, it would seem, thought Mr. Leach and the crew of the Montauk, for they were clearing the decks with as much philosophy as men ever discover when employed in an unthankful office. This *sang-froid* of seamen is always matter of surprise to landsmen; but adventurers who have been rocked in the tempest for years, whose utmost security is a great hazard and whose safety constantly depends on the command of the faculties, come in time to experience an apathy on the subject of all the minor terrors and excitements of life, that none can acquire unless by habit and similar risks. There was a low laugh among the people, and now and then a curious glance of the eye over the quarter to ascertain the position of the struggling boat: but there the effect of the little incident ceased, so far as the seamen were concerned.

Not so with the passengers. The Americans exulted at the failure of the man-of-war's man, and the English doubted. To them, deference to the crown was habitual, and they were

displeased at seeing a stranger play a king's boat such a trick, in what they justly enough thought to be British waters. Although the law may not give a man any more right than another to the road before his own door, he comes in time to fancy it, in a certain degree, his particular road. Strictly speaking, the *Montauk* was perhaps still under the dominion of the English laws, though she had been a league from the land when laying at her anchor, and by this time the tide and her own velocity had swept her broad off into the offing quite as far again; indeed she had now got to such a distance from the land, that Captain Truck thought it his "duty" to bring matters to a conclusion with the attorney.

"Well, Mr. Seal," he said. "I am grateful for the pleasure of your company thus far; but you will excuse me if I decline taking you and Mr. Grab quite to America. Half an hour hence you will hardly be able to find the island; for as soon as we have got to a proper distance from the cutter, I shall tack to the southwest, and you ought, moreover, to remember the anxiety of the ladies at home."

"This may turn out a serious matter, Captain Truck, on your return passage! The laws of England are not to be trifled with. Will you oblige me by ordering the steward to hand me a glass of water? Waiting for justice is dry duty, I find."

"Extremely sorry I cannot comply, gentlemen. *Vattel* has nothing on the subject of watering belligerents, or neutrals, and the laws of Congress compel me to carry so many gallons to the man. If you will take it in the way of a nightcap, however, and drink success to our run to America, and your own to the shore, it shall be in champagne, if you happen to like that agreeable fluid."

The attorney was about to express his readiness to compromise on these terms, when a glass of the beverage for which he had first asked was put into his hand by the wife of Robert Davis. He took the water, drank it, and turned from the woman with the obduracy of one who never suffered feeling to divert him from the pursuit of gain. The wine was brought, and the captain filled the glasses with a seaman's heartiness.

"I drink to your safe return to Mrs. Seal, and the little gods and goddesses of justice,—Pan or Mercury, which is it? And as for you, Grab, look out for sharks as you pull in. If they hear of your being afloat, the souls of persecuted sailors will set them on you, as the devil chases male coquettes. Well, gentlemen, you are balked this time; but what matters it? It

is but another man got safe out of a country that has too many in it; and I trust we shall meet good friends again this day four months. Even man and wife must part, when the hour arrives."

"That will depend on how my client views your conduct on this occasion, Captain Truck; for he is not a man that it is always safe to thwart."

"That for your client, Mr. Seal!" returned the captain, snapping his fingers. "I am not to be frightened with an attorney's growl, or a bailiff's nod. You come off with a writ or a warrant, I care not which; I offer no resistance; you hunt for your man, like a terrier looking for a rat, and can't find him; I see the fine fellow, at this moment, on deck,—but I feel no obligation to tell you who or where he is; my ship is cleared and I sail, and you have no power to stop me; we are outside of all the headlands, good two leagues and a half off, and some writers say that a gunshot is the extent of your jurisdiction, once out of which, your authority is not worth half as much as that of my chief cook, who has power to make his mate clean the coppers. Well, sir, you stay here ten minutes longer and we shall be fully three leagues from your nearest land, and then you are in America, according to law, and a quick passage you will have made of it. Now, that is what I call a category."

As the captain made this last remark, his quick eye saw that the wind had hauled so far round to the westward, as to supersede the necessity of tacking, and that they were actually going eight knots in a direct line from Portsmouth. Casting an eye behind him, he perceived that the cutter had given up the chase, and was returning towards the distant roads. Under circumstances so discouraging, the attorney, who began to be alarmed for his boat, which was flying along on the water, towed by the ship, prepared to take his leave; for he was fully aware that he had no power to compel the other to heave-to his ship, to enable him to get out of her. Luckily the water was still tolerably smooth, and with fear and trembling, Mr. Seal succeeded in blundering into the boat; not, however, until the watermen had warned him of their intention to hold on no longer. Mr. Grab followed, with a good deal of difficulty, and just as a hand was about to let go the painter, the captain appeared at the gangway with the man they were in quest of, and said in his most winning manner,—

"Mr. Grab, Mr. Davis; Mr. Davis, Mr. Grab; I seldom introduce steerage passengers, but to oblige two old friends I

break the rule. That's what I call a category. My compliments to Mr. Grab. Let go the painter."

The words were no sooner uttered than the boat was tossing and whirling in the caldron left by the passing ship.

CHAPTER V.

What country, friends, is this?

Illyria, lady.

Twelfth Night.

CAPTAIN TRUCK cast an eye aloft to see if everything drew, as coolly as if nothing out of the usual course had happened; he and his crew having, seemingly, regarded the attempt to board them as men regard the natural phenomena of the planets, or in other words, as if the ship, of which they were merely parts, had escaped by her own instinct or volition. This habit of considering the machine as the governing principle is rather general among seamen, who, while they ease a brace, or drag a bowline, as the coachman checks a rein, appear to think it is only permitting the creature to work her own will a little more freely. It is true all *know* better, but none talk, or indeed would seem to *feel*, as if they thought otherwise.

"Did you observe how the old bark jumped out of the way of those rovers in the cutter?" said the captain complacently, to the quarter-deck group, when his survey aloft had taken sufficient heed that his own nautical skill should correct the instinct of the ship. "A skittish horse, or a whale with the irons in him, or, for that matter, one of the funniest of your theatricals, would not have given a prettier aside than this poor old hulk, which is certainly just the clumsiest craft that sails the ocean. I wish King William would take it into his royal head, now, to send one of his light-heeled cruisers out to prove it, by way of resenting the cantaverous trick the Montauk played his boat!"

The dull report of a gun, as the sound came short and deadened up against the breeze, checked the raillery of Mr. Truck. On looking to leeward, there was sufficient light to see the symmetrical sails of the corvette they had left at anchor, trimmed close by the wind, and the vessel itself standing out

under a press of canvas, apparently in chase. The gun had evidently been fired as a signal of recall to the cutter, blue lights being burnt on board of both the ship and its boat, in proof that they were communicating.

The passengers now looked gravely at each other, for the matter, in their eyes, began to be serious. Some suggested the possibility that the offence of Davis might be other than debt, but this was disproved by the process and the account of the bailiff himself; while most concluded that a determination to resent the slight done the authorities had caused the cruiser to follow them out, with the intention of carrying them back again. The English passengers in particular began now to reason in favor of the authority of the crown, while those who were known to be Americans grew warm in maintaining the rights of their flag. Both the Effinghams, however, were moderate in the expression of their opinions; for education, years, and experience, had taught them to discriminate justly.

“As respects the course of Captain Truck, in refusing to permit the cutter to board him, he is probably a better judge than any of us,” Mr. Effingham observed with gentlemanly reserve—“for he must better understand the precise position of his ship at the time; but concerning the want of right in a foreign vessel of war to carry this ship into port in a time of profound peace, when sailing on the high seas, as will soon be the case with the *Montauk*,—admitting that she is not there at present,—I should think there can be no reasonable doubt. The dispute, if there is to be any, has now to become matter of negotiation; or redress must be sought through the general agents of the two nations, and not taken by the inferior officers of either party. The instant the *Montauk* reaches the public highway of nations, she is within the exclusive jurisdiction of the country under whose flag she legally sails.”

“Vattel, to the backbone!” said the captain, giving a nod of approbation, again clearing the end of his cigar.

Now, John Effingham was a man of strong feelings, which is often but another word for a man of strong prejudices; and he had been educated between thirty or forty years before, which is saying virtually, that he was educated under the influence of the British opinions, that then weighed (and many of which still weigh) like an incubus on the national interests of America. It is true, Mr. Effingham was in all senses the contemporary, as he had been the schoolfellow, of his cousin; that they loved each other as brothers, had the utmost reliance on each other's principles in the main, thought alike in a thousand things, and

yet in the particular of English domination, it was scarcely possible for one man to resemble another less than the widowed kinsman resembled the bachelor.

Edward Effingham was a singularly just-minded man, and having succeeded at an early age to his estate, he had lived many years in the intellectual retirement which, by withdrawing him from the strifes of the world, had left a cultivated sagacity to act freely on a natural disposition. At the period when the entire republic was, in substance, exhibiting the disgraceful picture of a nation torn by adverse factions, that had their origin in interests alien to its own; when most were either Englishmen or Frenchmen, he had remained what nature, the laws and reason intended him to be, an American. Enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* on his hereditary estate, and in his hereditary abode, Edward Effingham, with little pretensions to greatness, and with many claims to goodness had hit the line of truth which so many of the "god-likes" of the republic, under the influence of their passions, and stimulated by the transient and fluctuating interests of the day, entirely overlooked, or which, if seeing, they recklessly disregarded. A less impracticable subject for excitement,—the *primum mobile* of all American patriotism and activity, if we are to believe the theories of the times,—could not be found, than this gentleman. Independence of situation had induced independence of thought; study and investigation rendered him original and just, by simply exempting him from the influence of the passions; and while hundreds were keener, abler in the exposition of subtleties, or more imposing with the mass, few were as often right, and none of less selfishness, than this simple-minded and upright gentleman. He loved his native land, while he saw and regretted its weaknesses; was its firm and consistent advocate abroad, without becoming its interested or mawkish flatterer at home, and at all times, and in all situations, manifested that his heart was where it ought to be.

In many essentials, John Effingham was the converse of all this. Of an intellect much more acute and vigorous than that of his cousin, he also possessed passions less under control, a will more stubborn, and prejudices that often neutralized his reason. His father had inherited most of the personal property of the family, and with this he had plunged into the vortex of moneyed speculation that succeeded the adoption of the new-constitution, and verifying the truth of the sacred saying, that "where treasure is, there will the heart be also," he had entered warmly and blindly into all the factious and irreconcilable

principles of party, if such a word can properly be applied to rules of conduct that vary with the interests of the day, and had adopted the current errors with which faction unavoidably poisons the mind.

America was then much too young in her independence, and too insignificant in all eyes but her own, to reason and act for herself, except on points that pressed too obviously on her immediate concerns to be overlooked; but the great social principles,—or it might be better to say, the great social interests,—that then distracted Europe, produced quite as much sensation in that distant country, as at all comported with a state of things that had so little practical connection with the result. The Effingham family had started Federalists, in the true meaning of the term; for their education, native sense and principles, had a leaning to order, good government, and the dignity of the country; but as factions became fiercer, and names got to be confounded and contradictory, the landed branch settled down into what they thought were American, and the commercial branch into what might properly be termed English Federalists. We do not mean that the father of John intended to be untrue to his native land; but by following up the dogmas of party he had reasoned himself into a set of maxims which, if they meant anything, meant everything but that which had been solemnly adopted as the governing principles of his own country, and many of which were diametrically opposed to both its interests and its honor.

John Effingham had insensibly imbibed the sentiments of his particular sect, though the large fortune inherited from his father had left him too independent to pursue the sinuous policy of trade. He had permitted temperament to act on prejudice to such an extent that he vindicated the right of England to force men from under the American flag, a doctrine that his cousin was too simple-minded and clear-headed ever to entertain for an instant: and he was singularly ingenious in discovering blunders in all the acts of the republic, when they conflicted with the policy of Great Britain. In short, his talents were necessary, perhaps, to reconcile so much sophistry, or to render that reasonably plausible that was so fundamentally false. After the peace of 1815, John Effingham went abroad for the second time, and he hurried through England with the eagerness of strong affection; an affection that owed its existence even more to opposition than to settled notions of truth, or to natural ties. The result was disappointment, as happens nineteen times in twenty, and this solely be-

cause, in the zeal of a partisan, he had fancied theories, and imagined results. Like the English radical, who rushes into America with a mind unsettled by impracticable dogmas, he experienced a reaction, and this chiefly because he found that men were not superior to nature, and discovered so late in the day, what he might have known at starting, that particular causes must produce particular effects. From this time, John Effingham became a wiser and a more moderate man ; though, as the shock had not been sufficiently violent to throw him backward on truth, or rather upon the opposing prejudices of another sect, the remains of the old notions were still to be discovered lingering in his opinions, and throwing a species of twilight shading over his mind ; as, in nature, the hues of evening and the shadows of the morning follow, or precede, the light of the sun.

Under the influence of these latent prejudices, then, John Effingham replied to the remarks of his cousin, and the discourse soon partook of the discursive character of all arguments, in which the parties are not singularly clear-headed, and free from any other bias than that of truth. Nearly all joined in it, and half an hour was soon passed in settling the law of nations, and the particular merits or demerits of the instance before them.

It was a lovely night, and Mademoiselle Viefville and Eve walked the deck for exercise, the smoothness of the water rendering the moment every way favorable. As has been already said, the common feeling in the escape of the new-married couple had broken the ice, and less restraint existed between the passengers, at the moment when Mr. Grab left the ship, than would have been the case at the end of a week, under ordinary circumstances. Eve Effingham had passed her time since her eleventh year principally on the continent of Europe, and in the mixed intercourse that is common to strangers in that part of the world ; or, in other words, equally without the severe restraint that is usually imposed there on the young of her own sex, or without the extreme license that is granted to them at home. She came of a family too well toned to run into the extravagant freedoms that sometimes pass for easy manners in America, had she never quitted her father's house even : but her associations abroad had unavoidably imparted greater reserve to her ordinary deportment than the simplicity of cis-Atlantic usages would have rendered indispensable in the most fastidious circles. With the usual womanly reserves, she was natural and unembarrassed in her

intercourse with the world, and she had been allowed to see so many different nations, that she had obtained a self-confidence that did her no injury, under the influence of an exemplary education, and great natural dignity of mind. Still, Mademoiselle Vieffville, notwithstanding she had lost some of her own peculiar notions on the subject, by having passed so many years in an American family, was a little surprised at observing that Eve received the respectful advances of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt with less reserve than it was usual to her to manifest to entire strangers. Instead of remaining a mere listener, she answered several remarks of the first, and once or twice she even laughed with him openly at some absurdity of the committee of five. The cautious governess wondered, but half disposed to fancy that there was no more than the necessary freedom of a ship in it all,—for, like a true Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Vieffville had very vague notions of the secrets of the mighty deep—she permitted it to pass, confiding in the long-trying taste and discretion of her charge. While Mr. Sharp discoursed with Eve, who held her arm the while, she herself had fallen into an animated conversation with Mr. Blunt, who walked at her side, and who spoke her own language so well, that she at first set him down as a countryman, travelling under an English appellation, as a *nom de guerre*. While this dialogue was at its height of interest—for Paul Blunt discoursed with his companion of Paris and its excellencies with a skill that soon absorbed all her attention, “*Paris, ce magnifique Paris,*” having almost as much influence on the happiness of the governess, as it was said to have had on that of Madame de Stael, Eve’s companion dropped his voice to a tone that was rather confidential for a stranger, although it was perfectly respectful, and said,—

“I have flattered myself, perhaps through the influence of self-love alone, that Miss Effingham has not so far forgotten all whom she has met in her travels, as to think me an utter stranger.”

“Certainly not,” returned Eve, with perfect simplicity and composure; “else would one of my faculties, that of memory, be perfectly useless. I knew you at a glance, and consider the worthy captain’s introduction as so much finesse of breeding utterly thrown away.”

“I am equally gratified and vexed at all this; gratified and infinitely flattered to find that I have not passed before your eyes like the common herd, who leave no traces of even their

features behind them; and vexed at finding myself in a situation that, I fear, you fancy excessively ridiculous?"

"Oh, one hardly dare to attach such consequences to acts of young men, or young women either, in an age as original as our own. I saw nothing particularly absurd but the introduction;—and so many absurder have since passed, that this is almost forgotten."

"And the name——?"

"—Is certainly a keen one. If I am not mistaken, when we were in Italy you were content to let your servant bear it; but, venturing among a people so noted for sagacity as the Yankees, I suppose you have fancied it was necessary to go armed *cap-a-pie*."

Both laughed lightly, as if they equally enjoyed the pleasantry, and then he resumed,—

"But I sincerely hope you do not impute improper motives to the incognito?"

"I impute it to that which makes many young men run from Rome to Vienna, or from Vienna to Paris; which causes you to sell the *vis-a-vis* to buy a *dormeuse*; to know your friends to-day, and to forget them to-morrow; or, in short, to do a hundred other things that can be accounted for on no other motive."

"And this motive——?"

"—Is simply caprice."

"I wish I could persuade you to ascribe some better reason to all my conduct. Can you think of nothing, in the present instance, less discreditable?"

"Perhaps I can," Eve answered, after a moment of thought; then laughing lightly again, she added, quickly, "But I fear, in exonerating you from the charge of unmitigated caprice, I shall ascribe a reason that does little less credit to your knowledge."

"This will appear in the end. Does Mademoiselle Vieffville remember me, do you fancy?"

"It is impossible; she was ill, you will remember, the three months we saw so much of you."

"And your father, Miss Effingham;—am I really forgotten by him?"

"I am quite certain you are not. He never forgets a face, whatever in this instance may have befallen the name."

"He received me so coldly, and so much like a total stranger!"

"He is too well-bred to recognize a man who wishes to be unknown, or to indulge in exclamations of surprise, or in

dramatic starts. He is more stable than a girl, moreover, and may feel less indulgence to caprice."

"I feel obliged to his reserve; for exposure would be ridiculous, and so long as you and he alone know me, I shall feel less awkward in the ship. I am certain neither will betray me."

"Betray!"

"Betray, discover, annihilate me if you will. Anything is preferable to ridicule."

"This touches a little on the caprice; but you flatter yourself with too much security; you are known to one more besides my father, myself, and the honest man whom you have robbed of all his astuteness, which I believe was in his name."

"For pity's sake, who can it be?"

"The worthy Nanny Sidley, my whilom nurse, and actual *femme de chambre*. No ogre was ever more vigilant on his ward than the faithful Nanny, and it is vain to suppose she does not recall your features."

"But ogres sometimes sleep; recollect how many have been overcome in that situation."

Eve smiled, but shook her head. She was about to assure Mr. Sharp of the vanity of his belief, when an exclamation from her governess diverted the attention of both, and before either had time to speak again, Mademoiselle turned to them, and said rapidly in French,—

"I assure you, *ma chere*, I should have mistaken monsieur for a *compatriote* by his language, were it not for a single heinous fault that he has just committed."

"Which fault you will suffer me to inquire into, that I may hasten to correct it?" asked Mr. Blunt.

"Mais, monsieur, you speak *too* perfectly, too grammatically, for a native. You do not take the liberties with the language that one who feels he owns it thinks he has a right to do. It is the fault of too much correctness."

"And a fault it easily becomes. I thank you for the hint, mademoiselle; but as I am now going where little French will be heard, it is probable it will soon be lost in greater mistakes."

The two then turned away again, and continued the dialogue that had been interrupted by this trifling.

"There may also be one more to whom you are known," continued Eve, as soon as the vivacity of the discourse of the others satisfied her the remark would not be heard.

"Surely, you cannot mean *him*?"

"Surely, I do mean *him*. Are you quite certain that 'Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp,' never saw each other before?"

"I think not until the moment we entered the boat in company. He is a gentlemanly young man; he seems even to be more, and one would not be apt to forget him. He is altogether superior to the rest of the set: do you not agree with me?"

Eve made no answer, probably because she thought her companion was not sufficiently intimate to interrogate her on the subject of her opinions of others. Mr. Sharp had too much knowledge of the world not to perceive the little mistake he had made, and after begging the young lady, with a ludicrous deprecation of her mercy, not to betray him, he changed the conversation with the tact of a man who saw that the discourse could not be continued without assuming a confidential character that Eve was indisposed to permit. Luckily, a pause in the discourse between the governess and her colloquist permitted a happy turn to the conversation.

"I believe you are an American, Mr. Blunt," he remarked; "and as I am an Englishman, we may be fairly pitted against each other on this important question of international law, and about which I hear our worthy captain flourishing extracts from Vattel as familiarly as household terms. I hope, at least, you agree with me in thinking that when the sloop-of-war comes up with us, it will be very silly on our part to make any objections to being boarded by her?"

"I do not know that it is at all necessary I should be an American to give an opinion on such a point," returned the young man he addressed, courteously, though he smiled to himself as he answered,—“For what is right, is right, quite independent of nationality. It really does appear to me that a public-armed vessel ought, in war or peace, to have a right to ascertain the character of all merchant-ships, at least on the coast of the country to which the cruisers belong. Without this power, it is not easy to see in what manner they can seize smugglers, capture pirates, or otherwise enforce the objects for which such vessels are usually sent to sea, in the absence of positive hostilities.”

"I am happy to find you agreeing with me, then, in the legality of the doctrine of the right of search."

Paul Blunt again smiled, and Eve, as she caught a glimpse of his fine countenance in turning in their short walk, fancied

there was a concealed pride of reason in the expression. Still he answered as mildly and quietly as before.

"The right of search, certainly, to attain these ends, but to attain no more. If nations denounce piracy, for instance, and employ especial agents to detect and overcome the freebooters, there is reason in according to these agents all the rights that are requisite to the discharge of the duties: but, in conceding this much, I do not see that any authority is acquired beyond that which immediately belongs to the particular service to be performed. If we give a man permission to enter our house to look for thieves, it does not follow that, because so admitted, he has a right to exercise any other function. I do believe that the ship in chase of us, as a public cruiser, ought to be allowed to board this vessel; but finding nothing contrary to the laws of nations about her, that she will have no power to detain or otherwise molest her. Even the right I concede ought to be exercised in good faith, and without vexatious abuses."

"But, surely, you must think that in carrying off a refugee from justice we have placed ourselves in the wrong, and cannot object, as a principle, to the poor man's being taken back again into the country from which he has escaped, however much we may pity the hardships of the particular case?"

"I much question if Captain Truck will be disposed to reason so vaguely. In the first place, he will be apt to say that his ship was regularly cleared, and that he had authority to sail; that in permitting the officer to search his vessel, while in British waters, he did all that could be required of him, the law not compelling him to be either a bailiff or an informer; that the process issued was to take Davis, and not to detain the Montauk; that, once out of British waters, American law governs, and the English functionary became an intruder of whom he had every right to rid himself, and that the process by which he got his power to act at all became impotent the instant it was without the jurisdiction under which it was granted."

"I think you will find the captain of yonder cruiser indisposed to admit this doctrine."

"That is not impossible; men often preferring abuses to being thwarted in their wishes. But the captain of yonder cruiser might as well go on board a foreign vessel of war, and pretend to a right to command her, in virtue of the commission by which he commands his own ship, as to pretend to find reason or law in doing what you seem to predict."

"I rejoice to hear that the poor man cannot now be torn from his wife!" exclaimed Eve.

"You then incline to the doctrine of Mr. Blunt, Miss Effingham?" observed the other controversialist a little reproachfully. "I fear you make it a national question."

"Perhaps I have done what all seem to have done, permitted sympathy to get the better of reason. And yet it would require strong proof to persuade me that villanous-looking attorney was engaged in a good cause, and that meek and warm-hearted wife in a bad one!"

Both the gentlemen smiled, and both turned to the fair speaker, as if inviting her to proceed. But Eve checked herself, having already said more than became her, in her own opinion.

"I had hoped to find an ally in you, Mr. Blunt, to sustain the claim of England to seize her own seamen when found on board of vessels of another nation," resumed Mr. Sharp, when a respectful pause had shown both the young men that they need expect nothing more from their fair companion; "but I fear I must set you down as belonging to those who wish to see the power of England reduced, *coute qui coute*."

This was received as it was meant, or as a real opinion veiled under pleasantry.

"I certainly do not wish to see her power maintained, *coute qui coute*," returned the other, laughing; "and in this opinion, I believe, I may claim both these ladies as allies."

"*Certainement!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville, who was a living proof that the feelings created by centuries of animosity are not to be subdued by a few flourishes of the pen.

"As for me, Mr. Sharp," added Eve, "you may suppose, being an American girl, I cannot subscribe to the right of any country to do us injustice; but I beg you will not include me among those who wish to see the land of my ancestors wronged, in aught that she may rightfully claim as her due."

"This is powerful support, and I shall rally to the rescue. Seriously, then, will you allow me to inquire, sir, if you think the right of England to the services of her seamen can be denied?"

"Seriously, then, Mr. Sharp, you must permit me to ask if you mean by force, or by reason?"

"By the latter, certainly."

"I think you have taken the weak side of the English argument; the nature of the service that the subject, or the

citizen, as it is now the fashion to say at Paris, mademoiselle—”

“—*Tant pis*,” muttered the governess.

“—Owes his government,” continued the young man, slightly glancing at Eve, at the interruption, “is purely a point of internal regulation. In England there is compulsory service for seamen without restriction, or what is much the same, without an equal protection; in France, it is compulsory service on a general plan; in America, as respects seamen, the service is still voluntary.”

“Your pardon;—will the institutions of America permit impressment at all?”

“I should think, not indiscriminate impressment; though I do not see why laws might not be enacted to compel drafts for the ships of war, as for the army: but this is a point that some of the professional gentlemen on board, if there be any such, might better answer than myself.”

“The skill with which you have touched on these subjects to-night, had made me hope to have found such a one in you: for to a traveller, it is always desirable to enter a country with a little preparation, and a ship might offer as much temptation to teach as to learn.”

“If you suppose me an *American lawyer*, you give me credit for more than I can lay claim to.”

As he hesitated, Eve wondered whether the slight emphasis he had laid on the two words we have italicized, was heaviest on that which denoted the country, or on that which denoted the profession.

“I have been much in America, and have paid a little attention to the institutions, but should be sorry to mislead you into the belief that I am at all infallible on such points,” Mr. Blunt continued.

“You were about to touch on impressment.”

“Simply to say that it is a municipal national power; one in no degree dependent on general principles, and that it can properly be exercised in no situation in which the exercise of municipal or national powers is forbidden. I can believe that this power may be exercised on board American ships in British waters—or at least, that it is a more plausible right in such situations; but I cannot think it can be rightfully exercised anywhere else. I do not think England would submit to such a practice an hour, reversing the case, and admitting her present strength: and an appeal of this sort is a pretty good test of a principle.”

“Ay, ay, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, as Vattel says,” interrupted Captain Truck, who had overheard the last speech or two: “not that he says this in so many words, but then, he has the sentiment at large scattered throughout his writings. For that matter, there is little that can be said on a subject that he does not put before his readers, as plainly as Beachy Head lies before the navigator of the British Channel. With Bowditch and Vattel, a man might sail round the globe, and little fear of a bad landfall, or a mistake in principles. My present object is to tell you, ladies, that the steward has reported the supper in waiting for the honor of your presence.”

Before quitting the deck, the party inquired into the state of the chase, and the probable intentions of the sloop-of-war.

“We are now on the great highway of nations,” returned Mr. Truck, “and it is my intention to travel it without jostling, or being jostled. As for the sloop, she is standing out under a press of canvas, and we are standing from her, in nearly a straight line, in like circumstances. She is some eight or ten miles astern of us, and there is an old saying among seamen that ‘a stern chase is a long chase.’ I do not think our case is about to make an exception to the rule. I shall not pretend to say what will be the upshot of the matter; but there is not the ship in the British navy that can gain ten miles on the Montauk, in her present trim, and with this breeze, in as many hours; so we are quit of her for the present.”

The last words were uttered just as Eve put her foot on the step to descend into the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

Trin. Stephano,—

Steph. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! Mercy!

Tempest.

THE life of a packet steward is one of incessant mixing and washing, of interrogations and compoundings, all in a space of about twelve feet square. These functionaries, usually clever mulattoes who have caught the civilization of the kitchen, are busy from morning till night in their cabins, preparing dishes, issuing orders, regulating courses, starting corks, and answering questions. Apathy is the great requisite for the station; for woe betide the wretch who fancies any modicum of zeal, or good nature, can alone fit him for the occupation. From the moment the ship sails until that in which a range of the cable is overhauled, or the chain is rowed up in readiness to anchor, no smile illumines his face, no tone issues from his voice while on duty, but that of dogged routine—of submission to those above, or of snarling authority to those beneath him. As the hour for the “drink gelt,” or “buona mana,” approaches, however, he becomes gracious and smiling. On his first appearance in the pantry of a morning, he has a regular series of questions to answer, and for which, like the dutiful Zeluco, who wrote all his letters to his mother on the same day, varying the dates to suit the progress of time, he not unfrequently has a regular set of answers cut and dried, in his gastronomical mind. “How’s the wind?” “How’s the weather?” “How’s her head?” all addressed to his standing almanac, are mere matters of course, for which he is quite prepared, though it is by no means unusual to hear him ordering a subordinate to go on deck, after the answer is given with a view to ascertain the facts. It is only when the voice of the captain is heard from his stateroom, that he conceives himself bound to be very particular, though such is the tact of all connected with ships, that they instinctively detect the “know nothings,” who are uniformly treated with an indifference suited to their culpable ignorance. Even the “old salt” on the forecastle has an instinct for a brother tar, though a passenger, and a due respect is paid to Neptune in answering his inquiries, while half the time the maiden traveller meets with a grave equivoque, a marvel, or a downright mystification.

On the first morning out, the steward of the Montauk com-

menced the dispensation of his news; for no sooner was he heard rattling the glasses, and shuffling plates in the pantry, than the attack was begun by Mr. Dodge, in whom "a laudable thirst after knowledge," as exemplified in putting questions, was rather a besetting principle. This gentleman had come out in the ship, as has been mentioned, and unfortunately for the interest of his propensity, not only the steward, but all on board, had, as it is expressed in slang language, early taken the measure of his foot. The result of his present application was the following brief dialogue,—

"Steward," called out Mr. Dodge, through the blinds of his stateroom; "whereabouts are we?"

"In the British Channel, sir."

"I might have guessed that myself."

"So I s'pose, sir; nobody is better at guessing and divining than Mr. Dodge."

"But in what part of the Channel are we, Saunders?"

"About the middle, sir."

"How far have we come to-night?"

"From Portsmouth Roads to this place, sir."

Mr. Dodge was satisfied, and the steward, who would not have dared to be so explicit with any other cabin-passenger, continued coolly to mix an omelette. The next attack was made from the same room, by Sir George Templemore.

"Steward, my good fellow, do you happen to know whereabouts we are!"

"Certainly, sir; the land is still werry obwious."

"Are we getting on cleverly?"

"Nicely, sir;" with a mincing emphasis on the first word, that betrayed there was a little waggery about the grave-looking mulatto.

"And the sloop of war, steward?"

"Nicely too, sir."

There was a shuffling in the stateroom, followed by a silence. The door of Mr. Sharp's room was now opened an inch or two, and the following questions, issued through the crevices,—

"Is the wind favorable, steward?"

"Just her character, sir."

"Do you mean that the wind is favorable?"

"For the Montauk, sir; she's a persuader in this breeze."

"But is she going in the direction we wish?"

"If the gentleman wishes to perambulate America, it is probable he will get there with a little patience."

Mr. Sharp pulled to his door, and ten minutes passed with

out further questions; the steward beginning to hope the morning catechism was over, though he grumbled a wish that gentlemen would "turn out" and take a look for themselves. Now, up to this moment, Saunders knew no more than those who had just been questioning him of the particular situation of the ship, in which he floated as indifferent to the whereabouts and the winds, as men sail in the earth along its orbit, without be- thinking them of parallaxes, nodes, ecliptics, and solstices. Aware that it was about time for the captain to be heard, he sent a subordinate on deck, with a view to be ready to meet the usual questions from his commander. A couple of minutes were sufficient to put him *au courant* of the real state of things. The next door that opened was that of Paul Blunt, however, who thrust his head into the cabin, with all his dark curls in the confusion of a night scene.

"Steward!"

"Sir."

"How's the wind?"

"Quite exhilarating, sir."

"From what quarter?"

"About south, sir."

"Is there much of it?"

"A prewailing breeze, sir."

"And the sloop?"

"She's to leeward, sir, operating along as fast as she can."

"Steward!"

"Sir?" stepping hurriedly out of his pantry, in order to hear more distinctly.

"Under what sail are we?"

"Top-gallant sails, sir."

"How's her head?"

"West southwest, sir."

"Delicious! Any news of the rover?"

"Hull down to leeward, sir, and on our quarter."

"Staggering along, eh?"

"Quite like a disguised person, sir."

"Better still. Hurry along that breakfast of yours, sir: I am as hungry as a Troglodyte."

The honest captain had caught this word from a recent treatise against agrarianism, and having an acquired taste for orders in one sense, at least, he flattered himself with being what is called a Conservative, in other words, he had a strong relish for that maxim of the Scotch freebooter, which is rendered into English by the homely aphorism of "keep what you've got, and get what you can."

A cessation of the interrogatories took place, and soon after the passengers began to appear in the cabin, one by one. As the first step is almost invariably to go on deck, especially in good weather, in a few minutes nearly all of the last night's party were again assembled in the open air, a balm that none can appreciate but those who have experienced the pent atmosphere of a crowded vessel. The steward had rendered a faithful account of the state of the weather to the captain, who was now seen standing in the main rigging, looking at the clouds to windward, and at the sloop of war to leeward, in the knowing manner of one who was making comparisons materially to the disadvantage of the latter.

The day was fine, and the *Montauk*, bearing her canvas nobly, was, to use the steward's language, also staggering along, under everything that would draw, from her topgallant-sails down, with the wind near two points forward of the beam, or on an easy bowline. As there was but little sea, her rate was quite nine knots, though varying with the force of the wind. The cruiser had certainly followed them thus far, though doubts began to be entertained whether she was in chase, or merely bound like themselves to the westward; a course common to all vessels that wish to clear the Channel, even when it is intended to go south, as the rocks and tides of the French coast are inconvenient neighbors in long nights.

"Who knows, after all, that the cutter which tried to board us," asked the captain aloud, "belongs to the ship to leeward?"

"I know the boat, sir," answered the second mate; "and the ship is the *Foam*."

"Let her foam away, then, if she wishes to speak us. Has any one tried her bearings since daylight?"

"We set her by the compass at six o'clock, sir, and she has not varied her bearing, as far as from one belaying pin to another, in three hours; but her hull rises fast: you can now make out her ports, and at daylight the bottom of her courses dipped."

"Ay, ay, she is a light-going *Foam*, then! If that is the case, she will be alongside of us by night."

"In which event, captain, you will be obliged to give him a broadside of *Vattel*," threw in John Effingham, in his cool manner.

"If that will answer his errand, he is welcome to as much as he can carry. I begin to doubt, gentlemen, whether this fellow be not in earnest: in which case you may have an opportunity of witnessing how ships are handled, when seamen

have their management. I have no objection to setting the experience of a poor come-and-go sort of a fellow, like myself, in opposition to the geometry and Hamilton Moore of a young man-of-war's man. I dare say, now, yonder chap is a lord, or a lord's progeny, while poor Jack Truck is just as you see him."

"Do you not think half an hour of compliance on our part might bring the matter to an amicable conclusion at once?" said Paul Blunt. "Were we to run down to him, the object of his pursuit could be determined in a few minutes."

"What! and abandon poor Davis to the rapacity of that rascally attorney?" generously exclaimed Sir George Templemore. "I would prefer paying the port charges myself, run into the handiest French port, and let the honest fellow escape!"

"There is no probability that a cruiser would attempt to take a mere debtor from a foreign vessel on the open sea."

"If there were no tobacco in the world, Mr. Blunt, I might feel disposed to waive the categories, and show the gentleman that courtesy," returned the captain, who was preparing another cigar. "But while the cruiser might not feel authorized to take an absconding debtor from this vessel, he might feel otherwise on the subject of tobacco, provided there has been an information for smuggling."

Captain Truck then explained, that the subordinates of the packets frequently got their ships into trouble, by taking adventures of the forbidden weed clandestinely into European ports, and that his ship, in such circumstances, would lose her place in the line, and derange all the plans of the company to which she belonged. He did the English government the justice to say, that it had always manifested a liberal disposition not to punish the innocent for the guilty; but were any such complaints actually in the wind, he thought he could settle it with much less loss to himself on his return, than on the day of sailing. While this explanation was delivered, a group had clustered round the speaker, leaving Eve and her party on the opposite side of the deck.

"This last speech of Mr. Blunt's quite unsettles my opinion of his national character, as Vattel and our worthy captain would say," remarked Mr. Sharp. "Last night, I set him down as a right loyal American; but I think it would not be natural for a thorough-going countryman of yours, Miss Effingham, to propose this act of courtesy to a cruiser of King William."

"How far any countrymen of mine, thorough-going or not, have reason to manifest extreme courtesy to any of your cruisers," Eve laughingly replied, "I shall leave Captain Truck to

say. But, with you, I have long been at a loss to determine whether Mr. Blunt is an Englishman or an American, or indeed, whether he be either."

"Long, Miss Effingham! He then has the honor of being well known to you?"

Eve answered steadily, though the color mounted to her brow; but whether from the impetuous exclamation of her companion, or from any feeling connected with the subject of their conversation, the young man was at a loss to discover.

"Long, as girls of twenty count time—some four or five years; but you may judge how well, when I tell you I am ignorant of his country even."

"And may I venture to ask which do you, yourself, give him credit for being, an American or an Englishman?"

Eve's bright eyes laughed, as she answered, "You have put the question with so much finesse, and with a politeness so well managed, that I should indeed be churlish to refuse an answer:—Nay, do not interrupt me, and spoil all the good you have done by unnecessary protestations of sincerity."

"All I wish to say is, to ask an explanation of a finesse, of which I am quite as innocent as of any wish to draw down upon myself the visitations of your displeasure."

"Do you, then, really conceive it a *credit* to be an American?"

"Nobody of less modesty than yourself, Miss Effingham, under all the circumstances, would dream of asking the question."

"I thank you for the civility, which must be taken as it is offered, I presume, quite as a thing *en regle*; but to leave our fine opinions of each other, as well as our prejudices, out of the question—"

"You will excuse me if I object to this, for I feel my good sense implicated. *You* can hardly attribute to me opinions so utterly unreasonable, so unworthy of a gentleman—so unfounded, in short! Am I not incurring all the risks and hardships of a long sea-voyage, expressly to visit your great country, and, I trust, to improve by its example and society?"

"Since you appear to wish it, Mr. Sharp—" Eve glanced her playful eye up at him as she pronounced the name—"I will be as credulous as a believer in animal magnetism: and that, I fancy, is pushing credulity to the verge of reason. It is now settled between us, that you do conceive it an honor to be an American, born, educated, and by extraction."

"All of which being the case with Miss Effingham."

"All but the second ; indeed, they write me fearful things concerning this European education of mine ; some even go so far as to assure me I shall be quite unfitted to live in the society to which I properly belong !"

"Europe will be rejoiced to receive you back again, in that case ; and no European more so than myself."

The beautiful color deepened a little on the cheek of Eve, but she made no immediate reply.

"To return to our subject," she at length said ; "Were I required to say, I should not be able to decide on the country of Mr. Blunt ; nor have I ever met with any one who appeared to know. I saw him first in Germany, where he circulated in the best company ; though no one seemed acquainted with his history, even there. He made a good figure ; was quite at his ease ; speaks several languages almost as well as the natives of the different countries themselves ; and, altogether, was a subject of curiosity with those who had leisure to think of anything but their own dissipation and folly."

Mr. Sharp listened with obvious gravity to the fair speaker, and had not her own eyes been fastened on the deck, she might have detected the lively interest betrayed in his. Perhaps the feeling which was at the bottom of all this, to a slight degree, influenced his answer.

"Quite an Admirable Crichton !"

"I do not say that, though certainly expert in tongues. My own rambling life has made me acquainted with a few languages, and I do assure you, this gentleman speaks three or four with almost equal readiness, and with no perceptible accent. I remember at Vienna many even believed him to be a German."

"What with the name of Blunt ?"

Eve smiled, and her companion, who silently watched every expression of her varying countenance, as if to read her thoughts, noted it.

"Names signify little in these migratory times," returned the young lady. "You have but to imagine a *von* before it, and it would pass at Dresden, or at Berlin. Von Blunt, *der Edelgeborne, Graft Von Blunt, Hofrath*, or, if you like it better, *Geheimer Rath mit Excellenz und eure Gnaden*."

"Or, *Baw-Berg-Veg-Inspect-Substitut* !" added Mr. Sharp, laughing. "No, no ! this will hardly pass. Blunt is a good old English name ; but it has not finesse enough for Italian, German, Spanish, or anything else but John Bull and his family."

"I see no necessity, for my part, for all this Bluntishness ; the gentleman may think frankness a good travelling quality."

" Surely, he has not concealed his real name ! "

" Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp ; " rejoined Eve, laughing until her bright eyes danced with pleasure. " There would be something ridiculous, indeed, in seeing so much of the finesse of a master of ceremonies subjected to so profound a mystification ! I have been told that passing introductions amount to little among you men, and this would be a case in point."

" I would I dared ask if it be really so."

" Were I to be guilty of indiscretion in another's case, you would not fail to distrust me in your own. I am, moreover, a protestant, and abjure auricular confessions."

" You will not frown if I inquire whether the rest of your party remember him ? "

" My father, Mademoiselle Vieville, and the excellent Nanny Sidley, again ; but, I think, none other of the servants, as he never visited us. Mr. John Effingham was travelling in Egypt at the time, and did not see him at all, and we only met in general society ; Nanny's acquaintance was merely that of seeing him check his horse in the Prater, to speak to us of a morning."

" Poor fellow, I pity him ; he has, at least, never had the happiness of strolling on the shores of Como and the islands of Laggo Maggiore in your company, or of studying the wonders of the Pitti and the Vatican."

" If I must confess all, he journeyed with us on foot and in boats an entire month, among the wonders of the Oberland, and across the Wallenstadt. This was at a time when we had no one with us but the regular guides and the German courier, who was discharged in London."

" Were it not for the impropriety of tampering with a servant, I would cross the deck and question your good Nanny, this moment ! " said Mr. Sharp with playful menace. " Of all torture, that of suspense is the hardest to be borne."

" I grant you full permission, and acquit you of all sins, whether of disrespect, meanness, impertinence, ungentleman-like practices, or any other vice that may be thought to attend and characterize the act."

" This formidable array of qualities would check the curiosity of a village gossip ! "

" It has an effect I did not intend, then ; I wish you to put your threat in execution.

" Not seriously, surely ? "

" Never more so. Take a favorable moment to speak to

the good soul, as an old acquaintance: she remembers you well, and by a little of that interrogating management you possess, a favorable opportunity may occur to bring in the other subject. In the mean time, I will glance over the pages of this book."

As Eve began to read, Mr. Sharp perceived she was in earnest, and hesitating a moment, in doubt of the propriety of the act, he yielded to her expressed desire, and strolled carelessly towards the faithful old domestic. He addressed her indifferently at first, until believing he might go further, he smilingly observed that he believed he had seen her in Italy. To this Nanny quietly assented, and when he indirectly added that it was under another name, she smiled, but merely intimated her consciousness of the fact, by a quick glance of the eye.

"You know that travellers assume names for the sake of avoiding curiosity," he added, "and I hope you will not betray me."

"You need not fear me, sir; I meddle with little besides my own duty, and so long as Miss Eve appears to think there is no harm in it, I will venture to say it is no more than a gentleman's caprice."

"Why, that is the very word she applied to it herself! You have caught the term from Miss Effingham."

"Well, sir, and if I have, it is caught from one who deals little harm to any."

"I believe I am not the only one on board who travels under a false name, if the truth were known?"

Nanny looked first at the deck, then at her interrogator's face, next toward Mr. Blunt, withdrawing her eye again, as if guilty of an indiscretion, and finally at the sails. Perceiving her embarrassment, respecting her discretion, and ashamed of the task he had undertaken, Mr. Sharp said a few civil things suited to the condition of the woman, and sauntering about the deck for a short time, to avoid suspicion, soon found himself once more alongside of Eve. The latter inquired with her eyes, a little exulting perhaps, concerning his success.

"I have failed," he said; "but something must be ascribed to my own awkward diffidence; for there is so much meanness in tampering with a servant, that I had not the heart to push my questions, even while I am devoured by curiosity."

"Your fastidiousness is not a disease with which all on board are afflicted, for there is at least one grand inquisitor among us, by what I can learn; so take heed to your sins, and

above all, be very guarded of old letters, marks, and other tell tales, that usually expose impostors."

"To all that, I believe, sufficient care has already been had, by that other Dromio, my own man."

"And in what way do you share the name between you? Is it Dromio of Syracuse, and Dromio of Ephesus? or does John call himself Fitz-Edward, or Mortimer, or De Courcy?"

"He has complaisance enough to make the passage with nothing but a Christian name, I believe. In truth, it was by a mere accident that I turned usurper in this way. He took the stateroom for me, and being required to give a name, he gave his own, as usual. When I went to the docks to look at the ship, I was saluted as Mr. Sharp, and then the conceit took me of trying how it would wear for a month or six weeks. I would give the world to know if the *Geheimer Rath* got his cognomen in the same honest manner."

"I think not, as his man goes by the pungent title of Pepper. Unless poor John should have occasion for two names during the passage, you are reasonably safe. And still, I think," continued Eve, biting her lips, like one who deliberated, "if it were any longer polite to bet, Mr. John Effingham would hazard all the French gloves in his trunks, against all the English finery in yours, that the inquisitor just hinted at gets at your secret before we arrive. Perhaps I ought rather to say, ascertains that you are not Mr. Sharp, and that Mr. Blunt is."

Her companion entreated her to point out the person to whom she had given the *sobriquet* she mentioned.

"Accuse me of giving nicknames to no one. The man has this title from Mademoiselle Viefville, and his own great deeds. It is a certain Mr. Steadfast Dodge, who, it seems, knows something of us, from the circumstance of living in the same county, and who, from knowing a little in this comprehensive manner, is desirous of knowing a great deal more."

"The natural result of all useful knowledge."

"Mr. John Effingham, who is apt to fling sarcasms at all lands, his native country included, affirms that this gentleman is but a fair specimen of many more it will be our fortune to meet in America. If so, we shall not long be strangers; for according to Mademoiselle Viefville and my good Nanny, he has already communicated to them a thousand interesting particulars of himself, in exchange for which he asks no more than the reasonable compensation of having all his questions concerning us truly answered."

“This is certainly alarming intelligence, and I shall take heed accordingly.”

“If he discover that John is without a surname, I am far from certain he will not prepare to have him arraigned for some high crime or misdemeanour; for Mr. John Effingham maintains that the besetting propensity of all this class is to divine the worst the moment their imaginations cease to be fed with facts. All is false with them, and it is flattery or accusation.”

The approach of Mr. Blunt caused a cessation of the discourse, Eve betraying a slight degree of sensitiveness about admitting him to share in these little asides, a circumstance that her companion observed, not without satisfaction. The discourse now became general, the person who joined them amusing the others with an account of several proposals already made by Mr. Dodge, which, as he expressed it, in making the relation, manifested the strong community characteristics of an American. The first proposition was to take a vote to ascertain whether Mr. Van Buren or Mr. Harrison was the greatest favorite of the passengers; and, on this being defeated, owing to the total ignorance of so many on board of both the parties he had named, he had suggested the expediency of establishing a society to ascertain daily the precise position of the ship. Captain Truck had thrown cold water on the last proposal, however, by adding to it what, among legislators, is called a “rider;” he having dryly suggested that one of the duties of the said society should be to ascertain also the practicability of wading across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER VII.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks,
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
 All may be well; but if God sort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Richard III.

THESE conversations, however, were mere episodes of the great business of the passage. Throughout the morning, the master was busy in rating his mates, giving sharp reprimands

to the stewards and cooks, overhauling the logline, introducing the passengers, seeing to the stowage of the anchors, in getting down the signal-pole, throwing in touches of Vattel, and other wise superintending duty, and dispensing opinions. All this time, the cat in the grass does not watch the bird that hops along the ground with keener vigilance than he kept his eye on the Foam. To an ordinary observer, the two ships presented the familiar spectacle of vessels sailing in the same direction, with a very equal rate of speed; and as the course was that necessary to clear the Channel, most of the passengers, and, indeed, the greater part of the crew, began to think the cruiser, like themselves, was merely bound to the westward. Mr. Truck, on the contrary, judging by signs and movements that more naturally suggested themselves to one accustomed to direct the evolutions of a ship, and to reason on their objects, than to the mere subjects of his will, thought differently. To him, the motive of the smallest change on board the sloop-of-war was as intelligible as if it had been explained in words, and he even foresaw many that were about to take place. Before noon, the Foam had got fairly abeam, and Mr. Leach, pointing out the circumstance, observed, that if her wish was to overhaul them, she ought then to tack; it being a rule among seamen, that the pursuing vessel should turn to windward as often as she found herself nearest to her chase. But the experience of Captain Truck taught him better; the tide was setting into the Channel on the flood, and the wind enabled both ships to take the current on their lee-bows, a power that forced them up to windward; whereas, by tacking, the Foam would receive the force of the stream on her weather broadside, or so nearly so, as to sweep her farther astern than her difference in speed could easily repair.

“She has the heels of us, and she weathers on us, as it is,” grumbled the master; “and that might satisfy a man less modest. I have led the gentleman such a tramp already that he will be in none of the best humors when he comes alongside, and we may make up our minds on seeing Portsmouth again before we see New York, unless a slant of wind, or the night, serves us a good turn. I trust, Leach, you have not been destroying your prospects in life by looking too wistfully at a tobacco-field?”

“Not I, sir; and if you will give me leave to say it, Captain Truck, I do not think a plug has been landed from the ship, which did not go ashore in a *bona-fide* tobacco-box, that

might appear in any court in England. The people will swear, to a man, that this is true”

“ Ay, ay ! and the Barons of the Exchequer would be the greatest fools in England not to believe them. If there has been no defrauding the revenue, why does a cruiser follow this ship, a regular packet, to sea ? ”

“ This affair of the steerage passenger, Davis, sir, is probably the cause. The man may be heavily in debt, or possibly a defaulter ; for these rogues, when they break down, often fall lower than the ’twixt decks of a ship like this.”

“ This will do to put the quarter-deck and cabin in good humor at sailing, and give them something to open an acquaintance with ; but it is sawdust to none but your new beginners. I have known that Seal this many a year, and the rogue never yet had a case that touched the quarterdeck. It is as the man and his wife say, and I’ll not give them up, out here in blue water, for as much foam as lies on Jersey beach after an easterly blow. It will not be any of the family of Davis that will satisfy yonder wind-eater ; but he will lay his hand on the whole family of the Montauk, leaving them the agreeable alternative of going back to Portsmouth in his pleasant society, or getting out here in midchannel, and wading ashore as best they can. D——me ! if I believe, Leach, that Vattel will bear the fellow out in it, even if there has been a whole hogshead of the leaves trundled into his island without a permit ! ”

To this Mr. Leach had no encouraging answer to make, for, like most of his class, held practical force in much greater respect than the abstractions of books. He deemed it prudent, therefore, to be silent, though greatly doubting the efficacy of a quotation from any authority on board, when fairly put in opposition to a written order from the admiral at Portsmouth, or even to a signal sent down from the Admiralty at London.

The day wore away, making a gradual change in the relative positions of the two ships, though so slowly, as to give Captain Truck strong hopes of being able to dodge his pursuer in the coming night, which promised to be dark and squally. To return to Portsmouth was his full intention but not until he had first delivered his freight and passengers in New York ; for, like all men bound up body and soul in the performance of an especial duty, he looked on a frustration of this immediate object as a much greater calamity than even a double amount of more remote evil. Besides, he felt a strong reliance on the liberality of the English authorities in the end, and had little doubt of being able to extricate himself and his ship from

any penalties to which the indiscretion or cupidity of his subordinates might have rendered him liable.

Just as the sun dipped into the watery tract of the Montauk, most of the cabin passengers again appeared on deck, to take a look at the situation of the two vessels, and to form their own conjectures as to the probable result of the adventure. By this time the Foam had tacked twice, once to weather upon the wake of her chase, and again to resume her line of pursuit. The packet was too good a ship to be easily overtaken, and the cruiser was now nearly hull-down astern, but evidently coming up at a rate that would bring her alongside before morning. The wind blew in squalls, a circumstance that always aids a vessel of war, as the greater number of her hands enables them to make and shorten sail with ease and rapidity.

“This unsettled weather is as much as a mile an hour against us,” observed Captain Truck, who was far from pleased at the fact of his being outsailed by anything that floated; “and, if truth must be said, I think that fellow has somewhere about half a knot the best of it, in the way of foot, on a bowline and with this breeze. But he has no cargo in, and they trim their boats like steelyards. Give us more wind, or a freer, and I would leave him to digest his orders, as a shark digests a marling-spike, or a ringbolt, notwithstanding all his advantages; for little good would it then do him to be trying to run into the wind’s eye, like a steam-tug. As it is, we must submit. We are certainly in a category, and be d——d to it!”

It was one of those wild-looking sunsets that are so frequent in the autumn, in which appearances are worse, perhaps, than the reality. The ships were now so near the Chops of the Channel that no land was visible, and the entire horizon presented that chill and wintry aspect that belongs to gloomy and driving clouds, to which streaks of dull light serve more to give an appearance of infinite space than any of the relief of brightness. It was a dreary nightfall to a landsman’s eye; though they who better understood the signs of the heavens, as they are exhibited on the ocean, saw little more than the promise of obscurity, and the usual hazards of darkness in a much-frequented sea.

“This will be a dirty night,” observed John Effingham, “and we may have occasion to bring in some of the flaunting vanity of the ship, ere another morning returns.”

“The vessel appears to be in good hands,” returned Mr. Effingham: “I have watched them narrowly; for, I know not

why, I have felt more anxiety on the occasion of this passage than on any of the nine I have already made."

As he spoke, the tender father unconsciously bent his eyes on Eve, who leaned affectionately on his arm, steadying her light form against the pitching of the vessel. She understood his feelings better than he did himself, possibly, since, accustomed to his fondest care from childhood, she well knew that he seldom thought of others, or even of himself, while her own wants or safety appealed to his unwearied love.

"Father," she said, smiling in his wistful face, "we have seen more troubled waters than these, far, and in a much frailer vessel. Do you not remember the Wallenstadt and its miserable skiff? where I have heard you say there was really danger, though we escaped from it all with a little fright."

"Perfectly well do I recollect it, love, nor have I forgotten our brave companion, and his good service, at that critical moment. But for his stout arm and timely succor, we might not, as you say, have been quit for the fright."

Although Mr. Effingham looked only at his daughter, while speaking, Mr. Sharp, who listened with interest, saw the quick, retreating glance of Eve at Paul Blunt, and felt something like a chill in his blood as he perceived that her own cheeks seemed to reflect the glow which appeared on that of the young man. He alone observed this secret evidence of common interest in some event in which both had evidently been actors, those around them being too much occupied in the arrangements of the ship, and too little suspicious, to heed the trifling circumstance. Captain Truck had ordered all hands called, to make sail, to the surprise of even the crew. The vessel, at the moment, was staggering along under as much canvas as she could apparently bear, and the mates looked aloft with inquiring eyes, as if to ask what more could be done.

The master soon removed all doubts. With a rapidity that is not common in merchant ships, but which is usual enough in the packets, the lower studding-sails, and two topmast-studding-sails were prepared and made ready for hoisting. As soon as the words "all ready" were uttered, the helm was put up, the sails were set, and the Montauk was running with a free wind towards the narrow passage between the Scilly Islands and the Land's End. Captain Truck was an expert channel pilot, from long practice, and keeping the run of the tides in his head, he had loosely calculated that his vessel had so much offing as, with a free wind, and the great progress she

had made in the last twenty-four hours, would enable him to lay through the pass.

"'Tis a ticklish hole to run into in a dirty night, with a staggering breeze," he said, rubbing his hands as if the hazard increased his satisfaction, "and we will now see if this Foam has mettle enough to follow."

"The chap has a quick eye and good glasses, even though he should want nerve for the Scilly rocks," cried the mate, who was looking out from the mizzen rigging. "There goes his stun'-sails already, and a plenty of them!"

Sure enough the cruiser threw out her studding-sails, had them full and drawing in five minutes, and altered her course so as to follow the Montauk. There was now no longer any doubt concerning her object; for it was hardly possible two vessels should adopt so bold a step as this, just at dark, and on such a night, unless the movements of one were regulated by the movements of the other.

In the mean time, anxious faces began to appear on the quarter-deck, and Mr. Dodge was soon seen moving stealthily about among the passengers, whispering here, cornering there, and seemingly much occupied in canvassing opinions on the subject of the propriety of the step that the master had just taken; though, if the truth must be told, he rather stimulated opposition than found others prepared to meet his wishes. When he thought, however, he had collected a sufficient number of suffrages to venture on an experiment, that nothing but an inherent aversion to shipwreck and a watery grave should embolden him to make, he politely invited the captain to a private conference in the stateroom occupied by himself and Sir George Templemore. Changing the *venue*, as the lawyers term it, to his own little apartment,—no master of a packet willingly consenting to transact business in any other place—Captain Truck, who was out of cigars at the moment, very willingly assented.

When the two were seated, and the door of the room was closed, Mr. Dodge carefully snuffed the candle, looked about him to make sure there was no eavesdropper in a room eight feet by seven, and then commenced his subject, with what he conceived to be a commendable delicacy and discretion.

"Captain Truck," he said, in a sort of low confidential tone that denotes equally concern and mystery, "I think by this time you must have set me down as one of your warm and true friends and supporters. I came out in your ship, and, please

God we escape the perils of the sea, it is my hope and intention to return home in her."

"If not, friend Dodge," returned the master, observing that the other paused to note the effect of his peroration, and using a familiarity in his address that the acquaintance of the former passage had taught him was not misapplied; "if not, friend Dodge, you have made a capital mistake in getting on board of her, as it is by no means probable an occasion will offer to get out of her, until we fall in with a news-boat, or a pilot-boat, at least somewhere in the latitude and longitude of Sandy Hook. You smoke, I believe, sir?"

"I ask no better," returned Steadfast, declining the offer; "I have told every one on the Continent,"—Mr. Dodge had been to Paris, Geneva, along the Rhine, and through Belgium and Holland, and in his eyes, this was the Continent,—"that no better ship or captain sails the ocean; and you know captain, I have a way with me, when I please, that causes what I say to be remembered. Why, my dear sir, I had an article extolling the whole line in the most appropriate terms, and this ship in particular, put into the journal at Rotterdam. It was so well done, that not a soul suspected it came from a personal friend of yours."

The captain was rolling the small end of a cigar in his mouth to prepare it for smoking, the regulations of the ship forbidding any further indulgence below; but when he received this assurance, he withdrew the tobacco with the sort of mystifying simplicity that gets to be a second nature with a regular votary of Neptune, and answered with a coolness of manner that was in ridiculous contrast to the affected astonishment of the words:—

"The devil you did!—Was it in good Dutch?"

"I do not understand much of the language," said Mr. Dodge, hesitatingly; for all he knew, was *yaw* and *nein*, neither of these particularly well;—"but it looked to be uncommonly well expressed. I could do no more than pay a man to translate it. But to return to this affair of running in among the Scilly Islands such a night as this."

"Return, my good fellow! this is the first syllable you have said about the matter!"

"Concern on your account has caused me to forget myself. To be frank with you, Captain Truck, and if I weren't your very best friend I should be silent, there is considerable excitement getting up about this matter."

“Excitement! what is that like?—a sort of moral head-sea, do you mean?”

“Precisely: and I must tell you the truth, though I had rather a thousand times not; but this change in the ship’s course is monstrous unpopular!”

“That is bad news, with a vengeance, Mr. Dodge; I shall rely on you, as an old friend, to get up an opposition.”

“My dear captain, I have done all I could in that way already; but I never met with people so bent on a thing as most of the passengers. The Effinghams are very decided, though so purse-proud and grand; Sir George Templemore declares it is quite extraordinary, and even the French lady is furious. To be sincere as the crisis demands, public opinion is setting so strong against you, that I expect an explosion.”

“Well, so long as the tide sets in my favor, I must endeavor to bear it. Stemming a current, in or out of water is uphill work; but with a good bottom, clean copper, and plenty of wind, it may be done.”

“It would not surprise me were the gentlemen to appeal to the general sentiment against you when we arrive, and make a handle of it against your line!”

“It may be so, indeed; but what can be done? If we return, the Englishman will certainly catch us, and, in that case my own opinion would be dead against me!”

“Well, well, captain; I thought as a friend I would speak my mind. If this thing should really get into the papers in America, it would spread like fire in the prairies. You know what the papers are, I trust, Captain Truck?”

“I rather think I do, Mr. Dodge, with many thanks for your hints, and I believe I know what the Scilly Islands are, too. The elections will be nearly or quite over by the time we get in, and, thank God, they’ll not be apt to make a party question of it, this fall at least. In the mean time rely on my keeping a good lookout for the shoals of popularity and the quicksands of excitement. You smoke sometimes, I know, and I can recommend this cigar as fit to regale the nose of that chap of Strasbourg—you read your Bible, I know, Mr. Dodge, and need not be told whom I mean. The steward will be happy to give you a light on deck, sir.”

In this manner, Captain Truck, with the *sang froid* of an old tar, and the tact of a packet-master, got rid of his troublesome visitor, who departed, half suspecting that he had been quizzed, but still ruminating on the expediency of getting up a committee, or at least a public meeting in the cabin, to follow up

the blow. By the aid of the latter, could he but persuade Mr. Effingham to take the chair, and Sir George Templemore to act as secretary, he thought he might escape a sleepless night, and, what was of quite as much importance, make a figure in a paragraph on reaching home.

Mr. Dodge, whose Christian name, thanks to a pious ancestry, was Steadfast, partook of the qualities that his two appellations not inaptly expressed. There was a singular profession of steadiness of purpose, and of high principle about him, all of which vanished in Dodge at the close. A great stickler for the rights of the people, he never considered that this people was composed of many integral parts, but he viewed all things as gravitating towards the great aggregation. Majorities were his hobbies, and though singularly timid as an individual, or when in the minority, put him on the strongest side and he was ready to face the devil. In short, Mr. Dodge was a people's man, because his strongest desire, his "ambition and his pride," as he often expressed it, was to be a man of the people. In his particular neighborhood, at home, sentiment ran in veins, like gold in the mines, or in streaks of public opinion; and though there might be three or four of these public sentiments, so long as each had its party, no one was afraid to avow it; but as for maintaining a notion that was not thus upheld, there was a savor of aristocracy about it that would damn even a mathematical proposition, though regularly solved and proved. So much and so long had Mr. Dodge respired a moral atmosphere of this community-character, and gregarious propensity, that he had, in many things, lost all sense of his individuality; as much so, in fact, as if he breathed with a pair of county lungs, ate with a common mouth, drank from the town-pump, and slept in the open air.

Such a man was not very likely to make an impression on Captain Truck, one accustomed to rely on himself alone, in the face of warring elements, and who knew that a ship could not safely have more than a single will, and that the will of her master.

The accidents of life could scarcely form extremes of character more remote than that of Steadfast Dodge and that of John Truck. The first never did anything beyond acts of the most ordinary kind, without first weighing its probable effect in the neighborhood; its popularity or unpopularity; how it might tally with the different public opinions that were whiffling through the country; in what manner it would influence the next election, and whether it would be likely to elevate him or de-

press in him the public mind. No Asiatic slave stood more in terror of a vindictive master than Mr. Dodge stood in fear and trembling before the reproofs, comments, censures, frowns, cavillings and remarks of every man in his county, who happened to belong to the political party that just at that moment was in power. As to the minority, he was as brave as a lion, could snap his fingers at them, and was foremost in deriding and scoffing at all they said and did. This, however, was in connection with politics only; for, the instant party-drill ceased to be of value, Steadfast's valor oozed out of his composition, and in all other things he dutifully consulted every public opinion of that neighborhood. This estimable man had his weak points as well as another, and what is more, he was quite sensible of them, as was proved by a most jealous watchfulness of his besetting sins, in the way of exposure if not of indulgence. In a word, Steadfast Dodge was a man that wished to meddle with and control all things, without possessing precisely the spirit that was necessary to leave him master of himself; he had a rabid desire for the good opinion of everything human, without always taking the means necessary to preserve his own; was a stout declaimer for the rights of the community while forgetting that the community itself is but a means set up for the accomplishment of a given end; and felt an inward and profound respect for anything that was beyond his reach, which manifested itself, not in manly efforts to attain the forbidden fruit, but rather in a spirit of opposition and detraction, that only betrayed, through its jealousy, the existence of the feeling; which jealousy, however, he affected to conceal under an intense regard for popular rights, since he was apt to aver it was quite intolerable that any man should possess anything, even to qualities, in which his neighbors might not properly participate. All these, moreover, and many similar traits, Mr. Dodge encouraged in the spirit of liberty!

On the other hand, John Truck sailed his own ship; was civil to his passengers from habit as well as policy; knew that every vessel must have a captain; believed mankind to be little better than asses; took his own observations, and cared not a straw for those of his mates; was never more bent on following his own views than when all hands grumbled and opposed him; was daring by nature, decided from use and long self-reliance, and was every way a man fitted to steer his bark through the trackless ways of life, as well as those of the ocean. It was fortunate for one in his particular position, that nature had made the possessor of so much self-will and tempo-

rary authority, cool and sarcastic rather than hot-headed and violent; and for this circumstance Mr. Dodge in particular had frequent occasions for felicitation.

CHAPTER VII.

But then we are in order, when we are
Most out of order.

Jack Cade.

DISAPPOINTED in his private appeal to the captain's dread of popular disapprobation, Mr. Dodge returned to his secret work on deck; for like a true freeman of the exclusive school, this person never presumed to work openly, unless sustained by a clear majority; canvassing all around him, and striving hard to create a public opinion, as he termed it, on his side of the question, by persuading his hearers that every one was of his particular way of thinking already; a method of exciting a feeling much practised by partisans of his school. In the interval, Captain Truck was working up his day's reckoning by himself, in his own stateroom, thinking little, and caring less, about anything but the results of his figures, which soon convinced him, that by standing a few hours longer on his present course, he should "plump his ship ashore" somewhere between Falmouth and the Lizard.

This discovery annoyed the worthy master so much the more, on account of the suggestions of his late visitor; for nothing could be less to his taste than to have the appearance of altering his determination under a menace. Still something must be done before midnight, for he plainly perceived that thirty or forty miles, at the farthest, would fetch up the Montauk on her present course. The passengers had left the deck to escape the night air, and he heard the Effinghams inviting Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt into the ladies' cabin, which had been taken expressly for their party, while the others were calling upon the stewards for the usual allowance of hot drinks, at the dining-table without. The talking and noise disturbed him; his own stateroom became too confined, and he went on deck to come to his decision, in view of the angry-looking skies and the watery waste, over which he was called to prevail. Here we shall leave him, pacing the quarter-deck, in moody

silence alone, too much disturbed to smoke even, while the mate of the watch sat in the mizzen-rigging, like a monkey, keeping a lookout to windward and ahead. In the mean time, we will return to the cabin of the Effinghams.

The Montauk was one of those surpassingly beautiful and yacht-like ships that now ply between the two hemispheres in such numbers, and which in luxury and the fitting conveniences seem to vie with each other for the mastery. The cabins were lined with satinwood and bird's-eye maple; small marble columns separated the glittering panels of polished wood, and rich carpets covered the floors. The main cabin had the great table, as a fixture, in the centre, but that of Eve, somewhat shorter, but of equal width, was free from all encumbrance of the sort. It had its sofas, cushions, mirrors, stools, tables, and an upright piano. The doors of the staterooms, and other conveniences, opened on its sides and ends. In short, it presented, at that hour, the resemblance of a tasteful boudoir, rather than that of an apartment in a cramped and vulgar ship.

Here, then, all who properly belonged to the place were assembled, with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt as guests, when a tap at the door announced another visitor. It was Mr. Dodge, begging to be admitted on a matter of business. Eve smiled, as she bowed assent to old Nanny, who acted as her groom of the chambers, and hastily expressed a belief that her guest must have come with a proposal to form a Dorcas society.

Although Mr. Dodge was as bold as Cæsar in expressing his contempt of anything but popular sway, he never came into the presence of the quiet and well-bred without a feeling of distrust and uneasiness, that had its rise in the simple circumstance of his not being used to their company. Indeed, there is nothing more appalling, in general, to the vulgar and pretending, than the simplicity and natural ease of the refined. Their own notions of elegance lie so much on the surface, that they seem at first to suspect an ambush, and it is probable that, finding so much repose where, agreeably to their preconceived opinions, all ought to be fuss and pretension, they imagine themselves to be regarded as intruders.

Mr. Effingham gave their visitor a polite reception, and one that was marked with a little more than the usual formality, by way of letting it be understood that the apartment was private; a precaution that he knew was very necessary in associating with tempers like those of Steadfast. All this was thrown away on Mr. Dodge, notwithstanding every other person pres-

ent admired the tact with which the host kept his guest at a distance, by extreme attention, for the latter fancied so much ceremony was but a homage to his claims. It had the effect to put him on his own good behavior, however, and of suspending the brusque manner in which he had intended to broach his subject. As everybody waited in calm silence, as if expecting an explanation of the cause of his visit, Mr. Dodge soon felt himself constrained to say something, though it might not be quite as clearly as he could wish.

"We have had a considerable pleasant time, Miss Effingham, since we sailed from Portsmouth," he observed familiarly.

Eve bowed her assent, determined not to take to herself a visit that did violence to all her habits and notions of propriety. But Mr. Dodge was too obtuse to feel the hint conveyed in mere reserve of manner.

"It would have been more agreeable, I allow, had not this man-of-war taken it into her head to follow us in this unprecedented manner." Mr. Dodge was as fond of his dictionary as the steward, though he belonged to the political, while Saunders merely adorned the polite school of talkers. "Sir George calls it a most 'uncomfortable procedure.' You know Sir George Templemore, without doubt, Miss Effingham?"

"I am aware there is a person of that name on board, sir," returned Eve, who recoiled from this familiarity with the sensitiveness with which a well-educated female distinguishes between one who appreciates her character and one who does not; "but have never had the honor of his acquaintance."

Mr Dodge thought all this extraordinary, for he had witnessed Captain Truck's introduction, and did not understand how people who had sailed twenty-four hours in the same ship, and had been fairly introduced, should not be intimate. As for himself, he fancied he was, what he termed, "well acquainted" with the Effinghams, from having talked of them a great deal ignorantly, and not a little maliciously; a liberty he felt himself fully entitled to take from the circumstance of residing in the same county, although he had never spoken to one of the family, until accident placed him in their company on board the same vessel.

"Sir George is a gentleman of great accomplishments, Miss Effingham, I assure you; a man of unqualified merit. We have the same stateroom, for I like company, and prefer chatting a little in my berth to being always asleep. He is a baronet, I

suppose you know,—not that I care anything for titles, all men being equal in truth, though—though——”

“—Unequal in reality, sir, you probably meant to add,” observed John Effingham, who was lolling on Eve’s workstand, his eagle-shaped face fairly curling with the contempt he felt, and which he hardly cared to conceal.

“Surely not, sir!” exclaimed the terrified Steadfast, looking furtively about, lest some active enemy might be at hand to quote this unhappy remark to his prejudice. “Surely not! men are every way equal, and no one can pretend to be better than another. No, no,—it is nothing to me that Sir George is a baronet; though one would prefer having a gentleman in the same stateroom to having a coarse fellow. Sir George thinks, sir, that the ship is running into great danger by steering for the land in so dark a night, and in such *dirty* weather. He *has* many out-of-the-way expressions, Sir George, I must admit, for one of his rank; he calls the weather *dirty*, and the proceedings *uncomfortable*; modes of expression, gentlemen, to which I give an unqualified disapprobation.”

“Probably Sir George would attach more importance to a *qualified* disapprobation,” retorted John Effingham.

“Quite likely,” returned Mr. Dodge innocently, though the two other visitors, Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville, permitted slight muscular movements about the lips to be seen; “Sir George is quite an original in his way. We have few originals in our part of the country, you know, Mr. John Effingham; for to say the truth, it is rather unpopular to differ from the neighborhood, in this or any other respect. Yes, sir, the people will rule, and ought to rule. Still, I think Sir George may get along well enough as a stranger, for it is not quite as unpopular in a stranger to be original, as in a native. I think you will agree with me, sir, in believing it excessively presuming in an American to pretend to be different from his fellow-citizens.”

“No one, sir, could entertain such presumption, I am persuaded, in your case.”

“No, sir, I do not speak from personal motives; but on the great general principles, that are to be maintained for the good of mankind. I do not know that any man has a right to be peculiar in a free country. It is aristocratic, and has an air of thinking one man is better than another. I am sure Mr. Effingham cannot approve of it?”

“Perhaps not. Freedom has many arbitrary laws that it will not do to violate.”

“Certainly, sir, or where would be its supremacy? If the

people cannot control and look down peculiarity, or anything they dislike, one might as well live in despotism at once."

"As I have resided much abroad, of late years, Mr. Dodge," inquired Eve, who was fearful her kinsman would give some cut that would prove to be past bearing, as she saw his eye was menacing, and who felt a disposition to be amused at the other's philosophy, that overcame the attraction of repulsion she had at first experienced towards him—"will you favor me with some of those great principles of liberty of which I hear so much, but which, I fear, have been overlooked by my European instructors?"

Mademoiselle Viefville looked grave; Messrs. Sharp and Blunt delighted; Mr. Dodge, himself, mystified.

"I should feel myself little able to instruct Miss Effingham on such a subject," the latter modestly replied, "as no doubt she has seen too much misery in the nations she has visited, not to appreciate justly all the advantages of that happy country which has the honor of claiming her for one of its fair daughters."

Eve was terrified at her own temerity, for she was far from anticipating so high a flight of eloquence in return for her own simple request, but it was too late to retreat.

"None of the many illustrious and godlike men that our own beloved land has produced can pretend to more zeal in its behalf than myself, but I fear my abilities to do it justice will fall far short of the subject," he continued. "Liberty, as you know, Miss Effingham, as you well know, gentlemen, is a boon that merits our unqualified gratitude, and which calls for our daily and hourly thanks to the gallant spirits who, in the days that tried men's souls, were foremost in the tented field, and in the councils of the nation."

John Effingham turned a glance at Eve, that seemed to tell her how unequal she was to the task she had undertaken, and which promised a rescue, with her consent; a condition that the young lady most gladly complied with in the same silent but expressive manner.

"Of all this my young kinswoman is properly sensible, Mr. Dodge," he said by way of diversion; "but she, and I confess myself, have some little perplexity on the subject of what this liberty is, about which so much has been said and written in our time. Permit me to inquire, if you understand by it a perfect independence of thought, action, and rights?"

"Equal laws, equal rights, equality in all respects, and pure, abstract, unqualified liberty, beyond all question, sir."

“What, a power in the strong man to beat the little man, and to take away his dinner?”

“By no means, sir; Heaven forbid that I should maintain any such doctrine! It means entire liberty: no kings no aristocrats, no exclusive privileges; but one man is as good as another!”

“Do you understand, then, that one man is as good as another, under our system, Mr. Dodge?”

“Unqualifiedly so, sir; I am amazed that such a question should be put by a gentleman of your information, in an age like this!”

“If one man is as good as another,” said Mr. Blunt, who perceived that John Effingham was biting his lips, a sign that something more biting would follow,—“will you do me the favor to inform me, why the country puts itself to the trouble and expense of the annual elections?”

“Elections, sir! In what manner could free institutions flourish or be maintained, without constantly appealing to the people, the only true sources of power?”

“To this I make no objections, Mr. Dodge,” returned the young man, smiling; “but why an election; if one man is as good as another, a lottery would be cheaper, easier and sooner settled. Why an election, or even a lottery at all? why not choose the President as the Persians chose their king, by the neighing of a horse?”

“This would be indeed an extraordinary mode of proceeding for an intelligent and virtuous people, Mr. Blunt; and I must take the liberty of saying that I suspect you of pleasantry. If you wish an answer, I will say, at once, by such a process we might get a knave, or a fool, or a traitor.”

“How, Mr. Dodge! I did not expect this character of the country from you! Are the Americans, then, all fools, or knaves, or traitors?”

“If you intend to travel much in our country, sir, I would advise great caution in throwing out such an insinuation, for it would be apt to meet with a very general and unqualified disapprobation. Americans are enlightened and free, and as far from deserving these epithets as any people on earth.”

“And yet the fact follows from your own theory. If one man is as good as another, and any one of them is a fool, or a knave, or a traitor,—all are knaves, or fools, or traitors! The insinuation is not mine, but it follows, I think, inevitably, as a consequence of your own proposition.”

In the pause that succeeded, Mr. Sharp said in a low voice to Eve, "He is an Englishman, after all!"

"Mr. Dodge does not mean that one man is as good as another in that particular sense," Mr. Effingham kindly interposed, in his quality of host; "his views are less general, I fancy than his words would give us, at first, reason to suppose."

"Very true, Mr. Effingham, very true, sir; one man is not as good as another in that particular sense, or in the sense of elections, but in all other senses. Yes, sir," turning towards Mr. Blunt again, as one reviews the attack on an antagonist, who has given a fall, after taking breath, "in all other senses, one man is unqualifiedly as good as another. One man has the same rights as another."

"The slave as the freeman?"

"The slaves are exceptions, sir. But in the free states, except in the case of elections, one man is as good as another in all things. That is our meaning, and any other principle would be unqualifiedly unpopular."

"Can one man make a shoe as well as another?"

"Of rights, sir,—I stick to the rights, you will remember."

"Has the minor the same rights as the man of full age; the apprentice as the master; the vagabond as the resident, the man who cannot pay as the man who can?"

"No, sir, not in that sense either. You do not understand me, sir, I fear. All that I mean is, that in particular things, one man is as good as another in America. This is American doctrine, though it may not happen to be English, and I flatter myself it will stand the test of the strictest investigation."

"And you will allow me to inquire where this is not the case, in particular things. If you mean to say that there are fewer privileges accorded to the accidents of birth, or to fortune and station in American, than is usual in other countries, we shall agree; but I think it will hardly do to say there are none!"

"Privileges accorded to birth in America, sir! The idea would be odious to her people!"

"Does not the child inherit the property of the father?"

"Most assuredly; but this can hardly be termed a privilege."

"That may depend a good deal on taste. I should account it a greater privilege than to inherit a title without the fortune."

"I perceive, gentleman, that we do not perfectly understand each other, and I must postpone the discussion to a more

favorable opportunity ; for I confess great uneasiness at this decision of the captain's, about steering in among the rocks of Sylla." (Mr. Dodge was not as clear-headed as common, in consequence of the controversy that had just occurred.) "I challenge you to renew the subject another time, gentlemen. I only happened in" (another peculiarity of diction in this gentleman) "to make a first call, for I suppose there is no exclusion in an American ship?"

"None whatever, sir," Mr. John Effingham coldly answered. "All the staterooms are in common, and I propose to seize an early occasion to return this compliment, by making myself at home in the apartment which has the honor to lodge Mr. Dodge and Sir George Templemore."

Here Mr. Dodge beat a retreat, without touching at all on his real errand. Instead of even following up the matter with the other passengers, he got into a corner, with one or two congenial spirits, who had taken great offence that the Effinghams should presume to retire into their cabin, and particularly that they should have the extreme aristocratical audacity to shut the door, where he continued pouring into the greedy ears of his companions his own history of the recent dialogue, in which, according to his own account of the matter, he had completely gotten the better of that "young upstart, Blunt," a man of whom he knew positively nothing, divers anecdotes of the Effingham family, that came of the lowest and most idle gossip of rustic malignancy, and his own vague and confused notions of the rights of persons and of things. Very different was the conversation that ensued in the ladies' cabin, after the welcome disappearance of the uninvited guest. Not a remark of any sort was made on his intrusion, or on his folly: even John Effingham, little addicted in common to forbearance, being too proud to waste his breath on so low game, and too well taught to open upon a man the moment his back was turned. But the subject was continued, and in a manner better suited to the education, intelligence, and views of the several speakers.

Eve said but little, though she ventured to ask a question now and then ; Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt being the principal supporters of the discourse, with an occasionally quiet, discreet remark from the young lady's father, and a sarcasm, now and then, from John Effingham. Mr. Blunt, though advancing his opinions with diffidence, and with a proper deference for the greater experience of the two elder gentlemen, soon made his superiority apparent, the subject proving to be one on

which he had evidently thought a great deal, and that too with a discrimination and originality that are far from common.

He pointed out the errors that are usually made on the subject of the institutions of the American Union, by confounding the effects of the general government with those of the separate states; and he clearly demonstrated that the Confederation itself had, in reality, no distinctive character of its own, even for or against liberty. It was a confederation, and got its character from the characters of its several parts, which of themselves were independent in all things, on the important point of distinctive principles, with the exception of the vague general provision that they must be republics; a provision that meant anything, or nothing, so far as true liberty was concerned, as each state might decide for itself.

"The character of the American government is to be sought in the characters of the state governments," he concluded, "which vary with their respective policies. It is in this way that communities that hold one half of their numbers in domestic bondage are found tied up in the same political *fascies* with other communities of the most democratic institutions. The general government assures neither liberty of speech, liberty of conscience, action, nor of anything else, except as against itself; a provision that is quite unnecessary, as it is purely a government of delegated powers, and has no authority to act at all on those particular interests."

"This is very different from the general impression in Europe," observed Mr. Sharp; "and as I perceive I have the good fortune to be thrown into the society of an American, if not an *American lawyer*, able to enlighten my ignorance on those interesting topics, I hope to be permitted, during some of the idle moments, of which we are likely to have many, to profit by it."

The other colored, bowed to the compliment, but appeared to hesitate before he answered.

"Tis not absolutely necessary to be an American by birth," he said, "as I have already had occasion to observe, in order to understand the institutions of the country, and I might possibly mislead you were you to fancy that a native was your instructor. I have often been in the country, however, if not born in it, and few young men, on this side of the Atlantic, have had their intention pointed, with so much earnestness, to all that affects it as myself."

"I was in hopes we had the honor of including you among our countrymen," observed John Effingham, with evident disap

pointment. "So many young men come abroad disposed to quarrel with foreign excellences, of which they know nothing, or to concede so many of our own, in the true spirit of serviles; that I was flattering myself I had at last found an exception."

Eve also felt regret, though she hardly avowed to herself the reason.

"He is then, an Englishman, after all!" said Mr. Sharp, in another aside.

"Why not a German—or a Swiss—or even a Russian?"

"His English is perfect; no continental could speak so fluently, with such a choice of words, so totally without an accent, without an effort. As Mademoiselle Viefville says, he does not speak well enough for a foreigner."

Eve was silent, for she was thinking of the singular manner in which a conversation as oddly commenced, had brought about an explanation on a point that had often given her many doubts. Twenty times had she decided in her own mind that this young man, whom she could properly call neither stranger nor acquaintance, was a countryman, and as often had she been led to change her opinion. He had now been explicit, she thought, and she felt compelled to set him down as a European, though not disposed, still, to believe he was an Englishman. For this latter notion, she had reasons it might not have done to give to a native of the island they had just left, as she knew to be the fact with Mr. Sharp.

Music succeeded this conversation, Eve having taken the precaution to have the piano tuned before quitting port, an expedient we would recommend to all who have a regard for the instrument that extends beyond its outside, or even for their own ears. John Effingham executed brilliantly on the violin: and, as it appeared on inquiry, the two younger gentlemen performed respectably on the flute, flageolet, and one or two other wind instruments. We shall leave them doing great justice to Beethoven, Rossini, and Mayerbeer, whose compositions Mr. Dodge did not fail to sneer at in the outer cabin, as affected and altogether unworthy of attention, and return on deck to the company of the anxious master,

Captain Truck had continued to pace the deck moodily and alone, during the whole evening, and he only seemed to come to a recollection of himself when the relief passed him on his way to the wheel, at eight bells. Inquiring the hour, he got into the mizzen rigging, with a night-glass, and swept the horizon in search of the Foam. Nothing could be made out, the dark-

ness having settled upon the water in a way to circumscribe the visible horizon to very narrow limits.

"This may do," he muttered to himself, as he swung off by a rope, and alighted again on the planks of the deck. Mr. Leach was summoned, and an order was passed for the relieved watch to remain on deck for duty.

When all was ready, the first mate went through the ship, seeing that all the candles were extinguished, or that the hoods were drawn over the skylights, in such a way as to conceal any rays that might gleam upwards from the cabin. At the same time attention was paid to the binnacle-lamp. This precaution observed, the people went to work to reduce the sail, and in the course of twenty minutes they had got in the studding sails, and all the standing canvas to the topsails, the fore-course, and a forward staysail. The three topsails were then reefed, with sundry urgent commands to the crew to be active, for, "The Englishman was coming up like a horse, all this time, no doubt,"

This much effected, the hands returned on deck as much amazed at the several arrangements as if the order had been to cut away the masts.

"If we had a few guns, and were a little stronger-handed," growled an old salt to the second mate, as he hitched up his trousers and rolled over his quid, "I should think the hard one aft, had been stripping for a fight; but as it is, we have nothing to carry on the war with, unless we throw sea biscuits into the enemy!"

"Stand by to *veer*!" called out the captain from the quarter deck; or, as he pronounced it, "*ware*."

The man sprang to the braces, and the bows of the ship fell off gradually, as the yards yielded slowly to the drag. In a minute the Montauk was rolling dead before it, and her broadside came sweeping up to the wind with the ship's head to the eastward. This new direction in the course had the double effect of hauling off the land, and of diverging at more than right angles from the line of sailing of the Foam, if that ship still continued in pursuit. The seamen nodded their heads at each other in approbation, for all now as well understood the meaning of the change as if it had been explained to them verbally.

The revolution on deck produced as sudden a revolution below. The ship was no longer running easily on an even keel, but was pitching violently into a head-beating sea, and the wind, which a few minutes before, was scarcely felt to blow, was now whistling its hundred strains among the cordage. Some

sought their berths, among whom were Mr. Sharp and Mr. Dodge ; some hurried up the stairs to learn the reason, and all broke up their avocations for the night.

Captain Truck had the usual number of questions to answer which he did in the following succinct and graphic manner, a reply that we hope will prove as satisfactory to the reader, as it was made to be, perforce, satisfactory to the curious on board.

“Had we stood on an hour longer, gentlemen, we should have been lost on the coast of Cornwall !” he said, pithily : “had we stopped where we were, the sloop of war would have been down upon us in twenty minutes : by changing the course, in the way you have seen, he may get to leeward of us ; if he find it out, he may change his own course, in the dark, being as likely to go wrong as to go right : or he may stand in, and set up the ribs of his majesty’s ship Foam to dry among the rocks of the Lizard, where I hope all her people will get safely ashore, dry shod.”

After waiting the result anxiously for an hour, the passengers retired to their rooms one by one ; but Captain Truck did not quit the deck until the middle watch was set. Paul Blunt heard him enter his stateroom, which was next to his own, and putting out his head, he inquired the news above. The worthy master had discovered something about this young man which created a respect for his nautical information, for he never misapplied a term, and he invariably answered all his questions promptly, and with respect.

“Dirtier, and dirtier,” he said, in defiance of Mr. Dodge’s opinion of the phrase, pulling off his pea-jacket, and laying aside his sou’wester ; “a cap full of wind, with just enough drizzle to take the comfort out of a man, and lacker him down like a boot.”

“The ship has gone about ?”

“Like a dancing master with two toes. We have got her head to the southward and westward again ; another reef in the topsails,” (which word Mr. Truck pronounced *tarwsails*, with great unction,) “England well under our lee, and the Atlantic ocean right before us. Six hours on this course, and we make a fair wind of it.”

“And the sloop ?”

“Well, Mr. Blunt, I can give no direct account of her. She has dropped in alongshore, I suspect, where she is clawing off, like a boy climbing a hillock of ice on his hands and knees ; or is flying about among the other *foam*, somewhere in the latitude

of the Lizard. An easy pillow to you, Mr. Blunt, and no tacking till the nap's up."

"And the poor wretches in the Foam?"

"Why, the Lord have mercy on their souls!"

CHAPTER IX.

The moon was now
Rising full orb'd, but broken by a cloud.
The wind was hushed, and the sea mirror-like.

Italy.

Most of the passengers appeared on deck soon after Saunders was again heard rattling among his glasses. The day was sufficiently advanced to allow a distinct view of all that was passing, and the wind had shifted. The change had not occurred more than ten minutes, and as most of the inmates of the cabin poured up the cabin-stairs nearly in a body, Mr. Leach had just got through with the necessary operation of bracing the yards about, for the breeze, which was coming stiff, now blew from the northeast. No land was visible, and the mate was just giving his opinion that they were up with Scilly, as Captain Truck appeared in the group.

One glance aloft, and another at the heavens, sufficed to let the experienced master into all the secrets of his present situation. His next step was to jump into the rigging, and to take a look at the sea, in the direction of the Lizard. There, to his extreme disappointment, appeared a ship with everything set that would draw, and with a studding-sail flapping, before it could be drawn down, which he knew in an instant to be the Foam. At this spectacle Mr. Truck compressed his lips, and made an inward imprecation, that it would ill comport with our notions of propriety to repeat.

"Turn the hands up and shake out the reefs, sir," he said coolly to his mate, for it was a standing rule of the captain's to seem calmest when he was in the greatest rage. "Turn them up, sir, and show every rag that will draw, from the truck to the lower studding-sail boom, and be d—d to them!"

On this hint Mr. Leach bestirred himself, and the men were quickly on the yards, casting loose gaskets and reef-points. Sail opened after sail, and as the steerage passengers, who could

show a force of thirty or forty men, aided with their strength, the Montauk was soon running dead before the wind, under every thing that would draw, and with studding-sails on both sides. The mates looked surprised, the seamen cast inquiring glances aft, but Mr. Truck lighted a cigar.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, after a few philosophical whiffs, "to go to America with yonder fellow on my weather beam is quite out of the question: he would be up with me, and in possession, before ten o'clock, and my only play is to bring the wind right over the taffrail, where, luckily, we have got it. I think we can bother him at this sport, for your sharp bottoms are not as good as your kettle-bottoms in ploughing a full furrow. As for bearing her canvas, the Montauk will stand it as long as any ship in King William's navy, before the gale. And on one thing you may rely; I'll carry you all into Lisbon before that tobacco-hating rover shall carry you back to Portsmouth. This is a category to which I will stick."

This characteristic explanation served to let the passengers understand the real state of the case. No one remonstrated, for all preferred a race to being taken; and even the Englishmen on board began again to take sides with the vessel they were in, and this the more readily, as Captain Truck freely admitted that their cruiser was too much for him on every tack but the one he was about to try. Mr. Sharp hoped that they might now escape, and as for Sir George Templemore, he generously repeated his offer to pay, out of his own pocket, all the port-charges in any French, Spanish, or Portuguese harbor, the master would enter, rather than see such an outrage done a foreign vessel in a time of profound peace.

The expedient of Captain Truck proved his judgment, and his knowledge of his profession. Within an hour it was apparent that, if there was any essential difference in the sailing of the two ships under the present circumstances, it was slightly in favor of the Montauk. The Foam now set her ensign for the first time, a signal that she wished to speak the ship in sight. At this Captain Truck chuckled, for he pronounced it a sign that she was conscious she could not get them within range of her guns.

"Show him the gridiron," cried the captain, briskly; "it will not do to be beaten in civility by a man who has beaten us already on so many other tacks; but keep all fast as a church-door on a week-day."

This latter comparison was probably owing to the circumstance of the master's having come from a part of the country

where all the religion is compressed into the twenty-four hours that commence on a Saturday-night at sunset, and end at sunset the next day: at least, this was his own explanation of the matter. The effect of success was always to make Mr. Truck loquacious, and he now began to tell many excellent anecdotes, of which he had stores, all of events that had happened to him in person, or of which he had been an eyewitness; and on which his hearers, as Sancho said, might so certainly depend as true, that, if they chose, they might safely swear they had seen them themselves.

“Speaking of churches and doors, Sir George,” he said, between the puffs of the cigar, “were you ever in Rhode Island?”

“Never, as this is my first visit to America, captain.”

“True; well, you will be likely to go there, if you go to Boston, as it is the best way; unless you would prefer to run over Nantucket shoals, and a hundred miles of ditto, as Mr. Dodge calls it.”

“*Ditter*, captain, if you please—*ditter*: it is the continental word for roundabout.”

“The d——l it is! it is worth knowing, however. And what may be the French for pea-jacket?”

“You mistake me, sir,—*ditter*, a circuit, or the longer way.”

“That is the road we are now travelling, by George!—I say, Leach, do you happen to know that we are making a *ditter* to America?”

“You were speaking of a church, Captain Truck,” politely interposed Sir George, who had become rather intimate with his fellow-occupant of the stateroom.

“I was travelling through that state, a few years since on my way from Providence to New London, at a time when a new road had just been opened. It was on a Sunday, and the stage—a four-horse power, you must know—had never yet run through on the Lord’s-day. Well, we might be, as it were, off here at right angles to our course, and there was a short turn in the road, as one would say, out yonder. As we hove in sight of the turn, I saw a chap at the mast-head of a tree; down he slid, and away he went right before it, towards a meeting-house two or three cables length down the road. We followed at a smart jog, and just before we got the church abeam, out poured the whole congregation, horse and foot, parson and idlers, sinners and hypocrites, to see the four-horse power go past. Now this is what I call keeping the church-door open on a Sunday.”

We might have hesitated about recording this anecdote of the captain's, had we not received an account of the same occurrence from a quarter that left no doubt that his version of the affair was substantially correct. This and a few similar adventures, some of which he invented, and all of which he swore were literal, enabled the worthy master to keep the quarter-deck in good humor, while the ship was running at the rate of ten knots the hour in a line so far diverging from her true course. But the relief to landsmen is so great, in general, in meeting with a fair wind at sea, that few are disposed to quarrel with its consequences. A bright day, a steady ship, the pleasure of motion as they raced with the combing seas, and the interest of the chase, set every one at ease; and even Steadfast Dodge was less devoured with envy, a jealousy of his own deservings, and the desire of management, than usual. Not an introduction occurred, and yet the little world of the ship got to be better acquainted with each other in the course of that day, than would have happened in months of the usual collision on land.

The Montauk continued to gain on her pursuer until the sun set, when Captain Truck began once more to cast about him for the chances of the night. He knew that the ship was running into the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, or at least was fast approaching it, and he bethought him of the means of getting to the westward. The night promised to be anything but dark, for though a good many wild-looking clouds were by this time scudding athwart the heavens, the moon diffused a sort of twilight gleam in the air. Waiting patiently, however, until the middle watch was again called, he reduced sail, and hauled the ship off to a southwest course, hoping by this slight change insensibly to gain an offing before the Foam was aware of it; a scheme that he thought more likely to be successful, as by dint of sheer driving throughout the day, he had actually caused the courses of that vessel to dip before the night shut in.

Even the most vigilant become weary of watching, and Captain Truck was unpleasantly disturbed next morning by an alarm that the Foam was just out of gun-shot, coming up with them fast. On gaining the deck, he found the fact indisputable. Favored by the change in the course, the cruiser had been gradually gaining on the Montauk ever since the first watch was relieved, and had indeed lessened the distance between the respective ships by two-thirds. No remedy remained but to try the old expedient of getting the wind over the taffrail once more, and of showing all the canvas that could be spread. As

like causes are known to produce like effects, the expedient brought about the old results. The packet had the best of it, and the sloop of war slowly fell astern. Mr. Truck now declared he would make a "regular business of it," and accordingly he drove his ship in that direction throughout the day, the following night, and until near noon of the day that succeeded, varying his course slightly to suit the wind, which he studiously kept so near aft as to allow the studding-sails to draw on both sides. At meridian, on the fourth day out, the captain got a good observation, and ascertained that the ship was in the latitude of Oporto, with an offing of less than a degree. At this time the top-gallant sails of the Foam might be discovered from the deck, resembling a boat clinging to the watery horizon. As he had fully made up his mind to run into port in preference to being overhauled, the master had kept so near the land, with an intention of profiting by his position, in the event of any change favoring his pursuers; but now he believed that at sunset he should be safe in finally shaping his course for America.

"There must be double-fortified eyes aboard that fellow to see what we are about at this distance, when the night is once shut in," he said to Mr. Leach, who seconded all his orders with obedient zeal, "and we will watch our moment to slip out fairly into the great prairie, and then we shall discover who best knows the trail! You'll be for trotting off to the prairies, Sir George, as soon as we get in, and for trying your hand at the buffaloes, like all the rest of them. Ten years since, if an Englishman came to look at us, he was afraid of being scalped on Broadway, and now he is never satisfied unless he is astraddle of the Rocky Mountains in the first fortnight. I take over lots of cockney hunters every summer, who just get a shot at a grizzly bear or two, or at an antelope and come back in time for the opening of Drury Lane."

"Should we not be more certain of accomplishing your plans, by seeking refuge in Lisbon for a day or two? I confess now I should like to see Lisbon, and as for the port-charges, I would rather pay them twice, than that this poor man should be torn from his wife. On this point I hope, Captain Truck, I have made myself sufficiently explicit."

Captain Truck shook the baronet heartily by the hand, as he always did when this offer was renewed, declaring that his feelings did him honor.

"Never fear for Davis," he said. "Old Grab shall not have him this tack, nor the Foam neither. I'll throw him over-

board before such a disgrace befall us or him. Well, this leech has driven us from the old road, and nothing now remains but to make the southern passage, unless the wind prevail at south."

The Montauk, in truth, had not much varied from a course that was once greatly in favor with the London ships, Lisbon and New York being nearly in the same parallel of latitude, and the currents, if properly improved, often favoring the run. It is true, the Montauk had kept closer in with the continent by a long distance than was usual, even for the passage he had named; but the peculiar circumstances of the chase had left no alternative, as the master explained to his listeners.

"It was a coasting voyage, or a tow back to Portsmouth, Sir George," he said, "and of the two, I know you like the Montauk too well to wish to be quit of her so soon."

To this the baronet gave a willing assent, protesting that his feelings had got so much enlisted on the side of the vessel he was in, that he would cheerfully forfeit a thousand pounds rather than be overtaken. The master assured him that was just what he liked, and swore that he was the sort of passenger he most delighted in.

"When a man puts his foot on the deck of a ship, Sir George, he should look upon her as his home, his church, his wife and children, his uncles and aunts, and all the other lumber ashore. This is the sentiment to make seamen. Now, I entertain a greater regard for the shortest ropeyarn aboard this ship, than for the topsail-sheets or best bower of any other vessel. It is like a man's loving his own finger or toe, before another person's. I have heard it said that one should love his neighbor as well as himself; but for my part I love my ship better than my neighbor's or my neighbor himself; and I fancy if the truth were known, my neighbor pays me back in the same coin! For my part, I like a thing because it is mine."

A little before dark the head of the Montauk was inclined towards Lisbon, as if her intention was to run in, but the moment the dark spot that pointed out the position of the Foam was lost in the haze of the horizon, Captain Truck gave the order to "*ware,*" and sail was made to the west-southwest.

Most of the passengers felt an intense curiosity to know the state of things on the following morning, and all the men among them were dressed and on deck just as the day began to break. The wind had been fresh and steady all night, and as the ship had been kept with her yards a little checked, and topmost studding-sails set, the officers reported her to be at

least a hundred miles to the westward of the spot where she veered. The reader will imagine the disappointment the latter experienced, then, when they beheld the Foam a little on their weather-quarter, edging away for them as assiduously as she had been hauling up for them the night they sailed from Portsmouth, distant little more than a league !

"This is indeed extraordinary perseverance," said Paul Blunt to Eve, at whose side he was standing at the moment the fact was ascertained, "and I think our captain might do well to heave-to and ascertain its cause."

"I hope not," cried his companion with vivacity. "I confess to an *esprit de corps*, and a gallant determination to 'see it out,' as Mr. Leach styles his own resolution. One does not like to be followed about the ocean in this manner, unless it be for the interest it gives the voyage. After all, how much better is this than dull solitude, and what a zest it gives to the monotony of the ocean !"

"Do you then find the ocean a scene of monotony?"

"Such it has oftener appeared to me than anything else, and I give it a fair trial, having never *le mal de mer*. But I acquit it of this sin now ; for the interest of a chase, in reasonably good weather, is quite equal to that of a horse-race, which is a thing I delight in. Even Mr. John Effingham can look radiant under its excitement."

"And when this is the case, he is singularly handsome, a nobler outline of face is seldom seen than that of Mr. John Effingham."

"He has a noble outline of soul, if he did but know it himself," returned Eve, warmly: "I love no one as much as he, with the exception of my father, and as Mademoiselle Viefville would say *pour cause*."

The young man could have listened all day, but Eve smiled, bowed graciously, though with a glistening eye, and hastily left the deck, conscious of having betrayed some of her most cherished feelings to one who had no claim to share them.

Captain Truck, while vexed to his heart's core, or, as he expressed it himself, "struck aback, like an old lady shot off a hand-sled in sliding down hill," was prompt in applying the old remedy to the evil. The Montauk was again put before the wind, sail was made, and the fortunes of the chase were once more cast on the "play of the ship."

The commander of the Foam certainly deprecated this change, for it was hardly made before he set his ensign, and fired a gun. But of these signals no other notice was taken

than to show a flag in return, when the captain and his mates proceeded to get the bearings of the sloop-of-war. Ten minutes showed they were gaining; twenty did better; and in an hour she was well on the quarter.

Another day of strife succeeded, or rather of pure sailing, for not a rope was started on board the Montauk, the wind still standing fresh and steady. The sloop made many signals, all indicating a desire to speak the Montauk, but Captain Truck declared himself too experienced a navigator to be caught by bunting, and in too great a hurry to stop and chat by the way.

“Vattel has laid down no law for such a piece of complaisance, in a time of profound peace. I am not to be caught by that category.”

The result may be anticipated from what has been already related. The two ships kept before the wind until the Foam was again far astern, and the observations of Captain Truck told him he was as far south as the Azores. In one of these islands he was determined to take refuge, provided he was not favored by accident, for going farther south was out of the question, unless absolutely driven to it. Calculating his distance, on the evening of the sixth day out, he found that he might reach an anchorage at Pico, before the sloop-of-war could close with him, even allowing the necessity of hauling up again by the wind.

But Providence had ordered differently. Towards midnight, the breeze almost failed and became baffling, and when the day dawned the officer of the watch reported that it was ahead. The pursuing ship, though still in sight, was luckily so far astern and to leeward as to prevent any danger from a visit by boats, and there was leisure to make the preparations that might become necessary on the springing up of a new breeze. Of the speedy occurrence of such a change there was now every symptom, the heavens lighting up at the northwest, a quarter from which the genius of the storms mostly delights in making a display of his power.

CHAPTER X.

I come with mightier things ;
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
The dark sky thrills with low mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping winds.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with signs and portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs, as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the air that were assembling in their strength, these inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies, many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated. The billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves were careering upwads, like fiery coursers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element, the seas heaving themselves upward, without order, and frequently without visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents, and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for with her canvas reduced, she, too, seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was "wallowing," nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object, perhaps more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well-supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine, gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator, pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand.

"This is an extraordinary scene," said Eve, who clung to her father's arm, as she gazed around her equally in admiration and in awe; "a dreadful exhibition of the sublimity of nature!"

"Although accustomed to the sea," returned Mr. Blunt, "I have witnessed these ominous changes but twice before, and I think this the grandest of them all."

"Were the others followed by tempests?" inquired the anxious parent.

"One brought a tremendous gale, while the other passed away like a misfortune of which we get a near view, but are permitted to escape the effects."

"I do not know that I wish such to be entirely our present fortune," rejoined Eve, "for there is so much sublimity in this view of the ocean unaroused, that I feel desirous of seeing it when aroused."

"We are not in the hurricane latitudes, or hurricane months," resumed the young man, "and it is not probable that there is anything more in reserve for us than a hearty gale of wind, which may, at least help us to get rid of yonder troublesome follower."

"Even that I do not wish, provided he will let us continue the race on our proper route. A chase across the Atlantic would be something to enjoy at the moment, gentlemen, and something to talk of in after life."

"I wonder if such a thing be possible!" exclaimed Mr. Sharp; "it would indeed be an incident to recount to another generation!"

"There is little probability of our witnessing such an exploit," Mr. Blunt remarked, "for gales of wind on the ocean have the same separating influence on consorts of the sea, that domestic gales have on consorts of the land. Nothing is more difficult than to keep ships and fleets in sight of each other in very heavy weather, unless indeed, those of the best qualities are disposed to humor those of the worst."

"I know not which may be called the best, or which the worst, in this instance, for our tormentor appears to be as much better than ourselves in some particulars, as we are better than he in others. If the humoring is to come from our honest captain, it will be some such humoring as the spoiled child gets from a capricious parent in moments of anger."

Mr. Truck passed the group at that instant, and heard his name coupled with the word honest, in the mouth of Eve, though he lost the rest of the sentence.

"Thank you for the compliment, my dear young lady," he said; "and I wish I could persuade Captain Somebody, of his Britannic Majesty's ship Foam, to be of the same way of thinking. It is all because he will not fancy me honest in the article

of tobacco, that he has got the Montauk down here, on the Spanish coast, where the man who built her would not know her; so unnatural and unseemly is it to catch a London liner so far out of her track. I shall have to use double care to get the good craft home again."

"And why this particular difficulty, captain?" Eve, who was amused with Mr. Truck's modes of speech, pleasantly inquired. "Is it not equally easy to go from one part of the ocean as from another?"

"Equally easy! Bless you, my dear young lady, you never made a more capital mistake in your life. Do you imagine it is as easy to go from London to New York, as to go from New York to London?"

"I am so ignorant as to have made this ridiculous mistake, if mistake it be; nor do I now see why it should be otherwise."

"Simply because it is up-hill, ma'am. As for our position here to the eastward of the Azores, the difficulty is soon explained. By dint of coaxing I had got the good old ship so as to know every inch of the road on the northern passage, and now I shall be obliged to wheedle her along on a new route, like a shy horse getting through a new stable-door. One might as well think of driving a pig from his sty, as so get a ship out of her track."

"We trust to you to do all this and much more at need. But to what will these grand omens lead? Shall we have a gale, or is so much magnificent menacing to be taken as an empty threat of Nature's?"

"That we shall know in the course of the day, Miss Evingham, though Nature is no bully, and seldom threatens in vain. There is nothing more curious to study, or which needs a nicer eye to detect, than your winds."

"Of the latter I am fully persuaded, captain, for they are called the 'viewless winds,' you will remember, and the greatest authority we possess, speaks of them as being quite beyond the knowledge of man: 'That we may hear the sound of the wind, but cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.'"

"I do not remember the writer you mean, my dear young lady," returned Mr. Truck, quite innocently; "but he was a sensible fellow, for I believe Vattel has never yet dared to grapple with the winds. There are people who fancy the weather is foretold in the almanac; but, according to my opinion, it is safer to trust a rheumatis' of two or three years'

standing. A good, well-established, old-fashioned rheumatis'—I say nothing of your new-fangled diseases, like the cholera, and varioloid, and animal magnitudes—but a good old-fashioned rheumatis', such as people used to have when I was a boy, is as certain a barometer as that which is at this moment hanging up in the coachhouse here, within two fathoms of the very spot where we are standing. I once had a rheumatis' that I set much store by, for it would let me know when to look out for easterly weather, quite as infallibly as any instrument I ever sailed with. I never told you the story of the old Connecticut horse-jockey, and the typhoon, I believe; and as we are doing nothing but waiting for the weather to make up its mind—”

“The weather to make up its mind!” exclaimed Eve, looking around her in awe at the sublime and terrific grandeur of the ocean, of the heavens, and of the pent and moody air; “is there an uncertainty in this?”

“Lord bless you! my dear young lady, the weather is often as uncertain, and as undecided, and as hard to please, too, as an old girl who gets sudden offers on the same day, from a widower with ten children, an attorney with one leg, and the parson of the parish. Uncertain, indeed! Why I have known the weather in this grandiloquent condition for a whole day. Mr. Dodge, there, will tell you it is making up its mind which way it ought to blow, to be popular; so, as we have nothing better to do, Mr. Effingham, I will tell you the story about my neighbor, the horse-jockey. Hauling yards when there is no wind, is like playing on a Jew's-harp, at a concert of trombones.”

Mr. Effingham made a complaisant sign of assent, and pressed the arm of the excited Eve for patience.

“You must know, gentlemen,” the captain commenced, looking round to collect as many listeners as possible,—for he excessively disliked lecturing to small audiences, when he had anything to say that he thought particularly clever,—“you must know that we had formerly many craft that went between the river and the islands—”

—“The river?” interrupted the amused Mr. Sharp.

“Certain; the Connecticut, I mean; we all call it the river down our way—between the river and the West Indies, with horses, cattle, and other knick-knacks of that description. Among others was old Joe Bunk, who had followed the trade in a high-decked brig for some twenty-three years, he and the brig having grown old in company, like man and wife. About forty years since, our river ladies began to be tired of their

bohea, and as there was a good deal said in favor of souchong in those days, an excitement was got up on the subject, as Mr. Dodge calls it, and it was determined to make an experiment in the new quality, before they dipped fairly into the trade. Well, what do you suppose was done in the premises, as Vattel says, my dear young lady?"

Eve's eyes were still on the grand and portentous aspect of the heavens, but she civilly answered,—

"No doubt they sent to a shop and purchased a sample."

"Not they; they knew too much for that, since any rogue of a grocer might cheat them. When the excitement had got a little headway on it, they formed a tea society, with the parson's wife for presidentess, and her eldest daughter for secretary. In this way they went to work, until the men got into the fever too, and a project was set a-foot to send a craft to China for a sample of what they wanted."

"China!" exclaimed Eve, this time looking the captain fairly in the face.

"China, certain; it lies off hereaway, you know, round on the other side of the earth. Well, whom should they choose to go on the errand but old Joe Bunk. The old man had been so often to the island and back, without knowing anything of navigation, they thought he was just their man, as there was no such thing as losing him."

"One would think he was the very man to get lost," observed Mr. Effingham, while the captain fitted a fresh cigar; for smoke he would, and did, in any company, that was out of the cabin, although he always professed a readiness to cease, if any person disliked the fragrance of tobacco.

"Not he, sir; he was just as well off in the Indian Ocean as he would be here, for he knew nothing about either. Well, Joe fitted up the brig; the Seven Dollies was her name; for you must know we had seven ladies in the town, who were called Dolly, and they each of them used to send a colt, or a steer, or some other delicate article to the islands by Joe, whenever he went; so he fitted up the Seven Dollies, hoisted in his dollars, and made sail. The last that was seen or heard of the old man for eight months, was off Montauk, where he was fallen in with, two days out, steering southeasterly, by compass."

"I should think," observed John Effingham, who began to arouse himself as the story proceeded, "that Mrs. Bunk must have been very uneasy all this time?"

"Not she; she stuck to the bohea in hopes the souchong would arrive before the restoration of the Jews. Arrive it did,

sure enough, at the end of eight months, and a capital adventure it proved for all concerned. Old Joe got a great name in the river for the exploit, though how he got to China no one could say, or how he got back again; or, for a long time, how he got the huge heavy silver teapot, he brought home with him."

"A silver teapot?"

"Exactly that article. At last the truth came to be known; for it is not an easy matter to hide anything of that nature down our way; it is aristocratic, as Mr. Dodge says, to keep a secret. At first they tried Joe with all sorts of questions, but he gave them 'guess,' 'for guess.' Then people began to talk, and finally it was fairly whispered that the old man had stolen the tea-pot. This brought him before the meeting.—Law was out of the question, you will understand, as there was no evidence; but the meeting don't stick much at particulars, provided people talk a good deal."

"And the result?" asked John Effingham, "I suppose the parish took the teapot and left Joe the grounds."

"You are as far out of the way as we are here, down on the coast of Spain! The truth is just this. The Seven Dollies was lying among the rest of them, at anchor, below Canton, with the weather as fine as young girls love to see it in May, when Joe began to get down his yards, to house his masts, and to send out all his spare anchors. He even went so far as to get two hawsers fastened to a junk that had grounded a little ahead of him. This made a talk among the captains of the vessels, and some came on board to ask the reason. Joe told them he was getting ready for the typhoon; but when they inquired his reasons for believing there was to be a typhoon at all, Joe looked solemn, shook his head, and said he had reasons enough, but they were his own. Had he been explicit, he would have been laughed at, but the sight of an old gray-headed man, who had been at sea forty years, getting ready in this serious manner, set the others at work too: for ships follow each other's movements, like sheep running through a breach in the fence. Well, that night the typhoon came in earnest, and it blew so hard, that Joe Bunk said he could see the houses in the moon, all the air having blown out of the atmosphere."

"But what has this to do with the teapot, Captain Truck?"

"It is the life and soul of it. The captains in port were so delighted with Joe's foreknowledge, that they clubbed, and presented him this pot as a testimony of their gratitude and esteem.

He'd got to be popular among them. Mr. Dodge, and that was the way they proved it."

"But, pray, how did he know the storm was approaching?" asked Eve, whose curiosity had been awakened in spite of her self. "It could not have been that his 'foreknowledge' was supernatural."

"That no one can say, for Joe was presbyterian-built, as we say, kettle-bottomed, and stowed well. The truth was not discovered until ten years afterwards, when the old fellow got to be a regular cripple, what between rheumatis,' old age, and steaming. One day he had an attack of the first complaint, and in one of its most severe paroxysms when nature is apt to wince, he roared three times, 'a typhoon! a typhoon! a typhoon!' and the murder was out. Sure enough, the next day we had a regular northeaster; but old Joe got no sign of popularity that time. And now, when you get to America, gentlemen and ladies, you will be able to say you have heard the story of Joe Bunk and his teapot."

Thereupon Captain Truck took two or three hearty whiffs of the cigar, turned his face upwards, and permitted the smoke to issue forth in a continued stream until it was exhausted, but still keeping his head raised in the inconvenient position it had taken. The eye of the master, fastened in this manner on something aloft, was certain to draw other eyes in the same direction, and in a few seconds all around him were gazing in the same way, though none but himself could tell why.

"Turn up the watch below, Mr. Leach," Captain Truck at length called out, and Eve observed that he threw away the cigar, although a fresh one; a proof, as she fancied, that he was preparing for duty.

The people were soon at their places, and an effort was made to get the ship's head round to the southward. Although the frightful stillness of the atmosphere rendered the manœuvre difficult, it succeeded in the end, by profiting by the passing and fitful currents, that resembled so many sighings of the air. The men were then sent on the yards, to furl all the canvas, with the exception of the three topsails and the fore-course, most of it having been merely hauled up to await the result. All those who had ever been at sea before, saw in these preparations proof that Captain Truck expected the change would be sudden and severe: still, as he betrayed no uneasiness, they hoped his measures were merely those of prudence. Mr. Effingham could not refrain from inquiring, however, if there existed

any immediate motives for the preparations that were so actively, though not hurriedly, making.

"This is no affair for the rheumatis'," returned the facetious master, "for, look you here, my worthy sir, and you, my dear young lady,"—this was a sort of parental familiarity the honest Jack fancied he had a right to take with all his unmarried female passengers, in virtue of his office, and of his being a bachelor drawing hard upon sixty;—"look you here, my dear young lady, and you, too, ma'amselle, for you can understand the clouds, I take it, if they are not French clouds; do you not see the manner in which those black-looking rascals are putting their heads together? They are plotting something quite in their own way, I'll warrant you."

"The clouds are huddling, and rolling over each other, certainly," returned Eve, who had been struck with the wild beauty of their evolutions, "and a noble, though fearful picture they present; but I do not understand the particular meaning of it, if there be any hidden omen in their airy flights."

"No rheumatis' about you, young lady," said the captain, jocularly; "too young, and handsome, and too modern, too, I dare say, for that old-fashioned complaint. But on one category you may rely, and that is, that nothing in nature conspires without an object."

"But I do not think vapor whirling in a current of air is a conspiracy," answered Eve, laughing, "though it may be a category."

"Perhaps not,—who knows, however; for it is as easy to suppose that objects understand each other, as that horses and dogs understand each other. We know nothing about it, and, therefore, it behoves us to say nothing. If mankind conversed only of the things they understood, half the words might be struck out of the dictionaries. But, as I was remarking, those clouds, you can see, are getting together, and are making ready for a start, since here they will not be able to stay much longer."

"And what will compel them to disappear?"

"Do me the favor to turn your eyes here, to the nor'west. You see an opening there that looks like a crouching lion; is it not so?"

"There is certainly a bright clear streak of sky along the margin of the ocean, that has quite lately made its appearance; does it prove that the wind will blow from that quarter?"

"Quite as much, my dear young lady, as when you open

your window it proves that you mean to put your head out of it."

"An act a well-bred young woman very seldom performs," observed mademoiselle Vieffville; "and never in a town."

"No? Well, in our town on the river, the women's heads are half the time out of the windows. But I do not pretend, ma'amselle, to be expert in proprieties of this sort, though I can venture to say that I am somewhat of a judge of what the winds would be about when they open *their* shutters. This opening to the nor'west, then, is a sure sign of something coming out of the window, well-bred or not."

"But," added Eve, "the clouds above us, and those farther south, appear to be hurrying towards your bright opening, captain, instead of from it."

"Quite in nature, gentlemen; quite in nature, ladies. When a man has fully made up his mind to retreat, he blusters the most; and one step forward often promises two backward. You often see the stormy petterel sailing at a ship as if he meant to come aboard, but he takes good care to put his helm down before he is fairly in the rigging. So it is with clouds, and all other things in nature. Vattel says you may make a show of fight when your necessities require it, but that a neutral cannot fire a gun, unless against pirates. Now, these clouds are putting the best face on the matter, but in a few minutes you will see them wheeling as St. Paul did before them."

"St. Paul, Captain Truck!"

"Yes, my dear young lady; to the right about."

Eve frowned, for she disliked some of these nautical images, though it was impossible not to smile in secret at the queer associations that so often led the well-meaning master's discursive discourse. His mind was a strange jumble of an early religious education,—religious as to externals and professions, at least,—with subsequent loose observation and much worldly experience, and he drew on his stock of information, according to his own account of the matter, "as Saunders, the Steward, cut the butter from the firkins, or as it came first."

His prediction concerning the clouds proved to be true, for half an hour did not pass before they were seen "scampering out of the way of the nor'wester," to use the captain's figure, "like sheep giving play to the dogs." The horizon brightened with a rapidity almost supernatural, and, in a surprisingly short space of time, the whole of that frowning vault that had been shadowed by murky and menacing vapor, sporting its gambols

in ominous wildness, was cleared of everything like a cloud, with the exception of a few white, rich, fleecy piles, that were grouped in the north, like a battery discharging its artillery on some devoted field.

The ship betrayed the arrival of the wind by a cracking of the spars, as they settled into their places, and then the huge hull began to push aside the waters, and to come under control. The first shock was far from severe, though, as the captain determined to bring his vessel up as near his course as the direction of the breeze would permit, he soon found he had as much canvas spread as she could bear. Twenty minutes brought him to a single reef, and half an hour to a second.

By this time attention was drawn to the Foam. The old superiority of that cruiser was now apparent again, and calculations were made concerning the possibility of avoiding her, if they continued to stand on much longer on the present course. The captain had hoped the Montauk would have the advantage from her greater bulk, when the two vessels should be brought down to close-reefed topsails, as he foresaw would be the case; but he was soon compelled to abandon even that hope. Further to the southward he was resolved he would not go, as it would be leading him too far astray, and, at last, he came to the determination to stand towards the islands, which were as near as might be in his track, and to anchor in a neutral roadstead, if too hard pressed.

“He cannot get up with us before midnight, Leach,” he concluded the conference held with the mate by saying; “and by that time the gale will be at its height, if we are to have a gale, and then the gentleman will not be desirous of lowering his boats. In the mean time, we shall be driving in towards the Azores, and it will be nothing out of the course of nature, should I find an occasion to play him a trick. As for offering up the Montauk a sacrifice on the altar of tobacco, as old Deacon Hourglass used to say in his prayers, it is a category to be averted by any catastrophe short of condemnation.”

CHAPTER XI.

I, that shower dewy light
 Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest birth
 Of memory, thought, remorse.—Be holy, Earth!

I am the solemn Night!

MRS. HEMANS.

IN this instance, it is not our task to record any of the phenomena of the ocean, but a regular, though fierce gale of wind. One of the first signs of its severity was the disappearance of the passengers from the deck, one shutting himself into his room after another, until none remained visible but John Effingham and Paul Blunt. Both these gentlemen, as it appeared, had made so many passages, and had got to be so familiar with ships, that sea-sickness and alarms were equally impotent as respects their constitutions and temperaments.

The poor steerage-passengers were no exception, but they stole for refuge into their dens, heartily repentant, for the time being, at having braved the dangers and discomforts of the sea. The gentle wife of Davis would now willingly have returned to meet the resentment of her uncle; and as for the bridegroom himself, as Mr. Leach, who passed through this scene of abominations to see that all was right, described him,—“Mr. Grab would not wring him for a dishcloth, if he could see him in his present pickle.”

Captain Truck chuckled a good deal at this account, for he had much the same sympathy for ordinary cases of sea-sickness, as a kitten feels in the agony of the first mouse it has caught, and which it is its sovereign pleasure to play with, instead of eating.

“It serves him right, Mr. Leach, for getting married and mind you don’t fall into the same abuse of your opportunities,” he said, with an air of self-satisfaction, while comparing three or four cigars in the palm of his hand, doubtful which of the fragrant plump rolls to put into his mouth. “Getting married, Mr. Blunt, commonly makes a man a fit subject for nausea, and nothing is easier than to set the stomach-pump in motion in one of your bridegrooms; is not this true as the gospel, Mr. John Effingham?”

Mr. John Effingham made no reply,—but the young man who at the moment was admiring his fine form, and the noble

outline of his features, was singularly struck with the bitterness, not to say anguish, of the smile with which he bowed a cold assent. All this was lost on Captain Track, who proceeded *con amore*.

“One of the first things that I ask concerning my passengers is, is he married? when the answer is ‘no,’ I set him down as a good companion in a gale like this, or as one who can smoke, or crack a joke when a topsail is flying out of a bolt-rope,—a companion for a category. Now, if either of you gentlemen had a wife, she would have you under hatches to-day, lest you should slip through a scupperhole,—or be washed overboard with the spray,—or have your eyebrows blown away in such a gale, and then I should lose the honor of your company. Comfort is too precious to be thrown away in matrimony. A man may gain foreknowledge by a wife, but he loses free agency. As for you, Mr. John Effingham, you must have coiled away about half a century of life, and there is not much to fear on your account; but Mr. Blunt is still young enough to be in danger of a mishap. I wish Neptune would come aboard of us, hereaway, and swear you to be true and constant to yourself, young gentleman.”

Paul laughed, colored slightly, and then rallying, he replied in the same voice,—

“At the risk of losing your good opinion, captain, and even in the face of this gale, I shall avow myself an advocate of matrimony.”

“If you will answer me one question, my dear sir, I will tell you whether the case is or is not hopeless.”

“In order to assent to this, you will of course see the necessity of letting me know what the question is.”

“Have you made up your mind who the young woman shall be? If that point is settled, I can only recommend to you some of Joe Bunk’s souchong, and advise you to submit, for there is no resisting one’s fate. The reason your Turks yield so easily to predestination and fate, is the number of their wives. Many a book is written to show the cause of their submitting their necks so easily to the sword and the bow-string. I’ve been in Turkey, gentlemen, and know something of their ways. The reason of their submitting so quietly to be beheaded is, that they are always ready to hang themselves. How is the fact, sir? have you settled upon the young lady in your own mind or not?”

Although there was nothing in all this but the permitted trifling of boon companions on shipboard, Paul Blunt re-

ceived it with an awkwardness one would hardly have expected in a young man of his knowledge of the world. He reddened, laughed, made an effort to throw the captain to a greater distance by reserve, and in the end fairly gave up the matter by walking to another part of the deck. Luckily, the attention of the honest master was drawn to the ship, at that instant, and Paul flattered himself he was unperceived; but the shadow of a figure at his elbow startled him, and turning quickly, he found Mr. John Effingham at his side.

"Her mother was an angel," said the latter huskily. "I too love her; but it is as a father."

"Sir!—Mr. Effingham!—These are sudden and unexpected remarks, and such as I am not prepared for."

"Do you think one as jealous of that fair creature as I, could have overlooked your passion?—She is loved by *both* of you, and she merits the warmest affection of a thousand. Persevere, for while I have no voice, and, I fear, little influence on her decision, some strange sympathy causes me to wish you success. My own man told me that you have met before, and with her father's knowledge, and this is all I ask, for my kinsman is discreet. He probably knows you, though I do not."

The face of Paul glowed like fire, and he almost gasped for breath. Pitying his distress, Effingham smiled kindly, and was about to quit him, when he felt his hand convulsively grasped by those of the young man.

"Do not quit me, Mr. Effingham, I entreat you," he said rapidly; "it is so unusual for me to hear words of confidence, or even of kindness, that they are most precious to me! I have permitted myself to be disturbed by the random remarks of that well-meaning but unreflecting man; but in a moment I shall be more composed—more manly—less unworthy of your attention and pity."

"Pity is a word I should never have thought of applying to the person, character, attainments, or, as I hoped, fortunes of Mr. Blunt; and I sincerely trust that you will acquit me of impertinence. I have felt an interest in you, young man, that I have long ceased to feel in most of my species, and I trust this will be some apology for the liberty I have taken. Perhaps the suspicion that you were anxious to stand well in the good opinion of my little cousin was at the bottom of it all."

"Indeed you have not misconceived my anxiety, sir; for who is there that could be indifferent to the good opinion of one so simple and yet so cultivated; with a mind in which nature

and knowledge seem to struggle for the possession. One, Mr. Effingham, so little like the cold sophistication and heartlessness of Europe on the one hand, and the unformed girlishness of America, on the other; one, in short, so every way what the fondest father or the most sensitive brother could wish."

John Effingham smiled, for to smile at any weakness was with him a habit; but his eye glistened. After a moment of doubt, he turned to his young companion, and with a delicacy of expression and a dignity of manner that none could excel him in, when he chose, he put a question that for several days had been uppermost in his thoughts, though no fitting occasion had ever before offered, on which he thought he might venture

"This frank confidence emboldens me—one who ought to be ashamed to boast of his greater experience, when every day shows him to how little profit it has been turned,—to presume to render our acquaintance less formal by alluding to interests more personal than strangers have a right to touch on. You speak of the two parts of the world just mentioned, in a way to show me you are equally acquainted with both."

"I have often crossed the ocean, and, for so young a man, have seen a full share of their societies. Perhaps it increases my interest in your lovely kinswoman, that, like myself, she properly belongs to neither."

"Be cautious how you whisper that in her ear, my youthful friend; for Eve Effingham fancies herself as much American in character as in birth. Single-minded and totally without management; devoted to her duties; religious without cant; a warm friend of liberal institutions, without the slightest approach to the impracticable; in heart and soul a woman; you will find it hard to persuade her, that with all her practice in the world, and all her extensive attainments, she is more than a humble copy of her own great *beau ideal*."

Paul smiled, and his eyes met those of John Effingham—the expression of both satisfied the parties that they thought alike in more things than in their common admiration of the subject of their discourse.

"I feel I have not been as explicit as I ought to be with you, Mr. Effingham," the young man resumed, after a pause: "but on a more fitting occasion, I shall presume on your kindness to be less reserved. My lot has thrown me on the world, almost without friends, quite without relatives, so far as intercourse with them is concerned; and I have known little of the language or the acts of the affections."

John Effingham pressed his hand, and from that time he cautiously abstained from any allusion to his personal concerns; for a suspicion crossed his mind that the subject was painful to the young man. He knew that thousands of well-educated and frequently of affluent people, of both sexes, were to be found in Europe, to whom, from the circumstance of having been born out of wedlock, through divorces, or other family misfortunes, their private histories were painful, and he at once inferred that some such event, quite probably the first, lay at the bottom of Paul Blunt's peculiar situation. Notwithstanding his warm attachment to Eve, he had too much confidence in her own as well as her father's judgment, to suppose an acquaintance of any intimacy would be lightly permitted; and as to the mere prejudices connected with such subjects, he was quite free from them. Perhaps his masculine independence of character caused him, on all such points, to lean to the side of the *ultra* in liberality.

In this short dialogue, with the exception of the slight though unequivocal allusion of John Effingham, both had avoided any farther allusions to Mr. Sharp, or to his supposed attachment to Eve. Both were confident of its existence, and this perhaps was one reason why neither felt any necessity to advert to it: for it was a delicate subject, and one, under the circumstances, that they would mutually wish to forget in their cooler moments. The conversation then took a more general character, and for several hours that day, while the rest of the passengers were kept below by the state of the weather, these two were together, laying, what perhaps it was now too late to term, the foundation of a generous and sincere friendship. Hitherto Paul had regarded John Effingham with distrust and awe, but he found him a man so different from what report and his own fancy had pictured, that the reaction in his feelings served to heighten them, and to aid in increasing his respect. On the other hand, the young man exhibited so much modest good sense, a fund of information so much beyond his years, such integrity and justice of sentiment, that when they separated for the night, the old bachelor was full of regret that nature had not made him the parent of such a son.

All this time the business of the ship had gone on. The wind increased steadily, until as the sun went down, Captain Truck announced it in the cabin, to be a "regular-built gale of wind." Sail after sail had been reduced or furled, until the Montauk was lying-to under her foresail, a close-reefed maintopsail, a fore-topmast staysail, and a mizzen staysail. Doubts

were even entertained whether the second of these sails would not have to be handed soon, and the foresail itself reefed.

The ship's head was to the south-southwest, her drift considerable, and her way of course barely sufficient to cause her to feel her helm. The Foam had gained on her several miles during the time sail could be carried; but she also, had been obliged to heave-to, at the same increase of the sea and wind as that which had forced Mr. Truck to lash his wheel down. This state of things made a considerable change in the relative positions of the two vessels again; the next morning showing the sloop-of-war hull down, and well on the weather-beam of the packet. Her sharper mould and more weatherly qualities had done her this service, as became a ship intended for war and the chase.

At all this, however, Captain Truck laughed. He could not be boarded in such weather, and it was matter of indifference where his pursuer might be, so long as he had time to escape, when the gale ceased. On the whole, he was rather glad than otherwise of the present state of things, for it offered a chance to slip away to leeward as soon as the weather would permit, if, indeed, his tormentor did not altogether disappear in the northern board, or to windward.

The hopes and fears of the worthy master, however were poured principally into the ears of his two mates; for few of the passengers were visible until the afternoon of the second day of the gale; then, indeed, a general relief to their physical suffering occurred, though it was accompanied by apprehensions that scarcely permitted the change to be enjoyed. About noon, on that day, the wind came with such power, and the seas poured down against the bows of the ship with a violence so tremendous, that it got to be questionable whether she could any longer remain with safety in her present condition. Several times in the course of the morning, the waves had forced her bows off, and before the ship could recover her position, the succeeding billow would break against her broadside, and throw a flood of water on her decks. This is a danger peculiar to lying-to in a gale; for if the vessel get into the trough of the sea, and is met in that situation by a wave of unusual magnitude, she runs the double risk of being thrown on her beam-ends, and of having her decks cleared of everything, by the cataract of water that washes athwart them. Landsmen entertain little notion of the power of the waters, when driven before a tempest, and are often surprised, in reading of naval catastrophes, at the description of the injuries done. But experience shows that boats, hurricane-

houses, guns, anchors of enormous weight, bulwarks and planks, are even swept off into the ocean, in this manner, or are ripped up from their fastenings.

The process of lying-to has a double advantage, so long as it can be maintained, since it offers the strongest portion of the vessel to the shock of the seas, and has the merit of keeping her as near as possible to the desired direction. But it is a middle course, being often adopted as an expedient of safety when a ship cannot scud; and then, again, it is abandoned for scudding when the gale is so intensely severe that it becomes in itself dangerous. In nothing are the high qualities of ships so thoroughly tried as in their manner of behaving, as it is termed, in these moments of difficulty; nor is the seamanship of the accomplished officer so triumphantly established in any other part of his professional knowledge, as when he has had an opportunity of showing that he knows how to dispose of the vast weight his vessel is to carry, so as to enable her mould to exhibit its perfection, and on occasion to turn both to the best account.

Nothing will seem easier to a landsman than for a vessel to run before the wind, let the force of the gale be what it may. But his ignorance overlooks most of the difficulties, nor shall we anticipate their dangers, but let them take their places in the regular thread of the narrative.

Long before noon, or the hour mentioned, Captain Truck foresaw that, in consequence of the seas that were constantly coming on board of her, he should be compelled to put his ship before the wind. He delayed the manœuvre to the last moment, however, for what he deemed to be sufficient reasons. The longer he kept the ship lying-to, the less he deviated from his proper course to New York, and the greater was the probability of his escaping, stealthily and without observation from the Foam, since the latter, by maintaining her position better, allowed the Montauk to drift gradually to leeward, and, of course, to a greater distance.

But the crisis would no longer admit of delay. All hands were called; the maintop-sail was hauled up, not without much difficulty, and then Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to haul down the mizzen-staysail, to put the helm hard up, and to help the ship round with the yards. This is at all times a critical change, as has just been mentioned, for the vessel is exposed to the ravages of any sea, larger than common, that may happen to strike her as she lies, nearly motionless, with her broadside exposed to its force. To accomplish it, there

fore, Captain Truck went up a few ratlines in the fore-rigging (he was too nice a calculator to offer even a surface as small as his own body to the wind, in the after shrouds,) whence he looked out to windward for a lull, and a moment when the ocean had fewer billows than common of the larger and more dangerous kind. At the desired instant he signed with his hand, and the wheel was shifted from hard-down to hard-up.

This is always a breathless moment in a ship, for as none can foresee the result, it resembles the entrance of a hostile battery. A dozen men may be swept away in an instant, or the ship herself hove over on her side. John Effingham and Paul, who of all the passengers were alone on deck, understood the hazards, and they watched the slightest change with the interest of men who had so much at stake. At first the movement of the ship was sluggish, and such as ill-suited the eagerness of the crew. Then her pitching ceased, and she settled into the enormous trough bodily, or the whole fabric sunk, as it were, never to rise again. So low did she fall, that the foresail gave a tremendous flap; one that shook the hull and spars from stem to stern. As she rose on the next surge, happily its foaming crest slid beneath her, and the tall masts rolled heavily to windward. Recovering her equilibrium, the ship started through the brine, and as the succeeding roller came on, she was urging ahead fast. Still, the sea struck her abeam forcing her bodily to leeward, and heaving the lower yard-arms into the ocean. Tons of water fell on her decks, with the dull sound of the clod on the coffin. At this grand moment, old Jack Truck, who was standing in the rigging, dripping with the spray, that had washed over him, with a naked head, and his gray hair glistening, shouted like a Stentor, "Haul in your force-braces, boys! away with the yard, like a fiddlestick!" Every nerve was strained; the unwilling yards, pressed upon by an almost irresistible column of air yielded slowly, and as the sail met the gale more perpendicularly, or at right angles to its surface, it dragged the vast hull through the sea with a power equal to that of a steam-engine. Ere another sea could follow, the Montauk was glancing through the ocean at a furious rate, and though offering her quarter to the billows, their force was now so much diminished by her own velocity, as to deprive them of their principal danger.

The motion of the ship immediately became easy, though her situation was still far from being without risk. No longer compelled to buffet the waves, but sliding along in their company, the motion ceased to disturb the systems of the passengers,

and ten minutes had not elapsed before most of them were again on deck, seeking the relief of the open air. Among the others was Eve, leaning on the arm of her father.

It was a terrific scene, though one might now contemplate it without personal inconvenience. The gentlemen gathered around the beautiful and appalled spectatress of this grand sight, anxious to know the effect it might produce on one of her delicate frame and habits. She expressed herself as awed, but not alarmed; for the habits of dependence usually leave females less affected by fear in such cases, than those who, by their sex, are supposed to be responsible.

"Mademoiselle Viefville has promised to follow me," she said, "and as I have a national claim to be a sailor, you are not to expect hysterics or even ecstasies from me; but reserve yourselves, gentlemen, for the *Parisienne*."

The *Parisienne*, sure enough, soon came out of the hurricane-house, with elevated hands, and eyes eloquent of admiration, wonder and fear. Her first exclamations were those of terror, and then turning a wistful look on Eve, she burst into tears. "*Ah ceci est decisif!*" she exclaimed. "When we part, we shall be separated for life."

"Then we will not part at all, my dear mademoiselle; you have only to remain in America, to escape all future inconvenience of the ocean. But forget the danger, and admire the sublimity of this terrific panorama."

Well might Eve thus term the scene. The hazards now to be avoided were those of the ship's broaching-to, and of being pooped. Nothing may seem easier, as has been said, than to "sail before the wind," the words having passed into a proverb; but there are times when even a favoring gale becomes prolific of dangers, that we shall now briefly explain.

The velocity of the water, urged as it is before a tempest, is often as great as that of the ship, and at such moments the rudder is useless, its whole power being derived from its action as a moving body against the element in comparative repose. When ship and water move together, at an equal rate, in the same direction of course this power of the helm is neutralized, and then the hull is driven much at the mercy of the winds and waves. Nor is this all; the rapidity of the billows often exceeds that of a ship, and then the action of the rudder becomes momentarily reversed, producing an effect exactly opposite to that which is desired. It is true, this last difficulty is never of more than a few moments' continuance, else indeed would the condition of the mariner be hopeless; but it is of constant oc-

currence, and so irregular as to defy calculations and defeat caution. In the present instance, the Montauk would seem to fly through the water, so swift was her progress ; and then, as a furious surge overtook her in the chase, she settled heavily into the element, like a wounded animal, that, despairing of escape, sinks helplessly in the grass, resigned to fate. At such times the crests of the waves swept past her, like vapor in the atmosphere, and one unpractised would be apt think the ship stationary, though in truth whirling along in company with a frightful momentum.

It is scarcely necessary to say, the process of scudding requires the nicest attention to the helm, in order that the hull may be brought speedily back to the right direction, when thrown aside by the power of the billows ; for, besides losing her way in the caldron of water—an imminent danger of itself—if left exposed to the attack of the succeeding waves, her decks, at least, would be swept, even should she escape a still more serious calamity.

Pooping is a hazard of another nature, and is also peculiar to the process of scudding. It merely means the ship's being overtaken by the waters while running from them, when the crest of a sea, broken by the resistance, is thrown inboard, over the taffrail or quarter. The term is derived from the name of that particular portion of the ship. In order to avoid this risk, sail is carried on the vessel as long as possible, it being deemed one of the greatest securities of scudding, to force the hull through the water at the greatest attainable rate. In consequence of these complicated risks, ships that sail the fastest and steer the easiest, scud the best. There is, however, a species of velocity that becomes of itself a source of new danger ; thus, exceedingly sharp vessels have been known to force themselves so far into the watery mounds in their front, and to receive so much of the element on deck, as never to rise again. This is a fate to which those who attempt to sail the American clipper, without understanding its properties, are peculiarly liable. On account of this risk, however, there was now no cause of apprehension, the full-bowed, kettle-bottomed Montauk being exempt from the danger ; though Captain Truck intimated his doubts whether the corvette would like to brave the course he had himself adopted.

In this opinion, the fact would seem to sustain the master of the packet ; for when the night shut in, the spars of the Foam were faintly discernible, drawn like spiders' webs on the bright streak of the evening sky. In a few more minutes, even this

tracery which resembled that of a magic lantern, vanished from the eyes of those aloft ; for it had not been seen by any on deck for more than an hour.

The magnificent horrors of the scene increased with the darkness. Eve and her companions stood supported by the hurricane-house, watching it for hours, the supernatural looking light, emitted by the foaming sea, rendering the spectacle one of attractive terror. Even the consciousness of the hazards heightened the pleasure ; for there was a solemn and grand enjoyment mingled with it all, and the first watch had been set an hour, before the party had resolution enough to tear themselves from the sublime sight of a raging sea.

CHAPTER XII.

Touch. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.
As You Like it.

No one thought of seeking his berth when all the passengers were below. Some conversed in broken, half intelligible dialogues, a few tried unavailingly to read, and more sat looking at each other in silent misgivings, as the gale howled through the cordage and spars, or among the angles and bulwarks of the ship. Eve was seated on a sofa in her own apartment, leaning on the breast of her father, gazing silently through the open doors into the forward cabin ; for all idea of retiring within oneself, unless it might be to secret prayer, was banished from the mind. Even Mr. Dodge had forgotten the gnawings of envy, his philanthropical and exclusive democracy, and, what was perhaps more convincing still of his passing views of this sublunary world, his profound deference for rank, as betrayed in his strong desire to cultivate an intimacy with Sir George Templemore. As for the baronet himself, he sat by the cabin-table with his face buried in his hands, and once he had been heard to express a regret that he had ever embarked.

Saunders broke the moody stillness of this characteristic party, with preparations for a supper. He took but one end of

the table for his cloth, and a single cover showed that Captain Truck was about to dine, a thing he had not yet done that day. The attentive steward had an eye to his commander's tastes; for it is not often one sees a better garnished board than was spread on this occasion, so far at least as quantity was concerned. Besides the usual solids of ham, corned-beef, and roasted shoat, there were carcasses of ducks, pickled oysters—a delicacy almost peculiar to America—and all the minor condiments of olives, anchovies, dates, figs, almonds, raisins, cold potatoes, and puddings, displayed in a single course, and arranged on the table solely with regard to the reach of Captain Truck's arm. Although Saunders was not quite without taste, he too well knew the propensities of his superior to neglect any of these important essentials, and great care was had, in particular, so to dispose of everything as to render the whole so many radii diverging from a common centre, which centre was the stationary arm-chair that the master of the packet loved to fill in his hours of ease.

"You will make many voyages, Mr. Toast,"—the steward affectedly gave his subordinate, or as he was sometimes facetiously called, the steward's mate, reason to understand, when they had retired to the pantry to await the captain's appearance—"before you accumulate all the niceties of a gentleman's dinner. Every *plat*," (Saunders had been in the Havre line, where he had caught a few words of this nature,) "every *plat* should be within reach of the *convive's* arm, and particularly if it happen to be Captain Truck, who has a great aversion to delays at his diet. As for the *entremets*, they may be scattered miscellaneously with the salt and the mustard, so that they can come with facility in their proper places."

"I don't know what an *entremet* is," returned the subordinate, "and I exceedingly desire, sir to receive my orders in such English as a gentleman can divine."

"An *entremet*, Mr. Toast, is a mouthful thrown in promiscuously between the reliefs of the solids. Now, suppose a gentleman begins on pig; when he has eaten enough of this, he likes a little brandy and water, or a glass of porter, before he cuts into the beef; and while I'm mixing the first, or starting the cork, he refreshes himself with an *entremet*, such as a wing of a duck, or perhaps a plate of pickled oysters. You must know that there is great odds in passengers; one set eating and jollifying, from the hour we sail till the hour we get in, while another takes the ocean as it might be sentimentally."

"Sentimentally, sir! I s'pose those be they as uses the basins uncommon?"

"That depends on the weather. I've known a party not eat as much as would set one handsome table in a week, and then, when they conwalesced, it was intimidating how they devoured. It makes a great difference, too, whether the passengers acquiesce well together or not, for agreeable feelings give a fine appetite. Lovers make cheap passengers always."

"That is extr'or'nary, for I thought such as they was always hard to please, with everything but one another."

"You never were more mistaken. I've seen a lover who couldn't tell a sweet potato from an onion, or a canvas-back from an old wife. But of all mortals in the way of passengers the bagman or go-between is my greatest animosity. These fellows will sit up all night, if the captain consents, and lie abed next day, and do nothing but drink in their berths. Now, this time we have a compliable set, and on the whole, it is, quite a condescension and pleasure to wait on them."

"Well I think, Mr. Saunders, they isn't alike as much as they might be nother."

"Not more so than wenison and pig. Perfectly correct, sir; for this cabin is a lobskous as regards deportment and character. I set all the Effinghams down as tip-tops, or, A No. 1, as Mr. Leach calls the ship; and then Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt are quite the gentlemen. Nothing is easier, Mr. Toast, than to tell a gentleman; and as you have set up a new profession,—in which I hope, for the credit of the color, you will be prosperous,—it is well worth your while to know how this is done, especially as you need never expect much from a passenger, that is not a true gentleman, but trouble. There is Mr. John Effingham, in particular; his man says he never anticipates change, and if a coat confines his arm, he repudiates it on the spot."

"Well, it must be a satisfaction to serve such a companion, I think Mr. Dodge, sir, quite a feller."

"Your taste, Toast, is getting to be observable, and by cultivating it, you will soon be remarkable for a knowledge of mankind. Mr. Dodge, as you werry justly insinuate, is not werry refined, or particularly well suited to figure in genteel society."

"And yet he seems attached to it, Mr. Saunders, for he has purposed to establish five or six societies since we sailed."

"Werry true, sir; but then every society is not genteel. When we get back to New York, Toast, I must see and get you

into a better set than the one you occupied when we sailed. You will not do yet for our circle, which is altogether conclusive; but you might be elevated. Mr. Dodge has been electioneering with me, to see if we cannot invent a society among the steerage-passengers for the abstinence of liquors, and another for the perpetration of the morals and religious principles of our forefathers. As for the first, Toast, I told him it was sufficiently indurable to be confined in a hole like the steerage, without being precluded from the consolation of a little drink; and as for the last, it appeared to me that such a proposition involved an attack on liberty of conscience."

"There you give'd him, sir, quite as good as he sent," returned the steward's mate, chuckling, or perhaps sniggering would be a word better suited to his habits of cachination, "and I should have been glad to witness his confusion. It seems to me, Mr. Saunders, that Mr. Dodge loves to get up his societies in support of liberty and religion, that he may predominate over both by his own inventions."

Saunders laid his long yellow finger on the broad flat nose of his mate, with an air of approbation, as he replied,—

"Toast, you have hit his character as pat as I touch your Roman. He is a man fit to make proselytes among the vulgar and Irish,"—the Hibernian peasant and the American negro are sworn enemies—"but quite unfit for anything respectable or decent. Were it not for Sir George, I would scarcely descend to clean his stateroom."

"What is your sentiments, Mr. Saunders, respecting Sir George!"

"Why, Sir George is a titled gentleman, and of course is not to be strictured too freely. He has complimented me already with a sovereign, and apprised me of his intention to be more particular when we get in."

"I feel astonished such a gentleman should neglect to secure a stateroom to his own convenience."

"Sir George has elucidated all that in a conversation we had in his room, soon after our acquaintance commenced. He is going to Canada on public business, and sailed at an hour's interval. He was too late for a single room, and his own man is to follow with most of his effects by the next ship. Oh! Sir George may be safely put down as respectable and liberalized, though thrown into disparagement perhaps by forty circumstances."

Mr. Saunders, who had run his vocabulary hard in this conversation, meant to say "fortuitous;" and Toast thought that

so many circumstances might well reduce a better man to a dilemma. After a moment of thought, or what in his orbicular shining features he fancied passed for thought, he said,—

“I seem to divine, Mr. Saunders, that the Effinghams do not much intimate Sir George.”

Saunders looked out of the pantry-door to reconnoitre, and finding the sober quiet already described reigning, he opened a drawer, and drew forth a London newspaper.

“To treat you with the confidence of a gentleman in a situation as respectable and responsible as the one you occupy, Mr. Toast,” he said, “a little ewent transpired in my presence yesterday, that I thought sufficiently particular to be designated by retaining this paper. Mr. Sharp and Sir George happened to be in the cabin together, alone, and the last, as it suggested to me, Toast, was desirous of removing some of the haughtier of the first, for you may have observed that there has been no conversation between any of the Effinghams, or Mr. Blunt, or Mr. Sharp, and the baronet; and so to break the ice of his haughtier, as it might be, Sir George says, ‘Really, Mr. Sharp, the papers have got to be so personally particular, that one cannot run into the country for a mouthful of fresh air that they don’t record it. Now, I thought not a soul knew of my departure for America, and yet here you see they have mentioned it, with more particulars than are agreeable.’ On concluding, Sir George gave Mr. Sharp this paper, and indicated this here paragraph. Mr. Sharp perused it, laid down the paper, and retorted coldly, ‘It is indeed quite surprising, sir; but impudence is a general fault of the age.’ And then he left the cabin solus. Sir George was so wexed, he went into his stateroom and forgot the paper, which fell to the steward, you know, on a principle laid down in Wattel, Toast.”

Here the two worthies indulged in a smothered merriment of their own at the expense of their commander; for though a dignified man in general, Mr. Saunders could laugh on occasion, and according to his own opinion of himself he danced particularly well.

“Would you like to read the paragraph, Mr. Toast?”

“Quite unnecessary, sir; your account will be perfectly legible and satisfactory.”

By this touch of politeness, Mr. Toast, who knew as much of the art of reading as a monkey commonly knows of mathematics, got rid of the awkwardness of acknowledging the careless manner in which he had trifled with his early opportunities. Luckily, Mr. Saunders, who had been educated as a servant in

a gentleman's family, was better off, and as he was vain of all his advantages, he was particularly pleased to have an opportunity of exhibiting them. Turning to the paragraph he read the following lines, in that sort of didactic tone and elaborate style with which gentlemen who commence the graces after thirty are a little apt to make bows :

"We understand Sir George Templemore, Bart., the member for Boodleigh, is about to visit our American colonies, with a view to make himself intimately acquainted with the merits of the unpleasant questions by which they are just now agitated, and with the intention of entering into the debates in the house on that interesting subject on his return. We believe that Sir George will sail in the packet of the first from Liverpool, and will return in time to be in his seat after the Easter holidays. His people and effects left town yesterday by the Liverpool coach. During the baronet's absence, his country will be hunted by Sir Gervaise de Brush, though the establishment at Templemore Hall will be kept up."

"How came Sir George here, then?" Mr. Toast very naturally inquired.

"Having been kept too late in London, he was obliged to come this way or to be left. It is sometimes as close work to get the passengers on board, Mr. Toast, as to get the people. I have often admired how gentlemen and ladies love procrastinating, when dishes that ought to be taken hot, are getting to be quite insipid and uneatable."

"Saunders!" cried the hearty voice of Captain Truck, who had taken possession of what he called his throne in the cabin. All the steward's elegant diction and finish of demeanor vanished at the well-known sound, and thrusting his head out of the pantry-door, he gave the prompt ship-answer to a call,

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Come, none of your dictionary in the pantry there, but show your physiognomy in my presence. What the devil do you think Vattel would say to such a supper as this?"

"I think, sir, he would call it a werry good supper, for a ship in a hard gale of wind. That's my honest opinion, Captain Truck, and I never deceive any gentleman in a matter of food. I think, Mr. Wattel would approve of that there supper, sir."

"Perhaps he might, for he has made blunders as well as another man. Go, mix me a glass of just what I love, when I've not had a drop all day. Gentlemen, will any of you honor me, by sharing in a cut! This beef is not indigestible, and

here is a real Marylander, in the way of a ham. No want of oakum to fill up the chinks with, either."

Most of the gentlemen were too full of the gale to wish to eat; besides they had not fasted like Captain Truck since morning. But Mr. Monday, the bagman, as John Effingham had termed him, and who had been often enough at sea to know something of its varieties, consented to take a glass of brandy and water, as a corrective of the Madeira he had been swallowing. The appetite of Captain Truck was little affected by the state of the weather, however; for though too attentive to his duties to quit the deck until he had ascertained how matters were going on, now that he had fairly made up his mind to eat, he set about it with a heartiness and simplicity that proved his total disregard of appearances when his hunger was sharp. For some time he was too much occupied to talk, making regular attacks upon the different *plats*, as Mr. Saunders called them, without much regard to the cookery or the material. The only pauses were to drink, and this was always done with a steadiness that never left a drop in the glass. Still Mr. Truck was a temperate man; for he never consumed more than his physical wants appeared to require, or his physical energies knew how to dispose of. At length, however, he came to the steward's *entremets*, or he began to stuff what he, himself, had called "oakum," into the chinks of his dinner.

Mr. Sharp had watched the whole process from the ladies' cabin, as indeed had Eve, and thinking this a favorable occasion to ascertain the state of things on deck, the former came into the main-cabin, commissioned by the latter, to make the inquiry.

"The ladies are desirous of knowing where we are, and what is the state of the gale, Captain Truck," said the gentleman, when he had seated himself near the throne.

"My dear young lady," called out the captain, by way of cutting short the diplomacy of employing ambassadors between them, "I wish in my heart I could persuade you and Mademoiselle V.A.V., (for so he called the governess, in imitation of Eve's pronunciation of her name,) to try a few of these pickled oysters; they are as delicate as yourselves, and worthy to be set before a mermaid, if there were any such thing."

"I thank you for the compliment, Captain Truck, and while I ask leave to decline it, I beg leave to refer you to the plenipotentiary Mademoiselle Vieville" (Eve would not say herself) "has intrusted with her wishes."

"Thus you perceive, sir," interposed Mr. Sharp again, "you

will have to treat with me, by all the principles laid down by Vattel."

"And, treat you, too, my good sir. Let me persuade you to try a slice of this anti-abolitionist," laying his knife on the ham, which he still continued to regard himself with a sort of melancholy interest. "No? well, I hold over-persuasion as the next thing to neglect. I am satisfied, sir, after all, as Saunders says, that Vattel himself, unless more unreasonable at his grub than in matters of state, would be a happier man after he had been at his table twenty minutes, than before he sat down."

Mr. Sharp perceiving that it was idle to pursue his inquiry while the other was in one of his discursive humors, determined to let things take their course, and fell into the captain's own vein.

"If Vattel would approve of the repast, few men ought to repine at their fortune in being so well provided."

"I flatter myself, sir, that I understand a supper, especially in a gale of wind, as well as Mr. Vattel, or any other man could do."

"And yet Vattel was one of the most celebrated cooks of his day."

Captain Truck stared, looked his grave companion steadily in the eye, for he was too much addicted to mystifying not to distrust others, and picked his teeth with redoubled vigilance.

"Vattel a cook! This is the first I ever heard of it."

"There was a Vattel, in a former age, who stood at the head of his art as a cook; this I can assure you, on my honor: he may not have been your Vattel, however."

"Sir, there never were two Vattels. This is extraordinary news to me, and I scarcely know how to receive it."

"If you doubt my information, you may ask any of the other passengers. Either of the Mr. Effinghams, or Mr. Blunt, or Miss Effingham, or Mademoiselle Viefville will confirm, what I tell you, I think; especially the latter, for he was her countryman."

Hereupon Captain Truck began to stuff in the oakum again, for the calm countenance of Mr. Sharp produced an effect; and as he was pondering on the consequences of his oracle's turning out to be a cook, he thought it not amiss to be eating, as it were, incidentally. After swallowing a dozen olives, six or eight anchovies, as many pickled oysters, and raisins and almonds, as the advertisements say *a volonte*, he suddenly

struck his fist on the table, and announced his intention of putting the question to both the ladies.

"My dear young lady," he called out, "will you do me the honor to say whether you ever heard of a cook of the name of Vattel?"

Eve laughed, and her sweet tones were infectious amid the dull howling of the gale, which was constantly heard in the cabins, like a bass accompaniment, or the distant roar of a cataract among the singing of birds.

"Certainly, captain," she answered; "Mr. Vattel was not only a cook, but perhaps the most celebrated on record, for sentiment at least, if not for skill."

"I make no doubt the man did his work well, let him be set about what he might; and, mademoiselle, he was a countryman of yours, they tell me?"

"Assurement, Monsieur Vattel has left more distinguished *souvenirs* than any other cook in France?"

Captain Truck turned quickly to the elated and admiring Saunders, who felt his own glory enhanced by this important discovery, and said in that short-hand way he had of expressing himself to the chief of the pantry,—

"Do you hear that, sir; see and find out what they are and dress me a dish of these *souvenirs* as soon as we get in. I daresay they are to be had at the Fulton market, and mind while there to look out for some tongues and sounds. I've not made half a supper to-night, for the want of them. I daresay these *souvenirs* are capital eating, if Monsieur Vattel thought so highly of them. Pray, mademoiselle is the gentleman dead?"

"*Helas, oui!* How could he live with a sword run through his body."

"Ha! killed in a duel, I declare; died fighting for his principles, if the truth were known! I shall have a double respect for his opinion, for this is the touchstone of a man's honesty. Mr. Sharp, let us take a glass of Geissenheimer to his memory; we might honor a less worthy man."

As the captain poured out the liquor, a fall of several tons of water on the deck shook the entire ship, and one of the passengers in the hurricane-house, opening a door to ascertain the cause, the sound of the hissing waters and of the roaring winds came fresher and more distinct into the cabin. Mr. Truck cast an eye at the telltale over his head to ascertain the course of the ship, and paused just an instant, and then tossed off his wine.

"This hint reminds me of my mission," Mr. Sharp rejoined. "The ladies desire to know your opinion of the state of the weather?"

"I owe them an answer, if it were only in gratitude for the hint about Vattel. Who the devil would have supposed the man ever was a cook! But these Frenchmen are not like the rest of mankind, and half the nation are cooks, or live by food, in some way or other."

"And very good cooks, too, Monsieur le Capitaine," said Mademoiselle Viefville. "Monsieur Vattel did die for the honor of his art. He fell on his own sword, because the fish did not arrive in season for the dinner of the king."

Captain Truck looked more astonished than ever. Then turning short round to the steward, he shook his head and exclaimed,—

"Do you hear that, sir? How often would you have died, if a sword had been run through you every time the fish was forgotten, or was too late? Once, to a dead cartainty, about these very tongues and sounds."

"But the weather?" interrupted Mr. Sharp.

"The weather, my dear sir; the weather, my dear ladies, is very good weather, with the exception of winds and waves, of which unfortunately there are, just now, more of both than we want. The ship must scud, and as we go like a racehorse, without stopping to take breath, we may see the Canary Islands before the voyage is over. Of danger there is none in this ship, as long as we can keep clear of the land, and in order that this may be done, I will just step into my stateroom, and find out exactly where we are."

On receiving this information, the passengers retired for the night, Captain Truck setting about his task in good earnest. The result of his calculations showed that they would run westward of Madeira, which was all he cared about immediately, intending always to haul up to his course on the first good occasion.

CHAPTER XIII.

There are yet two things in my destiny—
A world to roam o'er, and a home with thee.

BYRON.

EVE EFFINGHAM slept little: although the motion of the ship had been much more severe and uncomfortable while contending with head-winds, on no other occasion were there so many signs of a fierce contention of the elements as in this gale. As she lay in her berth, her ear was within a foot of the roaring waters without, and her frame trembled as she heard them gurgling so distinctly, that it seemed as if they had already forced their way through the seams of the planks, and were filling the ship. Sleep she could not, for a long time, therefore, and during two hours she remained with closed eyes, an entranced and yet startled listener to the fearful strife that was raging over the ocean. Night had no stillness, for the roar of the winds and waters was incessant, though deadened by the intervening decks and sides; but now and then an open door admitted, as it might be, the whole scene into the cabins. At such moments every sound was fresh, and frightfully grand,—even the shout of the officer coming to the ear like a warning cry from the deep.

At length Eve, wearied by her apprehensions even, fell into a troubled sleep, in which her frightened faculties, however, kept so much on the alert, that at no time was the roar of the tempest entirely lost to her sense of hearing. About midnight the glare of a candle crossed her eyes, and she was broad awake in an instant. On rising in her berth she found Nanny Sidley, who had so often and so long watched over her infant and childish slumbers, standing at her side, and gazing wistfully in her face.

"'Tis a dread night, Miss Eve," half whispered the appalled domestic. "I have not been able to sleep for thinking of you, and of what might happen on these wide waters!"

"And why of me particularly, my good Nanny?" returned Eve, smiling in the face of her old nurse as sweetly as the infant smiles in its moments of tenderness and recollection. "Why so much of me, my excellent Ann?—are there not others too, worthy of your care? my beloved father—your own

good self—Mademoiselle Viefville—cousin Jack—and—” the warm color deepened on the cheek of the beautiful girl, she scarcely knew why herself—“and many others in the vessel, that one, kind as you, might think of, I should hope, when your thoughts become apprehensions, and your wishes prayers.”

“There are many precious souls in the ship, ma’am, out of all question; and I’m sure no one wishes them all safe on land again more than myself; but it seems to me, no one among them all is so much loved as you.”

Eve leaned forward playfully, and drawing her old nurse towards her, kissed her cheek, while her own eyes glistened, and then she laid her flushed cheek on that bosom which had so frequently been its pillow before. After remaining a minute in this affectionate attitude, she rose and inquired if her nurse had been on deck.

“I go every half-hour, Miss Eve; for I feel it as much my duty to watch over you here, as when I had you all to myself in the cradle. I do not think your father sleeps a great deal to-night, and several of the gentlemen in the other cabins, remain dressed; they ask me how you spend the time in this tempest, whenever I pass their stateroom doors.”

Eve’s color deepened, and Ann Sidley thought she had never seen her child more beautiful, as the bright luxuriant golden hair, which had strayed from the confinement of the cap, fell on the warm cheek, and rendered eyes that were always full of feeling, softer and more brilliant even than common.

“They conceal their uneasiness for themselves under an affected concern for me, my good Nanny,” she said hurriedly; “and your own affection makes you an easy dupe to the artifice.”

“It may be so ma’am, for I know but little of the ways of the world. It is fearful, is it not, Miss Eve, to think that we are in a ship, so far from any land, whirling along over the bottom as fast as a horse could plunge?”

“The danger is not exactly of that nature, perhaps, Nanny.”

“There is a bottom to the ocean, is there not? I have heard some maintain there is no bottom to the sea—and that would make the danger so much greater. I think, if I felt certain that the bottom was not very deep, and there was only a rock to be seen now and then, I should not find it so very dreadful.”

Eve laughed like a child, and the contrast between the sweet simplicity of her looks, her manners, and her more cultivated

intellect, and the matronly appearance of the less instructed Ann, made one of those pictures in which the superiority of mind over all other things becomes most apparent.

"Your notions of safety, my dear Nanny," she said, "are not precisely those of a seaman; for I believe there is nothing of which they stand more in dread than of rocks and the bottom."

"I fear I'm but a poor sailor, ma'am, for in my judgment we could have no greater consolation in such a tempest than to see them all around us. Do you think, Miss Eve, that the bottom of the ocean, if there is truly a bottom, is whitened with the bones of shipwrecked mariners, as people say?"

"I doubt not, my excellent Nanny, that the great deep might give up many awful secrets; but you ought to think less of these things, and more of that merciful Providence which has protected us through so many dangers since we have been wanderers. You are in much less danger now than I have known you to be, and escaped unharmed."

"I! Miss Eve!—Do you suppose that I fear for myself? What matters it if a poor old woman like me die a few years sooner or later or where her frail old body is laid? I have never been of so much account when living as to make it of consequence where the little which will remain to decay when dead moulders into dust. Do not, I implore you, Miss Effingham, suppose me so selfish as to feel any uneasiness to-night on my own account."

"Is it then, as usual, all for me, my dear, my worthy old nurse, that you feel this anxiety? Put your heart at ease, for they who know best betray no alarm; and you may observe that the captain sleeps as tranquil this night as on any other."

"But he is a rude man, and accustomed to danger. He has neither wife nor children, and I'll engage has never given a thought to the horrors of having a form precious as this floating in the caverns of the ocean, amidst ravenous fish and sea-monsters."

Here her imagination overcame poor Nanny Sidley, and she folded her arms about the beautiful person of Eve, and sobbed violently. Her young mistress, accustomed to similar exhibitions of affection, soothed her with blandishments and assurances that soon restored her self-command, when the dialogue was resumed with a greater appearance of tranquillity on the part of the nurse. They conversed a few minutes on the subject of their reliance on God, Eve returning fourfold, or with the advantages of a cultured intellect, many of those simple

lessons of faith and humanity that she had received from her companion when a child ; the latter listening, as she always did, to these exhortations, which sounded in her ears, like the echoes of all her own better thoughts, with a love and reverence no other could awaken. Eve passed her small white hand over the wrinkled cheek of Nanny in kind fondling, as it had been passed a thousand times when a child, an act she well knew her nurse delighted in, and continued,—

“ And now, my good old Nanny, you will set your heart at ease, I know ; for though a little too apt to trouble yourself about one who does not deserve half your care, you are much too sensible and too humble to feel distrust out of reason. We will talk of something else a few minutes, and then you will lie down and rest your weary body.”

“ Weary ! I should never feel weary in watching, when I thought there was a cause for it.”

Although Nanny made no allusion to herself, Eve understood in whose behalf this watchfulness was meant. She drew the face of the old woman towards her, and left a kiss on each cheek ere she continued,—

“ These ships have other things to talk about, besides their dangers,” she said. “ Do you not find it odd, at least, that a vessel of war should be sent to follow us about the ocean in this extraordinary way ?”

“ Quite so, ma’am, and I did intend to speak to you about it, some time when I saw you had nothing better to think of. At first I fancied, but I believe it was a silly thought, that some of the great English lords and admirals that used to be so much about us at Paris, and Rome and Vienna, had sent this ship to see you safe to America, Miss Eve ; for I never supposed they would make so much fuss concerning a poor runaway couple, like these steerage-passengers.”

Eve did not refrain from laughing again, at this conceit of Nanny’s, for her temperament was gay as childhood, though well restrained by cultivation and manner, and once more she patted the cheek of her nurse kindly.

“ Those great lords and admirals are not great enough for that, dear Nanny, even had they the inclination to do so silly a thing. But has no other reason suggested itself to you, among the many curious circumstances you may have had occasion to observe in the ship ?”

Nanny looked at Eve, and turned her eyes aside, glanced furtively at the young lady again, and at last felt compelled to answer.

"I endeavor, ma'am, to think well of everybody, though strange thoughts will sometimes arise without our wishing it. I suppose I know to what you allude; but I don't feel quite certain it becomes me to speak."

"With me at least, Nanny, you need have no reserves, and I confess a desire to learn if we have thought alike about some of our fellow-passengers. Speak freely, then; for you can have no more apprehension in communicating all your thoughts to me than in communicating them to your own child."

"Not as much, ma'am, not half as much; for you are both child and mistress to me, and I look quite as much to receiving advice as to giving it. It is odd, Miss Eve, that gentlemen should not pass under their proper names, and I have had unpleasant feelings about it, though I did not think it became me to be the first to speak, while your father was with you, and mamerzelle," for so Nanny always styled the governess, "and Mr. John, all of whom love you almost as much as I do, and all of whom are so much better judges of what is right. But now you encourage me to speak my mind, Miss Eve, I will say I should like that no one came near you who does not carry his heart in his open hand, that the youngest child might know his character and understand his motives."

Eve smiled as her nurse grew warm, but she blushed in spite of an effort to seem indifferent.

"This would be truly a vain wish, dear Nanny, in the mixed company of a ship," she said. "It is too much to expect that strangers will throw aside all their reserves, on first finding themselves in close communion. The well-bred and prudent will only stand more on their guard under such circumstances."

"Strangers, ma'am!"

"I perceive that you recollect the face of one of our shipmates. Why do you shake your head?" The telltale blood of Eve again mantled over her lovely countenance. "I suppose I ought to have said *two* of our shipmates, though I had doubted whether you retained any recollection of one of them."

"No gentleman ever speaks to you twice, Miss Eve, that I do not remember him."

"Thank you, dearest Nanny, for this and a thousand other proofs of your never-ceasing interest in my welfare; but I had not believed you so vigilant as to take heed of every face that happens to approach me."

"Ah, Miss Eve! neither of these gentleman would like to be mentioned by you in this careless manner, I'm sure."

'They both did a great deal more than 'happen to approach you; for as to—'

"Hist! dear Nanny; we are in a crowded place, and you may be overheard. You will use no names, therefore, as I believe we understand each other without going into all these particulars. Now, my dear nurse, would I give something to know which of these young men has made the most favorable impression on your upright and conscientious mind?"

"Nay, Miss Eve, what is my judgment in comparison with your own, and that of Mr. John Effingham, and——"

"—My cousin Jack! In the name of wonder, Nanny, what has he to do with the matter?"

"Nothing, ma'am; only I can see he has his favorites as well as another, and I'll venture to say Mr. Dodge is not the greatest he has in this ship."

"I think you might add Sir George Templemore, too," returned Eve, laughing.

Ann Sidley looked hard at her young mistress, and smiled before she answered; and then she continued the discourse naturally, as if there had been no interruption.

"Quite likely, ma'am; and Mr. Monday, and all the rest of that set. But you see how soon he discovers a real gentleman; for he is quite easy and friendly with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, particularly the last."

Eve was silent, for she did not like the open introduction of these names, though she scarce knew why herself.

"My cousin is a man of the world," she resumed, on perceiving that Nanny watched her countenance with solicitude, as if fearful of having gone too far; "and there is nothing surprising in his discovering men of his own class. We know both these persons to be not exactly what they seem, though I think we know no harm of either, unless it be the silly change of names. It would have been better had they come on board, bearing their proper appellations; to us, at least, it would have been more respectful, though both affirm they were ignorant that my father had taken passage in the Montauk,—a circumstance that may very well be true, as you know we got the cabin that was first engaged by another party."

"I should be sorry, ma'am, if either failed in respect."

"It is not quite adulatory to make a young woman the involuntary keeper of the secrets of two unreflecting young men; that is all, my good Nanny. We cannot well betray them, and we are consequently their confidants *par force*. The most amusing part of the thing is, that they are masters of each

other's secrets, in part at least, and feel a delightful awkwardness in a hundred instances. For my own part I pity neither, but think each is fairly enough punished. They will be fortunate if their servants do not betray them before we reach New York."

"No fear of that, ma'am, for they are discreet, cautious men, and if disposed to blab, Mr. Dodge has given both good opportunities already, as I believe he has put to them as many questions as there are speeches in the catechism."

"Mr. Dodge is a vulgar man."

"So we all say, ma'am, in the servant's cabin, and everybody is so set against him there, that there is little chance of his learning much. I hope, Miss Eve, mamerzelle does not distrust either of the gentlemen?"

"Surely you cannot suspect Mademoiselle Vieffville of indiscretion, Nanny; a better spirit, or a better tone than hers, does not exist."

"No, ma'am, 'tis not that; but I should like to have one more secret with you, all to myself. I honor and respect mamerzelle, who has done a thousand times more for you than a poor ignorant woman like me could have done, with all my zeal; but I do believe, Miss Eve, I love your shoe tie better than she loves your pure and beautiful spirit."

"Mademoiselle Vieffville is an excellent woman, and I believe is sincerely attached to me."

"She would be a wretch else. I do not deny her attachment, but I only say it is nothing, it ought to be nothing, it can be nothing, it shall be nothing, compared to that of the one who first held you in her arms, and who has always held you in her heart. Mamerzelle can sleep such a night as this, which I'm sure she could not do were she as much concerned for you as I am."

Eve knew that jealousy of Mademoiselle Vieffville was Nanny's greatest weakness. and drawing the old woman to her, she entwined her arms around her neck and complained of drowsiness. Accustomed to watching, and really unable to sleep, the nurse now passed a perfectly happy hour in holding her child, who literally dropped asleep on her bosom; after which Nanny slid into the berth beneath, in her clothes, and finally lost the sense of her apprehensions in perturbed slumbers.

A cry on deck awoke all in the cabins early on the succeeding morning. It was scarcely light, but a common excitement seized every passenger, and ten minutes had not elapsed when

Eve and her governess appeared in the hurricane-house, the last of those who came from below. Few questions had been asked, but all hurried on deck with their apprehensions, awakened by the gale, increased to the sense of some positive and impending danger.

Nothing, however, was immediately apparent to justify all this sudden clamor. The gale continued, if anything, with increased power; the ocean was rolling over its cataracts of combing seas, with which the ship was still racing, driven under the strain of a reefed forecourse, the only canvas that was set. Even with this little sail the hull was glancing through the raging seas, or rather in their company, at a rate a little short of ten miles in the hour.

Captain Truck was in the mizzen-rigging, bareheaded, every lock of hair he had blowing out like a pennant. Occasionally he signed to the man at the wheel which way to put the helm; for instead of sleeping, as many had supposed, he had been conning the ship four hours in the same situation. As Eve appeared, he was directing the attention of several of the gentlemen to some object astern, but a very few moments put all on deck in possession of the facts.

About a cable's length, on one of the quarters of the Montauk, was a ship careering before the gale like themselves, though carrying more canvas, and consequently driving faster through the water. The sudden appearance of the vessel in the sombre light of the morning, when objects were seen distinctly but without the glare of day; the dark hull, relieved by a single narrow line of white paint, dotted with ports; the glossy hammock-cloth, and all those other coverings of dark glistening canvas which give to a cruiser an air of finish and comfort, like that of a travelling carriage: the symmetry of the spars, and the gracefulness of all the lines, whether of the hull or hamper, told all who knew anything of such subjects, that the stranger was a vessel of war. To this information Captain Truck added that it was their old pursuer the Foam.

"She is corvette-built," said the master of the Montauk, "and is obliged to carry more canvas than we, in order to keep out of the way of the seas; for, if one of those big fellows should overtake her, and throw its crest into her waist, she would become like a man who has taken too much Saturday-night, and with whom a second dose might settle the purser's books forever."

Such, in fact, was the history of the sudden appearance of this ship. She had lain-to as long as possible, and on being driven

to scud, carried a close-reefed maintop-sail, a show of canvas that urged her through the water about two knots to the hour faster than the rate of the packet. Necessarily following the same course, she overtook the latter just as the day began to dawn. The cry had arisen on her sudden discovery, and the moment had now arrived when she was about to come up, quite abreast of her late chase. The passage of the Foam, under such circumstances, was a grand but thrilling thing. Her captain, too, was seen in the mizzen-rigging of his ship, rocked by the gigantic billows over which the fabric was careering. He held a speaking-trumpet in his hand, as if still bent on his duty, in the midst of that awful warring of the elements. Captain Truck called for a trumpet in his turn, and fearful of consequences he waved it to the other to keep more aloof. The injunction was either misunderstood, the man-of-war's man was too much bent on his object, or the ocean was too uncontrollable for such a purpose, the corvette driving up on a sea quite abeam of the packet, and in fearful proximity. The Englishman applied the trumpet, and words were heard amid the roaring of the winds. At that time the white field of old Albion, with the St. George's cross, rose over the bulwarks, and by the time it had reached the gaff-end, the bunting was whipping in ribbons.

"Show 'em the gridiron!" growled Captain Truck through his trumpet, with its mouth turned in board.

As everything was ready this order was instantly obeyed, and the stripes of America were soon seen fluttering nearly in separate pieces. The two ships now ran a short distance in parallel lines rolling from each other so heavily that the bright copper of the corvette was seen nearly to her keel. The Englishman, who seemed a portion of his ship, again tried his trumpet; the detached words of "lie-by,"—"orders,"—"communicate," were caught by one or two, but the howling of the gale rendered all connection in the meaning impossible. The Englishman ceased his efforts to make himself heard, for the two ships were now rolling-to, and it appeared as if their spars would interlock. There was an instant when Mr. Leach had his hand on the main brace to let it go; but the Foam started away on a sea, like a horse that feels the spur, and disobeying her helm, shot forward, as if about to cross the Montauk's forefoot.

A breathless instant followed, for all on board the two ships thought they must now inevitably come foul of each other, and this the more so, because the Montauk took the impulse of the

sea just as it was lost to the Foam, and seemed on the point of plunging directly into the stern of the latter. Even the seamen clenched the ropes around them convulsively, and the boldest held their breaths for a time. The “p-o-r-t, hard a port, and be d——d to you!” of Captain Truck; and the “S-t-a-r-b-o-a-r-d, starboard hard!” of the Englishman, were both distinctly audible to all in the two ships; for this was a moment in which seamen can speak louder than the tempest. The affrighted vessels seemed to recede together, and they shot asunder in diverging lines, the Foam leading. All further attempts at a communication were instantly useless; the corvette being half a mile ahead in a quarter of an hour, rolling her yard-arms nearly to the water.

Captain Truck said little to his passengers concerning this adventure; but when he had lighted a cigar, and was discussing the matter with his chief-mate, he told the latter there was “just one minute when he would not have given a ship’s biscuit for both vessels, nor much more for their cargoes. A man must have a small regard for human souls, when he puts them, and their bodies too, in so much jeopardy for a little tobacco.”

Throughout the day it blew furiously, for the ship was running into the gale, a phenomenon that we shall explain, as most of our readers may not comprehend it. All gales of wind commence to leeward; or, in other words, the wind is first felt at some particular point, and later, as we recede from that point, proceeding in the direction from which the wind blows. It is always severest near the point where it commences, appearing to diminish in violence as it recedes. This, therefore, is an additional motive for mariners to lie-to, instead of scudding, since the latter not only carries them far from their true course, but it carries them also nearer to the scene of the greatest fury of the elements.

CHAPTER. XIV.

Good boatswain, have care.

Tempest

AT sunset, the speck presented by the reefed topsail of the corvette had sunk beneath the horizon, in the southern board, and that ship was seen no longer. Several islands had been passed, looking tranquil and smiling amid the fury

of the tempest ; but it was impossible to haul up for any one among them. The most that could be done was to keep the ship dead before it, to prevent her broaching-to, and to have a care that she kept clear of those rocks and of that bottom, for which Nanny Sidley had so much pined.

Familiarity with the scene began to lessen the apprehensions of the passengers, and as scudding is an easy process for those who are liable to sea-sickness, ere another night shut in, the principal concern was connected with the course the ship was compelled to steer. The wind had so far hauled to the westward as to render it certain that the coast of Africa would lie in their way, if obliged to scud many hours longer ; for Captain Truck's observations actually placed him to the southward and eastward of the Canary Islands. This was a long distance out of his course, but the rate of sailing rendered the fact sufficiently clear.

This, too, was the precise time when the Montauk felt the weight of the tempest, or rather, when she experienced the heaviest portion of that which it was her fate to feel. Lucky was it for the good ship that she had not been in this latitude a few hours earlier, when it had blown something very like a hurricane. The responsibility and danger of his situation now began seriously to disturb Captain Truck, although he kept his apprehensions to himself, like a prudent officer. All his calculations were gone over again with the utmost care, the rate of sailing was cautiously estimated, and the result showed, that ten or fifteen hours more would inevitably produce shipwreck of another sort, unless the wind moderated.

Fortunately, the gale began to break about midnight. The wind still blew tremendously, but it was less steadily, and there were intervals of half an hour at a time when the ship might have carried much more canvas, even on a bowline : of course her speed abated in proportion, and, after the day had dawned, a long and anxious survey from aloft showed no land to the eastward. When perfectly assured of this important fact, Captain Truck rubbed his hands with delight, ordered a coal for his cigar, and began to abuse Saunders about the quality of the coffee during the blow.

"Let there be something creditable, this morning, sir," added the captain, after a sharp rebuke ; "and remember we are down here in the neighborhood of the country of your forefathers, where a man ought, in reason, to be on his good behavior. If I hear any more of your washy compounds, I'll put

you ashore, and let you run naked a summer or two with the monkeys and ouran-outangs."

"I endeavor, on all proper occasions, to render myself agreeable to you, Captain Truck, and to all those with whom I have the happiness to sail," returned the steward; "but the coffee, sir, cannot be very good, sir, in such weather, sir. I do divine that the wind must blow away its flavor, for I am ready to confess it has not been as odorous as it usually is, when I have had the honor to prepare it. As for Africa, sir, I flatter myself, Captain Truck, that you esteem me too highly to believe I am suited to consort or resort with the ill-formed and indedicated men who inhabit that wild country. I misremember whether my ancestors came from this part of the world or not; but if they did, sir, my habits and profession entirely unqualify me for their company, I hope. I know I am only a poor steward, sir, but you'll please to recollect that your great Mr. Vattel was nothing but a cook."

"D—n the fellow, Leach; I believe it is this conceit that has spoiled the coffee the last day or two! Do you suppose it can be true that a great writer like this man could really be no better than a cook, or was that Englishman roasting me, by way of showing how cooking is done ashore? If it were not for the testimony of the ladies, I might believe it; but they would not share in such an indecent trick. What are you lying-by for, sir? go to your pantry, and remember that the gale is broken, and we shall all sit down to table this morning, as keen-set as a party of your brethren ashore here, who had a broiled baby for breakfast."

Saunders, who *ex-officio* might be said to be trained in similar lectures, went pouting to his work, taking care to expend a proper part of his spleen on Mr. Toast, who, quite as a matter of course, suffered in proportion as his superior was made to feel, in his own person, the weight of Captain Truck's authority. It is perhaps fortunate that nature points out this easy and self-evident mode of relief, else would the rude habits of a ship sometimes render the relations between him who orders and him whose duty it is to obey, too nearly approaching to the intolerable.

The captain's squalls, however, were of short duration, and on the present occasion he was soon in even a better humor than common, as every minute gave the cheering assurance, that the tempest was fast drawing to a close. He had finished his third cigar, and was actually issuing his orders to turn the reef out of the foresail, and to set the main-topsail close-reefed.

when most of the passengers appeared on deck, for the first time that morning.

“Here we are, gentlemen!” cried Captain Truck, in the way of salutation, “nearer to Guinea than I could wish, with every prospect, now, of soon working our way across the Atlantic, and possibly of making a thirty or thirty-five days’ passage of it yet. We have this sea to quiet; and then I hope to show you what the Montauk has in her, besides her passengers and cargo. I think we have now got rid of the Foam, as well as of the gale. I did believe, at one time, her people might be walking and wading on the coast of Cornwall: but I now believe they are more likely to try the sands of the great Desert of Sahara.”

“It is to be hoped they have escaped the latter calamity, as fortunately as they escaped the first!” observed Mr. Effingham.

“It may be so; but the wind has got round to nor’west, and has not been sighing these last twelve hours. Cape Blanco is not a hundred leagues from us, and, at the rate he was travelling, that gentleman with the speaking-trumpet may now be philosophizing over the fragments of his ship, unless he had the good sense to haul off more to the westward than he was steering when last seen. His ship should have been christened the ‘Scud,’ instead of the ‘Foam.’”

Every one expressed the hope that the ship, to which their own situation was fairly enough to be ascribed, might escape this calamity; and all faces regained their cheerfulness as they saw the canvas fall, in sign that their own danger was past. So rapidly, indeed, did the gale now abate, that the topsails were hardly hoisted before the order was given to shake out another reef, and within an hour all the heavier canvas that was proper to carry before the wind was set, solely with a view to keep the ship steady. The sea was still fearful, and Captain Truck found himself obliged to keep off from his course, in order to avoid the danger of having his decks swept.

The racing with the crest of the waves, however, was quite done, for the seas soon cease to comb and break, after the force of the wind is expended.

At no time is the motion of the vessel more unpleasant, or, indeed, more dangerous, than in the interval that occurs between the ceasing of a violent gale, and the springing up of a new wind. The ship is unmanageable, and falling into the troughs of the sea, the waves break in upon her decks, often doing serious injury, while the spars and riggings are put to the

severest trial by the sudden and violent surges which they have to withstand. Of all this Captain Truck was fully aware, and when he was summoned to breakfast he gave many cautions to Mr. Leach before quitting the deck.

"I do not like the new shrouds we got up in London," he said, "for the rope has stretched in this gale in a way to throw too much strain on the old rigging; so see all ready for taking a fresh drag on them, as soon as the people have breakfasted. Mind and keep her out of the trough, sir, and watch every roller that you find comes tumbling upon us."

After repeating these injunctions in different ways, looking to windward some time, and aloft five or six minutes, Captain Truck finally went below, to pass judgment on Mr. Saunders' coffee. Once in his throne, at the head of the long table, the worthy master, after a proper attention to his passengers, set about the duty of restoration, as the steward affectedly called eating, with a zeal that never failed him on such occasions. He had just swallowed a cup of the coffee, about which he had lectured Saunders, when a heavy flap of the sails announced the sudden failure of the wind.

"That is bad news," said Captain Truck, listening to the fluttering blows of the canvas against the masts. "I never like to hear a ship shaking its wings while there is a heavy sea on; but this is better than the Desert of Sahara, and so, my dear young lady, let me recommend to you a cup of this coffee, which is flavored this morning by a dread of ouran-outangs, as Mr. Saunders will have the honor to inform you——"

A jerk of the whole ship was followed by a report like that made by a musket. Captain Truck rose, and stood leaning on one hand in a bent attitude, expectation and distrust intensely portrayed in every feature. Another helpless roll of the ship succeeded, and three or four similar reports were immediately heard, as if large ropes had parted in quick succession. A rending of wood followed, and then came a chaotic crash, in which the impending heavens seemed to fall on the devoted ship. Most of the passengers shut their eyes, and when they were opened again, or a moment afterwards, Mr. Truck had vanished.

"It is scarcely necessary to describe the confusion that followed. Eve was frightened, but she behaved well, though Mademoiselle Viefville trembled so much as to require the assistance of Mr. Effingham.

"We have lost our masts," John Effingham coolly remarked; "an accident that will not be likely to be very dangerous, though

by prolonging the passage a month or two, it may have the merit of making this good company more intimately acquainted with each other, a pleasure for which we cannot express too much gratitude."

Eve implored his forbearance by a glance, for she saw his eye was unconsciously directed towards Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge, for both of whom she knew her kinsman entertained an incurable dislike. His words, however, explained the catastrophe, and most of the men hastened on deck to assure themselves of the fact.

John Effingham was right. The new rigging which had stretched so much during the gale, had permitted too much of the strain, in the tremendous rolls of the ship, to fall upon the other ropes. The shroud most exposed had parted first; three or four more followed in succession, and before there was time to secure anything, the remainder had gone together, and the mainmast had broken at a place where a defect was now seen in its heart. Falling over the side, the latter had brought down with it the mizzen-mast and all its hamper, and as much of the foremast as stood above the top. In short, of all the complicated tracery of ropes, the proud display of spars, and the broad folds of canvas that had so lately overshadowed the deck of the Montauk, the mutilated foremast, the foreyard and sail, and the fallen headgear alone remained. All the rest either cumbered the deck, or was beating against the side of the ship, in the water.

The hard, red, weatherbeaten face of Captain Truck was expressive of mortification and concern, for a single instant, when his eye glanced over the ruin we have just described. His mind then seemed made up to the calamity, and he ordered Toast to bring him a coal of fire, with which he quietly lighted a cigar.

"Here is a category, and be d—d to it, Mr. Leach," he said, after taking a single whiff. "You are doing quite right, sir; cut away the wreck and force the ship free of it, or we shall have some of those sticks poking themselves through the planks. I always thought the chandler in London, into whose hands the agent has fallen, was a——rogue, and now I know it well enough to swear to it. Cut away, carpenter, and get us rid of all this thumping as soon as possible. A very capital vessel, Mr. Monday, or she would have rolled the pumps out of her, and capsized the galley."

No attempt being made to save anything, the wreck was floating astern in five minutes, and the ship was fortunately extri-

cated from this new hazard. Mr. Truck, in spite of his acquired coolness, looked piteously at all that gallant hamper, in which he had so lately rejoiced, as yardarm, crosstrees, tressel-trees, and tops rose on the summits of swells or settled in the troughs, like whales playing their gambols. But habit is a seaman's philosophy, and in no one feature is his character more respectable than in that manliness which disinclines him to mourn over a misfortune that is inevitable.

The Montauk now resembled a tree stripped of its branches, or a courser crippled in his sinews; her glory had, in a great degree, departed. The foremast alone remained, and of this even the head was gone, a circumstance of which Captain Truck complained more than of any other, as to use his own expressions, "it destroyed the symmetry of the spar, which had proved itself to be a good stick." What, however, was of more real importance, it rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to get up a spare topmast forward. As both the main and mizzenmast had gone quite near the deck, this was almost the only tolerably easy expedient that remained; and, within an hour of the accident, Mr. Truck announced his intention to stand as far south as he could to strike the trades, and then to make a fair wind of it across the Atlantic, unless, indeed, he might be able to fetch into the Cape de Verde Islands, where it would be possible, perhaps, to get something like a new outfit.

"All I now ask, my dear young lady," he said to Eve, who ventured on deck to look at the desolation, as soon as the wreck was cut adrift, "all I now ask, my dear young lady, is an end to westerly winds for two or three weeks, and I will promise to place you all in America yet, in time to eat your Christmas dinner. I do not think Sir George will shoot many white bears among the Rocky Mountains this year, but then there will be so many more left for another season. The ship is in a category, and he will be an impudent scoundrel who denies it; but worse categories than this have been reasoned out of countenance. All headsail is not a convenient show of cloth to claw off a leeshore with; but I still hope to escape the misfortune of laying eyes on the coast of Africa."

"Are we far from it?" asked Eve, who sufficiently understood the danger of being on an uninhabitable shore in their present situation; one in which it was vain to seek for a port. "I would rather be in the neighborhood of any other land, I think, than that of Africa."

"Especially Africa between the Canaries and Cape Blanco," returned Captain Truck, with an expressive shrug. "More

hospitable regions exist, certainly ; for, if accounts are to be credited, the honest people alongshore never get a Christian that they do not mount him on a camel, and trot him through the sands a thousand miles or so, under a hot sun, with a sort of haggis for food, that would go nigh to take away even a Scotchman's appetite."

"And you do not tell us how far we are from this frightful land, *Mons. le Capitaine* ?" inquired *Mademoiselle Vieffville*.

"In ten minutes you shall know, ladies, for I am about to observe for the longitude. It is a little late, but it may yet be done."

"And we may rely on the fidelity of your information ?"

"On the honor of a sailor and a man."

The ladies were silent, while *Mr. Truck* proceeded to get the sun and the time. As soon as he had run through his calculations, he came to them with a face in which the eye was roving, though it was still good-humored and smiling.

"And the result ?" said *Eve*.

"Is not quite as flattering as I could wish. We are materially within a degree of the coast ; but, as the wind is gone, or nearly so, we may hope to find a shift that will shove us farther from the land. And now I have dealt frankly with you, let me beg you will keep the secret, for my people will be dreaming of *Turks*, instead of working, if they know the fact."

It required no great observation to discover that *Captain Truck* was far from satisfied with the position of his ship. Without any after-sail, and almost without the means of making any, it was idle to think of hauling off from the land, more especially against the heavy sea that was still rolling in from the northwest ; and his present object was to make the *Cape de Verdes*, before reaching which he would be certain to meet the trades, and where, of course, there would be some chance of repairing damages. His apprehensions would have been much less were the ship a degree further west, as the prevailing winds in this part of the ocean are from the northward and eastward ; but it was no easy matter to force a ship that distance under a foresail, the only regular sail that now remained in its place. It is true, he had some of the usual expedients of seamen at his command, and the people were immediately set about them ; but, in consequence of the principal spars having gone so near the decks, it became exceedingly difficult to rig jury-masts.

Something must be attempted, however, and the spare spars were got out, and all the necessary preparations were

commenced, in order that they might be put into their places and rigged, as well as circumstances would allow. As soon as the sea went down, and the steadiness of the ship would permit, Mr. Leach succeeded in getting up an awkward lower studding-sail, and a sort of a staysail forward, and with these additions to their canvas, the ship was brought to head south, with the wind light at the westward. The sea was greatly diminished about noon; but a mile an hour, for those who had so long a road before them, and who were so near a coast that was known to be fearfully inhospitable, was a cheerless progress, and the cry of "sail, ho!" early in the afternoon, diffused a general joy in the Montauk.

The stranger was made to the southward and eastward and was standing on a course that must bring her quite near to their own track, as the Montauk then headed. The wind was so light, however, that Captain Truck gave it as his opinion they could not speak until night had set in.

"Unless the coast has brought him up, yonder flaunting gentleman, who seems to have had better luck with his light canvas than ourselves, must be the Foam," he said. "Tobacco, or no tobacco, bride or bridegroom, the fellow has us at last, and all the consolation that is left is, that we shall be much obliged to him, now, if he will carry us to Portsmouth, or into any other Christian haven. We have shown him what a kettle-bottom can do before the wind, and now let him give us a tow to windward like a generous antagonist. That is what I call Vattel, my dear young lady."

"If he do this, he will indeed prove himself a generous adversary," said Eve, "and we shall be certain to speak well of his humanity, whatever we may think of his obstinacy."

"Are you quite sure the ship in sight is the corvette?" asked Paul Blunt.

"Who else can it be?—Two vessels are quite sufficient to be jammed down here on the coast of Africa, and we know that the Englishman must be somewhere to leeward of us; though, I will confess, I had believed him much farther, if not plump up among the Mohammedans, beginning to reduce to a feather-weight, like Captain Riley, who came out with just his skin and bones, after a journey across the desert."

"I do not think those top-gallant-sails have the symmetry of the canvas of a ship-of-war."

Captain Truck looked steadily at the young man an instant, as one regards a sound criticism, and then he turned his eye towards the object of which they were speaking.

"You are right, sir," he rejoined, after a moment of examination; "and I have had a lesson in my own trade from one young enough to be my son. The stranger is clearly no cruiser, and as there is no port in-shore of us anywhere near this latitude, he is probably some trader who has been driven down here, like ourselves."

"And I'm very sure, captain," put in Sir George Templemore, "we ought to rejoice sincerely that, like ourselves, he has escaped shipwreck. For my part, I pity the poor wretches on board the Foam most sincerely, and could almost wish myself a Catholic, that one might yet offer up sacrifices in their behalf."

"You have shown yourself a Christian throughout all that affair, Sir George, and I shall not forget your handsome offers to befriend the ship, rather than let us fall into the jaws of the Philistines. We were in a category more than once, with that nimble-footed racer in our wake, and you were the man, Sir George, who manifested the most hearty desire to get us out."

"I ever feel an interest in the ship in which I embark," returned the gratified baronet, who was not displeased at hearing his liberality so openly commended; "and I would cheerfully have given a thousand pounds in preference to being taken. I rather think, now, that is the true spirit for a sportsman!"

"Or for an admiral, my good sir. To be frank with you, Sir George, when I first had the honor of your acquaintance, I did not think you had so much in you. There was a sort of English attention to small wares, a species of knee-buckleism about your *debut*, as Mr. Dodge calls it that made me distrust your being the whole-souled and one-idea'd man I find you really are."

"Oh! I *do* like my comforts," said Sir George, laughing.

"That you do, and I am only surprised you don't smoke. Now, Mr. Dodge, your roommate, there, tells me you have six and thirty pair of breeches!"

"I have—yes, indeed, I have. One would wish to go abroad decently clad."

"Well! if it should be our luck to travel in the deserts, your wardrobe would rig out a whole harem."

"I wish, captain, you would do me the favor to step into our stateroom, some morning; I have many curious things I should like to show you. A set of razors, in particular,—and a dressing-case—and a pair of patent pistols—and that life-

preserver that you admire so much, Mr. Dodge. Mr. Dodge has seen most of my curiosities, I believe, and will tell you some of them are really worth a moment's examination."

"Yes, captain, I must say," observed Mr. Dodge,—for this conversation was held apart between the three, the mate keeping an eye the while on the duty of the ship, for habit had given Mr. Truck the faculty of driving his people while he entertained his passengers—"Yes, captain, I must say I have met no gentleman who is better supplied with necessaries, than *my* friend, Sir George. But English gentlemen are curious in such things, and I admit that I admire their ingenuity."

"Particularly in breeches, Mr. Dodge. Have you coats to match, Sir George?"

"Certainly, sir. One would be a little absurd in his shirt sleeves. I wish, captain, we could make Mr. Dodge a little less of a republican. I find him a most agreeable roommate, but rather annoying on the subject of kings and princes."

"You stick up for the people, Mr. Dodge, or to the old category?"

"On that subject, Sir George and I shall never agree, for he is obstinately monarchical; but I tell him we shall treat him none the worse for that, when he gets among us. He has promised me a visit in our part of the country, and I have pledged myself to his being unqualifiedly well received; and I think I know the whole meaning of a pledge."

"I understand Mr. Dodge," pursued the baronet, "that he is the editor of a public journal, in which he entertains his readers with an account of his adventures and observations during his travels. 'The Active Inquirer,' is it not, Mr. Dodge?"

"That is the name, Sir George. 'The Active Inquirer' is the present name, though when we supported Mr. Adams it was called 'The Active Enquirer,' with an E."

"A distinction without a difference; I like that," interrupted Captain Truck. "This is the second time I have had the honor to sail with Mr. Dodge, and a more active inquirer never put foot in a ship, though I did not know the use he put his information to before. It is all in the way of trade, I find."

"Mr. Dodge claims to belong to a profession, captain, and is quite above trade. He tells me many things have occurred on board this ship, since we sailed, that will make very eligible paragraphs."

"The d—— he does!—I should like particularly well, Mr

Dodge, to know what you will find to say concerning this category in which the Montauk is placed."

"Oh! captain, no fear of me, when you are concerned. You know I am a friend, and you have no cause to apprehend anything; though I'll not answer for everybody else on board; for there are passengers in this ship to whom I have decided antipathies, and whose deportment meets with my unqualified disapprobation."

"And you intend to paragraph them?"

Mr. Dodge was now swelling with the conceit of a vulgar and inflated man, who not only fancies himself in possession of a power that others dread, but who was so far blinded to his own qualities as to think his opinion of importance to those whom he felt, in the minutest fibre of his envious and malignant system, to be in every essential his superiors. He did not dare express all his rancor, while he was unequal to suppressing it entirely.

"These Effinghams, and this Mr. Sharp and that Mr. Blunt," he muttered, "think themselves everybody's betters; but we shall see! America is not a country in which people can shut themselves up in rooms, and fancy they are lords and ladies."

"Bless my soul!" said Captain Truck, with his affected simplicity of manner; "how did you find this out, Mr. Dodge? What a thing it is, Sir George, to be an active inquirer!"

"Oh! I know when a man is blown up with notions of his own importance. As for Mr. John Effingham, he has been so long abroad that he has forgotten that he is going home to a country of equal rights!"

"Very true, Mr. Dodge; a country in which a man cannot shut himself up in his room, whenever the notion seizes him. This is the spirit, Sir George, to make a great nation, and you see that the daughter is likely to prove worthy of the old lady! But, my dear sir, are you quite sure that Mr. John Effingham has absolutely so high a sentiment in his own favor. It would be awkward business to make a blunder in such a serious matter, and murder a paragraph for nothing. You should remember the mistake of the Irishman!"

"What was that?" asked the baronet, who was completely mystified by the indomitable gravity of Captain Truck, whose character might be said to be actually formed by the long habit of treating the weaknesses of his fellow creatures with cool contempt. "We hear many good things at our club; but I do not remember the mistake of the Irishman?"

“ He merely mistook the drumming in his own ear, for some unaccountable noise that disturbed his companions.”

Mr. Dodge felt uncomfortable ; but there is no one of whom a vulgar-minded man stands so much in awe as an immovable quiz, who has no scruple in using his power. He shook his head, therefore, in a menacing manner, and affecting to have something to do he went below, leaving the baronet and the captain by themselves.

“ Mr. Dodge is a stubborn friend of liberty,” said the former, when his roommate was out of hearing.

“ That is he, and you have his own word for it. He has no notion of letting a man do as he has a mind to ! We are full of such active inquirers in America, and I don't care how many you shoot before you begin upon the white bears, Sir George.”

“ But it would be more gracious in the Effinghams, you must allow, captain, if they shut themselves up in their cabin less, and admitted us to their society a little oftener. I am quite of Mr. Dodge's way of thinking, that exclusion is excessively odious.”

“ There is a poor fellow in the steerage, Sir George, to whom I have given a piece of canvas to repair a damage to his main-sail, who would say the same thing did he know of your six and thirtys. Take a cigar, my dear sir, and smoke away sorrow.”

“ Thankee captain ; I never smoke. We never smoke at our club, though some of us go, at times, to the divan to try a chibouk.”

“ We can't all have cabins to ourselves, or no one would live forward. If the Effinghams like their own apartment, I do honestly believe it is for a reason as simple as that it is the best in the ship. I'll warrant you, if there were a better, that they would be ready enough to change. I suppose when we get in, Mr. Dodge will honor you with an article in 'The Active Inquirer.'”

“ To own the truth, he has intimated some such thing.”

“ And why not ? A very instructive paragraph might be made about the six and thirty pair of breeches, and the patent razors, and the dressing-case, to say nothing of the Rocky Mountains, and the white bears.”

Sir George now began to feel uncomfortable, and making a few unmeaning remarks about the late accident, he disappeared.

Captain Truck, who never smiled except at the corner of his left eye, turned away, and began rattling off his people, and

throwing in a hint or two to Saunders with as much indifference as if he were a firm believer in the unfailing orthodoxy of a newspaper, and entertained a profound respect for the editor of the 'Active Inquirer,' in particular.

The prognostic of the master concerning the strange ship proved true, for about nine at night she came within hail, and backed her maintop-sail. This vessel proved to be an American in ballast, bound from Gibraltar to New York a return store-ship from the squadron kept in the Mediterranean. She had met the gale to the westward of Madeira, and after holding on as long as possible, had also been compelled to scud. According to the report of her officers, the Foam had run in much closer to the coast than herself, and it was their opinion she was lost. Their own escape was owing entirely to the wind's abating, for they had actually been within sight of the land, though having received no injury, they had been able to haul off in season.

Luckily, this ship was ballasted with fresh water, and Captain Truck passed the night in negotiating a transfer of his steerage passengers, under an apprehension that, in the crippled state of his own vessel, his supplies might be exhausted before he could reach America. In the morning, the offer of being put on board the store-ship was made to those who chose to accept it, and all in the steerage, with most from the cabin, profited by the occasion to exchange a dismantled vessel for one that was, at least, full rigged. Provisions were transferred accordingly, and by noon next day the stranger made sail on a wind, the sea being tolerably smooth, and the breeze still ahead. In three hours she was out of sight to the northward and westward, the Montauk holding her own dull course to the southward, with the double view of striking the trades, or of reaching one of the Cape de Verdes.

CHAPTER XV.

Steph.—His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract.

Tempest.

THE situation of the Montauk appeared more desolate than ever, after the departure of so many of her passengers. So long as her decks were thronged there was an air of life about her, that served to lessen disquietude, but now that she was

left by all in the steerage, and by so many in the cabins, those who remained began to entertain livelier apprehensions of the future. When the upper sails of the store-ship sunk as a speck in the ocean, Mr. Effingham regretted that he, too, had not overcome his reluctance to a crowded and inconvenient cabin, and gone on board her, with his own party. Thirty years before he would have thought himself fortunate in finding so good a ship, and accommodations so comfortable ; but habit and indulgence change all our opinions, and he had now thought it next to impossible to place Eva and Mademoiselle Vieffville in a situation that was so common to those who travelled by sea at the commencement of the century.

Most of the cabin passengers, as has just been stated, decided differently, none remaining but the Effinghams and their party, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, Sir George Templemore, Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Monday. Mr. Effingham had been influenced by the superior comforts of the packet, and his hopes that a speedy arrival at the islands would enable the ship to refit, in time to reach America almost as soon as the dull-sailing vessel which had just left them. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt had both expressed a determination to share his fortunes, which was indirectly saying that they would share the fortunes of his daughter. John Effingham remained, as a matter of course, though he had made a proposition to the stranger to tow them into port, an arrangement that failed in consequence of the two captains disagreeing as to the course proper to be steered, as well as to a more serious obstacle in the way of compensation, the stranger throwing out some pretty plain hints about salvage, and Mr. Monday staying from an inveterate attachment to the steward's stores, more of which, he rightly judged, would now fall to his share than formerly.

Sir George Templemore had gone on board the store-ship, and had given some very clear demonstrations of an intention to transfer himself and the thirty-six pair of breeches to that vessel ; but on examining her comforts, and particularly the confined place in which he should be compelled to stow himself and his numerous curiosities, he was unequal to the sacrifice. On the other hand, he knew an entire stateroom would now fall to his share, and this self-indulged and feeble-minded young man preferred his immediate comfort, and the gratification of his besetting weakness, to his safety.

As for Mr. Dodge, he had the American mania of hurry, and was one of the first to propose a general swarming, as soon as it was known the stranger could receive them. During the

night, he had been actively employed in fomenting a party to "resolve" that prudence required the Montauk should be altogether abandoned, and even after this scheme failed, he had dwelt eloquently in corners (Mr. Dodge was too meek, and too purely democratic, ever to speak aloud, unless under the shadow of public opinion,) on the propriety of Captain Truck's yielding his own judgment to that of the majority. He might as well have scolded against the late gale, in the expectation of out-railing the tempest, as to make such an attempt on the firm-set notions of the old seaman concerning his duty; for no sooner was the thing intimated to him than he growled a denial in a tone that he was little accustomed to use to his passengers, and one that effectually silenced remonstrance. When these two plans had failed, Mr. Dodge endeavored strenuously to show Sir George that his interests and safety were on the side of a removal; but with all his eloquence, and with the hold that incessant adulation had actually given him on the mind of the other, he was unable to overcome his love of ease, and chiefly the passion for the enjoyment of the hundred articles of comfort and curiosity in which the baronet so much delighted. The breeches might have been packed in a trunk, it is true, and so might the razors, and the dressing-case, and the pistols, and most of the other things; but Sir George loved to look at them daily, and as many as possible were constantly paraded before his eyes.

To the surprise of every one, Mr. Dodge, on finding it impossible to prevail on Sir George Templemore to leave the packet, suddenly announced his own intention to remain also. Few stopped to inquire into his motives in the hurry of such a moment. To his roommate he affirmed that the strong friendship he had formed for him, could alone induce him to relinquish the hope of reaching home previously to the autumn elections.

Nor did Mr. Dodge greatly color the truth in making this statement. He was an American demagogue precisely in obedience to those feelings and inclinations which would have made him a courtier anywhere else. It is true, he had travelled, or thought he had travelled, in a *diligence* with a countess or two, but from these he had been obliged to separate early on account of the force of things; while here he had got a *bona-fide* English baronet all to himself, in a confined stateroom, and his imagination revelled in the glory and gratification of such an acquaintance. What were the proud and distant Effinghams to Sir George Templemore! He even ascribed their reserve with the baronet to envy, a passion of whose existence he had very

lively perceptions, and he found a secret charm in being shut up in so small an apartment with a man who could excite envy in an Effingham. Rather than abandon his aristocratical prize, therefore whom he intended to exhibit to all his democratic friends in his own neighborhood, Mr. Dodge determined to abandon his beloved hurry, looking for his reward in the future pleasure of talking of Sir George Templemore and his curiosities, and of his sayings and his jokes, in the circle at home. Odd, moreover, as it may seem, Mr. Dodge had an itching desire to remain with the Effinghams; for while he was permitting jealousy and a consciousness of inferiority to beget hatred, he was willing at any moment to make peace, provided it could be done by a frank admission into their intimacy. As to the innocent family that was rendered of so much account to the happiness of Mr. Dodge, it seldom thought of that individual at all, little dreaming of its own importance in his estimation, and merely acted in obedience to its own cultivated tastes and high principles in disliking his company. It fancied itself, in this particular, the master of its own acts, and this so much the more, that with the reserve of good-breeding its members seldom indulged in censorious personal remarks, and never in gossip.

As a consequence of these contradictory feelings of Mr. Dodge, and of the fastidiousness of Sir George Templemore, the interest her two admirers took in Eve, the devotion of Mr. Monday to sherry and champagne, and the decision of Mr. Effingham, these persons therefore remained the sole occupants of the cabins of the Montauk. Of the *oi polloi* who had left them, we have hitherto said nothing, because this separation was to remove them entirely from the interest of our incidents.

If we were to say that Captain Truck did not feel melancholy as the store-ship sunk beneath the horizon, we should represent that stout-hearted mariner as more stoical than he actually was. In the course of a long and adventurous professional life, he had encountered calamities before, but he had never before been compelled to call in assistance to deliver his passengers at the stipulated port, since he had commanded a packet. He felt the necessity, in the present instance as a sort of stain upon his character as a seaman, though in fact the accident which had occurred was chiefly to be attributed to a concealed defect in the mainmast. The honest master sighed often, smoked nearly double the usual number of cigars in the course of the afternoon, and when the sun went down gloriously in the distant west, he stood gazing at the sky in melancholy silence, as long as any of the magnificent glory that accompanies

the decline of day lingered among the vapors of the horizon. He then summoned Saunders to the quarter-deck, where the following dialogue took place between them,—

“This is a devil of a category to be in, Master Steward!”

“Well, he might be better, sir. I only wish the good butter may endure until we get in.”

“If it fail, I shall go nigh to see you clapped into the State’s prison, or at least into that Gothic cottage on Blackwell’s Island.”

“There is an end to all things, Captain Truck, if you please, sir, even to butter. I presume, sir, Mr. Vattel, if he know anything of cookery, will admit that.”

“Harkee, Saunders, if you ever insinuate again that Vattel belonged to the coppers, in my presence, I’ll take the liberty to land you on the coast here, where you may amuse yourself in stewing young monkeys for your own dinner. I saw you aboard the other ship, sir, overhauling her arrangements; what sort of a time will the gentlemen be likely to have in her?”

“Atrocious, sir! I give you my honor, as a real gentleman, sir. Why, would you believe it, Captain Truck, the steward is a downright nigger, and he wears earrings, and a red flannel shirt, without the least edication. As for the cook, sir, he wouldn’t pass an examination for Jemmy Ducks aboard here, and there is but one camboose, and one set of coppers.”

“Well, the steerage-passengers, in that case, will fare as well as the cabin.”

“Yes, sir, and the cabin as bad as the steerage; and for my part, I abomernate liberty and equality.”

“You should converse with Mr. Dodge on that subject, Master Saunders, and let the hardest fend off in the argument. May I inquire, sir, if you happen to remember the day of the week?”

“Beyond controversy, sir; to-morrow will be Sunday, Captain Truck, and I think it a thousand pities we have not an opportunity to solicit the prayers and praises of the church, sir, in our behalf, sir.”

“If to-morrow will be Sunday, to-day must be Saturday, Mr. Saunders, unless this last gale has deranged the calendar.”

“Quite naturally, sir, and werry justly remarked. Every body admits there is no better navigator than Captain Truck, sir.”

“This may be true, my honest fellow,” returned the captain moodily, after making three or four heavy puffs at the cigar; “but I am sadly out of my road down here in the coun-

try of your amiable family, just now. If this be Saturday, there will be a Saturday night before long, and look to it, that we have our 'sweethearts and wives.' Though I have neither myself, I feel the necessity of something cheerful, to raise my thoughts to the future."

"Depend on my discretion, sir, and I rejoice to hear you say it; for I think, sir, a ship is never so respectable and genteel as when she celebrates all the anniversaries. You will be quite a select and agreeable party to-night, sir."

With this remark Mr. Saunders withdrew, to confer with Toast on the subject, and Captain Truck proceeded to give his orders for the night to Mr. Leach. The proud ship did indeed present a sight to make a seaman melancholy; for to the only regular sail that stood, the foresail, by this time was added a lower studding-sail, imperfectly rigged, and which would not resist a fresh-puff, while a very inartificial jury-topmast supported a topgallant-sail, that could only be carried in a free wind. Aft, preparations were making of a more permanent nature, it is true. The upper part of the mainmast had been cut away, as low as the steerage-deck, where an arrangement had been made to step a spare topmast. The spar itself was lying on the deck rigged, and a pair of sheers were in readiness to be hoisted, in order to sway it up; but night approaching, the men had been broken off, to rig the yards, bend the sails, and to fit the other spars it was intended to use, postponing the last act, that of sending all up, until morning.

"We are likely to have a quiet night of it," said the captain, glancing his eyes round at the heavens; "and at eight o'clock to-morrow let all hands be called, when we will turn-to with a will, and make a brig of the old hussey. This topmast will do to bear the strain of the spare main-yard, unless there come another gale, and by reefing the new mainsail we shall be able to make something out of it. The topgallant-mast will fit of course above, and we may make out, by keeping a little free, to carry the sail: at need, we may possibly coax the contrivance into carrying a studding-sail also. We have sticks for no more, though we'll endeavor to get up something aft, out of the spare spars obtained from the store-ship. You may knock off at four bells, Mr. Leach, and let the poor fellows have their Saturday's night in peace. It is a misfortune enough to be dismayed, without having one's grog stopped."

The mate of course obeyed, and the evening shut in beautifully and placid, with all the glory of a mild night, in a latitude as low as that they were in. They who have never seen the ocean

under such circumstances, know little of its charms in its moments of rest. The term of sleeping is well applied to its impressive stillness, for the long sluggish swells on which the ship rose and fell, hardly disturbed its surface. The moon did not rise until midnight, and Eve, accompanied by Mademoiselle Vieffville and most of her male companions, walked the deck by the bright starlight, until fatigued with pacing their narrow bounds.

The song and the laugh rose frequently from the fore-castle, where the crew were occupied with their Saturday-night; and occasionally a rude sentiment in the way of a toast was heard. But weariness soon got the better of merriment forward, and the hard-worked mariners who had the watch below, soon went down to their berths, leaving those whose duty it was to remain to doze away the long hours in such places as they could find on deck.

“A white squall,” said Captain Truck, looking up at the uncouth sails that hardly impelled the vessel a mile in the hour through the water, “would soon furl all our canvas for us, and we are in the very place for such an interlude.”

“And what would then become of us?” asked Mademoiselle Vieffville quickly.

“You had better ask what would become of that apology for a topsail, mam’selle, and yonder stun’sail, which looks like an American in London without straps to his pantaloons. The canvas would play kite, and we should be left to renew our inventions. A ship could scarcely be in better plight than we are at this moment, to meet with one of these African flurries.”

“In which case, captain,” observed Mr. Monday, who stood by the skylight watching the preparations below, “we can go to our Saturday-night without fear; for I see the steward has everything ready, and the punch looks very inviting, to say nothing of the champagne.”

“Gentlemen, we will not forget our duty,” returned the captain; “we are but a small family, and so much the greater need that we should prove a jolly one. Mr. Effingham, I hope we are to have the honor of your company at ‘sweethearts and wives.’”

Mr. Effingham had no wife, and the invitation coming under such peculiar circumstances, produced a pang that Eve, who felt his arm tremble, well understood. She mildly intimated her intention to go below however; the whole party followed, and lucky it was for the captain’s entertainment that she quitted

the deck, as few would otherwise have been present at it. By pressing the passengers to favor him with their company, he succeeded in the course of a few minutes in getting all the gentlemen seated at the cabin table, with a glass of delicious punch before each man.

"Mr. Saunders may not be a conjurer or a mathematician, gentlemen," cried Captain Truck, as he ladled out the beverage; "but he understands the philosophy of sweet and sour, strong and weak; and I will venture to praise his liquor without tasting it. Well, gentlemen, there are better rigged ships on the ocean than this of ours; but there are few with more comfortable cabins, or stouter hulls, or better company. Please God we can get a few sticks aloft again, now that we are quit of our troublesome shadow, I think I may flatter myself with a reasonable hope of landing you, that do me the honor to stand by me, in New York, in less time than a common drogger would make the passage, with all his legs and arms. Let our first toast be, if you please, 'A happy end to that which has had a disastrous beginning.'"

Captain Truck's hard face twitched a little while he was making this address, and as he swallowed the punch, his eyes glistened in spite of himself. Mr. Dodge, Sir George, and Mr. Monday repeated the sentiment sonorously, word for word, while the other gentlemen bowed, and drank it in silence.

The commencement of a regular scene of merriment is usually dull and formal, and it was some time before Captain Truck could bring any of his companions up to the point where he wished to see them; for though a perfectly sober man, he loved a social glass, and particularly at those times and seasons which conformed to the practice of his calling. Although Eve and the governess had declined taking their seats at the table, they consented to place themselves where they might be seen, and where they might share occasionally in the conversation.

"Here have I been drinking sweethearts and wives of a Saturday-night, my dear young lady, these forty years and more," said Captain Truck, after the party had sipped their liquor for a minute or two, "without ever falling into luck's latitude, or furnishing myself with either: but, though so negligent of my own interests and happiness, I make it an invariable rule to advise all my young friends to get spliced before they are thirty. Many is the man who has come aboard my ship a determined bachelor in his notions, who has left it at the end of the passage ready to marry the first pretty young woman he fell in with."

As Eve had too much of the self-respect of a lady, and of the true dignity of her sex, to permit jokes concerning matrimony, or a treatise on love, to make a part of her conversation, and all the gentlemen of her party understood her character too well, to say nothing of their own habits, to second this attempt of the captain's, after a vapid remark or two from the others, this rally of the honest mariner produced no *suites*.

"Are we not unusually low, Captain Truck," inquired Paul Blunt, with a view to change the discourse, "not to have fallen in with the trades? I have commonly met with those winds on this coast as high as twenty-six or twenty-seven, and I believe you observed to-day, in twenty-four."

Captain Truck looked hard at the speaker, and when he had done, he nodded his head in approbation.

"You have travelled this road before, Mr. Blunt, I perceive. I have suspected you of being a brother chip, from the moment I saw you first put your foot on the side-cleets in getting out of the boat. You did not come aboard parrot-toed, like a country-girl waltzing; but set the ball of the foot firmly on the wood, and swung off the length of your arms, like a man who knows how to humor the muscles. Your present remark, too, shows you understand where a ship ought to be in her right place. As for the trades, they are a little uncertain, like a lady's mind when she has more than one good offer; for I've known them to blow as high as thirty, and then again, to fail a vessel as low as twenty-three, or even lower. It is my private opinion, gentlemen, and I gladly take this opportunity to make it public, that we are on the edge of the trades, or in those light baffling winds which prevail along their margin, as eddies play near the track of strong steady currents in the ocean. If we can force the ship fairly out of this trimming region—that is the word, I believe, Mr. Dodge—we shall do well enough; for a northeast, or an east wind, would soon send us up with the island, even under the rags we carry. We are very near the coast, certainly—much nearer than I could wish; but when we do get the good breeze, it will be all the better for us, as it will find us well to windward."

"But these trades, Captain Truck?" asked Eve: "if they always blow in the same direction, how is it possible that the late gale should drive a ship into the quarter of the ocean where they prevail?"

"Always, means sometimes, my dear young lady. Although light winds prevail near the edge of the trades, gales, and tremendous fellows too, sometimes blow there also, as we have

just seen. I think we shall now have settled weather, and that our chance of a safe arrival, more particularly in some southern American port, is almost certain, though our chance for a speedy arrival be not quite as good. I hope before twenty-four hours are passed, to see our decks white with sand.

"Is that a phenomenon seen here?" asked the father.

"Often, Mr. Effingham, when ships are close in with Africa and are fairly in the steady winds. To say the truth, the country abreast of us, some twenty or thirty miles distant, is not the most inviting; and though it may not be easy to say where the garden of Eden is, it is not hazardous to say it is not there."

"If we are so very near the coast, why do we not see it?"

"Perhaps we might from aloft, if we had any aloft just now. We are to the southward of the mountains, however, and off a part of the country where the Great Desert makes from the coast. And now, gentlemen, I perceive Mr. Monday finds all this sand arid, and I ask permission to give you, one and all, 'Sweethearts and wives.'"

Most of the company drank the usual toast with spirit, though both the Effinghams scarce wetted their lips. Eve stole a timid glance at her father, and her own eyes were filled with tears as she withdrew them; for she knew that every allusion of this nature revived in him mournful recollections. As for her cousin Jack, he was so confirmed a bachelor that she thought nothing of his want of sympathy with such a sentiment.

"You must have a care for your heart, in America, Sir George Templemore," cried Mr. Dodge, whose tongue loosened with the liquor he drank. "Our ladies are celebrated for their beauty, and are immensely popular, I can assure you."

Sir George looked pleased, and it is quite probable his thoughts ran on the one particular vestment of the six and thirty, in which he ought to make his first appearance in such a society.

"I allow the American ladies to be handsome," said Mr. Monday; "but I think no Englishman need be in any particular danger of his heart from such a cause, after having been accustomed to the beauty of his own island. Captain Truck, I have the honor to drink your health."

"Fairly said," cried the captain, bowing to the compliment; "and I ascribe my own hard fortune to the fact that I have been kept sailing between two countries so much favored in this particular, that I have never been able to make up my mind which to prefer. I have wished a thousand times there

was but one handsome woman in the world, when a man would have nothing to do but fall in love with her ; and make up his mind to get married at once, or hang himself."

"That is a cruel wish to us men," returned Sir George, "as we should be certain to quarrel for the beauty."

"In such a case," resumed Mr. Monday, "we common men would have to give way to the claims of the nobility and gentry, and satisfy ourselves with plainer companions ; though an Englishman loves his independence, and might rebel. I have the honor to drink your health and happiness, Sir George."

"I protest against your principle, Mr. Monday," said Mr. Dodge, "which is an invasion on human rights. Perfect freedom of action is to be maintained in this matter as in all others. I acknowledge that the English ladies are extremely beautiful, but I shall always maintain the supremacy of the American fair."

"We will drink their healths, sir. I am far from denying their beauty, Mr. Dodge, but I think you must admit that they fade earlier than our British ladies. God bless them both, however, and I empty this glass to the two entire nations, with all my heart and soul."

"Perfectly polite, Mr. Monday ; but as to the fading of the ladies, I am not certain that I can yield an unqualified approbation to your sentiment."

"Nay, sir, your climate, you will allow, is none of the best, and it wears out constitutions almost as fast as your states make them."

"I hope there is no real danger to be apprehended from the climate," said Sir George : "I particularly detest bad climates ; and for that reason have always made it a rule never to go to Lincolnshire."

"In that case, Sir George, you had better have stayed at home. In the way of climate, a man seldom betters himself by leaving old England. Now this is the tenth time I've been in America, allowing that I ever reach there, and although I entertain a profound respect for the country, I find myself growing older every time I quit it. Mr. Effingham, I do myself the favor to drink to your health and happiness."

"You live too well when amongst us, Mr. Monday," said the captain ; "there are too many soft crabs, hard clams, and canvas-backs ; too much old Madeira, and generous sherry, for a man of your well-known taste to resist them. Sit less time at table, and go oftener to church this trip, and let us hear your report of the consequences a twelvemonth hence."

“You quite mistake my habits, Captain Truck, I give you my honor. Although a judicious eater, I seldom take anything that is compounded, being a plain roast and boiled man; a true old-fashioned Englishman in this respect, satisfying my appetite with solid beef and mutton, and turkeys and pork, and puddings and potatoes, and turnips and carrots, and similar simple food; and then I *never* drink.—Ladies, I ask the honor to be permitted to wish you a happy return to your native countries.—I ascribe all the difficulty, sir, to the climate, which will not permit a man to digest properly.”

“Well, Mr. Monday, I subscribe to most of your opinions, and I believe few men cross the ocean together that are more harmonious in sentiment, in general, than has proved to be the case between you and Sir George, and myself,” observed Mr. Dodge, glancing obliquely and pointedly at the rest of the party, as if he thought they were in a decided minority; “but in this instance, I feel constrained to record my vote in the negative. I believe America has as good a climate, and as good general digestion as commonly falls to the lot of mortals: more than this I do not claim for the country, and less than this I should be reluctant to maintain. I have travelled a little, gentlemen, not as much, perhaps, as the Messrs. Effinghams; but then a man can see no more than is to be seen, and I do affirm, Captain Truck, that in my poor judgment, which I know is good for nothing—”

“Why do you use it, then?” abruptly asked the straightforward captain; “why not rely on a better?”

“We must use such as we have, or go without, sir; and I suspect, in my very poor judgment, which is probably poorer than that of most others on board, that America is a very good sort of a country. At all events, after having seen something of other countries, and governments, and people, I am of opinion that America, as a country, is quite good enough for me.”

“You never said truer words, Mr. Dodge, and I beg you will join Mr. Monday and myself in a fresh glass of punch, just to help on the digestion. You have seen more of human nature than your modesty allows you to proclaim, and I dare say this company would be gratified if you would overcome all scruples, and let us know your private opinions of the different people you have visited. Tell us something of that *dittur* you made on the Rhine.”

“Mr. Dodge intends to publish, it is to be hoped!” ob

served Mr. Sharp; "and it may not be fair to anticipate his matter."

"I beg, gentlemen, you will have no scruples on that score, for my work will be rather philosophical and general, than of the particular nature of private anecdotes. Saunders, hand me the manuscript journal you will find on the shelf of our stateroom, next to Sir George's patent toothpick case. This is the book; and now, gentlemen and ladies, I beg you to remember that these are merely the ideas as they arose, and not my more mature reflections."

"Take a little punch, sir," interrupted the captain, again, whose hard nor'west face was set in the most demure attention. "There is nothing like punch to clear the voice, Mr. Dodge; the acid removes the huskiness, the sugar softens the tones, the water mellows the tongue, and the Jamaica braces the muscles. With a plenty of punch, a man soon gets to be another—I forget the name of that great orator of antiquity,—it wasn't Vattel, however."

"You mean Demosthenes, sir; and, gentlemen, I beg you to remark that this orator was a republican: but there can be no question that liberty is favorable to the encouragement of all the higher qualities. Would you prefer a few notes on Paris, ladies, or shall I commence with some extracts about the Rhine!"

"*Oh! de grace, Monsieur*, be so very kind as not to overlook *Paris!*" said Mademoiselle Viefville.

Mr. Dodge bowed graciously, and turning over the leaves of his private journal, he alighted in the heart of the great city named. After some preliminary hemming, he commenced reading in a grave didactic tone, that sufficiently showed the value he had attached to his own observations.

"*'Dejjuned* at ten, as usual, an hour, that I find exceedingly unreasonable and improper, and one that would meet with general disapprobation in America. I do not wonder that a people gets to be immoral and depraved in their practices, who keep such improper hours. The mind acquires habits of impurity, and all the sensibilities become blunted, by taking the meals out of the natural seasons. I impute much of the corruption of France to the periods of the day in which the food is taken—'"

"*Voila une drole a'idee!*" ejaculated Mademoiselle Viefville.

"—In which food is taken," repeated Mr. Dodge, who fancied the involuntary exclamation was in approbation of the

justice of his sentiments. 'Indeed the custom of taking wine at this meal, together with the immorality of the hour, must be chief reasons why the French ladies are so much in the practice of drinking to excess.'

"*Mais, monsieur!*"

"You perceive, mademoiselle calls in question the accuracy of your facts," observed Mr. Blunt, who, in common with all the listeners, Sir George and Mr. Monday excepted, began to enjoy a scene which at first had promised nothing but *ennui* and disgust.

"I have it on the best authority, I give you my honor, or I would not introduce so grave a charge in a work of this contemplated importance. I obtained my information from an English gentleman who has resided twelve years in Paris; and he informs me that a very large portion of the women of fashion in that capital, let them belong to what country they will, are dissipated."

"*A la bonne heure, monsieur!*—*mais*, to drink, it is very different."

"Not so much so, mademoiselle, as you imagine," rejoined John Effingham. "Mr. Dodge is a purist in language as well as in morals, and he uses terms differently from us less-instructed prattlers. By dissipated, he understands a drunkard."

"*Comment!*"

"Certainly; Mr. John Effingham, I presume, will at least give us the credit in America in speaking our language better than any other known people. 'After dejjunying, took a *phyacre* and rode to the palace, to see the king and royal family leave for Nully.—'

"*Pour ou?*"

"*Pour Neuilly, mademoiselle,*" Eve quietly answered.

"—For Nully. His majesty went on horseback, preceding his illustrious family and all the rest of the noble party, dressed in a red coat, laced with white on the seams, wearing blue breeches and a cocked hat.'"

"*Ciel!*"

"'I made the king a suitable republican reverence as he passed, which he answered with a gracious smile, and a benignant glance of his royal eye. The Hon. Louis Philippe Orleans, the present sovereign of the French, is a gentleman of portly and commanding appearance, and in his state attire, which he wore on this occasion, looks 'every inch a king.' He rides with grace and dignity, and sets an example of decorum and gravity to his subjects, by the solemnity of his air, that it is to

be hoped will produce a beneficial and benign influence during this reign, on the manners of the nation. His dignity was altogether worthy of the schoolmaster of Haddonfield.' ”

“ *Par exemple!* ”

“ Yes, mam'selle, in the way of example, it is that I mean. Although a pure democrat, and every way opposed to exclusion, I was particularly struck with the royalty of his majesty's demeanor, and the great simplicity of his whole deportment. I stood in the crowd next to a very accomplished countess, who spoke English, and she did me the honor to invite me to pay her a visit at her hotel, in the vicinity of the Bourse.”

“ *Mon Dieu—mon Dieu—mon Dieu!* ”

“ After promising my fair companion to be punctual, I walked as far as Notter Dam—”

“ I wish Mr. Dodge would be a little more distinct in his names,” said Mademoiselle Viefville, who had begun to take an interest in the subject, that even valueless opinions excite in us concerning things that touch the affections.

“ Mr. Dodge is a little profane, mademoiselle,” observed the captain; “ but his journal probably was not intended for the ladies, and you must overlook it. Well, sir, you went to that naughty place—”

“ To Notter Dam, Captain Truck, if you please, and I flatter myself that is pretty good French.”

“ I think, ladies and gentlemen, we have a right to insist on a translation; for plain roast and boiled men, like Mr. Monday and myself, are sometimes weeping when we ought to laugh, so long as the discourse is in anything but old-fashioned English. Help yourself, Mr. Monday, and remember, you never drink.”

“ *Notter Dam*, I believe, mam'selle, means our Mother; the Church of our Mother.—Notter, or Noster, our,—Dam, Mother: Notter Dam. ‘Here I was painfully impressed with the irreligion of the structure, and the general absence of piety in the architecture. Idolatry abounded, and so did holy water. How often have I occasion to bless Providence for having made me one of the descendants of those pious ancestors who cast their fortunes in the wilderness in preference to giving up their hold on faith and charity! The building is much inferior in comfort and true taste to the commoner American churches, and met with my unqualified disapprobation.’ ”

“ *Est il possible que cela soit vrai, ma chere!* ”

“ *Je l'espere, bien, mademoiselle.* ”

“ You may *despair bien*, cousin Eve,” said John Effingham,

whose fine curvilinear face curled even more than usual with contempt.

The ladies whispered a few explanations, and Mr. Dodge, who fancied it was only necessary to resolve to be perfect to achieve his end, went on with his comments, with all the self-satisfaction of a provincial critic.

“From Notter Dam I proceeded in a *cabrioly* to the great national burying-ground, Père la Chaise, so termed from the circumstance that its distance from the capital renders chaises necessary for the *convoys*—”

“How’s this, how’s this !” interrupted Mr. Truck ; “is one obliged to sail under a convoy about the streets of Paris ?”

“*Monsieur Dodge veut dire, convoi.* Mr. Dodge mean to say, *convoi,*” kindly interposed Mademoiselle Viefville.

“Mr. Dodge is a profound republican, and is an advocate for rotation in language, as well as in office : I must accuse you of inconstancy, my dear friend, if I die for it. You certainly do not pronounce your words always in the same way, and when I had the honor of carrying you out this time six months, when you were practising the continentals, as you call them, you gave very different sounds to many of the words I then had the pleasure and gratification of hearing you use.”

“We all improve by travelling, sir, and I make no question that my knowledge of foreign language is considerably enlarged by practice in the countries in which they are spoken.”

Here the reading of the journal was interrupted by a digression on language, in which Messrs. Dodge, Monday, Templemore, and Truck were the principal interlocutors, and during which the pitcher of punch was twice renewed. We shall not record much of this learned discussion, which was singularly commonplace, though a few of the remarks may be given as a specimen of the whole.

“I must be permitted to say,” replied Mr. Monday to one of Mr. Dodge’s sweeping claims to superiority in favor of his own nation, “that I think it quite extraordinary an Englishman should be obliged to go out of his own country in order to hear his own language spoken in purity ; and as one who has seen your people, Mr. Dodge, I will venture to affirm that nowhere is English better spoken than in Lancashire. Sir George, I drink your health !”

“More patriotic than just, Mr. Monday ; everybody allows that the American of the eastern states speaks the best English in the world, and I think either of these gentlemen will concede that.”

“Under the penalty of being nobody,” cried Captain Truck; “for my own part, I think, if a man wishes to hear the language in perfection, he ought to pass a week or ten days in the river. I must say, Mr. Dodge, I object to many of your sounds, particularly that of inyon, which I myself heard you call onion, no later than yesterday.”

“Mr. Monday is a little peculiar in fancying that the best English is to be met with in Lancashire,” observed Sir George Templemore; “for I do assure you that, in town, we have difficulty in understanding gentlemen from your part of the kingdom.”

This was a hard cut from one in whom Mr. Monday expected to find an ally, and that gentleman was driven to washing down the discontent it excited, in punch.

“But all this time we have interrupted the *convoy*, or convoy, captain,” said Mr. Sharp; “and Mr. Dodge, to say nothing of the mourners, has every right to complain. I beg that gentleman will proceed with his entertaining extracts.”

Mr. Dodge hemmed, sipped a little more liquor, blew his nose, and continued,—

“The celebrated cemetery is, indeed, worthy of its high reputation. The utmost republican simplicity prevails in the interments, ditches being dug in which the bodies are laid, side by side, without distinction of rank, and with regard only to the order in which the convoys arrive.’ I think this sentence, gentlemen, will have great success in America, where the idea of any exclusiveness is quite odious to the majority.”

“Well, for my part,” said the captain, “I should have no particular objection to being excluded from such a grave: one would be afraid of catching the cholera in so promiscuous a company.”

Mr. Dodge turned over a few leaves, and gave other extracts.

“The last six hours have been devoted to a profound investigation of the fine arts. My first visit was to the *gullyteen*; after which I passed an instructive hour or two in the galleries of the Musy.’—”

“*Ou, donc?*”

“*Le Musee, mademoiselle.*”

—“Where I discovered several very extraordinary things, in the way of sculpture and painting. I was particularly struck with the manner in which a plate was portrayed in the celebrated marriage of Cana, which might very well have been taken for real Delft, and there was one finger on the hand of a

lady that seemed actually fitted to receive and to retain the hymeneal ring.' ”

“ Did you inquire if she were engaged?—Mr. Monday, we will drink her health.”

“ ‘ Saint Michael and the Dragon is a *shefdowvry*.’—”

“ *Un quoi ?* ”

“ *Un chef-a'œuvre, mademoiselle* ”

“—‘The manner in which the angel holds the dragon with his feet, looking exactly like a worm trodden on by the foot of a child, is exquisitely plaintive and interesting. Indeed these touches of nature abound in the works of the old masters, and I saw several fruit-pieces that I could have eaten. One really gets an appetite by looking at many things here, and I no longer wonder that a Raphael, a Titian, a Correggio, a Guide-o.’—”

“ *Un quoi ?* ”

“ *Un Guido, mademoiselle.* ”

“ Or a Cooley.”

“ And pray who may he be ? ” asked Mr. Monday.

“ A young genius in Dodgetown, who promises one day to render the name of an American illustrious. He has painted a new sign for the store, that in its way is quite equal to the marriage of Cana. ‘ I have stood with tears over the despair of a Niobe, ’ ” continuing to read, “ ‘ and witnessed the contortions of the snakes in the Laocoon with a convulsive eagerness to clutch them, that has made me fancy I could hear them hiss. ’ ” That sentence, I think, will be likely to be noticed even in the New-Old-New-Yorker, one of the very best reviews of our days, gentlemen.”

“ Take a little more punch, Mr. Dodge, ” put in the attentive captain ; “ this grows affecting, and needs alleviation, as Saunders would say. Mr. Monday, you will get a bad name for being too sober, if you never empty your glass. Proceed, in the name of Heaven ! Mr. Dodge.”

“ ‘ In the evening I went to the Grand Opery. ’—”

“ *Ou, donc ?* ”

“ *Au grand Hoppery, mademoiselle,* ” replied John Effingham.

“—‘To the *Grand Opery,* ’ ” resumed Mr. Dodge, with emphasis, his eyes beginning to glisten by this time, for he had often applied to the punch for inspiration. “ ‘ where I listened to music that is altogether inferior to that which we enjoy in America, especially at the general trainings, and on

the Sabbath. The want of science was conspicuous; and if *this* be music, then do I know nothing about it!"

"A judicious remark!" exclaimed the captain.—"Mr. Dodge has great merit as a writer, for he loses no occasion to illustrate his opinions by the most unanswerable facts. He has acquired a taste for Zip Coon and Long Tail Blue, and it is no wonder he feels a contempt for your inferior artists."

"As for the dancing," continued the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, "it is my decided impression that nothing can be worse. The movement was more suited to a funeral than the ballroom, and I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is not an assembly in all America in which a *cotillion* would not be danced in one half the time that one was danced in the *bally to-night*."

"*Dans le quoi?*"

"I believe I have not given the real Parisian pronunciation to this word, which the French call *bal-lay*," continued the reader, with great candor.

"Belay, or make all fast, as we say on shipboard. Mr. Dodge, as master of this vessel, I beg to return you the united, or as Saunders would say, the condensed thanks of the passengers, for this information; and next Saturday we look for a renewal of the pleasure. The ladies are getting to be sleepy, I perceive, and as Mr. Monday *never* drinks and the other gentlemen have finished their punch, we may as well retire, to get ready for a hard day's work to-morrow."

Captain Truck made this proposal, because he saw that one or two of the party were *plenum punch*, and that Eva and her companion were becoming aware of the propriety of retiring. It was also true that he foresaw the necessity of rest in order to be ready for the exertions of the morning.

After the party had broken up, which it did very contrary to the wishes of Messrs. Dodge and Monday, Mademoiselle Viefville passed an hour in the stateroom of Miss Effingham, during which time she made several supererogatory complaints of the manner in which the editor of the *Active Inquirer* had viewed things in Paris, besides asking a good many questions concerning his occupation and character.

"I am not quite certain, my dear mademoiselle, that I can give you a very learned description of the animal you think worthy of all these questions, but, by the aid of Mr. John Effingham's information, and a few words that have fallen from Mr. Blunt, I believe it ought to be something as follows:—America once produced a very distinguished philosopher, named Franklin—"

“*Comment, ma chere ! Tout le monde le connait !*”

“This Monsieur Franklin commenced life as a printer; but living to a great age, and rising to high employments, he became a philosopher in morals, as his studies had made him once in physics. Now, America is full of printers, and most of them fancy themselves Franklins, until time and failures teach them discretion.”

“*Mais the world has not seen but un seul Franklin !*”

“Nor is it likely to see another very soon. In America the young men are taught, justly enough, that by merit they may rise to the highest situations; and, always according to Mr. John Effingham, too many of them fancy that because they are at liberty to turn any high qualities they may happen to have to account, they are actually fit for anything. Even he allows this peculiarity of the country does much good, but he maintains that it also does much harm, by causing pretenders to start up in all directions. Of this class he describes Mr. Dodge to be. This person, instead of working at the mechanical part of a press, to which he was educated, has the ambition to control its intellectual, and thus edits the *Active Inquirer*.”

“It must be a very useful journal !”

“It answers his purposes, most probably. He is full of provincial ignorance, and provincial prejudices, you perceive; and, I dare say, he makes his paper the circulator of all these, in addition to the personal rancor, envy, and uncharitableness, that usually distinguish a pretension that mistakes itself for ambition. My cousin Jack affirms that America is filled with such as he.”

“And, Monsieur Effingham ?”

“Oh ! my dear father is all mildness and charity, you know, mademoiselle, and he only looks at the bright side of the picture, for he maintains that a great deal of good results from the activity and elasticity of such a state of things. While he confesses to a great deal of downright ignorance that is paraded as knowledge; to much narrow intolerance that is offensively prominent in the disguise of principle and a love of liberty; and to vulgarity and personalities that wound all taste, and every sentiment of right, he insists on it that the main result is good.”

“In such a case there is need of an umpire. You mentioned the opinion of Mr. Blunt. *Comme ce jeune homme parle bien Francais !*”

Eve hesitated, and she changed color slightly, before she answered.

"I am not certain that the opinion of Mr. Blunt ought to be mentioned in opposition to those of my father and cousin Jack, on such a subject," she said. "He is very young, and it is now, quite questionable whether he is even an American at all."

"*Tant mieux, ma chere.* He has been much in the country, and it is not the native that make the best judge when the stranger has many opportunities of seeing."

"On this principle, mademoiselle, you are, then, to give up your own judgment about France, on all those points, in which I have the misfortune to differ from you," said Eve, laughing.

"*Pas tout a fait,*" returned the governess goodhumoredly. "Age and experience must pass *pour quelque chose.* *Et Monsieur Blunt ?—*"

"Monsieur Blunt leans nearer to the side of cousin Jack, I fear, than to that of my dear father. He says men of Mr. Dodge's character, propensities, malignancy, intolerance, ignorance, vulgarity, and peculiar vices abound in and about the American press. He even insists that they do an incalculable amount of harm, by influencing those who have no better sources of information; by setting up low jealousies and envy in the place of principles and the right; by substituting—I use his own words, mademoiselle," said Eve, blushing with the consciousness of the fidelity of her memory—"by substituting uninstructed provincial notions for the true taste and liberality; by confounding the real principles of liberty with personal envies, and the jealousies of station; and by losing sight entirely of their duties to the public, in the effort to advance their own interests. He says that the government is in truth a *press-ocracy*, and a *press-ocracy*, too, that has not the redeeming merit of either principles, tastes, talents or knowledge."

"Ce Monsieur Blunt has been very explicit and *suffisamment eloquent,*" returned Mademoiselle Viefville, gravely; for the prudent governess did not fail to observe that Eve used language so very different from that which was habitual to her, as to make her suspect she quoted literally. For the first time the suspicion was painfully awakened, that it was her duty to be more vigilant in relation to the intercourse between her charge and the two agreeable young men whom accident had given them as fellow-passengers. After a short but amusing pause, she again adverted to the subject of their previous conversation.

"*Ce Monsieur Dodge, est il ridicule !*"

"On that point at least, my dear mademoiselle, there can be no mistake. And yet cousin Jack insists that this stuff will

be given to his readers, as views of Europe worthy of their attention."

"*Ce conte du roi!—mais, c'est trop fort!*"

"With the coat laced at the seams, and the cocked hat!"

"*Et l'honorable Louis Philippe a' Orleans!*"

"Orleans, mademoiselle; d'Orleans would be anti-republican."

Then the two ladies sat looking at each other a few moments in silence, when both, although of a proper *retenue* of manner in general, burst into a hearty and long-continued fit of laughter. Indeed, so long did Eve, in the buoyancy of her young spirits, and her keen perception of the ludicrous, indulge herself, that her fair hair fell about her rosy cheeks, and her bright eyes fairly danced with delight.

CHAPTER XVI.

And there he went ashore without delay,
 Having no custom-house or quarantine,—
 To ask him awkward questions on the way
 About the time and place where he had been.

BYRON.

CAPTAIN TRUCK was in a sound sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. With the exception of the ladies, the others soon followed his example; and as the people were excessively wearied, and the night was so tranquil, ere long only a single pair of eyes were open on deck: those of the man at the wheel. The wind died away, and even this worthy was not innocent of nodding at his post.

Under such circumstances, it will occasion no great surprise that the cabin was aroused next morning with the sudden and startling information that the land was close aboard the ship. Every one hurried on deck, where, sure enough, the dreaded coast of Africa was seen, with a palpable distinctness, within two miles of the vessel. It presented a long broken line of sandhills, unrelieved by a tree, or by so few as almost to merit this description, and with a hazy background of remote mountains to the northeast. The margin of the actual coast nearest to the ship was indented with bays; and even rocks appeared in places; but the general character of the scene was that of a

fierce and burning sterility. On this picture of desolation all stood gazing in awe and admiration for some minutes, as the day gradually brightened, until a cry arose from forward, of "a ship!"

"Whereaway?" sternly demanded Captain Truck; for the sudden and unexpected appearance of this dangerous coast had awakened all that was forbidding and severe in the temperament of the old master; "whereaway, sir?"

"On the larboard quarter, sir, and at anchor."

"She is ashore!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at the same instant, just as the words came from the last speaker. The glass soon settled this important point. At the distance of about a league astern of them, were, indeed, to be seen the spars of a ship, with the hull looming on the sands, in a way to leave no doubt of her being a wreck. It was the first impression of all, that this, at last, was the Foam; but Captain Truck soon announced the contrary.

"It is a Swede, or a Dane," he said, "by his rig and his model. A stout, solid, compact sea-boat, that is high and dry on the sands, looking as if he had been built there. He does not appear even to have bilged, and most of his sails, and all of his yards, are in their places. Not a living soul is to be seen about her! Ha! there are signs of tents made of sails on shore, and broken bales of goods! Her people have been seized and carried into the desert, as usual, and this is a fearful hint that we must keep the Montauk off the bottom. Turn to the people, Mr. Leach, and get up your sheets that we may step our jury-masts at once; the smallest breeze on the land would drive us ashore, without any after-sail."

While the mates and the crew set about completing the work they had prepared the previous day, Captain Truck and his passengers passed the time in ascertaining all they could concerning the wreck, and the reasons of their being themselves in a position so very different from what they had previously believed.

As respects the first, little more could be ascertained; she lay absolutely high and dry on a hard sandy beach, where she had probably been cast during the late gale, and sufficient signs were made out by the captain, to prove to him that she had been partly plundered. More than this could not be discovered at that distance, and the work of the Montauk was too urgent to send a boat manned with her own people to examine. Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Monday, and the servants of the two former, however, volunteering to pull the cutter, it was finally

decided to look more closely into the facts, Captain Truck himself taking charge of the expedition.—While the latter is getting ready, a word of explanation will suffice to tell the reader the reason why the Montauk had fallen so much to leeward.

The ship being so near the coast, it became now very obvious she was driven by a current that set along the land, but which, it was probable, had set towards it more in the offing. The imperceptible drift between the observation of the previous day and the discovery of the coast, had sufficed to carry the vessel a great distance; and to this simple cause, coupled perhaps with some neglect in the steerage during the past night, was her present situation to be solely attributed. Just at this moment, the little air there was came from the land, and by keeping her head off shore, Captain Truck entertained no doubt of his being able to escape the calamity that had befallen the other ship in the fury of the gale. A wreck is always a matter of so much interest with mariners, therefore, that taking all these things into view, he had come to the determination we have mentioned, of examining into the history of the one in sight, so far as circumstances permitted.

The Montauk carried three boats; the launch, a large, safe, and well-constructed craft, which stood in the usual chucks between the foremast and mainmast: a jolly-boat, and a cutter. It was next to impossible to get the first into the water, deprived as the ship was of its mainmast; but the other hanging at davits, one on each quarter, were easily lowered. The packets seldom carry any arms beyond a light gun to fire signals with, the pistols of the master, and perhaps a fowling-piece or two. Luckily the passengers were better provided: all the gentlemen had pistols, Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge excepted, if indeed they properly belonged to this category, as Captain Truck would say, and most of them had also fowling-pieces. Although a careful examination of the coast with the glasses offered no signs of the presence of any danger from enemies, these arms were carefully collected, loaded, and deposited in the boats, in order to be prepared for the worst. Provisions and water were also provided and the party were about to proceed.

Captain Truck and one or two of the adventurers were still on the deck, when Eve, with that strange love of excitement and adventure that often visits the most delicate spirits, expressed an idle regret that she could not make one in the expedition.

“ There is something so strange and wild in landing on

an African desert," she said ; " and I think a near view of the wreck would repay us, mademoiselle, for the hazard,"

The young men hesitated between their desire to have such a companion, and their doubts of the prudence of the step : but Captain Truck declared there could be no risk, and Mr. Effingham consenting, the whole plan was altered so as to include, the ladies, for there was so much pleasure in varying the monotony of a calm, and escaping the confinement of ship, that everybody entered into the new arrangement with zeal and spirit.

A single whip was rigged on the fore-yard, a chair was slung, and in ten minutes both ladies were floating on the ocean in the cutter. This boat pulled six oars, which were manned by the servants of the two Messrs. Effinghams, Mr. Blunt, and Mr. Sharp, together with the two latter gentlemen in person. Mr. Effingham steered. Captain Truck had the jolly-boat, of which he pulled an oar himself, aided by Saunders, Mr. Monday, and Sir George Templemore ; the mates and the regular crew being actively engaged in rigging their jury-mast. Mr. Dodge declined being of the party, feeding himself with the hope that the present would be a favorable occasion to peep into the staterooms, to run his eye over forgotten letters and papers, and otherwise to increase the general stock of information of the editor of the *Active Inquirer*.

" Look to your chains, and see all clear for a run of the anchors, Mr. Leach, should you set within a mile of the shore," called out the captain, as they pulled off from the vessel's side. " the ship is drifting along the land, but the wind you have will hardly do more than meet the send of the sea, which is on shore : should anything go wrong, show an ensign at the head of the jury-stick forward."

The mate waved his hand, and the adventurers passed without the sound of the voice. It was a strange sensation to most of those in the boats, to find themselves in their present situation. Eve and Mademoiselle Vieffville, in particular, could scarcely credit their senses, when they found the eggshells that held them heaving and setting like bubbles on those long sluggish swells, which had seemed of so little consequence while in the ship, but which now resembled the heavy respirations of a leviathan. The boats, indeed, though always gliding onward, impelled by the oars, appeared at moments to be sent helplessly back and forth like playthings of the mighty deep, and it was some minutes before either obtained a sufficient sense of security to enjoy her situation. As they receded

fast from the Montauk, too, their situation seemed still more critical; and with all her sex's love of excitement, Eve heartily repented of her undertaking before they had gone a mile. The gentlemen, however, were all in good spirits, and as the boats kept near each other, Captain Truck enlivening their way with his peculiar wit, and Mr. Effingham, who was influenced by a motive of humanity in consenting to come, being earnest and interested, Eve soon began to entertain other ideas.

As they drew near the end of their little expedition, entirely new feelings got the mastery of the whole party. The solitary and gloomy grandeur of the coasts, the sublime sterility,—for even naked sands may become sublime by their vastness,—the heavy moanings of the ocean on the beach, and the entire spectacle of the solitude, blended as it was with the associations of Africa, time, and the changes of history, united to produce sensations of a pleasing melancholy. The spectacle of the ship, bringing with it the images of European civilization, as it lay helpless and deserted on the sands, too, heightened all.

This vessel, beyond a question, had been driven up on a sea during the late gale, at a point where the water was of sufficient depth to float her, until within a few yards of the very spot where she now lay; Captain Truck giving the following probable history of the affair:

“On all sandy coasts,” he said, “the return waves that are cast on the beach form a bar, by washing back with them a portion of the particles. This bar is usually within thirty or forty fathoms of the shore, and there is frequently sufficient water within it to float a ship. As this bar, however prevents the return of all the water, on what is called the under-tow, narrow channels make from point to point, through which this excess of the element escapes. These channels are known by the appearance of the water over them, the seas breaking less at those particular places than in the spots where the bottom lies nearer to the surface, and all experienced mariners are aware of the fact. No doubt, the unfortunate master of this ship, finding himself reduced to the necessity of running ashore to save the lives of his crew, has chosen such a place, and has consequently forced his vessel up to a spot where she has remained dry as soon as the sea fell. So worthy a fellow deserved a better fate; for this wreck is not three days old, and yet no signs are to be seen of any who were in that stout ship.”

These remarks were made as the crew of the two boats lay on their oars, at a short distance without the line on the water, where the breaking of the sea pointed out the position of the bar. The channel, also, was plainly visible directly astern of the ship, the sea merely rising and falling in it without combing. A short distance to the southward, a few bold black rocks thrust themselves forward, and formed a sort of bay, in which it was practicable to land without risk ; for they had come on the coast in a region where the monotony of the sands, as it appeared when close in, was little relieved by the presence of anything else.

"If you will keep the cutter just without the breakers, Mr. Effingham," Captain Truck continued, after standing up awhile and examining the shore, "I will pull into the channel, and land in yonder bay. If you feel disposed to follow, you may do so by giving the tiller to Mr. Blunt, on receiving a signal to that effect from me. Be steady, gentlemen, at your oars, and look well to the arms on landing, for we are in a knavish part of the world. Should any of the monkeys or ouran-outangs claim kindred with Mr. Saunders, we may find it no easy matter to persuade them to leave us the pleasure of his society."

The captain made a sign, and the jolly-boat entered the channel. Inclining south, it was seen rising and falling just within the breakers, and then it was hid by the rocks. In another minute, Mr. Truck, followed by all but Mr. Monday, who stood sentinel at the boat, was on the rocks, making his way towards the wreck. On reaching the latter, he ascended swiftly even to the main cross-trees. Here a long examination of the plain, beyond the bank that hid it from the view of all beneath, succeeded, and then the signal to come on was made to those who were still in the boat.

"Shall we venture?" cried Paul Blunt, soliciting an assent by the very manner in which he put the question.

"What say you, dear father?"

"I hope we may not yet be too late to succor some Christian in distress, my child. Take the tiller, Mr. Blunt, and in Heaven's good name, and for humanity's sake, let us proceed?"

The boat advanced Paul Blunt standing erect to steer ; his ardor to proceed corrected by apprehensions on account of her precious freight. There was an instant when the ladies trembled, for it seemed as if the light boat was about to be cast upon the shore, like the froth of the sea that shot past them ; but the steady hand of him who steered averted the dan-

ger, and in another minute they were floating at the side of the jolly-boat. The ladies got ashore without much difficulty, and stood on the summit of the rocks.

“ *Nous voici donc en Afrique,*” exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville, with that sensation of singularity that comes over all when they first find themselves in situations of extraordinary novelty.

“ The wreck—the wreck,” murmured Eve; “ let us go to the wreck. There may be yet a hope of saving some wretched sufferer.”

Toward the wreck they all proceeded, after leaving two of the servants to relieve Mr. Monday on his watch.

It was an impressive thing to stand at the side of a ship on the sands of Africa, a scene in which the desolation of an abandoned vessel was heightened by the desolation of a desert. The position of the vessel, which stood nearly erect, imbedded in the sands, rendered it less difficult than might be supposed for the ladies to ascend to, and to walk her decks, a rude staging having been made already to facilitate the passage. Here the scene became thrice exciting, for it was the very type of a hastily deserted and cherished dwelling.

Before Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville gained the deck, the other party had ascertained that no living soul remained. The trunks, chests, furniture, and other appliances of the cabin had been rummaged, and many boxes had been raised from the hold, and plundered, a part of their contents still lying scattered on the decks. The ship, however, had been lightly freighted, and the bulk of her cargo, which was salt, was apparently untouched. A Danish ensign was found bent to the halyards, a proof that Captain Truck's original conjecture concerning the character of the vessel was accurate. Her name, too, was ascertained to be the *Carrier*, as translated into English and she belonged to Copenhagen. More than this it was not easy to ascertain. No papers were found, and her cargo, or as much of it as remained, was so mixed, and miscellaneous, as Saunders called it, that no plausible guess could be given as to the port where it had been taken in, if indeed it had all been received on board at the same place.

Several of the light sails had evidently been carried off, but all the heavy canvas was left on the yards which remained in their places. The vessel was large, exceedingly strong, as was proved by the fact that she had not bilged in beaching, and apparently well found. Nothing was wanting to launch her into the ocean but machinery and force, and a crew to sail her,

when she might have proceeded on her voyage as if nothing unusual had occurred. But such a restoration was hopeless, and this admirable machine, like a man cut off in his youth and vigor, had been cast upon the shores of this inhospitable region to moulder where it lay, unless broken up for wood and iron by the wanderers of the desert.

There was no object more likely to awaken melancholy ideas in a mind resembling that of Captain Truck than a spectacle of this nature. A fine ship, complete in nearly all her parts, virtually uninjured, and yet beyond the chance of further usefulness, in his eyes was a picture of the most cruel loss. He cared less for the money it had cost than for the qualities and properties that were thus destroyed.

He examined the bottom, which he pronounced capital for stowing, and excellent as that of a sea boat; he admired the fastenings; applied his knife to try the quality of the wood, and pronounced the Norway pine of the spars to be almost equal to anything that could be found in our own southern woods. The rigging, too he regarded as one loves to linger over the regretted qualities of a deceased friend.

The tracks of camels and horses were abundant on the sands around the ship, and especially at the bottom of the rude staging by which the party had ascended, and which had evidently been hastily made in order to carry articles from the vessel to the backs of the animals that were to bear them into the desert. The footprints of men were also to be seen, and there was a startling and mournful certainty in distinguishing the marks of shoes, as well as those of the naked foot.

Judging from all these signs, Captain Truck was of opinion the wreck must have taken place but two or three days before, and that the plunderers had not left the spot many hours.

“They probably went off with what they could carry at sunset last evening, and there can be no doubt that before many days, they, or others in their places, will be back again. God protect the poor fellows who have fallen into this miserable bondage? What an occasion would there now be to rescue one of them, should he happen to be hid near this spot!”

The idea seized the whole party at once, and all eagerly turned to examine the high bank, which rose nearly to the summit of the masts, in the hope of discovering some concealed fugitive. The gentlemen went below again, and Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt called out in German, and English, and French, to invite any one who might be secreted to come forth. No sound answered these friendly calls. Again Captain Truck went aloft

to look into the interior, but he beheld nothing more than the broad and unpeopled desert.

A place where the camels had descended to the beach was at no great distance, and thither most of the party proceeded, mounting to the level of the plain beyond. In this little expedition, Paul Blunt led the advance, and as he rose over the brow of the bank, he cocked both barrels of his fowling-piece, uncertain what might be encountered. They found, however, a silent waste, almost without vegetation, and nearly as trackless as the ocean that lay behind them. At the distance of a hundred rods, an object was just discernible, lying on the plain half-buried in sand, and thither the young men expressed a wish to go, first calling to those in the ship to send a man aloft to give the alarm, in the event of any party of the Mussulmans being seen. Mr. Effingham, too, on being told their intention, had the precaution to cause Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville to get into the cutter, which he manned, and caused to pull over the bar, where she lay waiting the issue.

A camel's path, of which the tracks were nearly obliterated by the sands, led to the object; and after toiling along it, the adventurers soon reached the desired spot. It proved to be the body of a man who had died by violence. His dress and person denoted that of a passenger rather than that of a seaman, and he had evidently been dead but a very few hours, probably not twelve. The cut of a sabre had cleft his skull. Agreeing not to acquaint the ladies with this horrible discovery, the body was hastily covered with sand, the pockets of the dead man having been first examined; for, contrary to usage, his person had not been stripped. A letter was found, written by a wife to her husband, and nothing more. It was in German, and its expressions and contents, though simple, were endearing and natural. It spoke of the traveller's return; for she who wrote it little thought of the miserable fate that awaited her beloved in this remote desert.

As nothing else was visible, the party returned hastily to the beach, where they found that Captain Truck had ended his investigation, and was impatient to return. In the interest of the scene the Montauk had disappeared behind a headland, towards which she had been drifting when they left her. Her absence created a general sense of loneliness, and the whole party hastened into the jolly-boat, as if fearful of being left. When without the bar again, the cutter took in her proper crew, and the boats pulled away, leaving the Dane standing on the

beach in his solitary desolation—a monument of his own disaster.

As they got further from the land the Montauk came in sight again, and Captain Truck announced the agreeable intelligence that the jury mainmast was up, and that the ship had an after-sail set, diminutive and defective as it might be. Instead of heading to the southward, however, as heretofore, Mr. Leach was apparently endeavoring to get back again to the northward of the headland that had shut in the ship, or was trying to retrace his steps. Mr. Truck rightly judged that this was proof his mate disliked the appearance of the coast astern of him, and that he was anxious to get an offing. The captain in consequence urged his men to row, and in little more than an hour the whole party were on the deck of the Montauk again, and the boats were hanging at the davits.

CHAPTER XVII.

I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement.

Tempest.

IF Captain Truck distrusted the situation of his own ship when he saw that the mate had changed her course, he liked it still less after he was on board, and had an opportunity to form a more correct judgment. The current had set the vessel not only to the southward, but inshore, and the send of the groundswell was gradually, but inevitably, heaving her in towards the land. At this point the coast was more broken than at the spot where the Dane had been wrecked, some signs of trees appearing, and rocks running off in irregular reefs into the sea. More to the south, these rocks were seen without the ship, while directly astern they were not half a mile distant. Still the wind was favorable, though light and baffling, and Mr. Leach had got up every stitch of canvas that circumstances would at all allow ; the lead, too, had been tried, and the bottom was found to be a hard sand mixed with rocks, and the depth of the water such as to admit of anchoring. It was a sign that Captain Truck did not absolutely despair after ascertaining all these facts, that he caused Mr. Saunders to be summoned ; for

as yet, none of those who had been in the boats had breakfasted.

"Step this way, Mr. Steward," said the captain; "and report the state of the coppers. You were rummaging, as usual, among the lockers of yonder unhappy Dane, and I desire to know what discoveries you have made! You will please to recollect, that on all public expeditions of this nature, there must be no speculation or private journal kept. Did you see any stock-fish?"

"Sir, I should deem this ship disgraced by the admission into her pantry of such an article, sir. We have tongues and sounds in plenty, Captain Truck, and no gentleman that has such diet, need ambition a stock-fish!"

"I am not quite of your way of thinking; but the earth is not made of stock-fish. Did you happen to fall in with any butter?"

"Some, sir, that is scarcely fit to slush a mast with, and I do think, one of the most atrocious cheeses, sir, it was ever my bad fortune to meet with. I do not wonder the Africans left the wreck."

"You followed their example, of course, Mr. Saunders, and left the cheese."

"I followed my own judgment, sir, for I would not stay in a ship with such a cheese, Captain Truck, sir, even to have the honor of serving under so great a commander as yourself. I think it no wonder that vessel was wrecked! Even the sharks would abandon her. The very thoughts of her impurities, sir, make me feel unsettled in the stomach."

The captain nodded his head in approbation of this sentiment, called for a coal, and then ordered breakfast. The meal was silent, thoughtful, and even sad; every one was thinking of the poor Danes and their sad fate, while they who had been on the plain had the additional subject of the murdered man for their contemplation.

"Is it possible to do nothing to redeem these poor people, father, from captivity?" Eve at length demanded.

"I have been thinking of this, my child; but I see no other method than to acquaint their government of their situation."

"Might we not contribute something from our own means to that effect? Money, I fancy, is the chief thing necessary."

The gentlemen looked at each other in approbation, though a reluctance to be the first to speak kept most of them silent.

"If a hundred pounds, Miss Effingham, will be useful," Sir George Templemore said, after the pause had continued an

awkward minute, laying a bank note of that amount on the table, "and you will honor us by becoming the keeper of the redemption money, I have great pleasure in making the offer."

This was handsomely said, and as Captain Truck afterwards declared, handsomely done too, though it was a little abrupt, and caused Eve to hesitate and redden.

"I shall accept your gift, sir," she said; "and with your permission will transfer it to Mr. Effingham, who will better know what use to put it to, in order to effect our benevolent purpose. I think I can answer for as much more from himself."

"You may, with certainty, my dear—and twice as much, if necessary. John, this is a proper occasion for your interference."

"Put me down at what you please," said John Effingham, whose charities in a pecuniary sense were as unlimited, as in feeling they were apparently restrained. "One hundred or one thousand, to rescue that poor crew!"

"I believe, sir, we must all follow so good an example," Mr. Sharp observed; "and I sincerely hope that this scheme will not prove useless. I think it may be effected by means of some of the public agents at Mogadore."

Mr. Dodge raised many objections, for it really exceeded his means to give so largely, and his character—was formed in a school too envious and jealous to confess an inferiority on a point even as worthless as that of money. Indeed, he had so long been accustomed to maintain that "one man was as good as another," in opposition to his senses, that, like most of those who belong to this impracticable school, he had tacitly admitted in his own mind, the general and vulgar ascendancy of mere wealth; and, quite as a matter of course, he was averse to confessing his own inferiority on a point that he had made to be all in all, while loudest in declaiming against any inferiority whatever. He walked out of the cabin, therefore, with strong heart-burnings and jealousies, because others had presumed to give that which it was not really in his power to bestow.

On the other hand, both Mademoiselle Viefville and Mr. Monday manifested the superiority of the opinions in which they had been trained. The first quietly handed a Napoleon to Mr. Effingham, who took it with as much attention and politeness as he received any of the larger contributions; while the latter produced a five-pound note, with a hearty good will that redeemed the sin of many a glass of punch in the eyes of his companions.

Eve did not dare to look towards Paul Blunt, while this collection was making; but she felt regret that he did not join in it. He was silent and thoughtful, and even seemed pained, and she wondered if it were possible that one, who certainly lived in a style to prove that his income was large, could be so thoughtless as to have deprived himself of the means of doing that which he so evidently desired to do. But most of the company was too well-bred to permit the matter to become the subject of conversation, and they soon rose from table in a body. The mind of Eve, however, was greatly relieved when her father told her that the young man had put a hundred sovereigns in gold into his hands as soon as possible, and that he had seconded this offering with another, of embarking for Mogadore in person, should they get into the Cape de Verdes, or the Canaries, with a view of carrying out the charitable plan with the least delay.

"He is a noble-hearted young man," said the pleased father, as he communicated this fact to his daughter and cousin; "and I shall not object to the plan."

"If he offer to quit this ship one minute sooner than is necessary, he does, indeed, deserve a statue of gold," said John Effingham; "for it has all that can attract a young man like him, and all too that can awaken his jealousy."

"Cousin Jack!" exclaimed Eve reproachfully, quite thrown off her guard by the abruptness and plainness of this language.

The quiet smile of Mr. Effingham proved that he understood both, but he made no remark. Eve instantly recovered her spirits, and angry at herself for the girlish exclamation that had escaped her, she turned on her assailant. "I do not know that I ought to be seen in an aside with Mr. John Effingham," she said, "even when it is sanctioned with the presence of my own father."

"And may I ask why so much sudden reserve, my offended beauty?"

"Merely that the report is already active, concerning the delicate relation in which we stand towards each other."

John Effingham looked surprised, but he suppressed his curiosity from a long habit of affecting an indifference he did not always feel. The father was less dignified, for he quietly demanded an explanation.

"It would seem," returned Eve, assuming a solemnity suited to a matter of interest, "that our secret is discovered. While we were indulging our curiosity about this unfortunate

ship, Mr. Dodge was gratifying the laudable industry of the Active Inquirer, by prying into our staterooms."

"This meanness is impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham.

"Nay," said John, "no meanness is impossible to a demagogue,—a pretender to things of which he has even no just conception,—a man who lives to envy and traduce; in a word, a *quasi* gentleman. Let us hear what Eve has to say."

"My information is from Ann Sidley, who saw him in the act. Now the kind letter you wrote my father, cousin Jack, just before we left London, and which you wrote because you would not trust that honest tongue of yours to speak the feelings of that honest heart, is the subject of my daily study; not on account of its promises, you will believe me, but on account of the strong affection it displays to a girl who is not worthy of one half you feel and do for her."

"Pshaw!"

"Well, let it then be pshaw! I had read that letter this very morning, and carelessly left it on my table. This letter Mr. Dodge, in his undying desire to lay everything before the public, as becomes his high vocation, and as in duty bound, has read; and misconstruing some of the phrases, as will sometimes happen to a zealous circulator of news, he has drawn the conclusion that I am to be made a happy woman as soon as we reach America, by being converted from Miss Eve Effingham into Mrs. John Effingham."

"Impossible! No man can be such a fool, or quite so great a miscreant!"

"I should rather think, my child," added the milder father, "that injustice has been done Mr. Dodge. No person, in the least approximating to the station of a gentleman, could even think of an act so base as this you mention."

"Oh! if this be all your objection to the tale," observed the cousin, "I am ready to swear to its truth. But Eve has caught a little of Captain Truck's spirit of mystifying, and is determined to make a character by a bold stroke in the beginning. She is clever, and in time may rise to be a quiz."

"Thank you for the compliment, cousin Jack, which, however, I am forced to disclaim, as I never was more serious in my life. That the letter was read, Nanny, who is truth itself, affirms she saw. That Mr. Dodge has since been industriously circulating the report of my great good fortune, she has heard from the mate, who had it from the highest source of information direct, and that such a man would be likely to come to

such a conclusion, you have only to recall the terms of the letter yourself, to believe."

"There is nothing in my letter to justify any notion so silly."

"An Active Inquirer might make discoveries you little dream of, dear cousin Jack. You speak of its being time to cease roving, of settling yourself at last, of never parting, and, prodigal as you are, of making Eve the future mistress of your fortune. Now to all this, recreant, confess, or I shall never again put faith in man."

John Effingham made no answer, but the father warmly expressed his indignation, that any man of the smallest pretensions to be admitted among gentlemen, should be guilty of an act so base.

"We can hardly tolerate his presence, John, and it is almost a matter of conscience to send him to Coventry."

"If you entertain such notions of decorum, your wisest way, Edward, will be to return to the place whence you have come; for, trust me, you will find scores of such gentlemen where you are going!"

"I shall not allow you to persuade me I know my own country so little. Conduct like this will stamp a man with disgrace in America as well as elsewhere."

"Conduct like this would, but it will no longer. The pell-mell that rages has brought honorable men into a sad minority, and even Mr. Dodge will tell you the majority must rule. Were he to publish my letter, a large portion of his readers would fancy he was merely asserting the liberty of the press. Heavens save us! You have been dreaming abroad, Ned Effingham, while your country has retrograded, in all that is respectable and good, a century in a dozen years!"

As this was the usual language of John Effingham, neither of his listeners thought much of it, though Mr. Effingham more decidedly expressed an intention to cut off even the slight communication with the offender, he had permitted himself to keep up, since they had been on board.

"Think better of it, dear father," said Eve; "for such a man is scarcely worthy of even your resentment. He is too much your inferior in principles, manners, character, station, and everything else, to render him of so much account; and then, were we to clear up this masquerade into which the chances of a ship have thrown us, we might have our scruples concerning others, as well as concerning this wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Say rather an ass, shaved and painted to resemble a zebra," muttered John. "The fellow has no property as respectable as the basest virtue of a wolf."

"He has at least rapacity."

"And can howl in a pack. This much, then, I will concede to you; but I agree with Eve, we must either punish him affirmatively, by pulling his ears, or treat him with contempt, which is always negative or silent. I wish he had entered the stateroom of that fine young fellow, Paul Blunt, who is of an age and a spirit to give him a lesson that might make a paragraph for his *Active Inquirer*, if not a scissors' extract of himself."

Eve knew that the offender had been there too, but she had too much prudence to betray him.

"This will only so much the more oblige him," she said, laughingly; "for Mr. Blunt, in speaking of the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, said that he had the failing to believe that this earth, and all it contained, was created merely to furnish materials for newspaper paragraphs."

The gentlemen laughed with the amused Eve, and Mr. Effingham remarked, that "there did seem to be men so perfectly selfish, so much devoted to their own interests, and so little sensible of the rights and feelings of others, as to manifest a desire to render the press superior to all other power; "Not," he concluded, "in the way of argument, or as an agent of reason, but as a master, coarse, corrupt, tyrannical and vile; the instrument of selfishness, instead of the right, and when not employed as the promoter of personal interests, to be employed as the tool of personal passions."

"Your father will become a convert to my opinions, Miss Effingham," said John, "and he will not be home a twelve-month before he will make the discovery that the government is a press-ocracy, and its ministers, self-chosen and usurpers, composed of those who have the least at stake, even as to character."

Mr. Effingham shook his head in dissent, but the conversation changed in consequence of a stir in the ship. The air from the land had freshened, and even the heavy canvas on which the *Montauk* was now compelled principally to rely, had been asleep, as mariners term it, or had blown out from the mast, where it stood inflated and steady, a proof at sea, where the water is always in motion, that the breeze is getting to be fresh. Aided by this power, the ship had overcome the united action of the heavy ground-swell and of the current, and was stealing out from under the land, when the air murmured for an instant,

as if about to blow still fresher, and then all the sails flapped. The wind had passed away like a bird, and a dark line to seaward, denoted the approach of the breeze from the ocean. The stir in the vessel was occasioned by the preparations to meet this change.

The new wind brought little with it beyond the general danger of blowing on shore. The breeze was light, and not more than sufficient to force the vessel through the water, in her present condition, a mile and a half in the hour, and this too in a line nearly parallel with the coast. Captain Truck saw therefore at a glance, that he should be compelled to anchor. Previously, however, to doing this, he had a long talk with his mates, and a boat was lowered.

The lead was cast, and the bottom was found to be still good, though a hard sand, which is not the best holding ground.

"A heavy sea would cause the ship to drag," Captain Truck remarked, "should it come on to blow, and the lines of dark rocks astern of them would make chips of the Pennsylvanian in an hour, were that great ship to lie on it."

He entered the boat, and pulled along the reefs to examine an inlet that Mr. Leach reported to have been seen, before he got the ship's head to the northward. Could an entrance be found at this point, the vessel might possibly be carried within the reef, and the favorite scheme of the captain's could be put in force, one to which he now attached the highest importance. A mile brought the boat up to the inlet, where Mr. Truck found the following appearances: The general formation of the coast in sight was that of a slight curvature, within which the ship had so far drifted as to be materially inside a line drawn from headland to headland. There was, consequently, little hope of urging a vessel, crippled like the Montauk, against wind, sea and current, out again into the ocean. For about a league abreast of the ship the coast was rocky, though low, the rocks running off from the shore quite a mile in places, and everywhere fully half that distance. The formation was irregular, but it had the general character of a reef, the position of which was marked by breakers, as well as by the black heads of rocks that here and there showed themselves above the water. The inlet was narrow, crooked, and so far environed by rocks as to render it questionable whether there was a passage at all, though the smoothness of the water had raised hopes to that effect in Mr Leach.

As soon as Captain Truck arrived at the mouth of this passage, he felt so much encouraged by the appearance of things

that he gave the concerted signal for the ship to veer round and to stand to the southward. This was losing ground in the way of offing, but tack the Montauk could not with so little wind, and the captain saw by the drift she had made since he left her that promptitude was necessary. The ship might anchor off the inlet, as well as anywhere else, if reduced to anchoring outside at all, and then there was always the chance of entering.

As soon as the ship's head was again to the southward, and Captain Truck felt certain that she was lying along the reef at a reasonably safe distance, and in as good a direction as he could hope for, he commenced his examination. Like a discreet seaman he pulled off from the rocks to a suitable distance, for should an obstacle occur outside, he well knew any depth of water further in would be useless. The day was so fine, and in the absence of rivers, the ocean so limpid in that low latitude, that it was easy to see the bottom at a considerable depth. But to this sense, of course, the captain did not trust, for he kept the lead going constantly, although all eyes were also employed in searching for rocks.

The first cast of the lead was in five fathoms, and these soundings were held nearly up to the inlet, where the lead struck a rock in three fathoms and a half. At this point, then, a more careful examination was made, but three and a half was the shallowest cast. As the Montauk drew nearly a fathom less than this, the cautious old master proceeded closer in. Directly in the mouth of the inlet was a large flat rock, that rose nearly to the surface of the sea, and which, when the tide was low, was probably bare. This rock Captain Truck at first believed would defeat his hopes of success, which by this time were strong; but a closer examination showed him that on one side of it was a narrow passage, just wide enough to admit a ship.

From this spot the channel became crooked, but it was sufficiently marked by the ripple on the reef; and after a careful investigation, he found it was possible to carry three fathoms quite within the reef, where a large space existed that was gradually filling up with sand, but which was nearly all covered with water when the tide was in, as was now the case, and which had channels, as usual, between the banks. Following one of these channels a quarter of a mile, he found a basin of four fathoms of water, large enough to take a ship in, and, fortunately, it was in close proximity to a portion of the reef that was always bare, when a heavy sea was not beating over it. Here he dropped a buoy, for he had come provided with several fragments of spars for this purpose; and, on his return, the channel

was similarly marked off, at all the critical points. On the flat rock, in the inlet, one of the men was left standing up to his waist in the water, it being certain that the tide was falling.

The boat now returned to the ship, which it met at the distance of half a mile from the inlet. The current setting southwardly, her progress had been more rapid than when heading north, and her drift had been less towards the land. Still there was so little wind, so steady a ground-swell, and it was possible to carry so little after-sail, that great doubts were entertained of being able to weather the rocks sufficiently to turn into the inlet. Twenty times in the next half hour was the order to let go the anchor, on the point of being given, as the wind baffled, and as often was it countermanded, to take advantage of its reviving. These were feverish moments, for the ship was now so near the reef as to render her situation very insecure in the event of the wind's rising, or of a sea's getting up, the sand of the bottom being too hard to make good holding-ground. Still, as there was a possibility, in the present state of the weather, of kedging the ship off a mile into the offing, if necessary, Captain Truck stood on with a boldness he might not otherwise have felt. The anchor hung suspended by a single turn of the stopper, ready to drop at a signal, and Mr. Truck stood between the knight-heads, watching the slow progress of the vessel, and accurately noticing every foot of leeward set she made, as compared with the rocks.

All this time the poor fellow stood in the water, awaiting the arrival of his friends, who in their turn, were anxiously watching his features, as they gradually grew more distinct.

"I see his eyes," cried the captain cheerily; "take a drag at the bowlines, and let her head up as much as she will, Mr. Leach, and never mind those sham topsails. Take them in at once, sir; they do us, now, more harm than good."

The clewline blocks rattled, and the top-gallant sails which were made to do the duty of top-sails, but which would hardly spread to the lower yards, so as to set on a wind, came rapidly in. Five minutes of intense doubt followed, when the captain gave the animating order to—

"Man the main-clew garnets, boys, and stand by to make a run of it!"

This was understood to be a sign that the ship was far enough to windward, and the command to "in mainsail," which soon succeeded, was received with a shout.

"Hard up with the helm, and stand by to lay the fore-yard

square," cried Captain Truck, rubbing his hands. "Look that both bowers are clear for a run; and you, Toast, bring me the brightest coal in the galley."

The movements of the Montauk were necessarily slow; but she obeyed her helm, and fell off until her bows pointed in towards the sailor in the water. This fine fellow, the moment he saw the ship approaching, waded to the verge of the rock, where it went off perpendicularly to the bottom, and waved to them to come on without fear.

"Come within ten feet of me," he shouted. "There is nothing to spare on the other side."

As the captain was prepared for this, the ship was steered accordingly, and as she hove slowly past on the rising and falling water, a rope was thrown to the man, who was hauled on board.

"Port!" cried the captain, as soon as the rock was passed; "port your helm, sir, and stand for the first buoy."

In this manner the Montauk drove slowly but steadily on, until she had reached the basin, where one anchor was let go almost as soon as she entered. The chain was paid out until the vessel was forced over to some distance, and then the other bower was dropped. The fore-sail was hauled up and handed, and chain was given the ship, which was pronounced to be securely moored.

"Now," cried the captain, all his anxiety ceasing with the responsibility, "I expect to be made a member of the New York Philosophical Society at least, which is learned company for a man who has never been at college, for discovering a port on the coast of Africa, which harbor, ladies and gentlemen, without too much vanity, I hope to be permitted to call Port Truck. If Mr. Dodge, however, should think this too anti-republican, we will compromise the matter by calling it Port Truck and Dodge; or the town that no doubt will sooner or later arise on its banks, may be called Dodgeborough, and I will keep the harbor to myself."

"Should Mr. Dodge consent to this arrangement, he will render himself liable to the charge of aristocracy," said Mr. Sharp; for as all felt relieved by finding themselves in a place of security, so all felt disposed to join in the pleantry. "I dare say his modesty would prevent his consenting to the plan."

"Why, gentlemen," returned the subject of these remarks, "I do not know that we are to refuse honors that are fairly imposed on us by the popular voice; and the practice of nam-

ing towns and counties after distinguished citizens, is by no means uncommon with us. A few of my own neighbors have been disposed to honor me in this way already, and my paper is issued from a hamlet that certainly does bear my own unworthy name. So you perceive there will be no novelty in the appellation."

"I would have made oath to it," cried the captain, "from your well-established humility. Is the place as large as London?"

"It can boast of little more than my own office, a tavern, a store, and a blacksmith's shop, captain, as yet; but Rome was not built in a day."

"Your neighbors, sir, must be people of extraordinary discernment; but the name!"

"That is not absolutely decided. At first it was called Dodgetown, but this did not last long, being thought vulgar and commonplace. Six or eight weeks afterwards, we—"

"We, Mr. Dodge!"

"I mean the people, sir,—I am so much accustomed to connect myself with the people, that whatever they do, I think I had a hand in."

"And very properly, sir," observed John Effingham, "as probably without you, there would have been no people at all."

"What may be the population of Dodgetown, sir?" asked the persevering captain, on this hint.

"At the census of January, it was seventeen; but by the census of March, there were eighteen. I have made a calculation that shows, if we go on at this rate, or by arithmetical progression, it will be a hundred in about ten years which will be a very respectable population for a country place. I beg pardon, sir, the people six or eight weeks afterwards, altered the name to Dodgeborough; but a new family coming in that summer, a party was got up to change it to Dodgeville, a name that was immensely popular, as ville means city in Latin; but it must be owned the people like change, or rotation in names, as well as in office, and they called the place Butterfield Hollow, for a whole month, after the new inhabitant, whose name is Butterfield. He moved away in the fall; and so, after trying Belindy, (*Anglice* Belinda,) Nineveh, Grand Cairo, and Pumpkin Valley, they made me the offer to restore the ancient name, provided some *addendum* more noble and proper could be found than town, or ville, or borough; it is not yet determined what it shall be, but I believe we shall finally settle down in Dodgepeople, or Dodgeopolis."

"For the season; and a very good name it will prove for a short cruise, I make no question. The Butterfield Hollow *was* a little like rotation in office; in truth, sir."

"I didn't like it, captain, so I gave Squire Butterfield to understand, privately; for as he had a majority with him, I didn't approve of speaking too strongly on the subject. As soon as I got him out of the tavern, however, the current set the other way."

"You fairly uncorked him!"

"That I did, and no one ever heard of him, or of his hollow, after his retreat. There are a few discontented and arrogant innovators, who affect to call the place by its old name of Morton; but these are the mere vassals of a man who once owned the patent, and who has now been dead these forty years. We are not the people to keep his old musty name, or to honor dry bones."

"Served him right, sir, and like men of spirit! If he wants a place called after himself, let him live, like other people. A dead man has no occasion for a name, and there should be a law passed, that when a man slips his cables, he should bequeath his name to some honest fellow who has a worse one. It might be well to compel all great men in particular, to leave their renown to those who cannot get any for themselves."

"I will venture to suggest an improvement on the name, if Mr. Dodge will permit me," said Mr. Sharp, who had been an amused listener to the short dialogue. "Dodgepeople is a little short, and may be offensive by its *brusquerie*. By inserting a single letter, it will become Dodge-people; or, there is the alternative of Dodge-adrianople, which will be a truly sonorous and republican title. Adrian was an emperor, and even Mr. Dodge might not disdain the conjunction."

By this time, the editor of the *Active Inquirer* began to be extremely elevated—for this was assailing him on his weakest side—and he laughed and rubbed his hands, as if he thought the joke particularly pleasant. This person had also a peculiarity of judgment that was singularly in opposition to all his open professions, a peculiarity, however, that belongs rather to his class than to the individual member of it. Ultra as a democrat and an American, Mr. Dodge had a sneaking predilection in favor of foreign opinions. Although practice had made him intimately acquainted with all the frauds, deceptions, and vileness of the ordinary arts of paragraph-making, he never failed to believe religiously in the veracity, judgment, good faith, honesty and talents of anything that was imported in the

form of types. He had been weekly, for years, accusing his nearest brother of the craft, of lying, and he could not be altogether ignorant of his own propensity in the same way ; but, notwithstanding all this experience in the secrets of the trade, whatever reached him from a European journal, he implicitly swallowed whole. One, who knew little of the man, might have supposed he feigned credulity to answer his own purposes ; but this would be doing injustice to his faith, which was perfect, being based on that provincial admiration, and provincial ignorance, that caused the countryman, who went to London for the first time, to express astonishment at finding the king a man. As was due to his colonial origin, his secret awe and reverence for an Englishman was exactly in proportion to his protestation of love for the people, and his deference for rank was graduated on a scale suited to the heart-burning and jealousies he entertained for all whom he felt to be his superiors. Indeed, one was the cause of the other ; for they who really are indifferent to their own social position, are usually equally indifferent to that of others, so long as they are not made to feel the difference by direct assumptions of superiority.

When Mr. Sharp, whom even M. Dodge had discovered to be a gentleman,—and an English gentleman of course,—entered into the trifling of the moment, therefore, so far from detecting the mystification, the latter was disposed to believe himself a subject of interest with this person, against whose exclusiveness and haughty reserve, notwithstanding, he had been making side-hits ever since the ship had sailed. But the avidity with which the Americans of Mr. Dodge's temperament are apt to swallow the crumbs of flattery that fall from the Englishman's table, is matter of history, and the editor himself was never so happy as when he could lay hold of a paragraph to republish, in which a few words of comfort were doled out by the condescending mother to the never-dying faith of the daughter. So far, therefore, from taking umbrage at what had been said, he continued the subject long after the captain had gone to his duty, and with so much perseverance that Paul Blunt, as soon as Mr. Sharp escaped, took an occasion to compliment that gentleman on his growing intimacy with the refined and single-minded champion of the people. The other admitted his indiscretion ; and if the affair had no other consequences, it afforded these two fine young men a moment's merriment, at a time when anxiety had been fast getting the ascendancy over their more cheerful feelings. When they

endeavored to make Miss Effingham share in the amusement, however, that young lady heard them with gravity; for the meanness of the act discovered by Nanny Sidley, had indisposed her to treat the subject of their comments with the familiarity of even ridicule. Perceiving this, through unable to account for it, the gentlemen changed the discourse, and soon became sufficiently grave by contemplating their own condition.

The situation of the Montauk was now certainly one to excite uneasiness in those who were little acquainted with the sea, as well as in those who were. It was very much like that for which Miss Effingham's nurse had pined, having many rocks and sands in sight, with the land at no great distance. In order that the reader may understand it more clearly, we shall describe it with greater minuteness.

To the westward of the ship lay the ocean, broad, smooth, glittering, but, heaving and setting, with its eternal breathings, which always resemble the respiration of some huge monster. Between the vessel and this waste of water, and within three hundred feet of the first, stretched an irregular line of ripple, dotted here and there with the heads of low naked rocks, marking the presence and direction of the reef.

This was all that would interpose between the basin and the raging billows, should another storm occur; but Captain Truck thought this would suffice so far to break the waves as to render the anchorage sufficiently secure. Astern of the ship, however, a rounded ridge of sand began to appear as the tide fell, within forty fathoms of the vessel, and as the bottom was hard, and difficult to get an anchor into it, there was the risk of dragging on this bank. We say that the bottom was hard, for the reader should know that it is not the weight of the anchor that secures the ship, but the hold its pointed fluke and broad palm get of the ground. The coast itself was distant less than a mile, and the entire basin within the reef was fast presenting spits of sand, as the water fell on the ebb. Still there were many channels, and it would have been possible, for one who knew their windings, to have sailed a ship several leagues among them, without passing the inlet; these channels forming a sort of intricate network, in every direction from the vessel.

When Captain Truck had coolly studied all the peculiarities of his position, he set about the duty of securing his ship, in good earnest. The two light boats were brought under the bows, and the stream anchor was lowered, and fastened to a spar that lay across both. This anchor was carried to the

bank astern, and, by dint of sheer strength, it was laid over its summit with a fluke buried to the shank in the hard sand. By means of a hawser, and a purchase applied to its end, the men on the banks next roused the chain out, and shackled it to the ring. The bight was hove-in, and the ship secured astern, so as to prevent a shift of wind, off the land, from forcing her on the reef. As no sea could come from this quarter, the single anchor and chain were deemed sufficient for this purpose. As soon as the boats were at liberty, and before the chain had been got ashore, two kedges were carried to the reef, and laid among the rocks, in such a way that their flukes and stocks equally got hold of the projections. To these kedges lighter chains were secured; and when all the bights were hove-in, to as equal a strain as possible, Captain Truck pronounced his ship in readiness to ride out any gale that would be likely to blow. So far as the winds and waves might affect her, the Montauk was, in truth, reasonably safe; for on the side where danger was most to be apprehended, she had two bowers down, and four parts of smaller chain were attached to the two kedges. Nor had Captain Truck fallen into the common error of supposing he had so much additional strength in his fastenings, by simply running the chains through the rings, but he had caused each to be separately fastened, both in-board and to the kedges, by which means each length of the chain formed a distinct and independent fastening of itself.

So absolute is the sovereignty of a ship, that no one had presumed to question the master as to his motives for all this extraordinary precaution, though it was the common impression that he intended to remain where they were until the wind became favorable, or at least, until all danger of being thrown upon the coast, from the current and the ground-swell, should have ceased. Paul Blunt observed, that he fancied it was the intention to take advantage of the smooth water within the reef, to get up a better and a more efficient set of jury-masts. But Captain Truck soon removed all doubts by letting the truth be known. While on board the Danish wreck, he had critically examined her spars, sails, and rigging, and, though adapted for a ship two hundred tons smaller than the Montauk, he was of opinion they might be fitted to the latter vessel, and made to answer all the necessary purposes for crossing the ocean, provided the Mussulmans and the weather would permit the transfer.

“We have smooth water and light airs,” he said, when concluding his explanation, “and the current sets southwardly

along this coast ; by means of all our force, hard working, a kind Providence, and our own enterprise, I hope yet to see the Montauk enter the port of New York, with royals set, and ready to carry sail on a wind. The seaman who cannot rig his ship with sticks and ropes and blocks enough, might as well stay ashore, Mr. Dodge, and publish an hebdomadal. And so, my dear young lady, by looking along the land, the day after tomorrow, in the northern board here, you may expect to see a raft booming down upon you that will cheer your heart, and once more raise the hope of a Christmas dinner in New York, in all lovers of good fare."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up—

Lear

His mind made up, his intentions announced, and his ship in readiness, Captain Truck gave his orders to proceed with promptitude and clearness. The ladies remaining behind, he observed that the two Messrs. Effingham, as a matter of course, would stay with them as protectors, though little could harm them where they were.

"I propose to leave the ship in the care of Mr. Blunt," he said, "for I perceive something about that gentleman which denotes a nautical instinct. If Mr. Sharp choose to remain also, your society will be the more agreeable, and in exchange, gentlemen, I ask the favor of the strong arms of all your servants. Mr. Monday is my man in fair or foul, and so, I flatter myself, will be Sir George Templemore ; and as for Mr. Dodge, if he stay behind, why the Active Inquirer will miss a notable paragraph, for there shall be no historian to the expedition, but one of my own appointing. Mr. Saunders shall have the honor of cooking for you in the meanwhile, and I propose taking every one else to the Dane."

As no serious objections could be made to this arrangement, within an hour of the time when the ship was fastened, the cutter, and jolly-boat departed, it being the intention of Captain Truck to reach the wreck that evening, in season to have his

sheers ready to raise by daylight in the morning ; for he hoped to be back again in the course of the succeeding day. No time was to be lost, he knew, the return of the Arabs being hourly expected, and the tranquillity of the open sea being at all times a matter of the greatest uncertainty. With the declared view of making quick work, and with the secret apprehension of a struggle with the owners of the country, the captain took with him every officer and man on the ship that could possibly be spared, and as many of the passengers as he thought might be useful. As numbers might be important in the way of intimidation, he cared almost as much for appearances as for anything else, or certainly he would not have deemed the presence of Mr. Dodge of any great moment ; for to own the truth, he expected the editor of the *Active Inquirer* would prove the quality implied by the first word of the title of his journal, as much in any other way as in fighting.

Neither provisions nor water, beyond what might be necessary in pulling to the wreck, nor ropes, nor blocks, nor anything but arms and ammunition, were taken in the boats ; for the examination of the morning had shown the captain, that, notwithstanding so much had been plundered, a sufficiency still remained in the stranded vessel. Indeed, the fact that so much had been left was one of his reasons for hastening off himself, as he deemed it certain that they who had taken away what was gone, would soon return for the remainder. The fowling-pieces and pistols, with all the powder and ball in the ship, were taken : a light gun that was on board, for the purpose of awaking sleepy pilots, being left loaded, with the intention of serving for a signal of alarm, should any material change occur in the situation of the ship.

The party included thirty men, and as most had firearms of one sort or another, they pulled out of the inlet with spirit and great confidence in their eventual success. The boats were crowded, it is true, but there was room to row, and the launch had been left in its place on deck, because it was known that two boats were to be found in the wreck, one of which was large : in short, as Captain Truck had meditated this expedient from the moment he ascertained the situation of the *Dane*, he now set about carrying it into effect with method and discrimination. We shall first accompany him on his way, leaving the small party in the *Montauk* for our future attention in another chapter.

The distance between the two vessels was about four leagues, and a headland intervening, those in the boats in less than an

hour lost sight of their own ship, as she lay shorn of her pride anchored within the reef. At almost the same moment, the wreck came into view, and Captain Truck applied his glass with great interest, in order to ascertain the state of things in that direction. All was tranquil—no signs of any one having visited the spot since morning being visible. This intelligence was given to the people, who pulled at their oars the more willingly under the stimulus of probable success, driving the boats ahead with increasing velocity.

The sun was still some distance above the horizon, when the cutter and jolly-boat rowed through the narrow channel astern of the wreck, and brought up, as before, by the side of the rocks. Leaping ashore, Captain Truck led the way to the vessel, and, in five minutes, he was seen in the forward cross-trees, examining the plain with his glass. All was as solitary and deserted as when before seen, and the order was immediately given to commence operations without delay.

A gang of the best seamen got on the spare topmast and lower-yard of the Dane, and set about fitting a pair of sheers, a job that would be likely to occupy them several hours. Mr. Leach led a party up forward, and the second mate went up with another further aft, each proceeding to send down its respective top-gallant-mast, top-sail-yard, and top-mast; while Captain Truck, from the deck, superintended the same work on the mizen-mast. As the men worked with spirit, and a strong party remained below to give the drags, and to come up the lanyards, spar come down after spar with rapidity, and just as the sun dipped into the ocean to the westward, everything but the lower-masts was lying on the sands, alongside of the ship; nothing having been permitted to touch the decks in descending. Previously, however, to sending down the lower-yards, the launch had been lifted from its bed and landed also by the side of the vessel.

All hands were now mustered on the sands, and the boat was launched, an operation of some delicacy, as heavy rollers were occasionally coming in. As soon as it floated, his powerful auxiliary was swept up to the rocks, and then the men began to load it with the standing rigging and the sails, the latter having been unbent, as fast as each spar came down. Two kedges were found, and a hawser was bent to one, when the launch was carried outside of the bar and anchored. Lines being brought in, the yards were hauled out to the same place, and strongly lashed together for the night. A great deal of running rigging, many blocks, and divers other small articles,

were put into the boat of the Montauk, and the jolly-boat of the wreck, which was still hanging at her stern, was also lowered and got into the water. With these acquisitions, the party had now four boats, one of which was heavy and capable of carrying a considerable freight.

By this time it was so late and so dark, that Captain Truck determined to suspend his labors until morning. In the course of a few hours of active toil, he had secured all the yards, the sails, the standing and running rigging, the boats, and many of the minor articles of the Dane; and nothing of essential importance remained, but the three lower masts. These, it is true, were all in all to him, for without them he would be but little better off than he was before, since his own ship had spare canvas and spare yards enough to make a respectable show above the foundation. This foundation, however, was the great requisite, and his principal motive in taking the other things, was to have a better fit than could be obtained by using spars and sails that were not intended to go together.

At eight o'clock, the people got their suppers, and prepared to turn in for the night. Some conversation passed between Captain Truck and his mates, concerning the manner of disposing of the men while they slept, which resulted in the former's keeping a well-armed party of ten with him in the ship, while the remainder were put in the boats, all of which were fastened to the launch, as she lay anchored off the bar. Here they made beds of the sails, and, setting a watch, the greater portion of both gangs were soon as quietly asleep as if lying in their own berths on board the Montauk. Not so with Captain Truck and his mates. They walked the deck of the Dane fully an hour after the men were silent, and for some time after Mr. Monday had finished the bottle of wine he had taken the precaution to bring with him from the packet, and had bestowed his person among some old sails in the cabin. The night was a bright starlight, but the moon was not to be expected until near morning. The wind came off the sands of the interior in hot puffs, but so lightly as to sound, that it breathed past them like the sighings of the desert.

"It is lucky, Mr. Leach," said the Captain, continuing the discourse he had been holding with his mate in a low voice, under the sense of the insecurity of their situation; "it is lucky, Mr. Leach, that we got out the stream anchor astern, else we should have had the ship rubbing her copper against the corners of the rocks. This air seems light, but under all her can-

vas, the Montauk would soon flap her way out from this coast, if all were ready."

"Ay, ay, sir, if all were ready!" repeated Mr. Leach, as if he knew how much honest labor was to be expended before that happy moment could arrive.

"If all were ready. I think we may be able to whip these three sticks out of this fellow by breakfast-time in the morning, and then a couple of hours will answer for the raft; after which, a pull of six or eight more will take us back to our own craft."

"If all goes well, it may be done, sir."

"Well or ill, it must be done. We are not in a situation to play at jack-straws!"

"I hope it may be done, sir."

"Mr. Leach!"

"Captain Truck!"

"We are in a d——le category, sir, if the truth must be spoken."

"That is a word I am not much acquainted with, but we have an awkward berth of it here, if that be what you mean!"

A long pause, during which these two seamen, one of whom was old, the other young, paced the deck diligently.

"Mr. Leach!"

"Captain Truck!"

"Do you ever pray?"

"I have done such a thing in my time, sir; but, since I have sailed with you, I have been taught to work first and pray afterwards; and when the difficulty has been gotten over by the work, the prayers have commonly seemed surplusage."

"You should take to your thanksgivings. I think your grandfather was a parson, Leach."

"Yes, he was, sir, and I have been told your father followed the same trade."

"You have been told the truth, Mr. Leach. My father was as meek, and pious, and humble a Christian as ever thumped a pulpit. A poor man, and, if truth must be spoken, a poor preacher too; but a zealous one, and thoroughly devout. I ran away from him at twelve, and never passed a week at a time under his roof afterwards. He could not do much for me, for he had little education and no money, and, I believe, carried on the business pretty much by faith. He was a good man, Leach, notwithstanding there might be a little of a take-in for such a person to set up as a teacher; and, as for my

mother, if there ever was a pure spirit on earth it was in her body!"

"Ay, that is the way commonly with the mothers, sir."

"She taught me to pray," added the captain, speaking a little thick, "but since I've been in this London line, to own the truth, I find but little time for anything but hard work, until, for want of practice, praying has got to be among the hardest things I can turn my hand to."

"That is the way with all of us; it is my opinion, Captain Truck, these London and Liverpool liners will have a good many lost souls to answer for."

"Ay, ay, if we could put it on them, it would do well enough; but my honest old father always maintained, that every man must stand in the gap left by his own sins; though he did assert, also that we were all fore-ordained to shape our courses starboard or port, even before we were launched."

"That doctrine makes an easy tide's-way of life; for I see no great use in a man's carrying sail and jamming himself up in the wind, to claw off immoralities, when he knows he is to fetch up upon them after all his pains."

"I have worked all sorts of traverses to get hold of this matter, and never could make anything of it. It is harder than logarithms. If my father had been the only one to teach it, I should have thought less about it, for he was no scholar, and might have been paying it out just in the way of business; but then my mother believed it, body and soul, and she was too good a woman to stick long to a course that had not truth to back it."

"Why not believe it heartily, sir, and let the wheel fly? One gets to the end of the v'y'ge on this tack as well as on another."

"There is no great difficulty in working up to or even through the passage of death, Leach, but the great point is to know the port we are to moor in finally. My mother taught me to pray, and when I was ten I had underrun all the Commandments, knew the Lord's Creed and the Apostles' Prayer, and had made a handsome slant into the Catechism; but, dear me, dear me, it has all oozed out of me, like the warmth from a Greenlander."

"Folks were better educated in your time, Captain Truck, than they are nowadays, by all I can learn."

"No doubt of that in the world. In my time yonkers were taught respect for their betters, and for age, and their Catechism, and piety, and the Apostles' Prayer, and all those sort of things

But America has fallen astern sadly in manners within the last fifty years. I do not flatter myself with being as good as I was when under my excellent dear mother's command, but there are worse men in the world, and out of Newgate, too, than John Truck. Now, in the way of vices, Leach, I never swear."

"Not you sir; and Mr. Monday *never* drinks."

As the protestation of sobriety on the part of their passenger had got to be a joke with the officers and men of the ship, Captain Truck had no difficulty in understanding his mate, and though nettled at a retort that was like usurping his own right to the exclusive quizzing of the vessel, he was in a mood much too sentimental and reflecting to be angry. After a moment's pause, he resumed the dialogue, as if nothing had been said to disturb its harmony.

"No, I *never* swear; or, if I do, it is in a small gentlemanly way, and with none of your foul-mouthed oaths, such as are used by the horse-jockeys that formerly sailed out of the river."

"Were they hard swearers?"

"Is a nor'wester a hard wind? Those fellows, after they have been choked off and jammed by the religion ashore for a month or two, would break out like a hurricane when they had made an offing, and were once fairly out of hearing of the parsons and deacons. It is said that old Joe Bunk began an oath on the bar that he did not get to the end of until his brig was off Montauk. I have my doubts, Leach, if anything be gained by screwing down religion and morals, like a cotton bale, as is practised in and about the river!"

"A good many begin to be of the same way of thinking; for when our people *do* break out, it is like the small-pox!"

"I am an advocate for education; nor do I think I was taught in my own case more than was reasonable. I think even a prayer is of more use to a ship-master than Latin, and I often have, even now, recourse to one, though it may not be exactly in Scripture language. I seldom want a wind without praying for it, mentally, as it might be; and as for the rheumatis', I am always praying to be rid of it, when I'm not cursing it starboard and larboard. Has it never struck you that the world is less moral since steamboats were introduced than formerly?"

"The boats date from before my birth sir."

"Very true—you are but a boy. Mankind appear to be hurried, and no one likes to stop to pray, or to foot up his sins, as used to be the case. Life is like a passage at sea. We feel our way cautiously until off soundings on our own coast, and then we have an easy time of it in the deep water; but when

we get near the shoals again, we take out the lead, and mind a little how we steer. It is the going off and coming on the coast, that gives us all the trouble."

"You had some object in view, Captain Truck, when you asked me if I ever prayed!"

"Certain. If I were to set to work to pray myself just now, it would be for smooth water to-morrow, that we may have a good time in towing the raft to the ship—hist! Leach, did you hear nothing?"

"There was a sound different from what is common in the air from the land! It is probably some savage beast, for Africa is full of them."

"I think we might manage a lion from this fortress. Unless the fellow found the stage, he could hardly board us; and a plank or two thrown from that, would make a draw-bridge of it at once. Look yonder! there is something moving on the bank or my eyes are two jewel-blocks."

Mr. Leach looked in the required direction, and he, too, fancied he saw something in motion on the margin of the bank. At the point where the wreck lay, the beach was far from wide, and her flying jib-boom, which was still out, projected so near the low acclivity, where the coast rose to the level of the desert, as to come within ten feet of the bushes by which the latter was fringed. Although the spar had drooped a little in consequence of having lost the support of the stays, its end was still sufficiently high to rise above the leaves, and to permit one seated on it to overlook the plain, as well as the starlight would allow. Believing the duty to be important, Captain Truck, first giving orders to Mr Leach, as to the mode of alarming the men, should it become necessary, went cautiously out on the bowsprit, and thence to the foot ropes, to the further extremity of the booms. As this was done with the steadiness of a seaman, and with the utmost care to prevent discovery, he was soon stretched on the spar, balancing his body by his legs beneath, and casting eager glances about, though prevented by the obscurity from seeing either far or very distinctly.

After lying in this position a minute, Captain Truck discovered an object on the plains, at the distance of a hundred yards from the bushes, that was evidently in motion. He was now all watchfulness, for, had he not seen the proofs that the Arabs or Moors had already been at the wreck, he knew that parties of them were constantly hovering along the coast; especially after every heavy gale that blew from the westward in hope of booty. As all his own people were asleep, the mates

excepted, and the boats could just be discovered by himself, who knew their position, he was in hopes that, should any of the barbarians be near, the presence of his own party could hardly be known. It is true, the alteration in the appearance of the wreck, by the removal of the spars, must strike any one who had seen it before ; but this change might have been made by another party of marauders, or those who had now come, if any there were, might see the vessel for the first time.

While such thoughts were rapidly glancing through his mind, the reader will readily imagine that the worthy master was not altogether at his ease. Still he was cool, and, as he was resolved to fight his way off, even against an army, he clung to the spar with a species of physical resolution that would have done credit to a tiger. The object on the plain moved once more, and the clouds opening beyond, he plainly made out the head and neck of a dromedary. There was but one, however ; nor could the most scrupulous examination show him a human being. After remaining a quarter of an hour on the boom, during all which time the only sounds that were heard were the sighings of the night-air, and the sullen and steady wash of the surf, Captain Truck came on deck again, where he found his mate waiting his report with intense anxiety. The former was fully aware of the importance of his discovery, but, being a cool man, he had not magnified the danger to himself.

“The Moors are down on the coast,” he said, in an undertone ; “but I do not think there can be more than two or three of them at the most ; probably spies or scouts ; and, could we seize them, we may gain a few hours on their comrades, which will be all we want ; after which they shall be welcome to the salt and the other dunnage of the poor Dane. Leach, are you the man to stand by me in this affair ?”

“Have I ever failed you, Captain Truck, that you put the question ?”

“That you have never, my fine fellow ; give me a squeeze of your honest hand, and let there be a pledge of life or death in it.

The mate met the iron grasp of his commander, and each knew that he received an assurance on which he might rely.

“Shall I awake the men, Sir ?” asked Mr. Leach.

“Not one of them. Every hour of sleep the people get will be a lower mast saved. These sticks that still remain are our foundation, and even one of them is of more account to us just now, than a fleet of ships would be at another time. Take

your arms and follow me ; but first we will give a hint to the second mate of what we are about."

This officer was asleep on the deck, for he had been so much wearied with his great exertions that afternoon as to catch a little rest as the sweetest of all gifts. It had been the intention of Captain Truck to dismiss him to the boats, but, observing him to be overcome with drowsiness, he had permitted him to catch a nap where he lay. The lookout, too, was slumbering under the same indulgence ; but both were now awakened, and made acquainted with the state of things on shore.

"Keep your eyes open, but keep a dead silence," concluded Captain Truck ; "for it is my wish to deceive these scouts, and to keep them ignorant of our presence. When I cry out 'Alarm!' you will muster all hands, and clear away for a brush, but not before. God bless you, my lads ! mind and keep your eyes open. Leach, I am ready."

The captain and his companion cautiously descended to the sands, and passing astern of the ship, they first took their way to the jolly-boat, which lay at the rocks in readiness to carry off the two officers to the launch. Here they found the two men in charge so soundly asleep, that nothing would have been easier than to bind them without giving the alarm. After a little hesitation, it was determined to let them dream away their sorrows, and to proceed to the spot where the bank was ascended.

At this place it became necessary to use the greatest precaution, for it was literally entering the enemy's country. The steepness of the short ascent requiring them to mount nearly on their hands and feet, this part of their progress was made without much hazard, and the two adventurers stood on the plain, sheltered by some bushes.

"Yonder is the camel," whispered the captain : "you see his crooked neck, with the head tossing at moments. The fellow is not fifty yards from the body of the poor German ! Now let us follow along this line of bushes, and keep a sharp lookout for the rider."

They proceeded in the manner mentioned, until they came to a point where the bushes ceased, and there was an opening that overlooked the beach quite near the wreck.

"Do you see the boats, Leach, hereaway, in a line with the starboard davit of the Dane ? They look like dark spots on the water, and an ignorant Arab might be excused for taking them for rocks."

“Except that they rise and fall with the rollers ; he must be doubly a Turk who could make such a blunder !”

“Your wanderers of the desert are not so particular. The wreck has certainly undergone some changes since yesterday, and I should not wonder if even a Mussulman found them out but——”

The gripe of Mr. Leach, whose fingers almost entered the flesh of his arm, and a hand pointed towards the bushes on the other side of the opening, silenced the captain's whisper. A human form was seen standing on the fringe of the bank, directly opposite the jib-boom. It was swaddled in a sort of cloak, and the long musket that was borne in a hollow of an arm, was just discernible, diverging from the line of the figure. The Arab, for such it could only be, was evidently gazing on the wreck, and presently he ventured out more boldly, and stood on the spot that was clear of bushes. The deathlike stillness on the beach deceived him, and he advanced with less caution towards the spot where the two officers were in ambush, still keeping his own eye on the ship. A few steps brought him within reach of Captain Truck, who drew back his arm until the elbow reached his own hip, when he darted it forward, and dealt the incautious barbarian a severe blow between the eyes. The Arab fell like a slaughtered ox, and before his senses were fairly recovered, he was bound hands and feet, and rolled over the bank down upon the beach, with little ceremony, his firearms remaining with his captors.

“That lad is in a category,” whispered the captain ; “it now remains to be seen if there is another.”

A long search was not rewarded with success, and it was determined to lead the camel down the path, with a view to prevent his being seen by any wanderer in the morning.

“If we get the lower masts out betimes,” continued the captain, “these land pirates will have no beacons in sight to steer by, and, in a country in which one grain of sand is so much like another, they might hunt a week before they made a happy landfall.”

The approach of the two towards the camel was made with less caution than usual, the success of their enterprise throwing them off their guard, and exciting their spirits. They believed, in short, that their captive was either a solitary wanderer, or that he had been sent ahead as a scout, by some party that would be likely to follow in the morning.

“We must be up and at work before the sun, Mr. Leach,” said the captain, speaking clearly, but in a low tone, as they

approached the camel. The head of the animal was tossed; then it seemed to snuff the air, and it gave a shriek. In the twinkling of an eye an Arab sprang from the sand, on which he had been sleeping, and was on the creature's back. He was seen to look around him, and before the startled mariners had time to decide on their course, the beast, which was a dromedary trained to speed, was out of sight in the darkness. Captain Truck had thrown forward his fowling-piece, but he did not fire.

"We have no right to shoot the fellow," he said, "and our hope is now in the distance he will have to ride to join his comrades. If we have got a chief, as I suspect, we will make a hostage of him, and turn him to as much account as he can possibly turn one of his own camels. Depend on it we shall see no more of them for several hours, and we will seize the opportunity to get a little sleep. A man must have his watch below, or he gets to be as dull and as obstinate as a top-maul."

The captain having made up his mind to this plan was not slow in putting it in execution. Returning to the beach they liberated the legs of their prisoner, whom they found lying like a log on the sands, and made him mount the staging to the deck of the ship. Leading the way into the cabin, Mr. Truck examined the fellow by a light, turning him round and commenting on his points very much as he might have done had the captive been any other animal of the desert.

The Arab was a swarthy, sinewy man of forty, with all his fibres indurated and worked down to the whip-cord meagreness and rigidity of a racer, his frame presenting a perfect picture of the sort of being one would fancy suited to the exhausting motion of a dromedary, and to the fare of a desert. He carried a formidable knife, in addition to the long musket of which he had been deprived, and his principal garment was the coarse mantle of camel's hair, that served equally for cap, coat and robe. His wild dark eyes gleamed, as Captain Truck passed the lamp before his face, and it was sufficiently apparent that he fancied a very serious misfortune had befallen him. As any verbal communication was out of the question, some abortive attempts were essayed by the two mariners to make themselves understood by signs, which, like some men's reasoning, produced results exactly contrary to what had been expected.

"Perhaps the poor fellow fancies we mean to eat him, Leach," observed the captain, after trying his skill in pantomime for some time without success; "and he has some grounds for the idea, as he was felled like an ox that is bound to the

kitchen. Try and let the miserable wretch understand, at least, that we are not cannibals."

Hereupon the mate commenced an expressive pantomime, which described, with sufficient clearness, the process of skinning, cutting up, cooking, and eating the carcass of the Arab, with the humane intention of throwing a negative over the whole proceeding, by a strong sign of dissent at the close; but there are no proper substitutes for the little monosyllables of "yes" and "no," and the meaning of the interpreter got to be so confounded that the captain himself was mystified.

"D—n it, Leach," he interrupted, "the man fancies that he is not good eating, you make so many wry and out-of-the-way contortions. A sign is a jury-mast for the tongue, and every seaman ought to know how to practise them, in case he should be wrecked on a savage and unknown coast. Old Joe Bunk had a dictionary of them, and in calm weather he used to go among his horses and horned cattle, and talk with them by the hour. He made a diagram of the language, and had it taught to all us youngers who were exposed to the accidents of the sea. Now, I will try my hand on this Arab, for I could never go to sleep while the honest black imagined we intended to breakfast on him."

The captain now recommenced his own explanations in the language of nature. He too described the process of cooking and eating the prisoner—for this he admitted was indispensable by way of preface—and then, to show his horror of such an act, he gave a very good representation of a process he had often witnessed among his seasick passengers, by way of showing his loathing of cannibalism in general, and of eating this Arab in particular. By this time the man was thoroughly alarmed, and by way of commentary on the captain's eloquence, he began to utter wailings in his own language, and groans that were not to be mistaken. To own the truth, Mr. Truck was a good deal mortified with this failure, which, like all other unsuccessful persons, he was ready to ascribe to anybody but himself.

"I begin to think, Mr. Leach," he said, "that this fellow is too stupid for a spy or a scout, and that, after all, he is no more than a driveler who has strayed from his tribe, from a want of sense to keep the road in a desert. A man of the smallest information must have understood me, and yet you perceive by his lamentations and outcries that he knows no more what I said than if he were in another parallel of latitude. The chap has quite mistaken my character; for if I

really did intend to make a beast of myself, and devour my species, no one of the smallest knowledge of human nature would think I'd begin on a nigger! What is your opinion of the man's mistake, Mr. Leach?"

"It is very plain, sir, that he supposes you mean to broil him, and then to eat so much of his steaks, that you will be compelled to heave up like a marine two hours out; and, if I must say the truth, I think most people would have inferred the same thing from your signs, which are as plainly cannibal as anything of the sort I ever witnessed."

"And what the devil did he make of yours, Master Cookery-Book?" cried the captain with some heat. "Did he fancy you meant to mortify the flesh with a fortnight's fast? No, no, sir; you are a very respectable first officer, but are no more acquainted with Joe Bunk's principles of signs, than this editor here knows of truth and propriety. It is your blundering manner of soliloquizing that has set the lad on a wrong traverse. He has just grafted your own idea on my communication, and has got himself into a category that a book itself would not reason him out of, until his fright is passed. Logic is thrown away on all 'skeary animals,' said old Joe Bunk. Hearkee, Leach, I've a mind to set the rascal adrift, condemning the gun and the knife for the benefit of the captors. I think I should sleep better for the certainty that he was trudging along the sand, satisfied he was not to be barbecued in the morning."

"There is no use in detaining him, sir, for his messmate, who went off on the dromedary, will sail a hundred feet to his one, and if an alarm is really to be given to their party, it will not come from this chap. He will be unarmed, and by taking away his pouch we shall get some ammunition for this gun of his, which will throw a shot as far as Queen Anne's pocket-piece. For my part, sir, I think there is no great use in keeping him, for I do not think he would understand us, if he stayed a month, and went to school the whole time."

"You are quite right, and as long as he is among us, we shall be liable to unpleasant misconceptions; so cut his lashings, and set him adrift, and be d——d to him."

The mate, who by this time was drowsy, did as desired, and in a moment the Arab was at liberty. At first the poor creature did not know what to make of his freedom, but a smart application, *a posteriori*, from the foot of Captain Truck, whose humanity was of the rough quality of the seas, soon set him in motion up the cabin-ladder. When the two mariners

reached the deck, their prisoner was already leaping down the staging, and in another minute his active form was obscurely seen clambering up the bank, on gaining which he plunged into the desert, and was seen no more.

None but men indurated in their feelings by long exposure would be likely to sleep under the circumstances in which these two seamen were placed, but they were both too cool, and too much accustomed to arouse themselves on sudden alarms, to lose the precious moments in womanish apprehensions, when they knew that all their physical energies would be needed on the morrow, whether the Arabs arrived or not. They accordingly regulated the look-outs, gave strong admonitions of caution to be passed from one to another, and then the captain stretched himself in the berth of the poor Dane who was now a captive in the desert, while Mr. Leach got into the jolly-boat, and was pulled off to the launch. Both were sound asleep in less than five minutes after their heads touched their temporary pillows.

CHAPTER XIX.

Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed,
And so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but
I do it more natural.

Twelfth Night.

THE sleep of the weary is sweet. Of all the party that lay thus buried in sleep, on the verge of the Great Desert, exposed at any moment to an assault from its ruthless and predatory occupants, but one bethought him of the danger; though *he* was, in truth, so little exposed as to have rendered it of less moment to himself than to most of the others, had he not been the possessor of a fancy that served oftener to lead him astray than for any purposes that were useful or pleasing. This person was in one of the boats, and as they lay at a reasonable distance from the land, and the barbarians would not probably have known how to use any craft had they even possessed one, he was consequently safe from everything but a discharge from their long muskets. But this remote risk sufficed to keep him awake, it being very different things to foster malice, circulate gossip, write scurrilous paragraphs, and cant about the people,

and to face a volley of firearms. For the one employment, nature, tradition, education, and habit, had expressly fitted Mr. Dodge; while for the other, he had not the smallest vocation. Although Mr. Leach, in setting his lookouts on board the boats, had entirely overlooked the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, never before had that vigilant person's inquiries been more active than they were throughout the whole of that long night, and twenty times would he have aroused the party on false alarms, but for the cool indifference of the phlegmatic seamen, to whom the duty more properly belonged. These brave fellows knew too well the precious qualities of sleep to allow that of their shipmates to be causelessly disturbed by the nervous apprehensions of one who carried with him an everlasting stimulant to fear in the consciousness of demerit. The night passed away undisturbed, therefore, nor was the order of the regular watch broken until the lookouts in the wreck, agreeably to their orders, awoke Captain Truck and his mates.

It was now precisely at the moment when the first, and as it might be the fugitive, rays of the sun glide into the atmosphere, and, to use a quaint expression, "dilute its darkness." One no longer saw by starlight, or by moonlight, though a little of both were still left; but objects, though indistinct and dusky, had their true outlines, while every moment rendered their surfaces more obvious.

When Captain Truck appeared on deck, his first glance was at the ocean; for, were its tranquillity seriously disturbed, it would be a deathblow to all his hopes. Fortunately, in this particular, there was no change.

"The winds seem to have put themselves out of breath in the last gale, Mr. Leach," he said, "and we are likely to get the spars round as quietly as if they were so many saw-logs floated in a mill-pond. Even the ground-swell has lessened, and the breakers on the bar look like the ripple of a wash-tub. Turn the people up, sir, and let us have a drag at these sticks before breakfast or we may have to broil an Arab yet."

Mr. Leach hailed the boats, and ordered them to send their gang of laborers on shore. He then gave the accustomed raps on the deck, and called "all hands" in the ship. In a minute the men began to appear, yawning and stretching their arms—for no one had thrown aside his clothes—most of them launching their sea-jokes right and left, with as much indifference as if they lay quietly in the port to which they were bound. After some eight or ten minutes to shake themselves, and to get "aired," as Mr. Leach expressed it, the whole party was again mustered

on the deck of the *Dane*, with the exception of a hand or two in the launch, and Mr. Dodge. The latter had assumed the office of sentinel over the jolly-boat, which, as usual, lay at the rocks, to carry such articles off as might be wanted.

"Send a hand up into the foretop, Mr. Leach," said the captain, gaping like a greyhound; "a fellow with sharp eyes; none of your chaps who read with their noses down in the cloudy weather of an almanac; and let him take a look at the desert, in search of Arabs."

Although the lower rigging was down and safe in the launch, a girt-line, or as Captain Truck in the true Doric of his profession pronounced it, a "*gunt*-line," was rove at each mast, and a man was accordingly hauled up forward as soon as possible. As it was still too dusky to distinguish far with accuracy, the captain hailed him, and bade him stay where he was until ordered down, and to keep a sharp look-out.

"We had a visit from one chap in the night," he added, "and as he was a hungry-looking rascal, he is a greater fool than I think him, or he will be back before long, after some of the beef and stock-fish of the wreck. Keep a bright look-out."

The men, though accustomed to their commander's manner, looked at each other more seriously, glanced around at their arms, and then the information produced precisely the effect that had been intended, that of inducing them to apply to their work with threefold vigor.

"Let the boys chew upon that, instead of their tobacco," observed the captain to Mr. Leach, as he hunted for a good coal in the galley to light his cigar with. "I'll warrant you the sheers go up none the slower for the information, desperate philosophers as some of these gentry are!"

This prognostic was true enough, for instead of gaping and stretching themselves about the deck, as had been the case with most of them a minute before, the men now commenced their duty in good earnest, calling to each other to come to the falls and the capstan-bars, and to stand by the heels of the sheers.

"Heave away!" cried the mate, smiling to see how quick the captain's hint had been taken; "heave round with a will, men, and let us set these legs on end, that they may walk."

As the order was obeyed to the letter, the day had not fairly opened when the sheers were in their places and secured. Every man was all activity, and as their work was directed by those whose knowledge was never at fault, a landsman would have been surprised at the readiness with which the crew next raised a spar as heavy as the mainmast, and had it suspended,

top and all, in the air, high enough to be borne over the side. The lowering was a trifling affair, and the massive stick was soon lying at its length on the sands. Captain Truck well knew the great importance of this particular spar, for he might make out with the part of the foremast that remained in the packet, whereas, without this mast he could not possibly rig anything of much available use aft. He called out to the men, therefore, as he sprang upon the staging, to follow him and to launch the spar into the water before they breakfasted.

"Let us make sure of this fellow, men," he added, "for it is our mainstay. With this stick fairly in our raft, we may yet make a passage; no one must think of his teeth till it is out of all risk. This stick we must have, if we make war on the Emperor of Morocco for its possession."

The people knew the necessity for exertion, and they worked accordingly. The top was knocked off, and carried down to the water; the spar was then cut round, and rolled after it, not without trouble, however, as the trestle trees were left on; but the descent of the sands favored the labor. When on the margin of the sea, by the aid of hand-spikes, the head was got afloat, or so nearly so, as to require but little force to move it, when a line from the boats was fastened to the outer end, and the top was secured alongside.

"Now, clap your hand-spikes under it, boys, and heave away!" cried the captain. "Heave together and keep the stick straight—heave, and his head is afloat! Haul, haul away in the boat!—heave all at once, and as if you were giants!—you gained three feet that tug, my hearties—try him again, gentlemen, as you are—and move together, like girls in a *cotillion*—away with it! What the devil are you staring at, in the fore-top there? Have you nothing better to do than to amuse yourself in seeing us heave our insides out?"

The intense interest attached to the securing of this spar had extended to the look-out in the top, and instead of keeping his eye on the desert, as ordered, he was looking down at the party on the beach, and betraying his sympathy in their efforts by bending his body, and appearing to heave in common with his messmates. Admonished of his neglect by this sharp rebuke, he turned round quickly towards the desert, and gave the fearful alarm of "The Arabs!"

Every man ceased his work, and the whole were on the point of rushing in a body towards their arms, when the greater steadiness of Captain Truck prevented it.

"Whereaway?" he demanded sternly.

“On the most distant hillock of sand, maybe a mile and a half inland.”

“How do they head?”

“Dead down upon us, sir.”

“How do they travel?”

“They have camels, and horses: all are mounted, sir.”

“What is their number?”

The man paused as if to count, and then he called out,—

“They are strong-handed, sir; quite a hundred I think. They have brought up, sir, and seem to be sounding about them for an anchorage.”

Captain Truck hesitated, and he looked wistfully at the mast.

“Boys!” said he, shaking his hand over the bit of massive wood, with energy, “this spar is of more importance to us than our mother’s milk in infancy. It is our victuals and drink, life and hopes. Let us swear we will have it in spite of a thousand Arabs. Stoop to your handspikes, and heave at the word—heave as if you had a world to move,—heave, men, heave!”

The people obeyed, and the mast advanced more than half the necessary distance into the water. But the man now called out that the Arabs were advancing swiftly towards the ship.

“One more effort, men,” said Captain Truck, reddening in the face with anxiety, and throwing down his hat to set the example in person,—“heave!”

The men hove, and the spar floated.

“Now to your arms, boys, and you, sir, in the top, keep yourself hid behind the head of the mast. We must be ready to show these gentry we are not afraid of them.” A sign of the hand told the men in the launch to haul away, and the all-important spar floated slowly across the bar, to join the raft.

The men now hurried up to the ship, a post that Captain Truck declared he could maintain against a whole tribe, while Mr. Dodge began incontinently to scull the jolly-boat, in the best manner he could off to the launch. All remonstrance was useless, as he had got as far as the bar before he was perceived. Both Sir George Templemore and Mr. Monday loudly denounced him for deserting the party on the shore in this scandalous manner, but quite without effect. Mr. Dodge’s skill, unfortunately for his success, did not quite equal his zeal; and finding, when he got on the bar, that he was unable to keep the boat’s head to the sea, or indeed to manage it at all, he fairly jumped into the water and swam lustily towards the launch. As he was expert at this exercise, he arrived safely, cursing in his

heart all travelling, the desert, the Arabs, and mankind in general, wishing himself quietly back in Dodgeopolis again, among his beloved people. The boat drove upon the sands, of course, and was eventually taken care of by two of the Montauk's crew.

As soon as Captain Truck found himself on the deck of the Dane, the arms was distributed among the people. It was clearly his policy not to commence the war, for he had nothing, in an affirmative sense, to gain by it, though, without making any professions, his mind was fully made up not to be taken alive, as long as there was a possibility of averting such a disaster. The man aloft gave constant notice of the movements of the Arabs, and he soon announced that they had halted at a pistol's shot from the bank, where they were securing their camels, and that his first estimate of their force was true.

In the mean time, Captain Truck was far from satisfied with his position. The bank was higher than the deck of the ship, and so near it as to render the bulwarks of little use, had those of the Dane been of any available thickness, which they were not. Then, the position of the ship, lying a little on one side, with her bows towards the land, exposed her to being swept by raking fire; a cunning enemy having it in his power, by making a cover of the bank, to pick off his men, with little or no exposure to himself. The odds were too great to sally upon the plain, and although the rocks offered a tolerable cover towards the land, they had none towards the ship. Divide his force he dared not do,—and by abandoning the ship he would allow the Arabs to seize her, thus commanding the other position, besides the remainder of the stores, which he was desirous of securing.

Men think fast in trying circumstances, and although the captain was in a situation so perfectly novel, his practical knowledge and great coolness rendered him an invaluable commander to those under his orders.

"I do not know, gentlemen," he said, addressing his passengers and mates, "that Vattel has laid down any rule to govern this case. These Arabs, no doubt, are the lawful owners of the country, in one sense; but it is a desert—and a desert, like a sea, is common property for the time being, to all who find themselves in it. There are no wreck-masters in Africa, and probably no law concerning wrecks, but the law of the strongest. We have been driven in here, moreover, by stress of weather—and this is a category on which Vattel has been very explicit. We have a *right* to the hospitality of these

Arabs, and if it be not freely accorded, d——n me, gentlemen, but I feel disposed to take just as much of it as I find I shall have occasion for! — Mr. Monday, I should like to hear your sentiments on this subject.”

“Why, sir,” returned Mr. Monday, “I have the greatest confidence in your knowledge, Captain Truck, and am equally ready for peace or war, although my calling is for the first. I should try negotiation to begin with sir, if it be practicable, and you will allow me to express an opinion; after which I would offer war.”

“I am quite of the same mind, sir; but in what way are we to negotiate with a people we cannot make understand a word we say? It is true, if they were versed in the science of signs, one might do something with them; but I have reason to know that they are as stupid as boobies on all such subjects. We shall get ourselves into a category at the first *protocol*, as the writers say.”

Now, Mr. Monday thought there was a language that any man might understand, and he was strongly disposed to profit by it. In rummaging the wreck, he had discovered a case of liquor, besides a cask of Hollands, and he thought an offering of these might have the effect to put the Arabs in good humor at least.

“I have known men, who, treated with dry, in matters of trade, were as obstinate as mules, become reasonable and pliable, sir, over a bottle,” he said, after explaining where the liquor was to be found; “and I think, if we offer the Arabs this, after they have been in possession a short time, we shall find them better disposed towards us. If it should not prove so, I confess, for one, I should feel less reluctance in shooting them than before.”

“I have somewhere heard that the Mussulmans never drink,” observed Sir George; “in which case we shall find our offering despised. Then there is the difficulty of a first possession; for, if these people are the same as those that were here before, they may not thank us for giving them so small a part of that, of which they may lay claim to all. I’m very sure, were any one to offer me my patent pistols, as a motive for letting him carry away my patent razors, or the East India dressing-case, or anything else I own, I should not feel particularly obliged to him.”

“Capitally put, Sir George, and I should be quite of your way of thinking, if I did not believe these Arabs might really

be mollified by a little drink: If I had a proper ambassador to send with the offering, I would resort to the plan at once."

Mr. Monday, after a moment's hesitation, spiritedly offered to be one of two, to go to the Arabs, with the proposal, for he had sufficient penetration to perceive that there was little danger of his being seized, while an armed party of so much strength remained to be overcome—and he had sufficient nerve to encounter the risk. All he asked was a companion, and Captain Truck was so much struck with the spirit of the volunteer, that he made up his mind to accompany him himself. To this plan, however, both the mates and all the crew, stoutly but respectfully objected. They felt his importance too much to consent to this exposure, and neither of the mates even, would be allowed to go on an expedition of so much hazard, without a sufficient motive. They might fight, if they pleased, but they should not run into the mouth of the lion unarmed and unresisting.

"It is of no moment," said Mr. Monday; "I could have liked a gentleman for my companion; but no one of the brave fellows will have any objection to passing an hour in company with an Arab Sheik over a bottle. What say you my lads, will any one of you volunteer?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried a dozen in a breath.

"This will never do," interrupted the captain; "I have need of the men, for my heart is still set on these two sticks that remain, and we have a head-sea and a stiff breeze to struggle with in getting back to the ship. By George, I have it! What do you say to Mr. Dodge for a companion, Mr. Monday? He is used to committees, and likes the service: and then he has need of some stimulant, after the ducking he has received. Mr. Leach, take a couple of hands, and go off in the jolly-boat and bring Mr. Dodge on shore. My compliments to him, and tell him he has been unanimously chosen to a most honorable and lucrative—ay, and a popular employment."

As this was an order, the mate did not scruple about obeying it. He was soon afloat, and on his way towards the launch. Captain Truck now hailed the top, and inquired what the Arabs were about. The answer was satisfactory, as they were still busy with their camels and in pitching their tents. This did not look much like an immediate war, and bidding the man aloft to give timely notice of their approach, Mr. Truck fancied he might still have time to shift his sheers, and to whip

out the mizzen-mast, and he accordingly set about it without further delay.

As every one worked, as it might be for life, in fifteen minutes this light spar was suspended in the falls. In ten more its heel was clear of the bulwarks, and it was lowered on the sands almost by the run. To knock off the top and roll it down to the water took but a few minutes longer, and then the people were called to their breakfast; the sentinel aloft reporting that the Arabs were employed in the same manner, and in milking their camels. This was a fortunate relief, and everybody ate in peace, and in the full assurance that those whom they so much distrusted were equally engaged in the same pacific manner.

Neither the Arabs nor the seamen, however, lost any unnecessary time at the meal. The former were soon reported to be coming and going in parties of fifteen or twenty, arriving and departing in an eastern direction. Occasionally a single runner went or came alone, on a fleet dromedary, as if communications were held with other bodies which lay deeper in the desert. All this intelligence rendered Captain Truck very uneasy, and he thought it time seriously to take some decided measures to bring this matter to an issue. Still, as time gained was all in his favor if improved, he first ordered the men to begin to shift the sheers forward, in hopes of being yet able to carry off the foremast; a spar that would be exceedingly useful, as it would save the necessity of fishing a new head to the one which still stood in the packet. He then went aside with his two ambassadors, with a view to give his instructions.

Mr. Dodge had no sooner found himself safe in the launch than he felt his courage revive, and with his courage, his ingenuity, self-love and assurance. While in the water, a meeker man there was not on earth; he had even some doubts as to the truth of all his favorite notions of liberty and equality, for men think fast in danger, and there was an instant when he might have been easily persuaded to acknowledge himself a demagogue and a hypocrite in his ordinary practices; one whose chief motive was self, and whose besetting passions were envy, distrust and malice; or, in other words, very much the creature he was. Shame came next, and he eagerly sought an excuse for the want of manliness he had betrayed; but passing over the language he had held in the launch, and the means Mr. Leach found to persuade him to land again, we shall give his apology in his own words, as he now somewhat hurriedly delivered it to Captain Truck, in his own person.

"I must have misunderstood your arrangement, captain," he said; "for somehow, though *how* I do not exactly know—but *somehow* the alarm of the Arabs was no sooner given than I felt as if I *ought* to be in the launch to be at my post; but I suppose it was because I knew that the sails and spars that brought us here are mostly there, and that this was the spot to be most resolutely defended. I *do* think, if they had waded off to us, I should have fought like a tiger!"

"No doubt you would, my dear sir, and like a wild cat too! We all make mistakes in judgment, in war, and in politics, and no fact is better known than that the best soldiers in the end are they who give a little ground at the first attack. But Mr. Leach has explained to you the plan of Mr. Monday, and I rely on your spirit and zeal, which there is now an excellent opportunity to prove, as before it was only demonstrated."

"If it were only an opportunity of meeting the Arabs sword in hand, captain."

"Pooh! pooh! my dear friend, take *two* swords if you choose. One who is full of fight can never get the battle on his own terms. Fill the Arabs with the *schnaps* of the poor Dane, and if they should make the smallest symptom of moving down towards us, I rely on you to give the alarm, in order that we may be ready for them. Trust to us for the *overture* of the *piece*, as I trust to you for the overtures of peace."

"In what way can we possibly do this, Mr. Monday? How *can* we give the alarm in season?"

"Why," interposed the unmoved captain, "you may just shoot the sheik, and that will be killing two birds with one stone; you will take your pistols, of course, and blaze away upon them, starboard and larboard; rely on it, we shall hear you."

"Of that I make no doubt, but I rather distrust the prudence of the step. That is, I declare, Mr. Monday, it looks awfully like tempting Providence! I begin to have conscientious scruples. I hope you are quite certain, captain, there is nothing in all this against the laws of Africa? Good moral and religious influences are not to be overlooked. My mind is quite exercised in the premises!"

"You are much too conscientious for a diplomatic man," said Mr. Truck, between the puffs at a fresh cigar. "You need not shoot any of the women, and what more does a man want? Come, no more words, but to the duty heartily. Every one expects it of you, since no one can do it half so well; and if you ever get back to Dodgeopolis, there will be matter for a para-

graph every day of the year for the next six months. If any thing serious happen to you, trust to me to do your memory justice."

"Captain, captain, this trifling with the future is blasphemous! Men seldom talk of death with impunity, and it really hurts my feelings to touch on such awful subjects so lightly. I will go, for I do not well see how the matter is to be helped; but let us go amicably, and with such presents as will secure a good reception and a safe return."

"Mr. Monday takes the liquor-case of the Dane, and you are welcome to anything that is left, but the foremast. *That* I shall fight for, even if lions come out of the desert to help the Arabs."

Mr. Dodge had many more objections, some of which he urged openly, and more of which he felt in his inmost spirit. But for the unfortunate dive into the water, he certainly would have pleaded his immunities as a passenger, and plumply refused to be put forward on such an occasion; but he felt that he was a disgraced man, and that some decided act of spirit was necessary to redeem his character. The neutrality observed by the Arabs, moreover, greatly encouraged him; for he leaned to an opinion Captain Truck had expressed, that so long as a strong-armed party remained in the wreck, the sheik, if a man of any moderation and policy, would not proceed to violence.

"You may tell him, gentlemen," continued Mr. Truck, "that as soon as I have whipped the foremast out of the Dane I will evacuate, and leave him the wreck, and all it contains. The stick can do him no good, and I want it in my heart's core. Put this matter before him plainly, and there is no doubt we shall part the best of friends in the world. Remember one thing, however, we shall set about lifting the spar the moment you quit us, and should there be any signs of an attack, give us notice in season, that we may take to our arms."

By this reasoning Mr. Dodge suffered himself to be persuaded to go on the mission, though his ingenuity and fears supplied an additional motive that he took very good care not to betray. Should there be a battle, he knew he would be expected to fight, if he remained with his own party, and if with the other, he might plausibly secrete himself until the affair was over; for, with a man of his temperament eventual slavery had less horrors than immediate death.

When Mr. Monday and his co-commissioner ascended the bank, bearing the case of liquors and a few light offerings, that

the latter had found in the wreck, it was just as the crew, assured that the Arabs still remained tranquil, had seriously set about pursuing their great object. On the margin of the plain, Captain Truck took his leave of the ambassadors, though he remained some time to reconnoitre the appearance of things in the wild-looking camp, which was placed within two hundred yards of the spot on which he stood. The number of the Arabs had not certainly been exaggerated, and what gave him the most uneasiness was the fact that parties appeared to be constantly communicating with more, who probably lay behind a ridge of sand that bounded the view less than a mile distant inland, as they all went and came in that direction. After waiting to see his two *envoys* in the very camp, he stationed a lookout on the bank, and returned to the wreck, to hurry on the all-important work.

Mr. Monday was the efficient man of the two commissioners, so soon as they were fairly embarked in their enterprise. He was strong of nerves, and without imagination to fancy dangers where they were not very obvious, and had a great faith in the pacific virtues of the liquor-case. An Arab advanced to meet them, when near the tents; and although conversation was quite out of the question, by pure force of gesticulations, aided by the single word "sheik," they succeeded in obtaining an introduction to that personage.

The inhabitants of the desert have been so often described that we shall assume they are known to our readers, and proceed with our narrative the same as if we had to do with Christians. Much of what has been written of the hospitality of the Arabs, if true of any portion of them, is hardly true of those tribes which frequent the Atlantic coast, where the practice of wrecking would seem to have produced the same effect on their habits and morals that it is known to produce elsewhere. But a ship protected by a few weatherworn and stranded mariners, and a ship defended by a strong and an armed party, like that headed by Captain Truck, presented very different objects to the cupidity of these barbarians. They knew the great advantage they possessed by being on their own ground, and were content to await events, in preference to risking a doubtful contest. Several of the party had been at Mogadore, and other parts, and had acquired tolerably accurate ideas of the power of vessels; and as they were confident the men now at work at the wreck had not the means of carrying away the cargo, their own principal object, curiosity and caution, connected with cer-

tain plans that were already laid among their leaders, kept them quiet, for the moment at least.

These people were not so ignorant as to require to be told that some other vessel was at no great distance, and their scouts had been out in all directions to ascertain the fact, previously to taking their ultimate measures ; for the sheik himself had some pretty just notions of the force of a vessel of war, and of the danger of contending with one. The result of his policy, therefore, will better appear in the course of the narrative.

The reception of the two envoys of Captain Truck was masked by that smiling and courteous politeness which seems to diminish as one travels west, and to increase as he goes eastward ; though it was certainly less elaborate than would have been found in the palace of an Indian rajah. The sheik was not properly a sheik, nor was the party composed of genuine Arabs, though we have thus styled them from usage. The first, however, was a man in authority, and he and his followers possessed enough of the origin and characteristics of the tribes east of the Red Sea, to be sufficiently described by the appellation we have adopted.

Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge were invited by signs to be seated, and refreshments were offered. As the last were not particularly inviting, Mr. Monday was not slow in producing his own offering, and in recommending its quality, by setting an example of the way in which it ought to be treated. Although Mussulmans, the hosts did not scruple about tasting the cup, and ten minutes of pantomime, potations, and grimaces, brought about a species of intimacy between the parties.

The man who had been so unceremoniously captured the previous night by Captain Truck, was now introduced, and much curiosity was manifested to know whether his account of the disposition in the strangers to eat their fellow-creatures was true. The inhabitants of the desert, in the course of ages, had gleaned certain accounts of mariners eating their ship-mates, from their different captives, and vague traditions to that effect existed among them, which the tale of this man had revived. Had the sheik kept a journal, like Mr. Dodge, the result of these inquiries would probably have been some entries concerning the customs and characters of the Americans, that were quite as original as those of the editor of the *Active Inquirer* concerning the different nations he had visited.

Mr. Monday paid great attention to the pantomime of the Arab, in which that worthy endeavored to explain the disposi-

tion of Captain Truck to make a barbecue of him : when it was ended, he gravely informed his companions that the sheik had invited them to stay for dinner,—a proposition that he was disposed to accept ; but the sensitiveness of Mr. Dodge viewed the matter otherwise, for, with a conformity of opinion that really said something in favor of the science of signs, he arrived at the same conclusion as the poor Arab himself—with the material difference, that he fancied that the Arabs were disposed to make a meal of himself. Mr. Monday, who was a hearty beef and brandy personage, scouted the idea, and thought the matter settled, by pointing to two or three young camels and asking the editor if he thought any man, Turk or Christian, would think of eating one so lank, meagre, and uninviting, as himself, when they had so much capital food of another sort at their elbow. “Take your share of the liquor while it is passing, man, and set your heart at ease as to the dinner, which I make no doubt will be substantial and decent. Had I known of the favor intended us, I should have brought out the sheik a service of knives and forks from Birmingham ; for he really seems a well-disposed and gentleman-like man. A very capital fellow I dare say, we shall find him, after he has had a few camel’s steaks, and a proper allowance of *schnaps*. Mr. Sheik, I drink your health with all my heart.”

The accidents of life could scarcely have brought together, in circumstances so peculiar, men whose characters were more completely the converse of each other than Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge. They were perfect epitomes of two large classes in their respective nations, and so diametrically opposed to each other, that one could hardly recognize in them scions from a common stock. The first was dull, obstinate, straightforward, hearty in his manners, and not without sincerity, thought wily in a bargain, with all his seeming frankness ; the last, distrustful, cunning rather than quick of comprehension, insincere, fawning when he thought his interests concerned, and jealous and detracting at all other times, with a coldness of exterior that had at least the merit of appearing to avoid deception. Both were violently prejudiced, though in Mr. Monday, it was the prejudice of old dogmas, in religion, politics, and morals ; and in the other, it was the vice of provincialism, and an education that was not entirely free from the fanaticism of the seventeenth century. One consequence of this discrepancy of character was a perfectly opposite manner of viewing matters in this interview. While Mr. Monday was disposed to take things amicably, Mr. Dodge was all suspicion : and had

they then returned to the wreck, the last would have called to arms, while the first would have advised Captain Truck to go out and visit the sheik, in the manner one would visit a respectable and agreeable neighbor.

CHAPTER XX.

'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain !
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp !

COTTON.

THINGS were in this state, the sheik and his guests communicating by signs, in such a way as completely to mystify each other ; Mr. Monday drinking, Mr. Dodge conjecturing, and parties quitting the camp and arriving every ten minutes, when an Arab pointed eagerly with his finger in the direction of the wreck. The head of the foremast was slowly rising, and the look-out in the top was clinging to the spar, which began to cant, in order to keep himself from falling. The sheik affected to smile ; but he was evidently disturbed, and two or three messengers were sent out into the camp. In the meanwhile, the spar began to lower, and was soon entirely concealed beneath the bark.

It was now apparent that the Arabs thought the moment had arrived when it was their policy to interfere. The sheik, therefore, left his guests to be entertained by two or three others who had joined in the potations, and making the best assurances he could by means of signs, of his continued amity, he left the tent. Laying aside all his arms, attended by two or three old men like himself, he went boldly to the plank, and descended quietly to the sands, where he found Captain Truck busied in endeavoring to get the spar into the water. The top was already afloat, and the stick itself was cut round in the right position for rolling, when the foul but grave-looking barbarians appeared among the workmen. As the latter had been apprised of their approach, and of the fact of their being unarmed, no one left his employment to receive them, with the exception of Captain Truck himself.

“Bear a hand with the spar, Mr. Leach,” he said, “while

I entertain these gentlemen. It is a good sign that they come to us without arms, and it shall never be said that we are behind them in civility. Half an hour will settle our affairs, when these gentry are welcome to what will be left of the Dane.—Your servant, gentlemen; I'm glad to see you, and beg the honor to shake hands with all of you, from the oldest to the youngest."

Although the Arabs understood nothing that was said, they permitted Captain Truck to give each of them a hearty shake of the hand, smiling and muttering their own compliments with as much apparent good will as was manifested by the old seaman himself.

"God help the Danes, if they have fallen into servitude among these blackguards!" said the captain, aloud, while he was shaking the sheik a second time most cordially by the hand, "for a fouler set of thieves I never laid eyes on, Leach. Mr. Monday has tried the virtue of the *schnaps* on them, notwithstanding, for the odor of gin is mingled with that of grease, about the old scoundrel.—Roll away at the spar, boys! half-a-dozen more such heaves, and you will have him in his native element, as the newspapers call it.—I'm glad to see you gentlemen; we are badly off as to chairs, on this beach, but to such as we have you are heartily welcome.—Mr. Leach, the Arab sheik;—Arab sheik, Mr. Leach.—On the bank there?"

"Sir."

"Any movement among the Arabs?"

"About thirty have just ridden back into the desert, mounted on camels, sir; nothing more."

"No signs of our passengers?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Here comes Mr. Dodge under full sail, heading for the bank, as straight as he can lay his course!"

"Ha!—Is he pursued?"

The men ceased their work, and glanced aside at their arms.

"Not at all, sir. Mr. Monday is calling after him, and the Arabs seem to be laughing. Mr. Monday is just splicing the main-brace with one of the rascals."

"Let the Atlantic ocean, then, look out for itself, for Mr. Dodge will be certain to run over it. Heave away, my hearties, and the stick will be afloat yet before that gentleman is fairly docked."

The men worked with good will, but their zeal was far less efficient than that of the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, who now broke through the bushes, and plunged down the bank with a

velocity which, if continued, would have carried him to Dodgepolis itself within the month. The Arabs started at this sudden apparition, but perceiving that those around them laughed, they were disposed to take the interruption in good part. The look-out now announced the approach of Mr. Monday, followed by fifty Arabs; the latter, however, being without arms, and the former without his hat. The moment was critical, but the steadiness of Captain Truck did not desert him. Issuing a rapid order to the second mate, with a small party previously selected for that duty, to stand by the arms, he urged the rest of the people to renewed exertions. Just as this was done, Mr. Monday appeared on the bank, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, calling aloud to Mr. Dodge to return and drink with the Arabs.

“Do not disgrace Christianity in this unmannerly way,” he said; “but show these gentlemen of the desert that we know what propriety is. Captain Truck, I beg of you to urge Mr. Dodge to return. I was about to sing the Arabs, ‘God save the King,’ and in a few more minutes we should have had ‘Rule Britannia,’ when we should have been the best friends and companions in the world. Captain Truck, I’ve the honor to drink your health.”

But Captain Truck viewed the matter differently. Both his ambassadors were now safely back, for Mr. Monday came down upon the beach, followed it is true, by all the Arabs, and the mast was afloat. He thought it better, therefore, that Mr. Dodge should remain, and that the two parties should be as quietly, but as speedily as possible, separated. He ordered the hauling line to be fastened to the mast, and as the stick was slowly going out through the surf, he issued the order for the men to collect their implements, take their arms, and to assemble in a body at the rocks where the jolly boat still lay.

“Be quick, men, but be steady; for there are a hundred of these rascals on the beach already and all the last-comers are armed. We might pick up a few more useful things from the wreck, but the wind is coming in from the westward, and our principal concern now will be to save what we have got. Lead Mr. Monday along with you, Leach, for he is so full of diplomacy and *schnaps* just now that he forgets his safety. As for Mr. Dodge, I see he is stowed away in the boat already, as snug as the ground-tier in a ship loaded with molasses. Count the men off, sir, and see that no one is missing.”

By this time, the state of things on the beach had undergone material changes. The wreck was full of Arabs, some of

whom were armed and some not ; while mauls, crows, hand-spikes, purchases, coils of rigging, and marling-spikes were scattered about on the sands, just where they had been dropped by the seamen. A party of fifty Arabs had collected around the rocks, where, by this time, all the mariners were assembled, intermingling with the latter, and apparently endeavoring to maintain the friendly relations which had been established by Mr. Monday. As a portion of these men were also armed, Captain Truck disliked their proceedings ; but the inferiority of his numbers, and the disadvantage under which he was placed, compelled him to resort to management rather than force, in order to extricate himself.

The Arabs now crowded around and intermingled with the seamen, thronged the ship, and lined the bank, to the number of more than two hundred. It became evident that their true force had been underrated, and that additions were constantly making to it, from those who lay behind the ridges of sand. All those who appeared last, had arms of one kind or another, and several brought firearms, which they gave to the sheik, and to those who had first descended to the beach. Still, every face seemed amicable, and the men were scarcely permitted to execute their orders, from the frequent interruptions to exchange tokens of friendship.

But Captain Truck fully believed that hostilities were intended, and although he had suffered himself in some measure to be surprised, he set about repairing his error with great judgment and admirable steadiness. His first step was to extricate his own people from those who pressed upon them, a thing that was effected by causing a few to take a position, that might be defended, higher among the rocks, as they afforded a good deal of cover, and which communicated directly with the place where they had landed ; and then ordering the remainder of the men to fall back singly. To prevent an alarm, each man was called off by name, and in this manner the whole party had got within the prescribed limits, before the Arabs, who were vociferating and talking altogether, seemed to be aware of the movement. When some of the latter attempted to follow, they were gently repulsed by the sentinels. All this time Captain Truck maintained the utmost cordiality towards the sheik, keeping near him, and amongst the Arabs himself. The work of plunder, in the meantime, had begun in earnest in the wreck, and this he thought a favorable symptom, as the men thus employed would be less likely to make a hostile attack. Still he knew that prisoners were of great account

among these barbarians, and that an attempt to tow the raft off from the land, in open boats, where his people would be exposed to every shot from the wreck, would subject them to the greatest danger of defeat, were the former disposed to prevent it.

Having reflected a few minutes on his situation, Captain Truck issued his final orders. The jolly-boat might carry a dozen men at need, though they would be crowded and much exposed to fire; and he, therefore, caused eight to get into her, and to pull out to the launch. Mr. Leach went with this party, for the double purpose of directing its movements, and of being separated from his commander, in order that one of those who were of so much importance to the packet, might at least stand a chance of being saved. This separation also was effected without alarming the Arabs, though Captain Truck observed that the sheik watched the proceeding narrowly.

As soon as Mr. Leach had reached the launch, he caused a light kedge to be put into the jolly-boat, and coils of the lightest rigging he had were laid on the top of it, or were made on the bows of the launch. As soon as this was done, the boat was pulled a long distance off from the land, paying out the ropes first from the launch, and then from the boat itself, until no more of the latter remained. The kedge was then dropped, and the men in the launch began to haul in upon the ropes that were attached to it. As the jolly-boat returned immediately, and her crew joined in the work, the line of boats, the kedge by which they had previously ridden having been first raised, began slowly to recede from the shore.

Captain Truck had rightly conjectured the effect of this movement. It was so unusual and so gradual, that the launch and the raft were warped up to the kedge, before the Arabs fully comprehended its nature. The boats were now more than a quarter of a mile from the wreck, for Mr. Leach had run out quite two hundred fathoms of small rope, and of course, so distant as greatly to diminish the danger from the muskets of the Arabs, though still within reach of their range. Near an hour was passed in effecting this point, which, as the sea and wind were both rising, could not probably have been effected in any other manner, half as soon, if at all.

The state of the weather, and the increasing turbulence of the barbarians, now rendered it extremely desirable to all on the rocks to be in their boats again. A very moderate blow would compel them to abandon their hard-earned advantages, and it began to be pretty evident, from the manners of

those around them, that amity could not much longer be maintained. Even the old sheik retired, and instead of going to the wreck, he joined the party on the beach, where he was seen in earnest conversation with several other old men, all of whom gesticulated vehemently, as they pointed towards the boats and to the party on the rocks.

Mr. Leach now pulled in towards the bar, with both the jolly-boats and the cutter, having only two oars each, half his men being left in the launch. This was done that the people might not be crowded at the critical moment, and that, at need, there might be room to fight as well as to row: all these precautions having been taken in consequence of Captain Truck's previous orders. When the boats reached the rocks, the people did not hurry into them; but a quarter of an hour was passed in preparations, as if they were indifferent about proceeding, and even then the jolly-boat alone took in a portion, and pulled leisurely without the bar. Here she lay on her oars, in order to cover the passage of the other boats, if necessary, with her fire. The cutter imitated this manœuvre, and the boat of the wreck went last. Captain Truck quitted the rock after all the others, though his embarkation was made rapidly by a prompt and sudden movement.

Not a shot was fired, however, and, contrary to his own most ardent hopes, the captain found himself at the launch, with all his people unhurt, and with all the spars he had so much desired to obtain. The forbearance of the Arabs was a mystery to him, for he had fully expected hostilities would commence, every moment, for the last two hours. Nor was he yet absolutely out of danger, though there was time to pause and look about him, and to take his succeeding measures more deliberately. The first report was a scarcity of both food and water. For both these essentials the men had depended on the wreck, and, in the eagerness to secure the foremast, and subsequently to take care of themselves, these important requisites had been overlooked, quite probably, too, as much from a knowledge that the Montauk was so near, as from hurry. Still both were extremely desirable, if not indispensable, to men who had the prospect of many hours' hard work before them; and Captain Truck's first impulse was to despatch a boat to the ship for supplies. This intention was reluctantly abandoned, however, on account of the threatening appearance of the weather.

There was no danger of a gale, but a smart sea breeze was beginning to set in, and the surface of the ocean was, as usual,

getting to be agitated. Changing all his plans, therefore, the Captain turned his immediate attention to the safety of the all-important spars.

"We can eat to-morrow, men," he said; "but if we lose these sticks, our chance for getting any more will indeed be small. Take a gang on the raft, Mr. Leach, and double all the lashings, while I see that we get an offing. If the wind rises any more, we shall need it, and even then be worse off than we could wish."

The mate passed upon the raft, and set about securing all the spars by additional fastenings; for the working, occasioned by the sea, already rendered them loose, and liable to separate. While this was in train, the two jolly-boats took in lines and kedges, of which, luckily, they had one that was brought from the packet, besides two found in the wreck, and pulled off into the ocean. As soon as one kedge was dropped, that by which the launch rode was tripped, and the boats were hauled up to it, the jolly-boat proceeding on to renew the process. In this manner, in the course of two more hours, the whole, raft and all, were warped broad off from the land, and to windward, quite two miles, when the water became so deep that Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to cease.

"I would gladly work our way into the offing in this mode, three or four leagues," he said, "by which means we might make a fair wind of it. As it is, we must get all clear, and do as well as we can. Rig the masts in the launch, Mr. Leach, and we will see what can be done with this dull craft we have in tow."

While this order was in course of execution, the glass was used to ascertain the manner in which the Arabs were occupied. To the surprise of all in the boats, every soul of them had disappeared. The closest scrutiny could not detect one near the wreck, on the beach, nor even at the spot where the tents had so lately stood.

"They are all off, by George!" cried Captain Truck, when fully satisfied of the fact. "Camels, tents, and Arabs! The rascals have loaded their beasts already, and most probably have gone to hide their plunder, that they may be back and make sure of a second haul, before any of their precious brother vultures, up in the sands, get a scent of the carrion. D——n the rogues; I thought at one time they had me in a category! Well, joy be with them! Mr. Monday, I return you my hearty thanks for the manly, frank, and diplomatic manner in which you have discharged the duties of your mission. Without you,

we might not have succeeded in getting the foremast. Mr. Dodge, you have the high consolation of knowing that, throughout this trying occasion, you have conducted yourself in a way no other man of the party could have done."

Mr. Monday was sleeping off the fumes of the *schnaps*, but Mr. Dodge bowed to the compliment, and foresaw many capital things for the journal, and for the columns of the Active Inquirer. He even began to meditate a book.

Now commenced much the most laborious and critical part of the service that Captain Truck had undertaken, if we except the collision with the Arabs—that of towing all the heavy spars of a large ship, in one raft, in the open sea, near a coast, and with the wind blowing on shore. It is true he was strong-handed, being able to put ten oars in the launch, and four in all the other boats; but, after making sail, and pulling steadily for an hour, it was discovered that all their exertions would not enable them to reach the ship, if the wind stood, before the succeeding day. The drift to leeward, or towards the beach was seriously great, every heave of the sea setting them bodily down before it; and by the time they were half a mile to the southward, they were obliged to anchor, in order to keep clear of the breakers, which by this time extended fully a mile from shore.

Decision was fortunately Captain Truck's leading quality. He foresaw the length and severity of the struggle that was before them, and the men had not been pulling ten minutes, before he ordered Mr. Leach, who was in the cutter, to cast off his line and come alongside the launch.

"Pull back to the wreck, sir," he said, "and bring off all you can lay hands on, in h· way of bread, water, and other comforts. We shall make a night of it, I see. We will keep a look-out for you, and if any Arabs heave in sight on the plain, a musket will be fired; if so many as to render a hint to abscond necessary, two muskets will be fired, and the mainsail of the launch will be furled for two minutes; more time than that we cannot spare you."

Mr. Leach obeyed this order, and with great success. Luckily the cook had left the coppers full of food, enough to last twenty-four hours, and this had escaped the Arabs, who were ignorant where to look for it. In addition, there was plenty of bread and water, and "a bull of Jamaica" had been discovered, by the instinct of one of the hands, which served admirably to keep the people in good humor. This timely supply had arrived just as the launch anchored, and Mr. Truck

welcomed it with all his heart ; for without it, he foresaw he should soon be obliged to abandon his precious prize.

When the people were refreshed, the long and laborious process of warping off the land was resumed, and, in the course of two hours more, the raft was got fully a league into the offing, a shoal permitting the kedges to be used farther out this time than before. Then sail was again made, and the oars were once more plied. But the sea still proved their enemy, though they had struck the current which began to set them south. Had there been no wind and sea, the progress of the boats would now have been comparatively easy and quick ; but these two adverse powers drove them in towards the beach so fast, that they had scarcely made two miles from the wreck when they were compelled a second time to anchor.

No alternative remained but to keep warping off in this manner, and then to profit by the offing they had made as well as they could, the result bringing them at sunset nearly up with the headland that shut out the view of their own vessel, from which Captain Truck now calculated that he was distant a little less than two leagues. The wind had freshened, and though it was not by any means so strong as to render the sea dangerous, it increased the toil of the men to such a degree, that he reluctantly determined to seek out a proper anchorage, and to give his wearied people some rest.

It was not in the power of the seamen to carry their raft into any haven, for to the northward of the headland, or on the side on which they were, there was no reef, nor any bay to afford them shelter. The coast was one continued waving line of sand-banks, and in most places, when there was a wind, the water broke at the distance of a mile from the beach ; the precise spot where the Dane had stranded his vessel, having most probably been chosen for that purpose, with a view to save the lives of the people. Under these circumstances nothing remained but to warp off again to a safe distance, and to secure the boats as well as they could for the night. This was effected by eight o'clock, and Captain Truck gave the order to let go two additional kedges, being determined not to strike adrift in the darkness, if it was in his power to prevent it. When this was done, the people had their suppers, a watch was set, and the remainder went to sleep.

As the three passengers had been exempted from the toil, they volunteered to look out for the safety of the boats until midnight, in order that the men might obtain as much rest as possible ; and half an hour after the crew were lost in the deep

slumber of seamen, Captain Truck and these gentlemen were seated in the launch, holding a dialogue on the events of the day.

"You found the Arabs conversable and ready at the cup, Mr. Monday?" observed the captain, lighting a cigar, which with him was a never-failing sign for a gossip. "Men that, if they had been sent to school young, taught to dance, and were otherwise civilized, might make reasonably good shipmates, in this roving world of ours!"

"Upon my word, sir, I look upon the sheik as uncommon gentlemanlike, and altogether as a good fellow. He took his glass without any grimaces, smiled whenever he said anything, though I could not understand a word he said, and answered all my remarks quite as civilly as if he spoke English. I must say, I think Mr. Dodge manifested a want of consideration in quitting his company with so little ceremony. The gentleman was hurt, I'll answer for it, and he would say as much if he could only make out to explain himself on the subject. Sir George, I regret we had not the honor of your company on the occasion, for I have been told these Arabs have a proper respect for the nobility and gentry. Mr. Dodge and myself were but poor substitutes for a gentleman like yourself."

The trained humility of Mr. Monday was little to the liking of Mr. Dodge, who by the sheer force of the workings of envy had so long been endeavoring to persuade others that he was the equal of any and every other man—a delusion, however, which he could not succeed in persuading himself to fall into—and he was not slow in exhibiting the feeling it awakened.

"Sir George Templemore has too just a sense of the rights of nations to make this distinction, Mr. Monday," he said. "If I left the Arab sheik a little abruptly, it was because I disliked his ways; for I take it Africa is a free country, and that no man is obliged to remain longer in a tent than it suits his own convenience. Captain Truck knows that I was merely running down the Beach to inform him that the sheik intended to follow, and he no doubt appreciates my motives."

"If not, Mr. Dodge," put in the captain, "like other patriots, you must trust to posterity to do you justice. The joints and sinews are so differently constructed in different men, that one never knows exactly how to calculate on speed; but this much I will make affidavit to, if you wish it, on reaching home, and that is, that a better messenger could not be found than Mr. Steadfast Dodge, for a man in a hurry. Sir George Templemore, we have had but a few of your opinions since you came out on this expedition, and I should be gratified

to hear your sentiments concerning the Arabs, and any thing else that may suggest itself at the moment."

"Oh, captain! I think the wretches odiously dirty, and judging from appearances, I should say sadly deficient in comforts."

"In the way of breeches in particular; for I am inclined to think, Sir George, you are master of more than are to be found in their whole nation. Well, gentlemen, one must certainly travel who wishes to see the world; but for this sheer down here upon the coast of Africa, neither of us might have ever known how an Arab lives, and what a nimble wrecker he makes. For my own part, if the choice lay between filling the office of *Jemmy Ducks*, on board the *Montauk*, and that of sheik in this tribe, I should, as we say in America, Mr. Dodge, leave it to the people, and do all in my power to obtain the first situation. Sir George, I'm afraid all these *county tongues*, as Mr. Dodge calls them, in the way of wind and weather, will quite knock the buffalo hunt on the Prairies in the head, for this fall at least."

"I beg, Captain Truck, you will not discredit my French in this way. I do not call a disappointment '*county tongues*,' but '*contra toms*;' the phrase probably coming from some person of the name of *tom*, who was *contra*, or opposed to every one else."

"Perfectly explained, and as clear as bilge-water. Sir George, has Mr. Dodge mentioned to you the manner in which these Arabs enjoy life? The gentlemen, by way of saving dish-water, eat half-a-dozen at a time out of the same plate. Quite republican, and altogether without pride, Mr. Dodge, in their notions!"

"Why, sir, many of their habits struck me as being simple and praiseworthy, during the short time I remained in their country; and I daresay, one who had leisure to study them might find materials for admiration. I can readily imagine situations in which a man has no right to appropriate a whole dish to himself."

"No doubt, and he who wishes a thing so unreasonable must be a great hog! What a thing is sleep! Here are these fine fellows as much lost to their dangers and toils as if at home, and tucked in by their careful and pious mothers. Little did the good souls who nursed them, and sung pious songs over their cradles, fancy the hardships they were bringing them up to! But we never know our fates, or miserable dogs most of us would be. Is it not so, Sir George?"

The baronet started at this appeal, which crossed the quaint mind of the captain as a cloud darkens a sunny view, and he muttered a hasty expression of hope that there was now no particular reason to expect any more serious obstacles to their reaching the ship.

"It is not an easy thing to tow a heavy raft in light boats like these, exactly in the direction you wish it to go," returned the captain, gaping. "He who trusts to the winds and waves, trusts an uncertain friend, and one who may fail him at the very moment when there is most need of their services. Fair as things now seem, I would give a thousand dollars of a small stock, in which no single dollar has been lightly earned, to see these spars safely on board the *Montauk*, and snugly fitted to their proper places. Sticks, gentlemen, are to a ship what limbs are to a man. Without them she rolls and tumbles about as winds, currents, and seas will; while with them she walks, and dances, and jumps *Jim Crows*; ay, almost talks. The standing rigging are the bones and gristle; the running gear the veins in which her life circulates; and the blocks the joints."

"And which is the heart?" asked Sir George.

"Her heart is the master. With a sufficient commander no stout ship is ever lost, so long as she has a foot of water beneath her false keel, or a ropeyarn left to turn to account."

"And yet the *Dane* had all these."

"All but the water. The best craft that was ever launched, is of less use than a single camel, if laid high and dry on the sands of Africa. These poor wretches truly! And yet their fate might have been ours, though I thought little of the risk while we were in the midst of the Arabs. It is still a mystery to me why they let us escape, especially as they so soon deserted the wreck. They were strong-handed, too; counting all who came and went, I think not less than several hundreds."

The captain now became silent and thoughtful, and, as the wind continued to rise, he began to feel uneasiness about his ship. Once or twice he expressed a half-formed determination to pull to her in one of the light boats, in order to look after her safety in person, and then he abandoned it, as he witnessed the rising of the sea, and the manner in which the massive raft caused the cordage by which it was held to strain. At length he too fell asleep, and we shall leave him and his party for awhile, and return to the *Montauk*, to give an account of what occurred on board that ship.

CHAPTER XXI.

Nothing beside remains ! Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away

SHELLEY.

As Captain Truck was so fully aware of the importance of rapid movements to the success of his enterprise, it will be remembered that he left in the ship no seaman, no servant, except Saunders the steward, and, in short, no men but the two Messrs. Effingham, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, and the other person just mentioned. If to these be added, Eve Effingham, Mademoiselle Vieville, Ann Sidley, and a French *femme de chambre*, the whole party will be enumerated. At first, it had been the intention of the master to leave one of his mates behind him, but, encouraged by the secure berth he had found for his vessel, the great strength of his moorings, the little hold the winds and waves could get of spars so robbed of their proportions, and of a hull so protected by the reef, and feeling a certain confidence in the knowledge of Mr. Blunt, who, several times during the passage, had betrayed a great familiarity with ships, he came to the decision named, and had formally placed the last named gentleman in full charge, *ad interim*, of the Montauk.

There was a solemn and exciting interest in the situation of those who remained in the vessel, after the party of bustling seamen had left them. The night came in bland and tranquil, and although there was no moon, they walked the deck for hours with strange sensations of enjoyment, mingled with those of loneliness and desertion. Mr. Effingham and his cousin retired to their rooms long before the others, who continued their exercise with a freedom and an absence of restraint, that they had not before felt, since subjected to the confinement of the ship.

“Our situation is at least novel,” Eve observed, “for a party of Parisians, Viennois, Romans, or by whatever name we may be properly styled.”

“Say Swiss then,” returned Mr. Blunt ; “for I believe that even the cosmopolite has a claim to choose his favorite residence.”

Eve understood the allusion, which carried her back to the weeks they had passed in company, among the grand scenery of the Alps ; but she would not betray the consciousness, for, whatever may be the ingenuousness of a female, she seldom loses her sensitiveness on the subject of her more cherished feelings.

“And do you prefer Switzerland to all the other countries of your acquaintance ?” asked Mr. Sharp : “England I leave out of the question, for, though we, who belong to the island, see so many charms in it, it must be conceded that strangers seldom join us very heartily in its praises. I think most travellers would give the palm to Italy.”

“I am quite of the same opinion,” returned the other ; “and were I to be confined to a choice of a residence for life, Italy should be my home. Still, I think, that we like change in our residence, as well as in the seasons. Italy is summer, and one, I fear, would weary of even an eternal June.”

“Is not Italy rather autumn, a country in which the harvest is gathered, and where one begins already to see the fall of the leaf ?”

“To me,” said Eve, “it would be an eternal summer ; as things are eternal with young ladies. My ignorance would be always receiving instruction, and my tastes improvement. But, if Italy be summer, or autumn, what is poor America ?”

“Spring of course,” civilly answered Mr. Sharp.

“And, do you, Mr. Blunt, who seem to know all parts of the world equally well, agree in giving *our* country, *my* country at least, this encouraging title ?”

“It is merited in many respects, though there are others in which the term winter would, perhaps, be better applied. America is a country not easily understood ; for, in some particulars, like Minerva, it has been born full-grown ; while, in others, it is certainly still an infant.”

“In what particulars do you especially class it with the latter ?” inquired Mr. Sharp.

“In strength, to commence,” answered the other, slightly smiling “in opinion, too, and in tastes, and perhaps in knowledge. As to the latter essential, however, and practical things as well as in the commoner comforts, America may well claim to be in midsummer, when compared with other nations. I do not think you Americans, Miss Effingham, at the head of civilization, certainly, as so many of your own people fancy ; nor at the bottom, as so many of those of Mademoiselle Viefville and Mr. Sharpe so piously believe.”

“And what are the notions of the countrymen of Mr. Blunt, on the subject?”

“As far from the truth, perhaps, as any other. I perceive there exist some doubts as to the place of my nativity,” he added, after a pause that denoted a hesitation, which all hoped was to end in his setting the matter at rest, by a simple statement of the fact; “and I believe I shall profit by the circumstance, to praise and condemn at pleasure, since no one can impeach my candor, or impute either to partialities or prejudices.”

“That must depend on the justice of your judgments. In one thing, however, you will have me on your side, and that is in giving the *pas* to delicious, dreamy Italy? Though Mademoiselle Viefville will set this down as *lese majeste* against *cher Paris*; and I fear, Mr. Sharp will think even London injured.”

“Do you really hold London so cheap?” inquired the latter gentleman, with more interest than he himself was quite aware of betraying.

“Indeed, no. This would be to discredit my own tastes and knowledge. In a hundred things, I think London quite the finest town of Christendom. It is not Rome, certainly, and were it in ruins fifteen centuries, I question if people would flock to the banks of the Thames to dream away existence among its crumbling walls; but, inconveniences, beauty of verdure, a mixture of park-like scenery and architecture, and in magnificence of a certain sort, one would hardly know where to go to find the equal of London.”

“You say nothing of its society, Miss Effingham?”

“It would be presuming, in a girl of my limited experience, to speak of this. I hear so much of the good sense of the nation, that I dare not say aught against its society, and it would be affectation for me to pretend to commend it; but as for your females, judging by my own poor means, they strike me as being singularly well cultivated and accomplished; and yet——”

“Go on, I entreat you. Recollect we have solemnly decided in a general congress of states to be cosmopolites, until safe within Sandy Hook, and that *la franchise* is the *mot d'ordre*.”

“Well, then, I should not certainly describe you English as a talking people,” continued Eve, laughing. “In the way of society, you are quite as agreeable as a people, who never laugh and seldom speak, can possibly make themselves.”

"*Et les jeunes Americaines ?*" said Mademoiselle Vieville laconically.

"My dear mademoiselle, your question is terrific! Mr. Blunt has informed me that *they* actually giggle!"

"*Quelle horreur !*"

"It is bad enough, certainly; but I ascribe the report to calumny. No; if I must speak, let me have Paris for its society, and Naples for its nature. As respects New York, Mr. Blunt, I suspend my judgment."

"Whatever may be the particular merit which shall most attract your admiration in favor of the great emporium, as the grandiloquent writers term the capital of you own state, I think I can venture to predict it will be neither of those just mentioned. Of society, indeed, New York has positively none: like London, it has plenty of company, which is disciplined something like a regiment of militia composed of drafts from different brigades, and which sometimes mistakes the drum-major for the colonel."

"I had fancied you a New Yorker, until now," observed Mr. Sharp.

"And why not now? Is a man to be blind to facts as evident as the noonday sun, because he was born here or there? If I have told you an unpleasant truth, Miss Effingham, you must accuse *la franchise* of the offence. I believe *you* are not a Manhattanese!"

"I am a mountaineer; having been born at my father's country residence."

"This gives me courage then, for no one here will have his filial piety shocked."

"Not even yourself?"

"As for myself," returned Paul Blunt, "it is settled I am a cosmopolite in fact, while you are only a cosmopolite by convention. Indeed, I question if I might take the same liberties with either Paris or London, that I am about to take with palmy Manhattan. I should have little confidence in the forbearance of my auditors: Mademoiselle Vieville would hardly forgive me, were I to attempt a criticism on the first, for instance."

"*C'est impossible !* you could not, Monsieur Blunt; *vous parlez trop bien Francais* not to love *Paris*."

"I *do* love *Paris*, mademoiselle; and, what is more, I love *Londres*, or even *la Nouvelle York*. As a cosmopolite, I claim this privilege, at least, though I can see defects in all. If you will recollect, Miss Effingham, that New York is a social biv-

ouac, a place in which families encamp instead of troops, you will see the impossibility of its possessing a graceful, well-ordered, and cultivated society. Then the town is commercial; and no place of mere commerce can well have a reputation for its society. Such an anomaly, I believe, never existed. Whatever may be the usefulness of trade, I fancy few will contend that it is very graceful."

"Florence of old?" said Eve.

"Florence and her commerce were peculiar, and the relations of things change with circumstances. When Florence was great, trade was a monopoly, in a few hands, and so conducted as to remove the principles from immediate contact with its affairs. The Medici traded in spices and silks, as men traded in politics, through agents. They probably never saw their ships, or had any farther connection with their commerce, than to direct its spirit. They were more like the legislator who enacts laws to regulate trade, than the dealer who fingers a sample, smells at a wine, or nibbles a grain. The Medici were merchants, a class of men altogether different from the mere factors, who buy of one to sell to another, at a stated advance in price, and all of whose enterprise consists in extending the list of safe customers, and of doing what is called a 'regular business.' Monopolies do harm on the whole, but they certainly elevate the favored few. The Medici and the Strozzi were both princes and merchants, while those around them were principally dependents. Competition, in our day, has let in thousands to share in the benefits; and the pursuit, while it is enlarged as a whole, has suffered in its parts by division."

"You surely do not complain that a thousand are comfortable and respectable to-day, for one that was *il magnifico* three hundred years since?"

"Certainly not. I rejoice in the change; but we must not confound names with things. If we have a thousand mere factors for one merchant, society, in the general signification of the word, is clearly a gainer; but if we had one Medici for a thousand factors, society, in its particular signification, might also be a gainer. All I mean is, that, in lowering the pursuit, we have necessarily lowered its qualifications; in other words, every man in trade in New York, is no more a Lorenzo, than every printer's devil is a Franklin."

"Mr. Blunt cannot be an American!" cried Mr. Sharp; "for these opinions would be heresy."

"*Jamais, jamais,*" joined the governess.

"You constantly forget the treaty of cosmopolitanism. But

a capital error is abroad concerning America on this very subject of commerce. In the way of merchandise alone, there is not a Christian maritime nation of any extent, that has a smaller portion of its population engaged in trade of this sort than the United States of America. The nation, as a nation, is agricultural, though the state of transition, in which a country in the course of rapid settlement must always exist, causes more buying and selling of real property than is usual. Apart from this peculiarity, the Americans, as a whole people, have not the common European proportions of ordinary dealers."

"This is not the prevalent opinion," said Mr. Sharp.

"It is not, and the reason is, that all American towns, or nearly all that are at all known in other countries, are purely commercial towns. The trading portion of a community is always the concentrated portion, too, and of course, in the absence of a court, of a political, or of a social capital, it has the greatest power to make itself heard and felt, until there is a direct appeal to the other classes. The elections commonly show quite as little sympathy between the majority and the commercial class as is consistent with the public welfare. In point of fact, America has but a very small class of real merchants, men who are the cause and not a consequence of commerce, though she has exceeding activity in the way of ordinary traffic. The portion of her people who are engaged as factors, —for this is the true calling of the man who is a regular agent between the common producer and the common consumer,—are of a high class as factors, but not of *the* high class of merchants. The man who orders a piece of silk to be manufactured at Lyons, at three francs a yard, to sell it in the regular course of the season to the retailer at three francs and a half, is no more a true merchant, than the attorney, who goes through the prescribed forms of the court in his pleadings, is a barrister."

"I do not think these sentiments will be very popular at home, as Mr. Dodge says," Eve laughingly remarked; "but when shall we reach that home! While we are talking of these things, here are we, in an almost deserted ship, within a mile of the great Desert of Sahara! How beautiful are the stars, mademoiselle! we have never before seen a vault so studded with brilliants."

"That must be owing to the latitude," Mr. Sharp observed.

"Certainly. Can any one say in what latitude we are precisely?" As Eve asked this question, she unconsciously turned towards Mr. Blunt; for the whole party had silently come to

the conclusion that he knew more of ships and navigation than all of them united.

"I believe we are not far from twenty-four, which is bringing us near the tropics, and places us quite sixteen degrees to the southward of our port. These two affairs of the chase and of the gale have driven us fully twelve hundred miles from the course we ought to have taken."

"Fortunately, mademoiselle, there are none to feel apprehensions on our account, or, none whose interest will be so keen as to create a very lively distress. I hope, gentlemen, you are equally at ease on this score?"

This was the first time Eve had ever trusted herself to put an interrogatory that might draw from Paul Blunt any communication that would directly touch upon his connections. She repented of the speech as soon as made, but causelessly, as it drew from the young man no answer. Mr. Sharp observed that his friends in England could scarcely know of their situation, until his own letters would arrive to relieve their minds. As for Mademoiselle Viefville, the hard fortune which reduced her to the office of a governess, had almost left her without natural ties.

"I believe we are to have watch and ward to-night," resumed Eve, after the general pause had continued some little time. "Is it not possible for the elements to put us in the same predicament as that in which we found the poor Dane?"

"Possible, certainly, but scarcely probable," returned Mr. Blunt. "The ship is well moored, and this narrow ledge of rocks, between us and the ocean, serves admirably for a break-water. One would not like to be stranded, helpless as we are, at this moment, on a coast like this!"

"Why so particularly helpless? You allude to the absence of our crew?"

"To that, and to the fact that, I believe, we could not muster as much as a pocket-pistol to defend ourselves with, everything in the shape of firearms having been sent with the party in the boats."

"Might we not lie on the beach, here, for days, even weeks," inquired Mr. Sharp, "without being discovered by the Arabs?"

"I fear not. Mariners have told me that the barbarians hover along the shores, especially after gales, in the hope of meeting with wrecks, and that it is surprising how soon they gain intelligence of any disaster. It is seldom there is even an opportunity to escape in a boat."

"I hope here, at least, we are safe?" cried Eve, in a little

terror, and shuddering, as much in playfulness as in real alarm.

"I see no grounds of concern where we are, so long as we can keep the ship off the shore. The Arabs have no boats, and if they had, they would not dare to attack a vessel that floated, in one, unless aware of her being as truly helpless as we happen at this moment to be."

"This is a chilling consolation, but I shall trust in your good care, gentlemen. Mademoiselle, it is drawing near midnight, I believe."

Eve and her companion then courteously wished the two young men good night, and retired to their staterooms; Mr. Sharp remained an hour longer with Mr. Blunt, who had undertaken to watch the first few hours, conversing with a light heart, and gayly; for, though there was a secret consciousness of rivalry between these two young men on the subject of Eve's favor, it was a generous and manly competition, in which each did the other ample justice. They talked of their travels, their views of customs and nations, their adventures in different countries, and of the pleasure each had felt in visiting spots renowned by association or the arts; but not a word was hazarded either by concerning the young creature who had just left them, and whom each still saw in his mind's eye, long after her light and graceful form had disappeared. At length Mr. Sharp went below, his companion insisting on being left alone, under the penalty of remaining up himself during the second watch. From this time, for several hours, there was no other noise in the ship than the tread of the solitary watchman. At the appointed period of the night, a change took place, and he who had watched slept, while he who had slept watched. Just as day dawned, however, Paul Blunt, who was in a deep sleep, felt a shake at his shoulder.

"Pardon me," cautiously whispered Mr. Sharp: "I fear we are about to have a most unpleasant interruption to our solitude."

"Heavenly powers!—Not the Arabs?"

"I fear no less: but it is still too dark to be certain of the fact. If you will rise, we can consult on the situation in which we are placed. I beg you to be quick."

Paul Blunt had hastily risen on an arm, and he now passed a hand over his brow, as if to make certain that he was awake. He had not undressed himself, and in another moment he stood on his feet in the middle of the stateroom.

"This is too serious to allow of mistake. We will not alarm

her then; we will not give any alarm, sir, until certain of the calamity."

"In that I entirely agree with you," returned Mr. Sharp, who was perfectly calm, though evidently distressed. "I may be mistaken, and wish your opinion. All on board but us two are in a profound sleep."

The other drew on his coat, and in a minute both were on deck. The day had not yet dawned, and the light was scarce sufficient to distinguish objects even near as those on the reef, particularly when they were stationary. The rocks, themselves, however, were visible in places, for the tide was out, and most of the upper portion of the ledge was bare. The two gentlemen moved cautiously to the bows of the vessel, and, concealed by the bulwarks, Mr. Sharp pointed out to his companion the objects that had given him the alarm.

"Do you see the pointed rock a little to the right of the spot where the kedge is placed?" he said, pointing in the direction that he meant. "It is now naked, and I am quite certain there was an object on it, when I went below, that has since moved away."

"It may have been a sea-bird; for we are so near the day, some of them are probably in motion. Was it large?"

"Of the size of a man's head, apparently; but this is by no means all. Here, farther to the north, I distinguished three objects in motion, wading in the water, near the point where the rocks are never bare."

"They may have been herons; the bird is often found in these low latitudes, I believe. I can discover nothing."

"I would to God, I may have been mistaken, though I do not think I could be so much deceived."

Paul Blunt caught his arm, and held it like one who listened intently,

"Heard you that?" he whispered hurriedly.

"It sounded like the clanking of iron."

Looking around, the other found a handspike, and passing swiftly up the heel of the bowsprit, he stood between the knight-heads. Here he bent forward, and looked intently towards the lines of chains which lay over the bulwarks, as bowfasts. Of these chains the parts led quite near each other, in parallel lines, and as the ship's moorings were taut, they were hanging in merely a slight curve. From the rocks, or the place where the kedges were laid to a point within thirty feet of the ship, these chains were dotted with living beings crawling cautiously upward. It was even easy, at a second look, to

perceive that they were men stealthily advancing on their hands and feet.

Raising the handspike, Mr. Blunt struck the chains several violent blows. The effect was to cause the whole of the Arabs—for it could be no others—suddenly to cease advancing, and to seat themselves astride the chains.

“This is fearful,” said Mr. Sharp; “but we must die, rather than permit them to reach the ship.”

“We must. Stand you here, and if they advance, strike the chains. There is not an instant to lose.”

Paul Blunt spoke hurriedly, and, giving the other the handspike, he ran down to the bitts, and commenced loosening the chains from their fastenings. The Arabs heard the clanking of the iron-rings, as he threw coil after coil on the deck, and they did not advance. Presently two parts yielded together beneath them, and then two more. These were the signals for a common retreat, and Mr. Sharp now plainly counted fifteen human forms as they scrambled back towards the reef, some hanging by their arms, some half in the water, and others lying along the chains, as best they might. Mr. Blunt having loosened the chains, so as to let their bights fall into the sea, the ships lowly drifted astern, and rode by her cables. When this was done, the two young men stood together in silence on the forecastle, as if each felt that all which had just occurred was some illusion.

“This is indeed terrible,” exclaimed Paul Blunt. “We have not even a pistol left! No means of defence—nothing but this narrow belt of water between us and these barbarians! No doubt, too, they have firearms; and, as soon as it is light, they will render it unsafe to remain on deck.”

Mr. Sharp took the hand of his companion and pressed it fervently. “God bless you!” he said in a stifled voice. “God bless you, for even this brief delay. But for this happy thought of yours, Miss Effingham—the others—we should *all* have been, by this time, at the mercy of these remorseless wretches. This is not a moment for false pride or pitiful deceptions. I think either of us would willingly die to rescue that beautiful and innocent creature from a fate like this which threatens her in common with ourselves?”

“Cheerfully would I lay down my life to be assured that she was, at this instant, safe in a civilized and Christian country.”

These generous young men squeezed each other’s hands, and at that moment no feeling of rivalry, or of competition even, entered the heart of either. Both were influenced by a

pure and ardent desire to serve the woman they loved, and it would be true to say, that scarce a thought of any but Eve was uppermost in their minds. Indeed so engrossing was their common care in her behalf, so much more terrible than that of any other person did her fate appear on being captured, that they forgot, for the moment, there were others in the ship, and others, too, who might be serviceable in arresting the very calamity they dreaded.

"They may not be a strong party," said Paul Blunt, after a little thought, "in which case, failing of a surprise, they may not be able to muster a force sufficient to hazard an open attack until the return of the boats. We have, God be praised! escaped being seized in our sleep, and made unconscious victims of so cruel a fate. Fifteen or twenty will scarcely dare attempt a ship of this size, without a perfect knowledge of our feebleness, and particularly of our want of arms. There is a light gun on board, and it is loaded; with this, too, we may hold them at bay, by not betraying our weakness. Let us awake the others, for this is not a moment for sleep. We are safe, at least, for an hour or two; since, without boats, they cannot possibly find the means to board us in less than that time."

The two young men went below, unconsciously treading lightly, like those who moved about in the presence of an impending danger. Paul Blunt was in advance, and to his great surprise he met Eve at the door of the ladies' cabin, apparently awaiting their approach. She was dressed, for apprehension, and the novelty of their situation, had caused her to sleep in most of her clothes, and a few moments had sufficed for a hasty adjustment of the toilet. Miss Effingham was pale, but a concentration of all her energies seemed to prevent the exhibition of any womanly terror.

"Something is wrong!" she said, trembling in spite of herself, and laying her hand unwittingly on the arm of Paul Blunt: "I heard the heavy fall of iron on the deck."

"Compose yourself, dearest Miss Effingham, compose yourself, I entreat you. I mean, that we have come to awaken the gentlemen."

"Tell me the worst, Powis, I implore you. I am equal,—I think I am equal, to hearing it."

"I fear your imagination has exaggerated the danger."

"The coast?"

"Of that there is no cause for apprehension. The sea is calm, and our fasts are perfectly good."

"The boats?"

“Will doubtless be back in good time.”

“Surely—surely,” said Eve, recoiling a step, as if she saw a monster, “not the Arabs?”

“They cannot enter the ship, though a few of them are hovering about us. But for the vigilance of Mr. Sharp, indeed, we might have all been captured in our sleep. As it is, we have warning, and there is now little doubt of our being able to intimidate the few barbarians who have shown themselves, until Captain Truck shall return.”

“Then from my soul, I thank you, Sir George Templemore, and for this good office will you receive the thanks of a father, and the prayers of all whom you have so signally served.”

“Nay, Miss Effingham, although I find this interest in me so grateful that I have hardly the heart to lessen your gratitude, truth compels me to give it a juster direction. But for the promptitude of Mr. Blunt—or as I now find I ought to address him, Mr. Powis—we should truly have all been lost.”

“We will not dispute about your merits, gentlemen. You have both deserved our most heartfelt thanks, and if you will awaken my father and Mr. John Effingham, I will arouse Mademoiselle Vieville and my own women. Surely, surely, this is no time to sleep!”

The summons was given at the stateroom doors, and the two young men returned to the deck, for they felt it was not safe to leave it long at such a moment. All was quite tranquil above, however, nor could the utmost scrutiny now detect the presence of any person on the reef.

“The rocks are cut off from the shore, farther to the southward by deeper water,” said Paul Blunt—for we shall continue to call both gentlemen, except on particular occasions, by their *noms de guerre*—“and when the tide is up the place cannot be forded. Of this the Arabs are probably aware; and having failed in their first attempt, they will probably retire to the beach as the water is rising, for they might not like to be left on the riband of rock that will remain in face of the force that would be likely to be found in such a vessel.”

“May they not be acquainted with the absence of most of our people, and be bent upon seizing the vessel before they can return?”

“That indeed is the gloomy side of the conjecture, and it may possibly be too true; but as the day is beginning to break, we shall soon learn the worst, and anything is better than vague distrust.”

For some time the two gentlemen paced the quarter deck together in silence. Mr. Sharp was the first to speak.

"The emotions natural to such an alarm," he said, "have caused Miss Effingham to betray an incognito of mine, that I fear you find sufficiently absurd. It was quite accidental, I do assure you; as much so, perhaps, as it was motiveless."

"Except as you might distrust American democracy," returned Paul, smiling, "and feel disposed to propitiate it by a temporary sacrifice of rank and title."

"I declare you do me injustice. My man, whose name is Sharp, had taken the stateroom, and, finding myself addressed by his appellation, I had the weakness to adopt it, under the impression it might be convenient in a packet. Had I anticipated, in the least, meeting with the Effinghams, I should not have been guilty of the folly, for Mr. and Miss Effingham are old acquaintances."

"While you are thus apologizing for a venial offence, you forget it is to a man guilty of the same error. I knew your person, from having seen you on the Continent; and finding you disposed to go by the homely name of Sharp, in a moment of thoughtlessness, I took its counterpart, Blunt. A travelling name is sometimes convenient, though sooner or later I fancy all deception bring with them their own punishments."

"It is certain that falsehood requires to be supported by falsehood. Having commenced in untruth, would it not be expedient to persevere until we reach America? I, at least, cannot now assert a right to my proper name, without deposing an usurper?"

"It *will* be expedient for you, certainly, if it be only to escape the homage of that double-distilled democrat, Mr. Dodge. As for myself, few care enough about me to render it a matter of moment how I am styled; though, on the whole, I should prefer to let things stand as they are, for reasons I cannot well explain."

No more was said on the subject, though both understood that the old appellations were to be temporarily continued. Just as this brief dialogue ended, the rest of the party appeared on deck. All preserved a forced calmness, though the paleness of the ladies betrayed the intense anxiety they felt. Eve struggled with her fears on account of her father, who had trembled so violently, when the truth was first told him, as to be quite unmanned, but who now comported himself with dignity, though oppressed with apprehensions almost to anguish. John Effingham was stern, and in the bitterness of his first sensations he had muttered a few imprecations on his own folly, in suffering himself to be thus caught without arms,

Once the terrible idea of the necessity of sacrificing Eve, in the last resort, as an expedient preferable to captivity, had flashed across his mind ; but the real tenderness he felt for her, and his better nature, soon banished the unnatural thought. Still, when he joined the party on deck, it was with a general but vague impression, that the moment was at hand when circumstances had required that they were all to die together. No one was more seemingly collected than Mademoiselle Vieffville. Her life had been one of sacrifices, and she had now made up her mind that it was to pass away in a scene of violence ; and, with a species of heroism that is natural, her feelings had been aroused to a sort of Roman firmness, and she was prepared to meet her fate with a composure equal to that of the men.

These were the first feelings and impressions of those who had been awakened from the security of the night, to hear the tale of their danger ; but they lessened as the party collected in the open air, and began to examine into their situation by means of the steadily increasing light. As the day advanced, Paul Blunt, in particular, carefully examined the rocks near the ship, even ascending to the foretop, from which elevation he overlooked the whole line of the reef ; and something like hope revived in every bosom when he proclaimed the joyful intelligence that nothing having life was visible in that direction.

“God be praised !” he said with fervor, as his foot touched the deck again on descending ; “we have at least a respite from the attacks of these barbarians. The tide has risen so high that they dare not stay on the rocks, lest they might be cut off ; for they probably think us stronger than we are, and armed. The light gun on the forcastle is loaded, gentlemen, though not shotted ; for there are no shot in the vessel, Saunders tells me ; and I would suggest the propriety of firing it, both to alarm the Arabs, and as a signal to our friends. The distance from the wreck is not so great but it might be heard, and I think they would at least send a boat to our relief. Sound flies fast, and a short time may bring us succor. The water will not be low enough for our enemies to venture on the reef again, under six or eight hours, and all may yet be well.”

This proposal was discussed, and it proving, on inquiry, that all the powder in the ship, after loading the gun for this very purpose of firing a signal, had been taken in the boats, and that no second discharge could be made, it was decided to lose no more time, but to let their danger be known to their friends at once, if it were possible to send the sound so far. When this decision was come to, Mr. Blunt, aided by Mr. Sharp,

made the necessary preparations without delay. The latter, though doing all he could to assist, envied the readiness, practical skill and intelligence, with which his companion, a man of cultivated and polished mind in higher things, performed every requisite act that was necessary to effect their purpose. Instead of hastily discharging the piece, an iron four-pound gun, Mr. Blunt first doubled the wad, which he drove home with all his force, and then he greased the muzzle, as he said, to increase the report.

"I shall not attempt to explain the philosophy of this," he added with a mournful smile, "but all lovers of salutes and salvos will maintain that it is useful; and be it so or not, too much depends on our making ourselves heard, to neglect anything that has even a chance of aiding that one great object. If you will now assist me, Sir George, we will run the gun over to starboard, in order that it may be fired on the side next the wreck."

"Judging from the readiness you have shown on several occasions, as well as your familiarity with the terms, I should think you had served," returned the real baronet, as he helped his companion to place the gun at a port on the northern side of the vessel.

"You have not mistaken my trade. I was certainly bred, almost born, a seaman; and though as a traveller I have now been many years severed from my early habits, little of what I knew has been lost. Were there five others here, who had as much familiarity as myself with vessels, I think we could carry the ship outside the reef, crippled as she is, and set the Arabs at defiance. Would to God our worthy captain had never brought her inside."

"He did all for the best, no doubt?"

"Beyond a question; and no more than a commendable prudence required. Still he has left us in a most critical position. This priming is a little damp, and I distrust it. The coal, if you please."

"Why do you not fire?"

"At the last moment, I almost repent of my own expedient. Is it quite certain no pistols remain among any of our effects?"

"I fear not. Saunders reports that all, even to those of the smallest size, were put in requisition for the boats."

"The charge in this gun might serve for many pistols, or for several fowling-pieces. I might even sweep the reef, on an emergency, by using old iron for shot! It appears like part-

ing with a last friend, to part with this single precious charge of gunpowder."

"Nay, you certainly know best; though I rather think the Messrs. Effingham are of your first opinion."

"It is puerile to waver on such a subject, and I will hesitate no longer. There are moments when the air seems to float in the direction of our friends; on the first return of one of those currents, I will fire."

A minute brought the opportunity, and Paul Blunt, or Paul Powis, as his real name would now appear to be, applied the coal. The report was sharp and lively; but as the smoke floated away, he again expressed his doubts of the wisdom of what had just been done. Had he then known that the struggling sounds had diffused themselves in their radii, without reaching the wreck, his regrets would have been increased four-fold. This was a fact, however, that could not be then ascertained, and those in the packet were compelled to wait two or three hours before they even got the certainty of their failure.

As the light increased a view was obtained of the shore, which seemed as silent and deserted as the reef. For half an hour the whole party experienced the revulsion of feeling that accompanies all great changes of emotion, and the conversation had even got to be again cheerful, and to turn into its former channels, when suddenly a cry from Saunders renewed the alarm. The steward was preparing the breakfast in the gallery, from which he gave occasional glances towards the land, and his quick eye had been the first to detect a new and still more serious danger that now menaced them.

A long train of camels was visible, travelling across the desert, and holding its way towards the part of the reef which touched the shore. At this point, too, were now to be seen some twenty Arabs, waiting the arrival of their friends; among whom it was fair to conclude were those who had attempted to carry the ship by surprise. As the events which next followed were closely connected with the policy and forbearance of the party of barbarians near the wreck, this will be a suitable occasion to explain the motives of the latter, in not assailing Captain Truck, and the real state of things among these children of the desert.

The Dane had been driven ashore, as conjectured, in the last gale, and the crew had immediately been captured by a small wandering party of the Arabs, with whom the coast was then lined; as is usually the case immediately after tempestuous weather. Unable to carry off much of the cargo, this

party had secured the prisoners, and hurried inland to an oasis, to give the important intelligence to their friends; leaving scouts on the shore, however, that they might be early apprised of any similar disaster, or of any change in the situation of their present prize. These scouts had discovered the Montauk, drifting along the coast, dismasted and crippled, and they had watched her to her anchorage within the reef. The departure of her boats had been witnessed, and though unable to foresee the whole object of this expedition, the direction taken pointed out the wreck as the point of destination. All this, of course, had been communicated to the chief men of the different parties on the coast, of which there were several, who had agreed to unite their forces to secure the second ship, and then to divide the spoils.

When the Arabs reached the coast near the wreck, that morning, the elders among them were not slow in comprehending the motives of the expedition; and having gained a pretty accurate idea of the number of men employed about the Dane, they had come to the just conclusion that few were left in the vessel at anchor. They had carried off the spy-glass of their prize too, and several among them knew its use, from having seen similar things in other stranded ships. By means of this glass, they discovered the number and quality of those on board the Montauk, as soon as there was sufficient light, and directed their own operations accordingly. The parties that had appeared and disappeared behind the sandy ridges of the desert, about the time at which we have now arrived in the narrative, and those who have been already mentioned in a previous chapter, were those who came from the interior, and those who went in the direction of the reef; the first of the latter of which Saunders had just discovered. Owing to the rounded formation of the coast, and to the intervention of a headland, the distance by water between the two ships was quite double that by land between the two encampments, and those who now arrived abreast of the packet, deliberately pitched their tents, as if they depended more on a display of their numbers for success than on concealment, and as if they felt no apprehension of the return of the crew.

When the gentlemen had taken a survey of this strong party, which numbered more than a hundred, they held a consultation of the course it would be necessary to pursue. To Paul Blunt, as an avowed seaman, and as one who had already shown the promptitude and efficiency of his resources, all eyes were turned in expectation of an opinion.

"So long as the tide keeps in," this gentleman observed, "I see no cause for apprehensions. We are beyond the reach of musketry, or at all events, any fire of the Arabs, at this distance, must be uncertain and harmless; and we have always the hope of the arrival of the boats. Should this fail us, and the tide fall this afternoon as low as it fell in the morning, our situation will indeed become critical. The water around the ship may possibly serve as a temporary protection, but the distance to the reef is so small that it might be passed by swimming."

"Surely we could make good the vessel against men raising themselves out of the water, and clambering up a vessel's side?" said Mr. Sharp.

"It is probable we might, if unmolested from the shore. But, imagine twenty or thirty resolute swimmers to put off together for different parts of the vessel, protected by the long muskets these Arabs carry, and you will easily conceive the hoplessness of any defence. The first man among us, who should show his person to meet the boarders, would be shot down like a dog."

"It was a cruel oversight to expose us to this horrible fate!" exclaimed the appalled father.

"This is easier seen now than when the mistake was committed," observed John Effingham. "As a seaman, and with his important object in view, Captain Truck acted for the best, and we should acquit him of all blame, let the result be what it may. Regrets are useless, and it remains for us to devise some means to arrest the danger by which we are menaced, before it be too late. Mr. Blunt, you must be our leader and counsellor; is it not possible for us to carry the ship outside of the reef, and to anchor her beyond the danger of our being boarded?"

"I have thought of this expedient, and if we had a boat it might possibly be done, in this mild weather; without a boat, it is impossible."

"But we have a boat," glancing his eye towards the launch that stood in the chocks or chucks.

"One that would be too unwieldy for our purposes, could it be got into the water; a thing in itself that would be almost impracticable for us to achieve,"

A long silence succeeded, during which the gentlemen were occupied in the bootless effort of endeavoring to devise expedients to escape the Arabs; bootless, because on such occasions, the successful measure is commonly the result of a sort of sudden inspiration, rather than of continued and laborious thought.

CHAPTER XXII.

With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of Virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceased to flow.

GLOVER.

HOPE is the most treacherous of all human fancies. So long as there is a plausible ground to expect relief from any particular quarter, men will relax their exertions in the face of the most eminent danger, and they cling to their expectations long after reason has begun to place the chances of success on the adverse side of the scale. Thus it was with the party in the Montauk. Two or three precious hours were lost in the idle belief that the gun would be heard by Captain Truck, and that they might momentarily look for the appearance of, at least, one of the boats.

Paul Blunt was the first to relinquish this delusion. He knew that, if it reached their friends at all, the report must have been heard in a few seconds, and he knew, also, that it peculiarly belonged to the profession of a seaman to come to quick decisions. An hour of smart rowing would bring the cutter from the wreck to the headland, where it would be visible, by means of a glass, from the foretop. Two hours had now passed away and no signs of any boat were to be discovered, and the young man felt reluctantly compelled to yield all the strong hopes of timely aid that he had anticipated from this quarter. John Effingham, who had much more energy of character than his kinsman, though not more personal fortitude and firmness, was watching the movements of their young leader, and he read the severe disappointment in his face, as he descended the last time from the top, where he had often been since the consultation, to look out for the expected succor.

“ I see it in your countenance,” said that gentleman ; “ we have nothing to look for from the boats. Our signal has not been heard.”

“ There is no hope, and we are now thrown altogether on our own exertions, aided by the kind providence of God.”

“ This calamity is so sudden and so dire, that I can scarcely credit it ! Are we then truly in danger of becoming prisoners to barbarians ? Is Eve Effingham, the beautiful, innocent,

good, angelic daughter of my cousin, to be their victim!—perhaps the inmate of a seraglio!”

“There is the pang! Had a thousand bodies, a thousand lives, I could give all of the first to unmitigated suffering, lay down all the last to avert so shocking a calamity. Do you think the ladies are sensible of their real situation?”

“They are uneasy rather than terrified. In common with us all, they have strong hopes from the boats, though the continued arrival of the barbarians, who are constantly coming into their camp, has helped to render them a little more conscious of the true nature of the danger.”

Here Mr. Sharp, who stood on the hurricane-house, called out for the glass, in order to ascertain what a party of Arabs, who were collected near the in-shore end of the reef, were about. Paul Blunt went up to him, and made the examination. His countenance fell as he gazed, and an expression like that of hopelessness was again apparent on his fine features, when he lowered the glass.

“Here is some new cause of uneasiness!”

“The wretches have got a number of spars, and are lashing them together to form a raft. They are bent on our capture, and I see no means of preventing it.”

“Were we alone, men only, we might have the bitter consolation of selling our lives dearly; but it is terrible to have those with us whom we can neither save nor yet devote to a common destruction with our enemies!”

“It is indeed terrible, and the helplessness of our situation adds to its misery.”

“Can we not offer terms?—Might not a promise of ransom, with hostages, do something! I would cheerfully remain in the hands of the barbarians, in order to effect the release of the rest of the party.”

Mr Blunt grasped his hand, and for a moment he envied the other the generous thought. But smiling bitterly, he shook his head, as if conscious of the futility of even this desperate self-devotion.

“Gladly would I be your companion; but the project is, in every sense, impracticable. Ransom they might consent to receive with us all in their power, but not on the condition of our being permitted to depart. Indeed, no means of quitting them would be left; for, once in possession of the ship, as in a few hours they must be, Captain Truck, though having the boats, will be obliged to surrender for want of food, or to run the frightful hazard of attempting to reach the islands, on an

allowance scarcely sufficient to sustain life under the most favorable circumstances. These flint-hearted monsters are surrounded by the desolation of their desert, and they are aware of all their appalling advantages."

"The real state of things ought to be communicated to our friends, in order that they may be prepared for the worst."

To this Mr. Blunt agreed, and they went together to inform John Effingham of the new discovery. This stern-minded man was, in a manner, prepared for the worst, and he now agreed on the melancholy propriety of letting his kinsman know the actual nature of the new danger that threatened them.

"I will undertake this unpleasant office," he said, "though I could, in my inmost soul, pray that the necessity for it might pass away. Should the worst arrive, I have still hopes of effecting something by means of a ransom; but what will have been the fate of the youthful, and delicate, and lovely, ere we can make ourselves even comprehended by the barbarians? A journey in the desert, as these journeys have been described to me, would be almost certain death to all but the strongest of our party, and even gold may fail of its usual power, when weighed against the evil nature of savages."

"Is there no hope, then, really left us?" demanded Mr. Sharp, when the last speaker had left them to descend to the cabins. "Is it not possible to get the boat into the water, and to make our escape in that?"

"That is an expedient of which I have thought, but it is next to impracticable. As anything is better than capture however, I will make one more close examination of the proceedings of the demons, and look nearer into our own means."

Paul Blunt now got a lead and dropped it over the side of the ship, in the almost forlorn hope that possibly she might lie over some hole on the bottom. The soundings proved to be, as indeed he expected, but a little more than three fathoms.

"I had no reason to expect otherwise," he said, as he drew in the line, though he spoke like a disappointed man. "Had there been sufficient water the ship might have been scuttled, and the launch would have floated off the deck; but as it is, we should lose the vessel without a sufficient object. It would appear heroic were you and I to contrive to get on the reef, and to proceed to the shore with a view to make terms with the Arabs; but there could be no real use in it, as the treachery of their character is too well established to look for any benefit from such a step."

"Might they not be kept in play, until our friends returned?"

Providence may befriend us in some unexpected manner in our uttermost peril."

"We will examine them once more with the glass. By a movement among the Arabs, there has probably been a new accession to their numbers."

The two gentlemen now ascended to the top of the hurricane-house again, in feverish haste, and once more they applied the instrument. A minute of close study induced Mr. Blunt to drop the glass, with an expression that denoted increased concern.

"Can anything possibly make our prospects worse?" eagerly inquired his companion.

"Do you not remember a flag that was on board the Dane—that by which we identified his nation?"

"Certainly: it was attached to the halyards, and lay on the quarter-deck."

"The flag is now flying in the camp of these barbarians! You may see it, here, among the tents last pitched by the party that arrived while we were conversing forward."

"And from this, you infer—"

"That our people are captives! That flag was in the ship when we left it; had the Arabs returned before our party got there, the captain would have been back long ere this; and in order to obtain this ensign they must have obtained possession of the wreck, after the arrival of the boats; an event that could scarcely occur without a struggle: I fear the flag is a proof on which side the victory has fallen."

"This then would seem to consummate our misfortunes!"

"It does indeed; for the faint hope that existed, of being relieved by the boats, must now be entirely abandoned."

"In the name of God, look again, and see in what condition the wretches have got their raft?"

A long examination followed, for on this point did the fate of all in the ship now truly seem to depend.

"They work with spirit," said Mr. Blunt, when his examination had continued a long time; "but it seems less like a raft than before—they are lashing spars together lengthwise—here is a drawing of hope, or what would be hope, rather, if the boats had escaped their fangs!"

"God bless you for the words!—what is there encouraging?"

"It is not much," returned Paul Blunt, with a mournful smile; "but trifles become of account in moments of extreme jeopardy. They are making a floating stage, doubtless with

the intention to pass from the reef to the ship, and by veering on the chains we may possibly drop astern sufficiently to disappoint them in the length of their bridge. If I saw a hope of the final return of the boats, this expedient would not be without its use, particularly if delayed to the last moment, as it might cause the Arabs to lose another tide, and a reprieve of eight or ten hours is an age to men in our situation."

Mr. Sharp caught eagerly at this suggestion and the young men walked the deck together for half an hour, discussing its chances, and suggesting various means of turning it to the best account. Still, both felt convinced that the trifling delay which might thus be obtained, would, in the end, be perfectly useless, should Captain Truck and his party have really fallen into the hands of the common enemy. They were thus engaged, sometimes in deep despondency, and sometimes buoyant with revived expectations, when Saunders, on the part of Mr. Effingham, summoned them below.

On reaching the cabin, whither both immediately hastened, the two gentlemen found the family party in the distress that the circumstances would naturally create. Mr. Effingham was seated, his daughter's head resting on a knee, for she had thrown herself on the carpet, by his side. Mademoiselle Vieffville paced the cabin, occasionally stopping to utter a few words of consolation to her young charge, and then again reverting in her mind to the true dangers of their situation, with a force that completely undid all she had said, by betraying the extent of her own apprehensions. Ann Sidley knelt near her young mistress, sometimes praying fervently, though in silence, and at other moments folding her beloved in her arms, as if to protect her from the ruffian grasp of the barbarians. The *femme de chambre* was sobbing in a stateroom, while John Effingham leaned, with his arms folded against a bulkhead, a picture of stern submission rather than of despair. The whole party was now assembled, with the exception of the steward, whose lamentations throughout the morning had not been noiseless, but who was left on deck to watch the movements of the Arabs.

The moment was not one of idle forms, and Eve Effingham, who would have recoiled, under other circumstances, at being seen by her fellow travellers in her present situation, scarce raised her head, in acknowledgement of their melancholy salute, as they entered. She had been weeping, and her hair had fallen in profusion around her shoulders. The tears fell no longer, but a warm flushed look, one which denoted that a

struggle of the mind had gotten the better of womanly emotions, had succeeded to deadly paleness, and rendered her loveliness of feature and expression bright and angelic. Both of the young men thought she had never seemed so beautiful, and both felt a secret pang, as the conviction forced itself on them, at the same instant, that this surpassing beauty was now likely to prove her most dangerous enemy.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Effingham, with apparent calmness, and a dignity that no uneasiness could disturb, "my kinsman has acquainted us with the hopeless nature of our condition, and I have begged the favor of this visit on your own account. *We* cannot separate; the ties of blood and affection unite us, and our fate must be common; but, on *you* there is no such obligation. Young, bold, and active, some plan may suggest itself, by which you may possibly escape the barbarians, and at least save yourselves. I know that generous temperaments like yours will not be disposed to listen, at first, to such a suggestion; but reflection will tell you that it is for the interest of us all. You may let our fate be known, earlier than it otherwise would be, to those who will take immediate measures to procure our ransoms."

"This is impossible!" Mr. Sharp said firmly. "We can never quit you; could never enjoy a moment's peace under the consciousness of having been guilty of an act so selfish!"

"Mr. Blunt is silent," continued Mr. Effingham, after a short pause, in which he looked from one of the young men to the other. "He thinks better of my proposition, and will listen to his own best interests."

Eva raised her head quickly, but without being conscious of the anxiety she betrayed, and gazed with melancholy intentness at the subject of this remark.

"I do credit to the generous feelings of Mr. Sharp," Paul Blunt now hurriedly answered, "and should be sorry to admit that my own first impulses were less disinterested; but I confess I have already thought of this, and have reflected on all the chances of success or failure. It might be practicable for one who can swim easily to reach the reef; thence to cross the inlet, and possibly to gain the shore under cover of the opposite range of rocks, which are higher than those near us: after which, by following the coast, one might communicate with the boats by signal, or even go quite to the wreck if necessary. All of this I have deliberated on, and once I had determined to propose it; but—"

"But what?" demanded Eve quickly. "Why not execu-

this plan, and save yourself? Is it a reason, because our case is hopeless, that you should perish? Go, then, at once, for the moments are precious; an hour hence, it may be too late."

"Were it merely to save myself, Miss Effingham, do you really think me capable of this baseness?"

"I do not call it baseness. Why should we draw you down with us in our misery? You have already served us, Powis, in a situation of terrible trials, and it is just that you should always devote yourself in behalf of those who seem fated never to do you good. My father will tell you he thinks it your duty now to save yourself if possible."

"I think it the duty of every man," mildly resumed Mr. Effingham, "when no imperious obligation requires otherwise, to save the life and liberty which God has bestowed. These gentlemen have doubtless ties and claims on them that are independent of us, and why should they inflict a pang on those who love them, in order to share in our disaster?"

"This is placing useless speculations before a miserable certainty," observed John Effingham. "As there can be no hope of reaching the boat, it is vain to discuss the propriety of the step."

"Is this true, Powis? Is there truly no chance of your escaping. You will not deceive us—deceive yourself—on a vain point of empty pride!"

"I can say with truth, almost with joy, for I thank God I am spared the conflict of judging between my duty and my feelings, that there can no longer be any chance of finding the wreck in the possession of our friends," returned Paul fervently. "There were moments when I thought the attempt should be made; and it would perhaps have properly fallen to my lot to be the adventurer; but we have now proof that the Arabs are masters, and if Captain Truck has escaped at all, it is under circumstances that scarcely admit the possibility of his being near the land. The whole coast must be watched and in possession of the barbarians, and one passing along it could hardly escape being seen."

"Might you not escape into the interior, notwithstanding?" asked Eve, impetuously.

"With what motive? To separate myself from those who have been my fellows in misfortune, only to die of want, or to fall into the hands of another set of masters? It is every way our interest to keep together, and to let those already on the coast become our captors, as the booty of two ships may dispose them to be less exacting with their prisoners."

"Slaves!" muttered John Effingham.

His cousin bowed his head over the delicate form of Eve, which he folded with his arms, as if to shield it from the blasts and evils of the desert.

"As we may be separated immediately on being taken," resumed Paul Blunt, "it will be well to adopt some common mode of acting, and a uniform account of ourselves, in order that we may impress the barbarians with the policy of carrying us, as soon as possible into the vicinity of Mogadore, with a view to obtaining a speedy ransom."

"Can any thing be better than the holy truth?" exclaimed Eve. "No, no, no! Let us not deform this chastening act of God by coloring any thought or word with deception."

"Deception in our case will hardly be needed; but by understanding those facts which will most probably influence the Arabs, we may dwell the most on them. We cannot do better than by impressing on the minds of our captors the circumstances that this is no common ship, a fact their own eyes will corroborate, and that we are not mere mariners, but passengers, who will be likely to reward their forbearance and moderation."

"I think, sir," interrupted Ann Sidley, looking up with tearful eyes from the spot where she still knelt, "that if these people knew how much Miss Eve is sought and beloved, they might be led to respect her as she deserves, and this at least would 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb!'"

"Poor Nanny!" murmured Eve, stretching forth a hand toward her old nurse, though her face was still buried in her own hair, "thou wilt soon learn that there is another leveller beside the grave!"

"Ma'am!"

"Thou wilt find that Eve, in the hands of barbarians, is not thy Eve. It will now become my turn to become a handmaiden, and to perform for others offices a thousand times more humiliating than any thou hast ever performed for me."

Such a consummation of their misery had never struck the imagination of the simple-minded Ann, and she gazed at her child with tender concern, as if she distrusted her senses.

"This is too improbable, dear Miss Eve," she said, "and you will distress your father by talking so wildly. The Arabs are human beings though they are barbarians, and they will never dream of anything so wicked as this."

Mademoiselle Viefville made a rapid and fervent ejaculation in her own language, that was keenly expressive of her own sense of misery, and Ann Sidley, who always felt uneasiness

when anything was said affecting Eve that she could not understand, looked from one to the other, as if she demanded an explanation.

“I’m sure Mamerzelle cannot think any such thing likely to take place,” she continued more positively; “and, sir, you at least will not permit Miss Eve to torment herself with any notions as unreasonable, as monstrous as this!”

“We are in the hands of God, my worthy Ann, and you may live to see all your fixed ideas of propriety violated,” returned Mr. Effingham. “Let us pray that we may not be separated, for there will at least be a tender consolation in being permitted to share our misery in company. Should we be torn asunder, then indeed will the infliction be one of insupportable agony!”

“And who will think of such a cruelty, sir? *Me* they cannot separate from Miss Eve, for I am her servant, her own long-tried, faithful attendant, who first held her in arms, and nursed her when a helpless infant; and you too, sir, you are her father, her own beloved revered parent; and Mr. John, is he not her kinsman, of her blood and name? And even Mamerzelle also has claims to remain with Miss Eve, for she has taught her many things, I daresay, that it is good to know. Oh! no, no, no! no one has a right to tear us asunder, and no one will have the heart to do it.”

“Nanny, Nanny,” murmured Eve, “you do not, cannot know the cruel Arabs!”

“They cannot be crueller and more unforgiving than our own savages, ma’am, and they keep the mother with the child; and when they spare life, they take the prisoners into their huts, and treat them as they treat their own. God has caused so many of the wicked to perish for their sins, in these eastern lands, that I no not think a man can be left that is wretch enough to harm one like Miss Eve. Take courage then, sir, and put your trust in his Holy Providence. I know the trial is hard to a tender father’s heart, but should their customs require them to keep the men and women asunder, and to separate you from your daughter, for a short time, remember that I shall be with her, as I was in her childhood, when, by the mercy of God, we carried her through so many mortal diseases in safety, and have got her, in the pride of her youth, without a blemish or a defect, the perfect creature she is.”

“If the world had no other tenants but such as you, devoted and simple-hearted woman, there would indeed be little cause for apprehension; for you are equally unable to imagine wrong yourself, or to conceive it in others. It would remove a moun-

tain from my heart, could I indeed believe that even you will be permitted to remain near this dependent and fragile girl during the months of suffering and anguish that are likely to occur."

"Father," said Eve, hurriedly drying her eyes, and rising to her feet with a motion so easy, and an effort so slight, that it appeared like the power of mere volition.—the superiority of the spirit over her light frame,—“father, do not let a thought of me distress you at this awful moment. You have known me only in happiness and prosperity,—an indulged and indolent girl; but I feel a force which is capable of sustaining me, even in this blank desert. The Arabs can have no other motive than to preserve us all, as captives likely to repay their care with a rich ransom. I know that a journey, according to their habits, will be painful and arduous, but it may be borne. Trust, then, more to my spirit than to my feeble body, and you will find that I am not as worthless as I fear you fancy.”

Mr. Effingham passed his arm round the slender waist of his child, and folded her almost frantically to his bosom. But Eve was aroused, and gently extricating herself, with bright but tearless eyes, she looked round at her companions, as if she would reverse the order of their sympathies, and direct them to their own wants and hazards.

“I know you think me the most exposed by this dreadful disaster,” she said; “that I may not be able to bear up against the probable suffering, and that I shall sink first, because I am the feeblest and frailest in frame; but God permits the reed to bend, when the oak is destroyed. I am stronger, able to bear more than you imagine, and we shall all live to meet again, in happier scenes, should it be our present hard fortune to be separated.”

As Eve spoke, she cast affectionate looks on those dear to her by habit, and blood, and services; nor did she permit an unnecessary reserve at such a moment to prevent glances of friendly interest towards the young men, whose very souls seemed wrapped in her movements. Words of encouragement from such a source, however, only served to set the frightful truth more vividly before the minds of her auditors, and not one of them heard what she said who did not feel an awful presentiment that a few weeks of the suffering of which she made so light, did she even escape a crueller fate, would consign that form, now so winning and lovely, to the sands. Mr. Effingham now rose, and for the first time the flood of sensations that had been so long gathering in his bosom, seemed ready to burst

through the restraints of manhood. Struggling to command himself, he turned to his two young male companions, and spoke with an impressiveness and dignity that carried with them a double force, from the fact of his ordinary manners being so tempered and calm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we may serve each other, by coming to an understanding in time ; or at least you may confer on me a favor that a life of gratitude would not repay. You are young and vigorous, bold and intelligent, qualities that will command the respect of even savages. The chances that one of you will survive to reach a Christian land are much greater than those of a man of my years, borne down as I shall be with the never-dying anxieties of a parent."

"Father ! father !"

"Hush ! darling : let me entreat these gentlemen to bear us in mind, should they reach a place of safety ; for after all, youth may do that in your behalf, which time will deny to John and myself. Money will be of no account, you know, to rescue my child from a fate far worse than death, and it may be some consolation to you, young men, to recollect, at the close of your careers, which I trust will yet be long and happy, that a parent, in his last moments, found a consolation in the justifiable hopes he had placed on your generous exertions."

"Father, I cannot bear this ! For you to be the victim of these barbarians is too much ; and I would prefer trusting all to a raft on the terrible ocean, to incurring the smallest chance of such a calamity. Mademoiselle, you will join me in the entreaty to the gentlemen to prepare a few planks to receive us, where we can perish together, and at least have the consolation of knowing that our eyes will be closed by friends. The longest survivor will be surrounded and supported by the spirits of those who have gone before, into a world devoid of care."

"I have thought this from the first," returned Mademoiselle Viefville in French, with an energy of manner that betokened a high and resolved character : "I would not expose gentlewomen to the insults and outrages of barbarians ; but did not wish to make a proposition that the feelings of others might reject."

"It is a thousand times preferable to capture, if indeed it be practicable," said John Effingham, looking inquiringly towards Paul. The latter, however, shook his head in the negative, for, the wind blowing on the shore, he knew it would be merely meeting captivity without the appearance of a self-reli-

ance and dignity, that might serve to impress their captors favorably."

"It is impossible," said Eve, reading the meaning of the glances, and dropping on her knees before Mr. Effingham, "well, then, may our trust be in God! We have yet a few minutes of liberty, and let them not be wasted idly, in vain regrets. Father, kiss me, and give me once more that holy and cherished blessing, with which you used to consign me to sleep in those days when we scarce dreamed of, never realized, misfortune."

"Bless you, bless you, my babe; my beloved, my cherished Eve!" said the father solemnly, but with a quivering lip. "May that dread Being whose ways, though mysterious, are perfect wisdom and mercy, sustain you in this trial, and bring you at last, spotless in spirit and person, to his own mansions of peace. God took from me early thy sainted mother, and I had impiously trusted in the hope that thou wert left to be my solace in age. Bless you, my Eve; I shall pray God, without ceasing, that you may pass away as pure and as worthy of his love, as her to whom thou owest thy being.

John Effingham groaned; the effort he made to repress his feelings causing the outbreaking of his soul to be deep though smothered.

"Father, let us pray together. Ann, my good Ann, thou who first taught me to lisp a thanksgiving and a request, kneel here by my side—and you, too, mademoiselle; though of a different creed, we have a common God! Cousin John, you pray often, I know, though so little apt to show your emotions; there is a place for you, too, with those of your blood. I know not whether these gentlemen are too proud to pray."

Both the young men knelt with the others, and there was a long pause in which the whole party put up their supplications, each according to his or her habits of thought.

"Father!" resumed Eve, looking up as she still knelt between the knees of Mr. Effingham, and smiling fondly in the face of him she so piously loved; "there is one precious hope of which even the barbarians cannot rob us: we may be separated here, but our final meeting rests only with God!"

Mademoiselle Vieffville passed an arm round the waist of her sweet pupil, and pressed her against her heart.

"There is but one abode for the blessed, my dear mademoiselle, and one expiation for us all." Then rising from her knees, Eve said with the grace and dignity of a gentlewoman, "Cousin Jack, kiss me; we know not when another occasion

may offer to manifest to each other our mutual regard. You have been a dear and indulgent kinsman to me, and should I live these twenty years a slave, I shall not cease to think of you with kindness and regret."

John Effingham folded the beautiful and ardent girl in his arms with the freedom and fondness of a parent.

"Gentlemen," continued Eve, with a deepening color; but with eyes that were kind and grateful, "I thank you, too, for lending your supplications to ours. I know that young men in the pride of their security, seldom fancy such a dependence on God necessary; but the strongest are overturned, and pride is a poor substitute for the hope of the meek. I believe you have thought better of me than I merit, and I should never cease to reproach myself with a want of consideration, did I believe that anything more than accident has brought you into this ill-fated vessel. Will you permit me to add one more obligation to the many I feel to you both?" advancing nearer to them, and speaking lower; "you are young, and likely to endure bodily exposure better than my father—that we shall be separated I feel persuaded—and it might be in your power to solace a heart-broken parent. I see, I know, I may depend on your good offices."

"Eve—my blessed daughter—my only, my beloved child!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham, who overheard her lowest syllable, so deathlike was the stillness of the cabin—"come to me, dearest; no power on earth shall ever tear us asunder!"

Eve turned quickly, and beheld the arms of her parent extended. She threw herself into them, when the pent and irresistible emotions broke loose in both, for they wept together, as she lay on his bosom, with a violence that in a man it was awfully painful to witness.

Mr. Sharp had advanced to take the offered hand of Eve, when she suddenly left him for the purpose just mentioned, and he now felt the grasp of Paul's fingers on his arm, as if they were about to penetrate the bone. Fearful of betraying the extent of their feelings, the two young men rushed on deck together, where they paced backward and forward for many minutes, quite unable to exchange a word, or even a look.

CHAPTER XXIII.

O Domine Deus ! speravi in te ;
 O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me :—
 In durâ catenâ,
 In misererâ pœnâ,
 Desidero te—
 Languendo, gemendo
 Et genuflectendo,
 Adora, imploro, ut liberer me.

QUEEN MARY.

THE sublime consolations of religion were little felt by either of the two generous minded and ardent young men who were pacing the deck of the *Montauk*. The gentle and the plastic admit the most readily of the divine influence ; and of all on board the devoted vessel at that moment, they who were the most resigned to their fate were those who by their physical force were the least able to endure it.

“This heavenly resignation,” said Mr. Sharp, half whispering, “is even more heartrending than the outbreakings of despair.”

“It is frightful !” returned his companion. “Anything is better than passive submission in such circumstances. I see but little, indeed no hope of escape ; but idleness is torture. If I endeavor to raise this boat, will you aid me ?”

“Command me like your slave. Would to Heaven there were the faintest prospect of success !”

“There is but little ; and should we even succeed, there are no means of getting far from the ship in the launch, as all the oars have been carried off by the captain, and I can hear of neither masts nor sails. Had we the latter, with this wind which is beginning to blow, we might indeed prolong the uncertainty, by getting on some of those more distant spits of sand.”

“Then, in the name of the blessed Maria !” exclaimed one behind them in French, “delay not an instant, and all on board will join in the labor !”

The gentlemen turned in surprise, and beheld *Mademoiselle Vieffville* standing so near them as to have overheard their conversation. Accustomed to depend on herself, coming of a people among whom woman is more energetic and useful, perhaps, than in any other Christian nation, and resolute of spirit naturally, this cultivated and generous female had come on deck

purposely to see if indeed there remained no means by which they might yet escape the Arabs. Had her knowledge of a vessel at all equalled her resolution, it is probable that many fruitless expedients would already have been adopted ; but finding herself in a situation so completely novel as that of a ship, until now she had found no occasion to suggest anything to which her companions would be likely to lend themselves. But, seizing the hint of Paul, she pressed it on him with ardor, and, after a few minutes of urging, by her zeal and persuasion she prevailed on the two gentlemen to commence the necessary preparations without further delay. John Effingham and Saunders were immediately summoned by Mademoiselle Viefville herself, who, once engaged in the undertaking, pursued it fervently, while she went in person into the cabins to make the necessary preparations connected with their subsistence and comforts, should they actually succeed in quitting the vessel.

No experienced mariner could set about the work with more discretion, or with a better knowledge of what was necessary to be done, than Mr. Blunt now showed. Saunders was directed to clear the launch, which had a roof on it, and still contained a respectable provision of poultry, sheep and pigs. The roof he was told not to disturb, since it might answer as a substitute for a deck ; but everything was passed rapidly from the inside of the boat, which the steward commenced scrubbing and cleaning with an assiduity that he seldom manifested in his cabins. Fortunately the tackles with which Mr. Leach had raised the sheers and stepped the jury-mast the previous morning were still lying on the deck, and Paul was spared the labor of reeving new ones. He went to work, therefore, to get up two on the substitute for a main-stay ; a job that he had completed, through the aid of the two gentlemen on deck, by the time Saunders pronounced the boat to be in a fit condition to receive its cargo. The gripes were now loosened, and the fall of one of the tackles was led to the capstan.

By this time Mademoiselle Viefville, by her energy and decision, had so far aroused Eve and her woman, that Mr. Effingham had left his daughter, and appeared on deck among those who were assisting Paul. So intense was the interest, however, which all took in the result, that the ladies, and even Ann Sidley, with the *femme de chambre*, suspended their own efforts, and stood clustering around the capstan as the gentlemen began to heave, almost breathless between their doubts and hopes ; for it was a matter of serious question whether there was sufficient force to lift so heavy a body at all. Turn

after turn was made, the fall gradually tightened, until those at the bars felt the full strain of their utmost force.

“Heave together, gentlemen,” said Paul Blunt, who directed everything, besides doing so much with his own hands. “We have its weight now, and all we gain is so much towards lifting the boat.”

A steady effort was continued for two or three minutes, with but little sensible advantage, when all stopped for breath.

“I fear it will surpass our strength,” observed Mr. Sharp. “The boat seems not to have moved, and the ropes are stretched in a way to menace parting.”

“We want but the force of a boy added to our own,” said Paul, looking doubtingly towards the females; “in such cases, a pound counts for a ton.”

“*Allons!*” cried Mademoiselle Vieville, motioning to the *femme de chambre* to follow; “we will not be defeated for the want of such a trifle.”

These two resolute women applied their strength to the bars, and the power, which had been so equally balanced, preponderated in favor of the machine. The capstan, which a moment before was scarcely seen to turn, and that only by short and violent efforts, now moved steadily but slowly round, and the end of the launch rose. Eve was only prevented from joining the laborers by Nanny, who held her folded in her arms, fearful that some accident might occur to injure her.

Paul Blunt now cheerfully announced the certainty that they had a force sufficient to rise the boat, though the operation would still be long and laborious. We say cheerfully; for while this almost unhoped-for success promised little relief in the end, there is always something buoyant and encouraging in success of any sort.

“We are masters of the boat,” he said, “provided the Arabs do not molest us; and we may drift away, by means of some contrivance of a sale, to such a distance as will keep us out of their power, until all chance of seeing our friends again is finally lost.”

“This then is a blessed relief!” exclaimed Mr. Effingham; “and God may yet avert from us the bitterest portion of this calamity!”

The pent emotions again flowed, and Eve once more wept in her father’s arms, a species of holy joy mingling with her tears. In the mean time, Paul, having secured the fall by which they had just been heaving, brought the other to the capstan, when the operation was renewed with the same success.

In this manner in the course of half an hour the launch hung suspended from the stay, at a sufficient height to apply the yard-tackles. As the latter, however, were not aloft, Paul having deemed it wise to ascertain their ability to lift the boat at all, before he threw away so much toil, the females renewed their preparations in the cabins, while the gentlemen assisted the young sailor in getting up the purchases. During this pause in the heaving, Saunders was sent below to search for sails and the masts, both of which Paul thought must be somewhere in the ship, as he found the launch was fitted to receive them.

It was apparent, in the mean time, that the Arabs watched their proceedings narrowly; for the moment Paul appeared on the yard a great movement took place among them and several muskets were discharged in the direction of the ship, though the distance rendered the fire harmless. The gentlemen observed with concern, however, that the balls passed the vessel, a fearful proof of the extraordinary power of the arms used by the barbarians. Luckily the reef, which by this time was nearly bare ahead of the ship, was still covered in a few places nearer to the shore to a depth that forbade a passage, except by swimming. John Effingham, however, who was examining the proceedings of the Arabs with a glass, announced that a party appeared disposed to get on the naked rocks nearest the ship, as they had left the shore, dragging some light spars after them, with which they seemed to be about to bridge the different spots of deep water, most of which were sufficiently narrow to admit of being passed in this manner.

Although the operation commenced by the Arabs would necessarily consume a good deal of time, this intelligence quickened the movements of all in the ship. Saunders, in particular, who had returned to report his want of success, worked with redoubled zeal; for, as is usual with those who are the least fortified by reason, he felt the greatest horror of falling into the hands of barbarians. It was a slow and laborious thing, notwithstanding, to get upon the yards the heavy blocks and falls; and had not Paul Blunt been quite as conspicuous for personal strength as he was ready and expert in a knowledge of his profession, he would not have succeeded in the unaided effort;—unaided aloft, though the others, of course, relieved him much by working at the whips on deck. At length this important arrangement was effected, the young man descended, and the capstan was again manned.

This time the females were not required, it being in the power of the gentlemen to heave the launch out to the side of

the ship, Paul managing the different falls so adroitly, that the heavy boat was brought so near and yet so much above the rail, as to promise to clear it. John Effingham now stood at one of the stay-tackle falls, and Paul at the other, when the latter made a signal to ease away. The launch settled slowly towards the side of the vessel until it reached the rail, against which it lodged. Catching a turn with his fall, Mr. Blunt sprang forward, and bending beneath the boat, he saw that its keel had hit a belaying-pin. One blow from a capstan-bar cleared away this obstruction, and the boat swung off. The stay-tackle falls were let go entirely, and all on board saw, with an exultation that words can scarcely describe, the important craft suspended directly over the sea. No music ever sounded more sweetly to the listeners than the first plash of the massive boat as it fell heavily upon the surface of the water. Its size, its roof, and its great strength gave it an appearance of security, that for the moment deceived them all; for, in contemplating the advantage they had so unexpectedly gained, they forgot the many obstacles that existed to their availing themselves of it.

It was not many minutes before Paul was on the roof of the launch, had loosened the tackles, and had breasted the boat to, at the side of the ship, in readiness to receive the stores that the females had collected. In order that the reader may better understand the nature of the ark that was about to receive those who remained in the Montauk, however, it may be well to describe it.

The boat itself was large, strong, and capable of resisting a heavy sea when well managed, and, of course, unwieldy in proportion. To pull it, at a moderate rate, eight or ten large oars were necessary; whereas, all the search of the gentlemen could not find one. They succeeded, however, in discovering a rudder and tiller, appliances not always used in launches, and Paul Blunt shipped them instantly. Around the gunwales of the boat, stanchions, which sustained a slightly-rounded roof, were fitted, a provision that it is usual to make in the packets, in order to protect the stock they carry against the weather. This stock having been turned loose on the deck, and the interior cleaned, the latter now presented a snug and respectable cabin; one coarse and cramped, compared with those of the ship certainly, but on the other hand, one that might be well deemed a palace by shipwrecked mariners. As it would be possible to retain this roof until compelled by bad weather to throw it away, Paul, who had never before seen a boat afloat with such a canopy, regarded it with delight; for it promised

a protection to that delicate form he so much cherished in his inmost heart, that he had not even dared to hope for. Between the roof and the gunwale of the boat, shutters buttoned in, so as to fill the entire space; and when these were in their places, the whole of the interior formed an enclosed apartment, of a height sufficient to allow even a man to stand erect without his hat. It is true, this arrangement rendered the boat clumsy, and, to a certain extent, top-heavy and unmanageable; but so long as it could be retained, it also rendered it infinitely more comfortable than it could possibly be without it. The roof, moreover, might be cut away in five minutes, at any time, should circumstances require it.

Paul had just completed a hasty survey of his treasure, for such he now began to consider the launch, when casting his eye upward, with the intention to mount the ship's side, he saw Eve looking down at him, as if to read their fate in the expression of his own countenance,

"The Arabs," she hurriedly remarked, "are moving along the reef, as my father says, faster than he could wish, and all our hopes are centred in you and the boat. The first, I know, will not fail us, so long as means allow; but can we do anything with the launch?"

"For the first time, dearest Miss Effingham, I see a little chance of rescuing ourselves from the grasp of these barbarians. There is no time to lose, but everything must be passed into the boat with as little delay as possible."

"Bless you, bless you, Powis, for this gleam of hope! Your words are cordials, and our lives can scarcely serve to prove the gratitude we owe you."

This was said naturally, and as one expresses a strong feeling, without reflection, or much weighing of words; but even at that fearful moment, it thrilled on every pulse of the young man. The ardent look that he gave the beautiful girl caused her to redden to the temples, and she hastily withdrew.

The gentlemen now began to pass into the boat the different things that had been provided, principally by the foresight of Mademoiselle Viefville, where they were received by Paul who thrust them beneath the roof without stopping to lose the precious moments in stowage. They included mattresses, the trunks that contained their ordinary sea-attire, or those that were not stowed in the baggage-room, blankets, counterpanes, potted meats, bread, wine, various condiments and prepared food, from the stores of Saunders, and generally such things as had presented themselves in the hurry of the moment.

Nearly half of the articles were rejected by Paul, as unnecessary, though he received many in consideration of the delicacy of his feebler companions, which would otherwise have been cast aside. When he found, however, that food enough had been passed into the boat to supply the wants of the whole party for several weeks, he solicited a truce, declaring it indiscreet to render themselves uselessly uncomfortable in this manner, to say nothing of the effect on the boat. The greater requisite, water, was still wanting, and he now desired that the two domestics might get into the boat to arrange the different articles, while he endeavored to find something that might serve as a substitute for sails, and obtain the all-important supply.

His attention was first given to the water, without which all the other preparations would be rendered totally useless. Before setting about this, however, he stole a moment to look into the state of things among the Arabs. It was indeed time, for the tide had now fallen so low as to leave the rocks nearly bare, and several hundreds of the barbarians were advancing along the reef, towing their bridge, the slow progress of which alone prevented them from coming up at once to the point opposite the ship. Paul saw there was not a moment to lose, and, calling Saunders, he hurried below.

Three or four small casks were soon found, when the steward brought them to the tank to be filled. Luckily the water had not to be pumped off, but it ran in a stream into the vessel that was placed to receive it. As soon as one cask was ready, it was carried on deck by the gentlemen, and was struck into the boat with as little delay as possible. The shouts of the Arabs now became audible, even to those who were below, and it required great steadiness of nerve to continue the all-important preparation. At length the last of the casks was filled, when Paul rushed on deck, for, by this time, the cries of the barbarians proclaimed their presence near the ship. When he reached the rail, he found the reef covered with them, some hailing the vessel, others menacing, hundreds still busied with their floating bridge while a few endeavored to frighten those on board by discharging their muskets over their heads. Happily, aim was impossible, so long as care was taken not to expose the body above the bulwarks.

“We have not a moment to lose!” cried Mr. Effingham on whose bosom Eve lay, nearly incapable of motion. “The food and water are in the boat, and in the name of a merciful God, let us escape from this scene of frightful barbarity?”

"The danger is not yet so inevitable," returned Paul, steadily. "Frightful and pressing as it truly seems, we have a few minutes to think in. Let me entreat that Miss Effingham and Mademoiselle Vieffville will receive a drop of this cordial."

He poured into a glass a restorative from a bottle that had been left on the capstan as superfluous, in the confusion of providing stores, and held it to the pallid lips of Eve. As she swallowed a mouthful, nearly as helpless as the infant that receives nourishment from the hand of its nurse, the blood returned, and raising herself from her father's arms, she smiled, though with an effort, and thanked him for his care.

"It was a dread moment," she said, passing a hand over her brow; "but it is past, and I am better. Mademoiselle Vieffville will be obliged to you, also, for a little of this."

The firm-minded and spirited Frenchwoman, though pale as death, and evidently suffering under extreme apprehension, put aside the glass courteously, declining its contents.

"We are sixty fathoms from the rocks," said Paul calmly, "and they must cross this ditch yet, to reach us. None of them seem disposed to attempt it by swimming, and their bridge, though ingeniously put together, may not prove long enough."

"Would it be safe for the ladies to get into the boat where she lies, exposed as they would be to the muskets of the Arabs?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"All that shall be remedied," returned Paul. "I cannot quit the deck; would you," slightly bowing to Mr. Sharp, "go below again with Saunders, and look for some light sail? without one, we cannot move away from the ship, even when in the boat. I see a suitable spar and necessary rigging on deck; but the canvas must be looked for in the sail-room. It is a nervous thing, I confess, to be below at such a moment; but you have too much faith in us to dread being deserted."

Mr. Sharp grasped the hand as a pledge of a perfect reliance on the other's faith, but he could not speak. Calling Saunders, the steward received his instructions, when the two went hastily below.

"I could wish the ladies were in the boat with their women," said Paul, for Ann Sidley and the *femme de chambre* were still in the launch, busied in disposing of its mixed cargo of stores, though concealed from the Arabs by the roof and shutters; "but it would be hazardous to attempt it while exposed to the fire from the reef. We shall have to change

the position of the ship in the end, and it may as well be done at once."

Beckoning to John Effingham to follow, he went forward to examine into the movements of the Arabs, once more, before he took any decided step. The two gentlemen placed themselves behind the high defences of the forecastle, where they had a fair opportunity of reconnoitring their assailants, the greater height of the ship's deck completely concealing all that had passed on it from the sight of those on the rocks.

The barbarians, who seemed to be, and who in truth were, fully apprised of the defenceless and feeble condition of the party on board, were at work, without the smallest apprehension of receiving any injury from that quarter. Their great object was to get possession of the ship, before the returning water should again drive them from the rocks. In order to effect this, they had placed all who were willing and sufficiently subordinate on the bridge, though a hundred were idle, shouting, clapping their hands, menacing, and occasionally discharging a musket, of which there were probably fifty in their possession.

"They work with judgment at their pontoon," said Paul, after he had examined the proceedings of those on the reef for a few minutes. "You may perceive that they have dragged the outer end of the bridge up to windward, and have just shoved it from the rocks with the intention to permit it to drift round, until it shall bring up against the bows of the ship, when they will pour on board like so many tigers. It is a disjointed and loose contrivance, that the least sea would derange; but in this perfectly smooth water it will answer their purpose. It moves slowly, but will surely drift round upon us in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes more; and of this they appear to be quite certain themselves, for they seem as well satisfied with their work as if already assured of its complete success."

"It is, then, important to us to be prompt, since our time will be so brief."

"We will be prompt, but in another mode. If you will assist me a little, I think this effort, at least, may be easily defeated, after which it will be time enough to think of escape.

Paul, aided by John Effingham, now loosened the chains altogether from the bitts, and suffered the ship to drop astern. As this was done silently and stealthily, it occupied several minutes; but the wind being by this time fresh, the huge mass yielded to its power with certainty; and when the bridge had floated round in a direct line from the reef, or dead to leeward,

there was a space of water between its end and the ship of more than a hundred feet. The Arabs had rushed on it in readiness to board; but they set up a yell of disappointment as soon as the truth was discovered. A tumult followed; several fell from the wet and slippery spars; but, after a short time wasted in confusion and clamor, the directions of their chiefs were obeyed, and they set to work with energy to break up their bridge, in order to convert its materials into a raft.

By this time Mr. Sharp and Saunders had returned, bringing with them several light sails, such as spare royals and top-gallant studding-sails. Paul next ordered a spare mizzen-top-gallant mast, with a top-gallant studding-sail boom, and a quantity of light rope to be laid in the gangway, after which he set about the final step. As time now pressed in earnest, the Arabs working rapidly and with increasing shouts, he called upon all the gentlemen for assistance, giving such directions as should enable them to work with intelligence.

"Bear a hand, Saunders," he said, having taken the steward forward with him, as one more accustomed to ships than the others; "bear a hand my fine fellow, and light up this chain. Ten minutes just now are of more value than a year at another time."

"'Tis awful, Mr. Blunt, sir—werry awful, I do confirm," returned the steward, blubbering and wiping his eyes between the drags at the chains. "Such a fate to befall such cabins, sir!—And the crockery of the werry best quality out of London or New York! Had I diwined such an issue for the Montauk, sir, I never would have counselled Captain Truck to lay in half the stores we did, and most essentially not the new lots of vines. Oh! sir, it is truly awful to have such a calamity wisit so much elegant preparation!"

"Forget it all, my fine fellow, and light up the chain. Ha!—she touches abaft! Ten or fifteen fathoms more will answer."

"I've paid great dewotion to the silver, Mr. Blunt, sir, for it's all in the launch, even to the broken mustard-spoon; and I do hope, if Captain Truck's soul is permitted to superintend the pantry any longer, it will be quite beatified and encouraged with my prudence and oversight. I left all the rest of the table furniture, sir; though I suppose these *muscle*-men will not have much use for any but the oyster-knives, as I am informed they eat with their fingers. I declare it is quite oppressive and unhuman to have such wagabonds rummaging one's lockers!"

“Rouse away, my man, and light up! the ship has caught the breeze on her larboard bow, and begins to take the chain more freely. Remember that precious beings depend on us for safety!”

“Ay, ay, sir; light up, it is. I feel quite a concern for the ladies, sir, and more especially for the stores we abandon to the underwriters. A better-found ship never came out of St. Catherine’s Docks or the East River, particularly in the pantry department; and I wonder what these wretches will do with her. They will be quite abashed with her conveniences, sir, and unable to enjoy them. Poor Toast, too! he will have a monstrous unpleasant time with the *muscle-men*; for he never eats fish; and has quite a genteel and ameliorated way with him. I shouldn’t wonder if he forgot all I have taken so much pains to teach him, sir, unless he’s dead; in which case it will be of no use to him in another world.”

“That will do,” interrupted Paul, ceasing his labor; “the ship is aground from forward aft. We will now hurry the spars and sails into the boat, and let ladies get into her.”

In order that the reader may better understand the present situation of the ship, it may be necessary to explain what Mr. Powis and the steward had been doing all this time. By paying out the chains, the ship had fallen farther astern, until she took the ground abaft on the edge of the sand-bank so often mentioned; and, once fast at that end, her bows had fallen off, pressed by the wind, as the depth of the water would allow. She now lay aground forward and aft, with her starboard side to the reef, and the launch between the vessel and the naked sands was completely covered from the observation and assaults of the barbarians by the former.

Eve, Mademoiselle Viefville, and Mr. Effingham now got into the launch, while the others still remained in the ship to complete the preparations.

“They get on fast with their raft,” said Paul, while he both worked himself and directed the labor of the others, “though we shall be safe here until they actually quit the rocks. Their spars will be certain to float down upon the ship; but the movement will necessarily be slow, as the water is too deep to admit of setting, even if they had poles, of which I see none. Throw these spare sails on the roof of the launch, Saunders. They may be wanted before we reach a port, should God protect long enough to effect so much. Pass two compasses also into the boat, with all the carpenter’s tools that have been collected.”

While giving these orders, Paul was busied in sawing off the larger end of the pole-mizzen-top-gallant-mast, to convert it into a spar for the launch. This was done by the time he ceased speaking ; a step was made, and, jumping down on the roof of the boat, he cut out a hole to receive it, at a spot he had previously marked for that purpose. By the time he had done, the spar was ready to be entered, and in another minute they had the satisfaction of seeing a very sufficient mast in its place. A royal was also stretched to its yard, and halyards, tack and sheet, being bent, everything was ready to run up a sail at a moment's warning. As this supplied the means of motion, the gentlemen began to breathe more freely, and to bethink them of those minor comforts and essentials that in the hurry of such a scene would be likely to be overlooked. After a few more busy minutes, all was pronounced to be ready, and John Effingham began seriously to urge the party to quit the ship ; but Paul still hesitated. He strained his eyes in the direction of the wreck, in the vain hope of yet receiving succor from that quarter ; but, of course, uselessly, as it was about the time when Captain Truck was warping off with his raft, in order to obtain an offing. Just at this moment a party of twenty Arabs got upon the spars, which they had brought together into a single body, and began to drift down slowly, upon the ship.

Paul cast a look about him to see if anything else that was useful could be found, and his eyes fell upon the gun. It struck him that it might be made serviceable as a scarecrow in forcing their way through the inlet, and he determined to lodge it on the roof of the launch, for the present, at least, and to throw it overboard as soon as they got into rough water, if indeed they should be so fortunate as to get outside of the reef at all. The stay and yard tackles offered the necessary facilities, and he instantly slung the piece. A few rounds of the capstan lifted it from the deck, a few more bore it clear of the side and then it was easily lowered on the roof, Saunders being sent into the boat to set up a stanchion beneath, in order that its weight might do no injury.

The gentlemen at last got into the launch, with the exception of Paul, who still lingered in the ship watching the progress of the Arabs, and making his calculations for the future.

It required great steadiness of nerve, perfect self-reliance, and an entire confidence in his resources and knowledge, for one to remain a passive spectator of the slow drift of the raft,, while it gradually settled down on the ship. As it approached,

Paul was seen by those on it, and, with the usual duplicity of barbarians, they made signs of amity and encouragement. These signs did not deceive the young man, however, who only remained to be a close observer of their conduct, thinking some useful hint might thus be obtained, though his calmness so far imposed on the Arabs that they even made signs to him to throw them a rope. Believing it now time to depart, he answered the signal favorably, and disappeared from their sight.

Even in descending to the boat, this trained and cool young seaman betrayed no haste. His movements were quick, and everything was done with readiness and knowledge certainly, but no confusion or trepidation occasioned the loss of a moment. He hoisted the sail, brought down the tack, and then descended beneath the roof, having first hauled in the painter, and given the boat a long and vigorous shove, to force it from the side of the vessel. By this last expedient he at once placed thirty feet of water between the boat and the Montauk, a space that the Arabs had no means of overcoming. As soon as he was beneath the roof the sheet was hauled in, and Paul seized the tiller; which had been made, by means of a narrow cut in the boards, to play in one of the shutters. Mr. Sharp took a position in the bows, where he could see the sands and channels through the crevices, directing the other how to steer; and just as a shout announced the arrival of the raft at the other side of the ship, the flap of their sail gave those in the boat the welcome intelligence that they had got so far from her cover as to feel the force of the wind.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Speed, gallant bark! richer cargo is thine,
 Than Brazilian gem, or Peruvian mine;
 And the treasures thou bearest thy destiny wait,
 For they, if thou perish, must share in thy fate.

PARK.

THE departure of the boat was excellently timed. Had it left the side of the ship while the Arabs on the raft were unoccupied, and at a little distance, it would have been exposed to their fire; for at least a dozen of those who boarded had muskets; whereas the boat now glided away to leeward, while

they were busy in getting up her side, or were so near the ship as not to be able to see the launch at all. When Paul Powis, who was looking astern through a crevice, saw the first Arab on the deck of the Montauk, the launch was already near a cable's length from her, running with a fresh and free wind into one of the numerous little channels that intersected the naked banks of sand. The unusual construction of the boat, with its enclosed roof, and the circumstance that no one was visible on board her, had the effect to keep the barbarians passive, until distance put her beyond the reach of danger. A few muskets were discharged, but they were fired at random, and in the bravado of a semi-savage state of feeling.

Paul kept the launch running off free, until he was near a mile from the ship, when, finding he was approaching the reef to the northward and eastward, and that a favorable sandbank lay a short distance ahead, he put down the helm, let the sheet fly, and the boat's forefoot shot upon the sands. By a little management, the launch was got broadside to the bank, the water being sufficiently deep, and, when it was secured, the females were enabled to land through the opening of a shutter.

The change from the apparent hoplessness of their situation, was so great, as to render the whole party comparatively happy. Paul and John Effingham united in affirming it would be quite possible to reach one of the islands to leeward in so good a boat, and that they ought to deem themselves fortunate, under the circumstances, in being the masters of a little bark so well found in every essential. Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville, who had fervently returned their thanks to the Great Ruler of events, while in the boat, walked about the hard sand with even a sense of enjoyment, and smiles began again to brighten the beautiful features of the first. Mr. Effingham declared, with a grateful heart, that in no park, or garden, had he ever before met with a promenade that seemed so delightful as this spot of naked and moistened sand, on the sterile coast of the Great Desert. Its charm was its security, for its distance from every point that could be approached by the Arabs, rendered it, in their eyes, a paradise.

Paul Powis, however, though he maintained a cheerful air, and the knowledge that he had been so instrumental in saving the party lightened his heart of a load, and disposed him even to gayety, was not without some lingering remains of uneasiness. He remembered the boats of the Dane, and, as he thought it more than probable Captain Truck had fallen into the hands of the barbarians, he feared that the latter might

yet find the means to lay hands on themselves. While he was at work fitting the rigging, and preparing a jigger, with a view to render the launch more manageable, he cast frequent uneasy glances to the northward, with a feverish apprehension that one of the so-long-wished-for boats might at length appear. Their friends he no longer expected, but his fears were all directed towards the premature arrival of enemies from that quarter. None appeared, however, and Saunders actually lighted a fire on the bank, and prepared the grateful refreshment of tea for the whole party; none of which had tasted food since morning, though it was now drawing near night.

"Our caterers," said Paul, smiling, as he cast his eyes over the repast which Ann Sidley had spread on the roof of the boat, where they were all seated on stools, boxes, and trunks, "our caterers have been of the gentle sex, as any one may see, for we have delicacies that are fitter for a banquet than a desert."

"I thought Miss Eve would relish them, sir," Nanny meekly excused herself by saying; "she is not much accustomed to a coarse diet; and mamerzelle, too, likes niceties, as I believe is the case with all of French extraction."

Eve's eyes glistened, though she felt it necessary to say something by way of apology.

"Poor Ann has been so long accustomed to humor the caprices of a petted girl," she said, "that I fear those who will have occasion for all their strength may be the sufferers. I should regret it for ever, Mr. Powis, if *you*, who are every way of so much importance to us, should not find the food you required."

"I have very inadvertently and unwittingly drawn down upon myself the suspicion of being one of Mr. Monday's *gourmets*, a plain roast and boiled person," the young man answered laughingly, "when it was merely my desire to express the pleasure I had in perceiving that those whose comfort and ease are of more account than anything else, have been so well cared for. I could almost starve with satisfaction, Miss Effingham, if I saw you free from suffering under the extraordinary circumstances in which we are placed."

Eve looked grateful, and the emotion excited by this speech restored all that beauty which had so lately been chilled by fear.

"Did I not hear a dialogue between you and Mr. Saunders touching the merits of sundry stores that had been left in the ship?" asked John Effingham, turning to Paul by way of relieving his cousin's distress.

“Indeed you might; he relieved the time we were rousing at the chains with a beautiful Jeremiad on the calamities of the lockers. I fancy, steward, that you consider the misfortunes of the pantry as the heaviest disaster that has befallen the Montauk!”

Saunders seldom smiled. In this particular he resembled Captain Truck; the one subduing all light emotions from an inveterate habit of serious comicality, and the responsibility of command; and the other having lost most of his disposition to merriment, as the cart-horse loses his propensity to kick, from being overworked. The steward, moreover, had taken up the conceit that it was indicative of a “nigger” to be merry; and, between dignity, a proper regard to his color—which was about half-way between that of a Gold Coast importation, and a rice-plantation overseer, down with the fever in his third season—and dogged submission to unmitigated calls on his time, the prevailing character of the poor fellow’s physiognomy was that of a dolorous sentimentality. He believed himself to be materially refined by having had so much intimate communication with gentlemen and ladies suffering under sea-sickness, and he knew that no man in the ship could use language like that he had always at his finger’s ends. While so strongly addicted to melancholy, therefore, he was fond of hearing himself talk; and, palpably encouraged as he had now been by John Effingham and Paul, and a little emboldened by the familiarity of a shipwreck, he did not hesitate about mingling in the discourse, through holding the Effinghams habitually in awe.

“I esteem it a great privilege, ladies and gentlemen,” he observed as soon as Paul ceased, “to have the honor of being *wracked* (for so the steward, in conformity with the Doric of the fore-castle, pronounced the word), in such company. I should deem it a disgrace to be cast away in some society I could name, although I will predicate, as we say in America, nothing on their absence. As to what involves the stores, it suggested itself to me that the ladies would like delicate diet, and I intermated as much to Mrs. Sidley and t’other French waiting-woman. Do you imagine, gentlemen, that the souls of the dead are permitted to look back at such events of this life as touches their own private concerns and feelings?”

“That would depend, I should think, steward, on the nature of the employment of the souls themselves,” returned John Effingham. “There must be certain souls to which any occupation would be more agreeable than that of looking behind them. But, may I ask why you inquire?”

“Because, Mr. John Effingham, sir, I do not believe Captain Truck can ever be happy in heaven, as long as the ship is in the hands of the Arabs! If she had been honorably and fairly wracked, and the captain suffercated by drowning, he could go to sleep like another Christian; but, I do think, sir, if there be any special perdition for seamen, it must be to see their vessel rummaged by Arabs. I’ll warrant, now, those blackguards have had their fingers in everything already; sugar, chocolate, raisins, coffee, cakes, and all! I wonder who they think would like to use articles they have handled! And there is poor Toast, gentlemen, an aspiring and improving young man; one who had the materials of a good steward in him, though I can hardly say they were completely deweloped. I did look forward to the day when I could consign him to Mr. Leach as my own predecessor, when Captain Truck and I should retire, as I have no doubt we should have done on the same day, but for this distressing accident. I dewoutly pray that Toast is deceased, for I would rather any misfortune should befall him in the other world than that he should be compelled to associate with Arab niggers in this. Dead or alive, ladies, I am an advocate for a man’s keeping himself respectable, and in proper company.”

So elastic had the spirits of the whole become by their unlooked-for escape, that Saunders was indulged to the top of his humor, and while he served the meal, passing between his fire on the sands and the roof of the launch, he enjoyed a heartier gossip than any he had had since they left the dock; not even excepting those sniggering scenes with Mr. Toast in the pantry, in which he used to unbend himself a little, forgetting his dignity as steward in the native propensities of the black.

Paul Powis entered but a moment into the trifling, for on him rested the safety of all. He alone could navigate, or even manage the boat in rough water; and, while the others confided so implicitly in his steadiness and skill, he felt the usual burthen of responsibility. When the supper was ended, and the party were walking up and down the little islet of sand, he took his station on the roof therefore, and examined the proceedings of the Arabs with the glass; Mr. Sharp, with a species of chivalrous self-denial that was not lost on his companion, foregoing the happiness of walking at the side of Eve, to remain near him.

“The wretches have laid waste the cabins already!” observed Mr. Sharp, when Paul had been looking at the ship some

little time. "That which it took months to produce they will destroy in an hour."

"I do not see that," returned Paul; "there are but about fifty in the ship, and their efforts seem to be directed to hauling her over against the rocks. They have no means of landing their plunder where she lies; and I suspect there is a sort of convention that all are to start fair. One or two, who appear to be chiefs, go in and out of the cabins; but the rest are actively engaged in endeavoring to move the ship."

"And with what success?"

"None, apparently. It exceeds their knowledge of mechanics to force so heavy a mass from its position. The wind has driven the ship firmly on the bank, and nothing short of the windlass, or capstan, can remove her. These ignorant creatures have got two or three small ropes between the vessel and the reef, and are pulling fruitlessly at both ends! But *our* chief concern will be to find an outlet into the ocean, when we will make the best of our way towards the Cape de Verds."

Paul now commenced a long and close examination of the reef, to ascertain by what openings he might get the launch on the outside. To the northward of the great inlet there was a continued line of rocks, on which he was sorry to perceive armed Arabs beginning to show themselves; a sign that the barbarians still entertained the hope of capturing the party. Southward of the inlet there were many places in which a boat might pass at half-tide, and he trusted to getting through one of them as soon as it became dark. As the escape in the boat could not have been foreseen, the Arabs had not yet brought down upon them the boats of the wreck; but should morning dawn and find them still within the reef, he saw no hope of final escape against boats that would possess the advantage of oars, ignorant as the barbarians might be of their proper use.

Everything was now ready. The interior of the launch was divided into two apartments by counterpanes, trunks, and boxes; the females spreading their mattresses in the forward room, and the males in the other. Some of those profound interpreters of the law, who illustrate legislation by the devices of trade, had shipped in the Montauk several hundred rude leaden busts of Napoleon, with a view to save the distinction in duties between the metal manufactured and the metal unmanufactured. Four or five of these busts had been struck into the launch as a ballast. They were now snugly stowed, together with the water, and all the heavier articles, in the bottom of the boat. The jigger had been made and bent, and a suitable

mast was stepped by means of the roof. In short, every provision for comfort or safety that Paul could think of had been attended to; and everything was in readiness to re-embark as soon as the proper hour should arrive.

The gentler portion of the party were seated on the edge of the roof, watching the setting sun, and engaged in a discourse with feelings more attempered to their actual condition than had been the case immediately after their escape. The evening had a little of that wild and watery aspect which, about the same hour, had given Captain Truck so much concern, but the sun dipped gorgeously into the liquid world of the West, and the whole scene, including the endless desert, the black reef, the stranded ship, and the movements of the bustling Arabs, was one of gloomy grandeur.

"Could we foretell the events of a month," said John Evingham, "with what different feelings from the present would life be chequered! When we left London, the twenty days since, our eyes and minds were filled with the movements, cares, refinements, and interest of a great and polished capital, and here we sit, houseless wanderers, gazing at an eventide on the coast of Africa! In this way, young men, and young ladies too, will you find, as life glides away, that the future will disappoint the expectations of the present moment!"

"All futures are not gloomy, cousin Jack," said Eve; "nor is all hope doomed to meet with disappointment. A merciful God cares for us when we are reduced to despair on our own account, and throws a ray of unexpected light on our darkest hours. Certainly we, of all his creatures, ought not to deny this!"

"I do not deny it. We have been rescued in a manner so simple as to seem unavoidable, and yet so unexpected as to be almost miraculous. Had not Mr. Blunt, or Mr. Powis, as you call him—although I am not in the secret of the masquerade—but, had not this gentleman been a seaman, it would have surpassed all our means to get this boat into the water, or even to use her properly were she even launched. I look upon his profession as being the first great providential interference, or provision, in our behalf; and his superior skill and readiness in that profession as a circumstance of no less importance to us."

Eve was silent; but the glow in the western sky was scarcely more radiant and bright than the look she cast on the subject of the remark.

"It is no great merit to be a seaman, for the trade is like another, a mere matter of practice and education," observed

Paul, after a moment of awkward hesitation. "If, as you say, I have been instrumental in serving you, I shall never regret the accidents—cruel accidents of my early life I had almost called them—that cast my fortunes so early on the ocean."

A falling pin would have been heard, and all hoped the young man would proceed; but he chose to be silent. Saunders happened to overhear the remark, for he was aiding Ann Sidley in the boat, and he took up the subject where it was left by the other, in a little aside with his companion.

"It is a misfortune that Mr. Dodge is not here to question the gentleman," said the steward to his assistant, "and then we might hear more of his adventures, which, I make no doubt, have been werry pathetic and romantical. Mr. Dodge is a genuine inquisitor, Mistress Ann; not such and inquisitor as burns people and flays them in Spain, where I have been, but such an inquisitor as torments people, and of whom we have lots in America."

"Let the poor man rest in peace," said Nanny, sighing. "He's gone to his great account, steward; and I fear we shall none of us make as good a figure as we might at the final settling. Besides Miss Eve, I never knew a mortal that wasn't more or less a sinner."

"So they all say; and I must allow that my experience leans to the wicked side of the question. Captain Truck, now, was a worthy man; but he had his faults, as well as Toast. In the first place he would swear when things took him back; and then, he had no prevarication about speaking his mind of a fellow-creature, if the coffee happened to be thick, or the poultry didn't take fat kindly. I've known him box the compass with oaths if the ship was got in irons."

"It's very sinful: and it is to be feared that the poor man was made to think of all this in his latter moments."

"If the Arabs undertook to cannibalize him, I think he must have given it to them right and left," continued Saunders, wiping an eye, for between him and the captain there had existed some such affection as the prisoner comes to feel for the handcuffs with which he amuses his *ennui*; "some of his oaths would choke a dog."

"Well, let him rest—let him rest. Providence is kind; and the poor man may have repented in season."

"And Toast, too! I'm sure, Mrs. Ann, I forgive Toast all the little mistakes he made, from the bottom of my heart; and particularly that affair of the beefsteak that he let fall into the coffee the morning that Captain Truck took me so flat aback

about it; and I pray most devoutly that the captain, now he has dropped this mortal coil, and that there is nothing left of him but soul, may not find it out, lest it should breed ill-blood between them in heaven."

"Steward, you scarcely know what you say," interrupted Ann, shocked at his ignorance, "and I will speak of it no more."

Mr. Saunders was compelled to acquiesce, and he amused himself by listening to what was said by those on the roof. As Paul did not choose to explain farther, however, the conversation was resumed as if he had said nothing. They talked of their escape, their hopes, and of the supposed fate of the rest of the party; the discourse leaving a feeling of sadness on all, that harmonized with the melancholy, but not unpicturesque, scene in which they were placed. At length the night set in; and as it threatened to be dark and damp, the ladies early made their arrangements to retire. The gentlemen remained on the sands much later; and it was ten o'clock before Paul Powis and Mr. Sharp, who had assumed the watch, were left alone.

This was about an hour later than the period already described as the moment when Captain Truck disposed himself to sleep in the launch of the *Dane*. The weather had sensibly altered in the brief interval, and there were signs that, to the understanding of our young seaman, denoted a change. The darkness was intense. So deep and pitchy black, indeed, had the night become, that even the land was no longer to be distinguished, and the only clues the two gentlemen had to its position were the mouldering watchfires of the Arab camp, and the direction of the wind.

"We will now make an attempt," said Paul, stopping in his short walk on the sand, and examining the murky vault overhead. "Midnight is near; and by two o'clock the tide will be entirely up. It is a dark night to thread these narrow channels in, and to go out upon the ocean, too, in so frail a bark! But the alternative is worse."

"Would it not be better to allow the water to rise still higher? I see by these sands that it has not yet done coming in."

"There is not much tide in these low latitudes, and the little rise that is left may help us off a bank, should we strike one. If you will get upon the roof, I will bring in the grapnels and force the boat off."

Mr. Sharp complied, and in a few minutes the launch was floating slowly away from the hospitable bank of sand. Paul

hauled out the jigger, a small sprit-sail, that kept itself close-hauled from being fastened to a stationary boom, and a little mast stepped quite aft, the effect of which was to press the boat against the wind. This brought the launch's head up, and it was just possible to see, by close attention, that they had a slight motion through the water.

"I quit that bank of sand as one quits a tried friend," said Paul, all the conversation now being in little more than whispers: "when near it, I know where we are; but presently we shall be absolutely lost in this intense darkness."

"We have the fires of the Arabs for lighthouses still."

"They may give us some faint notions of our positions; but light like that is a very teacherous guide in so dark a night. We have little else to do but to keep an eye on the water, and to endeavor to get to windward."

Paul set the lug-sail, into which he had converted the royal, and seated himself directly in the eyes of the boat, with a leg hanging down on each side of the cutwater. He had rigged lines to the tiller, and with one in each hand he steered, as if managing a boat with yoke-lines. Mr. Sharp was seated at hand, holding the sheet of the mainsail; a boathook and a light spar lying on the roof near by, in readiness to be used should they ground.

While on the bank, Paul had observed that, by keeping the boat near the wind, he might stretch through one of the widest of the channels for near two miles unless disturbed by currents, and that, when at its southern end, he should be far enough to windward to fetch the inlet, but for the banks of sand that might lie in his way. The distance had prevented his discerning any passage through the reef at the farther end of this channel; but, the boat drawing only two feet of water, he was not without hopes of being able to find one. A chasm, that was deep enough to prevent the passage of the Arabs when the tide was in, would, he thought, certainly suffice for their purpose. The progress of the boat was steady, and reasonably fast; but it was like moving in a mass of obscurity. The gentleman watched the water ahead intently, with a view to avoid the banks, but with little success; for, as they advanced, it was merely one pile of gloom succeeding another. Fortunately the previous observation of Paul availed them, and for more than half an hour their progress was uninterrupted.

"They sleep in security beneath us," said Paul, "while we are steering almost at random. This is a strange and hazard-

ous situation in which we are placed. The obscurity renders all the risks double."

"By the watch-fires, we must have nearly crossed the bay, and I should think we are quite near the southern reef."

"I think the same; but I like not this baffling of the wind. It comes fresher at moments, but it is in puffs, and I fear there will be a shift. It is now my best pilot."

"That and the fires."

"The fires are treacherous always. It looks darker than ever ahead!"

The wind ceased blowing altogether, and the sail fell in heavily. Almost at the same moment the launch lost its way, and Paul had time to thrust the boat-hook forward just in season to prevent its striking a rock.

"This is a part of the reef, then, that is never covered," said he. "If you will get on the rocks and hold the boat, I will endeavor to examine the place for a passage. Were we one hundred feet to the southward and westward, we should be in the open ocean, and comparatively safe."

Mr. Sharp complied, and Paul descended carefully on the reef, feeling his way in the intense darkness by means of the boat-hook. He was absent ten minutes, moving with great caution, as there was the danger of his falling into the sea at every step. His friend began to be uneasy, and the whole of the jeopardy of their situation presented itself vividly to his mind in that brief space of time should accident befall their only guide. He was looking anxiously, in the direction in which Paul had disappeared, when he felt a gripe of his arm.

"Breathe even with care!" whispered Paul hurriedly. "These rocks are covered with Arabs, who have chosen to remain on the dry parts of the reef, in readiness for their plunder in the morning. Thank Heaven! I have found you again; for I was beginning to despair. To have called to you would have been certain capture, as eight or ten of the barbarians are sleeping within fifty feet of us. Get on the roof with the least possible noise, and leave the rest to me."

As soon as Mr. Sharp was in the boat, Paul gave it a violent shove from the rocks, and sprang on the roof at the same moment. This forced the launch astern, and procured a momentary safety. But the wind had shifted. It now came baffling, and in puffs, from the Desert, a circumstance that brought them again to leeward.

"This is the commencement of the trades," said Paul; "they have been interrupted by the late gale, but are returning.

Were we outside the reef, our prayers could not be more kindly answered than by giving us this very wind; but here, where we are, it comes unseasonably. Ha!—this at least, helps her!”

A puff from the land filled the sails, and the ripple of the water at the stern was just audible. The helm was attended to, and the boat drew slowly from the reef and ahead.

“We have all reason for gratitude! That danger, at least, is avoided. Ha! the boat is aground!”

Sure enough the launch was on the sands. They were still so near the rocks, as to require the utmost caution in their proceedings. Using the spar with great care, the gentlemen discovered that the boat hung astern, and there remained no choice but patience.

“It is fortunate the Arabs have no dogs with them on the rocks; you hear them howling incessantly in their camps.”

“It is, truly. Think you we can ever find the inlet in this deep obscurity?”

“It is our only course. By following the rocks we should be certain to discover it: but you perceive they are already out of sight, though they cannot be thirty fathoms from us. The helm is free, and the boat must be clear of the bottom again. This last puff has helped us.”

Another silence succeeded, during which the launch moved slowly onward, though whither, neither of the gentlemen could tell. But a single fire remained in sight, and that glimmered like a dying blaze. At times the wind came hot and arid, savoring of the Desert, and then intervals of death-like calm, would follow. Paul watched the boat narrowly for half an hour, turning every breath of air to the best account, though he was absolutely ignorant of his position. The reef had not been seen again, and three several times they grounded, the tide as often floating them off. The course, too, had been repeatedly varied. The result was that painful and profound sensation of helplessness that overcomes us all when the chain of association is broken, and reason becomes an agent less useful than instinct.

“The last fire is out,” whispered Paul. “I fear that the day will dawn and find us still within the reef.”

“I see an object near us. Can it be a high bank?”

The wind had entirely ceased, and the boat was almost without motion. Paul saw a darkness more intense even than common ahead of him, and he leaned forward, naturally raising a hand before him in precaution. Something he touched, he

knew not what ; but feeling a hard smooth surface, that he at first mistook for a rock, he raised his eyes slowly, and discerned, by the little light that lingered in the vault of heaven, a dim tracery that he recognized. His hand was on the quarter of the ship !

“ ’Tis the Montauk ! ” he whispered breathlessly, “ and her decks must be covered with Arabs. Hist !—do you hear nothing ? ”

They listened, and smothered voices, those of the watch, mingled with low laughter, were quite audible. This was a crisis to disturb the coolness of one less trained and steady than Paul ; but he preserved his self-possession.

“ There is good as well as evil in this, ” he whispered, “ I now know our precise position ; and, God be praised ! the inlet is near, could we but reach it.—By a strong shove we can always force the launch from the vessel’s side, and prevent their boarding us ; and I think, with extreme caution, we may even haul the boat past the ship undetected. ”

This delicate task was undertaken. It was necessary to avoid even a tread heavier than common, a fall of the boat-hook, or a collision with the vessel, as the slightest noise became distinctly audible in the profound stillness of deep night. Once enlightened as to his real position, however, Paul saw with his mind’s eye obstructions that another might not have avoided. He knew exactly where to lay his hand, when to bear off, and when to approach nearer to the side of the ship, as he warily drew the boat along the massive hull.—The yard of the launch luckily leaned towards the reef, and offered no impediment. In this manner, then, the two gentlemen hauled their boat as far as the bows of the ship, and Paul was on the point of giving a last push, with a view to shove it to as great a distance possible ahead of the packet, when its movement was suddenly and violently arrested.

CHAPTER XXV.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too, is thine ;
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

BRYANT.

It was chilling to meet with this unexpected and sudden check at so critical a moment. The first impression was, that some one of the hundreds of Arabs, who were known to be near, had laid a hand on the launch ; but this fear vanished on examination. No one was visible, and the side of the boat was untouched. The boat-hook could find no impediment in the water, and it was not possible that they could again be aground. Raising the boat hook over his head, Paul soon detected the obstacle. The line used by the barbarians in their efforts to move the ship was stretched from the forecastle to the reef, and it lay against the boat's mast. It was severed with caution ; but the short end slipped from the hand of Mr. Sharp, who cut the rope, and fell into the water. The noise was heard, and the watch on the deck of the ship made a rush toward her side.

No time was to be lost ; but Paul, who still held the outer end of the line, pulled on it vigorously, hauling the boat swiftly from the ship, and at the same time, a little in advance. As soon as this was done, he dropped the line and seized the tiller-ropes, in order to keep the launch's head in a direction between the two dangers—the ship and the reef. This was not done without some little noise ; the footfall on the roof, and the splash of the water when it received the line, were audible ; and even the element washing under the bows of the boat was heard. The Arabs of the ship called to those on the reef, and the latter answered. They took the alarm, and awoke their comrades, for, knowing as they did, that the party of Captain Truck was still at liberty, they apprehended an attack.

The clamor and uproar that succeeded were terrific. Muskets were discharged at random, and the noises from the camp echoed the cries and tumult from the vessel and the rocks. Those who had been sleeping in the boat were rudely awaked.

and Saunders joined in the cries through sheer fright. But the two gentlemen on deck soon caused their companions to understand their situation, and to observe a profound silence.

"They do not appear to see us," whispered Paul and Eve, as he bent over, so as to put his head at an open window; "and a return of the breeze may still save us. There is a great alarm among them and no doubt they know we are not distant; but so long as they cannot tell precisely where, we are comparatively safe. Their cries do us good service as landmarks, and you may be certain I shall not approach the spots where they are heard. Pray Heaven for a wind, dearest Miss Effingham, pray Heaven for a wind!"

Eve silently, but fervently did pray, while the young man gave all his attention again to the boat. As soon as they were clear of the lee of the ship, the baffling puffs returned, and there were several minutes of a steady little breeze, during which the boat sensibly moved away from the noises of the ship. On the reef, however, the clamor still continued, and the gentlemen were soon satisfied that the Arabs had stationed themselves along the whole line of rocks, wherever the latter were bare at high water, as was now nearly the case, to the northward as well as to the southward of the opening.

"The tide is still entering by the inlet," said Paul, "and we have its current to contend with. It is not strong, but a trifle is important at a moment like this!"

"Would it not be possible to reach the bank inside of us, and to shove the boat ahead by means of these light spars?" asked Mr. Sharp.

The suggestion was a good one; but Paul was afraid the noise in the water might reach the Arabs, and expose the party to their fire, as the utmost distance between the reef and the inner bank at that particular spot did not exceed a hundred fathoms. At length another puff of air from the land pressed upon their sails, and the water once more rippled beneath the bows of the boat. Paul's heart beat hard, and as he managed the tiller-lines, he strained his eyes uselessly in order to penetrate the massive-looking darkness.

"Surely," he said to Mr. Sharp, who stood constantly at his elbow, "these cries are directly ahead of us! We are steering for the Arabs!"

"We have got wrong in the dark then. Lose not a moment to keep the boat away, for here to leeward there are noises."

As all this was self-evident, though confused in his reckoning, Paul put up the helm, and the boat fell off nearly dead be-

fore the wind. Her motion being now comparatively rapid, a few minutes produced an obvious change in the direction of the different groups of clamorous Arabs, though they also brought a material lessening in the force of the air.

"I have it!" said Paul, grasping his companion almost convulsively by the arm. "We are at the inlet, and heading, I trust, directly through it! You hear the cries on our right; they come from the end of the northern reef, while these on our left are from the end of the southern. The sounds from the ship, the direction of the land breeze, our distance—all confirm it, and Providence again befriends us!"

"It will be a fearful error should we be mistaken!"

"We cannot be deceived, since nothing else will explain the circumstances. There!—the boat feels the ground-swell—a blessed and certain sign that we are at the inlet! Would that this tide were done, or that we had more wind!"

Fifteen feverish minutes succeeded. At moments the puffs of night-air would force the boat ahead, and then again it was evident by the cries that she fell astern under the influence of an adverse current. Neither was it easy to keep her on the true course, for the slightest variation from the direct line in a tide's way causes a vessel to sheer. To remedy the latter danger, Paul was obliged to watch his helm closely, having no other guide than the noisy and continued vociferations of the Arabs.

"These liftings of the boat are full of hope," resumed Paul; "I think, too, that they increase."

"I perceive but little difference, though I would gladly see all you wish."

"I am certain the swell increases, and that the boat rises and falls more frequently. You will allow there is a swell?"

"Quite obviously: I perceived it before we kept the boat away. This variable air is cruelly tantalizing!"

"Sir George Templemore—Mr. Powis," said a soft voice at a window beneath them.

"Miss Effingham!" said Paul, so eager that he suffered the tiller-line to escape him.

"These are frightful cries!—Shall we never be rid of them!"

"If it depended on me—on either of us—they should distress you no more. The boat is slowly entering the inlet, but has to struggle with a head-tide. The wind baffles, and is light, or in ten minutes we should be out of danger."

"Out of this danger, but only to encounter another!"

“Nay, I do not think much of the risk of the ocean in so stout a boat. At the most, we may be compelled to cut away the roof, which makes our little bark somewhat clumsy in appearance, though it adds infinitely to its comfort. I think we shall soon get the trades, before which our launch, with its house even, will be able to make good weather.”

“We are certainly nearer those cries than before!”

Paul felt his cheek glow, and his hand hurriedly sought the tiller-line, for the boat had sensibly sheered towards the northern reef. A puff of air helped to repair his oversight, and all in the launch soon perceived that the cries were gradually but distinctly drawing more aft.

“The current lessens,” said Paul, “and it is full time; for it must be near high water. We shall soon feel it in our favor, when all will be safe!”

“This is indeed blessed tidings! and no gratitude can ever repay the debt we owe you, Mr. Powis!”

The puffs of air now required all the attention of Paul, for they again became variable, and at last the wind drew directly ahead in a continued current for half an hour. As soon as this change was felt, the sails were trimmed to it, and the boat began to stir the water under her bows.

“The shift was so sudden, that we cannot be mistaken in its direction,” Paul remarked; “besides, those cries still serve as pilots. Never was uproar more agreeable.”

“I feel the bottom with this spar!” said Mr. Sharp suddenly.

“Merciful Providence protect and shield the weak and lovely——”

“Nay, I feel it no longer: we are already in deeper water.”

“It was the rock on which the seamen stood when we entered!” Paul exclaimed, breathing more freely. “I like those voices settling more under our lee, too. We will keep this tack” (the boat’s head was to the northward) “until we hit the reef, unless warned off again by the cries.”

The boat now moved at the rate of five miles in the hour, or faster than a man walks, even when in quick motion. Its rising and falling denoted the long heavy swell of the ocean, and the wash of water began to be more and more audible, as she settled into the sluggish swells.

“That sounds like the surf on the reef,” continued Paul, “everything denotes the outside of the rocks.”

“God send it prove so!”

“That is clearly a sea breaking on a rock! It is awkwardly near and to leeward, and yet it is sweet to the ear as music.”

The boat stood steadily on, making narrow escapes from jutting rocks, as was evinced by the sounds, and once or twice by the sight even; but the cries shifted gradually, and were soon quite astern. Paul knew that the reef trended east soon after passing the inlet, and he felt the hope that they were fast leaving its western extremity, or the part that ran the farthest into the ocean; after effecting which, there would be more water to leeward, his own course being nearly north, as he supposed.

The cries drew still farther aft, and more distant, and the sullen wash of the surf was no longer so near as to seem fresh and tangible.

“Hand me the lead and line, that lie at the foot of the mast, if you please,” said Paul. “Our water seems sensibly to deepen, and the seas have become more regular.”

He hove a cast, and found six fathoms of water; a proof he thought, that they were quite clear of the reef.

“Now, dear Mr. Effingham, Miss Effingham, Mademoiselle,” he cried cheerfully, “now I believe we may indeed deem ourselves beyond the reach of the Arabs, unless a gale force us again on their inhospitable shores.”

“Is it permitted to speak?” asked Mr. Effingham, who had maintained a steady but almost breathless silence.

“Freely: we are quite beyond the reach of the voice; and this wind, though blowing from a quarter I do not like, is carrying us away from the wretches rapidly.”

It was not safe in the darkness, and under the occasional heaves of the boat, for the others to come on the roof; but they opened the shutters, and looked out upon the gloomy water with a sense of security they could not have deemed possible for their situation. The worst was over for the moment, and there is a relief in present escape that temporarily conceals future danger. They could converse without the fear of alarming their enemies, and Paul spoke encouragingly of their prospects. It was his intention to stand to the northward until he reached the wreck, when, failing to get any tidings of their friends, they might make the best of their way to the nearest island to leeward.

With this cheering news the party below again disposed themselves to sleep, while the two young men maintained their posts on the roof.

“We must resemble an ark,” said Paul laughing, as he

seated himself on a box near the stem of the boat, "and I should think would frighten the Arabs from an attack, had they even the opportunity to make one. This house we carry will prove a troublesome companion, should we encounter a heavy and a head sea."

"You say it may easily be gotten rid of."

"Nothing would be easier, the whole apparatus being made to ship and unship. *Before* the wind we might carry it a long time, and it would even help us along ; but *on* a wind it makes us a little top-heavy, besides giving us a leeward set. In the event of rain, or of bad weather of any sort, it would be a treasure to us all, more especially to the females, and I think we had better keep it as long as possible."

The half hour of breeze already mentioned sufficed to carry the boat some distance to the northward, when it failed, and the puffs from the land returned. Paul supposed they were quite two miles from the inlet, and, trying the lead, he found ten fathoms of water, a proof that they had also gradually receded from the shore. Still nothing but a dense darkness surrounded them, though there could no longer be the smallest doubt of their being in the open ocean.

For near an hour the light baffling air came in puffs, as before, during which time the launch's head was kept, as near as the two gentlemen could judge, to the northward, making but little progress ; and then the breeze drew gradually round into one quarter, and commenced blowing with a steadiness that they had not experienced before that night. Paul suspected this change, though he had no certain means of knowing it ; for as soon as the wind baffled, his course had got to be conjectural again. As the breeze freshened, the speed of the boat necessarily augmented, though she was kept always on the wind ; and after half an hour's progress, the gentlemen became once more uneasy as to the direction.

"It would be a cruel and awkward fate to hit the reef again," said Paul, "and yet I cannot be sure that we are not running directly for it."

"We have compasses : let us strike a light and look into the matter."

"It were better had we done this more early, for a light might now prove dangerous, should we really have altered the course in this intense darkness. There is no remedy, however, and the risk must be taken. I will first try the lead again."

A cast was made, and the result was two and a half fathoms of water.

“Put the helm down!” cried Paul, springing to the sheet; “lose not a moment, but down with the helm!”

The boat did not work freely under her imperfect sail and with the roof she carried, and a moment of painful anxiety succeeded. Paul managed, however, to get a part of the sail aback, and he felt more secure.

“The boat has stern-way: shift the helm, Mr. Sharp.”

This was done, the yard was dipped, and the two young men felt a relief almost equal to that they had experienced on clearing the inlet, when they found the launch again drawing ahead, obedient to her rudder.

“We are near something, reef or shore,” said Paul, standing with the headline in his hand, in readiness to heave. “I think it can hardly be the first, as we hear no Arabs.”

Waiting a few moments, he hove the lead, and, to his infinite joy, got three fathoms fairly.

“That is good news. We are hauling off the danger, whatever it may be,” he said, as he felt the mark: “and now for the compass.”

Saunders was called, a light was struck, and the compasses were both examined. These faithful but mysterious guides, which have so long served man while they have baffled all his ingenuity to discover the sources of their power, were, as usual, true to their governing principle. The boat was heading north-northwest; the wind was at northeast, and before they had tacked they had doubtless been standing directly for the beach, from which they could not have been distant a half quarter of a mile, if so much. A few more minutes would have carried them into the breakers, capsized the boat, and most probably drowned all below the roof, if not those on it.

Paul shuddered as these facts forced themselves on his attention, and he determined to stand on his present course for two hours, when daylight would render his return towards the land without danger.

“This is the trade,” he said, “and it will probably stand. We have a current to contend with, as well as a head-wind; but I think we can weather the cape by morning, when we can get a survey of the wreck by means of the glass. If we discover nothing, I shall bear up at once for the Cape de Verds.”

The two gentlemen now took the helm in turns, he who slept fastening himself to the mast, as a precaution against being rolled into the sea by the motion of the boat. In fifteen fathoms water they tacked again, and stood to the east-south-east, having made certain, by a fresh examination of the com-

pass, that the wind stood in the same quarter as before. The moon rose soon after, and, although the morning was clouded and lowering, there was then sufficient light to remove all danger from the darkness. At length this long and anxious night terminated in the usual streak of day, which gleamed across the desert.

Paul was at the helm, steering more by instinct than anything else, and occasionally nodding at his post; for two successive nights of watching and a day of severe toil had overcome his sense of danger, and his care for others. Strange fancies beset men at such moments; and his busy imagination was running over some of the scenes of his early youth, when either his sense or his wandering faculties made him hear the usual brief, spirited hail of,

“Boat ahoy!”

Paul opened his eyes, felt that the tiller was in his hand, and was about to close the first again, when the words were more sternly repeated,

“Boat ahoy!—what craft’s that? Answer, or expect a shot!”

This was plain English, and Paul was wide awake in an instant. Rubbing his eyes, he saw a line of boats anchored directly on his weather bow, with a raft of spars riding astern.

“Hurrah!” shouted the young man. “This is Heaven’s own tidings! Are these the Montauk’s?”

“Ay, ay. Who the devil are you?”

The truth is, Captain Truck did not recognize his own launch in the royal, roof, and jigger. He had never before seen a boat afloat in such a guise; and in the obscurity of the hour, and fresh awakened from a profound sleep, like Paul, his faculties were a little confused. But the latter soon comprehended the whole matter. He clapped his helm down, let fly the sheet, and in a minute the launch of the packet was riding alongside of the launch of the Dane. Heads were out of the shutters, and every boot gave up its sleepers, for the cry was general throughout the little flotilla.

The party just arrived alone felt joy. They found those whom they had believed dead, or captives, alive and free; whereas the others now learned the extent of the misfortune that had befallen them. For a few minutes this contrast in feeling produced an awkward meeting; but the truth soon brought all down to the same sober level. Captain Truck received the congratulations of his friends like one in a stupor: Toast looked amazed as his friend Saunders shook his hand,

and the gentlemen who had been to the wreck met the cheerful greetings of those who had just escaped the Arabs like men who fancied the others mad.

We pass over the explanations that followed, as every one will readily understand them. Captain Truck listened to Paul like one in a trance, and it was some time after the young man had done before he spoke. With a wish to cheer him, he was told of the ample provision of stores that had been brought off in the launch, of the trade winds that had now apparently set in, and of the great probability of their all reaching the islands in safety. Still the old man made no reply; he got on the roof of his own launch, and paced backwards and forwards rapidly, heeding nothing. Even Eve spoke to him unnoticed, and the consolations offered by her father were not attended to. At length he stopped suddenly and called for his mate.

"Mr. Leach?"

"Sir."

"Here is a category for you!"

"Ay, ay, sir; it's bad enough in its way; still we are better off than the Danes."

"You tell me, sir," turning to Paul, "that these foul blackguards were actually on the deck of the ship?"

"Certainly, Captain Truck. They took complete possession; for we had no means of keeping them off."

"And the ship is ashore?"

"Beyond a question."

"Bilged?"

"I think not. There is no swell within the reef, and she lies on sand."

"We might have spared ourselves the trouble, Leach, of culling these cursed spars, as if they had been so many tooth-picks."

"That we might, sir; for they will not now serve as oven-wood, for want of the oven."

"A damnable category, Mr. Effingham! I'm glad you are safe, sir; and you, too, my dear young lady—God bless you!—God bless you!—It were better the whole line should be in their power than one like you!"

The old seaman's eyes filled as he shook Eve by the hand, and for a moment he forgot the ship.

"Mr. Leach?"

"Sir."

"Let the people have their breakfasts, and bear a hand about it. We are likely to have a busy morning, sir. Lift the

kedge, too, and let us drift down towards these gentry, and take a look at them. We have both wind and current with us now, and shall make quick work of it."

The kedge was raised, the sails were all set, and, with the two launches lashed together, the whole line of boats and spars began to set to the southward at a rate that would bring them up with the inlet in about two hours.

"This is the course for the Cape de Verds, gentlemen," said the captain bitterly. "We shall have to pass before our own door to go and ask hospitality of strangers. But let the people get their breakfasts, Mr. Leach; just let the boys have one comfortable meal before they take to their oars."

Eat himself, however, Mr. Truck would not. He chewed the end of a cigar, and continued walking up and down the roof.

In half an hour the people had ended their meal, the day had fairly opened, and the boats and raft had made good progress.

"Splice and main-brace, Mr. Leach," said the captain, "for we are a littled jammed. And you, gentlemen, do me the favor to step this way for a consultation. This much is due to your situation."

Captain Truck assembled his male passengers in the stern of the Dane's launch, where he commenced the following address:

"Gentlemen," he said, "everything in this world has its nature and its principles. This truth I hold you all to be too well informed and well educated to deny. The nature of a traveller is to travel, and see curiosities; the nature of old men is to think on the past, of a young man to hope for the future. The nature of a seaman is to stick by his ship, and of a ship to be treated like a vessel, and not to be ransacked like a town taken by storm, or a nunnery that is rifled. You are but passengers, and doubtless have your own wishes and occupations, as I have mine. Your wishes are, beyond question, to be safe in New York among your friends; and mine are to get the Montauk there too, in as little time and with as little injury as possible. You have a good navigator among you; and I now propose that you take the Montauk's launch, with such stores as are necessary, and fill away at once for the islands, where, I pray God, you may all arrive in safety, and that when you reach America you may find all your relations in good health, and in no manner uneasy at this little delay. Your effects shall be safely delivered to your respective orders, should

it please God to put it in the power of the line to honor your drafts."

"You intend to attempt recapturing the ship!" exclaimed Paul.

"I do, sir," returned Mr. Truck, who, having thus far opened his mind, for the first time that morning gave a vigorous hem! and set about lighting a cigar. "We may do it, gentlemen, or we may not do it. If we do it, you will hear farther from me; if we fail, why, tell them at home that we carried sail as long as a stitch would draw."

The gentlemen looked at each other, the young waiting in respect for the counsel of the old, the old hesitating in deference to the pride and feelings of the young.

"We must join you in this enterprise, captain," said Mr. Sharp quietly, but with the manner of a man of spirit and nerve.

"Certainly, certainly," cried Mr. Monday; "we ought to make a common affair of it; as I daresay Sir George Templemore will agree with me in maintaining; the nobility and gentry are not often backward when their persons are to be risked."

The spurious baronet acquiesced in the proposal as readily as if it had been made by him whom he had temporarily deposed; for, though a weak and a vain young man, he was far from being a dastard.

"This is a serious business," observed Paul, "and it ought to be ordered with method and intelligence. If we have a ship to care for, we have those, also, who are infinitely more precious."

"Very true, Mr. Blunt, very true," interrupted Mr. Dodge, a little eagerly. "It is my maxim to let well alone; and I am certain shipwrecked people can hardly be better off and more comfortable than we are at this very moment. I daresay these gallant sailors, if the question was fairly put to them, would give it by a handsome majority in favor of things as they are. I am a conservative, captain—and I think an appeal ought to be made to the ballot-boxes before we decide on a measure of so much magnitude."

The occasion was too grave for the ordinary pleasantry, and this singular proposition was heard in silence, to Mr. Dodge's great disgust.

"I think it the duty of Captain Truck to endeavor to retake his vessel," continued Paul; "but the affair will be serious, and success is far from certain. The Montauk's launch ought to be left at a safe distance with all the females, and in

prudent keeping; for any disaster to the boarding party would probably throw the rest of the boats into the hands of the barbarians, and endanger the safety of those left in the launch. —Mr. Effingham and Mr. John Effingham will of course remain with the ladies.”

The father assented with the simplicity of one who did not distrust his own motives, but the eagle-shaped features of his kinsman curled with a cool and sarcastic smile.

“Will *you* remain in the launch?” the latter asked pointedly, turning towards Paul.

“Certainly it would be greatly out of character were I to think of it. My trade is war; and I trust that Captain Truck means to honor me with the command of one of the boats.”

“I thought as much, by Jove!” exclaimed the captain, seizing a hand which he shook with the utmost cordiality; “I should as soon expect to see the sheet-anchor wink, or the best-bower give a mournful smile, as to see you duck! Still, gentlemen, I am well aware of the difference in our situations. I ask no man to forget his duties to those on shore on my account; and I fancy that my regular people, aided by Mr. Blunt, who can really serve me by his knowledge, will be as likely to do all that can be done as all of us united. It is not numbers that carry ships as much as spirit, promptitude, and resolution.”

“But the question has not yet been put to the people,” said Mr. Dodge, who was yet a little mystified by the word last used, which he had yet to learn was strictly technical as applied to a vessel’s crew.

“It shall, sir,” returned Captain Truck, “and I beg you to note the majority. My lads,” he continued, rising on a thwart, and speaking aloud, “you know the history of the ship. As to the Arabs, now they have got her, they do not know how to sail her, and it is no more than a kindness to take her out of their hands. For this business I want volunteers; those who are for the reef, and an attack, will rise up and cheer; while they who like an offing have only to sit still and stay where they are.”

The words were no sooner spoken than Mr. Leach jumped up on the gunwale and waved his hat. The people rose as one man, and taking the signal from the mate, they gave three as hearty cheers as ever rung over the bottle.

“Dead against you, sir!” observed the captain, nodding to the editor; “and I hope you are now satisfied.”

“The ballot might have given it the other way,” muttered

Mr. Dodge; "there can be no freedom of election without the ballot."

No one, however, thought any longer of Mr. Dodge or his scruples; but the whole disposition for the attack was made with promptitude and caution. It was decided that Mr. Effingham and his own servant should remain in the launch; while the captain compelled his two mates to draw lots which of them should stay behind also, a navigator being indispensable. The chance fell on the second mate, who submitted to his luck with an ill grace.

A bust of Napoleon was cut up, and the pieces of lead were beaten as nearly round as possible, so as to form a dozen leaden balls, and a quantity of slugs, or langrage. The latter were put in canvas bags; while the keg of powder was opened, a flannel shirt or two were torn, and cartridges were filled. Ammunition was also distributed to the people, and Mr. Sharp examined their arms. The gun was got off the roof of the Montauk's launch, and placed on a grating forward in that of the Dane. The sails and rigging were cleared out of the boat and secured on the raft when she was properly manned, and the command of her was given to Paul.

The three other boats received their crews, with John Effingham at the head of one, the captain and his mate commanding the others. Mr. Dodge felt compelled to volunteer to go in the launch of the Dane, where Paul had now taken his station, though he did it with a reluctance that escaped the observation of no one who took the pains to observe him. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Monday were with the captain, and the false Sir George Templemore went with Mr. Leach. These arrangements completed, the whole party waited impatiently for the wind and current to set them down towards the reef, the rocks of which by this time were plainly visible, even from the thwarts of the several boats.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
 The soul of battle is awake within me.
 The fate of ages and of empires hangs
 On this dread hour.

MASSINGER.

THE two launches were still sailing side by side, and Eve now appeared at the open window next the seat of Paul. Her face was pale as when the scene of the cabin occurred, and her lip trembled.

"I do not understand these warlike proceedings," she said; "but I trust, Mr. Blunt, *we* have no concern with the present movement."

"Put your mind at ease on this head, dearest Miss Effingham, for what we now do we do in compliance with a general law of manhood. Were your interests and the interests of those with you alone consulted, we might come to a very different decision: but I think you are in safe hands should our adventure prove unfortunate."

"Unfortunate! It is fearful to be so near a scene like this! I cannot ask you to do anything unworthy of yourself; but, all that we owe you impels me to say, I trust you have too much wisdom, too much true courage, to incur unnecessary risks."

The young man looked volumes of gratitude; but the presence of the others kept its expression within due bounds.

"We old sea dogs," he answered, smiling, "are rather noted for taking care of ourselves. They who are trained to a business like this usually set about it too much in a business-like manner to hazard anything for mere show."

"And very wisely; Mr. Sharp, too,"—Eve's color deepened with a consciousness that Paul would have given worlds to understand—"he has a claim on us we shall never forget. My father can say all this better than I."

Mr. Effingham now expressed his thanks for all that had passed, and earnestly enjoined prudence on the young men. After which Eve withdrew her head, and was seen no more. Most of the next hour was passed in prayer by those in the launch.

By this time the boats and raft were within half a mile of

the inlet; and Captain Truck ordered the kedge, which had been transferred to the launch of the Montauk, to be let go. As soon as this was done, the old seaman threw down his hat, and stood on a thwart in his grey hair.

"Gentlemen, you have your orders," he said with dignity; for from that moment his manner rose with the occasion, and had something of the grandeur of the warrior. "You see the enemy. The reef must first be cleared, and then the ship shall be carried. God knows who will live to see the end; but that end must be success, or the bones of John Truck shall bleach on these sands! Our cry is 'The Montauk and our own!' which is a principle Vattel will sustain us in. Give way, men! a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; each boat in its station!"

He waved his hand, and the oars fell into the water at the same instant. The heavy launch was the last, for she had double-fasts to the other boat. While loosening that forward the second mate deserted his post, stepping nimbly on board the departing boat, and concealing himself behind the foremost of the two lug-sails she carried. Almost at the same instant Mr. Dodge reversed this manœuvre by pretending to be left clinging to the boat of the Montauk, in his zeal to shove off. As the sails were drawing hard, and the oars dashed the spray aside, it was too late to rectify either of these mistakes, had it been desirable.

A few minutes of a stern calm succeeded, each boat keeping its place with beautiful precision. The Arabs had left the northern reef with the light; but, the tide being out, hundreds were strung along the southern range of rocks, especially near the ship. The wind carried the launch ahead, as had been intended, and she soon drew near the inlet.

"Take in the sails," said Mr. Blunt. "See your gun clear forward."

A fine, tall, straight, athletic young seaman stood near the grating, with a heated iron lying in a vessel of live coals before him, in lieu of a loggerhead, the fire being covered with a tarpaulni. As Paul spoke, this young mariner turned towards him with the peculiar grace of a man-of-war's man, and touched his hat.

"Ay, ay, sir. All ready, Mr. Powis."

Paul started, while the other smiled proudly, like one who knew more than his companions.

"We have met before," said the first.

"That have we sir, and in boat-duty, too. You were the

first on board the pirate on the coast of Cuba, and I was second."

A look of recognition and a wave of the hand passed between them, the men cheering involuntarily. It was too late for more, the launch being fairly in the inlet, where she received a general but harmless fire from the Arabs. An order had been given to fire the first shot over the heads of the barbarians; but this assault changed the plan.

"Depress the piece, Brooks," said Paul, "and throw in a bag of slugs."

"All ready, sir," was uttered in another minute.

"Hold water, men—the boat is steady—let them have it."

Men fell at that discharge; but how many was never known, as the bodies were hurried off the reef by those who fled. A few concealed themselves along the rocks, but most scampered towards the shore.

"Bravely done!" cried Captain Truck, as his boat swept past. "Now for the ship, sir!"

The people cheered again, and dashed their oars into the water. To clear the reef was nothing; but to carry the ship was a serious affair. She was defended by four times the number of those in the boats, and there was no retreat. The Arabs, as has already been seen, had suspended their labor during the night, having fruitlessly endeavored to haul the vessel over the reef before the tide rose. More by accident than by calculation, they had made such arrangements by getting a line to the rocks as would probably have set the ship off the sands, when she floated at high water; but this line had been cut by Paul in passing, and the wind coming on shore again, during the confusion and clamor of the barbarians, or at a moment when they thought they were to be attacked, no attention was paid to the circumstance, and the Montauk was suffered to drive up still higher on the sands, where she effectually grounded at the very top of the tide. As it was now dead low water, the ship had sewed materially, and was now lying on her bilge, partly sustained by the water, and partly by the bottom.

During the short pause that succeeded, Saunders, who was seated in the captain's boat as a small-arms-man, addressed his subordinate in a low voice.

"Now, Toast," he said, "you are about to contend in battle for the first time; and I diwine, from experience, that the ewent gives you some sentiments that are werry original. My advice to you is, to shut both eyes until the word is given to fire,

and then to open them suddenly, as if just awaking from sleep; after which you may present and pull the trigger. Above all, Toast, take care not to kill any of our own friends, most especially not Captain Truck, just at this werry moment."

"I shall do my endeavors, Mr. Saunders," muttered Toast, with the apathy and submissive dependence on others with which the American black usually goes into action. "If I do any harm, I hope, it will be overlooked, on account of my want of experience."

"Imitate me, Toast, in coolness and propriety, and you'll be certain not to offend. I do not mean that you too are to kill the werry same *Muscle-men* that I kill, but that when I kill one you are to kill another. And be werry careful not to hurt Captain Truck, who'll be certain to run right afore the muzzles of our guns if he sees anything to be done there."

Toast growled an assent, and then there was no other noise in the boat than that which was produced by the steady and vigorous falling of the oars. An attempt had been made to lighten the vessel by unloading her, and the bank of sand was already covered with bales and boxes, which had been brought up from the hold by means of a stage, and by sheer animal force. The raft had been extended in size, and brought round to the bank by the stern of the vessel, with the intention to load it, and to transfer the articles already landed to the rocks.

Such was the state of things about the Montauk when the boats came into the channel that ran directly up to the bank. The launch led again, her sails having been set as soon as the reef was swept, and she now made another discharge on the deck of the ship, which, inclining towards the gun, offered no shelter. The effect was to bring every Arab, in the twinkling of an eye, down upon the bank.

"Hurrah!" shouted Captain Truck; "that grist has purified the old bark! And now to see who is to own her! 'The thieves are out of the temple,' as my good father would have said."

The four boats were in a line abreast, the launch under one sail only. A good deal of confusion existed on the bank but the Arabs sought the cover of the bales and boxes, and opened a sharp though irregular fire. Three times, as they advanced, the second mate and that gallant-looking young seaman called Brooks discharged the gun, and at each discharge the Arabs were dislodged and driven to the raft. The cheers of the seamen became animated, though they still plied the oars.

"Steadily, men," said Captain Truck, "and prepare to board."

At this moment the launch grounded, though still twenty yards from the bank, the other boats passing her with loud cheers.

"We are all ready, sir," cried Brooks.

"Let 'em have it. Take in the sail, boys."

The gun was fired, and the tall young seaman sprang upon the grating and cheered. As he looked backward, with a smile of triumph, Paul saw his eyes roll. He leaped into the air, and fell at his length dead upon the water; for such is the passage of a man in battle, from one state of existence to another.

"Where do we hang?" asked Paul steadily; "forward or aft!"

It was forward, and deeper water lay ahead of them. The sail was set again, and the people were called aft. The boat tipped, and shot ahead towards the sands, like a courser released from a sudden pull.

All this time the others were not idle. Not a musket was fired from either boat until the whole three struck the bank, almost at the same instant, though at as many different points. Then all leaped ashore, and threw in a fire so close, that the boxes served as much for a cover to the assailants as to the assailed. It was at this critical moment, when the seamen paused to load, that Paul, just clear of the bottom, with his own hand applying the loggerhead, swept the rear of the bank with a most opportune discharge.

"Yardarm and yardarm!" shouted Captain Truck, "Lay 'em aboard, boys, and give 'em Jack's play!"

The whole party sprang forward, and from that moment all order ceased. Fists, handspikes, of which many were on the bank, and the butts of muskets, were freely used, and in a way that set the spears and weapons of the Arabs at defiance. The Captain, Mr. Sharp, John Effingham, Mr. Monday, the *soi-disant* Sir George Templemore, and the chief mate, formed a sort of Macedonian phalanx, which penetrated the centre of the barbarians, and which kept close to the enemy, following up its advantages with a spirit that admitted of no rallying. On their right and left pressed the men, an athletic, hearty, well-fed gang. The superiority of the Arabs was in their powers of endurance; for, trained to the whipcord rigidity of racers, force was less their peculiar merit than bottom. Had they acted in concert, however, or had they been on their own desert, mounted, and with room for their subtle evolutions, the

result might have been very different; but unused to contend with an enemy who brought them within reach of the arm, their tactics were deranged, and all their habits violated. Still, their numbers were formidable, and it is probable that the accident to the launch, after all, decided the matter. From the moment the *melee* began not a shot was fired, but the assailants pressed upon the assailed, until a large body of the latter had collected near the raft. This was just as the launch reached the shore, and Paul perceived there was great danger that the tide might roll backward from sheer necessity. The gun was loaded, and filled nearly to the muzzle with slugs. He caused the men to raise it on their oars, and to carry it to a large box, a little apart from the confusion of the fight. All this was done in a moment, for three minutes had not yet passed since the captain landed.

Instead of firing, Paul called aloud to his friends to cease fighting. Though chafing like a vexed lion, Captain Truck complied, surprise effecting quite as much as obedience. The Arabs, hardest pressed upon, profited by the pause to fall back on the main body of their friends, near the raft. This was all Paul could ask, and he ordered the gun to be pointed at the centre of the group, while he advanced himself towards the enemy, making a sign of peace.

"Damn 'em, lay 'em aboard!" cried the captain: "no quarter to the blackguards!"

"I rather think we had better charge again," added Mr. Sharp, who was thoroughly warmed with his late employment.

"Hold, gentlemen; you risk all needlessly. I will show these poor wretches what they have to expect, and they will probably retire. We want the ship, not their blood."

"Well, well," returned the impatient captain, "give 'em plenty of Vattel, for we have 'em now in a category."

The men of the wilderness and of the desert seem to act as much by instinct as by reason. An old sheik advanced, smiling, towards Paul, when the latter was a few yards in advance of his friends, offering his hand with as much cordiality as if they met merely to exchange courtesies. Paul led him quietly to the gun, put his hand in, and drew out a bag of slugs, replaced it, and pointed significantly at the dense crowd of exposed Arabs, and at the heated iron that was ready to discharge the piece. At all this the old Arab smiled, and seemed to express his admiration. He was then showed the strong and well-armed party, all of whom by this time had a musket

or a pistol ready to use. Paul then signed to the raft and to the reef, as much as to tell the other to withdraw his party.

The sheik exhibited great coolness and sagacity, and, unused to frays so desperate, he signified his disposition to comply. Truces, Paul knew, were common in the African combats, which are seldom bloody, and he hoped the best from the manner of the sheik, who was now permitted to return to his friends. A short conference succeeded among the Arabs, when several of them smilingly waved their hands, and most of the party crowded on the raft. Others advanced, and asked permission to bear away their wounded, and the bodies of the dead, in both of which offices they were assisted by the seamen, as far as was prudent; for it was all-important to be on the guard against treachery.

In this extraordinary manner the combatants separated, the Arabs hauling themselves over to the reef by a line, their old men smiling, and making signs of amity, until they were fairly on the rocks. Here they remained but a very few minutes, for the camels and dromedaries were seen trotting off towards the Dane on the shore; a sign that the compact between the different parties of the barbarians was dissolved, and that each man was about to plunder on his own account. This movement produced great agitation among the old sheiks and their followers on the reef, and set them in motion with great activity towards the land. So great was their hurry, indeed, that the bodies of all the dead, and of several of the wounded, were fairly abandoned on the rocks, at some distance from the shore.

The first step of the victors, as a matter of course, was to inquire into their own loss. This was much less than would have otherwise been, on account of their good conduct. Every man, without a solitary exception, had ostensibly behaved well; one of the most infallible means of lessening danger. Several of the party had received slight hurts, and divers bullets had passed through hats and jackets. Mr. Sharp, alone, had two through the former, besides one through his coat. Paul had blood drawn on an arm, and Captain Truck, to use his own language, resembled "a horse in fly-time," his skin having been rased in no less than five places. But all these trifling hurts and hairbreadth escapes counted for nothing, as no one was seriously injured by them, or felt sufficient inconvenience even to report himself wounded.

The felicitations were warm and general; even the seamen asking leave to shake their sturdy old commander by the hand.

Paul and Mr. Sharp fairly embraced, each expressing his sincere pleasure that the other had escaped unharmed. The latter even shook hands cordially with his counterfeit, who had acted with spirit from the first to the last. John Effingham alone maintained the same cool indifference after the affair that he had shown in it, when it was seen that he had played his part with singular coolness and discretion, dropping two Arabs with his fowling-piece on landing, with a sort of sportsman-like coolness with which he was in the habit of dropping woodcocks at home.

"I fear Mr. Monday is seriously hurt," this gentleman said to the captain, in the midst of his congratulations: "he sits aloof on the box yonder, and looks exhausted."

"Mr. Monday! I hope not, with all my heart and soul. He is a capital *diplomate*, and a stout boarder. And Mr. Dodge, too! I miss Mr. Dodge."

"Mr. Dodge must have remained behind to console the ladies," returned Paul, "finding that your second mate had abandoned them, like a recreant that he is."

The captain shook his disobedient mate by the hand a second time, and swore he was a mutineer for violating his orders, and ended by declaring that the day was not distant when he and Mr. Leach should command two as good liners as ever sailed out of America.

"I'll have nothing to do with either of you as soon as we reach home," he concluded. "There was Leach a foot or two ahead of me the whole time; and as for the second officer, I should be justified in logging him as having run. Well, well; young men will be young men; and so would old men too, Mr. John Effingham, if they knew how. But Mr. Monday does look doleful; and I am afraid we shall be obliged to overhaul the medicine-chest for him."

Mr. Monday, however, was beyond the aid of medicine. A ball had passed through his shoulder-blade in landing; notwithstanding which he had pressed into the *melee*, where, unable to parry it, a spear had been thrust into his chest. The last wound appeared grave, and Captain Truck immediately ordered the sufferer to be carried into the ship; John Effingham, with a tenderness and humanity that were singularly in contrast to his ordinary sarcastic manner, volunteering to take charge of him.

"We have need of all our forces," said Captain Truck, as Mr. Monday was borne away; "and yet it is due to our friends in the launch to let them know the result. Set the ensign,

Leach; that will tell them our success, though a verbal communication can alone acquaint them with the particulars."

"If," interrupted Paul, eagerly, "you will lend me the launch of the Dane, Mr. Sharp and myself will beat her up to the raft, let our friends know the result, and bring the spars down to the inlet. This will save the necessity of any of the men's being absent. We claim the privilege, too, as belonging properly to the party that is now absent."

"Gentlemen, take any privilege you please. You have stood by me like heroes; and I owe you all more than the heel of a worthless old life will ever permit me to pay."

The two young men did not wait for a second invitation, but in five minutes the boat was stretching through one of the channels that led landward; and in five more it was laying out of the inlet with a steady breeze.

The instant Captain Truck retrod the deck of his ship was one of uncontrollable feeling with the weatherbeaten old seaman. The ship had sewed too much to admit of walking with ease, and he sat down on the combings of the main hatch, and fairly wept like an infant. So high had his feelings been wrought that this outbreaking was violent, and the men wondered to see their grey-headed, stern, old commander, so completely unmanned. He seemed at length ashamed of the weakness himself, for, rising like a worried tiger, he began to issue his orders as sternly and promptly as was his wont.

"What the devil are you gaping at, men!" he growled; "did you never see a ship on her bilge before? God knows, and for that matter you all know, there is enough to do, that you stand like so many marines, with their 'eyes right!' and 'pipe-clay.'"

"Take it more kindly, Captain Truck," returned an old sea dog, thrusting out a hand that was all knobs, a fellow whose tobacco had not been displaced even by the fray; "take it kindly, and look upon all these boxes and bales as so much cargo that is to be struck in, in dock. We'll soon stow it, and, barring a few slugs, and one fourpounder, that has cut up a crate of crockery as if it had been a cat in a cupboard, no great harm is done. I look upon this matter as no more than a sudden squall, that has compelled us to bear up for a little while, but which will answer for a winch to spin yarns on all the rest of our days. I have fit the French, and the English, and the Turks, in my time; and now I can say I have had a brush with the niggers."

"D——n me, but you're right, old Tom! and I'll make no

more account of the matter. Mr. Leach, give the people a little encouragement. There is enough left in the jug that you'll find in the stern sheets of the pinnace; and then turn-to, and strike in all this dunnage, that the Arabs have been scattering on the sands. We'll stow it when we get the ship into an easier bed than the one in which she is now lying."

This was the signal for commencing work; and these straightforward tars, who had just been in the confusion and hazards of a fight, first took their grog, and then commenced their labor in earnest. As they had only, with their knowledge and readiness, to repair the damage done by the ignorant and hurried Arabs, in a short time everything was on board the ship again, when their attention was directed to the situation of the vessel itself. Not to anticipate events, however, we will now return to the party in the launch.

The reader will readily imagine the feelings with which Mr. Effingham and his party listened to the report of the first gun. As they all remained below, they were ignorant who the individual really was that kept pacing the roof over their heads, though it was believed to be the second mate, agreeably to the arrangement made by Captain Truck.

"My eyes grow dim," said Mr. Effingham, who was looking through a glass; "will you try to see what is passing, Eve?"

"Father, I cannot look," returned the pallid girl. "It is misery enough to hear these frightful guns."

"It is awful!" said Nanny, folding her arms about her child, "and I wonder that such gentlemen as Mr. John and Mr. Powis should go on an enterprise so wicked!"

"*Voulez-vous avoir la complaisance, monsieur?*" said Mademoiselle Viefville, taking the glass from the unresisting hand of Mr. Effingham. "*Ha! le combat commence en effet!*"

"Is it the Arabs who now fire?" demanded Eve, unable, in spite of terror, to repress her interest.

"*Non, c'est cet admirable jeune homme, Monsieur Blunt, qui devance tous les autres!*"

"And now, mademoiselle, that must surely be the barbarians?"

"*Du tout. Les sauvagès fuient. C'est encore du bateau de Monsieur Blunt qu'on tire. Quel beau courage! son bateau est toujours des premiers!*"

"That shout is frightful! Do they close?"

"*On crie des deux parts, je crois. Le vieux capitaine est en avant a present, et Monsieur Blunt s'arrete!*"

"May Heaven avert the danger! Do you see the gentlemen at all, Mademoiselle?"

"*La fumee est trop epaisse. Ah! les viola! On tire encore de son bateau.*"

"*Eh bien, mademoiselle?*" said Eve tremulously, after a long pause.

"*C'est deja fini. Les Arabes se retirent et nos amis se sont emparees du batiment. Cele a ete l'affaire d'un moment, et que le combat a ete glorieux! Ces jeunes gens sont vraiment dignes d'etre Francais, et le vieux capitaine, aussi.*"

"Are there no tidings for us, mademoiselle?" asked Eve, after another long pause, during which she had poured out her gratitude in trembling, but secret thanksgivings.

"*Non, pas encore. Ils se felicitent, je crois.*"

"It's time, I'm sure, ma'am," said the meek-minded Ann, "to send forth the dove, that it may find the olive branch. War and strife are too sinful to be long indulged in."

"There is a boat making sail in this direction," said Mr. Effingham, who had left the glass with the governess, in complaisance to her wish.

"*Oui, c'est le bateau de Monsieur Blunt.*"

"And who is in it?" demanded the father, for the meed of a world could not have enabled Eve to speak.

"*Je vois Monsieur Sharp—oui, c'est bien lui.*"

"Is he alone?"

"*Non, il y en a deux—mais—oui—c'est Monsieur Blunt,—notre jeune heros!*"

Eve bowed her face, and even while her soul melted in gratitude to God, the feelings of her sex caused the telltale blood to suffuse her features to the brightness of crimson.

Mr. Effingham now took the glass from the spirited Frenchwoman, whose admiration of brilliant qualities had overcome her fears, and he gave a more detailed and connected account of the situation of things near the ship, as they presented themselves to a spectator at that distance.

Notwithstanding they already knew so much, it was a painful and feverish half hour to those in the launch, the time that intervened between this dialogue and the moment when the boat of the Dane came alongside of their own. Every face was at the windows, and the young men were received like deliverers, in whose safety all felt a deep concern.

"But, cousin Jack," said Eve, across whose speaking countenance apprehension and joy cast their shadows and gleams like April clouds driving athwart a brilliant sky, "my father has

not been able to discover his form among those who move about on the bank."

The gentlemen explained the misfortune of Mr. Monday, and related the manner in which John Effingham had assumed the office of nurse. A few delicious minutes passed; for nothing is more grateful than the happiness that first succeeds a victory, and the young men proceeded to lift the kedge, assisted by the servant of Mr. Effingham. The sails were set; and in fifteen minutes the raft—the long-desired and much coveted-raft—approached the inlet.

Paul steered the larger boat, and gave to Mr. Sharp directions how to steer the other. The tide was flowing into the passage; and, by keeping his weatherly position, the young man carried his long train of spars with so much precision into its opening, that, favored by the current, it was drawn through without touching a rock, and brought in triumph to the very margin of the bank. Here it was secured, the sails and cordage were brought ashore, and the whole party landed.

The last twenty hours seemed like a dream to all the females as they again walked the solid sand in security and hope. They had now assembled every material of safety, and all that remained was to get the ship off the shore, and to rig her; Mr. Leach having already reported that she was as tight as the day she left London.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Would I were in an ale-house in London!
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Henry Vth.

MADemoiselle VIEFVILLE, with a decision and intelligence that rendered her of great use in moments of need, hastened to offer her services to the wounded man, while Eve, attended by Ann Sidley, ascended the ship and made her way into the cabins, in the best manner the leaning position of the vessel allowed. Here they found less confusion than might have been expected, the scene being ludicrous, rather than painful, for Mr Monday was in his stateroom excluded from sight.

In the first place, the *soi-disant* Sir George Templemore was counting over his effects, among which he had discovered a sad

deficiency in coats and pantaloons. The Arabs had respected the plunder, by compact, with the intention of making a fair distribution on the reef; but, with a view to throw a sop to the more rapacious of their associates, one room had been sacked by the permission of the sheiks. This unfortuante room happened to be that of Sir George Templemore, and the patent razors, the East Indian dressing-case, the divers toys, to say nothing of innumerable vestments which the young man had left paraded in his room, for the mere pleasure of feasting his eyes on them, had disappeared.

"Do me the favor, Miss Effingham," he said, appealing to Eve, of whom he stood habitually in awe, from the pure necessity of addressing her in his distress, or of addressing no one, "do me the favor to look into my room, and see the unprincipled manner in which I have been treated. Not a comb nor a razor left; not a garment to make myself decent in! I'm sure such conduct is quite a disgrace to the civilization of barbarians even, and I shall make it a point to have the affair duly represented to his majesty's minister the moment I arrive in New York. I sincerely hope you have been better treated, though I think, after this specimen of their principles, there is little hope for any one: I'm sure we ought to be grateful they did not strip the ship. I trust we shall all make common cause against them the moment we arrive."

"We ought indeed, sir," returned Eve, who, while she had known from the beginning of his being an impostor, was willing to ascribe his fraud to vanity, and who now felt charitable towards him on account of the spirit he had shown in the combat; "though I trust we shall have escaped better. Our effects were principally in the baggage-room, and that, I understand from Captain Truck, has not been touched."

"Indeed you are very fortunate, and I can only wish that the same good luck had happened to myself. But then, you know, Miss Effingham, that one has need of his little comforts, and, as for myself, I confess to rather a weakness in that way."

"Monstrous prodigality and wastefulness!" cried Saunders, as Eve passed on towards her own cabin, willing to escape any more of Sir George's complaints. "Just be so kind, Miss Effingham, ma'am, to look into this here pantry, once! Them niggers, I do believe, have had their fingers in everything, and it will take Toast and me a week to get things decorous and orderly again. Some of the shrieks" (for so the steward styled the chiefs) "have been yelling well in this place, I'll engage, as you may see, by the manner in which they have spilt the

mustard and mangled that cold duck. I've a most mortal aversion to a man that cuts up poultry against the fibers; and, would you think it, Miss Effingham, ma'am, that the last gun Mr. Blunt fired, dislocated, or otherwise diwerted, about half a dozen of the fowls that happened to be in the way; for I let all the poor wretches out of the coops, that they might make their own livings should we never come back. I should think that as polite and experienced a gentleman as Mr. Blunt might have shot the Arabs instead of my poultry!"

"So it is," thought Eve, as she glanced into the pantry and proceeded. "What is considered happiness to-day gets to be misery to-morrow, and the rebukes of adversity are forgotten the instant prosperity resumes its influence. Either of these men, a few hours since, would have been most happy to have been in this vessel, as a home, or a covering for their heads, and now they quarrel with their good fortune because it is wanting in some accustomed superfluity or pampered indulgence."

We shall leave her with this wholesome reflection uppermost, to examine into the condition of her own room, and return to the deck.

As the hour was still early, Captain Truck having once quieted his feelings, went to work with zeal, to turn the late success to the best account. The cargo that had been discharged was soon stowed again, and the next great object was to get the ship aloft previously to hoisting in the new spars. As the kedges still lay on the reef, and all the anchors remained in the places where they had originally been placed, there was little to do but to get ready to heave upon the chains as soon as the tide rose. Previously to commencing this task, however, the intervening time was well employed in sending down the imperfect hamper that was aloft, and in getting up shears to hoist out the remains of the foremast, as well as the jury mainmast, the latter of which, it will be remembered, was only fitted two days before. All the appliances used on that occasion being still on deck, and everybody lending a willing hand, this task was completed by noon. The jury-mast gave little trouble, but was soon lying on the bank; and then Captain Truck, the shears having been previously shifted, commenced lifting the broken foremast, and just as the cooks announced that the dinner was ready for the people, the latter safely deposited the spar on the sands.

"Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline," said Captain Truck to Mr. Blunt, as the crew came up the staging in their way to the galley, in quest of their meal. "I have not beheld the Montauk without a mast since the day she lay a

new-born child at the shipyards. I see some half a dozen of these mummified scoundrels dodging about on the shore yet, though the great majority, as Mr. Dodge would say, have manifested a decided disposition to amuse themselves with a further acquaintance with the Dane. In my humble opinion, sir, that poor deserted ship will have no more inside of her by night, than one of Saunders' ducks that have been dead an hour. That hearty fellow, Mr. Monday, is hit, I fear between wind and water, Leach?"

"He is in a bad way, indeed, as I understand from Mr. John Effingham, who very properly allows no one to disturb him, keeping the stateroom door closed on all but himself and his own man."

"Ay, ay, that is merciful; a man likes a little quiet when he is killed. As soon as the ship is more fit to be seen, however, it will become my duty to wait on him in order to see that nothing is wanting. We must offer the poor man the consolation of religion, Mr. Blunt."

"They would certainly be desirable had we one qualified for the task."

"I can't say as much in that way for myself perhaps, as I might, seeing that my father was a priest. But then, we masters of packets have occasion to turn our hands to a good many odd jobs. As soon as the ship is snug, I shall certainly take a look at the honest fellow. Pray, sir, what became of Mr. Dodge in the skirmish?"

Paul smiled, but he prudently answered, "I believe he occupied himself in taking notes of the combat, and I make no doubt will do you full justice in the *Active Inquirer*, as soon as he gets its columns again at his command."

"Too much learning, as my good father used to say, has made him a little mad. But I have a grateful heart to-day, Mr. Blunt, and will not be critical. I did not perceive Mr. Dodge in the conflict, as Saunders calls it, but there were so many of those rascally Arabs, that one had not an opportunity of seeing much else. We must get the ship outside of this reef with as little delay as possible, for to tell you a secret"—here the captain dropped his voice to a whisper—"there are but two rounds apiece left for the small arms, and only one cartridge for the four-pounder. I own to you a strong desire to be in the offing."

"They will hardly attempt to board us, after the specimen they have had of what we can do."

"No one knows, sir; no one knows. They keep pouring

down upon the coast, like crows on the scent of a carrion, and once done with the Dane, we shall see them in hundreds prowling around us like wolves. How much do we want of high-water?"

"An hour, possibly. I do not think there is much time to lose before the people get to work at the windlass."

Captain Truck nodded, and proceeded to look into the condition of his ground tackle. It was a joyous but anxious moment when the handspikes were first handled, and the slack of one of the chains began to come. The ship had been upright several hours, and no one could tell how hard she would hang on the bottom. As the chain tightened, the gentlemen, the officers included, got upon the bows and looked anxiously at the effect of each heave; for it was a nervous thing to be stranded on such a coast, even after all that had occurred.

"She winks, by George!" cried the captain; "heave together, men, and you will stir the sand!"

The men did heave, gaining inch by inch, until no effort could cause the ponderous machine to turn. The mates, and then the captain, applied their strength in succession and but half a turn more was gained. Everybody was now summoned, even to the passengers, and the enormous strain seemed to threaten to tear the fabric asunder; but still the ship was immovable.

"She hangs hardest forward, sir," said Mr. Leach: "suppose we run up the stern-boat?"

This expedient was adopted, and so nearly were the counteracting powers balanced, that it prevailed. A strong heave caused the ship to start, and an inch more of tide aided the effort, and then the vast hull yielded slowly to the purchase, gradually turning towards the anchor, until the quick blows of the pall announced that the vessel was fairly afloat again.

"Thank God for that, as for all his mercies!" said Captain Truck. "Heave the hussy up to her anchor, Mr. Leach, when we will cast an eye to her moorings."

All this was done, the ship being effectually secured, with due attention to a change in the wind, that now promised to be permanent. Not a moment was lost; but, the sheers being still standing, the foremast of the Dane was floated alongside, fastened to, and hove into its new berth, with as much rapidity as comported with care. When the mast was fairly stepped, Captain Truck rubbed his hands with delight, and immediately commanded his subordinate to rig it, although by this time the turn of the day had considerably passed.

"This is the way with us seamen, Mr. Effingham," he observed; "from the fall to the fight, and then again from the fight to the fall. Our work, like women's, is never done; whereas you landsmen knock off with the sun, and sleep while the corn grows. I have always owed my parents a grudge for bringing me up to a dog's life."

"I had understood it was a choice of your own, captain."

"Ay—so far as running away and shipping without their knowledge was concerned, perhaps it was; but then it was their business to begin at the bottom, and to train me up in such a manner that I would not run away. The Lord forgive me, too, for thinking amiss of the two dear old people; for, to be candid with you, they were much too good to have such a son; and I honestly believe they loved me more than I loved myself. Well, I've the consolation of knowing I comforted the old lady with many a pound of capital tea after I got into the China trade, ma'amselle."

"She was fond of it?" observed the governess politely.

"She relished it very much, as a horse takes to oats, or a child to custard. That and snuff and grace, composed her principal consolations."

"*Quoi?*" demanded the governess, looking towards Paul for an explanation.

"*Grace, mademoiselle; la grace de Dieu.*"

"*Bien!*"

"It's a sad misfortune, after all, to lose a mother, ma'amselle. It is like cutting all the headfasts, and riding altogether by the stern; for it is letting go the hold of what has gone before to grapple with the future. It is true that I ran away from my mother when a youngster, and thought little of it! but when she took her turn and ran away from me, I began to feel that I had made a wrong use of my legs. What are the tidings from poor Mr. Monday?"

"I understand he does not suffer greatly, but that he grows weaker fast," returned Paul. "I fear there is little hope of his surviving such a hurt."

The captain had got out a cigar, and had beckoned to Toast for a coal; but changing his mind suddenly, he broke the tobacco into snuff, and scattered it about the deck.

"Why the devil is not that rigging going up, Mr. Leach?" he cried, fiercely. "It is not my intention to pass the winter at these moorings, and I solicit a little more expedition."

"Ay ay, sir," returned the mate, one of a class habitually

patient and obedient; "bear a hand, my lads, and get the strings into their places."

"Leach," continued the captain, more kindly, and still working his fingers unconsciously, "come this way, my good friend, I have not expressed to you, Mr. Leach, all I wish to say of your good conduct in this late affair. You have stood by me like a gallant fellow throughout the whole business, and I shall not hesitate about saying as much when we get in. It is my intention to write a letter to the owners, which no doubt they'll publish; for whatever they have got to say against America, no one will deny it is easy to get anything published. Publishing is victuals and drink to the nation. You may depend on having justice done you."

"I never doubted it, Captain Truck."

"No, sir; and you never winked. The mainmast does not stand up in a gale firmer than you stood up to the niggers."

"Mr. Effingham, sir—and Mr. Sharp—and particularly Mr. Blunt—"

"Let me alone to deal with them. Even Toast acted like a man. Well, Leach, they tell me poor Monday must slip, after all."

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir; Mr. Monday laid about him like a soldier!"

"He did, indeed; but Bonaparte himself has been obliged to give up the ghost, and Wellington must follow him some day; even old Putnam is dead. Either you or I, or both of us, Leach, will have to throw in some of the consolations of religion on this mournful occasion."

"There is Mr. Effingham, sir, or Mr. John Effingham; elderly gentlemen with more scholarship."

"That will never do. All they can offer, no doubt, will be acceptable, but we owe a duty to the ship. The officers of a packet are not graceless horse-jockeys, but sober, discreet men, and it becomes them to show that they have some education, and the right sort of stuff in them on an emergency. I expect you will stand by me, Leach, on this melancholy occasion, as stoutly as you stood by me this morning."

"I humbly hope, sir, not to disgrace the vessel, but it is likely Mr. Monday is a Church of England man, and we both belong to the Saybrook Platform!"

"Ah! the devil!—I forgot that! But religion is religion; old line or new line; and I question if a man so near unmooring will be very particular. The great thing is consolation, and that we must contrive to give him, by hook or by crook,

when the proper moment comes; and now, Mr. Leach, let the people push matters, and we shall have everything up forward, and that mainmast stepped yet by 'sunset;' or it would be more literal so say '*sun-down;*'" Captain Truck, like a true New-England-man, invariably using a provincialism that has got to be so general in America.

The work proceeded with spirit, for every one was anxious to get the ship out of a berth that was so critical, as well from the constant vicinity of the Arabs as from the dangers of the weather. The wind baffled too, as it is usual on the margin of the trades, and at times it blew from the sea, though it continued light, and the changes were of short continuance. As Captain Truck hoped, when the people ceased work at night, the fore and fore-top-sail-yards were in their places, the top-gallant-mast was fitted, and, with the exception of the sails, the ship was what is called a-tanto, forward. Aft, less had been done, though by the assistance of the supernumeraries, who continued to lend their aid, the two lower masts were stepped, though no rigging could be got over them. The men volunteered to work by watches through the night, but to this Captain Truck would not listen, affirming that they had earned their suppers and a good rest, both of which they should have.

The gentlemen, who merely volunteered an occasional drag, cheerfully took the look-outs, and as there were plenty of fire-arms, though not much powder, little apprehension was entertained of the Arabs. As was expected, the night passed away tranquilly, and every one arose with the dawn refreshed and strengthened.

The return of day, however, brought the Arabs down upon the shore in crowds; for the last gale, which had been unusually severe, and the tidings of the wrecks, which had been spread by means of the dromedaries far and wide, had collected a force on the coast that began to be formidable through sheer numbers. The Dane had been effectually emptied, and plunder had the same effect on these rapacious barbarians that blood is known to produce on the tiger. The taste had begotten an appetite, and from the first appearance of the light, those in the ship saw signs of a disposition to renew the attempt on their liberty.

Happily, the heaviest portion of the work was done, and Captain Truck determined, rather than risk another conflict with a force that was so much augmented, to get the spars on board, and to take the ship outside of the reef, without waiting to complete her equipment. His first orders, therefore, when

all hands were mustered, were for the boats to get in the kedges and the stream anchor, and otherwise to prepare to move the vessel. In the mean time other gangs were busy in getting the rigging over the mastheads, and in setting it up. As the lifting of the anchors with boats was heavy work, by the time they were got on board and stowed it was noon, and all the yards were aloft, though not a sail was bent in the vessel.

Captain Truck, while the people were eating, passed through the ship examining every stay and shroud: there were some makeshifts it is true, but on the whole he was satisfied, though he plainly saw that the presence of the Arabs had hurried matters a little, and that a good many drags would have to be given as soon as they got beyond danger, and that some attention must be paid to seizings; still, what had been done would answer very well for moderate weather, and it was too late to stop to change.

The trade wind had returned, and blew steadily as if finally likely to stand; and the water outside of the reef was smooth enough to permit the required alterations, now that the heavier spars were in their places.

The appearance of the Montauk certainly was not as stately and commanding as before the wreck, but there was an air of completeness about it that augured well. It was that of a ship of seven hundred tons, fitted with spars intended for a ship of five hundred. The packet a little resembled a man of six feet, in the coat of a man of five feet nine, and yet the discrepancy would not be apt to be noticed by any but the initiated. Everything essential was in its place, and reasonably well secured, and, as the Dane had been rigged for a stormy sea, Captain Truck felt satisfied he might, in his present plight, venture on the American coast even in winter, without incurring unusual hazard.

As soon as the hour of work arrived, therefore, a boat was sent to drop a kedge as near the inlet as it would be safe to venture, and a little to windward of it. By making a calculation, and inspecting his buoys, which still remained where he had placed them, Captain Truck found that he could get a narrow channel of sufficient directness to permit the ship to be warped as far as this point in a straight line. Everything but the boats was now got on board, the anchor by which they rode was hove up, and the warp was brought to the capstan, when the vessel slowly began to advance towards the inlet.

This movement was a signal to the Arabs, who poured down

on both reefs in hundreds, screaming and gesticulating like maniacs. It required good nerves and some self-reliance to advance in the face of such a danger, and this so much the more, as the barbarians showed themselves in the greatest force on the northern range of rocks, which offered a good shelter for their persons, completely raked the channel, and, moreover, lay so near the spot where the kedge had been dropped, that one might have jerked a stone from the one to the other. To add to the awkwardness of the affair, the Arabs began to fire with those muskets that are of so little service in close encounters, but which are notorious for sending their shot with great precision from a distance. The bullets came thick upon the ship, though the stoutness of the bulwarks forward, and their height, as yet protected the men.

In this dilemma, Captain Truck hesitated about continuing to haul ahead, and he sent for Mr. Blunt and Mr. Leach for a consultation. Both these gentlemen advised perseverance, and as the counsel of the former will succinctly show the state of things, it shall be given in his own words.

"Indecision is always discouraging to one's friends, and encouraging to one's enemies," he said, "and I recommend perseverance. The nearer we haul to the rocks, the greater will be our command of them, while the more the chances of the Arabs' throwing their bullets on our decks will be diminished. Indeed, so long as we ride head to wind, they cannot fire low enough to effect their object from the northern reef, and on the southern they will not venture very near, for want of cover. It is true it will be impossible for us to bend our sails or to send out a boat in the face of so heavy a fire, while our assailants are so effectually covered; but we may possibly dislodge them with the gun, or with our small-arms, from the decks. If not, I will head a party into the tops, from which I will undertake to drive them out of the reach of our muskets in five minutes."

"Such a step would be very hazardous to those who ventured aloft."

"It would not be without danger, and some loss must be expected; but they who fight must expect risks."

"In which case it will be the business of Mr. Leach and myself to head the parties aloft. If we are obliged to console the dying, damn me, but we are entitled to the privilege of fighting the living."

"Ay, ay, sir," put in the mate; "that stands to reason."

"There are three tops, gentlemen," returned Paul, mildly, "and I respect your rights too much to wish to interfere with

them. We can each take one, and the effect will be in proportion to the greater means we employ,—one vigorous assault being worth a dozen feints.”

Captain Truck shook Paul heartily by the hand, and adopted his advice. When the young man had retired, he turned to the mate, and said,—

“After all, these men-of-war’s men are a little beyond us in the science of attack and defence, though I think I could give him a hint in the science of signs. I have had two or three touches at privateering in my time, but no regular occupation in your broadside work. Did you see how Mr. Blunt handled his boat yesterday? As much like two double blocks and a steady drag, as one belaying-pin is like another, and as coolly as a great lady in London looks at one of us in a state of nature. For my part, Leach, I was as hot as mustard, and ready to cut the throat of the best friend I had on earth; whereas he was smiling as I rowed past him, though I could hardly see his face for the smoke of his own gun.”

“Yes, sir, that’s the way with your regular builds. I’ll warrant you he began young, and had kicked all the passion out of himself on old salts, by the time he was eighteen. He doesn’t seem, neither, like one of the true d—n-my-eye breed; but it’s a great privilege to a man in a passion to be allowed to kick when and whom he likes.”

“Not he. I say, Leach, perhaps he might lend us a hand when it comes to the pinch with poor Monday. I have a great desire that the worthy fellow should take his departure decently.”

“Well, sir, I think you had better propose it. For my part, I’m quite willing to go into all three of the tops alone, rather than disappoint a dying man.”

The captain promised to look to the matter, and then they turned their attention to the ship, which in a few more minutes was up as near the kedge as it was prudent to haul her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Speed, gallant bark, the tornado is past ;
Staunch and secure thou hast weather'd the blast ;
Now spread thy full sails to the wings of the morn,
And soon the glad haven shall greet thy return.

PARK.

THE Montauk now lay close to the inlet, and even a little to windward of its entrance ; but the channel was crooked, not a sail was bent, nor was it possible to bend one properly without exposing the men to the muskets of the Arabs, who, from firing loosely, had got to be more wary and deliberate, aiming at the places where a head or an arm was occasionally seen. To prolong this state of things was merely to increase the evil, and Captain Truck determined to make an effort at once to dislodge his enemies.

With this view the gun was loaded in-board, filled nearly to the muzzle with slugs, and then it was raised with care to the top-gallant-forecastle, and cautiously pushed forward near the gunwale. Had the barbarians understood the construction of a vessel, they might have destroyed half the packet's crew while they were thus engaged about the fore-castle by firing through the planks ; but, ignorant of the weakness of the defences, they aimed altogether at the openings, or over the rails.

By lowering the gaff the spanker was imperfectly bent ; that is to say, it was bent on the upper leach. The boom was got in under cover of the hurricane-house, and of the bundle of the sails ; the outhauler was bent, the boom replaced, the sail being hoisted with a little and a hurried lacing to the luff. This was not effected without a good deal of hazard, though the nearness of the bows of the vessel to the rocks prevented most of the Arabs from perceiving what passed so far aft. Still, others nearer to the shore caught glimpses of the actors, and several narrow escapes were the consequences. The second mate, in particular, had a shot through his hat within an inch of his head. By a little management, notwithstanding, the luff of the spanker was made to stand tolerably well ; and the ship had at least the benefit of this one sail.

The Dane had been a seaman of the old school ; and, in

stead of the more modern spenser, his ship had been fitted with old-fashioned stay-sails. Of these it was possible to bend the main and mizzen stay-sails in tolerable security, provided the ends of the halyards could be got down. As this, however, would be nearly all aftersail, the captain determined to make an effort to overhaul the buntlines and leachlines of the foresail, at the same time that men were sent aloft after the ends of the halyards. He also thought it possible to set a foretopmast staysail flying.

No one was deceived in this matter. The danger and the mode of operating were explained clearly, and then Captain Truck asked for volunteers. These were instantly found; Mr. Leach and the second mate setting the example by stepping forward as the first two. In order that the whole procedure may be understood, however, it shall be explained more fully.

Two men were prepared to run up on the foreyard at the word. Both of these, one of whom was Mr. Leach, carried three small balls of marline, to the end of each of which was attached a cod-hook, the barb being filed off in order to prevent its being caught. By means of these hooks the balls were fastened to the jackets of the adventurers. Two others stood ready at the foot of the main and mizzen riggings. By the gun lay Paul and three men; while several of the passengers, and a few of the best shots among the crew, were stationed on the fore-castle, armed with muskets and fowling-pieces.

"Is everybody ready?" called out the captain from the quarter-deck.

"All ready!" and "Ay! ay, sir!" were answered from the different points of the ship.

"Haul out the spanker!"

As soon as this sail was set, the stern of the ship swung round towards the inlet, so as to turn the bow on which the gun was placed towards the part of the reef where the Arabs were in greatest numbers.

"Be steady, men! and do not hurry yourselves, though active as wild-cats! Up, and away!"

The two fore-yard men, and the two by the after-masts, sprang into the rigging like squirrels, and were running aloft before the captain had done speaking. At the same instant one of the three by the gun leaped on the bowsprit, and ran out towards the stay. Paul, and the other two, rose and shoved the gun into its berth; and the small-arms men showed themselves at the rails.

So many, all in swift motion, appearing at the same moment

in the rigging, distracted the attention of the Arabs for an instant, though scattering shots were fired. Paul knew that the danger would be greatest when the men aloft were stationary, and he was in no haste. Perhaps for half a minute he was busy in choosing his object, and in levelling the gun, and then it was fired. He had chosen the moment well ; for Mr. Leach and his fellow-adventurers were already on the fore-yard, and the Arabs had arisen from their covers in the eagerness of taking aim. The small-arms men poured in their volley, and then little more could be done in the way of the offensive, nearly all the powder in the ship having been expended.

It remains to tell the result of this experiment. Among the Arabs a few fell, and those most exposed to the fire from the ship were staggered, losing near a minute in their confusion ; but those more remote maintained hot discharges after the first surprise. The whole time occupied in what we are going to relate was about three minutes ; the action of the several parts going on simultaneously.

The adventurer forward, though nearest to the enemy, was least exposed. Partly covered by the bowsprit, he ran nimbly out on that spar till he reached the stay. Here he cut the stop of the fore-topmast halyards, overhauled the running part, and let the block swing in. He then hooked a block that he had carried out with him, and in which the bight of a rope had been rove through the thimble, and ran in as fast as possible. This duty, which had appeared the most hazardous of all different adventures, on account of the proximity of the bowsprit to the reef, was the first done, and with the least risk ; the man being partly concealed by the smoke of the gun, as well as by the bowsprit. He escaped uninjured.

As the two men aft pursued exactly the same course, the movements of one will explain those of the other. On reaching the yard, the adventurer sprang on it, caught the hook of the halyard-block, and threw himself off without an instant's hesitation, overhauling the halyards by his weight. Men stood in readiness below to check the fall by easing off the other end of the rope, and the hardy fellow reached the deck in safety. This seemed a nervous undertaking to the landsmen ; but the seamen who so well understood the machinery of their vessel, made light of it.

On the fore-yard, Mr. Leach passed out on one yard-arm, and his co-adventurer, a common seaman, on the other. Each left a hook in the knot of the inner buntline, as he went out, and dropped the ball of marline on deck. The same was done

at the outer buntlines, and at the leachlines. Here the mate returned, according to his orders, leaped upon the rigging, and thence upon a backstay, when he slid on deck with a velocity that set aim at defiance. Notwithstanding the quickness of his motions, Mr. Leach received a trifling hit on the shoulder, and several bullets whizzed near him.

The seaman on the other yard-arm succeeded equally well, escaping the smallest injury, until he had secured the leachline, when, knowing the usefulness of obtaining it, for he was on the weather side of the ship, he determined to bring in the end of the reef tackle with him. Calling out to let go the rope on the deck, he ran out to the lift, bent over and secured the desired end, and raised himself erect, with the intention to make a run in, on the top of the yard. Captain Truck and the second mate had both commanded him to desist in vain, for impunity from harm had rendered him foolhardy. In this perilous position he even paused to give a cheer. The cry was scarcely ended when he sprang off the yard several feet upwards and fell perpendicularly towards the sea, carrying the rope in his hand. At first, most on board believed the man had jumped into the water as the least hazardous means of getting down, depending on the rope, and on swimming, for his security; but Paul pointed out the spot of blood that stained the surface of the sea, at the point where he had fallen. The reef tackle was rounded cautiously in, and its end rose to the surface without the hand that had so lately grasped it. The man himself never reappeared.

Captain Truck had now the means of setting three stay-sails, the spanker, and the fore-course; sails sufficient, he thought, to answer his present purposes. The end of the reef tackle, that had been so dearly bought, was got in, by means of a light line, which was thrown around it.

The order was now given to brail the spanker, and to clap on and weigh the kedje, which was done by the run. As soon as the ship was free of the bottom, the fore-topmast staysail was set flying, like a jib-topsail, by hauling out the tack, and swaying upon the halyards. The sheet was hauled to windward, and the helm put down; of course the bows of the ship began to fall off, and as soon as her head was sufficiently near her course, the sheet was drawn, and the wheel shifted.

Captain Truck now ordered the foresail, which, by this time was ready, to be set. This important sail was got on the vessel, by bending the buntlines and leachlines to its head, and by hauling out the weather-head cringle by means of the reef tackle.

As soon as this broad spread of canvas was on the ship, her motion was accelerated, and she began to move away from the spot, followed by the furious cries and menaces of the Arabs. To the latter no one paid any heed, but they were audible until drowned in distance. Although aided by all her spars, and the force of the wind on her hull, a body as large as the Montauk required some little time to overcome the *vis inertiae*, and several anxious minutes passed before she was so far from the cover of the Arabs as to prevent their clamor from seeming to be in the very ears of those on board. When this did occur, it brought inexpressible relief, though it perhaps increased the danger, by increasing the chances of the bullets hitting objects on deck.

The course at first was nearly before the wind, when the flat rock, so often named, being reached, the ship was compelled to haul up on an easy bowline, in order to pass to windward of it. Here the staysails aft and the spanker were set, which aided in bringing the vessel to the wind, and the foretack was brought down. By laying straight out of the pass, a distance of only a hundred yards, the vessel would be again clear of everything, and beyond all the dangers of the coast, so long as the present breeze stood. But the tide set the vessel bodily towards the rock, and her condition did not admit of pressing hard upon a bowline. Captain Truck was getting to be uneasy, for he soon perceived that they were nearing the danger, though very gradually, and he began to tremble for his copper. Still the vessel drew steadily ahead, and he had hopes of passing the outer edge of the rocks in safety. The outer edge was a broken, ragged, and pointed fragment, that would break in the planks should the vessel rest upon it an instant, while falling in that constant heaving and settling of the ocean, which now began to be very sensibly felt. After all his jeopardy, the old mariner saw that his safety was at a serious hazard, by one of those unforeseen but common risks that environ the seaman's life.

"Luff! luff! you can," cried Captain Truck, glancing his eye from the rock to the sails, and from the sails to the rock. "Luff, sir—you are at the pinch!"

"Luff it is, sir!" answered the man at the wheel, who stood abaft the hurricane-house, covered by its roof, over which he was compelled to look, to get a view of the sails. "Luff I may, and luff it is, sir."

Paul stood at the captain's side, the crew being ordered to keep themselves as much covered as possible, on account of the bullets of the Arabs, which were at this time pattering against the vessel, like hail at the close of a storm.

"We shall not weather that point of ragged rock," exclaimed the young man, quickly; "and if we touch it the ship will be lost."

"Let her claw off," returned the old man sternly. "Her cutwater is up with it already. Let her claw off."

The bows of the ship were certainly up with the danger, and the vessel was slowly drawing ahead; but every moment its broadside was set nearer to the rock, which was now within fifty feet of them. The fore-chains were past the point, though little hope remained of clearing it abaft. A ship turns on her centre of gravity as on a pivot, the two ends inclining in opposite directions; and Captain Truck hoped that as the bows were past the danger, it might be possible to throw the after-part of the vessel up to the wind, by keeping away, and thus clear the spot entirely.

"Hard up with your helm!" he shouted; "hard up!—Haul down the mizzen-staysail, and give her sheet!"

The sails were attended to, but no answer came from the wheel, nor did the vessel change her course.

"Hard up, I tell you, sir—hard up! hard up, and be d—d to you!"

The usual reply was not made. Paul sprang through the narrow gangway that led to the wheel. All that passed took but a minute, and yet it was the most critical minute that had yet befallen the Montauk; for had she touched that rock but for an instant, human art could hardly have kept her above water an hour.

"Hard up, and be d—d to you!" repeated Captain Truck, in a voice of thunder, as Paul darted round the corner of the hurricane-house.

The seaman stood at the wheel, grasping its spokes firmly, his eyes aloft as usual, but the turns of the tiller rope showed that the order was not obeyed.

"Hard up, man, hard up! are you mad?" Paul uttered these words as he sprang to the wheel, which he made whirl with his own hands in the required direction. As for the seaman, he yielded his hold without resistance, and fell like a log, as the wheel flew round. A ball had entered his back, and passed through his heart, and yet he had stood steadily to the spokes, as the true mariner always clings to the helm while life lasts.

The bows of the ship fell heavily off, and her stern pressed up towards the wind; but the trifling delay so much augmented

the risk that nothing saved the vessel but the formation of the run and counter, which, by receding as usual, allowed room to escape the dangerous point, as the Montauk hove by on a swell.

Paul could not see the nearness of the escape, but the purity of the water permitted Captain Truck and his mates to observe it with a distinctness that almost rendered them breathless. Indeed there was an instant when the sharp rock was hid beneath the counter, and each momentarily expected to hear the grating of the fragment, as it penetrated the vessel's bottom.

"Relieve that man at the wheel, and send him hither this moment," said Captain Truck, in a calm stern voice, that was more ominous than an oath.

The mate called a seaman, and passed aft himself to execute the order. In a minute he and Paul returned, bearing the body of the dead mariner, when all was explained.

"Lord, thy ways are unsearchable!" muttered the old master, uncovering himself, as the corpse was carried past, "and we are but as grains of seed, and as the vain butterflies in thy hand!"

The rock once cleared, an open ocean lay to leeward of the packet, and bringing the wind a little abaft the beam, she moved steadily from those rocks that had been the witnesses of all her recent dangers. It was not long before she was so distant that all danger from the Arabs ceased. The barbarians, notwithstanding, confined a dropping fire and furious gesticulations, long after their bullets and menaces became matters of indifference to those on board.

The body of the dead man was laid between the masts, and the order was passed to bend the sails. As all was ready, in half an hour the Montauk was standing off the land under her three topsails, the reef now distant nearly a league. The courses came next, when the top-gallant yards were crossed and the sails set; the lighter canvas followed, and some time before the sun disappeared, the ship was under studding-sails, standing to the westward, before the trades.

For the first time since he received the intelligence that the Arabs were the masters of the ship, Captain Truck now felt real relief. He was momentarily happy after the combat, but new cares had pressed upon him so soon, that he could scarcely be said to be tranquil. Matters were now changed. His vessel was in good order, if not equipped for racing, and, as he was in a low latitude, had the trade winds to befriend him, and no longer entertained any apprehension of his old enemy the

Foam, he felt as if a mountain had been removed from his breast.

"Thank God," he observed to Paul, "I shall sleep to-night without dreaming of Arabs or rocks, or scowling faces at New York. They may say that another man might have shown more skill in keeping clear of such a scrape, but they will hardly say that another man could have got out of it better. All this handsome outfit, too, will cost the owners nothing—literally nothing; and I question if the poor Dane will ever appear to claim the sails and spars. I do not know that we are in possession of them exactly according to the law of Africa, for of that code I know little; or according to the law of nations, for Vattel, I believe, has nothing on the subject; but we are in possession so effectually, that, barring the nor'westers on the American coast, I feel pretty certain of keeping them until we make the East River."

"It might be better to bury the dead," said Paul; for he knew Eve would scarcely appear on deck as long as the body remained in sight. "Seamen, you know, are superstitious on the subject of corpses."

"I have thought of this, but hoped to cheat those two rascals of sharks that are following in our wake, as if they scented their food. It is an extraordinary thing, Mr. Blunt, that these fish should know when there is a body in a ship, and that they will follow it a hundred leagues to make sure of their prey."

"It would be extraordinary, if true; but in what manner has the fact been ascertained?"

"You see the two rascally pirates astern!" observed Mr. Leach.

"Very true; but we might also see them were there no dead body about the ship. Sharks abound in this latitude, and I have seen several about the reef since we went in."

"They'll be disappointed as to poor Tom Smith," said the mate, "unless they dive deep for him. I have lashed one of Napoleon's busts to the fine fellow's feet, and he'll not fetch up until he's snugly anchored on the bottom."

"This is a fitting hour for solemn feelings," said the captain, gazing about him at the heavens and the gathering gloom of twilight. "Call all hands to bury the dead, Mr. Leach. I confess I should feel easier myself as to the weather, were the body fairly out of the ship."

While the mate went forward to muster the people the captain took Paul aside with a request that he would perform the last offices for the deceased.

"I will read a chapter in the Bible myself," he said, "for I should not like the people to see one of the crew go overboard, and the officers have no word to say in the ceremonies; it might beget disrespect, and throw a slur on our knowledge; but you man-of-war's-men are generally more regularly brought up to prayers than us liners, and if you have a proper book by you, I should feel infinitely obliged if you would give us a lift on this melancholy occasion."

Paul proposed that Mr. Effingham should be asked to officiate, as he knew that gentleman read prayers in his cabin, to his own party, night and morning.

"Does he?" said the captain; "then he is my man, for he must have his hand in, and there will be no stammering or boggling. Ay, ay; he will fetch through on one tack. Toast, go below, and present my compliments to Mr. Effingham, and say I should like to speak to him; and, harkee, Toast, desire him to put a prayer-book in his pocket, and then step into my stateroom, and bring up the Bible you will find under the pillow. The Arabs had a full chance at the plunder; but there is something about the book that always takes care of it. Few rogues, I've often remarked, care about a Bible. They would sooner steal ten novels than one copy of the sacred writ. This of mine was my mother's, Mr. Blunt, and I should have been a better man had I overhauled it oftener."

We pass over most of the arrangements, and come at once to the service, and to the state of the ship, just as her inmates were assembled on an occasion which no want of formality can render anything but solemn and admonitory. The courses were hauled up, and the main-topsail had been laid to the mast, a position in which a ship has always an air of stately repose. The body was stretched on a plank that lay across a rail, the leaden bust being enclosed in the hammock that enveloped it. A spot of blood on the cloth alone betrayed the nature of the death. Around the body were grouped the crew, while Captain Truck and his mates stood at the gangway. The passengers were collected on the quarter-deck, with Mr. Effingham, holding a prayerbook, a little in advance.

The sun had just dipped into the ocean, and the whole western horizon was glorious with those soft, pearly, rainbow hues that adorn the evening and the morning of a low latitude, during the soft weather of the autumnal months. To the eastward, the low line of coast was just discernible by the hillocks of sand, leaving the imagination to portray its solitude and wastes. The sea in all other directions was dark and gloomy,

and the entire character of the sunset was that of a grand picture of ocean magnificence and extent, relieved by a sky in which the tints came and went like the well-known colors of the dolphin; to this must be added the gathering gloom of twilight.

Eve pressed the arm of John Effingham, and gazed with admiration and awe at the imposing scene.

"This is the seaman's grave!" she whispered.

"And worthy it is to be the tomb of so gallant a fellow. The man died clinging to his post; and Powis tells me that his hand was loosened from the wheel with difficulty."

They were silent, for Captain Truck uncovered himself, as did all around him, placed his spectacles, and opened the sacred volume. The old mariner was far from critical in his selections of readings, and he usually chose some subject that he thought would most interest his hearers, which were ordinarily those that most interested himself. To him Bible was Bible, and he now turned to the passage in the Acts of the Apostles in which the voyage of St. Paul from Judea to Rome is related. This he read with steadiness, some quaintness of pronunciation, and with a sort of breathing elasticity, whenever he came to those verses that touched particularly on the navigation.

Paul maintained his perfect self-command during this extraordinary exhibition, but an unbidden smile lingered around the handsome and chiselled mouth of Mr. Sharp. John Effingham's curved face was sedate and composed, while the females were too much impressed to exhibit any levity. As to the crew, they listened in profound attention, occasionally exchanging glances whenever any of the nautical expedients struck them as being out of rule.

As soon as this edifying chapter was ended, Mr. Effingham commenced the solemn rites for the dead. At the first sound of his voice, a calm fell on the vessel as if the Spirit of God had alighted from the clouds, and a thrill passed through the frames of the listeners. Those solemn words of the Apostle commencing with "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet he shall live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, he shall never die," could not have been better delivered. The voice, intonation, utterance, and manner, of Mr. Effingham, were eminently those of a gentleman; without pretension, quiet, simple, and mellow, while, on the other hand, they were feeling, dignified, distinct, and measured.

When he pronounced the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," &c. &c. the men stared about them as if a real voice from heaven had made the declaration, and Captain Truck looked aloft like one expecting a trumpet-blast. The tears of Eve began to flow as she listened to the much-loved tones; and the stoutest heart in that much-tried ship quailed. John Effingham made the responses of the psalm steadily, and Mr. Sharp and Paul soon joined him. But the profoundest effect was produced when the office reached those consoling but startling words from the Revelations, commencing with, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," &c. Captain Truck afterwards confessed that he thought he heard the very voice, and the men actually pressed together in their alarm. The plunge of the body was also a solemn instant. It went off the end of the plank feet foremost, and, carried rapidly down by the great weight of the lead, the water closed above it, obliterating every trace of the seaman's grave. Eve thought that its exit resembled the few brief hours that draw the veil of oblivion around the mass of mortals when they disappear from earth.

Instead of asking for the benediction at the close of the ceremony, Mr. Effingham devoutly and calmly commenced the psalm of thanksgiving for victory, "if the Lord had not been on our side, now may we say, if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us, they would have swallowed us up quick, when they were so wrathfully displeased with us." Most of the gentlemen joined in the responses, and the silvery voice of Eve sounded sweet and holy amid the breathings of the ocean. *Te Deum Laudamus*, "We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord! All the earth both worship thee, the Father everlasting;" closed the offices, when Mr. Effingham dismissed the congregation with the usual layman's request for the benediction.

Captain Truck had never been so deeply impressed with any religious ceremony, and when it ceased he looked wistfully over the side at the spot where the body had fallen, or where it might be supposed to have fallen—for the ship had drifted some distance—as one takes a last look at the grave of a friend.

"Shall we fill the main-topsail, sir?" demanded Mr. Leach, after waiting a minute or two in deference to his commander's

feelings ; “ or shall we hook on the yardtackles, and stow the launch ? ”

“ Not yet, Leach ; not yet. It will be unkind to poor Jack to hurry away from his grave so indecently. I have observed that the people about the river always keep in sight till the last sod is stowed, and the rubbish is cleared away. The fine fellow stood to those spokes as a close-reefed topsail in a gale stands the surges of the wind, and we owe him this little respect.”

“ The boats, sir ? ”

“ Let them tow a while longer. It will seem like deserting him to be rattling the yard-tackles, and stowing boats directly over his head. Your gran'ther was a priest, Leach, and I wonder you don't see the impropriety of hurrying away from a grave. A little reflection will hurt none of us.”

The mate admired at a mood so novel for his commander, but he was fain to submit. The day was fast closing notwithstanding, and the skies were losing their brilliancy in hues that were still softer and more melancholy, as if nature delighted, too, in sympathizing with the feelings of these lone mariners !

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sty, 'tis my occupation to be plain.

Lear.

THE barbarians had done much less injury to the ship and her contents than under the circumstances could have been reasonably hoped, The fact that nothing could be effectually landed where she lay was probably the cause, the bales that had actually been got out of the ship, having been put upon the bank with a view to lighten her, more than for any other reason. The compact, too, between the chiefs had its influence probably, though it could not have lasted long with so strong temptations to violate it constantly before the eyes of men habitually rapacious.

Of course, one of the first things after each individual had ascertained his own losses, was to inquire into those of his neighbors, and the usual party in the ladies' cabin was seated around the sofa of Eve, about nine in the evening, conversing

on this topic, after having held a short but serious discourse on their recent escape.

"You tell me, John, that Mr. Monday has a desire to sleep?" observed Mr. Effingham, in the manner in which one puts an interrogation.

"He is easier, and dozes. I have left my man with him, with orders to summon me the instant he awakes."

A melancholy pause succeeded, and then the discourse took the channel from which it had been diverted.

"Is the extent of our losses in effects known?" asked Mr. Sharp. "My man reports some trifling *deficit*, but nothing of any value."

"Your counterfeit," returned Eve, smiling, "has been the principal sufferer. One would think by his complaints, that not a toy is left in Christendom."

"So long as they have not stolen from him his good name I shall not complain, as I may have some use for it when we reach America, of which now, God be praised there are some flattering prospects."

"I understand from my connections that the person who is known in the main cabin as Sir George Templemore, is not the person who is known as such in this," observed John Effingham, bowing to Mr. Sharp, who returned his salute as one acknowledges an informal introduction. "There are certainly weak men to be found in high stations all over the world, but you will probably think I am doing honor to my own sagacity, when I say, that I suspected from the first that he was not the true Amphitryon. I had heard of Sir George Templemore, and had been taught to expect more in him than even a man of fashion—a man of the world—while this poor substitute can scarcely lay claim to be either."

John Effingham so seldom complimented that his kind words usually told, and Mr. Sharp acknowledged the politeness, more gratified than he was probably willing to acknowledge to himself. The other could have heard of him only from Eve and her father, and it was doubly grateful to be spoken of favorably in such a quarter: he thought there was a consciousness in the slight suffusion that appeared on the face of the daughter, which led him to hope that even the latter had not considered him unworthy of recollection; for he cared but little for the remembrances of Mr. Effingham, if they could all be transferred to his child.

"This person, who does me the honor to relieve me from

the trouble of bearing my own name," he resumed, "cannot be of very lofty pretensions, or he would have aspired higher. I suspect him of being merely one of those silly young countrymen of mine, of whom so many crowd stage-coaches and packets, to swagger over their less ambitious fellow-mortals with the strut and exactions of the hour."

"And yet, apart from his folly in 'sailing under false colors,' as our worthy captain would call it, the man seems well enough."

"A folly, cousin Jack," said Eve with laughing eyes, though she maintained a perfect demureness with her beautiful features—"that he shares in common with so many others!"

"Very true, though I suspect he has climbed to commit it, while others have been content to descend. The man himself behaved well yesterday, showing steadiness as well as spirit in the fray."

"I forgive him his usurpation for his conduct on that occasion," returned Mr. Sharp, "and wish with all my heart the Arabs had discovered less affection for his curiosities. I should think that they must find themselves embarrassed to ascertain the uses of some of their prizes; such for instance, as the button-hooks, the shoe-horn, knives with twenty blades, and other objects that denote a profound civilization."

"You have not spoken of your luck, Mr. Powis," added Mr. Effingham; "I trust you have fared as well as most of us, though, had they visited their enemies according to the injury received from them, you would be among the heaviest of the sufferers."

"My loss," replied Paul mournfully, "is not much in pecuniary value, though irreparable to me."

A look of concern betrayed the general interest, for as he really seemed sad, there was a secret apprehension that his loss even exceeded that which his words would give them reason to suppose. Perceiving the curiosity that was awakened, and which was only suppressed by politeness, the young man added,—

"I miss a miniature that, to me, is of inestimable value."

Eve's heart throbbed, while her eyes sunk to the carpet. The others seemed amazed, and, after a brief pause, Mr. Sharp observed,—

"A painting on its own account would hardly possess much value with such barbarians. Was the setting valuable?"

"It was of gold, of course, and had some merit in the way of workmanship. It has probably been taken as curious rather

than for its specific value ; though to me, as I have just said, the ship itself could scarcely be of more account—certainly not as much prized.”

“Many light articles have been merely mislaid ; taken away through curiosity or idleness, and left where the individual happened to be at the moment of changing his mind,” said John Effingham ; “several things of mine have been scattered through the cabins in this manner, and I understand that divers vestments of the ladies have found their way into the state-rooms of the other cabin ; particularly a night-cap of Mademoiselle Viefville’s, that has been discovered in Captain Truck’s room, and which that gallant seaman has forthwith condemned as a lawful waif. As he never uses such a device on his head, he will be compelled to wear it next his heart. He will be compelled to convert it into a *liberty-cap*.”

“*Ciel !* if the excellent captain will carry us safe to New York,” coolly returned the governess, “he shall have the prize, *de tout mon cœur ; c’est un homme brave, et c’est aussi un brave homme, a sa facon.*”

“Here are *two* hearts concerned in the affair already, and no one can foresee the consequences, but,” turning to Paul, “describe this miniature, if you please, for there are many in the vessel, and yours is not the only one that has been mislaid.”

“It was a miniature of a female, and one, too, I think, that would be remarked for her beauty.”

Eve felt a chill at her heart.

“If, sir, it is the miniature of an elderly lady,” said Ann Sidley, “perhaps it is this which I found in Miss Eve’s room, and which I intended to give to Captain Truck in order that it might reach the hands of its right owner.”

Paul took the miniature, which he regarded coldly for a moment, and then returned to the nurse.

“Mine is the miniature of a female under twenty,” he said, coloring as he spoke ; “and is every way different from this.”

This was the painful and humiliating moment when Eve Effingham was made to feel the extent and the nature of the interest she took in Paul Powis. On all the previous occasions in which her feelings had been strongly awakened on his account she had succeeded in deceiving herself as to the motive, but now the truth was felt in that overwhelming form that no sensitive heart can distrust.

No one had seen the miniature, though all observed the emotion with which Paul spoke of it, and all secretly wondered of whom it could be.

“The Arabs appear to have some such taste for the fine arts as distinguishes the population of a mushroom American city,” said John Effingham; “or one that runs to portraits, which are admired while the novelty lasts, and then are consigned to the first spot that offers to receive them.”

“Are *your* miniatures all safe, Eve?” Mr. Effingham inquired with interest; for among them was one of her mother that he had yielded to her only through strong parental affection, but which it would have given him deep pain to discover was lost, though John Effingham, unknown to him, possessed a copy.

“It is with the jewelry in the baggage-room, dearest father, and untouched of course. We are fortunate that our passing wants did not extend beyond our comforts, and luckily they are not of a nature to be much prized by barbarians. Coquetry and a ship have little in common, and Mademoiselle Vieffville and myself had not much out to tempt the marauders.”

As Eve uttered this, both the young men involuntarily turned their eyes towards her, each thinking that a being so fair stood less in need than common of the factitious aid of ornaments. She was dressed in a dark French chintz, that her maid had fitted to her person in a manner that it would seem none but a French assistant can accomplish, setting off her falling shoulders, finely moulded bust, and slender, rounded waist, in a way to present a modest outline of their perfection. The dress had that polished medium between fashion and its exaggeration, that always denotes a high association, and perhaps a cultivated mind—certainly a cultivated taste—offending neither usage on the one hand, nor self-respect and a chaste appreciation of beauty on the other. Indeed Eve was distinguished for that important acquisition to a gentlewoman, an intellectual or refined toilette; not intellect and refinement in extravagance and caricature, but as they are displayed in fitness, simplicity, elegance, and the proportions. This much, perhaps, she owed to native taste, as the slight air of fashion, and the high air of a gentlewoman, that were thrown about her person and attire, were the fruits of an intimate connection with the best society of half the capitals of the European continent. As an unmarried female, modesty, the habits of the part of the world in which she had so long dwelt, and her own sense of propriety, caused her to respect simplicity of appearance; but through this, as it might be in spite of herself, shone qualities of a superior order. The little hand and foot, so beautiful and delicate, the latter just peeping from the dress

under which it was usually concealed, appeared as if formed expressly to adorn a taste that was every way feminine and alluring.

"It is one of the mysteries of the grand designs of Providence, that men should exist in conditions so widely distant from each other," said John Effingham abruptly, "with a common nature that can be so much varied by circumstances. It is almost humiliating to find one's-self a man, when beings like these Arabs are to be classed as fellows."

"The most instructed and refined, cousin Jack, may get a useful lesson, notwithstanding your disrelish for the consanguinity, from this very identity of nature," said Eve, who made a rally to overcome feelings that she deemed girlish and weak. "By showing us what we might be ourselves, we get an admonition of humility; or by reflecting on the difference that is made by education, does it not strike you that there is an encouragement to persevere until better things are attained!"

"This globe is but a ball, and a ball, too, insignificant, even when compared with the powers of man," continued the other. "How many navigators now circle it! even you, sir, may have done this, young as you still are," turning to Paul, who made a bow of assent: "and yet, within these narrow limits, what wonderful varieties of physical appearance, civilization, laws, and even of color, do we find, all mixed up with points of startling affinity."

"So far as a limited experience has enabled me to judge, observed Paul, "I have everywhere found, not only the same nature, but a common innate sentiment of justice that seems universal; for even amidst the wildest scenes of violence, or of the most ungovernable outrages, this sentiment glimmers through the more brutal features of the being. The rights of property, for instance, are everywhere acknowledged; the very wretch who steals whenever he can, appearing conscious of his crime, by doing it clandestinely, and as a deed that shuns observation. All seem to have the same general notions of natural justice, and they are forgotten only through the policy of systems, irresistible temptation, the pressure of want, or the result of contention."

"Yet, as a rule, man everywhere oppresses his weaker fellow."

"True; but he betrays consciousness of his error, directly or indirectly. One can show his sense of the magnitude of his crime even by the manner of defending it. As respects our late enemies, I cannot say I felt any emotion of animosity

while the hottest engaged against them, for their usages have rendered their proceedings lawful."

"They tell mē," interrupted Mr. Effingham, "that it is owing to your presence of mind and steadiness that more blood was not shed unnecessarily."

"It may be questioned," continued Paul, noticing this compliment merely by an inclination of the head, "if civilized people have not reasoned themselves, under the influences of interest, into the commission of deeds quite as much opposed to natural justice as anything done by these barbarians. Perhaps no nation is perfectly free from the just imputation of having adopted some policy quite as unjustifiable in itself as the system of plunder maintained among the Arabs."

"Do you count the rights of hospitality as nothing?"

"Look at France, a nation distinguished for refinement, among its rulers at least. It was but the other day that the effects of the stranger who died in her territory were appropriated to the uses of a monarch wallowing in luxury. Compare this law with the treaties that invited strangers to repair to the country, and the wants of the monarch who exhibited the rapacity, to the situation of the barbarians from whom we have escaped, and the magnitude of the temptation we offered, and it does not appear that the advantage is much with Christians. But the fate of shipwrecked mariners all over the world is notorious, in countries the most advanced in civilization they are plundered, if there is an opportunity, and, at need, frequently murdered."

"This is a frightful picture of humanity," said Eve shuddering. "I do not think that this charge can be justly brought against America."

"That is far from certain. America has many advantages to weaken the temptation to crime, but she is very far from perfect. The people on some of her coasts have been accused of resorting to the old English practice of showing false lights, with a view to mislead vessels, and of committing cruel depredations on the wrecked. In all things I believe there is a disposition in man to make misfortune weigh heaviest on the unfortunate. Even the coffin in which we inter a friend costs more than any other piece of work of the same amount of labor and materials."

"This is a gloomy picture of humanity, to be drawn by one so young," Mr. Effingham mildly rejoined.

"I think it true. All men do not exhibit their selfishness and ferocity in the same way; but there are few who do not

exhibit both. As for America, Miss Effingham, she is fast getting vices peculiar to herself and her system, and, I think, vices which bid fair to bring her down, ere long, to the common level, although I do not go quite so far in describing her demerits as some of the countrymen of Mademoiselle Viefville have gone."

"And what may that have been?" asked the governess eagerly, in English.

"*Pourrie avant-d'etre mure.* Mure America is certainly far from being; but I am not disposed to accuse her yet of being quite *pourrie.*"

"We had flattered ourselves," said Eve, a little reproachfully, "with having at last found a countryman in Mr. Powis."

"And how would that change the question? Or, do you admit that an American can be no American, unless blind to the faults of the country, however great?"

"Would it be generous for a child to turn upon a parent that all others assail?"

"You put the case ingeniously, but scarcely with fairness. It is the duty of the parents to educate and correct the child, but it is the duty of the citizen to reform and improve the character of his country. How can the latter be done, if nothing but eulogies are dealt in? With foreigners, one should not deal too freely with the faults of his country, though even with the liberal among them one would wish to be liberal, for foreigners cannot repair the evil; but with one's countrymen I see little use and much danger, in observing a silence as to faults. The American, of all others, it appears to me, should be the boldest in denouncing the common and national vices, since he is one of those who, by the institutions themselves, has the power to apply the remedy."

"But America is an exception, I think, or perhaps it would be better to say *I feel*, since all other people deride at, mock her, and dislike her. You will admit this yourself, Sir George Templemore?"

"By no means; in England, now, I consider America to be particularly well esteemed."

Eve held up her pretty hands, and even Mademoiselle Viefville, usually so well-toned and self-restrained, gave a visible shrug.

"Sir George means in his county," dryly observed John Effingham.

"Perhaps the parties would better understand each other," said Paul, coolly, "were Sir George Templemore to descend to

particulars. He belongs himself to the liberal school, and may be considered a safe witness."

"I shall be compelled to protest against a cross-examination on such a subject," returned the baronet, laughing. "You will be satisfied, I am certain, with my simple declaration. Perhaps we still regard the Americans as *tant soit peu* rebels; but that is a feeling that will soon cease."

"That is precisely the point on which I think liberal Englishmen usually do great justice to America, while it is on other points that they betray a national dislike."

"England believes America hostile to herself; and if love creates love, dislike creates dislike."

"This is at least something like admitting the truth of the charge, Miss Effingham," said John Effingham, smiling, "and we may dismiss the accused. It is odd enough that England should consider America as rebellious, as is the case with many Englishmen, I acknowledge, while, in truth, England herself was the rebel, and this, too, in connection with the very questions that produced the American revolution."

"This is quite new," said Sir George, "and I confess some curiosity to see how it can be made out."

John Effingham did not hesitate about stating his case.

"In the first place you are to forget professions and names," he said, "and to look only at facts and things. When America was settled, a compact was made, either in the way of charters or of organic laws, by which all the colonies had distinct rights, while, on the other hand, they confessed allegiance to the king. But in that age the English monarch *was* a king. He used his veto on the laws, for instance, and otherwise exercised his prerogatives. Of the two, he influenced parliament more than parliament influenced him. In such a state of things, countries separated by an ocean might be supposed to be governed equitably, the common monarch feeling a common parental regard for all his subjects. Perhaps distance might render him even more tender of the interest of those who were not present to protect themselves."

"This is putting the case loyally, at least," said Sir George, as the other paused for a moment.

"It is precisely in that light that I wish to present it. The degree of power that parliament possessed over the colonies was a disputed point; but I am willing to allow that parliament had all power."

"In doing which, I fear, you will concede all the merits," said Mr. Effingham.

“I think not. Parliament then ruled the colonies absolutely and legally, if you please, under the Stuarts; but the English rebelled against these Stuarts, dethroned them, and gave the crown to an entirely new family,—one with only a remote alliance with the reigning branch. Not satisfied with this, the king was curtailed in his authority; the prince, who might with justice be supposed to feel a common interest in all his subjects, became a mere machine in the hands of a body who represented little more than themselves, in fact, or a mere fragment of the empire, even in theory; transferring the control of the colonial interest from the sovereign himself to a portion of his people, and that, too, a small portion. This was no longer a government of a prince who felt a parental concern for all his subjects, but a government of a *clique* of his subjects, who felt a selfish concern only for their own interests.”

“And did the Americans urge this reason for the revolt?” asked Sir George. “It sounds new to me.”

“They quarrelled with the results, rather than with the cause. When they found that legislation was to be chiefly in the interests of England, they took the alarm, and seized their arms, without stopping to analyze causes. They probably were mystified too much with names and professions to see the real truth, though they got some noble glimpses of it.”

“I have never before heard this case put so strongly,” cried Paul Powis; “and yet I think it contains the whole merit of the controversy as a principle.”

“It is extraordinary how nationality blinds us,” observed Sir George, laughing. “I confess, Powis,”—the late events had produced a close intimacy and a sincere regard between these two fine young men,—“that I stand in need of an explanation.”

“You can conceive of a monarch,” continued John Effingham, “who possesses an extensive and efficient power?”

“Beyond doubt; nothing can be plainer than that.”

“Fancy this monarch to fall into the hands of a fragment of his subjects, who reduce his authority to a mere profession, and begin to wield it for their own especial benefit, no longer leaving him a free agent, though always using the authority in his name.”

“Even that is easily imagined.”

“History is full of such instances. A part of the subjects, unwilling to be the dupes of such a fraud, revolt against the monarch in name, against the cabal in fact. Now who are the real rebels? Profession is nothing. Hyder Ally never seated

himself in the presence of the prince he had deposed, though he held him captive during life."

"But did not America acquiesce in the dethronement of the Stuarts?" asked Eve, in whom the love of the right was stronger even than the love of country.

"Beyond a doubt, though America neither foresaw nor acquiesced in all the results. The English themselves, probably, did not foresee the consequences of their own revolution; for we now find England almost in arms against the consequences of the very subversion of the kingly power of which I have spoken. In England it placed a portion of the higher classes in possession of authority, at the expense of all the rest of the nation; whereas, as respects America, it set a remote people to rule over her, instead of a prince, who had the same connection with his colonies as with all the rest of his subjects. The late English reform is a peaceable revolution; and America would very gladly have done the same thing, could she have extricated herself from the consequences, by mere acts of congress. The whole difference is, that America, pressed upon by peculiar circumstances, preceded England in the revolt about sixty years, and that this revolt was against an usurper, and not against the legitimate monarch, or against the sovereign himself."

"I confess all this is novel to me," exclaimed Sir George.

"I have told you, Sir George Templemore, that, if you stay long enough in America, many novel ideas will suggest themselves. You have too much sense to travel through the country seeking for petty exceptions that may sustain your aristocratical prejudices, or opinions, if you like that better; but will be disposed to judge a nation, not according to preconceived notions, but according to visible facts."

"They tell me there is a strong bias to aristocracy in America; at least such is the report of most European travellers."

"The report of men who do not reflect closely on the meaning of words. That there are real aristocrats in opinion in America is very true; there are also a few monarchists, or those who fancy themselves monarchists."

"Can a man be deceived on such a point?"

"Nothing is more easy. He who would set up a king merely in name, for instance, is not a monarchist, but a visionary, who confounds names with things."

"I see you will not admit of a balance in the state."

"I shall contend that there must be a preponderating authority in every government, from which it derives its char-

acter; and if this be not the king, that government is not a real monarchy, let the laws be administered in whose name they may. Calling an idol Jupiter does not convert it into a God. I question if there be a real monarchist left in the English empire at this very moment. They who make the loudest professions that way strike me as being the rankest aristocrats, and a real political aristocrat is, and always has been, the most efficient enemy of kings."

"But we consider loyalty to the prince as attachment to the system."

"That is another matter; for in that you may be right enough, though it is ambiguous as to terms."

"Sir—gentlemen—Mr. John Effingham, sir," interrupted Saunders, "Mr. Monday is awake, and so werry convalescent—I fear he will not live long. The ship herself is not so much converted by these new spars as poor Mr. Monday is converted since he went to sleep."

"I feared this, sir," observed John Effingham, rising. "Acquaint Captain Truck with the fact, steward: he desired to be sent for at any crisis."

He then quitted the cabin, leaving the rest of the party wondering that they could have been already so lost to the situation of one of their late companions, however different from themselves he might be in opinions and character. But in this they merely showed their common connection with all the rest of the great family of man, who uniformly forget sorrows that do not press too hard on self, in the reaction of their feelings.

CHAPTER XXX.

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?

Isaiah.

THE principal hurt of Mr. Monday was one of those wounds that usually produce death within eight-and-forty hours. He had borne the pain with resolution; and, as yet, had discovered no consciousness of the imminent danger that was so apparent to all around him. But a film had suddenly passed from before his senses; and, a man of mere habits, prejudices, and animal

enjoyment, he had awakened at the very termination of his brief existence to something like a consciousness of his true position in the moral world, as well as of his real physical condition. Under the first impulse of such an alarm, John Effingham had been sent for; and he, as has been seen, ordered Captain Truck to be summoned. In consequence of the previous understanding, these two gentlemen and Mr. Leach appeared at the stateroom door at the same instant. The apartment being small, it was arranged between them that the former should enter first, having been expressly sent for; and that the others should be introduced at the pleasure of the wounded man.

"I have brought my Bible, Mr. Leach," said the captain when he and the mate were left alone, "for a chapter is the very least we can give a cabin-passenger, though I am a little at a loss to know what particular passage will be the most suitable for the occasion. Something from the book of Kings would be likely to suit Mr. Monday, as he is a thorough-going king's man."

"It is so long since I read that particular book, sir," returned the mate, diligently thumbing his watch key, "that I should be diffident about expressing an opinion. I think, however, a little Bible might do him good."

"It is not an easy matter to hit a conscience exactly between wind and water. I once thought of producing an impression on the ship's company by reading the account of Jonah and the whale as a subject likely to attract their attention, and to show them the hazards we seamen run; but, in the end, I discovered that the narration struck them all aback as a thing not likely to be true. Jack can stand anything but a fish story, you know, Leach."

"It is always better to keep clear of miracles at sea, I believe, sir, when the people are to be spoken to: I saw some of the men this evening wince about that ship of St. Paul's carrying out anchors in a gale."

"The graceless rascals ought to be thankful they are not at this very moment trotting through the great desert lashed to dromedaries' tails! Had I known that, Leach, I would have read the verse twice! But Mr. Monday is altogether a different man, and will listen to reason. There is the story of Absalom, which is quite interesting; and perhaps the account of the battle might be suitable for one who dies in consequence of a battle; but, on the whole, I remember my worthy old father

used to say that a sinner ought to be well shaken up at such a moment."

"I fancy, sir, Mr. Monday has been a reasonably steady man as the world goes. Seeing that he is a passenger, I should try and ease him off handsomely and without any of those Methodist surges."

"You may be right, Leach, you may be right; do as you would be done by is the golden rule after all. But, here comes Mr. John Effingham; so I fancy we may enter."

The captain was not mistaken, for Mr. Monday had just taken a restorative, and had expressed a desire to see the two officers. The stateroom was a small, neat, and even beautifully finished apartment, about seven feet square. It had originally been fitted with two berths; but, previously to taking possession of the place, John Effingham had caused the carpenter to remove the upper, and Mr. Monday now lay in what had been the lower bed. The situation placed him below his attendant, and in a position where he might be the more easily assisted. A shaded lamp lighted the room, by means of which the captain caught the anxious expression of the dying man's eye, as he took a seat himself.

"I am grieved to see you in this state, Mr. Monday," said the master, "and this all the more since it has happened in consequence of your bravery in fighting to regain my ship. By rights this accident ought to have befallen one of the Montauk's people, or Mr. Leach, here, or even myself, before it befel you."

Mr. Monday looked at the speaker as if the intended consolation had failed of its effect, and the captain began to suspect that he should find a difficult subject for his new ministrations. By way of gaining time, he thrust an elbow into the mate's side as a hint that it was now his turn to offer something.

"It might have been worse, Mr. Monday," observed Leach, shifting his attitude like a man whose moral and physical action moved *pari passu*: "it might have been much worse. I once saw a man shot in the under jaw, and he lived a fortnight without any sort of nourishment!"

Still Mr. Monday gazed at the mate as if he thought matters could not be much worse.

"That *was* a hard case," put in the captain; "why, the poor fellow had no opportunity to recover without victuals."

"No, sir, nor any drink. He never swallowed a mouthful

of liquor of any sort from the time he was hit, until he took the plunge when we threw him overboard."

Perhaps there is truth in saying that "misery loves company," for the eye of Mr. Monday turned towards the table on which the bottle of cordial still stood, and from which John Effingham had just before helped him to a swallow under the impression that it was of no moment what he took. The captain understood the appeal, and influenced by the same opinion concerning the hopelessness of the patient's condition, besides being kindly anxious to console him, he poured out a small glass, all of which he permitted the other to drink. The effect was instantaneous, for it would seem this treacherous friend is ever to produce a momentary pleasure as a poor compensation for its lasting pains.

"I don't feel so bad, gentlemen," returned the wounded man with a force of voice that startled his visitors. "I feel better—much better, and am very glad to see you. Captain Truck, I have the honor to drink your health."

The captain looked at the mate as if he thought their visit was twenty-four hours too soon, for live, all felt sure, Mr. Monday could not. But Leach, better placed to observe the countenance of the patient, whispered his commander that it was merely a "catpaw, and will not stand."

"I am very glad to see you both, gentlemen," continued Mr. Monday, "and beg you to help yourselves."

The captain changed his tactics. Finding his patient so strong and cheerful, he thought consolation would be more easily received just at that moment, than it might be even half an hour later.

"We are all mortal, Mr. Monday——"

"Yes, sir; all very mortal."

"And even the strongest and boldest ought occasionally to think of their end."

"Quite true, sir; quite true. The strongest and boldest. When do you think we shall get in, gentlemen?"

Captain Truck afterwards affirmed that he was "never before taken so flat aback by a question as by this." Still he extricated himself from the dilemma with dexterity, the spirit of proselytism apparently arising within him in proportion as the other manifested indifference to his offices.

"There is a port to which we are all steering, my dear sir," he said; "and of which we ought always to bear in mind the landmarks and beacons, and that port is Heaven."

“Yes,” added Mr. Leach, “a port that, sooner or latter, will fetch us all up.”

Mr. Monday gazed from one to the other, and something like the state of feeling, from which he had been aroused by the cordial, began to return.

“Do you think me so bad, gentlemen?” he inquired, with a little of the eagerness of a startled man.

“As bad as one bound direct to so good a place as I hope and trust is the case with you, can be,” returned the captain, determined to follow up the advantage he had gained. “Your wound, we fear, is mortal, and people seldom remain long in this wicked world with such sort of hurts.”

“If he stands that,” thought the captain, “I shall turn him over, at once, to Mr. Effingham.”

Mr. Monday did not stand it. The illusion produced by the liquor, although the latter still sustained his pulses, had begun to evaporate, and the melancholy truth resumed its power.

“I believe, indeed, that I am near my end, gentlemen,” he said faintly; “and am thankful—for—for this consolation.”

“Now will be a good time to throw in the chapter,” whispered Leach; “he seems quite conscious, and very contrite.”

Captain Truck, in pure despair, and conscious of his own want of judgment, had determined to leave the question of the selection of this chapter to be decided by chance. Perhaps a little of that mysterious dependence on Providence, which renders all men more or less superstitious, influenced him; and that he hoped a wisdom surpassing his own might direct him to a choice. Fortunately, the book of Psalms is near the middle of a sacred volume, and a better disposition of this sublime repository of pious praise and spiritual wisdom could not have been made; for the chance-directed peruser of the Bible will perhaps oftener open among its pages than at any other place.

If we should say that Mr. Monday felt any very profound spiritual relief from the reading of Captain Truck, we should both overrate the manner of the honest sailor, and the intelligence of the dying man. Still the solemn language of praise and admonition had an effect, and, for the first time since childhood, the soul of the latter was moved. God and judgment passed before his imagination, and he gasped for breath in a way that induced the two seamen to suppose the fatal moment had come, even sooner than they expected. The cold sweat stood upon the forehead of the patient, and his eyes glared wildly from one to the other. The paroxysm, however, was transient, and

he soon settled down into a state of comparative calmness, pushing away the glass that Captain Truck offered, in mistaken kindness, with a manner of loathing.

"We must comfort him, Leach," whispered the captain; "for I see he is fetching up in the old way, as was duly laid down by our ancestors in the platform. First, groanings and views of the devil, and then consolation and hope. We have got him into the first category, and we ought now, in justice, to bring-to, and heave a strain to help him through it."

"They generally give 'em prayer, in the river, in this stage of the attack," said Leach. "If you can remember a short prayer, sir, it might ease him off."

Captain Truck and his mate, notwithstanding the quaintness of their thoughts and language, were themselves solemnly impressed with the scene, and actuated by the kindest motives. Nothing of levity mingled with their notions, but they felt the responsibility of officers of a packet, besides entertaining a generous interest in the fate of a stranger who had fallen, fighting manfully at their side. The old man looked awkwardly about him, turned the key of the door, wiped his eyes, gazed wistfully at the patient, gave his mate a nudge with his elbow to follow his example, and knelt down with a heart momentarily as devout as is often the case with those who minister at the altar. He retained the words of the Lord's prayer, and these he repeated aloud, distinctly, and with fervor, though not with a literal conformity to the text. Once Mr. Leach had to help him to the word. When he rose, perspiration stood on his forehead, as if he had been engaged in severe toil.

Perhaps nothing could have occurred more likely to strike the imagination of Mr. Monday than to see one, of the known character and habits of Captain Truck, thus wrestling with the Lord in his own behalf. Always obtuse and dull of thought, the first impression was that of wonder; awe and contrition followed. Even the mate was touched, and he afterwards told his companion on deck, that "the hardest day's work he had ever done, was lending a hand to rouse the captain through that prayer."

"I thank you, sir," gasped Mr. Monday, "I thank you—Mr. John Effingham—now, let me see Mr. John Effingham. I have no time to lose, and wish to see *him*."

The captain rose to comply, with the feelings of a man who had done his duty, and, from that moment, he had a secret satisfaction at having so manfully acquitted himself. Indeed, it has been remarked by those who have listened to his whole

narrative of the passage, that he invariably lays more stress on the scene in the stateroom, than on the readiness and skill with which he repaired the damages sustained by his own ship, through the means obtained from the Dane, or the spirit with which he retook her from the Arabs.

John Effingham appeared in the stateroom, where the captain and Mr. Leach left him alone with the patient. Like all strong-minded men, who are conscious of their superiority over the rest of their fellow-creatures, this gentleman felt disposed to concede most to those who were the least able to contend with him. Habitually sarcastic and stern, and sometimes forbidding, he was now mild and discreet. He saw, at a glance, that Mr. Monday's mind was alive to novel feelings, and aware that the approach of death frequently removes moral clouds that have concealed the powers of the spirit while the animal part of the being was in full vigor, he was surprised at observing the sudden change that was so apparent in the countenance of the dying man.

"I believe, sir, I have been a great sinner," commenced Mr. Monday, who spoke more feebly as the influence of the cordial evaporated, and in short and broken sentences.

"In that you share the lot of all," returned John Effingham. "We are taught that no man of himself, no unaided soul, is competent to its own salvation. Christians look to the Redeemer for succor."

"I believe I understand you, but I am a business man, sir, and have been taught that reparation is the best atonement for a wrong."

"It certainly should be the *first*."

"Yes, indeed it should, sir. I am but the son of poor parents, and may have been tempted to some things that are improper. My mother, too, I was her only support. Well, the Lord will pardon it, if it were wrong, as I dare say it might have been. I think I should have drunk less and thought more, but for this affair—perhaps it is not yet too late."

John Effingham listened with surprise, but with the coolness and sagacity that marked his character. He saw the necessity, or at least the prudence, of there being another witness present. Taking advantage of the exhaustion of the speaker, he stepped to the door of Eve's cabin, and signed Paul to follow him. They entered the stateroom together, when John Effingham took Mr. Monday soothingly by the hand, offering him a nourishment less exciting than the cordial, but which had the effect to revive him.

"I understand you, sir," continued Mr. Monday, looking at

Paul; "it is all very proper; but I have little to say—the papers will explain it all. Those keys, sir—the upper drawer of the bureau, and the red morocco case—take it all—this is the key. I have kept everything together, from a misgiving that an hour would come. In New York you will have time—it is not yet too late."

As the wounded man spoke at intervals, and with difficulty, John Effingham had complied with his directions before he ceased. He found the red morocco case, took the key from the ring, and showed both to Mr. Monday, who smiled and nodded approbation. The bureau contained paper, wax, and all the other appliances of writing. John Effingham enclosed the case in a strong envelop, and affixed to it three seals, which he impressed with his own arms; he then asked Paul for his watch, that the same might be done with the seal of his companion. After this precaution, he wrote a brief declaration that the contents had been delivered to the two, for the purpose of examination, and for the benefit of the parties concerned, whoever they might be, and signed it. Paul did the same, and the paper was handed to Mr. Monday, who had still strength to add his own signature.

"Men do not usually trifle at such moments," said John Effingham, "and this case may contain matter of moment to wronged and innocent persons. The world little knows the extent of the enormities that are thus committed. Take the case, Mr. Powis, and lock it up with your effects, until the moment for the examination shall come."

Mr. Monday was certainly much relieved after this consignment of the case into safe hands, trifles satisfying the compunctions of the obtuse. For more than an hour he slumbered. During this interval of rest, Captain Truck appeared at the door of the stateroom to inquire into the condition of the patient, and, hearing a report so favorable, in common with all whose duty did not require them to watch, he retired to rest. Paul had also returned, and offered his services, as indeed did most of the gentlemen; but John Effingham dismissed his own servant even, and declared it was his intention not to quit the place that night. Mr. Monday had reposed confidence in him, appeared to be gratified by his attentions and presence, and he felt it to be a sort of duty, under such circumstances, not to desert a fellow-creature in his extremity. Anything beyond some slight alleviation of the sufferer's pains was hopeless; but this, he rightly believed, he was as capable of administering as another.

Death is appalling to those of the most iron nerves, when it comes quietly and in the stillness and solitude of night. John Effingham was such a man ; but he felt all the peculiarity of his situation as he sat alone in the stateroom by the side of Mr. Monday, listening to the washing of the waters that the ship shoved aside, and to the unquiet breathing of his patient. Several times he felt a disposition to steal away for a few minutes, and to refresh himself by exercise in the pure air of the ocean ; but as often was the inclination checked by jealous glances from the glazed eye of the dying man, who appeared to cherish his presence as his own last hope of life. When John Effingham wetted the feverish lips, the look he received spoke of gratitude and thanks, and once or twice these feelings were audible in whispers. He could not desert a being so helpless, so dependent ; and, although conscious that he was of no material service beyond sustaining his patient by his presence, he felt that this was sufficient to exact much heavier sacrifices.

During one of the troubled slumbers of the dying man, his attendant sat watching the struggles of his countenance, which seemed to betray the workings of the soul that was about to quit its tenement, and he mused on the character and fate of the being whose departure for the world of spirits he himself was so singularly called on to witness !

“Of his origin I know nothing,” thought John Effingham, “except by his own passing declarations, and the evident fact that, as regards station, it can scarcely have reached mediocrity. He is one of those who appear to live for the most vulgar motives that are admissible among men of any culture, and whose refinement, such as it is, is purely of the conventional class of habits. Ignorant, beyond the current opinions of a set ; prejudiced in all that relates to nations, religions, and characters ; wily with an air of blustering honesty ; credulous and intolerant ; bold in denunciations and critical remarks, without a spark of discrimination, or any knowledge but that which has been acquired under a designing dictation ; as incapable of generalizing as he is obstinate in trifles ; good-humored by nature, and yet querulous from imitation :—for what purposes was such a creature brought into existence to be hurried out of it in this eventful manner ?” The conversation of the evening recurred to John Effingham, and he inwardly said, “If there exist such varieties of the human race among nations, there are certainly as many species in a moral sense, in civilized life itself. This man has his counterpart in a particular feature in the everyday American absorbed in the pursuit of gain ;

and yet how widely different are the two in the minor points of character! While the other allows himself no rest, no relaxation, no mitigation of the eternal gnawing of the vulture rapacity, this man has made self-indulgence the constant companion of his toil; while the other has centred all his pleasures in gain, this Englishman, with the same object in view, but obedient to national usages has fancied he has been alleviating his labors by sensual enjoyments. In what will their ends differ? From the eyes of the American the veil will be torn aside when it is too late, perhaps, and the object of his earthly pursuit will be made the instrument of his punishment, as he sees himself compelled to quit it all for the dark uncertainty of the grave; while the blusterer and the bottle companion sinks into a forced and appalled repentance, as the animal that has hitherto upheld him loses its ascendancy."

A groan from Mr. Monday, who now opened his glassy eyes, interrupted these musings. The patient signed for the nourishment and he revived a little.

"What is the day of the week?" he asked, with an anxiety that surprised his kind attendant.

"It is, or rather it *was* Monday; for we are now past midnight."

"I am glad of it, sir—very glad of it."

"Why should the day of the week be of consequence to you now?"

"There is a saying, sir—I have faith in sayings—they told me I was born of a Monday, and should die of a Monday."

The other was shocked at this evidence of a lingering and abject superstition in one who could not probably survive many hours, and he spoke to him of the Saviour, and of his mediation for man. All this could John Effingham do at need; and he could do it well, too, for few had clearer perceptions of this state of probation than himself. His weak point was in the pride and strength of his character; qualities that indisposed him in his own practice to rely on any but himself, under the very circumstances which would impress on others the necessity of relying solely on God. The dying man heard him attentively, and the words made a momentary impression.

"I do not wish to die, sir," Mr. Monday said suddenly, after a long pause.

"It is the general fate; when the moment arrives, we ought to prepare ourselves to meet it."

"I am no coward, Mr. Effingham."

"In one sense I know you are not, for I have seen you

proved. I hope you will not be one in any sense. You are now in a situation in which manhood will avail you nothing; your dependence should be placed altogether on God."

"I know it, sir—I try to feel thus; but I do not wish to die."

"The love of Christ is illimitable," said John Effingham, powerfully affected by the other's hopeless misery.

"I know it—I hope it—I wish to believe it. Have *you* a mother, Mr. Effingham?"

"She has been dead many years."

"A wife?"

John Effingham gasped for breath, and one might have mistaken him, at the moment, for the sufferer.

"None: I am without parent, brother, sister, wife or child. My nearest relatives are in this ship."

"I am of little value; but, such as I am, mother will miss me. We can have but one mother, sir."

"This is very true. If you have any commission or message for your mother, Mr. Monday, I shall have great satisfaction in attending to your wishes."

"I thank you, sir; I know of none. She has her notions on religion, and—I think it would lessen her sorrow to hear that I had a Christian burial."

"Set your heart at rest on that subject: all that our situation will allow shall be done."

"Of what account will it all be, Mr. Effingham? I wish I had drunk less, and thought more."

John Effingham could say nothing to a compunction that was so necessary, though so tardy.

"I fear we think too little of this moment in our health and strength, sir."

"The greater the necessity, Mr. Monday, of turning our thoughts towards that divine mediation which alone can avail us, while there is yet opportunity."

But Mr. Monday was startled by the near approach of death, rather than repentant. He had indurated his feelings by the long and continued practice of deadening self-indulgence, and he was now like a man who unexpectedly finds himself in the presence of an imminent and overwhelming danger, without any visible means of mitigation or escape. He groaned and looked around him, as if he sought something to cling to, the spirit he had shown in the pride of his strength availing nothing. All these, however, were but passing emotions, and the natural obtuseness of the man returned.

"I do not, think, sir," he said, gazing intently at John Effingham, "that I have been a very great sinner."

"I hope not, my good friend; yet none of us are so free from spot as not to require the aid of God to fit us for his holy presence."

"Very true, sir—very true, sir. I was duly baptized and properly confirmed."

"Offices which are but pledges that we are expected to redeem."

"By a regular priest and bishop, sir;—orthodox and dignified clergymen!"

"No doubt: England wants none of the forms of religion. But the contrite heart, Mr. Monday, will be sure to meet with mercy."

"I feel contrite, sir; very contrite."

A pause of half an hour succeeded, and John Effingham thought at first that his patient had again slumbered; but, looking more closely at his situation, he perceived that his eyes often opened and wandered over objects near him. Unwilling to disturb this apparent tranquillity, the minutes were permitted to pass away uninterrupted, until Mr. Monday spoke again of his own accord.

"Mr. Effingham—sir—Mr. Effingham," said the dying man.

"I am near you, Mr. Monday, and will not leave the room."

"Bless you, bless you, do not *you* desert me!"

"I shall remain: set your heart at rest, and let me know your wants."

"I want life, sir!"

"That is the gift of God, and its possession depends solely on his pleasure. Ask pardon for your sins, and remember the mercy and love of the blessed Redeemer."

"I try, sir. I do not think I have been a *very* great sinner."

"I hope not: but God can pardon the penitent, however great their offences."

"Yes, sir, I know it—I know it. This affair has been so unexpected. I have even been at the communion-table, sir: yes, my mother made me commune. Nothing was neglected, sir."

John Effingham was often proud and self-willed in his communications with men, the inferiority of most of his fellow-creatures to himself, in principles as well as mind, being too plainly

apparent not to influence the opinions of one who did not too closely study his own failings; but as respects God, he was habitually reverent and meek. Spiritual pride formed no part of his character, for he felt his own deficiency in the Christian qualities, the main defect arising more from a habit of regarding the infirmities of others than from dwelling too much on his own merits. In comparing himself with perfection, no one could be more humble: but in limiting the comparison to those around him, few were prouder, or few more justly so, were it permitted to make such a comparison at all. Prayer with him was not habitual, or always well ordered, but he was not ashamed to pray; and when he did bow down his spirit in this manner, it was with the force, comprehensiveness, and energy of his character. He was now moved by the feeble and common-place consolations that Mr. Monday endeavored to extract from his situation. He saw the peculiarly deluding and cruel substitution of forms for the substance of piety that distinguishes the policy of all established churches, though, unlike many of his own countrymen his mind was superior to those narrow exaggerations that, on the other hand, too often convert innocence into sin, and puff up the votary with the conceit of a sectarian and his self-righteousness.

“I will pray with you, Mr. Monday,” he said, kneeling at the side of the dying man’s bed: “we will ask mercy of God together, and he may lessen these doubts.”

Mr. Monday made a sign of eager assent, and John Effingham prayed in a voice that was distinctly audible to the other. The petition was short, beautiful, and even lofty in language, without a particle of Scripture jargon, or of the cant of professed devotees; but it was a fervent, direct, comprehensive, and humble appeal to the Deity for mercy on the being who now found himself in extremity. A child might have understood it, while the heart of a man would have melted with its affecting and meek sincerity. It is to be hoped that the Great Being, whose Spirit pervades the universe, and whose clemency is commensurate with his power, also admitted the force of the petition, for Mr. Monday smiled with pleasure when John Effingham arose.

“Thank you, sir—a thousand thanks,” muttered the dying man, pressing the hand of the other. “This is better than all.”

After this Mr. Monday was easier, and hours passed away in nearly a continued silence. John Effingham was now convinced that his patient slumbered, and he allowed himself to fall into a doze. It was after the morning watch was called, that

he was aroused by a movement in the berth. Believing his patient required nourishment, or some fluid to moisten his lips, John Effingham offered both, but they were declined. Mr. Monday had clasped his hands on his breast, with the fingers uppermost, as painters and sculptors are apt to delineate them when they represent saints in the act of addressing the Deity, and his lips moved, though the words were whispered. John Effingham kneeled, and placed his ear so close as to catch the sounds. His patient was uttering the simple but beautiful petition transmitted by Christ himself to man, as the model of all prayer.

As soon as the other had done, John Effingham repeated the same prayer fervently and aloud himself, and when he opened his eyes, after this solemn homage to God, Mr. Monday was dead.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Let me alone :—dost thou use to write
Thy name ? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an
Honest, plain-dealing man ?

Jack Cade.

At a later hour, the body of the deceased was consigned to the ocean with the forms that had been observed the previous night at the burial of the seaman. These two ceremonies were sad remembrances of the scene the travellers had passed through ; and, for many days, the melancholy that they naturally excited pervaded the ship. But, as no one connected by blood with any of the living had fallen, and it is not the disposition of men to mourn always, this feeling gradually subsided, and at the end of three weeks the deaths had lost most of their influence, or were recalled only at moments by those who thought it was wise to dwell on such solemn subjects.

Captain Truck had regained his spirits ; for, if he felt mortified at the extraordinary difficulties and dangers that had befallen his ship, he also felt proud of the manner in which he had extricated himself from them. As for the mates and crew, they had already returned to their ordinary habits of toil and fun, the accidents of life making but brief and superficial impressions on natures accustomed to vicissitudes and losses.

Mr. Dodge appeared to be nearly forgotten during the first week after the ship succeeded in effecting her escape ; for he had the sagacity to keep himself in the background, in the hope that all connected with himself might be overlooked in the hurry and excitement of events. At the end of that period, however, he resumed his intrigues, and was soon actively engaged in endeavoring to get up a "public opinion," by means of which he proposed to himself to obtain some reputation for spirit and courage. With what success this deeply laid scheme was likely to meet, as well as the more familiar condition of the cabins, may be gathered by a conversation that took place in the pantry, where Saunders and Toast were preparing the hot punch for the last of the Sunday nights that Captain Truck expected to be at sea. This discourse was held while the few who chose to join in jollification that peculiarly recalled the recollection of Mr. Monday, were slowly assembling round the great table at the urgent request of the master.

"Well, I must say, Mr. Toast," the steward commenced, as he kept stirring the punch, "that I am werry much rejoiced Captain Truck has resuscitated his old nature, and remembers the festivals and fasts, as is becoming the master of a liner. I can see no good reason because a ship is under jury-masts, that the passengers should forego their natural rest and diet. Mr. Monday made a good end, they say, and he had as handsome a burial as I ever laid eyes on at sea. I don't think his own friends could have interred him more efficaciously, or more piously, had he been on shore."

"It is something, Mr. Saunders, to be able to reflect beforehand on the respectable funeral that your friends have just given you. There is a great gratification to contemplate on such an event."

"You improve in language, Toast, that I will allow ; but you sometimes get the words a little wrong. We suspect before a thing recurs, and reflect on it after it has ewentuated. You might have suspected the death of poor Mr. Monday after he was wounded, and reflected on it after he was interred in the water. I agree with you that it is consoling to know we have our funeral rights properly delineated. Talking of the battle, Mr. Toast, I shall take this occasion to express to you the high opinion I entertain of your own good conduct. I was a little afraid you might injure Captain Truck in the conflict ; but, so far as I have ascertained, on close inuestigation, you hurt nobody. We colored people have some prejudices against us,

and I always rejoice when I meet with one who assists to put them down by his conduct."

"They say Mr. Dodge didn't do much harm, either," returned Toast. "For my part I saw nothing of him after I opened my eyes; though I don't think I ever stared about me so much in my life."

Saunders laid a finger on his nose, and shook his head significantly.

"You may speak to me with confidence and mistrust, Toast," he said, "for we are friends of the same color, besides being officers in the same pantry. Has Mr. Dodge conversed with you concerning the events of those two or three werry eventful days?"

"He has insinuated considerable, Mr. Saunders; though I do not think Mr. Dodge is ever a werry free talker."

"Has he suggested the propriety of having an account of the whole affair made out by the people, and sustained by affidavits?"

"Well, sir, I imagine he has. At all events, he has been much on the fore-castle lately, endeavoring to persuade the people that *they* retook the ship, and that the passengers were so many encumbrancers in the affair."

"And, are the people such *non com posse* as to believe him, Toast?"

"Why, sir, it is agreeable to humanity to think well of ourselves. I do not say that anybody actually *believes* this; but in my poor judgment, Mr. Saunders, there are men in the ship that would find it *pleasant* to believe it, if they could."

"Werry true; for that is natural. Your hint, Toast, has enlightened my mind on a little obscurity that has lately prevailed over my conceptions. There are Johnson, and Briggs, and Hewson, three of the greatest skulks in the ship, the only men who prevaricated in the least, so much as by a cold look, in the fight; and these three men have told me that Mr. Dodge was the person who had the gun put on the box; and that he drove the Arabs upon the raft. Now, I say, no men with their eyes open could have made such a mistake, except they made it on purpose. Do you corroborate or contravert this statement, Toast?"

"I contravert it, sir; for in my poor judgment it was Mr. Blunt."

"I am glad we are of the same opinion. I shall say nothing till the proper moment arrives, and then I shall ex

hibit my sentiments, Mr. Toast, without recrimination or anxiety, for truth is truth."

"I am happy to observe that the ladies are quite relaxed from their melancholy, and that they now seem to enjoy themselves ostensibly."

Saunders threw a look of envy at his subordinate, whose progress in refinement really alarmed his own sense of superiority; but suppressing the jealous feeling, he replied with dignity,—

"The remark is quite just, Mr. Toast, and denotes penetration. I am always rejoiced when I perceive you elevating your thoughts to superior objects, for the honor of the color."

"Mister Saunders," called out the captain from his seat in the armchair, at the head of the table.

"Captain Truck, sir."

"Let us taste your liquors."

This was the signal that the Saturday-night was about to commence, and the officers of the pantry presented their compounds in good earnest. On this occasion the ladies had quietly, but firmly declined being present, but the earnest appeals of the well-meaning captain had overcome the scruples of the gentlemen, all of whom, to avoid the appearance of disrespect to his wishes, had consented to appear.

"This is the last Saturday-night, gentlemen, that I shall probably ever have the honor of passing in your good company," said Captain Truck, as he disposed of the pitchers and glasses before him, so that he had a perfect command of the appliances of the occasion, "and I feel it to be a gratification with which I would not willingly dispense. We are now to the westward of the Gulf, and, according to my observations and calculations, within a hundred miles of Sandy Hook, which, with this mild southwest wind, and our weatherly position, I hope to be able to show you some time about eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Quicker passages have been made certainly, but forty days, after all, is no great matter for the westerly run, considering that we have had a look at Africa, and are walking on crutches."

"We owe a great deal to the trades," observed Mr. Effingham; "which have treated us as kindly towards the end of the passage, as they seemed reluctant to join us in the commencement. It has been a momentous month, and I hope we shall all retain healthful recollections of it as long as we live."

"No one will retain as *grateful* recollections of it as my

self, gentlemen," resumed the captain. "You had no agency in getting us into this scrape, but the greatest possible agency in getting us out of it. Without the knowledge, prudence, and courage that you have all displayed, God knows what would have become of the poor Montauk, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you each and all, while I have the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing you around me, and of drinking to your future health, happiness and prosperity."

The passengers acknowledged their thanks in return, by bows, among which, that of Mr. Dodge was the most elaborate and conspicuous. The honest captain was too much touched, to observe this little piece of audacity, but, at that moment, he could have taken even Mr. Dodge in his arms, and pressed him to his heart.

"Come, gentlemen," he continued; "let us fill and do honor to the night. God has us all in his holy keeping, and we drift about in the squalls of life, pretty much as he orders the wind to blow. 'Sweethearts and wives!' and, Mr. Effingham, we will not forget beautiful, spirited, sensible, and charming daughters."

After this piece of nautical gallantry, the glass began to circulate. The Captain, Sir George Templemore—as the false baronet was still called in the cabin, and believed to be by all but those who belonged to the *coterie* of Eve—and Mr. Dodge, indulged freely, though the first was too careful of the reputation of his ship, to forget that he was on the American coast in November. The others partook more sparingly, though even they submitted in a slight degree to the influence of good cheer, and for the first time since their escape, the laugh was heard in the cabin as was wont before to be the case. An hour of such indulgence produced again some of the freedom and ease which mark the associations of a ship, after the ice is fairly broken, and even Mr. Dodge began to be tolerated. This person, notwithstanding his conduct on the occasion of the battle, had contrived to maintain his ground with the spurious baronet, by dint of assiduity and flattery, while the others had rather felt pity than aversion, on account of his abject cowardice. The gentlemen did not mention his desertion at the critical moment (though Mr. Dodge never forgave those who witnessed it), for they looked upon his conduct as the result of a natural and unconquerable infirmity, that rendered him as much the subject of compassion as of reproach. Encouraged by this forbearance, and mistaking its motives, he had begun to hope his absence had not been detected in the confusion of the fight,

and he had even carried his audacity so far as to make an attempt to persuade Mr. Sharp that he had actually been one of those who went in the launch of the *Dane*, to bring down the other boat and raft to the reef, after the ship had been recaptured. It is true, in this attempt he had met with a cold repulse, but it was so gentlemanlike and distant, that he had still hopes of succeeding in persuading the other to believe what he affirmed ; by way of doing which, he endeavored all he could to believe it himself. So much confusion existed in his own faculties during the fray, that Mr. Dodge was fain to fancy others also might not have been able to distinguish things very accurately.

Under the influence of these feelings, Captain Truck, when the glass had circulated a little freely, called on the Editor of the *Active Inquirer*, to favor the company with more extracts from the journal. Little persuasion was necessary, and Mr. Dodge went into his state-room to bring forth the valuable records of his observations and opinions, with a conviction that all was forgotten, and that he was once more about to resume his proper place in the social relations of the ship. As for the four gentlemen who had been over the ground the other pretended to describe, they prepared to listen, as men of the world would be apt to listen to the superficial and valueless comments of a tyro, though not without some expectations of amusement.

"I propose that we shift the scene to London," said Captain Truck, "in order that a plain seaman, like myself, may judge of the merits of the writer—which, I make no doubt, are very great ; though I cannot now swear to it with as free a conscience as I could wish."

"If I knew the pleasure of the majority," returned Mr. Dodge, dropping the journal, and looking about him inquiringly, "I would cheerfully comply with it ; for I think the majority should always rule. Paris, London, or the Rhine, are the same to me ; I have seen them all, and am just as well qualified to describe the one as to describe the other."

"No one doubts it, my dear sir ; but I am not as well qualified to understand one of your descriptions as I am to understand another. Perhaps, even you, sir, may express yourself more readily, and have better understood what was said to you in English, than in a foreign tongue."

"As for that, I do not think the value of my remarks is lessened by the one circumstance, or enhanced by the other, sir. I make it a rule always to be right, if possible ; and that, I fancy, is as much as the natives of the countries themselves

can very well effect. You have only to decide, gentlemen, whether it shall be England, or France, or the Continent."

"I confess an inclination to the *Continent*," said John Effingham; "for one could scarcely wish to limit a comprehensiveness like that of Mr. Dodge's to an island, or even to France."

"I see how it is," exclaimed the captain; "we must put the traveller through all his paces, and have a little of both; so Mr. Dodge will have the kindness to touch on all things in heaven and earth, London and Paris inclusive."

On this hint the journalist turned over a few pages carelessly, and then commenced:

"Reached *Bruxelles* (Mr. Dodge pronounced this word *Brucksills*) at seven in the evening, and put up at the best house in the place, called the Silver Lamb, which is quite near the celebrated town-house, and, of course in the very centre of the *beau* quarter. As we did not leave until after breakfast next morning, the reader may expect a description of this ancient capital. It lies altogether on a bit of low, level land——"

"Nay, Mr. Dodge," interrupted the *soi-disant* Sir George, "I think *that* must be an error. I have been at Brussels, and I declare, now, it struck me as lying a good deal on the side of a very steep hill!"

"All a mistake, sir, I do assure you. There is no more hill at *Brucksills* than on the deck of this ship. You have been in too great a hurry, my dear Sir George; that is the way with most travellers; they do not give themselves time to note particulars. You English especially, my dear Sir George, are a little apt to precipitate; and I daresay, you travelled post, with four horses, a mode of getting on by which a man may very well transfer a hill, in his imagination, from one town to another. I travelled chiefly in a *voitury*, which afforded leisure for remarks."

Here Mr. Dodge laughed; for he felt that he had got the best of it.

"I think you are bound to submit, *Sir George Templemore*," said John Effingham, with an emphasis on the name that raised a smile among his friends; "Brussels certainly lies on a flat, and the hill you saw has, doubtless, been brought up with you from Holland in your haste. Mr. Dodge enjoyed a great advantage in his mode of travelling; for, by entering a town in the evening, and quitting it only in the morning, he had the whole night to look about him."

"That was just my mode of preceeding, Mr. John Effing-

ham ; I made it a rule to pass an entire night in every large town I came to."

"A circumstance that will give a double value to your opinions with our countrymen, Mr. Dodge, since they very seldom give themselves half that leisure when once in motion. I trust you have not passed over the institutions of Belgium, sir ; and most particularly the state of society in the capital, of which you saw so much ?"

"By no means ; here are my remarks on these subjects,—

"Belgium, or *The Belges*, as the country is now called, is one of the upstart kingdoms that have arisen in our times ; and which, from signs that cannot be mistaken, is fated soon to be overturned by the glorious principles of freedom. The people are ground down, as usual, by the oppression of hard task-masters, and bloody-minded priests. The monarch, who is a bigoted Catholic of the House of Saxony, being a son of the king of that country, and a presumptive heir to the throne of Great Britain, in right of his first wife, devoting all his thoughts to miracles and saints. The nobles form a class by themselves, indulging in all sorts of vices.'—I beg pardon, Sir George, but the truth must be told in our country, or one had better never speak.—'All sorts of vices, and otherwise betraying the monstrous tendencies of the system.'

"Pray, Mr. Dodge," interrupted John Effingham, "have you said nothing as to the manner in which the inhabitants relieve the eternal *ennui* of always walking on a level surface ?"

"I am afraid not, sir. My attention was chiefly given to the institutions, and to the state of society, although I can readily imagine they must get to be heartily tired of a dead flat."

"Why, sir they have contrived to run a street up and down the roof of the cathedral ; and up and down this street they trot at all hours of the day."

Mr. Dodge looked distrustful ; but John Effingham maintained his gravity. After a pause the former continued,—

"The usages of *Brucksills* are a mixture of Low Dutch and High Dutch habits, as is the language. The king being a Polander, and a grandson of Augustus, king of Poland, is anxious to introduce the customs of the Russians into his court ; while his amiable young queen, who was born in New Jersey when her illustrious father kept the school at Haddonfield, early imbibed those notions of republicanism which so eminently distinguish his Grace the Honorable Louis Philippe Orleans, the present King of the French.'"

"Nay, Mr. Dodge," said Mr. Sharp, "you will have all the historians ready to cut your throat with envy!"

"Why, sir, I feel it a duty not to throw away the great opportunities I have enjoyed; and America is a country in which an editor may never hope to mystify his readers. We deal with them in facts, Mr. Sharp; and, although this may not be your English practice, we think that truth is powerful and will prevail. To continue,—'The kingdom of *the Belges* is about as large as the northeast corner of Connecticut, including one town in Rhode Island; and the whole population may be about equal to that of *our* tribe of Creek Indians, who dwell in the wilder parts of *our* state of Georgia.'

"This particularity is very convincing," observed Paul; "and then it has the merit, too, of coming from an eye-witness."

"I will now, gentlemen, return with you to Paris, where I stayed all of three weeks, and of the society of which my knowledge of the language will, of course, enable me to give a still more valuable account."

"You mean to publish these hints, I trust, sir?" inquired the captain.

"I shall probably collect them, and enlarge them in the way of a book; but they have already been laid before the American public in the columns of the *Active Inquirer*. I can assure you, gentlemen, that my colleagues of the press have spoken quite favorably of the letters as they appeared. Perhaps you would like to hear some of their opinions?"

Hereupon Mr. Dodge opened a pocket-book, out of which he took six or eight slips of printed paper, that had been preserved with care, though obviously well thumbed. Opening one, he read as follows:

"Our friend Dodge, of the *Active Inquirer*, is instructing his readers, and edifying mankind in general, with some very excellent and pungent remarks on the state of Europe, which part of the world he is now exploring with some such enterprise and perseverance as Columbus discovered when he entered on the unknown waste of the Atlantic. His opinions meet with our unqualified approbation, being sound, American, and discriminating. We fancy these Europeans will begin to think in time that Jonathan has some pretty shrewd notions concerning themselves, the critturs!" This was extracted from the *People's Advocate*, a journal edited with great ability, by Peleg Pond, esquire, a thoroughgoing republican, and a profound observer of mankind."

“In his own parish in particular,” quaintly added John Effingham. “Pray, sir, have you any more of these critical *morceaux*?”

“At least a dozen,” beginning to read again.—“Steadfast Dodge, esquire, the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, is now travelling in Europe, and is illuminating the public mind at home by letters that are Johnsonian in style, Chesterfieldian in taste and in knowledge of the world, with the redeeming qualities of nationality, and republicanism, and truth. We rejoice to perceive by these valuable contributions to American literature, that Steadfast Dodge, esquire, finds no reason to envy the inhabitants of the Old World any of their boasted civilization; but that, on the contrary, he is impressed with the superiority of our condition over all countries, every post that he progresses. America has produced but few men like Dodge; and even Walter Scot might not be ashamed to own some of his descriptions. We hope he may long continue to travel.”

“*Voitury*,” added John Effingham gravely. “You perceive, gentlemen, how modestly these editors set forth their intimacy with the traveller—‘our friend Dodge, of the *Active Inquirer*,’ and ‘Steadfast Dodge, esquire!’—a mode of expression that speaks volumes for their own taste, and their profound deference for their readers!”

“We always speak of each other in this manner, Mr. John Effingham—that is our *esprit du corps*.”

“And I should think that there would be an *esprit de corps* in the public to resist it,” observed Paul Blunt.

The distinction was lost on Mr. Dodge, who turned over to one of his most elaborate strictures on the state of society in France, with all the self-complacency of besotted ignorance and provincial superciliousness. Searching out a place to his mind, this profound observer of men and manners, who had studied a foreign people, whose language when spoken was gibberish to him, by travelling five days in a public coach, and living four weeks in taverns and eating-houses, besides visiting three theatres, in which he did not understand a single word that was uttered, proceeded to lay before his auditors the results of his observations.

“‘The state of female society in France is truly awful,’” he resumed, ‘the French Revolution, as is universally known, having left neither decorum, modesty, nor beauty in the nation. I walk nightly in the galleries of the Palais Royal, where I locate myself, and get every opportunity of observing the peculiarities of ladies of the first taste and fashion in the metropolis of Eu-

rope. There is one duchess in particular, whose grace and *enbonpoint* have, I confess, attracted my admiration. This lady, as my *lacquais de place* informs me, is sometimes termed *la mere du peuple*, from her popularity and affability. The young ladies of France, judging from the specimens I have seen here—which must be of the highest class in the capital, as the spot is under the windows of one of the royal palaces—are by no means observable for that quiet reserve and modest diffidence that distinguish the fair among our own young countrywomen; but it must be admitted they are remarkable for the manner in which they walk alone, in my judgment a most masculine and unbecoming practice. Woman was not made to live alone, and I shall contend that she was not made to walk alone. At the same time, I confess there is a certain charm in the manner in which these ladies place a hand in each pocket of their aprons, and balance their bodies, as they move like duchesses through the galleries. If I might humbly suggest, the American fair might do worse than imitate this Parisian step; for, as a traveller, I feel it a duty to exhibit any superior quality that other nations possess. I would also remark on the general suavity of manners that the ladies of quality ” (this word Mr. Dodge pronounced *qua-a-lity*,) ‘observe in their promenades in and about this genteel quarter of Paris.’ ”

“The French ladies ought to be much flattered with this notice of them,” cried the captain, filling Mr. Dodge’s glass. “In the name of truth and penetration, sir, proceed.”

“I have lately been invited to attend a ball in one of the first families of France, which resides in the Rue St. Jaques, or the St. James’ of Paris. The company was select, and composed of many of the first persons in the kingdom of *des Français*. The best possible manners were to be seen here, and the dancing was remarkable for its grace and beauty. The air with which the ladies turned their heads on one side, and inclined their bodies in advancing and retiring, was in the first style of the court of Terpsichore. They were all of the very first families of France. I heard one excuse herself for going away so early, as *Madame la Duchesse* expected her; and another observed that she was to leave town in the morning with *Madame la Vicomtesse*. The gentlemen, with few exceptions, were in fancy dresses, appearing in coats, some of sky-blue, some green, some scarlet, and some navy-blue, as fancy dictated, and all more or less laced on the seams; much in the manner as was the case with the Honorable the King the morning I saw him leave for *Nully*. This entertainment was

altogether the best conducted of any I ever attended, the gentlemen being condescending, and without the least pride, and the ladies all grace.' ”

“Graces would be more expressive, if you will excuse my suggesting a word, sir,” observed John Effingham, as the other paused to take breath.

“I have observed that the people in most monarchies are abject and low-minded in their deportment. Thus the men take off their hats when they enter churches, although the minister be not present; and even the boys take off their hats when they enter private houses. This is commencing servility young. I have even seen men kneeling on the cold pavements of the churches in the most abject manner, and otherwise betraying the feeling naturally created by slavish institutions.”

“Lord help 'em!” exclaimed the captain, “if they begin so young, what a bowing and kneeling set of blackguards they will get to be in time.”

“It is to be presumed that Mr. Dodge has pointed out the consequences in the instance of the abject old men mentioned, who probably commenced their servility by entering houses with their hats off,” said John Effingham.

“Just so, sir,” rejoined the editor. “I throw in these little popular traits because I think they show the differences between nations.”

“From which I infer,” said Mr. Sharp, “that in your part of America boys do not take off their hats when they enter houses, nor men kneel in churches?”

“Certainly not, sir. Our people get their ideas of manliness early; and as for kneeling in churches, we have some superstitious sects—I do not mention them; but, on the whole, no nation can treat the house of God more rationally than we do in America.”

“That I will vouch for,” rejoined John Effingham; “for the last time I was at home I attended a concert in one of them, where an *artiste* of singular nasal merit favored the company with that admirable piece of conjoined sentiment and music entitled ‘Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row!’”

“I’ll engage for it,” cried Mr. Dodge, swelling with national pride; “and felt all the time as independent and easy as if he was in a tavern. Oh! superstition is quite extinct in *Ameriky!* But I have a few remarks on the church in my notes upon England: perhaps you would like to hear them?”

“Let me intreat you to read them,” said the true Sir George Templemore, a little eagerly.

"Now, I protest against any illiberality," added the false Sir George, shaking his finger.

Mr. Dodge disregarded both; but, turning to the place, he read aloud with his usual self-complacency and unction.

"To-day, I attended public worship in St.—church, Minories. The congregation was composed of many of the first people of England, among whom were present Sir Solomon Snore, formerly HIGH sheriff of London, a gentleman of the first consideration in the empire, and the celebrated Mr. Shilling, of the firm of Pound, Shilling, and Pence. There was certainly a fine air of polite life in the congregation, but a little too much idolatry. Sir Solomon and Mr. Shilling were both received with distinction, which was very proper, when we remember their elevated rank; but the genuflexions and chaunting met with my very unqualified disapprobation."

"Sir Solomon and the other personage you mention were a little *pursy*, perhaps," observed Mr. Sharp, "which destroyed their grace."

"I disapprove of all kneeling, on general principles, sir. If we kneel to one, we shall get to kneel to another, and no one can tell where it will end. 'The exclusive manner in which the congregation were seated in pews, with sides so high that it was difficult to see your nearest neighbor; and these pews' (Mr. Dodge pronounced this word *poohs*,) 'have often curtains that completely enclose their owners, a system of selfishness that would not be long tolerated in *Ameriky*.'"

"Do individuals own their pews in America?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"Often," returned John Effingham; "always, except in those particular portions of the country where it is deemed invidious, and contrary to the public rights, to be better off than one's neighbor, by owning anything that all the community has not a better claim to than its proprietor."

"And cannot the owner of a pew curtain it, with a view to withdraw into himself at public worship?"

"America and England are the antipodes of each other in all these things. I daresay, now, that you have come among us with an idea that our liberty is so very licentious, that a man may read a newspaper by himself?"

"I confess, certainly, to that much," returned Mr. Sharp, smiling.

"We shall teach him better than this, Mr. Dodge, before we let him depart. No, sir, you have very contracted ideas of liberty, I perceive. With us everything is settled by majorities.

We eat when the majority eats ; drink, when the majority drinks ; sleep, when the majority sleeps ; pray, when the majority prays. So far from burying ourselves in deep wells of pews, with curtains round their edges, we have raised the floors, amphitheatre fashion, so that everybody can see everybody ; have taken away the sides of the pews, which we have converted into free and equal seats, and have cut down the side of the pulpit so that we can look at the clergyman ; but I understand there is actually a project on foot to put the congregation into the pulpit, and the parson into the aisle, by way of letting the latter see that he is no better than he should be. This would be a capital arrangement, Mr. Dodge, for the 'Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row.' ”

The editor of the *Active Inquirer* was a little distrustful of John Effingham, and he was not sorry to continue his extracts, although he was obliged to bring himself still further under the fire of his assailant.

“ ‘This morning,’ Mr. Dodge resumed, “I stepped into the coffee-room of the ‘Shovel and Tongs,’ public-house, to read the morning paper, and, taking a seat by the side of a gentleman who was reading the ‘Times,’ and drawing to me the leaves of the journal, so that it would be more convenient to peruse, the man insolently and arrogantly demanded of me, ‘What the devil I meant?’ This intolerance in the English character is owing to the narrowness of the institutions, under which men come to fancy liberty applies to persons instead of majorities.’ ”

“You perceive, Mr. Sharp,” said John Effingham, “how much more able a stranger is to point out the defects of national character than a native. I daresay that in indulging your individuality, hitherto, you have imagined you were enjoying liberty.”

“I fear I have committed some such weakness—but Mr. Dodge will have the goodness to proceed.”

The editor complied as follows:—“ ‘Nothing has surprised me more than the grovelling propensities of the English on the subject of names. Thus this very inn, which in America would be styled the ‘Eagle Tavern,’ or the ‘Oriental or Occidental Hotel,’ or the ‘Anglo-Saxon Democratical Coffee-house,’ or some other equally noble and dignified appellation, is called the ‘Shovel and Tongs.’ One tavern, which might very appropriately be termed ‘The Saloon of Peace,’ is very vulgarly called ‘Dolly’s Chop-house.’ ”

All the gentlemen, not excepting Mr. Sharp, murmured

their disgust at so coarse a taste. But most of the party began now to tire of this pretending ignorance and provincial vulgarity, and, one by one, most of them soon after left the table. Captain Truck, however, sent for Mr. Leach, and these two worthies, with Mr. Dodge and the spurious baronet, sat an hour longer, when all retired to their berths

CHAPTER XXXII.

I'll meet thee at Philippi.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAPPY is the man who arrives on the coast of New York, with the wind at the southward, in the month of November. There are two particular conditions of the weather, in which the stranger receives the most unfavorable impressions of the climate that has been much and unjustly abused, but which two particular conditions warrant all the evil that has been said of it. One is a sweltering day in summer, and the other an autumnal day, in which the dry north wind scarce seems to leave any marrow in the bones.

The passengers of the Montauk escaped both these evils, and now approached the coast with a bland southwest breeze, and a soft sky. The ship had been busy in the night, and when the party assembled on deck in the morning, Captain Truck told them, that in an hour they should have a sight of the long-desired western continent. As the packet was running in at the rate of nine knots, under topmast and topgallant studding-sails, being to windward of her port, this was a promise that the gallant vessel seemed likely enough to redeem.

"Toast!" called out the captain, who had dropped into his old habits as naturally as if nothing had occurred, "bring me a coal; and you, master steward, look well to the breakfast this morning. If the wind stands six hours longer, I shall have the grief of parting with this good company, and you the grief of knowing you will never set another meal before them. These are moments to awaken sentiment, and yet I never knew an officer of the pantry that did not begin to grin as he drew near his port.

"It is usually a cheerful moment with every one, I believe,

Captain Truck," said Eve, "and most of all, should it be one of heartfelt gratitude, with us."

"Ay, ay, my dear young lady; and yet I fancy Mr. Saunders will explain it rather differently. Has no one sung out 'land,' yet, from aloft, Mr. Leach? The sands of New Jersey ought to be visible before this."

"We have seen the haze of the land since daylight, but not land itself."

"Then, like old Columbus, the flowered doublet is mine—land, ho!"

The mates and the people laughed, and looking ahead, they nodded to each other, and the word "land" passed from mouth to mouth, with the indifference with which mariners first see it in short passages. Not so with the rest. They crowded together, and endeavored to catch a glimpse of the coveted shore, though, with the exception of Paul, neither could perceive it.

"We must call on you for assistance," said Eve, who now seldom addressed the handsome young seaman without a flush on her own beautiful face; "for we are all so lubberly that none of us can see that which we so earnestly desire."

"Have the kindness to look over the stock of that anchor," said Paul, glad of an excuse to place himself nearer to Eve; "and you will discover an object on the water."

"I do," said Eve, "but is it not a vessel?"

"It is; but a little to the right of that vessel, do you not perceive a hazy object at some elevation above the sea?"

"The cloud, you mean—a dim, ill-defined, dark body of vapor?"

"So it may seem to you, but to me it appears to be the land. That is the bluff-like termination of the celebrated high lands of Navesink. By watching it for half an hour, you will perceive its form and surface grow gradually more distinct."

Eve eagerly pointed out the place to Mademoiselle Vieville and her father, and from that moment, for near an hour, most of the passengers kept it steadily in view. As Paul had said, the blue of this hazy object deepened; then its base became connected with the water, and it ceased to resemble a cloud at all. In twenty more minutes, the faces and angles of the hills became visible, and trees started out of their sides. In the end a pair of twin lights were seen perched on the summit.

But the Montauk edged away from these highlands, and shaped her course towards a long low spit of sand, that lay several miles to the northward of them. In this direction, fifty

small sails were gathering into, or diverging from the pass, their high, gaunt looking canvas resembling so many church towers on the plains of Lombardy. These were coasters, steering towards their several havens. Two or three outward bound ships were among them, holding their way in the direction of China, the Pacific Ocean, or Europe.

About nine, the Montauk met a large ship standing on a bowline, with everything set that would draw, and heaping the water under her bows. A few minutes after, Captain Truck, whose attention had been much diverted from the surrounding objects by the care of his ship, came near the group of passengers, and once more entered into conversation.

"Here we are, my dear young lady," he cried, "within five leagues of Sandy Hook, which lies hereaway, under our lee bow; as pretty a position as heart could wish. This lank, hungry looking schooner in shore of us, is a news vessel, and, as soon as she is done with the brig near her we shall have her in chase, when there will be a good opportunity to get rid of all our spare lies. This little fellow to leeward, who is clawing up towards us, is the pilot; after whose arrival, my functions cease, and I shall have little to do but to rattle off Saunders and Toast, and to feed the pigs."

"And who is this gentleman ahead of us, with his main top-sail to the mast, his courses in the brails, and his helm a-lee?" asked Paul.

"Some chap who has forgotten his knee buckles and has been obliged to send a boat up to town to hunt for them," coolly rejoined the captain, while he sought the focus of the glass, and levelled it at the vessel in question. The look was long and steady, and twice Captain Truck lowered the instrument to wipe the moisture from his own eye. At length, he called out, to the amazement of everybody.

"Stand by to in all studding sails, and to ware to the eastward. Be lively, men, be lively! The eternal Foam, as I am a miserable sinner!"

Paul laid a hand on the arm of Captain Truck, and stopped him, as the other was about to spring towards the forecastle, with a view to aid and encourage his people.

"You forget that we have neither spars nor sails suited to a chase," said the young man. "If we haul off to seaward on any tack we can try, the corvette will be too much for us now, and excuse me if I say that a different course will be advisable."

The captain had learned to respect the opinion of Paul and he took the interference kindly.

"What choice remains, but to run down into the very jaws of the lion," he asked, "or to wear round, and stand to the eastward?"

"We have two alternatives. We may pass unnoticed, the ship being so much altered; or we may haul up on the tack we are on, and get into shallow water."

"He draws as little as this ship, sir, and would follow. There is no port short of Egg Harbor, and into that I should be bashful about entering with a vessel of this size; whereas, by running to the eastward, and doubling Montauk, which would owe us shelter on account of our name, I might get into the Sound, or New London, at need, and then claim the sweepstakes, as having won the race."

"This would be impossible, Captain Truck, allow me to say. Dead before the wind, we cannot escape, for the land would fetch us up in a couple of hours; to enter by Sandy Hook, if known, is impossible, on account of the corvette, and, in a chase of a hundred and twenty miles, we should be certain to be overtaken."

"I fear you are right, my dear sir, I fear you are right. The studding-sails are now in, and I will haul up for the highlands, and anchor under them, should it be necessary. We can then give this fellow Vattel in large quantities, for I hardly think he will venture to seize us while we have an anchor fast to good American ground."

"How near dare you stand to the shore?"

"Within a mile ahead of us; but to enter the Hook, the bar must be crossed a league or two off."

"The latter is unlucky; but, by all means, get the vessel in with the land; so near as to leave no doubt as to our being in American waters."

"We'll try him, sir, we'll try him. After having escaped the Arabs, the deuce is in it, if we cannot weather upon John Bull! I beg your pardon, Mr. Sharp; but this is a question that must be settled by some of the niceties of the great authorities."

The yards were now braced forward, and the ship was brought to the wind, so as to head in a little to the northward of the bathing-houses at Long Branch. But for this sudden change of course, the Montauk would have run down dead upon the corvette, and possibly might have passed her undetected, owing to the change made in her appearance by the Dane. So long as she continued "bows on," standing towards them, not a soul on board the Foam suspected her real character,

though, now that she acted so strangely, and offered her broadside to view, the truth became known in an instant. The mainyard of the corvette was swung, and her sails were filled on the same course as that on which the packet was steering. The two vessels were about ten miles from the land, the Foam a little ahead, but fully a league to leeward. The latter, however, soon tacked and stood inshore. This brought the vessels nearly abreast of each other, the corvette a mile or more, dead to leeward, and distant now some six miles from the coast. The great superiority of the corvette's sailing was soon apparent to all on board both vessels, for she apparently went two feet to the packet's one.

The history of this meeting, so unexpected to Captain Truck, was very simple. When the gale had abated, the corvette, which had received no damage, hauled up along the African coast, keeping as near as possible to the supposed track of the packet, and failing to fall in with her chase, she had filled away for New York. On making the Hook she took a pilot, and inquired if the Montauk had arrived. From the pilot she learned that the vessel of which she was in quest had not yet made its appearance, and she sent on an officer up to the town to communicate with the British Consul. On the return of this officer, the corvette stood away from the land, and commenced cruising in the offing. For a week she had now been thus occupied, it being her practice to run close in, in the morning, and to remain hovering about the bar until near night, when she made sail for an offing. When first seen from the Montauk, she had been lying-to, to take in stores sent from the town, and to communicate with a news-boat.

The passengers of the Montauk had just finished their breakfast, when the mate reported that the ship was fast shoaling her water, and that it would be necessary to alter the course in a few minutes, or to anchor. On repairing to the deck Captain Truck and his companions perceived the land less than a mile ahead of them, and the corvette about half that distance to the leeward, and nearly abeam.

"That is a bold fellow," exclaimed the captain, "or he has got a Sandy Hook pilot on board him."

"Most probably the latter," said Paul: "he would scarcely be here on this duty, and neglect so simple a precaution."

"I think this would satisfy Mr. Vattel, sir," returned Captain Truck, as the man in the chains sung out, 'and a half three!' "Hard up with the helm and lay the yards square, Mr. Leach."

"Now we shall soon know the virtue of Vattel," said John

Effingham, "as ten minutes will suffice to raise the question very fairly."

The Foam put her helm down, and tacked beautifully to the southeast. As soon as the Montauk, which vessel was now running alongshore, keeping in about four fathoms water, the sea being as smooth as a pond, was abeam, the corvette wore round, and began to close with her chase, keeping on her eastern, or outer board.

"Were we an enemy, and a match for that sloop," said Paul, "this smooth water and yard-arm attitude would make quick work."

"Her captain is in the gangway, taking our measure," observed Mr. Truck: "here is the glass; I wish you to examine his face, and tell me if you think him a man with whom the law of nations will avail anything. See the anchor clear, Mr. Leach, for I'm determined to bring up all standing, if the gentleman intends to renew the old tricks of John Bull on our coast. What do you make of him, Mr. Blunt?"

Paul did not answer, but laying down the glass, he paced the deck rapidly with the manner of one much disturbed. All observed this sudden change, though no one presumed to comment on it. In the mean time the sloop-of-war came up fast, and in a few minutes her larboard fore-yard-arm was within twenty feet of the starboard main-yard-arm of the Montauk, the two vessels running on parallel lines. The corvette now hauled up her fore-course, and let her topgallant sails settle on the caps, though a dead silence reigned in her.

"Give me the trumpet," said Captain Truck, stepping to the rail; "the gentleman is about to give us a piece of his mind."

The English captain, who was easily known by his two epaulettes, also held a trumpet; but neither of the two commanders used his instrument, the distance being sufficiently near for the natural voice.

"I believe, sir," commenced the man-of-war's man, "that I have the pleasure to see Captain Truck, of the Montauk, London packet?"

"Ay, ay, I'll warrant you he has my name alongside of John Doe and Richard Roe," muttered Mr. Truck, "spelt as carefully as it could be in a primer.—I am Captain Truck, and this is the Montauk. May I ask the name of your vessel, and your own, sir?"

"This is his Britannic Majesty's ship, the Foam, Captain Ducie."

"The Honorable Captain Ducie!" exclaimed Mr. Sharp. "I thought I recognized the voice: I know him intimately well."

"Will he stand Vattel?" anxiously demanded Mr. Truck.

"Nay, as for that, I must refer you to himself."

"You appear to have suffered in the gale," resumed Captain Ducie, whose smile was very visible, as he thus addressed them like an old acquaintance. "We fared better ourselves, for I believe we did not part a rope-yarn."

"The ship pitched every stick out of her," returned Captain Truck, "and has given us the trouble of a new outfit."

"In which you appear to have succeeded admirably. Your spars and sails are a size or two too small; but everything stands like a church."

"Ay, ay, now we have got on our new clothes, we are not ashamed to be seen."

"May I ask if you have been in port to do all this?"

"No, sir; picked them up alongshore."

The Honorable Captain Ducie thought he was quizzed, and his manner became a little more cold, though it still retained its gentlemanlike tone.

"I wish much to see you in private, sir, on an affair of some magnitude, and I greatly regret it was not in my power to speak you the night you left Portsmouth. I am quite aware you are in your own waters, and I feel a strong reluctance to retain your passengers when so near their port; but I shall feel it as a particular favor if you will permit me to repair on board for a few minutes."

"With all my heart," cried Captain Truck: "if you will give me room, I will back my main-topsail, but I wish to lay my head off shore. This gentleman understands Vattel, and we shall have no trouble with him. Keep the anchor clear, Mr. Leach, for 'fair words butter no parsnips.' Still, he is a gentleman:—and, Saunders, put a bottle of the old Madeira on the cabin table."

Captain Ducie now left the rigging in which he had stood, and the corvette luffed off to the eastward, to give room to the packet, where she hove-to with her fore-topsail aback. The Montauk followed, taking a position under her lee. A quarter-boat was lowered, and in five minutes its oars were tossed at the packet's lee-gangway, when the commander of the corvette ascended the ship's side, followed by a middle-aged man in the dress of a civilian, and a chubby-faced midshipman.

No one could mistake Captain Ducie for anything but a gentleman. He was handsome, well-formed, and about five-

and-twenty. The bow he made to Eve, with whose beauty and air he seemed instantly struck, would have become a drawing-room; but he was too much of an officer to permit any further attention to escape him until he had paid his respects to, and received the compliments of, Captain Truck. He then turned to the ladies and Mr. Effingham, and repeated his salutations.

"I fear," he said, "my duty has made me the unwilling instrument of prolonging your passage, for I believe few ladies love the ocean sufficiently, easily to forgive those who lengthen its disagreeables."

"We are old travellers, and know how to allow for the obligations of duty," Mr. Effingham civilly answered.

"That they do, sir," put in Captain Truck; "and it was never my good fortune to have a more agreeable set of passengers. Mr. Effingham, the Honorable Captain Ducie;—the Honorable Captain Ducie, Mr. Effingham;—Mr. John Effingham, Mam'selle V. A. V." endeavoring always to imitate Eve's pronunciation of the name;—"Mr. Dodge, the Honorable Captain Ducie; the Honorable Captain Ducie, Mr. Dodge."

The Honorable Captain Ducie and all the others, the editor of the Active Inquirer excepted, smiled slightly, though they respectively bowed and curtseyed; but Mr. Dodge, who conceived himself entitled to be formally introduced to every one he met, and to know all he saw, whether introduced or not, stepped forward promptly, and shook Mr. Ducie cordially by the hand.

Captain Truck now turned in quest of some one else to introduce; Mr. Sharp stood near the capstan, and Paul had retired as far aft as the hurricane-house.

"I am happy to see you in the Montank," added Captain Truck, insensibly leading the other towards the capstan, "and am sorry I had not the satisfaction of meeting you in England. The Honorable Captain Ducie, Mr. Sharp: Mr. Sharp, the Honorable Captain——"

"George Templemore!" exclaimed the commander of the corvette, looking from one to the other.

"Charles Ducie!" exclaimed the *soi-disant* Mr. Sharp.

"Here then is an end of part of my hopes, and we have been on a wrong scent the whole time."

"Perhaps not, Ducie: explain yourself."

"You must have perceived my endeavors to speak you, from the moment you sailed?"

"To *speak* us!" cried Captain Truck. "Yes, sir, we *did* observe your endeavors to *speak* us."

"It was because I was given to understand that one *calling* himself Sir George Templemore, an impostor, however, had taken passage in this ship; and here I find that we have been misled, by the real Sir George Templemore's having chosen to come this way instead of coming by the Liverpool ship. So much for your confounded fashionable caprices, Templemore, which never lets you know in the morning whether you are to shoot yourself or to get married before night."

"And is this gentleman Sir George Templemore!" pithily demanded Captain Truck.

"For that I can vouch, on the knowledge of my whole life."

"And we know this to be true, and have known it since the day we sailed," observed Mr. Effingham.

Captain Truck was accustomed to passengers under false names, but never before had he been so completely mystified.

"And pray, sir," he inquired of the baronet, "are you a member of Parliament?"

"I have that honor."

"And Templemore Hall is your residence, and you have come out to look at the Canadas?"

"I am the owner of Templemore Hall, and hope to look at the Canadas before I return."

"And," turning to Captain Ducie, "you sailed in quest of another Sir George Templemore—a false one?"

"That is a part of my errand," returned Captain Ducie, smiling.

"Nothing else—you are certain, sir, that this is the whole of your errand?"

"I confess to another motive," rejoined the other, scarce knowing how to take Captain Truck's question; "but this one will suffice for the present, I hope."

"This business requires frankness. I mean nothing disrespectful; but I am in American waters, and should be sorry, after all, to be obliged to throw myself on Vattel."

"Let me act as mediator," interrupted Sir George Templemore. "Some one has been a defaulter, Ducie; is it not so?"

"This is the simple truth: an unfortunate, but silly young man, of the name of Sandon. He was intrusted with a large sum of the public money, and has absconded with quite forty thousand pounds."

"And this person, you fancy, did me the honor to travel under my name?"

"Of that we are certain. Mr. Green here," motioning to

the civilian, "comes from the same office, and traced the delinquent, under your name, some distance on the Portsmouth road. When we heard that a Sir George Templemore had actually embarked in the Montauk, the admiral made no scruple in sending me after the packet. This has been an unlucky mistake for me, as it would have been a feather in the cap of so young a commander to catch the rogue."

"You may choose your feather, sir," returned Captain Truck, "for you will have a right to wear it. The unfortunate young man you seek is, out of question, in this ship."

Captain Truck now explained that there was a person below who had been known to him as Sir George Templemore, and who, doubtless, was the unhappy delinquent sought. But Captain Ducie did not betray the attention or satisfaction that one would have expected from this information, his eye being riveted on Paul, who stood beneath the hurricane-house. When the latter saw that he attracted attention he advanced slowly, even reluctantly, upon the quarter-deck. The meeting between these two gentlemen was embarrassed, though each maintained his self-possession.

"Mr. Powis, I believe?" said the officer bowing haughtily.

"Captain Ducie, if I am not mistaken?" returned the other, lifting his hat steadily, though his face become flushed.

The manner of the two, however, was but little noticed at the moment, though all heard the words. Captain Truck drew a long "whe—e—w!" for this was rather more than even he was accustomed to, in the way of masquerades. His eye was on the two gentlemen as they walked aft together, and alone, when he felt a touch upon his arm. It was the little hand of Eve, between whom and the old seaman there existed a good deal of trifling, blended with the most entire good-will. The young lady laughed with her sweet eyes, shook her fair curls, and said mockingly,—

"Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp!"

"And were you in the secret all this time, my dear young lady?"

"Every minute of it; from the buoys of Portsmouth to this very spot."

"I shall be obliged to introduce my passengers all over again!"

"Certainly; and I would recommend that each should show a certificate of baptism, or a passport, before you announce his or her name."

"You are, at least, the beautiful Miss Effingham, my dear young lady?"

"I'll not vouch for that, even," said Eve, blushing and laughing.

"That is Mr. John Effingham, I hope!"

"For that I *can* vouch. There are not *two* cousin Jacks on earth."

"I wish I knew what the other business of this gentleman is! He seems amicably disposed, except as regards Mr. Blunt. They looked coldly and suspiciously at each other."

Eve thought so too, and she lost all her desire for pleasantry. Just at this moment Captain Ducie quitted his companion, both touching their hats distantly, and returned to the group he had so unceremoniously left a few minutes before.

"I believe, Captain Truck, you now know my errand," he said, "and can say whether you will consent to my examining the person whom you have mentioned?"

"I know *one* of your errands, sir; you spoke of having *two*."

"Both will find their completion in this ship, with your permission."

"Permission! That sounds well, at least, my dear young lady. Permit me to inquire, Captain Ducie, has either of your errands the flavor of tobacco about it?"

The young man looked surprised, and he began to suspect another mystification.

"The question is so singular that it is not very intelligible."

"I wish to know, Captain Ducie, if you have anything to say to this ship in the way of smuggling?"

"Certainly not. I am not a custom-house officer, sir, nor on the revenue duty; and I had supposed this vessel a regular packet, whose interest is too plain to enter into such a pursuit."

"You have supposed nothing but the truth, sir; though we cannot always answer for the honesty or discretion of our people. A single pound of tobacco might forfeit this noble ship; and, observing the perseverance with which you have chased me, I was afraid all was not right with the excise."

"You have had a needless alarm, then, for my two objects in coming to America are completely answered by meeting with Mr. Powis and Mr. Sandon, who, I have been given to understand, is in his state-room below."

The party looked at each other, but nothing was said.

"Such being the facts, Captain Ducie, I beg to offer you every facility so far as the hospitality of my ship is concerned."

"You will permit us to have an interview with Mr. Sandon?"

"Beyond a doubt. I see, sir, you have read Vattel, and understand the rights of neutrals, or of independent nations. As this interview most probably will be interesting, you may desire to have it held in private, and a stateroom will be too small for the purpose. My dear young lady, will you have the complaisance to lend us your cabin for half an hour?"

Eve bowed assent, and Captain Truck then invited the two Englishmen below.

"My presence at this interview is of little moment," observed Captain Ducie; "Mr. Green is master of the whole affair, and I have a matter of importance to arrange with Mr. Powis. If one or two of you gentlemen will have the kindness to be present, and witness of what passes between Mr. Sandon and Mr. Green, it would be a great favor. Templemore, I may claim this of you?"

"With all my heart, though it is an unpleasant office to see guilt exposed. Should I presume too much by asking Mr. John Effingham to be of our party?"

"I was about to make the same request," put in the captain. "We shall then be two Englishmen and two Yankees,—if Mr. John Effingham will allow me so to style him?"

"Until we get within the Hook, Captain Truck, I am a Yankee; once *in* the country, I belong to the Middle States, if you will allow me the favor to choose."

The last speaker was stopped by a nudge from Captain Truck, who seized an opportunity to whisper.

"Make no such distinction between outside and inside, I beg of you, my dear sir. I hold that the ship is, at this identical moment, in the United States of America in a positive sense, as well as by a legal fiction; and I think Vattel will bear me out in it."

"Let it pass for that, then. I will be present at your interview with the fugitive. If the case is not clear against him, he shall be protected."

Things were now soon arranged; it being decided that Mr. Green, who belonged to one of the English offices, accompanied by the gentlemen just named, should descend to the cabin of Miss Effingham, in order to receive the delinquent; while Captain Ducie should have his interview with Paul Powis in the stateroom of the latter.

The first party went below immediately; but Captain Ducie remained on deck a minute or two to give an order to the midshipman of his boat, who immediately quitted the *Montauk*, and pulled to the corvette. During this brief delay Paul approached the ladies, to whom he spoke with a forced indifference, though it was not possible to avoid seeing his concern.

His servant, too, was observed watching his movements with great interest; and when the two gentlemen went below in company, the man shrugged his shoulders, and actually held up his hands, as one is wont to do at the occurrence of any surprising or distressing circumstance.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavy doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce,
SHAKESPEARE.

THE history of the unfortunate young man, who, after escaping all the hazards and adventures of the passage, was now so unexpectedly overtaken as he was about to reach what he fancied an asylum, was no more than one of those commonplace tissue of events that lead, through vanity and weakness, to crime. His father had held an office under the British government. Marrying late, and leaving a son and daughter just issuing into life at the time of his decease, the situation he had himself filled had been given to the first, out of respect to the unwearied toil of a faithful servant.

The young man was one of those who, without principles or high motives, live only for vanity. Of prominent vices he had none, for there were no salient points in his character on which to hang any quality of sufficient boldness to encourage crime of that nature. Perhaps he owed his ruin to the circumstance that he had a tolerable person, and was six feet high, as much as to any one other thing. His father had been a short solid, square-built little man, whose ambition never towered above his stature, and who, having entered fairly on the path of industry and integrity early in life, had sedulously persevered in it to the end. Not so with the son. He read so much about aristocratic stature, aristocratic ears, aristocratic hands

aristocratic feet, and aristocratic air, that he was delighted to find that in all these high qualities he was not easily to be distinguished from most of the young men of rank he occasionally saw riding in the parks, or met in the streets; and though he very well knew he was not a lord, he began to fancy it a happiness to be thought one by strangers, for an hour or two in a week.

His passion for trifles and toys was inherent, and it had been increased by reading two or three caricatures of fashionable men in the novels of the day, until his happiness was chiefly centred in its indulgence. This was an expensive foible; and its gratification ere long exhausted his legitimate means. One or two trifling and undetected peculations favored his folly, until a large sum happening to lie at his sole mercy for a week or two, he made such an inroad on it as compelled a flight. Having made up his mind to quit England, he thought it would be as easy to escape with forty thousand pounds as with the few hundreds he had already appropriated to himself. This capital mistake was the cause of his destruction; for the magnitude of the sum induced the government to take unusual steps to recover it, and was the true cause of its having despatched the cruiser in chase of the *Montauk*.

The Mr. Green who had been sent to identify the fugitive, was a cold, methodical man, every way resembling the delinquent's father, whose office-companion he had been, and in whose track of undeviating attention to business and negative honesty he had faithfully followed. He felt the peculation, or robbery, for it scarce deserved a milder term, to be a reproach on the corps to which he belonged, besides leaving a stigma on the name of one to whom he had himself looked up as to a model for his own imitation and government. It will readily be supposed, therefore, that this person was not prepared to meet the delinquent in a very forgiving mood.

"Saunders," said Captain Truck in the stern tone with which he often hailed a-top, and which implied that instant obedience was a condition of his forbearance, "go to the stateroom of the person who has *called* himself Sir George Templemore—give him my compliments—be very particular, Mr. Saunders—and say Captain Truck's compliments, and then tell him I expect the honor of his company in this cabin—the *honor* of his company, remember, in this cabin. If that don't bring him out of his stateroom, I'll contrive something that shall."

The steward turned up the white of his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded forthwith on the errand. He found

time, however, to stop in the pantry, and to inform Toast that their suspicions were at least in part true.

“This elucidates the circumstance of his having no attendant with him, like other gentlemen on board, and a variety of other incidents, that much needed developement. Mr. Blunt, I do collect from a few hints on deck, turns out to be a Mr. Powis, a much genteeler name; and as they spoke to some one in the ladies’ cabin as ‘Sir George,’ I should not be overcome with astonishment should Mr. Sharp actually eventuate as the real baronite.”

There was time for no more, and Saunders proceeded to summon the delinquent.

“This is the most unpleasant part of the duty of a packet-master between England and America,” continued Captain Truck, as soon as Saunders was out of sight. “Scarce a ship sails that it has not some runaway or other, either in the steerage or in the cabins, and we are often called on to aid the civil authorities on both sides of the water.”

“America seems to be a favorite country with our English rogues,” observed the office-man, dryly. “This is the third that has gone from our own department within as many years.”

“Your department appears to be fruitful of such characters, sir,” returned Captain Truck, pretty much in the spirit in which the first remark had been given.

Mr. Green was as thorough-going an Englishman as any of his class in the island. Methodical, plodding, industrious, and regular in all his habits, he was honest by rule, and had no leisure or inclination for any other opinions than those which were obtained with the smallest effort. In consequence of the limited sphere in which he dwelt, in a moral sense at least, he was a mass of the prejudices that were most prevalent at the period when he first obtained his notions. His hatred of France was unconquerable, for he had early learned to consider her as the fast enemy of England; and as to America, he deemed her to be the general asylum of all the rogues of his own country—the possession of a people who had rebelled against their king because the restraints of law were inherently disagreeable to them. This opinion he had no more wish to proclaim than he felt a desire to go up and down declaring that Satan was the father of sin; but the fact in the one case was just as well established in his mind as in the other. If he occasionally betrayed the existence of these sentiments, it was as a man coughs; not because he particularly wishes to cough, but because he cannot help it. Finding the subject so naturally introduced, therefore,

it is no wonder if some of his peculiar notions escaped him in the short dialogue that followed.

"We have our share of bad men, I presume, sir," he rejoined to the thrust of Captain Truck; "but the thing that has most attracted comment with us, is the fact that they all go to America."

"And we receive our share of rogues, I presume, sir; and it is the subject of animadversion with us that they all come from England."

Mr. Green did not feel the force of this retort; but he wiped his spectacles as he quietly composed his features into a look of dignified gravity.

"Some of your most considerable men in America, I believe, sir," he continued, "have been Englishmen, who preferred a residence in the colonies to a residence at home."

"I never heard of them," returned the captain; "will you have the goodness to name just one?"

"Why, to begin, there was your Washington. I have often heard my father say that he went to school with him in Warwickshire, and that he was thought anything but clever, too, while he lived in England."

"You perceive, then, that we made something of him when we got him over on this side; for he turned out in the end to be a very decent and respectable sort of a person. Judging from the language of some of your prints, sir, I should suppose that King William enjoyed the reputation of being a respectable man in your country?"

Although startled to hear his sovereign spoken of in this irreverent manner, Mr. Green answered promptly,—

"He is a king, sir, and comports himself as a king."

"And all the better, I daresay, for the thrashing he got when a youngster, from the Vermont tailor."

Now Captain Truck quite as religiously believed in this vulgar tale concerning the prince in question, as Mr. Green believed that Washington had commenced his career as one no better than he should be, or as implicitly as Mr. Steadfast Dodge gave credit to the ridiculous history of the schoolmaster of Haddonfield; all three of the legends belonging to the same high class of historical truths.

Sir George Templemore looked with surprise at John Effingham, who gravely remarked,—

"Elegant extracts, sir, from the vulgar rumors of two great nations. We deal largely in these legends, and you are not quite guiltless of them. I dare say, now, if you would be frank,

that you yourself have not always been deaf to the reports against America."

"You surely do not imagine that I am so ignorant of the career of Washington?"

"Of that I fully acquit you; nor do I exactly suppose that your present monarch was flogged by a tailor in Vermont, or that Louis Phillipe kept school in New Jersey. Our position in the world raises us beyond these elegancies; but do you not fancy some hard things of America, more especially concerning her disposition to harbor rogues, if they come with full pockets?"

The baronet laughed, but he colored. He wished to be liberal, for he well knew that liberality distinguishes the man of the world, and was an indispensable requisite for a gentleman; but it is very hard for an Englishman to manifest true liberality towards the *ci-devant* colonies, and this he felt in the whole of his moral system, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary.

"I will confess, that case of Stephenson made an unfavorable impression in England," he said with some reluctance.

"You mean the absconding member of Parliament," returned John Effingham, with emphasis on the four last words. "You cannot mean to reproach us with his selection of a place of refuge; for he was picked up at sea by a foreign ship that was accidentally bound to America."

"Certainly not with that circumstance, which, as you say, was purely an accident. But was there not something extraordinary in his liberation from arrest?"

"Sir George Templemore, there are few Englishmen with whom I would dwell an instant on this subject," said John Effingham gravely; "but you are one of those who have taught me to respect you, and I feel a strong regret whenever I trace any of these mistaken notions in a man of your really generous disposition. A moment's reflection will show you that no civilized society could exist with the disposition you hint at; and as for the particular case you have mentioned, the man did not bring money of any moment with him, and was liberated from the arrest on a principle common to all law, where law is stronger than political power, and which principle we derive directly from Great Britain. Depend on it, so far from there being a desire to receive rich rogues in America from other countries, there is a growing indisposition to receive emigrants at all; for their number is getting to be inconvenient to the native population."

"Why does not America pass reciprocal laws with us, then, for the mutual delivery of criminals?"

“One insuperable objection to such reciprocity arises from the nature of our government, as a confederation, since there is no identity in our own criminal jurisprudence: but a chief reason is the exceedingly artificial condition of your society, which is the very opposite of our own, and indisposes the American to visit trifling crimes with so heavy punishments. The American, who has a voice in this matter, you will remember, is not prepared to hang a half-starved wretch for a theft or to send a man to Botany Bay for poaching. The facility with which men obtain a livelihood in America has hitherto converted most rogues into comparatively honest men when they get there; though I think the day is near, now your own police is so much improved, when we shall find it necessary in self-defence to change our policy. The common language, as I am told, induces many knaves, who now find England too hot to hold them, to migrate to America.”

“Captain Ducie is anxious to know whether Mr. Truck will quietly permit this criminal to be transferred to the Foam.”

“I do not think he will permit it at all without being overpowered, if the request be urged in any manner as a right. In that case, he will very properly think that the maintenance of his national character is of more importance than the escape of a dozen rogues. *You* may put a harsh construction on his course; but *I* shall think him right in resisting an unjust and an illegal invasion of his rights. I had thought Captain Ducie, however, more peaceably disposed from what has passed.”

“Perhaps I have expressed myself too strongly. I know he would wish to take back the criminal; but I scarce think that he meditates more than persuasion. Ducie is a fine fellow, and every way a gentleman.”

“He appears to have found an acquaintance in our young friend, Powis.”

“The meeting between these two gentlemen has surprised me, for it can scarcely be termed amicable: and yet it seems to occupy more of Ducie’s thoughts just now than the affair of the runaway.”

Both now became silent and thoughtful, for John Effingham had too many unpleasant suspicions to wish to speak, and the baronet was too generous to suggest a doubt concerning one whom he felt to be his rival, and whom, in truth, he had begun sincerely to respect, as well as to like. In the mean time, a discussion, which had gradually been growing more dogged and sullen on the part of Mr. Green, and more biting and caustic

on that of Captain Truck, was suddenly terminated by the reluctant and tardy appearance of Mr. Sandon.

Guilt, that powerful vindicator of the justice of Providence, as it proves the existence of the inward monitor, conscience, was painfully impressed on a countenance that, in general, expressed little beyond a vacant vanity. Although of a tall and athletic person, his limbs trembled in a way to refuse to support him, and when he saw the well-known face of Mr. Green, the unhappy young man sank into a seat, from a real inability to stand. The other regarded him sternly through his spectacles, for more than a minute.

"This is a melancholy picture, Henry Sandon!" he at length said. "I am, at least, glad that you do not affect to brazen out your crime, but that you show a proper sense of its enormity. What would your upright and painstaking father have said, had he lived to see his only son in this situation?"

"He is dead!" returned the young man, hoarsely. "He is dead, and never can know anything about it."

The unhappy delinquent experienced a sense of frightful pleasure as he uttered these words.

"It is true, he is dead; but there are others to suffer by your misconduct. Your innocent sister is living, and feels all your disgrace."

"She will marry Jones, and forget it all. I gave her a thousand pounds, and she is married before this."

"In that you are mistaken. She has returned the money, for she is, indeed, John Sandon's daughter, and Mr. Jones refuses to marry the sister of a thief."

The delinquent was vain and unreflecting, rather than selfish, and he had a natural attachment to his sister, the only other child of his parents. The blow, therefore, fell on his conscience with double force, coming from this quarter.

"Julia can compel him to marry her," said the startled brother; "he is bound by a solemn engagement, and the law will protect her."

"No law can make a man marry against his will, and your poor unfortunate sister is too tender of your feelings whatever you may have been of hers, to wish to give Mr. Jones an opportunity of defending himself by exposing your crime. But this is wasting words, Mr. Sandon, for I am wanted in the office, where I have left things in the hands of an inexperienced substitute. Of course you are not prepared to defend an act, that your conscience must tell you is inexcusable."

"I am afraid, Mr. Green, I have been a little thoughtless ; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, unlucky."

Mr. Sandon had fallen into the general and delusive mistake of those who err, in supposing himself unfortunate rather than criminal. With an ingenuity, that, exercised in a better cause, would have made him a respectable man, he had been endeavoring to excuse his crime to himself, on various pleas of necessity, and he had even got at last to justify his act, by fancying that some trifling wrong he had received, or which he fancied he had received in the settlement of his own private account, in some measure excused his fraud, although his own denied claim amounted merely to the sum of twenty pounds, and that which he had taken was so large. It was under the influence of such feelings that he made the answer just given.

"A little thoughtless ! unlucky ! And is this the way, Henry Sandon, that you name a crime that might almost raise your upright father from his grave ? But I will speak no more of feelings that you do not seem to understand. You confess to have taken forty thousand pounds of the public money, to which you have no right or claim ?"

"I certainly have in my hands some money, which I do not deny belongs to government."

"It is well ; and here is my authority to receive it from you. Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to see that my powers are regular and authentic ?"

John Effingham and others cast their eyes over the papers, which seemed to be in rule, and they said as much.

"Now, sir," resumed Mr. Green, "in the first place, I demand the bills you received in London for this money, and your regular endorsement in my favor."

The culprit appeared to have made up his mind to this demand, and, with the same recklessness with which he had appropriated the money to his own use, he was now ready to restore it, without proposing a condition for his own safety. The bills were in his pocket, and seating himself at a table, he made the required endorsement, and handed them to Mr. Green.

"Here are bills for thirty-eight thousand pounds," said that methodical person, after he had examined the drafts, one by one, and counted their amount ; "and you are known to have taken forty thousand. I demand the remainder."

"Would you leave me in a strange country penniless ?" exclaimed the culprit, in a tone of reproach.

"Strange country ! penniless !" repeated Mr. Green, look-

ing over his spectacles, first at Mr. Truck, and then at Mr. Sandon. "That to which you have no claim must be restored, though it strip you to the skin. Every pound you have belongs to the public, and to no one else."

"Your pardon, Mr. Green, and green enough you are, if you lay down that doctrine," interrupted Captain Truck, "in which neither Vattel, nor the revised statutes will bear you out. A passenger cannot remove his effects from a ship, until his passage be first paid."

"That, sir, I dispute, in a question affecting the king's revenues. The claims of government precede all others, and the money that has once belonged to the crown, and which has not been regularly paid away by the crown, is the crown's still."

"Crowns and coronations! Perhaps, Master Green, you think you are in Somerset House at this present speaking?"

Now Mr. Green was so completely a star of a confined orbit, that his ideas seldom described a tangent to their ordinary revolutions. He was so much accustomed to hear of England ruling colonies, the East and the West, Canada, the Cape, and New South Wales, that it was not an easy matter for him to conceive himself to be without the influence of the British laws. Had he quitted home with the intention to emigrate, or even to travel, it is probable that his mind would have kept a more equal pace with his body, but summoned in haste from his desk, and with the office spectacles on his nose, it is not so much a matter of wonder that he hardly realized the truth of his present situation. The man-of-war, in which everything was His Majesty's, sustained this feeling, and it was too sudden a change to expect such a man to abandon all his most cherished notions at a moment's warning. The irreverent exclamation of Captain Truck shocked him, and he did not fail to show as much by the disgust pictured in his countenance.

"I am in one of His Majesty's packets, sir, I presume, where, you will permit me to say, a greater deference for the high ceremonies of the kingdom ought to be found."

"This would make even old Joe Bunk laugh. You are in a New York liner, sir, over which no majesty has any control, but their majesties John Griswold and Co. Why, my good sir, the sea has unsettled your brain!"

Now, Mr. Green did know that the United States of America had obtained their independence, but the whole proceeding was so mixed up with rebellion, and a French alliance, in his mind, that he always doubted whether the new republic had a legal existence at all, and he had been heard to express

his surprise that the twelve judges had not long since decided this state of things to be unconstitutional, and overturned the American government by *mandamus*. His disgust increased, accordingly, as Captain Truck's irreverence manifested itself in stronger terms, and there was great danger that the harmony, which had hitherto prevailed between the parties, would be brought to a violent termination.

"The respect for the crown in a truly loyal subject, sir," Mr. Green returned sharply, "is not to be unsettled by the sea; not in my case, at least, whatever it might have been in your own."

"My own! why, the devil, sir, do you take me for a *subject*?"

"A truant one, I fear, though you may have been born in London itself."

"Why, my dear sir," said Captain Truck, taking the other by a button, as if he pitied his hallucination, "you don't breed such men in London. I came from the river, which never had a subject in it, or any other majesty, than that of the Saybrook Platform. I begin to understand you, at last: you are one of those well-meaning men who fancy the earth but a casing to the island of Great Britain. Well, I suppose it is more the fault of your education than of your nature, and one must overlook the mistake. May I ask what is your farther wish, in reference to this unhappy young man?"

"He must refund every pound of the public money that remains in his possession."

"That is just, and I say yea."

"And all who have received from him any portion of this money, under whatever pretences, must restore it to the crown."

"My good sir, you can have no notion of the quantity of champagne and other good things this unfortunate young man has consumed in this ship. Although but a sham baronet, he has fared like a real lord; and you cannot have the heart to exact from the owners the keeping of your rogues."

"Government makes no distinction, sir, and always claims its own."

"Nay, Mr. Green," interrupted Sir George Templemore, "I much question if government would assert a right to money that a speculator or a defaulter fairly spends, even in England; much less does it seem to me it can pretend to the few pounds that Captain Truck has lawfully earned."

"The money has not been lawfully earned, sir. It is con-

trary to law to assist a felon to quit the kingdom, and I am not certain there are no penalties for that act alone; and as for the public money, it can never legally quit the Treasury without the proper office forms."

"My dear Sir George," put in the captain, "leave me to settle this with Mr. Green, who, no doubt, is authorized to give a receipt in full. What is to be done with the delinquent, sir, now that you are in possession of his money?"

"Of course he will be carried back in the Foam, and I mourn to be compelled to say, that he must be left in the hands of the law."

"What, with or without my permission?"

Mr. Green stared, for his mind was precisely one of those which would conceive it to be a high act of audacity in a *ci-devant* colonist to claim the rights of an old country, even did he really understand the legality and completeness of the separation.

"He has committed forgery, sir, to conceal his peculation. It is an awful crime; but they that commit it cannot hope to escape the consequences."

"Miserable impostor! is this true?" Captain Truck sternly demanded of the trembling culprit.

"He calls an oversight forgery, sir," returned the latter huskily. "I have done nothing to affect my life or liberty."

At this moment Captain Ducie, accompanied by Paul Powis, entered the cabin, their faces flushed, and their manner to each other a little disturbed, though it was formally courteous. At the same instant, Mr. Dodge, who had been dying to be present at the secret conference, watched his opportunity to slip in also.

"I am glad you have come, sir," said Mr. Green, "for here may be occasion for the services of his Majesty's officers. Mr. Sandon has given up these bills, but two thousand pounds remain unaccounted for, and I have traced thirty-five, quite clearly, to the master of this ship, who has received it in the way of passage-money."

"Yes, sir, the fact is as plain as the highlands of Navesink from the deck," dryly added Captain Truck.

"One thousand of this money has been returned by the defaulter's sister," observed Captain Ducie.

"Very true, sir; I had forgotten to give him credit for that."

"The remainder has probably been wasted in those silly trifles of which you have told me the unhappy man was so fond,

and for which he has bartered respectability and peace of mind. As for the money paid this ship for the passage, it has been fairly earned, nor do I know that government has any power to reclaim it."

Mr. Green heard this opinion with still greater disgust than he had felt towards the language of Captain Truck, nor could he very well prevent his feelings escaping him in words.

"We truly live in perilous times," he muttered, speaking more particularly to John Effingham, out of respect to his appearance, "when the scions of the nobility entertain notions so loose. We have vainly fancied in England that the enormities of the French revolution were neutralized by Billy Pitt; but, sir, we still live in perilous times, for the disease has fairly reached the highest classes. I hear that designs are seriously entertained against the wigs of the judges and bishops, and the next thing will be the throne! All our venerable institutions are in danger."

"I should think the throne might indeed be in danger, sir," returned John Effingham, gravely, "if it reposes on wigs."

"It is my duty, Captain Truck," continued Captain Ducie, who was a man so very different from his associate that he scarcely seemed to belong to the same species, "to request you will deliver to us the person of the culprit, with his effects, when we can relieve you and your passengers from the pain of witnessing any more of this unpleasant scene."

At the sound of the delivery of his person, all the danger of his situation rushed forcibly before the imagination of the culprit. His face flushed and became pale, and his legs refused to support him, though he made a desperate effort to rise.

After an instant of silence, he turned to the commander of the corvette, and, in piteous accents, appealed to him for mercy.

"I have been punished severely already," he continued, as his voice returned, "for the savage Arabs robbed me of everything I had of any value. These gentlemen know that they took my dressing-case, several other curious and valuable articles for the toilet, and nearly all my clothes."

"This man is scarcely a responsible being," said John Effingham, "for a childish vanity supplies the place of principles, self-respect, and duty. With a sister scorned on account of his crimes, conviction beyond denial, and a dread punishment staring him in the face, his thoughts still run on trifles."

Captain Ducie gave a look of pity at the miserable young

man, and, by his countenance, it was plain to see that he felt no relish for his duty. Still he felt himself bound to urge on Captain Truck a compliance with his request. The master of the packet was a good deal divided by an inherent dislike of seeming to yield anything to a British naval officer, a class of men whom he learned in early life most heartily to dislike; his kind feelings towards this particular specimen of the class; a reluctance to give a man up to a probable death, or some other severe punishment; and a distaste to being thought desirous of harboring a rogue. In this dilemma, therefore, he addressed himself to John Effingham for counsel.

"I should be pleased to hear your opinion, sir, on this matter," he said, looking at the gentleman just named, "for I own myself to be in a category. Ought we, or not, to deliver up the culprit?"

"*Fiat justitia ruat cælum,*" answered John Effingham, who never fancied any one could be ignorant of the meaning of these familiar words.

"That I believe indeed to be Vattel," said Captain Truck; "but exceptions alter rules. This young man has some claims on us on account of his conduct when in front of the Arabs."

"He fought for himself, sir, and has the merit of preferring liberty in a ship to slavery in the desert."

"I think with Mr. John Effingham," observed Mr. Dodge, "and can see no redeeming quality in his conduct on that occasion. He did what we all did, or, as Mr. John Effingham has so pithily expressed it, he preferred liberty in our company to being an Arab's slave."

"You will not deliver me up, Captain Truck!" exclaimed the delinquent. "They will hang me, if once in their power. Oh! you will not have the heart to let them hang me!"

Captain Truck was startled at this appeal, but he sternly reminded the culprit that it was too late to remember the punishment, when the crime was committed.

"Never fear, Mr. Sandon," said the office-man with a sneer; "these gentlemen will take you to New York, for the sake of the thousand pounds, if they can. A rogue is pretty certain of a kind reception in America, I hear."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Captain Truck, "you had better go in with us."

"Mr. Green, Mr. Green, this is indiscreet, to call it by no worse a term," interposed Captain Ducie, who, while he was not free from a good deal of the prejudices of his compan-

ion, was infinitely better bred, and more in the habit of commanding himself.

“Mr. John Effingham, you have heard this wanton insult,” continued Captain Truck, suppressing his wrath as well as he could: “in what manner ought it to be resented?”

“Command the offender to quit your ship instantly,” said John Effingham firmly.

Captain Ducie started, and his face flushed, but disregarding him altogether, Captain Truck walked deliberately up to Mr. Green and ordered him to go into the corvette’s boat.

“I shall allow of neither parley nor delay,” added the exasperated old seaman, struggling to appear cool and dignified, though his vocation was little for the latter. “Do me the favor, sir, to permit me to see you into your boat, sir. Saunders go on deck, and tell Mr. Leach to have the side manned—with *three* side boys, Saunders;—and now I ask it as the greatest possible favor, that you will walk on deck with me, or—or—damn me, but I’ll drag you there, neck and heels!”

It was too much for Captain Truck to seem calm when he was in a towering passion, and the outbreak at the close of this speech was accompanied by a gesture with a hand which was open, it is true, but from which none of the arts of his more polite days could erase the knobs and hue that had been acquired in early life.

“This is strong language, sir, to use to a British officer, under the guns of a British cruiser,” exclaimed the commander of the corvette.

“And his was strong language to use to a man in his own country and in his own ship. To you, Captain Ducie, I have nothing to say, unless it be to say you are welcome. But your companion has indulged in a coarse insult on my country, and damn me if I submit to it, if I never see St. Catherine’s Docks again. I had too much of this when a young man, to wish to find it repeated while an old one.”

Captain Ducie bit his lip, and he looked exceedingly vexed. Although he had himself blindly imbibed the notion that America would gladly receive the devil himself if he came with a full pocket, he was shocked with the coarseness that would throw such an innuendo into the very faces of the people of the country. On the other hand, his pride as an officer was hurt at the menace of Captain Truck, and all the former harmony of the scene was threatened with a sudden termination. Captain Ducie had been struck with the gentlemanlike appearance of both the Effinghams, to say nothing of Eve, the instant

his foot touched the deck of the Montauk, and he now turned with a manner of reproach to John Effingham, and said,—

“Surely, sir, *you* cannot sustain Mr. Truck in his extraordinary conduct!”

“You will pardon me if I say I do. The man has been permitted to remain longer in the ship than I would have suffered.”

“And, Mr. Powis, what is your opinion?”

“I fear,” said Paul, smiling coldly, “that I should have knocked him down on the spot.”

“Templemore, are you, too, of this way of thinking?”

“I fear the speech of Mr. Green has been without sufficient thought. On reflection he will recall it.”

But Mr. Green would sooner part with life than part with a prejudice, and he shook his head in the negative in a way to show that his mind was made up.

“This is trifling,” added Captain Truck. “Saunders, go on deck, and tell Mr. Leach to send down through the skylight a single whip, that we may whip this polite personage on deck; and, harkee, Saunders, let there be another on the yard, that we may send him into his boat like an anker of gin!”

“This is proceeding too far,” said Captain Ducie. “Mr. Green you will oblige me by retiring; there can be no suspicion cast on a vessel of war for conceding a little to an unarmed ship.”

“A vessel of war should not insult an unarmed ship, sir!” rejoined Captain Truck, pithily.

Captain Ducie again colored; but as he had decided on his course, he had the prudence to remain silent. In the meantime Mr. Green sullenly took his hat and papers, and withdrew into the boat; though, on his return to London he did not fail to give such a version of the affair as went altogether to corroborate all his own, and his friends' previous notions of America; and, what is equally singular, he religiously believed all he had said on the occasion.

“What is now to be done with this unhappy man?” inquired Captain Ducie when order was a little restored.

The misunderstanding was an unfortunate affair for the culprit. Captain Truck felt a strong reluctance to deliver him up to justice after all they had gone through together; but the gentlemanlike conduct of the English commander, the consciousness of having triumphed in the late conflict, and a deep regard for the law, united on the other hand to urge him

to yield the unfortunate and weak-minded offender to his own authorities.

"You do not claim a right to take him out of an American ship by violence, if I understand you, Captain Ducie?"

"I do not; my instructions are merely to demand him."

"That is according to Vattel. By demand you mean, to request, to ask for him?"

"I mean to request, to ask for him," returned the Englishman, smiling.

"Then take him, of God's name; and may your laws be more merciful to the wretch than he has been to himself, or to his kin."

Mr. Sandon shrieked, and he threw himself abjectly on his knees between the two captains, grasping the legs of both.

"Oh! hear me! hear me!" he exclaimed in a tone of anguish. "I have given up the money, I will give it all up! all to the last shilling, if you will let me go! You, Captain Truck, by whose side I have fought and toiled, you will not have the heart to abandon me to these murderers!"

"It's d——d hard!" muttered the captain, actually wiping his eyes; "but it is what you have drawn upon yourself, I fear. Get a good lawyer, my poor fellow, as soon as you arrive, and it's an even chance, after all, that you go free!"

"Miserable wretch!" said Mr. Dodge, confronting the still kneeling and agonized delinquent, "Wretch! these are the penalties of guilt. You have forged and stolen, acts that meet with my most unqualified disapprobation, and you are unfit for respectable society.—I saw from the very first what you truly were, and permitted myself to associate with you, merely to detect and dispose you in order that you might not bring disgrace on our beloved country. An impostor has no chance in America; and you are fortunate in being taken back to your own hemisphere."

Mr. Dodge belonged to a tolerably numerous class, that is quaintly described as being "law honest;" that is to say, he neither committed murder nor petty larceny. When he was guilty of moral slander, he took great care that it should not be legal slander; and, although his whole life was a tissue of mean and baneful vices, he was quite innocent of all those enormities that usually occupy the attention of a panel of twelve men. This, in his eyes, raised him so far above less prudent sinners as to give him a right to address his quondam associate as has been just related. But the agony of the culprit was past receiving an increase from this brutal attack; he merely motioned

the coarse-minded sycophant and demagogue away, and continued his appeals to the two captains for mercy. At this moment Paul Powis stepped up to the editor, and in a low but firm voice ordered him to quit the cabin.

"I will pray for you—be your slave—do all you ask, if you will not give me up!" continued the culprit, fairly writhing in his agony. "Oh! Captain Ducie, as an English nobleman, have mercy on me."

"I must transfer the duty to subordinates," said the English commander, a tear actually standing in his eye. "Will you permit a party of armed marines to take this unhappy being from your ship, sir."

"Perhaps this will be the best course, as he will yield only to a show of force. I see no objection to this, Mr. John Effingham?"

"None in the world, sir. It is your object to clear your ship of a delinquent, and let those among whom he committed the fault be the agents."

"Ay—ay! this is what Vattel calls the comity of nations. Captain Ducie, I beg you will issue your orders."

The English commander had foreseen some difficulty; and, in sending away his boat when he came below, he had sent for a corporal's guard. These men were now in a cutter, near the ship, lying off on their oars, in a rigid respect to the rights of a stranger, however,—as Captain Truck was glad to see, the whole party having gone on deck as soon as the arrangement was settled. At an order from their commander the marines boarded the Montauk and proceeded below in quest of their prisoner.

Mr. Sandon had been left alone in Eve's cabin; but as soon as he found himself at liberty, he hurried into his own stateroom. Captain Truck went below, while the marines were entering the ship; and, having passed a minute in his own room, he stepped across the cabin, to that of the culprit. Opening the door without knocking, he found the unhappy man in the very act of applying a pistol to his head, his own hand being just in time to prevent the catastrophe. The despair portrayed in the face of the criminal prevented reproach or remonstrance, for Captain Truck was a man of few words when it was necessary to act. Disarming the intended suicide, he coolly counted out to him thirty-five pounds, the money paid for his passage, and told him to pocket it.

"I received this on condition of delivering you safe in New York," he said; "and as I shall fail in the bargain, I think it

no more than just to return you the money. It may help you on the trial."

"Will they hang me!" asked Mr. Sandon hoarsely, and with an imbecility like that of an infant.

The appearance of the marines prevented reply, the prisoner was secured, his effects were pointed out, and his person was transferred to the boat with the usual military promptitude. As soon as this was done the cutter pulled away from the packet, and was soon hoisted in again on the corvette's deck. That day month the unfortunate victim of a passion for trifles committed suicide in London, just as they were about to transfer him to Newgate; and six months later his unhappy sister died of a broken heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

We'll attend you there ;
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Coriolanus.

EVE and Mademoiselle Viefville had been unwilling spectators of a portion of the foregoing scene, and Captain Ducie felt a desire to apologize for the part he had been obliged to act in it. For this purpose he had begged his friend the baronet to solicit a more regular introduction than that received through Captain Truck.

"My friend Ducie is solicitous to be introduced, Miss Effingham, that he may urge something in his own behalf concerning the commotion he has raised among us."

A graceful assent brought the young commander forward, and as soon as he was named he made a very suitable expression of his regret to the ladies, who received it, as a matter of course, favorably.

"This is a new duty to me, the arrest of criminals," added Captain Ducie.

The word *criminals* sounded harsh to the ear of Eve, and she felt her cheek becoming pale.

"Much as we regret the cause," observed the father, "we can spare the person you are about to take from us without much pain; for *we* have known him for an impostor from the

moment he appeared.—Is there not some mistake? That is the third trunk that I have seen passed into the boat marked P. P.”

Captain Ducie smiled, and answered,—

“You will call it a bad pun if I say P. P. see,” pointing to Paul, who was coming from the cabin attended by Captain Truck. The latter was conversing warmly, gesticulating towards the corvette, and squeezing his companion’s hand.

“Am I to understand,” said Mr. Effingham earnestly, “that Mr. Powis, too, is to quit us?”

“He does me the favor, also,”—Captain Ducie’s lip curled a little at the word *favor*,—“to accompany me to England.”

Good breeding and intense feeling caused a profound silence, until the young man himself approached the party. Paul endeavored to be calm, and he even forced a smile as he addressed his friends.

“Although I escape the honors of a marine guard,” he said,—and Eve thought he said it bitterly, “I am also to be taken out of the ship. Chance has several times thrown me into your society, Mr. Effingham—Miss Effingham—and, should the same good fortune ever again occur, I hope I may be permitted to address you at once as an old acquaintance.

“We shall always entertain a most grateful recollection of your important services, Mr. Powis,” returned the father; “and I shall not cease to wish that the day may soon arrive when I can have the pleasure of receiving you under my own roof.”

Paul now offered to take the hand of Mademoiselle, which he kissed gallantly. He did the same with Eve, though she felt him tremble in the attempt. As these ladies had lived much in countries in which this graceful mode of salutation prevails among intimates, the act passed as a matter of course.

With Sir George Templemore, Paul parted with every sign of good-will. The people, to whom he had caused a liberal donation to be made, gave him three cheers, for they understood his professional merits at least; and Saunders, who had not been forgotten, attended him assiduously to the side of the ship. Here Mr. Leach called, “the Foam’s away!” and Captain Ducie’s gig was manned. At the gangway Captain Truck again shook Paul cordially by the hand, and whispered something in his ear.

Everything being now ready, the two gentlemen prepared to go into the boat. As Eve watched all that passed with an almost breathless anxiety, a little ceremonial that now took

place caused her much pain. Hitherto the manner of Captain Ducie, as respected his companion, had struck her as equivocal. At times it was haughty and distant, while at others it had appeared more conciliatory and kind. All these little changes she had noticed with a jealous interest, and the slightest appearance of respect or of disrespect was remarked, as if it could furnish a clue to the mystery of the whole procedure.

"Your boat is ready, sir," said Mr. Leach, stepping out of the gangway to give way to Paul, who stood nearest to the ladder.

The latter was about to proceed, when he was touched lightly on the shoulder by Captain Ducie, who smiled, Eve thought haughtily, and intimated a desire to precede him. Paul colored, bowed, and falling back, permitted the English officer to enter his own boat first.

"*Apparemment ce capitaine Anglais est un peu sans facon—Voilà qui est poli!*" whispered Mademoiselle Viefville.

"These commanders of vessels of war are little kings," quietly observed Mr. Effingham, who had unavoidably noticed the whole procedure.

The gig was soon clear of the ship, and both the gentlemen repeated their adieus to those on deck. To reach the corvette, to enter her, and to have the gig swinging on her quarter occupied but five minutes.

Both ships now filled away, and the corvette began to throw out one sheet of cloth after another until she was under a cloud of canvas, again standing to the eastward with studding-sails aloft and aloft. On the other hand, the Montauk laid her yards square, and ran down to the Hook. The pilot from the corvette had been sent on board the packet, and, the wind standing, by eleven o'clock the latter had crossed the bar. At this moment the low dark stern of the Foam resembled a small black spot on the sea sustaining a pyramid of cloud.

"You were not on deck, John, to take leave of your young friend Powis," said Mr. Effingham, reproachfully.

"I do not wish to witness a ceremony of this extraordinary nature. And yet it might have been better if I had."

"Better, cousin Jack!"

"Better. Poor Monday committed to my care certain papers that, I fancy, are of moment to some one, and these I entrusted to Mr. Powis with a view to examine them together when we should get in. In the hurry of parting he has carried them off."

"They may be reclaimed by writing to London," said Mr. Effingham. "Have you his address?"

"I asked him for it; but the question appeared to embarrass him."

"Embarrass, cousin Jack!"

"Embarrass, Miss Effingham."

The subject was now dropped by common consent. A few moments of awkward silence succeeded, when the interest inseparable from a return home, after an absence of years, began to resume its influence, and objects on the land were noticed. The sudden departure of Paul was not forgotten, however; for it continued the subject of wonder with all for weeks, though little more was said on the subject.

The ship was soon abreast of the Hook, which Eve compared, to the disadvantage of the celebrated American haven, with the rocky promontories and picturesque towers of the Mediterranean.

"This portion of our bay, at least, is not very admirable," she said, "though there is a promise of something better above."

"Some New York cockney, who has wandered from the crackling heat of his Nott stove, has taken it into his poetical imagination to liken this bay to that of Naples," said John Effingham; "and his fellow-citizens greedily swallow the absurdity, although there is scarcely a feature in common to give the foolish opinion value."

"But the bay above *is* beautiful!"

"Barely pretty: when one has seen it alone, for many years, and has forgotten the features of other bays, it does not appear amiss; but *you*, fresh from the bolder landscapes of Southern Europe, will be disappointed."

Eve, an ardent admirer of nature, heard this with regret, for she had as much confidence in the taste of her kinsman as in his love of truth. She knew he was superior to the vulgar vanity of giving an undue merit to a thing because he had a right of property in it; was a man of the world, and knew what he uttered on all such matters; had not an atom of provincial admiration or of provincial weakness in his composition; and, although as ready as another, and far more able than most, to defend his country and her institutions from the rude assault of her revilers, that he seldom made the capital mistake of attempting to defend a weak point.

The scenery greatly improved, in fact, however, as the ship advanced; and while she went through the pass called the Nar

rows, Eve expressed her delight. Mademoiselle Viefville was in ecstasies, not so much with the beauties of the place as with the change from the monotony of the ocean to the movement and liveliness of the shore.

“You think this noble scenery?” said John Effingham.

“As far from it as possible, cousin Jack. I see much meanness and poverty in the view, but at the same time it has fine parts. The islands are not Italian, certainly; nor these hills, nor yet that line of distant rocks; but, together, they form a pretty bay, and a noble one in extent and uses at least.”

“All this is true, Perhaps the earth does not contain another port with so many advantages for commerce. In this respect I think it positively unequalled; but I know a hundred bays that surpass it in beauty. Indeed in the Mediterranean it is not easy to find a natural haven that does not.”

Eve was too fresh from the gorgeous coast of Italy to be in ecstasies with the meagre villages and villas that, more or less, lined the bay of New York; but when they reached a point where the view of the two rivers, separated by the town, came before them, with the heights of Brooklyn, heights comparatively if not positively, on one side, and the receding wall of the palisades on the other, Eve insisted that the scene was positively fine.

“You have well chosen your spot,” said John Effingham; “but even this is barely good. There is nothing surpassing about it.”

“But it is home, cousin Jack.”

“It is *home*, Miss Effingham,” he answered, gaping; “and as you have no cargo to sell, I fear you will find it an exceedingly dull one.”

“We shall see—we shall see,” returned Eve, laughing. Then, looking about her for a few minutes, she added with a manner in which real and affected vexation were prettily blended, “In one thing I do confess myself disappointed.”

“You will be happy, my dear, if it be in only one.”

“These smaller vessels are less picturesque than those I have been accustomed to see.”

“You have hit upon a very sound criticism, and, by going a little deeper into the subject, you will discover a singular deficiency in this part of an American landscape. The great height of the spars of all the smaller vessels of these waters, when compared with the tame and level coast, river banks, and the formation of the country in general, has the effect to diminish still more the outlines of any particular scene. Beautiful as

it is, beyond all competition, the Hudson would seem still more so, were it not for these high and ungainly spars."

The pilot now began to shorten sail, and the ship drew into that arm of the sea which, by a misnomer peculiarly American, it is the fashion to call the East River. Here our heroine candidly expressed her disappointment, the town seeming mean and insignificant. The Battery, of which she remembered a little, and had heard so much, although beautifully placed disappointed her, for it had neither the extent and magnificence of a park, nor the embellishments and luxurious shades of a garden. As she had been told that her countrymen were almost ignorant of the art of landscape gardening, she was not so much disappointed with this spot, however, as with the air of the town, and the extreme filth and poverty of the quays. Unwilling to encourage John Effingham in his disposition to censure, she concealed her opinions for a time.

"There is less improvement here than even I expected," said Mr. Effingham, as they got into a coach on the wharf. "They had taught me, John, to expect great improvements."

"And great, very great improvements have been made in your absence. If you could see this place as you knew it in youth, the alterations would seem marvellous."

"I cannot admit this. With Eve, I think the place mean in appearance, rather than imposing, and so decidedly provincial as not to possess a single feature of a capital."

"The two things are not irreconcilable, Ned, if you will take the trouble to tax your memory. The place *is* mean and provincial; but thirty years since it was still meaner and more provincial than it is to-day. A century hence it will begin to resemble a large European town."

"What odious objects these posts are!" cried Eve.

"They give the streets the air of a village, and I do not see their uses."

"Those posts are for awnings, and of themselves they prove the peculiar country character of the place. If you will reflect, however, you will see it could not well be otherwise. This town to-day contains near three hundred thousand souls, two-thirds of whom are in truth emigrants from the interior of some foreign country; and such a collection of people cannot in a day give a town any other character than that which belongs to themselves. It is not a crime to be provincial and rustic; it is only ridiculous to fancy yourselves otherwise, when the fact is apparent."

"The streets seem deserted. I had thought New York a crowded town."

"And yet this is Broadway, a street that every American will tell you is so crowded as to render respiration impossible."

"John Effingham excepted," said Mr. Effingham smiling.

"Is *this* Broadway?" cried Eve, fairly appalled.

"Beyond a question. Are you not smothered?"

Eve continued silent until the carriage reached the door of her father's house. On the other hand, Mademoiselle Viefville expressed herself delighted with all she saw, a circumstance that might have deceived a native of the country, who did not know how to explain raptures. In the first place she was a Frenchwoman, and accustomed to say pleasant things; then she was just relieved from an element she detested, and the land was pleasant in her eyes. But the principal reason is still in reserve: Mademoiselle Viefville, like most Europeans, had regarded America not merely as a provincial country, and this without a high standard of civilization for a province, as the truth would have shown, but as a semi-barbarous quarter of the world; and the things she saw so much surpassed her expectations, that she was delighted, as it might be, by contrast.

As we shall have a future occasion to speak of the dwelling of Mr. Effingham, and to accompany the reader much further in the histories of our several characters, we shall pass over the feelings of Eve when fairly established that night under her own roof. The next morning, however, when she descended to breakfast, she was met by John Effingham, who gravely pointed to the following paragraph in one of the daily journals.

"The Montauk, London packet, which has been a little out of time, arrived yesterday, as reported in our marine news. The ship has met with various interesting adventures, that, we are happy to hear, will shortly be laid before the world by one of her passengers, a gentleman every way qualified for the task. Among the distinguished persons arrived in this ship is our contemporary, Steadfast Dodge, Esquire, whose amusing and instructing letters from Europe are already before the world. We are glad to hear that Mr. Dodge returns home better satisfied than ever with his own country, which he declares to be quite good enough for him. It is whispered that our literary friend has played a conspicuous part in some recent events on the coast of Africa, though his extreme and well known modesty renders him indisposed to speak of the affair; but we forbear ourselves, out of respect to a sensibility that we know how to esteem!

“His Britannic Majesty’s ship, Foam, whose arrival we noticed a day or two since, boarded the Montauk off the Hook, and took out of her two criminals, one of whom we are told, was a defaulter for one hundred and forty thousand pounds, and the other a deserter from the king’s service, though a scion of a noble house. More of this to-morrow.”

The morrow never came, for some new incident took the place of the promised narration. A people who do not give themselves time to eat, and with whom “go ahead” has got to be the substitute of even religion, little troubling themselves to go back twenty-four hours in search of a fact.

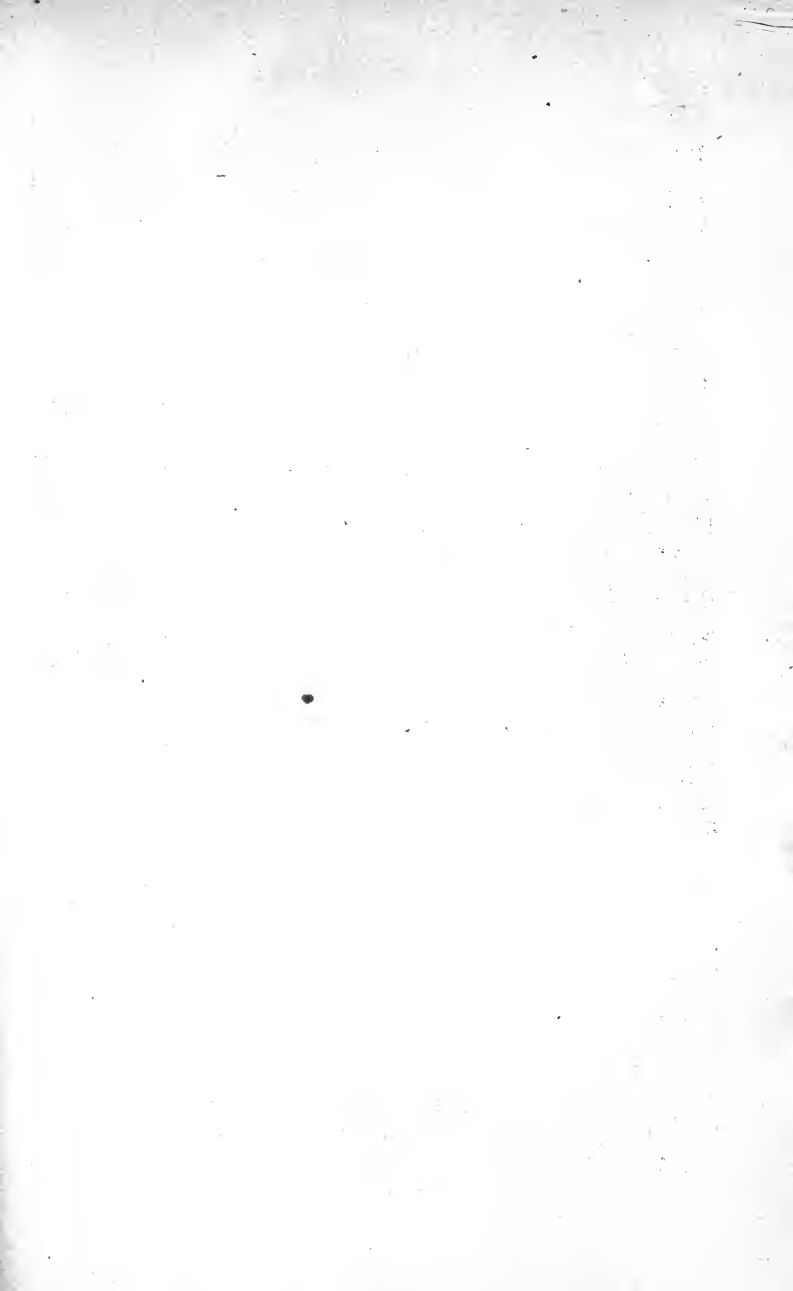
“This must be a base falsehood, cousin Jack,” said Eve, as she laid down the paper, her brow flushed with an indignation that, for the moment, proved too strong for even apprehension.

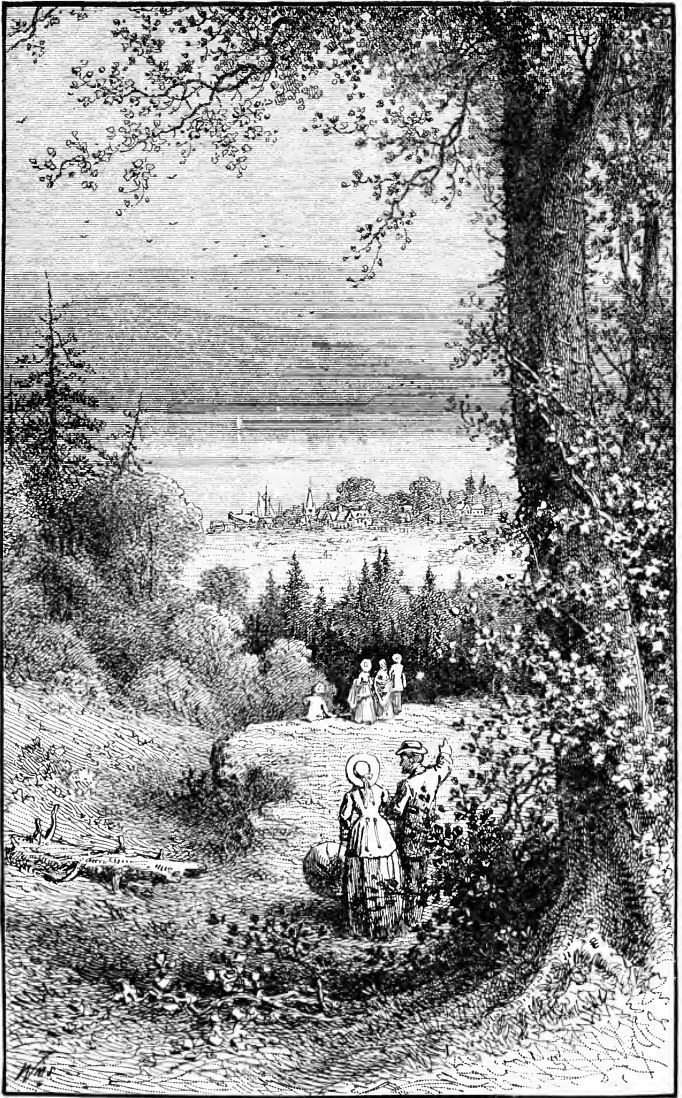
“I hope it may turn out to be so, and yet I consider the affair sufficiently singular to render suspicion at least natural.”

How Eve both thought and acted in the matter, will appear hereafter.

THE END.







“No, do I know where we are!” exclaimed Eve. “This is the vision, and yonder, indeed, is our blessed home!”—*Home as Found*, page 120.

HOME AS FOUND

SEQUEL TO

HOMeward BOUND

BY

J. FENIMORE COOPER

“Thou art perfect”

PR. HEN.



P R E F A C E .

THOSE who have done us the favor to read "Homeward Bound" will at once perceive that the incidents of this book commence at the point where those of the work just mentioned ceased. We are fully aware of the disadvantage of dividing the interest of a tale in this manner ; but in the present instance, the separation has been produced by circumstances over which the writer had very little control. As any one who may happen to take up this volume will very soon discover that there is other matter which it is necessary to know, it may be as well to tell all such persons, in the commencement, therefore, that their reading will be bootless, unless they have leisure to turn to the pages of "Homeward Bound" for their cue.

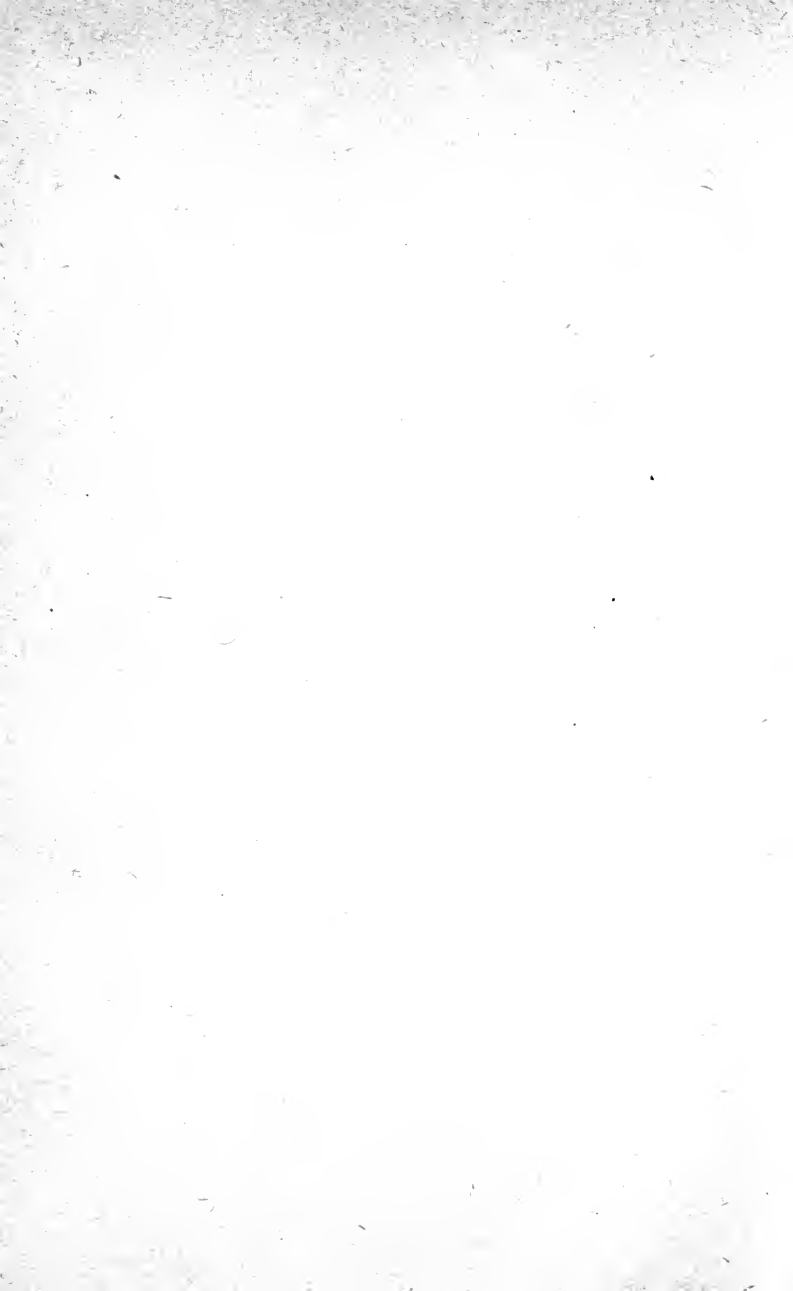
We remember the despair with which that admirable observer of men, Mr. Mathews the comedian, confessed the hopelessness of success, in his endeavors to obtain a sufficiency of prominent and distinctive features to compose an entertainment founded on American character. The whole nation struck him as being destitute of salient points, and as characterized by a respectable mediocrity, that, however useful it might be in its way, was utterly without poetry, humor, or interest to the observer. For one who dealt principally with the more conspicuous absurdities of his fellow-creatures, Mr. Mathews was certainly right ; we also believe him to have been right in

the main, in the general tenor of his opinion ; for this country, in its ordinary aspects, probably presents as barren a field to the writer of fiction, and to the dramatist, as any other on earth ; we are not certain that we might not say the most barren. We believe that no attempt to delineate ordinary American life, either on the stage or in the pages of a novel, has been rewarded with success. Even those works in which the desire to illustrate a principle has been the aim, when the picture has been brought within this homely frame, have had to contend with disadvantages that have been commonly found insurmountable. The latter being the intention of this book, the task has been undertaken with a perfect consciousness of all its difficulties, and with scarcely a hope of success. It would be indeed a desperate undertaking, to think of making anything interesting in the way of a *Roman de Société* in this country ; still useful glances may possibly be made even in that direction, and we trust that the fidelity of one or two of our portraits will be recognized by the looker-on, although they will very likely be denied by the sitters themselves.

There seems to be a pervading principle in things, which gives an accumulating energy to any active property that may happen to be in the ascendant, at the time being—money produces money ; knowledge is the parent of knowledge ; and ignorance fortifies ignorance. In a word, like begets like. The governing social evil of America is provincialism ; a misfortune that is perhaps inseparable from her situation. Without a social capital, with twenty or more communities divided by distance and political barriers, her people, who are really more homogeneous than any other of the same numbers in the world perhaps, possess no standard for opinion, manners, social maxims, or even language. Every man, as a matter of course, refers to his own particular experience, and praises or con-

demns agreeably to notions contracted in the circle of his own habits, however narrow, provincial, or erroneous they may happen to be. As a consequence, no useful stage can exist ; for the dramatist who should endeavor to delineate the faults of society, would find a formidable party arrayed against him, in a moment, with no party to defend. As another consequence, we see individuals constantly assailed with a wolf-like ferocity, while society is everywhere permitted to pass unscathed.

That the American nation is a great nation, in some particulars the greatest the world ever saw, we hold to be true, and are as ready to maintain as any one can be ; but we are also equally ready to concede, that it is very far behind most polished nations in various essentials, and chiefly, that it is lamentably in arrears to its own avowed principles. Perhaps this truth will be found to be the predominant thought, throughout the pages of "Home as Found."



HOME AS FOUND.

CHAPTER I.

“Good morrow, coz.
Good morrow, sweet Hero.”

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Mr. Effingham determined to return home he sent orders to his agent to prepare his town-house in New York for his reception, intending to pass a month or two in it, then to repair to Washington for a few weeks, at the close of its season, and to visit his country residence when the spring should fairly open. Accordingly, Eve now found herself at the head of one of the largest establishments in the largest American town, within an hour after she had landed from the ship. Fortunately for her, however, her father was too just to consider a wife or a daughter a mere upper servant, and he rightly judged that a liberal portion of his income should be assigned to the procuring of that higher quality of domestic service, which can alone relieve the mistress of a household from a burden so heavy to be borne. Unlike so many of those around him, who would spend on a single pretending and comfortless entertainment, in which the ostentatious folly of one contended with the ostentatious folly of another, a sum that, properly directed, would introduce order and system into a family for a twelvemonth, by commanding the time and knowledge of those whose study they had been, and who would be willing to devote themselves to such objects, and then permit their wives and daughters to return to the drudgery to which the sex seems doomed in this country, he first bethought him of the wants of

social life before he aspired to its parade. A man of the world, Mr. Effingham possessed the requisite knowledge, and a man of justice, the requisite fairness, to permit those who depended on him so much for their happiness, to share equitably in the good things that Providence had so liberally bestowed on himself. In other words, he made two people comfortable by paying a generous price for a housekeeper ; his daughter, in the first place, by releasing her from cares that necessarily formed no more a part of her duties than it would be a part of her duty to sweep the pavement before the door ; and in the next place, a very respectable woman, who was glad to obtain so good a home on so easy terms. To this simple and just expedient Eve was indebted for being at the head of one of the quietest, most truly elegant, and best ordered establishments in America, with no other demands on her time than that which was necessary to issue a few orders in the morning, and to examine a few accounts once a week.

One of the first and most acceptable of the visits that Eve received was from her cousin, Grace Van Cortlandt, who was in the country at the moment of her arrival, but who hurried back to town to meet her old schoolfellow and kinswoman, the instant she heard of her having landed. Eve Effingham and Grace Van Cortlandt were sisters' children, and had been born within a month of each other. As the latter was without father or mother, most of their time had been passed together, until the former was taken abroad, when a separation unavoidably ensued. Mr. Effingham ardently desired, and had actually designed to take his niece with him to Europe, but her paternal grandfather, who was still living, objected his years and affection, and the scheme was reluctantly abandoned. This grandfather was now dead, and Grace had been left, with a very ample fortune, almost entirely the mistress of her own movements.

The moment of the meeting between these two warm-hearted and sincerely attached young women was one of great interest and anxiety to both. They retained for each other the tenderest love, though the years that had separated them had given rise to so many new impressions and habits, that they did not prepare themselves for the interview without apprehension. This interview took

place about a week after Eve was established in Hudson Square, and at an hour earlier than was usual for the reception of visits. Hearing a carriage stop before the door, and the bell ring, our heroine stole a glance from behind a curtain, and recognized her cousin as she alighted.

“*Qu’avez-vous, ma chère?*” demanded Mademoiselle Vieville, observing that her *élève* trembled and grew pale.

“It is my cousin, Miss Van Cortlandt—she whom I loved as a sister—we now meet for the first time in so many years!”

“*Bien—c’est une très jolie jeune personne!*” returned the governess, taking a glance from the spot Eve had just quitted. “*Sur le rapport de la personne, ma chère, vous devriez être contente, au moins.*”

“If you will excuse me, Mademoiselle, I will go down alone—I think I should prefer to meet Grace without witnesses, in the first interview.”

“*Très volontiers. Elle est parente, et c’est bien naturel.*”

Eve on this expressed approbation met her maid at the door, as she came to announce that Mademoiselle de Cortlandt was in the library, and descended slowly to meet her. The library was lighted from above by means of a small dome, and Grace had unconsciously placed herself in the very position that a painter would have chosen, had she been about to sit for her portrait. A strong, full, rich light fell obliquely on her, as Eve entered, displaying her fine person and beautiful features to the very best advantage, and they were features and a person that are not seen every day, even in a country where female beauty is so common. She was in a carriage dress, and her toilette was rather more elaborate than Eve had been accustomed to see at that hour, but still Eve thought she had seldom seen a more lovely young creature. Some such thoughts also passed through the mind of Grace herself, who, though struck, with a woman’s readiness in such matters, with the severe simplicity of Eve’s attire, as well as with its entire elegance, was more struck with the charms of her countenance and figure. There was, in truth, a strong resemblance between them, though each was distinguished by an expression suited to her character, and to the habits of her mind.

"Miss Effingham!" said Grace, advancing a step to meet the lady who entered, while her voice was scarcely audible and her limbs trembled.

"Miss Van Cortlandt!" said Eve, in the same low, smothered tone.

This formality caused a chill in both, and each unconsciously stopped and courtesied. Eve had been so much struck with the coldness of the American manner during the week she had been at home, and Grace was so sensitive on the subject of the opinion of one who had seen so much of Europe, that there was great danger, at that critical moment, the meeting would terminate unpropitiously.

Thus far, however, all had been rigidly decorous, though the strong feelings that were glowing in the bosoms of both had been so completely suppressed. But the smile, cold and embarrassed as it was, that each gave as she courtesied, had the sweet character of her childhood in it, and recalled to both the girlish and affectionate intercourse of their younger days.

"Grace!" said Eve, eagerly advancing a step or two impetuously, and blushing like the dawn.

"Eve!"

Each opened her arms, and in a moment they were locked in a long and fervent embrace. This was the commencement of their former intimacy, and before night Grace was domesticated in her uncle's house. It is true that Miss Effingham perceived certain peculiarities about Miss Van Cortlandt that she had rather were absent; and Miss Van Cortlandt would have felt more at ease had Miss Effingham a little less reserve of manner on certain subjects that the latter had been taught to think interdicted. Notwithstanding these slight separating shades in character, however, the natural affection was warm and sincere; and if Eve, according to Grace's notions, was a little stately and formal, she was polished and courteous; and if Grace, according to Eve's notions, was a little too easy and unreserved, she was feminine and delicate.

We pass over the three or four days that succeeded, during which Eve had got to understand something of her new position, and we will come at once to a conversation between the cousins, that will serve to let the reader more intimately into the opinions, habits, and feelings of

both, as well as to open the real subject of our narrative. This conversation took place in that very library which had witnessed their first interview, soon after breakfast, and while the young ladies were still alone.

"I suppose, Eve, you will have to visit the Greens. They are Hajjis, and were much in society last winter."

"Hajjis! You surely do not mean, Grace, that they have been to Mecca?"

"Not at all: only to Paris, my dear; that makes a Hajji in New York."

"And does it entitle the pilgrim to wear the green turban?" asked Eve, laughing.

"To wear anything, Miss Effingham; green, blue, or yellow, and to cause it to pass for elegance."

"And which is the favorite color with the family you have mentioned?"

"It ought to be the first, in compliment to the name, but, if truth must be said, I think they betray an affection for all, with not a few of the half-tints in addition."

"I am afraid they are too *prononcées* for us, by this description. I am no great admirer, Grace, of walking rain-bows."

"Too Green, you would have said, had you dared; but you are a Hajji too, and even the Greens know that a Hajji never puns, unless, indeed, it might be one from Philadelphia. But you will visit these people?"

"Certainly, if they are in society and render it necessary by their own civilities."

"They are in society, in virtue of their rights as Hajjis; but as they passed three months at Paris, you probably know something of them."

"They may not have been there at the same time with ourselves," returned Eve, quietly, "and Paris is a very large town. Hundreds of people come and go that one never hears of. I do not remember those you have mentioned."

"I wish you may escape them, for, in my untravelled judgment, they are anything but agreeable, notwithstanding all they have seen or pretend to have seen."

"It is very possible to have been all over Christendom, and to remain exceedingly disagreeable; besides, one may see a great deal, yet see very little of a good quality."

A pause of two or three minutes followed, during which Eve read a note, and her cousin played with the leaves of a book.

"I wish I knew your real opinion of us, Eve," the last suddenly exclaimed. "Why not be frank with so near a relative; tell me honestly, now—are you reconciled to your country?"

"You are the eleventh person who has asked me this question, which I find very extraordinary, as I have never quarrelled with my country."

"Nay, I do not mean exactly that. I wish to hear how our society has struck one who has been educated abroad."

"You wish, then, for opinions that can have no great value, since my experience at home extends only to a fortnight. But you have many books on the country, and some written by very clever persons; why not consult them?"

"Oh! you mean the travellers. None of them are worth a second thought, and we hold them, one and all, in great contempt."

"Of that I can have no manner of doubt, as one and all you are constantly protesting it, in the highways and byways. There is no more certain sign of contempt than to be incessantly dwelling on its intensity!"

Grace had great quickness, as well as her cousin, and though provoked at Eve's quiet hit, she had the good sense and the good-nature to laugh.

"Perhaps we do protest and disdain a little too strenuously for good taste, if not to gain believers; but surely, Eve, you do not support these travellers in all that they have written of us?"

"Not in half, I can assure you. My father and cousin Jack have discussed them too often in my presence to leave me in ignorance of the very many political blunders they have made in particular."

"Political blunders! I know nothing of them, and had rather thought them right in most of what they said about our politics. But, surely, neither your father nor Mr. John Effingham corroborates what they say of our society!"

"I cannot answer for either, on that point."

"Speak, then, for yourself. Do you think them right?"

"You should remember, Grace, that I have not yet seen any society in New York."

"No society, dear! Why, you were at the Hendersons', and the Morgans', and the Drewetts'; three of the greatest *réunions* that we have had in two winters!"

"I did not know that you meant those unpleasant crowds, by society."

"Unpleasant crowds! Why, child, that is society, is it not?"

"Not what I have been taught to consider such; I rather think it would be better to call it company."

"And is not this what is called society in Paris?"

"As far from it as possible; it may be an excrescence of society; one of its forms; but by no means society itself. It would be as true to call cards, which are sometimes introduced in the world, society, as to call a ball given in two small and crowded rooms, society. They are merely two of the modes in which idlers endeavor to vary their amusements."

"But we have little else than these balls, the morning visits, and an occasional evening in which there is no dancing."

"I am sorry to hear it; for, in that case, you can have no society."

"And is it different at Paris—or Florence, or Rome?"

"Very. In Paris there are many houses open every evening to which we can go with little ceremony. Our sex appears in them, dressed according to what a gentleman I overheard conversing at Mrs. Henderson's would call their 'ulterior intentions' for the night; some attired in the simplest manner, others dressed for concerts, for the opera, for court even; some on the way from a dinner, and others going to a late ball. All this matter-of-course variety adds to the ease and grace of the company, and coupled with perfect good manners, a certain knowledge of passing events, pretty modes of expression, an accurate and even utterance, the women usually find the means of making themselves agreeable. Their sentiment is sometimes a little heroic, but this one must overlook, and it is a taste, moreover, that is falling into disuse, as people read better books."

"And you prefer this heartlessness, Eve, to the nature of your own country?"

“I do not know that quiet retinue and a good tone are a whit more heartless than flirting, giggling, and childishness. There may be more nature in the latter, certainly, but it is scarcely as agreeable, after one has fairly got rid of the nursery.”

Grace looked vexed, but she loved her cousin too sincerely to be angry. A secret suspicion that Eve was right, too, came in aid of her affection, and while her little foot moved, she maintained her good-nature, a task not always attainable for those who believe that their own “superlatives” scarcely reach to other people’s “positives.” At this critical moment, when there was so much danger of a jar in the feelings of these two young females, the library door opened, and Pierre, Mr. Effingham’s own man, announced—

“Monsieur Bragg.”

“Monsieur who?” asked Eve, in surprise.

“Monsieur Bragg,” returned Pierre, in French, “desires to see mademoiselle.”

“You mean my father—I know no such person.”

“He inquired first for monsieur, but understanding monsieur was out, he next asked to have the honor of seeing mademoiselle.”

“Is it what they call a person in England, Pierre?”

Old Pierre smiled, as he answered :

“He has the air, mademoiselle, though he esteems himself a personage, if I might take the liberty of judging.”

“Ask him for his card—there must be a mistake, I think.”

While this short conversation took place, Grace Van Cortlandt was sketching a cottage with a pen, without attending to a word that was said. But, when Eve received the card from Pierre and read aloud, with the tone of surprise that the name would be apt to excite in a novice in the art of American nomenclature, the words “Aristabulus Bragg,” her cousin began to laugh.

“Who can this possibly be, Grace? Did you ever hear of such a person, and what right can he have to wish to see me?”

“Admit him, by all means; it is your father’s land agent, and he may wish to leave some message for my uncle. You will be obliged to make his acquaintance, sooner or

later, and it may as well be done now as at another time."

"You have shown this gentleman into the front drawing-room, Pierre?"

"*Qui mademoiselle.*"

"I will ring when you are wanted."

Pierre withdrew, and Eve opened her secretaire, out of which she took a small manuscript book, over the leaves of which she passed her fingers rapidly.

"Here it is," she said, smiling, "'Mr. Aristabulus Bragg, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, and the agent of the Templeton estate.' This precious little work, you must understand, Grace, contains sketches of the characters of such persons as I shall be the most likely to see, by John Effingham, A.M. It is a sealed volume, of course, but there can be no harm in reading the part that treats of our present visitor, and, with your permission, we will have it in common: 'Mr. Aristabulus Bragg was born in one of the western counties of Massachusetts, and emigrated to New York, after receiving his education, at the mature age of nineteen; at twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and for the last seven years he has been a successful practitioner in all the courts of Otsego, from the justice's to the circuit. His talents are undeniable, as he commenced his education at fourteen and terminated it at twenty-one, the law course included. This man is an epitome of all that is good and all that is bad in a very large class of his fellow-citizens. He is quick-witted, prompt in action, enterprising in all things in which he has nothing to lose, but wary and cautious in all things in which he has a real stake, and ready to turn not only his hand, but his heart and his principles, to anything that offers an advantage. With him, literally, "nothing is too high to be aspired to, nothing too low to be done." He will run for Governor, or for town clerk, just as opportunities occur, is expert in all the practices of his profession, has had a quarter's dancing, with three years in the classics, and turned his attention toward medicine and divinity, before he finally settled down into the law. Such a compound of shrewdness, impudence, common-sense, pretension, humility, cleverness, vulgarity, kind-heartedness, duplicity, selfishness, law-honesty, moral fraud and mother wit, mixed up with a

smattering of learning and much penetration in practical things, can hardly be described, as any one of his prominent qualities is certain to be met by another quite as obvious that is almost its converse. Mr. Bragg, in short, is purely a creature of circumstances, his qualities pointing him out for either a member of Congress or a deputy sheriff, offices that he is equally ready to fill. I have employed him to watch over the estate of your father, in the absence of the latter, on the principle that one practised in tricks is the best qualified to detect and expose them, and with the certainty that no man will trespass with impunity, so long as the courts continue to tax bills of costs with their present liberality.' You appear to know the gentleman, Grace ; is this character of him faithful?"

"I know nothing of bills of costs and deputy sheriffs, but I do know that Mr. Aristabulus Bragg is an amusing mixture of strut, humility, roguery, and cleverness. He is waiting all this time in the drawing-room, and you had better see him, as he may now be almost considered part of the family. You know he has been living in the house at Templeton, ever since he was installed by Mr. John Effingham. It was there I had the honor first to meet him."

"First! Surely you have never seen him anywhere else!"

"Your pardon, my dear. He never comes to town without honoring me with a call. This is the price I pay for having had the honor of being an inmate of the same house with him for a week."

Eve rang the bell, and Pierre made his appearance.

"Desire Mr. Bragg to walk into the library."

Grace looked demure while Pierre was gone to usher in their visitor, and Eve was thinking of the medley of qualities John Effingham had assembled in his description, as the door opened, and the subject of her contemplation entered.

"Monsieur Aristabule," said Pierre, eyeing the card, but sticking at the first name.

Mr. Aristabulus Bragg was advancing with an easy assurance to make his bow to the ladies, when the more finished air and quiet dignity of Miss Effingham, who was standing, so far disconcerted him, as completely to upset his self-possession. As Grace had expressed it, in con-

sequence of having lived three years in the old residence at Templeton, he had begun to consider himself a part of the family, and at home he never spoke of the young lady without calling her "Eve," or "Eve Effingham." But he found it a very different thing to affect familiarity among his associates, and to practise it in the very face of its subject; and, although seldom at a loss for words of some sort or another, he was now actually dumbfounded. Eve relieved his awkwardness by directing Pierre, with her eye, to hand a chair, and first speaking.

"I regret that my father is not in," she said, by way of turning the visit from herself; "but he is to be expected every moment. Are you lately from Templeton?"

Aristabulus drew his breath, and recovered enough of his ordinary tone of manner to reply with a decent regard to his character for self-command. The intimacy that he had intended to establish on the spot was temporarily defeated, it is true, and without his exactly knowing how it had been effected; for it was merely the steadiness of the young lady, blended as it was with a polished reserve, that had thrown him to a distance he could not explain. He felt immediately, and with taste that did his sagacity credit, that his footing in this quarter was only to be obtained by unusually slow and cautious means. Still Mr. Bragg was a man of great decision, and, in his way, of very far-sighted views; and singular as it may seem, at that unpropitious moment, he mentally determined that, at no very distant day, he would make Miss Eve Effingham his wife.

"I hope Mr. Effingham enjoys good health," he said, with some such caution as a rebuked school-girl enters on the recitation of her task—"he enjoyed bad health I hear (Mr. Aristabulus Bragg, though so shrewd, was far from critical in his modes of speech) when he went to Europe, and, after travelling so far in such bad company, it would be no more than fair that he should have a little respite as he approaches home and old age."

Had Eve been told that the man who uttered this nice sentiment, and that too in accents as uncouth and provincial as the thought was finished and lucid, actually presumed to think of her as his bosom companion, it is not easy to say which would have predominated in her mind, mirth or resentment. But Mr. Bragg was not in the habit

of letting his secrets escape him prematurely, and certainly this was one that none but a wizard could have discovered without the aid of a direct oral or written communication.

"Are you lately from Templeton?" repeated Eve, a little surprised that the gentleman did not see fit to answer the question, which was the only one that, as it seemed to her, could have common interest with them both.

"I left home the day before yesterday," Aristabulus now deigned to reply.

"It is so long since I saw our beautiful mountains, and I was then so young, that I feel a great impatience to revisit them, though the pleasure must be deferred until spring."

"I conclude they are the handsomest mountains in the known world, Miss Effingham!"

"That is much more than I shall venture to claim for them; but, according to my imperfect recollection, and, what I esteem of far more importance, according to the united testimony of Mr. John Effingham and my father, I think they must be very beautiful."

Aristabulus looked up, as if he had a facetious thing to say, and he even ventured on a smile, while he made his answer.

"I hope Mr. John Effingham has prepared you for a great change in the house?"

"We know that it has been repaired and altered under his directions. That was done at my father's request."

"We consider it denationalized, Miss Effingham, there being nothing like it, west of Albany at least."

"I should be sorry to find that my cousin has subjected us to this imputation," said Eve, smiling—perhaps a little equivocally; "the architecture of America being generally so simple and pure. Mr. Effingham laughs at his own improvements, however, in which, he says, he has only carried out the plans of the original artiste, who worked very much in what was called the composite order."

"You allude to Mr. Hiram Doolittle, a gentleman I never saw; though I hear he has left behind him many traces of his progress in the newer States. *Ex pede Herculem*, as we say in the classics, Miss Effingham. I believe it is the general sentiment that Mr. Doolittle's designs have been improved on, though most people think that the

Grecian or Roman architecture, which is so much in use in America, would be more republican. But everybody knows that Mr. John Effingham is not much of a republican."

Eve did not choose to discuss her kinsman's opinions with Mr. Aristabulus Bragg, and she quietly remarked that she "did not know that the imitations of the ancient architecture, of which there are so many in the country, were owing to attachment to republicanism."

"To what else can it be owing, Miss Eve?"

"Sure enough," said Grace Van Cortlandt; "it is unsuited to the materials, the climate, and the uses; and some very powerful motive, like that mentioned by Mr. Bragg, could alone overcome these obstacles."

Aristabulus started from his seat, and making sundry apologies, declared his previous unconsciousness that Miss Van Cortlandt was present; all of which was true enough, as he had been so much occupied mentally with her cousin as not to have observed her, seated as she was partly behind a screen. Grace received the excuses favorably, and the conversation was resumed.

"I am sorry that my cousin should offend the taste of the country," said Eve, "but as we are to live in the house the punishment will fall heaviest on the offenders."

"Do not mistake me, Miss Eve," returned Aristabulus in a little alarm, for he too well understood the influence and wealth of John Effingham, not to wish to be on good terms with him, "do not mistake me. I admire the house, and know it to be a perfect specimen of a pure architecture in its way, but then public opinion is not yet quite up to it. I see all its beauties, I would wish you to know, but then there are many, a majority perhaps, who do not, and these persons think they ought to be consulted about such matters."

"I believe Mr. John Effingham thinks less of his own work than you seem to think of it yourself, sir, for I have frequently heard him laugh at it as a mere enlargement of the merits of the Composite order. He calls it a caprice rather than a taste; nor do I see what concern a majority, as you term them, can have with a house that does not belong to them."

Aristabulus was surprised that any one could disregard a majority; for in this respect he a good deal resembled

Mr. Dodge, though running a different career ; and the look of surprise he gave was natural and open.

“ I do not mean that the public has a legal right to control the tastes of the citizen,” he said, “ but in a republican government, you undoubtedly understand, Miss Eve, it will rule in all things.”

“ I can understand that one would wish to see his neighbor use good taste, as it helps to embellish a country ; but the man who should consult the whole neighborhood before he built would be very apt to cause a complicated house to be erected, if he paid much respect to the different opinions he received ; or, what is quite as likely, apt to have no house at all.”

“ I think you are mistaken, Miss Effingham, for the public sentiment just now runs almost exclusively and popularly into the Grecian school. We build little besides temples for our churches, our banks, our taverns, our court-houses, and our dwellings. A friend of mine has just built a brewery on the model of the Temple of the Winds.”

“ Had it been a mill, one might understand the conceit,” said Eve, who now began to perceive that her visitor had some latent humor, though he produced it in a manner to induce one to think him anything but a droll. “ The mountains must be doubly beautiful if they are decorated in the way you mention. I sincerely hope, Grace, that I shall find the hills as pleasant as they now exist in my recollection.”

“ Should they not prove to be quite as lovely as you imagine, Miss Effingham,” returned Aristabulus, who saw no impropriety in answering a remark made to Miss Van Cortlandt, or any one else, “ I hope you will have the kindness to conceal the fact from the world.”

“ I am afraid that would exceed my power—the disappointment would be so strong. May I ask why you show so much interest in my keeping so cruel a mortification to myself ?”

“ Why, Miss Eve,” said Aristabulus, looking grave, “ I am afraid that our people would hardly bear the expression of such an opinion from you.”

“ From me !—and why not from me, in particular ?”

“ Perhaps it is because they think you have travelled, and have seen other countries.”

“And is it only those who have not travelled, and who have no means of knowing the value of what they say, that are privileged to criticise?”

“I cannot exactly explain my own meaning, perhaps, but I think Miss Grace will understand me. Do you not agree with me, Miss Van Cortlandt, in thinking it would be safer for one who never saw any other mountains, to complain of the tameness and monotony of our own, than for one who had passed a whole life among the Andes and the Alps?”

Eve smiled, for she saw that Mr. Bragg was capable of detecting and laughing at provincial pride, even while he was so much under its influence; and Grace colored, for she had the consciousness of having already betrayed some of this very silly sensitiveness in her intercourse with her cousin, in connection with other subjects. A reply was unnecessary, however, as the door just then opened, and John Effingham made his appearance. The meeting between the two gentlemen, for we suppose Aristabulus must be included in the category, by courtesy, if not of right, was more cordial than Eve had expected to witness, for each really entertained a respect for the other, in reference to a merit of a particular sort; Mr. Bragg esteeming Mr. John Effingham as a wealthy and caustic cynic, and Mr. John Effingham regarding Mr. Bragg much as the owner of a dwelling regards a valuable house-dog. After a few moments of conversation the two withdrew together; and just as the ladies were about to descend to the drawing-room, previously to dinner, Pierre announced that a plate had been ordered for the land agent.

CHAPTER II.

“I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman.” MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Eve and her cousin found Sir George Templemore and Captain Truck in the drawing-room, the former having lingered in New York, with a desire to be near his friends, and the latter being on the point of sailing for Europe, in his regular turn. To these must be added Mr. Bragg and

the ordinary inmates of the house, when the reader will get a view of the whole party.

Aristabulus had never before sat down to as brilliant a table, and for the first time in his life he saw candles lighted at a dinner ; but he was not a man to be disconcerted at a novelty. Had he been a European of the same origin and habits, awkwardness would have betrayed him fifty times before the dessert made its appearance ; but being the man he was, one who overlooked a certain prurient politeness that rather illustrated his deportment, might very well have permitted him to pass among the *oi polloi* of the world, were it not for a peculiar management in the way of providing for himself. It is true, he asked every one near him to eat of everything he could himself reach, and that he used his knife as a coal-heaver uses his shovel ; but the company he was in, though fastidious in its own deportment, was altogether above the silver-forkisms, and this portion of his demeanor, if it did not escape undetected, passed away unnoticed. Not so, however, with the peculiarity already mentioned as an exception. This touch of deportment (or management, perhaps, is the better word), being characteristic of the man, it deserves to be mentioned a little in detail.

The service at Mr. Effingham's table was made in the quiet but thorough manner that distinguishes a French dinner. Every dish was removed, carved by the domestics, and handed in turn to each guest. But there was a delay and a finish in this arrangement that suited neither Aristabulus's go-a-head-ism, nor his organ of acquisitiveness. Instead of waiting, therefore, for the more graduated movements of the domestics, he began to take care of himself, an office that he performed with a certain dexterity that he had acquired by frequenting ordinaries—a school, by the way, in which he had obtained most of his notions of the proprieties of the table. One or two slices were obtained in the usual manner, or by means of the regular service ; and then, like one who had laid the foundation of a fortune by some lucky windfall in the commencement of his career, he began to make accessions, right and left, as opportunity offered. Sundry *entremets*, or light dishes, that had a peculiarly tempting appearance, came first under his grasp. Of these he soon accumulated all within his

reach, by taxing his neighbors, when he ventured to send his plate here and there, or wherever he saw a dish that promised to reward his trouble. By such means, which were resorted to, however, with a quiet and unobtrusive assiduity that escaped much observation, Mr. Bragg contrived to make his own plate a sample epitome of the first course. It contained in the centre, fish, beef, and ham; and around these staple articles he had arranged croquettes, rognons, r agouts, vegetables, and other light things, until not only was the plate completely covered, but it was actually covered in double and triple layers; mustard, cold butter, salt, and even pepper garnishing its edges. These different accumulations were the work of time and address, and most of the company had repeatedly changed their plates before Aristabulus had eaten a mouthful, the soup excepted. The happy moment when his ingenuity was to be rewarded had now arrived, and the land agent was about to commence the process of mastication, or of deglutition rather, for he troubled himself very little with the first operation, when the report of a cork drew his attention toward the champagne. To Aristabulus this wine never came amiss, for relishing its piquancy, he had never gone far enough into the science of the table to learn which were the proper moments for using it. As respected all the others at table, this moment had in truth arrived, though, as respected himself, he was no nearer to it, according to a regulated taste, than when he first took his seat. Perceiving that Pierre was serving it, however, he offered his own glass, and enjoyed a delicious instant as he swallowed a beverage that much surpassed anything he had ever known to issue out of the waxed and leaded nozzles that, pointed like so many enemies' batteries loaded with headaches and disordered stomachs, garnished sundry village bars of his acquaintance.

Aristabulus finished his glass at a draught, and when he took breath he fairly smacked his lips. That was an unlucky instant; his plate, burdened with all its treasures, being removed at this unguarded moment; the man who performed this unkind office fancying that a dislike to the dishes could alone have given rise to such an omnium-gatherum.

It was necessary to commence *de novo*, but this could no

longer be done with the first course, which was removed, and Aristabulus set to with zeal forthwith on the game. Necessity compelled him to eat, as the different dishes were offered; and such was his ordinary assiduity with the knife and fork, that, at the end of the second remove, he had actually disposed of more food than any other person at table. He now began to converse, and we shall open the conversation at the precise point in the dinner when it was in the power of Aristabulus to make one of the interlocutors.

Unlike Mr. Dodge, he had betrayed no peculiar interest in the baronet, being a man too shrewd and worldly to set his heart on trifles of any sort; and Mr. Bragg no more hesitated about replying to Sir George Templemore or Mr. Effingham, than he would have hesitated about answering one of his own nearest associates. With him age and experience formed no particular claims to be heard, and, as to rank, it is true he had some vague ideas about there being such a thing in the militia, but as it was unsalaried rank, he attached no great importance to it. Sir George Templemore was inquiring concerning the recording of deeds, a regulation that had recently attracted attention in England; and one of Mr. Effingham's replies contained some immaterial inaccuracy, which Aristabulus took occasion to correct, as his first appearance in the general discourse.

"I ask pardon, sir," he concluded his explanations by saying, "but I ought to know these little niceties, having served a short part of a term as a county clerk, to fill a vacancy occasioned by a death."

"You mean, Mr. Bragg, that you were employed to write in a county clerk's office," observed John Effingham, who so much disliked untruth, that he did not hesitate much about refuting it, or what he now fancied to be an untruth.

"As county clerk, sir. Major Pippin died a year before his time was out, and I got the appointment. As regular a county clerk, sir, as there is in the fifty-six counties of New York."

"When I had the honor to engage you as Mr. Effingham's agent, sir," returned the other, a little sternly, for he felt his own character for veracity involved in that of

the subject of his selection, "I believed, indeed, that you were writing in the office, but I did not understand it was as the clerk."

"Very true, Mr. John," returned Aristabulus, without discovering the least concern, "I was then engaged by my successor as a clerk; but a few months earlier, I filled the office myself."

"Had you gone on, in the regular line of promotion, my dear sir," pithily inquired Captain Truck, "to what preferment would you have risen by this time?"

"I believe I understand you, gentlemen," returned the unmoved Aristabulus, who perceived a general smile. "I know that some people are particular about keeping pretty much on the same level, as to office; but I hold to no such doctrine. If one good thing cannot be had, I do not see that it is a reason for rejecting another. I ran that year for sheriff, and finding that I was not strong enough to carry the county, I accepted my successor's offer to write in the office, until something better might turn up."

"You practised all this time, I believe, Mr. Bragg," observed John Effingham.

"I did a little in that way too, sir; or as much as I could. Law is flat with us of late, and many of the attorneys are turning their attention to other callings."

"And pray, sir," asked Sir George, "what is the favorite pursuit with most of them just now?"

"Some our way have gone into the horse-line; but much the greater portion are just now dealing in western cities."

"In western cities!" exclaimed the baronet, looking as if he distrusted a mystification.

"In such articles, and in mill-seats, and railroad lines, and other expectations."

"Mr. Bragg means that they are buying and selling lands on which it is hoped all these conveniences may exist, a century hence," explained John Effingham.

"The hope is for next year, or next week even, Mr. John," returned Aristabulus with a sly look, "though you may be very right as to the reality. Great fortunes have been made on a capital of hopes, lately in this country."

"And have you been able yourself to resist these temp-

tations?" asked Mr. Effingham. "I feel doubly indebted to you, sir, that you should have continued to devote your time to my interests, while so many better things were offering."

"It was my duty, sir," said Aristabulus, bowing so much the lower, from the consciousness that he had actually deserted his post for some months, to embark in the western speculations that were then so active in the country, "not to say my pleasure. There are many profitable occupations in this country, Sir George, that have been overlooked in the eagerness to embark in the town-trade——"

"Mr. Bragg does not mean trade in town, but trade in towns," explained John Effingham.

"Yes, sir, the traffic in cities. I never come this way without casting an eye about me, in order to see if there is anything to be done that is useful; and I confess that several available opportunities have offered, if one had capital. Milk is a good business."

"*Le lait!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville, involuntarily.

"Yes, ma'am, for ladies as well as gentlemen. Sweet potatoes I have heard well spoken of, and peaches are really making some rich men's fortunes."

"All of which are honest and better occupations than the traffic in cities, that you have mentioned," quietly observed Mr. Effingham.

Aristabulus looked up in a little surprise, for with him everything was eligible that returned a good profit, and all things honest that the law did not actually punish. Perceiving, however, that the company was disposed to listen, and having by this time recovered the lost ground, in the way of food, he cheerfully resumed his theme.

"Many families have left Otsego, this and the last summer, Mr. Effingham, as emigrants for the West. The fever has spread far and wide."

"The fever! Is old Otsego," for so its inhabitants loved to call a county of half a century's existence, it being venerable by comparison, "is old Otsego losing its well-established character for salubrity?"

"I do not allude to an animal fever, but to the western fever."

"*Ce pays de l'ouest est-il bien malsain?*" whispered Mademoiselle Vieffville.

"*Apparemment, mademoiselle, sous plusieurs rapports.*"

"The western fever has seized old and young, and it has carried off many active families from our part of the world," continued Aristabulus, who did not understand the little aside just mentioned, and who, of course, did not heed it; "most of the counties adjoining our own have lost a considerable portion of their population."

"And they who have gone, do they belong to the permanent families, or are they merely the floating inhabitants?" inquired Mr. Effingham.

"Most of them belong to the regular movers."

"Movers!" again exclaimed Sir George—"is there any material part of your population who actually deserve this name?"

"As much so as the man who shoes a horse ought to be called a smith, or the man who frames a house a carpenter," answered John Effingham.

"To be sure," continued Mr. Bragg, "we have a pretty considerable leaven of them in our political dough, as well as in our active business. I believe, Sir George, that in England men are tolerably stationary."

"We love to continue for generations on the same spot. We love the tree that our forefathers planted, the roof that they built, the fireside by which they sat, the sods that cover their remains."

"Very poetical, and I dare say there are situations in life in which such feelings come in without much effort. It must be a great check to business operations, however, in your part of the world, sir!"

"Business operations! what is business, as you term it, sir, to the affections, to the recollections of ancestry, and to the solemn feelings connected with history and tradition?"

"Why, sir, in the way of history, one meets with but few incumbrances in this country, but he may do very much as interest indicates, so far as that is concerned, at least. A nation is much to be pitied that is weighed down by the past, in this manner, since its industry and enterprise are constantly impeded by obstacles that grow out of its recollections. America may, indeed, be termed a

happy and a free country, Mr. John Effingham, in this, as well as in all other things !”

Sir George Templemore was too well-bred to utter all he felt at that moment, as it would unavoidably wound the feelings of his hosts, but he was rewarded for his forbearance by intelligent smiles from Eve and Grace, the latter of whom the young baronet fancied, just at that moment, was quite as beautiful as her cousin, and if less finished in manners, she had the most interesting naïveté.

“I have been told that most old nations have to struggle with difficulties that we escape,” returned John Effingham, “though I confess this is a superiority on our part that never before presented itself to my mind.”

“The political economists, and even the geographers, have overlooked it, but practical men see and feel its advantages every hour in the day. I have been told, Sir George Templemore, that in England, there are difficulties in running highways and streets through homesteads and dwellings; and that even a railroad or a canal is obliged to make a curve to avoid a church-yard or a tombstone?”

“I confess to the sin, sir.”

“Our friend Mr. Bragg,” put in John Effingham, “considers life as all means and no end.”

“An end cannot be got at without the means, Mr. John Effingham, as I trust you will yourself admit. I am for the end of the road at least, and must say that I rejoice in being a native of a country in which as few impediments as possible exist to onward impulses. The man who should resist an improvement in our part of the country, on account of his forefathers, would fare badly among his contemporaries.”

“Will you permit me to ask, Mr. Bragg, if you feel no local attachments yourself,” inquired the baronet, throwing as much delicacy into the tones of his voice, as a question that he felt ought to be an insult to a man’s heart would allow—“if one tree is not more pleasant than another; the house you were born in more beautiful than a house into which you never entered; or the altar at which you have long worshipped, more sacred than another at which you never knelt?”

“Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to answer

questions of gentlemen that travel through our country," returned Aristabulus, "for I think, in making nations acquainted with each other, we encourage trade and render business more secure. To reply to your inquiry, a human being is not a cat, to love a locality rather than its own interests. I have found some trees much pleasanter than others, and the pleasantest tree I can remember was one of my own, out of which the sawyers made a thousand feet of clear stuff, to say nothing of middlings. The house I was born in was pulled down shortly after my birth, as indeed has been its successor, so I can tell you nothing on that head; and as for altars, there are none in my persuasion."

"The church of Mr. Bragg has stripped itself as naked as he would strip everything else, if he could," said John Effingham. "I must question if he ever knelt even; much less before the altar."

"We are of the standing order, certainly," returned Aristabulus, glancing toward the ladies to discover how they took his wit, "and Mr. John Effingham is as near right as a man need be, in a matter of faith. In the way of houses, Mr. Effingham, I believe it is the general opinion you might have done better with your own, than to have repaired it. Had the materials been disposed of, they would have sold well, and by running a street through the property, a pretty sum might have been realized."

"In which case I should have been without a home, Mr. Bragg."

"It would have been no great matter to get another on cheaper land. The old residence would have made a good factory or an inn."

"Sir, I am a cat, and like the places I have long frequented."

Aristabulus, though not easily daunted, was awed by Mr. Effingham's manner, and Eve saw that her father's fine face had flushed. This interruption, therefore, suddenly changed the discourse, which has been related at some length, as likely to give the reader a better insight into a character that will fill some space in our narrative, than a more labored description.

"I trust your owners, Captain Truck," said John Effing-

ham, by way of turning the conversation into another channel, "are fully satisfied with the manner in which you saved their property from the hands of the Arabs?"

"Men, when money is concerned, are more disposed to remember how it was lost than how it was recovered, religion and trade being the two poles, on such a point," returned the old seaman, with a serious face. "On the whole, my dear sir, I have reason to be satisfied, however; and so long as you, my passengers and my friends, are not inclined to blame me, I shall feel as if I had done at least a part of my duty."

Eve rose from the table, went to a side-board and returned, when she gracefully placed before the master of the *Montauk* a rich and beautifully chased punch-bowl in silver. Almost at the same moment, Pierre offered a salver that contained a capital watch, a pair of small silver tongs to hold a coal, and a deck trumpet, in solid silver.

"These are so many faint testimonials of our feelings," said Eve—"and you will do us the favor to retain them, as evidences of the esteem created by skill, kindness, and courage."

"My dear young lady!" cried the old tar, touched to the soul by the feeling with which Eve acquitted herself of this little duty, "my dear young lady—well, God bless you—God bless you all—you too, Mr. John Effingham, for that matter—and Sir George—that I should ever have taken that runaway for a gentleman and a baronet—though I suppose there are some silly baronets, as well as silly lords—retain them?" glancing furiously at Mr. Aristabulus Bragg, "may the Lord forget me in the heaviest hurricane, if I ever forget whence these things came, and why they were given."

Here the worthy captain was obliged to swallow some wine, by way of relieving his emotions, and Aristabulus, profiting by the opportunity, coolly took the bowl, which to use a word of his own, he hefted in his hand, with a view to form some tolerably accurate notion of its intrinsic value. Captain Truck's eye caught the action, and he reclaimed his property quite as unceremoniously as it had been taken away; nothing but the presence of the ladies prevented an outbreaking that would have amounted to a declaration of war.

"With your permission, sir," said the captain drily, after he had recovered the bowl, not only without the other's consent, but in some degree against his will; "this bowl is as precious in my eyes as if it were made of my father's bones."

"You may indeed think so," returned the land-agent, "for its cost could not be less than a hundred dollars."

"Cost, sir! But, my dear young lady, let us talk of the real value. For what part of these things am I indebted to you?"

"The bowl is my offering," Eva answered smilingly, though a tear glistened in her eye, as she witnessed the strong unsophisticated feeling of the old tar. "I thought it might serve sometimes to bring me to your recollection, when it was well filled in honor of 'sweethearts and wives.'"

"It shall—it shall, by the Lord; and Mr. Saunders needs look to it, if he do not keep this work as bright as a cruising frigate's bottom. To whom do I owe the coal-tongs?"

"Those are from Mr. John Effingham, who insists that he will come nearer to your heart than any of us, though the gift be of so little cost."

"He does not know me, my dear young lady—nobody ever got as near my heart as you; no, not even my own dear pious old mother. But I thank Mr. John Effingham from my inmost spirit, and shall seldom smoke without thinking of him. The watch I know is Mr. Effingham's, and I ascribe the trumpet to Sir George."

The bows of the several gentlemen assured the captain he was right, and he shook each of them cordially by the hand, protesting, in the fulness of his heart, that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be able to go through the same perilous scenes as those from which they had so lately escaped, in their good company again.

While this was going on, Aristabulus, notwithstanding the rebuke he had received, contrived to get each article, in succession, into his hands, and by dint of poising it on a finger, or by examining it, to form some approximative notion of its inherent value. The watch he actually opened, taking as good a survey of its works as the circumstances of the case would very well allow.

"I respect these things, sir, more than you respect your father's grave," said Captain Truck sternly, as he rescued the last article from what he thought the impious grasp of Aristabulus again, "and cat or no cat, they sink or swim with me for the remainder of the cruise. If there is any virtue in a will, which I am sorry to say I hear there is not any longer, they shall share my last bed with me, be it ashore or be it afloat. My dear young lady, fancy all the rest, but depend on it, punch will be sweeter than ever taken from this bowl, and 'sweethearts and wives' will never be so honored again."

"We are going to a ball this evening, at the house of one with whom I am sufficiently intimate to take the liberty of introducing a stranger, and I wish, gentlemen," said Mr. Effingham, bowing to Aristabulus and the captain, by way of changing the conversation, "you would do me the favor to be of our party."

Mr. Bragg acquiesced very cheerfully, and quite as a matter of course; while Captain Truck, after protesting his unfitness for such scenes, was finally prevailed on by John Effingham to comply with the request also. The ladies remained at table but a few minutes longer, when they retired, Mr. Effingham having dropped into the old custom of sitting at the bottle until summoned to the drawing-room, a usage that continues to exist in America, for a reason no better than the fact that it continues to exist in England; it being almost certain that it will cease in New York, the season after it is known to have ceased in London.

CHAPTER III.

"Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful!"—SHAKESPEARE.

As Captain Truck asked permission to initiate the new coal-tongs by lighting a cigar, Sir George Templemore contrived to ask Pierre, in an aside, if the ladies would allow him to join them. The desired consent having been obtained, the baronet quietly stole from table, and was soon beyond the odors of the dining-room.

"You miss the censer and the frankincense," said Eve, laughing, as Sir George entered the drawing-room; "but

you will remember we have no church establishment, and dare not take such liberties with the ceremonials of the altar."

"That is a short-lived custom with us, I fancy, though far from an unpleasant one. But you do me injustice in supposing I am merely running away from the fumes of the dinner."

"No, no; we understand perfectly well that you have something to do with the fumes of flattery, and we will at once fancy all has been said that the occasion requires. Is not our honest old captain a jewel in his way?"

"Upon my word, since you allow me to speak of your father's guests, I do not think it possible to have brought together two men who are so completely the opposites of each other, as Captain Truck and this Mr. Aristabulus Bragg. The latter is quite the most extraordinary person in his way it was ever my good fortune to meet with."

"You call him a person, while Pierre calls him a personage; I fancy he considers it very much as a matter of accident, whether he is to pass his days in the one character or in the other. Cousin Jack assures me, that while this man accepts almost any duty that he chooses to assign him, he would not deem it at all a violation of the *convenances* to aim at the throne in the White House."

"Certainly with no hopes of ever attaining it!"

"One cannot answer for that. The man must undergo many essential changes, and much radical improvement, before such a climax to his fortunes can ever occur; but the instant you do away with the claims of hereditary power, the door is opened to a new chapter of accidents. Alexander of Russia styled himself *un heureux accident*; and should it ever be our fortune to receive Mr. Bragg as President, we shall only have to term him *un malheureux accident*. I believe that will contain all the difference."

"Your republicanism is indomitable, Miss Effingham, and I shall abandon the attempt to convert you to safer principles, more especially as I find you supported by both the Mr. Effinghams, who, while they condemn so much at home, seem singularly attached to their own system at the bottom."

"They condemn, Sir George Templemore, because they know that perfection is hopeless, and because they feel it

to be unsafe and unwise to eulogize defects ; and they are attached, because near views of other countries have convinced them that, comparatively at least, bad as we are, we are still better than most of our neighbors."

"I can assure you," said Grace, "that many of the opinions of Mr. John Effingham, in particular, are not at all the opinions that are most in vogue here ; he rather censures what we like, and likes what we censure. Even my dear uncle is thought to be a little heterodox on such subjects."

"I can readily believe it," returned Eve, steadily. "These gentlemen having become familiar with better things in the way of the tastes and of the purely agreeable, cannot discredit their own knowledge so much as to extol that which their own experience tells them is faulty, or condemn that which their own experience tells them is relatively good. Now, Grace, if you will reflect a moment, you will perceive that people necessarily like the best of their own tastes until they come to a knowledge of better, and that they as necessarily quarrel with the unpleasant facts that surround them, although these facts, as consequences of a political system, may be much less painful than those of other systems of which they have no knowledge. In the one case they like their own best, simply because it is their own best ; and they dislike their own worst, because it is their own worst. We cherish a taste in the nature of things without entering into any comparisons ; for when the means of comparison offer, and we find improvements, it ceases to be a taste at all, while to complain of any positive grievance, is the nature of man, I fear."

"I think a republic odious !"

"*La republique est une horreur !*"

Grace thought a republic odious, without knowing anything of any other state of society, and because it contained odious things, and Mademoiselle Viefville called a republic *une horreur*, because heads fell and anarchy prevailed in her own country during its early struggles for liberty. Though Eve seldom spoke more sensibly and never more temperately than while delivering the foregoing opinions, Sir George Templemore doubted whether she had all that exquisite *finesse* and delicacy of features that he had so much admired, and when Grace burst out in the sudden and

senseless exclamation we have recorded, he turned toward her sweet and animated countenance, which, for the moment, he fancied the loveliest of the two.

Eve Effingham had yet to learn that she had just entered into the most intolerant society, meaning purely as society, and in connection with what are usually called liberal sentiments, in Christendom. We do not mean by this, that it would be less safe to utter a generous opinion in favor of human rights in America than in any other country, for the laws and the institutions become active in this respect; but simply that the resistance of the more refined to the encroachments of the unrefined, has brought about a state of feeling—a feeling that is seldom just and never philosophical—which has created a silent but almost unanimous bias against the effects of the institutions in what is called the world. In Europe one rarely utters a sentiment of this nature under circumstances in which it is safe to do so at all, without finding a very general sympathy in the auditors; but in the circle into which Eve had now fallen, it was almost considered a violation of the proprieties. We do not wish to be understood as saying more than we mean, however; for we have no manner of doubt that a large portion of the dissentients even, are so idly, and without reflection, or for the very natural reasons already given by our heroine; but we do wish to be understood as meaning that such is the outward appearance which American society presents to every stranger, and to every native of the country too, on his return from a residence among other people. Of its taste, wisdom, and safety we shall not now speak, content ourselves with merely saying that the effect of Grace's exclamation on Eve was unpleasant, and that, unlike the baronet, she thought her cousin was never less handsome than while her pretty face was covered with the pettish frown it had assumed for the occasion.

Sir George Templemore had tact enough to perceive there had been a slight jar in the feelings of these two young women, and he adroitly changed the conversation. With Eve he had entire confidence on the score of provincialism, and, without exactly anticipating the part Grace would be likely to take in such a discussion, he introduced the subject of general society in New York.

"I am desirous to know," he said, "if you have your

sets, as we have them in London and Paris. Whether you have your Faubourg St. Germain and your Chaussée d'Antin; your Piccadilly, Grosvenor and Russell Squares?"

"I must refer you to Miss Van Cortlandt for an answer to that question," said Eve.

Grace looked up blushing; for there were both novelty and excitement in having an intelligent foreigner question her on such a subject.

"I do not know that I rightly understand the allusion," she said; "although I am afraid Sir George Templemore means to ask if we have distinctions in society?"

"And why afraid, Miss Van Cortlandt?"

"Because it strikes me such a question would imply a doubt of our civilization."

"There are frequently distinctions made, when the differences are not obvious," observed Eve. "Even London and Paris are not above the imputation of this folly. Sir George Templemore, if I understand him, wishes to know if we estimate gentility by streets, and quality by squares."

"Not exactly that either, Miss Effingham; but, whether among those who may very well pass for gentlemen and ladies, you enter into the minute distinctions that are elsewhere found. Whether you have your exclusives and your *élégants* and *élégantes*; or whether you deem all within the pale as on an equality?"

"*Les femmes Americaines sont bien jolies!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieffville.

"It is quite impossible that *coteries* should not form in a town of three hundred thousand souls."

"I do not mean exactly that. Is there no distinction between *coteries*? Is not one placed by opinion, by a silent consent, if not by positive ordinances, above another?"

"Certainly, that to which Sir George Templemore alludes is to be found," said Grace, who gained courage to speak, as she found the subject getting to be more clearly within her comprehension. "All the old families, for instance, keep more together than the others, though it is the subject of regret that they are not more particular than they are."

"Old families!" exclaimed Sir George Templemore, with quite as much stress as a well-bred man could very well lay on the words in such circumstances,

“Old families,” repeated Eve, with all that emphasis which the baronet himself had hesitated about giving. “As old at least as two centuries can make them, and this, too, with origins beyond that period, like those of the rest of the world. Indeed, the American has a better gentility than common, as, besides his own, he may take root in that of Europe.”

“Do not misconceive me, Miss Effingham. I am fully aware that the people of this country are exactly like the people of all other civilized countries in this respect; but my surprise is that, in a republic, you should have such a term even as that of ‘old families.’”

“The surprise has arisen, I must be permitted to say, from not having sufficiently reflected on the real state of the country. There are two great causes of distinction everywhere, wealth and merit. Now if a race of Americans continue conspicuous in their own society through either or both of these causes for a succession of generations, why have they not the same claim to be considered members of old families, as Europeans under the same circumstances? A republic history is as much history as a monarchical history; and a historical name in one, is quite as much entitled to consideration as a historical name in another. Nay, you admit this in your European republics, while you wish to deny it in ours.”

“I must insist on having proofs; if we permit these charges to be brought against us without evidence, Mademoiselle Vieffville, we shall finally be defeated through our own neglect.”

“*C'est une belle illustration, celle de l'antiquité,*” observed the governess, in a matter-of-course tone.

“If you insist on proof, what answer can you urge to the Capponi? ‘*Sonnez vos trompettes, et je vais faire sonner mes cloches,*’—or to the Von Erlachs, a family that has headed so many resistances to oppression and invasion, five centuries?”

“All this is very true,” returned Sir George, “and yet I confess it is not the way in which it is usual with us to consider American society.”

“A descent from Washington, with a character and a social position to correspond, would not be absolutely vulgar, notwithstanding!”

"Nay, if you press me so hard, I must appeal to Miss Van Cortlandt for succor."

"On this point you will find no support in that quarter; Miss Van Cortlandt has an historical name herself, and will not forego an honest pride, in order to relieve one of the hostile powers from a dilemma."

"While I admit that time and merit must, in a certain sense, place families in America in the same situation with families in Europe, I cannot see that it is in conformity with your institutions to lay the same stress on the circumstance."

"In that we are perfectly of a mind, as I think the American has much the best reason to be proud of his family," said Eve, quietly.

"You delight in paradoxes, apparently, this evening, Miss Effingham, for I now feel very certain you can hardly make out a plausible defence of this new position."

"If I had my old ally, Mr. Powis, here," said Eve, touching the fender unconsciously with her little foot, and perceptibly losing the animation and pleasantry of her voice, in tones that were gentler, if not melancholy, "I should ask him to explain this matter to you, for he was singularly ready in such replies. As he is absent, however, I will attempt the duty myself. In Europe, office, power, and consequently consideration, are all hereditary; whereas, in this country, they are not, but depend on selection. Now, surely, one has more reason to be proud of ancestors who have been chosen to fill responsible stations, than of ancestors who have filled them through the accidents, *heureux ou malheureux*, of birth. The only difference between England and America, as respects families, is that you add positive rank to that to which we only give consideration. Sentiment is at the bottom of our nobility, and the great seal at the bottom of yours. And now, having established the fact that there are families in America, let us return whence we started, and inquire how far they have an influence in every-day society."

"To ascertain which, we must apply to Miss Van Cortlandt."

"Much less than they ought, if my opinion is to be taken," said Grace, laughing, "for the great inroad of

strangers has completely deranged all the suitablenesses in that respect."

"And yet, I dare say these very strangers do good," rejoined Eve. "Many of them must have been respectable in their native places, and ought to be an acquisition to a society that in its nature must be, Grace, *tant soit peu*, provincial."

"Oh!" cried Grace, "I can tolerate anything but the Hajjis!"

"The what?" asked Sir George, eagerly—"will you suffer me to ask an explanation, Miss Van Cortlandt?"

"The Hajjis," repeated Grace, laughing, though she blushed to the eyes.

The baronet looked from one cousin to the other, and then turned an inquiring glance on Mademoiselle Vieville. The latter gave a slight shrug, and seemed to ask an explanation of the young lady's meaning herself.

"A Hajji is one of a class, Sir George Templemore," Eve at length said, "to which you and I have both the honor of belonging."

"No, not Sir George Templemore," interrupted Grace, with a precipitation that she instantly regretted; "he is not an American."

"Then I alone, of all present, have that honor. It means the pilgrimage to Paris instead of Mecca; and the pilgrim must be an American instead of a Mahomedan."

"Nay, Eve, you are not a Hajji, neither."

"Then there is some qualification with which I am not yet acquainted. Will you relieve our doubts, Grace, and let us know the precise character of the animal?"

"You stayed too long to be a Hajji—one must get inoculated merely, not take the disease and become cured, to be a true Hajji."

"I thank you, Miss Van Cortlandt, for this description," returned Eve, in her quiet way. "I hope, as I have gone through the malady, it has not left me pitted."

"I should like to see one of these Hajjis," cried Sir George. "Are they of both sexes?"

Grace laughed, and nodded her head.

"Will you point it out to me, should we be so fortunate as to encounter one this evening?"

Again Grace laughed, and nodded her head.

"I have been thinking, Grace," said Eve, after a short pause, "that we may give Sir George Templemore a better idea of the sets about which he is so curious, by doing what is no more than a duty of our own, and by letting him profit by the opportunity. Mrs. Hawker receives this evening without ceremony; we have not yet sent our answer to Mrs. Jarvis, and might very well look in upon her for half an hour, after which we shall be in very good season for Mrs. Houston's ball."

"Surely, Eve, you would not wish to take Sir George Templemore to such a house as that of Mrs. Jarvis?"

"I do not wish to take Sir George Templemore anywhere, for your Hajjis have opinions of their own on such subjects. But as Cousin Jack will accompany us, he may very well confer that important favor. I dare say Mrs. Jarvis will not look upon it as too great a liberty."

"I will answer for it, that nothing Mr. John Effingham can do will be thought *mal-à-propos* by Mrs. Jared Jarvis. His position in society is too well established, and hers is too equivocal to leave any doubt on that head."

"This, you perceive, settles the point of *coteries*," said Eve to the baronet. "Volumes might be written to establish principles; but when one can do anything he or she pleases, anywhere that he or she likes, it is pretty safe to say that he or she is privileged."

"All very true as to the fact, Miss Effingham; but I should like exceedingly to know the reason."

"Half the time such things are decided without a reason at all. You are a little exacting in requiring a reason in New York for that which is done in London without even the pretence of such a thing. It is sufficient that Mrs. Jarvis will be delighted to see you without an invitation, and that Mrs. Houston would at least think it odd were you to take the same liberty with her."

"It follows," said Sir George, smiling, "that Mrs. Jarvis is much the more hospitable person of the two."

"But, Eve, what is to be done with Captain Truck and Mr. Bragg?" asked Grace. "We cannot take them to Mrs. Hawker's?"

"Aristabulus would, indeed, be a little out of place in such a house, but as for our excellent, brave, straight-for-

ward old captain, he is worthy to go anywhere. I shall be delighted to present him to Mrs. Hawker myself."

After a little consultation between the ladies, it was settled that nothing should be said of the two first visits to Mr. Bragg, but that Mr. Effingham should be requested to bring him to the ball at the proper hour, and that the rest of the party should go quietly off to the other places without mentioning their projects. As soon as this was arranged, the ladies retired to dress, Sir George Templemore passing into the library to amuse himself with a book the while ; where, however, he was soon joined by John Effingham. Here the former revived the conversation on distinctions in society, with the confusion of thought that usually marks a European's notions of such matters.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ready."

"And I."

"And I."

"Where shall we go?"

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

GRACE VAN CORTLANDT was the first to make her appearance after the retreat from the drawing-room. It has often been said that pretty as the American females incontestably are, as a whole they appear better in *demi-toilette*, than when attired for a ball. With what would be termed high dress in other parts of the world, they are little acquainted ; but reversing the rule of Europe, where the married bestow the most care on their personal appearance, and the single are taught to observe a rigid simplicity, Grace now seemed sufficiently ornamented in the eyes of the fastidious baronet, while at the same time he thought her less obnoxious to the criticisms just mentioned, than most of her young countrywomen in general.

An *embonpoint* that was just sufficient to distinguish her from most of her companions, a fine color, brilliant eyes, a sweet smile, rich hair, and such feet and hands as Sir George Templemore had somehow—he scarcely knew how himself—fancied could only belong to the daughters of

peers and princes, rendered Grace so strikingly attractive this evening, that the young baronet began to think her even handsomer than her cousin. There was also a charm in the unsophisticated simplicity of Grace, that was particularly alluring to a man educated amidst the coldness and mannerism of the higher classes of England. In Grace, too, this simplicity was chastened by perfect decorum and *retenue* of deportment; the exuberance of the new school of manners not having helped to impair the dignity of her character, or to weaken the charm of diffidence. She was less finished in her manners than Eve, certainly; a circumstance, perhaps, that induced Sir George Templemore to fancy her a shade more simple, but she was never unfeminine or unladylike; and the term vulgar, in spite of all the capricious and arbitrary rules of fashion, under no circumstance could ever be applied to Grace Van Cortlandt. In this respect nature seemed to have aided her; for had not her associations raised her above such an imputation, no one could believe that she would be obnoxious to the charge, had her lot in life been cast even many degrees lower than it actually was.

It is well known that after a sufficient similarity has been created by education to prevent any violent shocks to our habits or principles, we most affect those whose characters and dispositions the least resemble our own. This was probably one of the reasons why Sir George Templemore, who for some time had been well assured of the hopelessness of his suit with Eve, began to regard her scarcely less lovely cousin with an interest of a novel and lively nature. Quick-sighted and deeply interested in Grace's happiness, Miss Effingham had already detected this change in the young baronet's inclinations, and though sincerely rejoiced on her own account, she did not observe it without concern; for she understood better than most of her country-women, the great hazards of destroying her peace of mind, that are incurred by transplanting an American woman into the more artificial circles of the old world.

"I shall rely on your kind offices in particular, Miss Van Cortlandt, to reconcile Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Hawker to the liberty I am about to take," cried Sir George, as Grace burst upon them in the library in a blaze of beauty that, in her case, was aided by her attire; "and cold-hearted and

unchristian-like women they must be, indeed, to resist such a mediator!"

Grace was unaccustomed to adulation of this sort; for though the baronet spoke gaily, and like one half trifling, his look of admiration was too honest to escape the intuitive perception of woman. She blushed deeply, and then recovering herself instantly, said with a naïveté that had a thousand charms with her listener:

"I do not see why Miss Effingham and myself should hesitate about introducing you at either place. Mrs. Hawker is a relative and an intimate—an intimate of mine, at least—and as for poor Mrs. Jarvis, she is the daughter of an old neighbor, and will be too glad to see us to raise objections. I fancy any one of a certain——" Grace hesitated and laughed.

"Any one of a certain——?" said Sir George inquiringly.

"Any one from this house," resumed the young lady, correcting the intended expression, "will be welcome in Spring Street."

"Pure native aristocracy!" exclaimed the baronet, with an air of affected triumph. "This, you see, Mr. John Effingham, is in aid of my argument."

"I am quite of your opinion," returned the gentleman addressed; "as much native aristocracy as you please, but no hereditary."

The entrance of Eve and Mademoiselle Vieffville interrupted this pleasantries, and the carriages being just then announced, John Effingham went in quest of Captain Truck, who was in the drawing-room with Mr. Effingham and Aristabulus.

"I have left Ned to discuss trespass suits and leases with his land-agent," said John Effingham, as he followed Eve to the street-door. "By ten o'clock they will have taxed a pretty bill of costs between them!"

Mademoiselle Vieffville followed John Effingham; Grace came next, and Sir George Templemore and the Captain brought up the rear. Grace wondered the young baronet did not offer her his arm, for she had been accustomed to receive this attention from the other sex in a hundred situations in which it was rather an incumbrance than a service; while, on the other hand, Sir George himself

would have hesitated about offering such assistance, as an act of uncalled-for familiarity.

Miss Van Cortlandt, being much in society, kept a chariot for her own use, and the three ladies took their seats in it, while the gentlemen took possession of Mr. Effingham's coach. The order was given to drive to Spring Street, and the whole party proceeded.

The acquaintance between the Effinghams and Mr. Jarvis had arisen from the fact of their having been near, and, in a certain sense, sociable neighbors in the country. Their town associations, however, were as distinct as if they dwelt in different hemispheres, with the exception of an occasional morning call, and now and then a family dinner given by Mr. Effingham. Such had been the nature of the intercourse previously to the family of the latter's having gone abroad, and there were symptoms of its being renewed on the same quiet and friendly footing as formerly. But no two beings could be less alike, in certain essentials, than Mr. Jarvis and his wife. The former was a plain, painstaking, sensible man of business, while the latter had an itching desire to figure in the world of fashion. The first was perfectly aware that Mr. Effingham, in education, habits, associations, and manners, was, at least, of a class entirely distinct from his own; and without troubling himself to analyze causes, and without a feeling of envy or unkindness of any sort, while totally exempt from any undue deference or unmanly cringing, he quietly submitted to let things take their course. His wife expressed her surprise that any one in New York should presume to be better than themselves; and the remark gave rise to the following short conversation on the very morning of the day she gave the party to which we are now conducting the reader.

"How do you know, my dear, that any one does think himself our better?" demanded the husband.

"Why do they not all visit us then?"

"Why do you not visit everybody yourself? A pretty household we should have, if you did nothing but visit every one who lives even in this street!"

"You surely would not have me visiting the grocers' wives at the corners, and all the other rubbish of the neighborhood. What I mean is, that all the people of a certain

sort ought to visit all the other people of a certain sort, in the same town."

"You surely will make an exception, at least on account of numbers. I saw number three thousand six hundred and fifty this very day on a cart, and if the wives of all these carmen should visit one another, each would have to make ten visits daily in order to get through with the list in a twelvemonth."

"I have always had luck in making you comprehend these things, Mr. Jarvis."

"I am afraid, my dear, it is because you do not very clearly comprehend them yourself. You first say that everybody ought to visit everybody, and then you insist on it you will visit none but those you think good enough to be visited by Mrs. Jared Jarvis."

"What I mean is, that no one in New York has a right to think himself, or herself, better than ourselves."

"Better?—In what sense better?"

"In such a sense as to induce them to think themselves too good to visit us."

"That may be your opinion, my dear, but others may judge differently. You clearly think yourself too good to visit Mrs. Onion, the grocer's wife, who is a capital woman in her way; and how do we know that certain people may not fancy we are not quite refined enough for them? Refinement is a positive thing, Mrs. Jarvis, and one that has much more influence on the pleasures of association than money. We may want a hundred little perfections that escape our ignorance, and which those who are trained to such matters deem essentials."

"I never met with a man of so little social spirit, Mr. Jarvis! Really, you are quite unsuited to be a citizen of a republican country."

"Republican!—I do not really see what republican has to do with the question. In the first place, it is a droll word for you to use, in this sense at least; for, taking your own meaning of the term, you are as anti-republican as any woman I know. But a republic does not necessarily infer equality of condition, or even equality of rights—it meaning merely the substitution of the right of the commonwealth for the right of a prince. Had you said democracy, there would have been some plausibility in using

the word, though even then its application would have been illogical. If I am a freeman and a democrat, I hope I have the justice to allow others to be just as free and democratic as I am myself."

"And who wishes the contrary? All I ask is a claim to be considered a fit associate for anybody in this country—in these United States of America."

"I would quit these United States of America next week, if I thought there existed any necessity for such an intolerable state of things."

"Mr. Jarvis!—and you, too, one of the Committee of Tammany Hall!"

"Yes, Mrs. Jarvis, and I one of the Committee of Tammany Hall! What! Do you think I want the three thousand six hundred and fifty carmen running in and out of my house, with their tobacco saliva and pipes, all day long?"

"Who is thinking of your carmen and grocers! I speak now only of genteel people."

"In other words, my dear, you are thinking only of those whom you fancy to have the advantage of you, and keep those who think of you in the same way, quite out of sight. This is not my democracy and freedom. I believe that it requires two people to make a bargain; and although I may consent to dine with A—, if A— will not consent to dine with me, there is an end of the matter."

"Now, you have come to a case in point. You often dined with Mr. Effingham before he went abroad, and yet you would never allow me to ask Mr. Effingham to dine with us. That is what I call meanness."

"It might be so, indeed, if it were done to save my money. I dined with Mr. Effingham because I like him; because he was an old neighbor; because he asked me, and because I found a pleasure in the quiet elegance of his table and society; and I did not ask him to dine with me, because I was satisfied he would be better pleased with such a tacit acknowledgment of his superiority in this respect, than by any bustling and ungraceful efforts to pay him in kind. Edward Effingham has dinners enough without keeping a debtor and credit account with his guests, which is rather too New Yorkish, even for me."

"Bustling and ungraceful!" repeated Mrs. Jarvis, bitterly; "I do not know that you are at all more bustling and ungraceful than Mr. Effingham himself."

"No, my dear, I am a quiet, unpretending man, like the great majority of my countrymen, thank God."

"Then why talk of these sorts of differences in a country in which the law establishes none?"

"For precisely the reason that I talk of the river at the foot of this street, or because there is a river. A thing may exist without there being a law for it. There is no law for building this house, and yet it is built. There is no law for making Dr. Verse a better preacher than Dr. Prolix, and yet he is a much better preacher; neither is there any law for making Mr. Effingham a more finished gentleman than I happen to be, and yet I am not fool enough to deny the fact. In the way of making out a bill of parcels, I will not turn my back to him, I can promise you."

"All this strikes me as being very spiritless, and as particularly anti-republican," said Mrs. Jarvis, rising to quit the room; "and if the Effinghams do not come this evening, I shall not enter their house this winter. I am sure they have no right to pretend to be our betters, and I feel no disposition to admit the impudent claim."

"Before you go, Jane, let me say a parting word," rejoined the husband, looking for his hat, "which is just this. If you wish the world to believe you the equal of any one, no matter whom, do not be always talking about it, lest they see you distrust the fact yourself. A positive thing will surely be seen, and they who have the highest claims are the least disposed to be always pressing them on the attention of the world. An outrage may certainly be done those social rights which have been established by common consent, and then it may be proper to resent it; but beware betraying a consciousness of your own inferiority, by letting every one see you are jealous of your station. Now, kiss me; here is the money to pay for your finery this evening, and let me see you as happy to receive Mrs. Jewett from Albion Place, as you would be to receive Mrs. Hawker herself."

"Mrs. Hawker!" cried the wife, with a toss of her head, "I would not cross the street to invite Mrs. Hawker.

and all her clan," which was very true, as Mrs. Jarvis was thoroughly convinced the trouble would be unavailing, the lady in question being as near the head of fashion in New York as it was possible to be in a town that, in a moral sense resembles an encampment, quite as much as it resembles a permanent and a long-existing capital.

Notwithstanding a great deal of management on the part of Mrs. Jarvis to get showy personages to attend her entertainment, the simple elegance of the two carriages that bore the Effingham party, threw all the other equipages into the shade. The arrival, indeed, was deemed a matter of so much moment, that intelligence was conveyed to the lady, who was still at her post in the inner drawing-room, of the arrival of a party altogether superior to anything that had yet appeared in her rooms. It is true, this was not expressed in words, but it was made sufficiently obvious by the breathless haste and the air of importance of Mrs. Jarvis's sister, who had received the news from a servant, and who communicated it *propria personâ* to the mistress of the house.

The simple, useful, graceful, almost indispensable usage of announcing at the door, indispensable to those who receive much, and where there is the risk of meeting people known to us by name and not in person, is but little practised in America. Mrs. Jarvis would have shrunk from such an innovation, had she known that elsewhere the custom prevailed, but she was in happy ignorance on this point, as on many others that were more essential to the much-coveted social *éclat* at which she aimed. When Mademoiselle Viefville appeared, therefore, walking unsupported, as if she were out of leading-strings, followed by Eve and Grace, and the gentlemen of their party, she at first supposed there was some mistake, and that her visitors had got into the wrong house, there being an opposition party in the neighborhood.

"What brazen people!" whispered Mrs. Abijah Gross, who having removed from an interior New England village, fully two years previously, fancied herself *au fait* of all the niceties of breeding and social tact. "There are positively two young ladies actually walking about without gentlemen!"

But it was not in the power of Mrs. Abijah Gross, with

her audible whisper and obvious sneer and laugh, to put down two such lovely creatures as Eve and her cousin. The simple elegance of their attire, the indescribable air of polish, particularly in the former, and the surpassing beauty and modesty of mien of both, effectually silenced criticism, after this solitary outbreaking of vulgarity. Mrs. Jarvis recognized Eve and John Effingham, and her hurried compliments and obvious delight proclaimed to all near her the importance she attached to their visit. Mademoiselle Vieffville she had not recollected in her present dress, and even she was covered with expressions of delight and satisfaction.

"I wish particularly to present to you a friend that we all prize exceedingly," said Eve, as soon as there was an opportunity of speaking. "This is Captain Truck, the gentleman who commands the Montauk, the ship of which you have heard so much. Ah! Mr. Jarvis," offering a hand to him with sincere cordiality, for Eve had known him from childhood, and always sincerely respected him—"you will receive my friend with a cordial welcome, I am certain."

She then explained to Mr. Jarvis who the honest captain was, when the former, first paying the proper respect to his other guests, led the old sailor aside, and began an earnest conversation on the subject of the recent passage.

John Effingham presented the baronet, whom Mrs. Jarvis out of pure ignorance of his rank in his own country, received with perfect propriety and self-respect.

"We have very few people of note in town at present, I believe," said Mrs. Jarvis to John Effingham. "A great traveller, a most interesting man, is the only person of that sort I could obtain for this evening, and I shall have great pleasure in introducing you. He is there in that crowd, for he is in the greatest possible demand; he has seen so much,—Mrs. Snow, with your permission—really the ladies are thronging about him as if he were a Pawnee,—have the goodness to step a little this way, Mr. Effingham—Miss Effingham—Mrs. Snow, just touch his arm and let him know I wish to introduce a couple of friends.—Mr. Dodge, Mr. John Effingham, Miss Effingham, Miss Van Cortlandt. I hope you may succeed in getting him a little to yourselves, ladies, for he can tell you all about

Europe—saw the king of France riding out to Nully, and has a prodigious knowledge of things on the other side of the water.”

It required a good deal of Eve's habitual self-command to prevent a smile, but she had the tact and discretion to receive Steadfast as an utter stranger. John Effingham bowed as haughtily as man can bow, and then it was whispered that he and Mr. Dodge were rival travellers. The distance of the former, coupled with an expression of countenance that did not invite familiarity, drove nearly all the company over to the side of Steadfast, who, it was soon settled, had seen much the most of the world, understood society the best, and had, moreover, travelled as far as Timbuctoo in Africa. The *clientèle* of Mr. Dodge increased rapidly, as these reports spread in the rooms, and those who had not read the “delightful letters published in the *Active Inquirer*,” furiously envied those who had enjoyed that high advantage.

“It is Mr. Dodge, the great traveller,” said one young lady, who had extricated herself from the crowd around the “lion,” and taken a station near Eve and Grace, and who, moreover, was a “blue” in her own set; “his beautiful and accurate descriptions have attracted great attention in England, and it is said they have actually been republished!”

“Have you read them, Miss Brackett?”

“Not the letters themselves, absolutely; but all the remarks on them in the last week's *Hebdomad*. Most delightful letters, judging from those remarks; full of nature and point, and singularly accurate in all their facts. In this respect they are invaluable, travellers do fall into such extraordinary errors!”

“I hope, ma'am,” said John Effingham, gravely, “that the gentleman has avoided the capital mistake of commenting on things that actually exist. Comments on its facts are generally esteemed by the people of a country impertinent and unjust; and your true way to succeed is to treat as freely as possible its imaginary peculiarities.”

Miss Brackett had nothing to answer to this observation, the *Hebdomad* having, among its other profundities, never seen proper to touch on the subject. She went on praising the “Letters,” however, not one of which had she read,

or would she read ; for this young lady had contrived to gain a high reputation in her own coterie for taste and knowledge in books, by merely skimming the strictures of those who do not even skim the works they pretend to analyze.

Eve had never before been in so close contact with so much flippant ignorance, and she could not but wonder at seeing a man like her kinsman overlooked, in order that a man like Mr. Dodge should be preferred. All this gave John Effingham himself no concern, but retiring a little from the crowd, he entered into a short conversation with the young baronet.

“I should like to know your real opinions of this set,” he said ; “not that I plead guilty to the childish sensibility that is so common in all provincial circles to the judgments of strangers, but with a view to aid you in forming a just estimate of the real state of the country.”

“As I know the precise connection between you and our host, there can be no objection to giving a perfectly frank reply. The women strike me as being singularly delicate and pretty ; well dressed, too, I might add ; but while there is a great air of decency, there is very little high finish ; and what strikes me as being quite odd, under such circumstances, scarcely any downright vulgarity or coarseness.”

“A Daniel come to judgment ! One who had passed a life here would not have come so near the truth, simply because he would not have observed peculiarities that require the means of comparison to be detected. You are a little too indulgent in saying there is no downright vulgarity ; for some there is ; though surprisingly little for the circumstances. But of the coarseness that would be so prominent elsewhere, there is hardly any. True, so great is the equality in all things in this country, so direct the tendency to this respectable mediocrity, that what you now see here to-night may be seen in almost every village in the land, with a few immaterial exceptions in the way of furniture and other city appliances, and not much even in these.”

“Certainly, as a mediocrity this is respectable, though a fastidious taste might see a multitude of faults.”

“I should not say that the taste would be merely fastidious, for much is wanting that would add to the grace

and beauty of society, while much that is wanting would be missed only by the over-sophisticated. Those young men who are sniggering over some bad joke in the corner for instance, are positively-vulgar, as is that young lady who is indulging in practical coquetry ; but, on the whole, there is little of this ; and even our hostess, a silly woman, devoured with the desire of being what neither her social position, education, habits, nor notions fit her to be, is less obtrusive, bustling, and offensive, than a similar person elsewhere."

"I am quite of your way of thinking, and intended to ask you to account for it."

"The Americans are an imitative people, of necessity, and they are apt at this part of imitation in particular. Then they are less artificial in all their practices than older and more sophisticated nations ; and this company has got that essential part of good breeding, simplicity, as it were perforce. A step higher in the social scale you will see less of it ; for greater daring and bad models lead to blunders in matters that require to be exceedingly well done, if done at all. The faults here would be more apparent by an approach near enough to get into the tone of mind, the forms of speech, and the attempts at wit."

"Which I think we shall escape to-night, as I see the ladies are already making their apologies and taking leave. We must defer this investigation to another time."

"It may be indefinitely postponed, as it would scarcely reward the trouble of an inquiry."

The gentlemen now approached Mrs. Jarvis, paid their parting compliments, hunted up Captain Truck, whom they tore by violence from the good-natured hospitality of the master of the house, and then saw the ladies into their carriage. As they drove off, the worthy mariner protested that Mr. Jarvis was one of the honestest men he had ever met, and announced that he intended giving him a dinner on board the *Montauk* the very next day.

The dwelling of Mrs. Hawker was in Hudson Square, or in a portion of the city that the lovers of the grandiose are endeavoring to call St. John's Park ; for it is rather an amusing peculiarity among a certain portion of the emigrants who have flocked into the Middle States within the last thirty years, that they are not satisfied with permitting

any family or thing to possess the name it originally enjoyed, if there exists the least opportunity to change it. There was but a carriage or two before the door, though the strong lights in the house showed that the company had collected.

“Mrs. Hawker is the widow and the daughter of men of long established New York families; she is childless, affluent, and universally respected where known for her breeding, benevolence, good sense, and heart,” said John Effingham, while the party was driving from one house to the other. “Were you to go into most of the sets of this town and mention Mrs. Hawker’s name, not one person in ten would know that there is such a being in their vicinity; the *pêle mêle* of a migratory population keeping persons of her character and condition of life quite out of view. The very persons who will prattle by the hour of the establishments of Mrs. Peleg Pond, and Mrs. Jonah Twist, and Mrs. Abiram Wattles, people who first appeared on this island five or six years since, and who, having accumulated what to them are relatively large fortunes, have launched out into vulgar and uninstructed finery, would look with surprise at hearing Mrs. Hawker mentioned as one having any claims to social distinction. Her historical names are overshadowed in their minds by the parochial glories of certain local prodigies in the townships whence they emigrated; her manners would puzzle the comprehension of people whose imitation has not gone beyond the surface; and her polished and simple mind would find little sympathy among a class who seldom rise above a commonplace sentiment without getting upon stilts.”

“Mrs. Hawker, then, is a lady,” observed Sir George Templemore.

“Mrs. Hawker is a lady in every sense of the word; by position, education, manners, association, mind, fortune, and birth. I do not know that we ever had more of her class than exist to-day, but certainly we once had them more prominent in society.”

“I suppose, sir,” said Captain Truck, “that this Mrs. Hawker is of what is called the old school?”

“Of a very ancient school, and one that is likely to continue, though it may not be generally attended.”

“I am afraid, Mr. John Effingham, that I shall be like a

fish out of water in such a house. I can get along very well with your Mrs. Jarvis, and with the dear young lady in the other carriage ; but the sort of a woman you have described will be apt to jam a plain mariner like myself. What in nature should I do, now, if she should ask me to dance a minuet ?”

“Dance it agreeably to the laws of nature,” returned John Effingham, as the carriage stopped.

A respectable, quiet, and an aged black admitted the party, though even he did not announce the visitors, while he held the door of the drawing-room open for them with respectful attention. Mrs. Hawker arose and advanced to meet Eve and her companions, and though she kissed the cousins affectionately, her reception of Mademoiselle Viefville was so simply polite as to convince the latter she was valued on account of her services. John Effingham, who was ten or fifteen years the junior of the old lady, gallantly kissed her hand, when he presented his two male companions. After paying proper attention to the greatest stranger, Mrs. Hawker turned to Captain Truck and said—

“This, then, is the gentleman to whose skill and courage you all owe so much—we all owe so much, I might better have said—the commander of the Montauk ?”

“I have the honor of commanding that vessel, ma’am,” returned Captain Truck, who was singularly awed by the dignified simplicity of his hostess, although her quiet, natural, and yet finished manner, which extended even to the intonation of the voice and the smallest movement, were as unlike what he had expected as possible, “and with such passengers as she had last voyage, I can only say it is a pity that she is not better off for one to take care of her.”

“Your passengers give a different account of the matter ; but in order that I may judge impartially, do me the favor to take this chair, and let me learn a few of the particulars from yourself.”

Observing that Sir George Templemore had followed Eve to the other side of the room, Mrs. Hawker now resumed her seat, and without neglecting any to attend to one in particular, or attending to one in any way to make him feel oppressed, she contrived in a few minutes to make the captain forget all about the minuet, and to feel much

more at his ease than would have been the case with Mrs. Jarvis in a month's intercourse.

In the meantime Eve had crossed the room to join a lady whose smile invited her to her side. This was a young, slightly framed female, of a pleasing countenance, but who would not have been particularly distinguished in such a place for personal charms. Still her smile was sweet, her eyes were soft, and the expression of her face was what might almost be called illuminated. As Sir George Templemore followed her, Eve mentioned his name to her acquaintance, whom she addressed as Mrs. Bloomfield.

"You are bent on perpetrating further gayety to-night," said the latter, glancing at the ball dresses of the two cousins. "Are you in the colors of the Houston faction, or in those of the Peabody?"

"Not in pea-green, certainly," returned Eve, laughing, "as you may see; but in simple white."

"You intend then to be 'led a measure' at Mrs. Houston's. It were more suitable than among the other faction."

"Is fashion then faction in New York?" inquired Sir George.

"Fractions would be a better word, perhaps; but we have parties in almost everything in America—in politics, religion, temperance, speculations, and taste. Why not in fashion?"

"I fear we are not quite independent enough to form parties on such a subject," said Eve.

"Perfectly well said, Miss Effingham. One must think a little originally, let it be ever so falsely, in order to get up a fashion. I fear we shall have to admit our insignificance on this point. You are a late arrival, Sir George Templemore?"

"As lately as the commencement of this month. I had the honor of being a fellow-passenger with Mr. Effingham and his family."

"In which voyage you suffered shipwreck, captivity, and famine, if half we hear be true."

"Report has a little magnified our risks. We encountered some serious dangers, but nothing amounting to the sufferings you have mentioned."

"Being a married woman, and having reached the crisis

in which deception is not practised, I expect to hear truth again," said Mrs. Bloomfield, smiling. "I trust, however, you underwent enough to qualify you all for heroes and heroines, and shall content myself with knowing that you are here, safe and happy," if, she added, looking inquiringly at Eve, "one who has been educated abroad, can be happy at home."

"One educated abroad, may be happy at home, though possibly not in the modes most practised by the world," said Eve, firmly.

"Without an opera, without a court, almost without society!"

"An opera would be desirable, I confess. Of courts I know nothing, unmarried females being ciphers in Europe, and I hope better things than to think I shall be without society."

"Unmarried females are considered ciphers too, here, provided there be enough of them with a good respectable digit at their head. I assure you no one quarrels with the ciphers under such circumstances. I think, Sir George Templemore, a town like this must be something of a paradox to you."

"Might I venture to inquire the reason for this opinion?"

"Merely because it is neither one thing nor another. Not a capital, nor yet merely a provincial place, with something more than commerce in its bosom, and yet with that something hidden under a bushel. A good deal more than Liverpool, and a good deal less than London. Better even than Edinburgh in many respects, and worse than Wapping in others."

"You have been abroad, Mrs. Bloomfield?"

"Not a foot out of my own country; scarcely a foot out of my own State. I have been at Lake George, the Falls, and the Mountain House, and as one does not travel in a balloon, I saw some of the intermediate places. As for all else, I am obliged to go by report."

"It is a pity Mrs. Bloomfield was not with us this evening at Mrs. Jarvis's," said Eve, laughing. "She might then have increased her knowledge by listening to a few cantos from the epic of Mr. Dodge."

"I have glanced at some of that author's wisdom," returned Mrs. Bloomfield, "but I soon found it was learning

backward. There is a never-failing rule by which it is easy to arrive at a traveller's worth, in a negative sense at least."

"That is a rule which may be worth knowing," said the baronet, "as it would save much useless wear of the eyes."

"When one betrays a profound ignorance of his own country, it is a fair presumption that he cannot be very acute in his observation of strangers. Mr. Dodge is one of these writers, and a single letter fully satisfied my curiosity. I fear, Miss Effingham, very inferior wares in the way of manners have been lately imported in large quantities into this country, as having the Tower mark on them."

Eve laughed, but declared that Sir George Templemore was better qualified than herself to answer such a question.

"We are said to be a people of facts, rather than a people of theories," continued Mrs. Bloomfield, without attending to the reference of the young lady, "and any coin that offers, passes until another that is better arrives. It is a singular but a very general mistake, I believe, of the people of this country, in supposing that they can exist under the present regime, when others would fail, because their opinions keep even pace with, or precede the actual condition of society; whereas those who have thought and observed most on such subjects, agree in thinking the very reverse of the case."

"This would be a curious condition for a government so purely conventional," observed Sir George with interest, "and it certainly is entirely opposed to the state of things all over Europe."

"It is so, and yet there is no great mystery in it after all. Accident has liberated us from trammels that still fetter you. We are like a vehicle on the top of a hill, which the moment it is pushed beyond the point of resistance, rolls down of itself, without the aid of horses. One may follow with the team and hook on when it gets to the bottom, but there is no such thing as keeping company with it until it arrives there."

"You will allow, then, that there is a bottom?"

"There is a bottom to everything—to good and bad;

happiness and misery ; hope, fear, faith, and charity ; even to a woman's mind, which I have sometimes fancied the most bottomless thing in nature. There may, therefore, well be a bottom even to the institutions of America."

Sir George listened with the interest with which an Englishman of his class always endeavors to catch a concession that he fancies is about to favor his own political predilections, and he felt encouraged to push the subject further.

"And you think that the political machine is rolling downward toward this bottom?" he said, with an interest in the answer that, living in the quiet and forgetfulness of his own home, he would have laughed at himself for entertaining. But our sensibilities become quickened by collision, and opposition is known even to create love.

Mrs. Bloomfield was quick-witted, intelligent, cultivated and shrewd. She saw the motive at a glance, and, notwithstanding she saw and felt all its abuses, strongly attached to the governing principle of her country's social organization, as is almost universally the case with the strongest minds and most generous hearts of the nation, she was not disposed to let a stranger carry away a false impression of her sentiments on such a point.

"Did you ever study logic, Sir George Templemore?" she asked, archly.

"A little, though not enough I fear to influence my mode of reasoning, or even to leave me familiar with the terms."

"Oh! I am not about to assail you with *sequiturs* and *non-sequiturs*, dialectics and all the mysteries of *Denk-Lehre*, but simply to remind you there is such a thing as the bottom of a subject. When I tell you we are flying toward the bottom of our institutions, it is in the intellectual sense, and not, as you have erroneously imagined, in an unintellectual sense. I mean that we are getting to understand them, which I fear we did not absolutely do at the commencement of the 'experiment.'"

"But I think you will admit, that as the civilization of the country advances, some material changes must occur ; your people cannot always remain stationary ; they must either go backward or forward."

"Up or down, if you will allow me to correct your phra-

seology. The civilization of the country, in one sense at least, is retrogressive, and the people, as they cannot 'go up,' betray a disposition to go 'down.' "

"You deal in enigmas, and I am afraid to think I understand you."

"I mean, merely, that gallows are fast disappearing, and that the people—*le peuple*, you will understand—begin to accept money. In both particulars, I think there is a sensible change for the worse, within my own recollection."

Mrs. Bloomfield then changed her manner, and from using that light-hearted gayety with which she often rendered her conversation *piquante*, and even occasionally brilliant, she became more grave and explicit. The subject soon turned to that of punishments, and few men could have reasoned more sensibly, justly, or forcibly, on such a subject, than this slight and fragile-looking young woman. Without the least pedantry, with a beauty of language that the other sex seldom attains, and with a delicacy of discrimination, and a sentiment that were strictly feminine, she rendered a theme interesting, that, however important in itself, is forbidding, veiling all its odious and revolting features in the refinement and finesse of her own polished mind.

Eve could have listened all night, and, at every syllable that fell from the lips of her friend, she felt a glow of triumph; for she was proud of letting an intelligent foreigner see that America did contain women worthy to be ranked with the best of other countries—a circumstance that they who merely frequented what is called the world, she thought might be reasonably justified in distrusting. In one respect, she even fancied Mrs. Bloomfield's knowledge and cleverness superior to those which she had so often admired in her own sex abroad. It was untrammelled, equally by the prejudices incident to a fictitious condition of society, or by their reaction; two circumstances that often obscured the sense and candor of those to whom she had so often listened with pleasure in other countries. The singularly feminine tone, too, of all that Mrs. Bloomfield said or thought, while it lacked nothing in strength, added to the charm of her conversation, and increased the pleasure of those that listened.

"Is the circle large to which Mrs. Hawker and her friends

belong?" asked Sir George, as he assisted Eve and Grace to cloak, when they had taken leave. "A town which can boast of half-a-dozen such houses need not accuse itself of wanting society."

"Ah! there is but one Mrs. Hawker in New York," answered Grace, "and not many Mrs. Bloomfields in the world. It would be too much to say, we have even half-a-dozen such houses."

"Have you not been struck with the admirable tone of this drawing-room?" half-whispered Eve. "It may want a little of that lofty ease that one sees among the better portion of the old *Princesses et Duchesses*, which is a relic of a school that it is to be feared is going out; but in its place there is a winning nature, with as much dignity as is necessary, and a truth that gives us confidence in the sincerity of those around us."

"Upon my word, I think Mrs. Hawker quite fit for a Duchess."

"You mean a *Duchesse*," said Eve, "and yet she is without the manner that we understand by such a word. Mrs. Hawker is a lady, and there can be no higher term."

"She is a delightful old woman," cried John Effingham, "and if twenty years younger and disposed to change her condition, I should really be afraid to enter the house."

"My dear sir," put in the captain, "I will make her Mrs. Truck to-morrow, and say nothing of years, if she could be content to take up with such an offer. Why, sir, she is no woman, but a saint in petticoats! I felt the whole time as if talking to my own mother, and as for ships, she knows more about them than I do!"

The whole party laughed at the strength of the captain's admiration, and getting into carriages proceeded to the last of the houses they intended visiting that night.

CHAPTER V.

“So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.”

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

MRS. HOUSTON was what is termed a fashionable woman in New York. She, too, was of a family of local note, though of one much less elevated in the olden time than that of Mrs. Hawker. Still her claims were admitted by the most fastidious on such points, for a few do remain who think descent indispensable to gentility ; and as her means were ample and her tastes perhaps superior to those of most around her, she kept what was thought a house of better tone than common even in the highest circle. Eve had but a slight acquaintance with her ; but in Grace's eyes, Mrs. Houston's was the place of all others that she thought might make a favorable impression on her cousin. Her wish that this should prove to be the case was so strong, that, as they drove toward the door, she could not forbear from making an attempt to prepare Eve for what she was to meet.

“Although Mrs. Houston has a very large house for New York, and lives in a uniform style, you are not to expect antechambers and vast suites of rooms, Eve,” said Grace ; “such as you have been accustomed to see abroad.”

“It is not necessary, my dear cousin, to enter a house of four or five windows in front, to see it is not a house of twenty or thirty. I should be very unreasonable to expect an Italian palazzo or a Parisian hotel in this good town.”

“We are not old enough for that yet, Eve ; a hundred years hence, Mademoiselle Viefville, such things may exist here.”

“*Bien sûr. C'est naturel.*”

“A hundred years hence, as the world tends, Grace, they are not likely to exist anywhere, except as taverns, or hospitals, or manufactories. But what have we to do, coz., with a century ahead of us ? Young as we both are, we cannot hope to live that time.”

Grace would have been puzzled to account satisfactorily to herself for the strong desire she felt that neither of her companions should expect to see such a house as their senses so plainly told them did not exist in the place ; but her foot moved in the bottom of the carriage, for she was not half satisfied with her cousin's answer.

"All I mean, Eve," she said, after a pause, "is, that one ought not to expect, in a town as new as this, the improvements that one sees in an older state of society."

"And have Mademoiselle Vieffville or I ever been so weak as to suppose that New York is Paris, or Rome, or Vienna?"

Grace was still less satisfied, for, unknown to herself, she had hoped that Mrs. Houston's ball might be quite equal to a ball in either of those ancient capitals ; and she was now vexed that her cousin considered it so much a matter of course that it should not be. But there was no time for explanations, as the carriage now stopped.

The noise, confusion, calling out, swearing, and rude clamor before the house of Mrs. Houston, said little for the out-door part of the arrangements. Coachmen are, nowhere a particularly silent and civil class ; but the uncouth European peasants who have been preferred to the honors of the whip in New York, to the usual feelings of competition and contention, added that particular feature of humility which is known to distinguish "the beggar on horseback." The imposing equipages of our party, however, had that effect on most of these rude brawlers, which a display of wealth is known to produce on the vulgar-minded ; and the ladies got into the house through a lane of coachmen, by yielding a little to a *chevaux de frise* of whips, without any serious calamity.

"One hardly knows which is the most terrific," said Eve, involuntarily, as soon as the door closed on them—"the noise within or the noise without !"

This was spoken rapidly, and in French, to Mademoiselle Vieffville, but Grace heard and understood it, and for the first time in her life she perceived that Mrs. Houston's company was not composed of nightingales. The surprise is, that the discovery should have come so late.

"I am delighted at having got into this house," said Sir George, who, having thrown his cloak to his own servant,

stood with the two other gentlemen waiting the descent of the ladies from the upper room, where the bad arrangements of the house compelled them to uncloak and to put aside their shawls, "as I am told it is the best house in town to see the other sex."

"To hear them, would be nearer the truth, perhaps," returned John Effingham. "As for pretty women, one can hardly go amiss in New York; and your ears now tell you that they do not come into the world to be seen only."

The baronet smiled, but he was too well bred to contradict or to assent. Mademoiselle Viefville, unconscious that she was violating the proprieties, walked into the rooms by herself, as soon as she descended, followed by Eve, but Grace shrank to the side of John Effingham, whose arm she took as a step necessary even to decorum.

Mrs. Houston received her guests with ease and dignity. She was one of those females that the American world calls gay; in other words, she opened her own house to a very promiscuous society, ten or a dozen times in a winter, and accepted the greater part of the invitations she got to other people's. Still, in most other countries, as a fashionable woman, she would have been esteemed a model of devotion to the duties of a wife and a mother, for she paid a personal attention to her household, and had actually taught all her children the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the ten commandments. She attended church twice every Sunday, and only stayed at home from the evening lectures that the domestics might have the opportunity of going (which, by the way, they never did) in her stead. Feminine, well-mannered, rich, pretty, of a very positive social condition, and naturally kind-hearted and disposed to sociability, Mrs. Houston, supported by an indulgent husband, who so much loved to see people with the appearance of happiness, that he was not particular as to the means, had found no difficulty in rising to the pinnacle of fashion, and of having her name in the mouths of all those who find it necessary to talk of somebodies, in order that they may seem to be somebodies themselves. All this contributed to Mrs. Houston's happiness, or she fancied it did; and as every passion is known to increase by indulgence, she had insensibly gone on in her much-envied career, until, as has just been said, she reached the summit.

"These rooms are very crowded," said Sir George, glancing his eyes around two very pretty little narrow drawing-rooms that were beautifully, not to say richly furnished; "one wonders that the same contracted style of building should be so very general in a town that increases as rapidly as this, and where fashion has no fixed abode, and land is so abundant."

"Mrs. Bloomfield will tell you," said Eve, "that these houses are types of the social state of the country, in which no one is permitted to occupy more than his share of ground."

"But there are reasonably large dwellings in the place. Mrs. Hawker has a good house, and your father's, for instance, would be thought so too, in London even; and yet I fancy you will agree with me in thinking that a good room is almost unknown in New York."

"I do agree with you in this particular, certainly; for to meet with a good room one must go into the houses built thirty years ago. We have inherited these snuggeries, however, England not having much to boast of in the way of houses."

"In the way of town residences I agree with you entirely, as a whole, though we have some capital exceptions. Still I do not think we are quite as compact as this; do you not fancy the noise increased in consequence of its being so confined?"

Eve laughed, and shook her head quite positively.

"What would it be if fairly let out?" she said. "But we will not waste the precious moments, but turn our eyes about us in quest of the belles. Grace, you who are so much at home, must be our Cicerone, and tell us which are the idols we are to worship."

"*Dites moi premièrement; que veut dire une belle à New York?*" demanded Mademoiselle Vieville. "*Apparemment, tout le monde est joli.*"

"A *belle*, mademoiselle," returned John Effingham, "is not necessarily beautiful, the qualifications for the character being various and a little contradictory. One may be a *belle* by means of money, a tongue, an eye, a foot, teeth, a laugh, or any other separate feature or grace; though no woman was ever yet a *belle*, I believe, by means of the head, considered collectively. But why deal in de-

scription when the thing itself confronts us? The young lady standing directly before us is a *belle* of the most approved stamp and silvery tone. Is it not Miss Ring, Grace?"

The answer was in the affirmative, and the eyes of the whole party turned toward the subject of this remark. The young lady in question was about twenty, rather tall for an American woman, not conspicuously handsome, but like most around her of delicate features and frame, and with such a physique as, under proper training, would have rendered her the beau-ideal of feminine delicacy and gentleness. She had natural spirit, likewise, as appeared in her clear blue eye, and, moreover, she had the spirit to be a *belle*.

Around this young creature were clustered no less than five young men, dressed in the height of the fashion, all of whom seemed to be entranced with the words that fell from her lips, and each of whom appeared anxious to say something clever in return. They all laughed, the lady most, and sometimes all spoke at once. Notwithstanding these outbreakings, Miss Ring did most of the talking, and once or twice as a young man would gape after a most exhilarating show of merriment, and discover an inclination to retreat, she managed to recall him to his allegiance by some remark particularly pertinent to himself or his feelings.

"*Qui est cette dame?*" asked Mademoiselle Vieville, very much as one would put a similar question on seeing a man enter a church during service with his hat on.

"*Elle est demoiselle,*" returned Eve.

"*Quelle horreur!*"

"Nay, nay, mademoiselle, I shall not allow you to set up France as immaculate on this point, neither," said John Effingham, looking at the last speaker with an affected frown: "a young lady may have a tongue, and she may even speak to a young gentleman, and not be guilty of felony; although I will admit that five tongues are unnecessary, and that five listeners are more than sufficient for the wisdom of twenty in petticoats."

"*C'est une horreur!*"

"I dare say Miss Ring would think it a greater horror to be obliged to pass an evening in a row of girls, unspoken to, except to be asked to dance, and admired only in the

distance. But let us take seats on that sofa, and then we may go beyond the pantomime and become partakers in the sentiment of the scene."

Grace and Eve were now led off to dance, and the others did as John Effingham had suggested. In the eyes of the belle and her admirers they who had passed thirty were of no account, and her listeners succeeded in establishing themselves quietly within ear-shot—this was almost at duelling distance, too—without at all interrupting the regular action of the piece. We extract a little of the dialogue by way of giving a more dramatic representation of the scene.

"Do you think the youngest Miss Danvers beautiful?" asked the belle, while her eye wandered in quest of a sixth gentleman to "entertain," as the phrase is. "In my opinion she is absolutely the prettiest female in Mrs. Houston's rooms this night."

The young men, one and all, protested against this judgment, and with perfect truth, for Miss Ring was too original to point out charms that every one could see.

"They say it will not be a match between her and Mr. Egbert, after everybody has supposed it settled so long. What is your opinion, Mr. Edson?"

This timely question prevented Mr. Edson's retreat, for he had actually got so far in this important evolution as to have gaped and turned his back. Recalled, as it were by the sound of the bugle, Mr. Edson was compelled to say something, a sore affliction to him always.

"Oh! I'm quite of your way of thinking; they have certainly courted too long to think of marrying."

"I detest long courtships; they must be perfect antidotes to love; are they not, Mr. Moreland?"

A truant glance of Mr. Moreland's eye was rebuked by this appeal, and instead of looking for a place of refuge he now merely looked sheepish. He, however, entirely agreed with the young lady, as the surer way of getting out of the difficulty.

"Pray, Mr. Summerfield, how do you like the last Hajji—Miss Eve Effingham? To my notion, she is prettyish, though by no means as well as her cousin, Miss Van Cortlandt, who is really rather good-looking."

As Eve and Grace were the two most truly lovely young

women in the rooms, this opinion, as well as the loud tone in which it was given, startled Mademoiselle Viefville quite as much as the subjects that the *belle* had selected for discussion. She would have moved, as listening to a conversation that was not meant for their ears; but John Effingham quietly assured her that Miss Ring seldom spoke in company without intending as many persons as possible to hear her.

"Miss Effingham is very plainly dressed for an only daughter," continued the young lady, "though that lace of her cousin's is real point! I'll engage it cost every cent of ten dollars a yard! They are both engaged to be married, I hear."

"*Ciel!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville.

"Oh! that is nothing," observed John Effingham, coolly, "Wait a moment, and you'll hear that they have been privately married these six months, if, indeed, you hear no more."

"Of course this is but an idle tale?" said Sir George Templemore, with a concern which, in spite of his good breeding, compelled him to put a question that, under other circumstances, would scarcely have been permissible.

"As true as the gospel. But listen to the bell, it is ringing for the good of the whole parish."

"The affair between Miss Effingham and Mr. Morpeth, who knew her abroad, I understand is entirely broken off; some say the father objected to Mr. Morpeth's want of fortune; others that the lady was fickle, while some accuse the gentleman of the same vice. Don't you think it shocking to jilt, in either sex, Mr. Mosely?"

The retiring Mr. Mosely was drawn again within the circle, and was obliged to confess that he thought it was very shocking in either sex to jilt.

"If I were a man," continued the *belle*, "I would never think of a young woman who had once jilted a lover. To my mind it bespeaks a bad heart, and a woman with a bad heart cannot make a very amiable wife."

"What an exceedingly clever creature she is," whispered Mr. Mosely to Mr. Moreland, and he now made up his mind to remain and be "entertained" some time longer.

"I think poor Mr. Morpeth greatly to be pitied; for no

man would be so silly as to be attentive seriously to a lady without encouragement. Encouragement is the *ne plus ultra* of courtship; are you not of my opinion, Mr. Walworth?"

Mr. Walworth was number five of the entertainees, and he did understand Latin, of which the young lady, though fond of using scraps, knew literally nothing. He smiled an assent, therefore, and the *belle* felicitated herself in having "entertained" him effectually; nor was she mistaken.

"Indeed, they say Miss Effingham had several affairs of the heart while in Europe, but it seems she was unfortunate in them all."

"*Mais, ceci est trop fort ! Je ne peux plus écouter.*"

"My dear mademoiselle, compose yourself. The crisis is not yet arrived, by any means."

"I understand she still corresponds with a German baron and an Italian marquis, though both engagements are absolutely broken off. Some people say she walks into company alone, unsupported by any gentleman, by way of announcing a firm determination to remain single for life."

A common exclamation from the young men proclaimed their disapprobation; and that night three of them actually repeated the thing, as a well-established truth, and two of the three, failing of something better to talk about, also announced that Eve was actually engaged to be married.

"There is something excessively indelicate in a young lady's moving about a room without having a gentleman's arm to lean on! I always feel as if such a person was out of her place, and ought to be in the kitchen."

"But, Miss Ring, what well-bred person does it?" sputtered Mr. Moreland. "No one ever heard of such a thing in good society. 'Tis quite shocking! Altogether unprecedented."

"It strikes me as being excessively coarse!"

"Oh! manifestly; quite rustic!" exclaimed Mr. Edson.

"What can possibly be more vulgar!" added Mr. Walworth.

"I never heard of such a thing among the right sort!" said Mr. Mosely.

"A young lady who can be so brazen as to come into a

room without a gentleman's arm to lean on, is, in my judgment at least, but indifferently educated, Hajji or no Hajji. Mr. Edson, have you ever felt the tender passion? I know you have been desperately in love once, at least; do describe to me some of the symptoms, in order that I may know when I am seriously attacked myself by the disease."

"*Mais, ceci est ridicule! L'enfant s'est sauvée du Charenton de New York.*"

"From the nursery rather, mademoiselle; you perceive she does not yet know how to walk alone."

Mr. Edson now protested that he was too stupid to feel a passion as intellectual as love, and that he was afraid he was destined by nature to remain as insensible as a block.

"One never knows, Mr. Edson," said the young lady encouragingly. "Several of my acquaintances, who thought themselves quite safe, have been seized suddenly, and, though none have actually died, more than one has been roughly treated, I assure you."

Here the young men, one and all, protested that she was excessively clever. Then succeeded a pause, for Miss Ring was inviting, with her eyes, a number six to join the circle, her ambition being dissatisfied with five entertainees, as she saw that Miss Trumpet, a rival belle, had managed to get exactly that number also, in the other room. All the gentlemen availed themselves of the cessation in wit to gape, and Mr. Edson took the occasion to remark to Mr. Summerfield that he understood "lots had been sold in Seven Hundredth Street that morning as high as two hundred dollars a lot."

The quadrille now ended, and Eve returned toward her friends. As she approached, the whole party compared her quiet, simple, feminine, and yet dignified air, with the restless, beau-catching, and worldly look of the belle, and wondered by what law of nature, or of fashion, the one could possibly become the subject of the other's comments. Eve never appeared better than on that evening. Her dress had all the accuracy and finish of a Parisian toilette, being equally removed from exaggeration and neglect; and it was worn with the ease of one accustomed to be elegantly attired, and yet never decked with finery. Her

step even was that of lady, having neither the mincing tread of a Paris grisette, a manner that sometimes ascends even to the *bourgeoise*, the march of a cockneyess, nor the tiptoe swing of a *belle*; but it was the natural though regulated step of a trained and delicate woman. Walk alone she could certainly, and always did, except on those occasions of ceremony that demanded a partner. Her countenance, across which an unworthy thought had never left a trace, was an index, too, to the purity, high principles, and womanly self-respect that controlled all her acts, and, in these particulars, was the very reverse of the feverish, half-hoydenish, half-affected expression of that of Miss Ring.

"They may say what they please," muttered Captain Truck, who had been a silent but wondering listener of all that passed; "she is worth as many of them as could be stowed in the Montauk's lower hold."

Miss Ring, perceiving Eve approach, was desirous of saying something to her, for there was an *éclat* about a Hajji, after all, that rendered an acquaintance or even an intimacy desirable, and she smiled and courtesied. Eve returned the salutation, but as she did not care to approach a group of six, of which no less than five were men, she continued to move toward her own party. This reserve compelled Miss Ring to advance a step or two, when Eve was obliged to stop. Courtesying to her partner, she thanked him for his attention, relinquished his arm, and turned to meet the lady. At the same instant the five "entertainees" escaped in a body, equally rejoiced at their release, and proud of their captivity.

"I have been dying to come and speak to you, Miss Effingham," commenced Miss Ring, "but these *five* giants (she emphasized the word we have put in italics) so beset me, that escape was quite impossible. There ought to be a law that but one gentleman should speak to a lady at a time."

"I thought there was such a law already," said Eve, quietly.

"You mean in good breeding; but no one thinks of those antiquated laws nowadays. Are you beginning to be reconciled a little to your own country?"

"It is not easy to effect a reconciliation where there has

been no misunderstanding. I hope I have never quarrelled with my country, or my country with me."

"Oh! it is not exactly that I mean. Cannot one need a reconciliation without a quarrel? What do you say to this, Mr. Edson?"

Miss Ring having detected some symptoms of desertion in the gentleman addressed, had thrown in this question by way of recall; when, turning to note its effect, she perceived that all of her clientèle had escaped. A look of surprise and mortification and vexation it was not in her power to suppress, and then came one of horror.

"How conspicuous we have made ourselves, and it is all my fault!" she said, for the first time that evening permitting her voice to fall to a becoming tone. "Why, here we actually are, two ladies conversing together, and no gentleman near us!"

"Is that being conspicuous?" asked Eve, with a simplicity that was entirely natural.

"I am sure, Miss Effingham, one who has seen as much of society as you, can scarcely ask that question seriously. I do not think I have done so improper a thing since I was fifteen; and, dear me! dear me! how to escape is the question. You have permitted your partner to go, and I do not see a gentleman of my acquaintance near us, to give me his arm!"

"As your distress is occasioned by my company," said Eve, "it is fortunately in my power to relieve it." Thus saying, she quietly walked across the room, and took her seat next to Mademoiselle Vieffville.

Miss Ring held up her hands in amazement, and then fortunately perceiving one of the truants gaping at no great distance, she beckoned him to her side.

"Have the goodness to give me your arm, Mr. Summerfield," she said, "I am dying to get out of this unpleasantly conspicuous situation; but you are the first gentleman that has approached me this twelvemonth. I would not for the world do so brazen a thing as Miss Effingham has just achieved; would you believe it she positively went from this spot to her seat, quite alone!"

"The Hajjis are privileged."

"They make themselves so. But everybody knows how bold and unwomanly the French females are. One

could wish, notwithstanding, that our own people would not import their audacious usages into this country."

"It is a thousand pities that Mr. Clay, in his compromise, neglected to make an exception against that article. A tariff on impudence would not be at all sectional."

"It might interfere with the manufacture at home, notwithstanding," said John Effingham; for the lungs were strong, and the rooms of Mrs. Houston so small, that little was said that evening, which was not heard by any who chose to listen. But Miss Ring never listened, it being no part of the vocation of a *belle* to perform that inferior office, and sustained by the protecting arm of Mr. Summerfield, she advanced more boldly into the crowd, where she soon contrived to catch another group of even six "entertainees." As for Mr. Summerfield, he lived a twelve-month on the reputation of the exceedingly clever thing he had just uttered.

"There come Ned and Aristabulus," said John Effingham, as soon as the tones of Miss Ring's voice were lost in the din of fifty others, pitched to the same key. "A present, mademoiselle, *je vais nous venger.*"

As John Effingham uttered this, he took Captain Truck by the arm, and went to meet his cousin and the land-agent. The latter he soon separated from Mr. Effingham, and with this new recruit, he managed to get so near to Miss Ring as to attract her attention. Although fifty, John Effingham was known to be a bachelor, well connected, and to have twenty thousand a year. In addition, he was well preserved and singularly handsome, besides having an air that set all pretending gentility at defiance. These were qualities that no *belle* despised, and ill-assorted matches were, moreover, just coming into fashion in New York. Miss Ring had an intuitive knowledge that he wished to speak to her, and she was not slow in offering the opportunity. The superior tone of John Effingham, his caustic wit and knowledge of the world, dispersed the five *beaux* incontinently; these persons having a natural antipathy to every one of the qualities named.

"I hope you will permit me to presume on an acquaintance that extends back as far as your grandfather, Miss Ring," he said, "to present two very intimate friends, Mr.

Bragg and Mr. Truck; gentlemen who will well reward the acquaintance."

The lady bowed graciously, for it was a matter of conscience with her to receive every man with a smile. She was still too much in awe of the master of ceremonies to open her batteries of attack, but John Effingham soon relieved her, by affecting a desire to speak to another lady. The *belle* had now the two strangers to herself, and having heard that the Effinghams had an Englishman of condition as a companion, who was travelling under a false name, she fancied herself very clever in detecting him at once in the person of Aristabulus; while by the aid of a lively imagination, she thought Mr. Truck was his travelling Mentor, and a divine of the Church of England. The incognito she was too well bred to hint at, though she wished both the gentlemen to perceive that a *belle* was not to be mystified in this easy manner. Indeed, she was rather sensitive on the subject of her readiness in recognizing a man of fashion under any circumstances, and to let this be known was her very first object, as soon as she was relieved from the presence of John Effingham.

"You must be struck with the unsophisticated nature and the extreme simplicity of our society, Mr. Bragg," she said, looking at him significantly; "we are very conscious it is not what it might be, but do you not think it pretty well for beginners?"

Now, Mr. Bragg had an entire consciousness that he had never seen any society that deserved the name before this very night, but he was supported in giving his opinions by that secret sense of his qualifications to fill any station, which formed so conspicuous a trait in his character, and his answer was given with an *aplomb* that would have added weight to the opinion of the veriest *élegant* of the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

"It is indeed a good deal unsophisticated," he said, "and so simple that anybody can understand it. I find but a single fault with this entertainment, which is, in all else, the perfection of elegance in my eyes, and that is, that there is too little room to swing the legs in dancing."

"Indeed? I did not expect that—is it not the best usage of Europe, now, to bring a quadrille into the very minimum of space?"

"Quite the contrary, miss. All good dancing requires evolutions. The dancing dervishes, for instance, would occupy quite as much space as both of these sets that are walking before us, and I believe it is now generally admitted that all good dancing needs room for the legs."

"We necessarily get a little behind the fashions, in this distant country. Pray, sir, is it usual for ladies to walk alone in society?"

"Woman was not made to move through life alone, miss," returned Aristabulus with a sentimental glance of the eye, for he never let a good opportunity for preferment slip through his fingers, and failing of Miss Effingham, or Miss Van Cortlandt, of whose estates and connections he had some pretty accurate notions, it struck him Miss Ring might possibly be a very eligible selection, as all was grist that came to his mill; "this, I believe, is an admitted truth."

"By life you mean matrimony, I suppose."

"Yes, miss, a man always means matrimony when he speaks to a young lady."

This rather disconcerted Miss Ring, who picked her nosegay, for she was not accustomed to hear gentlemen talk to ladies of matrimony, but ladies to talk to gentlemen. Recovering her self-possession, however, she said with a promptitude that did the school to which she belonged infinite credit:

"You speak, sir, like one having experience."

"Certainly, miss; I have been in love ever since I was ten years old; I may say I was born in love, and hope to die in love."

This a little out-Heroded Herod, but the *belle* was not a person to be easily daunted on such a subject. She smiled graciously, therefore, and continued the conversation with renewed spirit.

"You travelled gentlemen get odd notions," she said, "and more particularly on such subjects. I always feel afraid to discuss them with foreigners, though with my own countrymen I have few reserves. Pray, Mr. Truck, are you satisfied with America? Do you find it the country you expected to see?"

"Certainly, marm;" for so they pronounced this word in the river, and the captain cherished his first impressions:

"when we sailed from Portsmouth, I expected that the first land we should make would be the Highlands of Navensink ; and, although a little disappointed, I have had the satisfaction of laying eyes on it at last."

"Disappointment, I fear, is the usual fate of those who come from the other side. Is this dwelling of Mrs. Houston's equal to the residence of an English nobleman, Mr. Bragg?"

"Considerably better, miss, especially in the way of republican comfort."

Miss Ring, like all *belles*, detested the word republican, their vocation being clearly to exclusion, and she pouted a little affectedly.

"I should distrust the quality of such comfort, sir," she said with point ; "but are the rooms at all comparable with the rooms in Apsley House, for instance?"

"My dear miss, Apsley House is a toll-gate lodge compared to this mansion ! I doubt if there be a dwelling in all England half as magnificent—indeed, I cannot imagine anything more brilliant and rich."

Aristabulus was not a man to do things by halves, and it was a point of honor with him to know something of everything. It is true he no more could tell where Apsley House was, or whether it was a tavern or a jail, than he knew half the other things on which he delivered oracular opinions ; but when it became necessary to speak, he was not apt to balk conversation from any ignorance, real or affected. The opinion he had just given, it is true, had a little surpassed Miss Ring's hopes ; for the next thing in her ambition to being a *belle*, and of "entertaining" gentlemen, was to fancy she was running her brilliant career in an orbit of fashion that lay parallel to that of the "nobility and gentry" of Great Britain.

"Well, this surpasses my hopes," she said, "although I was aware we are nearly on a level with the more improved tastes of Europe ; still I thought we were a little inferior to that part of the world yet."

"Inferior, miss ! That is a word that should never pass your lips ; you are inferior to nothing, whether in Europe or America, Asia or Africa."

As Miss Ring had been accustomed to do most of the flattering herself, as it behoveth a *belle*, she began to be dis-

concerted with the directness of the compliments of Aris tabulus, who was disposed to "make hay while the sun shines," and she turned in a little confusion to the captain by way of relief; we say confusion, for the young lady, although so liable to be misunderstood, was not actually impudent, but merely deceived in the relation of things; or in other words, by some confusion in usages, she had hitherto permitted herself to do that in society which female performers sometimes do on the stage—enact the part of a man.

"You should tell Mr. Bragg, sir," she said, with an appealing look at the captain, "that flattery is a dangerous vice, and one altogether unsuited to a Christian."

"It is, indeed, marm, and one that I never indulge in. No one under my orders can accuse me of flattery."

By "under orders," Miss Ring understood curates and deacons; for she was aware the Church of England had clerical distinctions of this sort, that are unknown in America.

"I hope, sir, you do not intend to quit this country without favoring us with a discourse."

"Not I, marm—I am discoursing pretty much from morning till night when among my own people, though I own that this conversing rather puts me out of my reckoning. Let me get my foot on the planks I love, with an attentive audience, and a good cigar in my mouth, and I'll hold forth with any bishop in the universe."

"A cigar!" exclaimed Miss Ring, in surprise. "Do gentlemen of your profession use cigars when on duty?"

"Does a parson take his fees? Why, miss, there is not a man among us who does not smoke from morning till night."

"Surely not on Sundays?"

"Two for one, on those days more than any other."

"And your people, sir, what do they do all this time?"

"Why, marm, most of them chew; and those that don't, if they cannot find a pipe have a dull time of it. For my part, I shall hardly relish the good place itself, if cigars are prohibited."

Miss Ring was surprised; but she had heard that the English clergy were more free than our own, and then she had been accustomed to think everything English of the

purest water. A little reflection reconciled her to the innovation; and the next day, at a dinner party, she was heard defending the usage as a practice that had a precedent in the ancient incense of the altar. At that moment, however, she was dying to impart her discoveries to others; and she kindly proposed to the captain and Aristabulus to introduce them to some of her acquaintances, as they must find it dull, being strangers, to know no one. Introductions and cigars were the captain's hobbies, and he accepted the offer with joy, Aristabulus uniting cordially in the proposition, as he fancied he had a right, under the Constitution of the United States of America, to be introduced to every human being with whom he came in contact.

It is scarcely necessary to say how much the party with whom the two neophytes in fashion had come, enjoyed all this, though they concealed their amusement under the calm exterior of people of the world. From Mr. Effingham the mystification was carefully concealed by his cousin, as the former would have felt it due to Mrs. Houston, a well-meaning but silly woman, to put an end to it. Eve and Grace laughed, as merry girls would be apt to laugh at such an occurrence, and they danced the remainder of the evening with lighter hearts than ever. At one, the company retired in the same informal manner, as respects announcements and the calling of carriages, as that in which they entered; most to lay their drowsy heads on their pillows, and Miss Ring to ponder over the superior manners of a polished young Englishman, and to dream of the fragrance of a sermon that was preserved in tobacco.

CHAPTER VI.

“Marry, our play is the most lamentable
Comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and
Thisby.”—PETER QUINCE.

OUR task in the way of describing town society will soon be ended. The gentlemen of the Effingham family had been invited to meet Sir George Templemore at one or two dinners, to which the latter had been invited in conse-

quence of his letters, most of which were connected with his pecuniary arrangements. As one of these entertainments was like all the rest of the same character, a very brief account of it will suffice to let the reader into the secret of the excellence of the genus.

A well-spread board, excellent viands, highly respectable cookery, and delicious wines, were everywhere met. Two rows of men clad in dark dresses, a solitary female at the head of the table, or, if fortunate, with a supporter of the same sex near her, invariably composed the *convives*. The exaggerations of a province were seen ludicrously in one particular custom. The host, or perhaps it might have been the hostess, had been told there should be a contrast between the duller light of the reception-room and the brilliancy of the table, and John Effingham actually hit his legs against a stool in floundering through the obscurity of the first drawing-room he entered on one of the occasions in question.

When seated at table, the first great duty of restauration performed, the conversation turned on the prices of lots, speculations in towns, or the currency. After this came the regular assay of wines, during which it was easy to fancy the master of the house a dealer, for he usually sat either sucking a siphon or flourishing a corkscrew. The discourse would now have done credit to the annual meeting and dinner of the German exporters, assembled at Rudesheim to bid for the article.

Sir George was certainly on the point of forming a very erroneous judgment concerning the country, when Mr. Effingham extricated him from this set, and introduced him properly into his own. Here, indeed, while there was much to strike a European as peculiar, and even provincial, the young baronet fared much better. He met with the same quality of table, relieved by an intelligence that was always respectable, and a manliness of tone which, if not unmixed, had the great merit of a simplicity and nature that are not always found in more sophisticated circles. The occasional incongruities struck them all, more than the positive general faults; and Sir George Templemore did justice to the truth, by admitting frankly the danger he had been in of forming a too hasty opinion.

All this time, which occupied a month, the young baro-

net got to be more and more intimate in Hudson Square, Eve gradually becoming more frank and unreserved with him, as she grew sensible that he had abandoned his hopes of success with herself, and Grace gradually more cautious and timid, as she became conscious of his power to please, and the interest he took in herself.

It might have been three days after the ball at Mrs. Houston's that most of the family was engaged to look in on a Mrs. Legend, a lady of what was called a literary turn, Sir George having been asked to make one of their party. Aristabulus was already returned to his duty in the country, where we shall shortly have occasion to join him, but an invitation had been sent to Mr. Truck, under the general erroneous impression of his real character:

Taste, whether in the arts, literature, or anything else, is a natural impulse, like love. It is true both may be cultivated and heightened by circumstances, but the impulse must be voluntary, and the flow of feeling, or of soul, as it has become a law to style it, is not to be forced, or commanded to come and go at will. This is the reason that all premeditated enjoyments connected with the intellect, are apt to baffle expectations, and why academies, literary clubs, coteries, and dinners are commonly dull. It is true that a body of clever people may be brought together, and, if left to their own impulses, the characters of their mind will show themselves; wit will flash, and thought will answer thought spontaneously; but every effort to make the stupid agreeable, by giving a direction of a pretending intellectual nature to their efforts, is only rendering dulness more conspicuous by exhibiting it in contrast with what it ought to be to be clever, as a bad picture is rendered the more conspicuous by an elaborate and gorgeous frame.

The latter was the fate of most of Mrs. Legend's literary evenings, at which it was thought an illustration to understand even one foreign language. But it was known that Eve was skilled in most of the European tongues, and the good lady, not feeling that such accomplishments are chiefly useful as a means, looked about her in order to collect a set, among whom our heroine might find some one with whom to converse in each of her dialects. Little was said about it, if it is true, but great efforts were made to

cause this evening to be memorable in the annals of *conversazioni*.

In carrying out this scheme, nearly all the wits, writers, artists, and *litterati*, as the most incorrigible members of the book clubs were styled in New York, were pressingly invited to be present. Aristabulus had contrived to earn such a reputation for the captain, on the night of the ball, that he was universally called a man of letters, and an article had actually appeared in one of the papers, speaking of the literary merits of the "Hon. and Rev. Mr. Truck, a gentleman travelling in our country, from whose liberality and just views, an account of our society was to be expected, that should, at last, do justice to our national character." With such expectations, then, every true American and Americaness was expected to be at his or her post, for the solemn occasion. It was a rally of literature, in defence of the institutions—no, not of the institutions, for they were left to take care of themselves—but of the social character of the community.

Alas! it is easier to feel high aspirations on such subjects, in a provincial town, than to succeed; for merely calling a place an emporium, is very far from giving it the independence, high tone, condensed intelligence, and tastes of a capital. Poor Mrs. Legend, desirous of having all the tongues duly represented, was obliged to invite certain dealers in gin from Holland, a German linen merchant from Saxony, an Italian *Cavaliero*, who amused himself in selling beads, and a Spanish master, who was born in Portugal, all of whom had just one requisite for conversation in their respective languages, and no more. But such assemblies were convened in Paris, and why not in New York?

We shall not stop to dwell on the awful sensations with which Mrs. Legend heard the first ring at her door on the eventful night in question. It was the precursor of the entrance of Miss Annual, as regular a devotee of letters as ever conned a primer. The meeting was sentimental and affectionate. Before either had time, however, to disburden her mind of one-half of its prepared phrases, ring upon ring proclaimed more company, and the rooms were soon as much sprinkled with talent, as a modern novel with jests. Among those who came first, appeared all the foreign corps, for the refreshments entered as something into

the account with them ; every blue of the place, whose social position in the least entitled her to be seen in such a house, Mrs. Legend belonging quite positively to good society.

The scene that succeeded was very characteristic. A professed genius does nothing like other people, except in cases that require a display of talents. In all minor matters, he or she is *sui generis* ; for sentiment is in constant ebullition in their souls ; this being what is meant by the flow of that part of the human system.

We might here very well adopt the Homeric method, and call the roll of heroes and heroines, in what the French would term a *catalogue raisonné* ; but our limits compel us to be less ambitious, and to adopt a simpler mode of communicating facts. Among the ladies who now figured in the drawing-room of Mrs. Legend, besides Miss Annual, were Miss Monthly, Mrs. Economy, S.R.P., Marion, Longinus, Julietta, Herodotus, D.O.V.E., and Mrs. Demonstration ; besides many others of less note ; together with at least a dozen female Hajjis, whose claims to appear in such society were pretty much dependent on the fact that, having seen pictures and statues abroad, they necessarily must have the means of talking of them at home. The list of men was still more formidable in numbers, if not in talents. At its head stood Steadfast Dodge, Esquire, whose fame as a male Hajji had so far swollen since Mrs. Jarvis' *réunion*, that, for the first time in his life, he now entered one of the better houses of his own country. Then there were the authors of "Lapis Lazuli," "The Aunts," "The Reformed," "The Conformed," "The Transformed," and "The Deformed ;" with the editors of *The Hebdomad*, *The Night-Cap*, *The Chrysalis*, *The Real Maggot*, and *The Seek no Further* ; as also, "Junius," "Junius Brutus," "Lucius Junius Brutus," "Captain Kant," "Florio," the "Author of the History of Billy Linkum Tweedle," the celebrated Pottawattamie Prophet, "Single Rhyme," a genius who had prudently rested his fame in verse on a couplet composed of one line ; besides divers *amateurs* and *connoisseurs*, Hajjis, who must be men of talents, as they had acquired all they knew very much as American Eclipse gained his laurels on the turf ; that is to say, by a free use of the whip and spur.

As Mrs. Legend sailed about her rooms amid such a circle, her mind expanded, her thoughts diffused themselves among her guests on the principle of animal magnetism, and her heart was melting with the tender sympathies of congenial tastes. She felt herself to be at the head of American talents, and, in the secret recesses of her reason, she determined that, did even the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah menace her native town, as some evil-disposed persons had dared to insinuate might one day be the case, here was enough to save it from destruction.

It was just as the mistress of the mansion had come to this consoling conclusion, that the party from Hudson Square rang. As few of her guests came in carriages Mrs. Legend, who heard the rolling of wheels, felt persuaded that the lion of the night was now indeed at hand, and with a view to a proper reception, she requested the company to divide itself into two lines, in order that he might enter, as it were, between lanes of genius.

It may be necessary to explain at this point of our narrative, that John Effingham was perfectly aware of the error which existed in relation to the real character of Captain Truck, wherein he thought great injustice had been done the honest seaman; and the old man intending to sail for London next morning, had persuaded him to accept this invitation, in order that the public mind might be disabused in a matter of so much importance. With a view that this might be done naturally and without fuss, however, he did not explain the mistake to his nautical friend, believing it most probable that this could be better done incidentally as it were in the course of the evening, and feeling certain of the force of that wholesome apophthegm which says that "truth is powerful and must prevail." "If this be so," added John Effingham, in his explanations to Eve, "there can be no place where the sacred quality will be so likely to assert itself as in a galaxy of geniuses, whose distinctive characteristic is 'an intuitive perception of things in their real colors.'"

When the door of Mrs. Legend's drawing-room opened, in the usual noiseless manner, Mademoiselle Vieffville, who led the way, was startled at finding herself in the precise situation of one who is condemned to run the gauntlet. Fortunately she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Legend, posted

at the other end of the proud array, inviting her with smiles to approach. The invitation had been to a "literary *fête*," and Mademoiselle Vieville was too much of a Frenchwoman to be totally disconcerted at a little scenic effect on the occasion of a *fête* of any sort. Supposing she was now a witness of an American ceremony for the first time, for the want of representation in the country had been rather a subject of animadversion with her, she advanced steadily toward the mistress of the house, bestowing smile for smile, this being a part of the programme at which a *Parisienne* was not easily outdone. Eve followed, as usual, *sola*; Grace came next; then Sir George; then John Effingham; the captain bringing up the rear. There had been a friendly contest for the precedency between the two last, each desiring to yield it to the other on the score of merit; but the captain prevailed, by declaring "that he was navigating an unknown sea, and that he could do nothing wiser than to sail in the wake of so good a pilot as Mr. John Effingham."

As Hajjis of approved experience, the persons who led the advance in this little procession were subjects of a proper attention and respect; but as the admiration of mere vulgar travelling would in itself be vulgar, care was taken to reserve the condensed feeling of the company for the celebrated English writer and wit, who was known to bring up the rear. This was not a common house in which dollars had place, or *belles* rioted, but the temple of genius; and every one felt an ardent desire to manifest a proper homage to the abilities of the established foreign writer, that should be in exact proportion to their indifference to the twenty thousand a year of John Effingham, and to the nearly equal amount of Eve's expectations.

The personal appearance of the honest tar was well adapted to the character he was thus called on so unexpectedly to support. His hair had long been getting gray; but the intense anxiety of the chase, of the wreck, and of his other recent adventures, had rapidly but effectually increased this mark of time, and his head was now nearly as white as snow. The hale, fresh red of his features, which was in truth the result of exposure, might very well pass for the tint of port; and his tread, which had always a little of the quarter-deck swing about it,

might quite easily be mistaken by a tyro for the human frame staggering under a load of learning. Unfortunately for those who dislike mystification, the captain had consulted John Effingham on the subject of the toilette, and that kind and indulgent friend had suggested the propriety of appearing in black small-clothes for the occasion, a costume that he often wore himself of an evening. Reality, in this instance, then, did not disappoint expectation, and the burst of applause with which the captain was received, was accompanied by a general murmur in commendation of the admirable manner in which he "looked the character."

"What a Byronic head," whispered the author of "The Transformed" to D. O. V. E. ; "and was there ever such a curl of the lip, before, to mortal man?"

The truth is, the captain had thrust his tobacco into "an aside," as a monkey is known to *empocher* a spare nut or a lump of sugar.

"Do you think him Byronic? To my eyes the cast of his head is Shakspearian, rather. Though I confess there is a little of Milton about the forehead!"

"Pray," said Miss Annual to Lucius Junius Brutus, "which is commonly thought to be the best of his works? That on a—a—a— or that on e—e—e?"

Now it so happened that not a soul in the room, but the lion himself, had any idea what books he had written, and he knew only of some fifteen or twenty log-books. It was generally understood that he was a great English writer, and this was more than sufficient.

"I believe the world generally prefers the a—a—a," said Lucius Junius Brutus; "but the few give a decided preference to the e—e—e."

"Oh! out of all question preferable!" exclaimed half a dozen in hearing.

"With what a classic modesty he pays his compliments to Mrs. Legend," observed "S. R. P." "One can always tell a man of real genius by his *tenué*!"

"He is so English!" cried Florio. "Ah! they are the only people after all!"

This Florio was one of those geniuses who sigh most for the things that they least possess.

By this time Captain Truck had got through with listen-

ing to the compliments of Mrs. Legend, when he was seized upon by a circle of rabid literati, who badgered him with questions concerning his opinions, notions, inferences, experiences, associations, sensations, sentiments, and intentions, in a way that soon threw the old man into a profuse perspiration. Fifty times did he wish, from the bottom of his soul—that soul which the crowd around him fancied dwelt so high in the clouds—that he was seated quietly by the side of Mrs. Hawker, who, he mentally swore, was worth all the literati in Christendom. But fate had decreed otherwise, and we shall leave him to his fortune for a time, and return to our heroine and her party.

As soon as Mrs. Legend had got through with her introductory compliments to the captain, she sought Eve and Grace, with a consciousness that a few civilities were now their due.

“I fear Miss Effingham, after the elaborate *soirées* of the literary circles in Paris, you will find our *réunions* of the same sort a little dull; and yet I flatter myself with having assembled most of the talents of New York on this memorable occasion, to do honor to your friend. Are you acquainted with many of the company?”

Now, Eve had never seen nor heard of a single being in the room, with the exception of Mr. Dodge and her own party, before this night, although most of them had been so laboriously employed in puffing each other into celebrity, for many weary years; and, as for elaborate *soirées* she thought she had never seen one half as elaborate as this of Mrs. Legend's. As it would not very well do, however, to express all this in words, she civilly desired the lady to point out to her some of the most distinguished of company.

“With the greatest pleasure, Miss Effingham,” Mrs. Legend taking pride in dwelling on the merits of her guests. “This heavy, grand-looking personage, in whose air one sees refinement and modesty at a glance, is Captain Kant, the editor of one of our most decidedly pious newspapers. His mind is distinguished for its intuitive perception of all that is delicate, reserved, and finished in the intellectual world, while, in opposition to this quality, which is almost feminine, his character is just as remarkable for its un-

flinching love of truth. He was never known to publish a falsehood, and of his foreign correspondence, in particular, he is so exceeding careful, that he assures me he has every word of it written under his own eye."

"On the subject of his religious scruples," added John Effingham, "he is so fastidiously exact, that I hear he 'says grace' over everything that goes from his press, and 'returns thanks' for everything that comes to it."

"You know him, Mr. Effingham, by this remark? Is he not, truly, a man of a vocation?"

"That, indeed, he is, ma'am. He may be succinctly said to have a newspaper mind, as he reduces everything in nature or art to news, and commonly imparts to it so much of his own peculiar character, that it loses all identity with the subjects to which it originally belonged. One scarcely knows which to admire most about this man, the atmospheric transparency of his motives, for he is so disinterested as seldom even to think of paying for a dinner when travelling, and yet so conscientious as always to say something obliging of the tavern as soon as he gets home—his rigid regard to facts, or the exquisite refinement and delicacy that he imparts to everything he touches. Over all this, too, he throws a beautiful halo of morality and religion, never even prevaricating in the hottest discussion, unless with the unction of a saint!"

"Do you happen to know Florio?" asked Mrs. Legend, a little distrusting John Effingham's account of Captain Kant.

"If I do, it must indeed be by accident. What are his chief characteristics, ma'am?"

"Sentiment, pathos, delicacy, and all in rhyme, too. You, no doubt, have heard of his triumph over Lord Byron, Miss Effingham?"

Eve was obliged to confess that it was new to her.

"Why, Byron wrote an ode to Greece commencing with 'The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!' a very feeble line, as any one will see, for it contained a useless and an unmeaning repetition."

"And you might add vulgar, too, Mrs. Legend," said John Effingham, "since it made a palpable allusion to all those vulgar incidents that associate themselves in the mind with these said commonplace isles. The arts, phi-

losophy, poetry, eloquence, and even old Homer, are brought unpleasantly to one's recollection by such an indiscreet invocation."

"So Florio thought, and, by way of letting the world perceive the essential difference between the base and the pure coin, he wrote an ode on England, which commenced as such an ode should!"

"Do you happen to recollect any of it, ma'am?"

"Only the first line, which I greatly regret, as the rhyme is Florio's chief merit. But this line is of itself sufficient to immortalize a man."

"Do not keep us in torment, dear Mrs. Legend, but let us have it for heaven's sake!"

"It began in this sublime strain, sir—'Beyond the wave! Beyond the wave!' Now, Miss Effingham, that is what I call poetry!"

"And well you may, ma'am," returned the gentleman, who perceived Eve could scarce refrain from breaking out in a very unsentimental manner—"so much pathos."

"And so sententious and flowing!"

"Condensing a journey of three thousand miles, as it might be, into three words, and a note of admiration. I trust it was printed with a note of admiration, Mrs. Legend?"

"Yes, sir, with two—one behind each wave—and such waves, Mr. Effingham!"

"Indeed, ma'am, you may say so. One really gets a grand idea of them, England lying beyond each."

"So much expressed in so few syllables!"

"I think I see every shoal, current, ripple, rock, island, and whale, between Sandy Hook and the Land's End."

"He hints at an epic."

"Pray God he may execute one. Let him make haste, too, or he may get 'behind the age,' 'behind the age.'"

Here the lady was called away to receive a guest.

"Cousin Jack!"

"Eve Effingham!"

"Do you not sometimes fear offending?"

"Not a woman who begins with expressing her admiration of such a sublime thing as this. You are safe with such a person anywhere short of a tweak of the nose."

"*Mais, tout ceci est bien drôle!*"

"You never were more mistaken in your life, mademoiselle ; everybody here looks upon it as a matter of life and death."

The new guest was Mr. Pindar, one of those careless, unsentimental fellows, that occasionally throw off an ode that passes through Christendom as dollars are known to pass from China to Norway, and yet who never fancied spectacles necessary to his appearance, solemnity to his face, nor *soirées* to his renown. After quitting Mrs. Legend he approached Eve, to whom he was slightly known, and accosted her.

"This is the region of taste, Miss Effingham," he said, with a shrug of the jaw, if such a member can shrug ; "and I do not wonder at finding you here."

He then chatted pleasantly a moment with the party, and passed on, giving an ominous gape as he drew nearer to the *oi polloi* of literature. A moment after appeared Mr. Gray, a man who needed nothing but taste in the public, and the encouragement that would follow such a taste, to stand at, or certainly near, the head of the poets of our own time. He, too, looked shyly at the galaxy, and took refuge in a corner. Mr. Pith followed ; a man whose caustic wit needs only a sphere for its exercise, manners to portray, and a society with strong points about it to illustrate, in order to enrol his name high on the catalogue of satirists. Another ring announced Mr. Fun, a writer of exquisite humor, and of finished periods, but who, having perpetrated a little too much sentiment, was instantly seized upon by all the ultra ladies who were addicted to the same taste in that way in the room.

These persons came too late, like those who had already been too often dosed in the same way, to be impatient of repetitions. The three first soon got together in a corner, and Eve fancied they were laughing at the rest of the company, whereas, in fact, they were merely laughing at a bad joke of their own ; their quick perception of the ludicrous having pointed out a hundred odd combinations and absurdities, that would have escaped duller minds.

"Who, in the name of the twelve Cæsars, has Mrs. Legend got to lionize yonder, with the white summit and the dark base ?" asked the writer of odes.

"Some English pamphleteer, by what I can learn," an

swered he of satire ; " some fellow who has achieved a pert review, or written a *Minerva-Pressism*, and who now flourishes like a bay tree among us. A modern *Horace*, or a *Juvenal* on his travels."

" Fun is well badgered," observed Mr. Gray. " Do you not see that *Miss Annual*, *Miss Monthly*, and that young alphabet *D. O. V. E.*, have got him within the circles of their petticoats, where he will be martyred on a sigh ?"

" He casts longing looks this way ; he wishes you to go to his rescue, Pith."

" I !—Let him take his fill of sentiment ! I am no homœopathist in such matters. Large doses in quick succession will soonest work a cure. Here comes the lion, and he breaks loose from his cage, like a beast that has been poked up with sticks."

" Good evening, gentlemen," said Captain Truck, wiping his face intensely, and who, having made his escape from a throng of admirers, took refuge in the first port that offered.

" You seem to be enjoying yourselves here in a rational and agreeable way. Quite cool and refreshing in this corner."

" And yet we have no doubt that both our reason and our amusement will receive a large increase from the addition of your society, sir," returned Mr. Pith. " Do us the favor to take a seat, I beg of you, and rest yourself."

" With all my heart, gentlemen ; for, to own the truth, these ladies make warm work about a stranger. I have just got out of what I call a category."

" You appear to have escaped with life, sir," observed Pindar, taking a cool survey of the other's person.

" Yes, thank God, I have done that, and it is pretty much all," answered the captain, wiping his face. " I served in the French war—*Truxton's war*, as we call it—and I had a touch with the English in the privateer trade, between twelve and fifteen ; and here, quite lately, I was in an encounter with the savage Arabs down on the coast of Africa ; and I account them all as so much snow-balling compared with the yard-arm and yard-arm work of this very night. I wonder if it is permitted to try a cigar at these conversation-onies, gentlemen ?"

"I believe it is, sir," returned Pindar, coolly. "Shall I help you to a light?"

"Oh! Mr. Truck!" cried Mrs. Legend, following the chafed animal to his corner, as one would pursue any other runaway, "instinct has brought you into this good company. You are now in the very focus of American talents."

"Having just escaped from the focus of American talons," whispered Pith.

"I must be permitted to introduce you myself. Mr. Truck, Mr. Pindar—Mr. Pith—Mr. Gray; gentlemen, you must be so happy to be acquainted, being, as it were, engaged in the same pursuits!"

The captain rose and shook each of the gentlemen cordially by the hand, for he had, at least, the consolation of a great many introductions that night. Mrs. Legend disappeared to say something to some other prodigy.

"Happy to meet you, gentlemen," said the captain. "In what trade do you sail?"

"By whatever name we may call it," answered Mr. Pindar, "we can scarcely be said to go before the wind."

"Not in the Injee business, then, or the monsoons would keep the stun'sails set, at least."

"No, sir. But yonder is Mr. Moccasin, who has lately set up *secundum artem* in the Indian business, having written two novels in that way already, and begun a third."

"Are you all regularly employed, gentlemen?"

"As regularly as inspiration points," said Mr. Pith. "Men of our occupation must make fair weather of it, or we had better be doing nothing."

"So I often tell my owners, but 'go ahead' is the order. When I was a youngster, a ship remained in port for a fair wind; but now she goes to work and makes one. The world seems to get young, as I get old."

"This is a rum *litterateur*," Gray whispered to Pindar.

"It is an obvious mystification," was the answer; "poor Mrs. Legend has picked up some straggling porpoise, and converted him, by a touch of her magical wand, into a Boanerges of literature. The thing is as clear as day, for the worthy fellow smells of tar and cigar smoke. I perceive that Mr. Effingham is laughing out of the corner of his eyes, and will step across the room and get the truth in a minute."

The rogue was as good as his word, and was soon back again, and contrived to let his friends understand the real state of the case. A knowledge of the captain's true character encouraged this trio in the benevolent purpose of aiding the honest old seaman in his wish to smoke, and Pith managed to give him a lighted paper, without becoming an open accessory to the plot.

"Will you take a cigar yourself, sir?" said the captain, offering his box to Mr. Pindar.

"I thank you, Mr. Truck, I never smoke, but am a profound admirer of the flavor. Let me entreat you to begin as soon as possible."

Thus encouraged, Captain Truck drew two or three whiffs, when the rooms were immediately filled with the fragrance of a real Havana. At the first discovery, the whole literary pack went off on the scent. As for Mr. Fun, he managed to profit by the agitation that followed, in order to escape to the three wags in the corner, who were enjoying the scene with the gravity of so many dervishes.

"As I live," cried Lucius Junius Brutus, "there is the author of a—a—a— actually smoking a cigar! How excessively *piquant*!"

"Do my eyes deceive me, or is not that the writer of e—e—e— fumigating us all!" whispered Miss Annual.

"Nay, this cannot certainly be right," put in Florio, with a dogmatical manner. "All the periodicals agree that smoking is ungenteel in England."

"You never were more mistaken, dear Florio," replied D. O. V. E. in a cooing tone. "The very last novel of society has a chapter in which the hero and heroine smoke in the declaration scene."

"Do they, indeed! That alters the case. Really one would not wish to get behind so great a nation, nor yet go much before it. Pray, Captain Kant, what do your friends in Canada say; is, or is not smoking permitted in good society there? the Canadians must, at least, be ahead of us."

"Not at all, sir," returned the editor, in his softest tones; "it is revolutionary and jacobinical."

But the ladies prevailed, and by a process that is rather peculiar to what may be called a "credulous" state of

society, they carried the day. This process was simply to make one fiction authority for another. The fact that smoking was now carried so far in England, that the clergy actually used cigars in pulpits, was affirmed on the authority of Mr. Truck himself, and coupled with his present occupation, the point was deemed to be settled. Even Florio yielded, and his plastic mind soon saw a thousand beauties in the usage, that had hitherto escaped it. All the litterati drew round the captain in a circle, to enjoy the spectacle, though the honest old mariner contrived to throw out such volumes of vapor as to keep them at a safe distance. His four demure-looking neighbors got behind the barrier of smoke, where they deemed themselves entrenched against the assaults of sentimental petticoats, for a time at least.

"Pray, Mr. Truck," inquired S. R. P., "is it commonly thought in the English literary circles, that Byron was a development of Shakespeare, or Shakespeare a shadowing forth of Byron?"

"Both, marm," said the captain, with a coolness that would have done credit to Aristabulus, for he had been fairly badgered into impudence, profiting by the occasion to knock the ashes off his cigar; "all incline to the first opinion, and most to the last."

"What finesse!" murmured one. "How delicate!" whispered a second. "A dignified reserve!" ejaculated a third. "So English!" exclaimed Florio.

"Do you think, Mr. Truck," asked D. O. V. E., "that the profane songs of Little have more pathos than the sacred songs of Moore; or that the sacred songs of Moore have more sentiment than the profane songs of Little?"

"A good deal of both, marm, and something to spare. I think there is little in one, and more in the other."

"Pray, sir," said J. R. P., "do you pronounce the name of Byron's lady-love, Guy-kee-oh-ly, or Gwy-ky-o-lee?"

"That depends on how the wind is. If on shore, I am apt to say 'oh-lee;' and if off shore, 'oh-lie.'"

"That's capital!" cried Florio, in an ecstasy of admiration. "What man in this country could have said as crack a thing as that?"

"Indeed it is very witty," added Miss Monthly—"what does it mean?"

“Mean! More than is seen or felt by common minds. Ah! the English are truly a great nation! How delightfully he smokes!”

“I think he is much the most interesting man we have had out here,” observed Miss Annual, “since the last bust of Scott!”

“Ask him, dear D. O. V. E.,” whispered Julietta, who was timid, from the circumstance of never having published, “which he thinks the most ecstatic feeling, hope or despair?” The question was put by the more experienced lady, according to request, though she first said, in a hurried tone to her youthful sister—“you can have felt but little, child, or you would know that it is despair, as a matter of course.”

The honest captain, however, did not treat the matter so lightly, for he improved the opportunity to light a fresh cigar, throwing the still smoking stump into Mrs. Legend’s grate, through a lane of literati, as he afterward boasted, as coolly as he could have thrown it overboard, under other circumstances. Luckily for his reputation for sentiment, he mistook “ecstatic,” a word he had never heard before, for “erratic;” and recollecting sundry roving maniacs that he had seen, he answered promptly—

“Despair, out and out.”

“I knew it,” said one.

“It’s in nature,” added a second.

“All can feel its truth,” rejoined a third.

“This point may now be set down as established,” cried Florio, “and I hope no more will be said about it.”

“This is encouragement to the searchers after truth,” put in Captain Kant.

“Pray, Hon. and Rev. Mr. Truck,” asked Lucius Junius Brutus, at the joint suggestion of Junius Brutus and Brutus, “does the Princess Victoria smoke?”

“If she did not, sir, where would be the use in being a princess? I suppose you know that all the tobacco seized in England, after a deduction to informers, goes to the crown.”

“I object to this usage,” remarked Captain Kant, “as irreligious, French, and tending to *sans-culotteism*. I am willing to admit of this distinguished instance as an exception; but on all other grounds, I shall maintain that it

savors of infidelity to smoke. The Prussian government, much the best of our times, never smokes."

"This man thinks he has a monopoly of the puffing himself," Pindar whispered into the captain's ear; "whiff away, my dear sir, and you'll soon throw him into the shade."

The captain winked, drew out his box, lighted another cigar, and, by way of reply to the envious remark, he put one in each corner of his mouth, and soon had both in full blast, a state in which he kept them for near a minute.

"This is the very picturesque of social enjoyment," exclaimed Florio, holding up both hands in a glow of rapture.

"It is absolutely Homeric, in the way of usages! Ah! the English are a great nation!"

"I should like to know excessively if there was really such a person as Baron Mun-chaw-sen?" said Julietta, gathering courage from the success of her last question.

"There was, Miss," returned the captain, through his teeth, and nodding his head in the affirmative. "A regular traveller, that; and one who knew him well, swore to me that he hadn't related one half of what befell him."

"How very delightful to learn this from the highest quarter!" exclaimed Miss Monthly.

"Is Gatty (Goethe) really dead?" inquired Longinus, "or is the account we have had to that effect, merely a metaphysical apotheosis of his mighty soul?"

"Dead, marm—stone dead—dead as a door-nail," returned the captain, who saw a relief in killing as many as possible.

"You have been in France, Mr. Truck, beyond question?" observed Lucius Junius Brutus, in the way one puts a question.

"France! I was in France before I was ten years old. I know every foot of the coast, from Havre de Grace to Marseilles."

"Will you then have the goodness to explain to us whether the soul of Chat-to-bri-ong is more expanded than his reason, or his reason more expanded than his soul?"

Captain Truck had a very tolerable notion of Baron Munchausen and of his particular merits; but Chateaubriand was a writer of whom he knew nothing. After pon-

dering a moment, and feeling persuaded that a confession of ignorance might undo him ; for the old man had got to be influenced by the atmosphere of the place ; he answered coolly—

“ Oh ! *Chat-to-bri-ong*, is it you mean ? As whole-souled a fellow as I know. All soul, sir, and lots of reason, besides.”

“ How simple and unaffected ! ”

“ Crack ! ” exclaimed Florio.

“ A thorough Jacobin ! ” growled Captain Kant, who was always offended when any one but himself took liberties with the truth.

Here the four wags in the corner observed that head went to head in the crowd, and that the rear rank of the company began to disappear, while Mrs. Legend was in evident distress. In a few minutes all the Romans were off ; Florio soon after vanished, grating his teeth in a poetical frenzy ; and even Captain Kant, albeit so used to look truth in the face, beat a retreat. The alphabet followed, and even the Annual and the Monthly retired, with leave-takings so solemn and precise, that poor Mrs. Legend was in total despair.

Eve, foreseeing something unpleasant, had gone away first, and in a few minutes Mr. Dodge, who had been very active in the crowd, whispering and gesticulating, made his bow also. The envy of this man had in fact become so intolerable, that he had let the cat out of the bag. No one now remained but the party entrenched behind the smoke, and the mistress of the house. Pindar solemnly proposed to the captain that they should go and enjoy an oyster supper in company ; and the proposal being cordially accepted, they rose in a body to take leave.

“ A most delightful evening, Mrs. Legend,” said Pindar, with perfect truth, “ much the pleasantest I ever passed in a house where one passes so many that are agreeable.”

“ I cannot properly express my thanks for the obligation you have conferred by making me acquainted with Mr. Truck,” added Gray. “ I shall cultivate it as far as in my power, for a more capital fellow never breathed.”

“ Really, Mrs. Legend, this has been a Byronic night ! ”

observed Pith, as he made his bow. "I shall long remember it, and I think it deserves to be commemorated in verse."

Fun endeavored to look sympathetic and sentimental, though the spirit within could scarcely refrain from grinning in Mrs. Legend's face. He stammered out a few compliments, however, and disappeared.

"Well, good-night, marm," said Captain Truck, offering his hand cordially. "This has been a very pleasant evening altogether, though it was warm work at first. If you like ships, I should be glad to show you the Montauk's cabins when we get back; and if you ever think of Europe, let me recommend the London line as none of the worst. We'll try to make you comfortable, and trust to me to choose a stateroom—a thing I am experienced in."

Not one of the wags laughed until they were fairly confronted with the oysters. Then, indeed, they burst out into a general and long fit of exuberant merriment, returning to it between the courses from the kitchen like the refrain of a song. Captain Truck, who was uncommonly well satisfied with himself, did not understand the meaning of all this boyishness, but he has often declared since that a heartier or a funnier set of fellows he never fell in with, than his four companions proved to be that night.

As for the literary *soirée*, the most profound silence has been maintained concerning it, neither of the wits there assembled having seen fit to celebrate it in rhyme, and Florio having actually torn up an impromptu for the occasion, that he had been all the previous day writing.

CHAPTER VII.

"There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased,
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim, of the main chance of things,
As yet not come to life."

KING HENRY VI.

THE following morning the baronet breakfasted in Hudson Square. While at the table, little was said concerning the events of the past night, though sundry smiles were

exchanged, as eye met eye, and the recollection of the mystification returned. Grace alone looked grave; for she had been accustomed to consider Mrs. Legend a very discriminating person, and she had even hoped that most of those who usually figured in her rooms were really the clever persons they laid claim to be.

The morning was devoted to looking at the quarter of the town which is devoted to business, a party having been made for that express purpose under the auspices of John Effingham. As the weather was very cold, although the distances were not great, the carriages were ordered, and they all set off about noon.

Grace had given up expecting a look of admiration from Eve in behalf of any of the lions of New York, her cousin having found it necessary to tell her, that, in a comparative sense at least, little was to be said in behalf of these provincial wonders. Even Mademoiselle Vieville, now that the freshness of her feelings was abated, had dropped quietly down into a natural way of speaking of these things; and Grace, who was quick-witted, soon discovered that when she did make any allusions to similar objects in Europe, it was always to those that existed in some country town. A silent convention existed, therefore, to speak no more on such subjects; or if anything was said, it arose incidentally and as inseparable from the regular thread of the discourse.

When in Wall Street, the carriages stopped and the gentlemen alighted. The severity of the weather kept the ladies in the chariot, where Grace endeavored to explain things as well as she could to her companions.

"What are all these people running after so intently?" inquired Mademoiselle Vieville, the conversation being in French, but which we shall render freely into English, for the sake of the general reader.

"Dollars, I believe, mademoiselle. Am I right, Grace?"

"I believe you are," returned Grace, laughing, "though I know little more of this part of the town than yourself."

"*Quelle foule!* Is that building filled with dollars, into which the gentlemen are now entering? Its steps are crowded."

"That is the *Bourse*, mademoiselle, and it ought to be well lined, by the manner in which some who frequent it

live. Cousin Jack and Sir George are going into the crowd, I see."

We will leave the ladies in their seats a few minutes, and accompany the gentlemen on their way into the exchange.

"I shall now show you, Sir George Templemore," said John Effingham, "what is peculiar to this country, and what, if properly improved, it is truly worth a journey across the ocean to see. You have been at the Royal Exchange in London, and at the *Bourse* of Paris, but you have never witnessed a scene like that which I am about to introduce you to. In Paris, you have beheld the unpleasant spectacle of women gambling publicly in the funds; but it was in driblets, compared to what you will see here."

While speaking, John Effingham led the way up stairs into the office of one of the most considerable auctioneers. The walls were lined with maps, some representing houses, some lots, some streets, some entire towns.

"This is the focus of what Aristabulus Bragg calls the town trade," said John Effingham, when fairly confronted with all these wonders. "Here, then, you may suit yourself with any species of real estate that heart can desire. If a villa is wanted, there are a dozen. Of farms a hundred are in market; that is merely half a dozen streets; and here are towns, of dimensions and value to suit purchasers."

"Explain this. It exceeds comprehension."

"It is simply what it professes to be. Mr. Hammer, do us the favor to step this way. Are you selling to-day?"

"Not much, sir. Only a hundred or two lots on this island, and some six or eight farms, with one western village."

"Can you tell us the history of this particular piece of property, Mr. Hammer?"

"With great pleasure, Mr. Effingham; we know you to have means, and hope you may be induced to purchase. This was the farm of old Volkert Van Brunt, five years since, off of which he and his family had made a livelihood for more than a century, by selling milk. Two years since, the sons sold it to Peter Feeler for a hundred an acre, or for the total sum of five thousand dollars. The

Next spring Mr. Feeler sold it to John Search, as keen a one as we have, for twenty-five thousand. Search sold it at private sale to Nathan Rise for fifty thousand the next week, and Rise had parted with it to a company, before the purchase, for a hundred and twelve thousand, cash. The map ought to be taken down—for it is now eight months since we sold it out in lots, at auction, for the gross sum of three hundred thousand dollars. As we have received our commission, we look at that land as out of the market for a time."

"Have you other property, sir, that affords the same wonderful history of a rapid advance in value?" asked the baronet.

"These walls are covered with maps of estates in the same predicament. Some have risen two or three thousand per cent. within five years, and some only a few hundred. There is no calculating in the matter—for it is all fancy."

"And on what is this enormous increase in value founded?" Does the town extend to these fields?"

"It goes much further, sir; that is to say, on paper. In the way of houses, it is still some miles short of them. A good deal depends on what you call a thing, in this market. Now, if old Volkert Van Brunt's property had been still called a farm, it would have brought a farm price; but, as soon as it was surveyed into lots, and mapped——"

"Mapped!"

"Yes, sir; brought into visible lines, with feet and inches. As soon as it was properly mapped, it rose to its just value. We have a good deal of the bottom of the sea that brings fair prices in consequence of being well mapped."

Here the gentlemen expressed their sense of the auctioneer's politeness, and retired.

"We will now go into the salesroom," said John Effingham, "where you shall judge of the spirit, or energy, as it is termed, which at this moment actuates this great nation."

Descending, they entered a crowd, where scores were eagerly bidding against each other, in the fearful delusion of growing rich by pushing a fancied value to a point still

higher. One was purchasing ragged rocks, another the bottom of rivers, a third a bog, and all on the credit of maps. Our two observers remained some time silent spectators of the scene.

“When I first entered that room,” said John Effingham, as they left the place, “it appeared to me to be filled with maniacs. Now, that I have been in it several times the impression is not much altered.”

“And all those persons are hazarding their means of subsistence on the imaginary estimate mentioned by the auctioneer?”

“They are gambling as recklessly as he who places his substance on the cast of the die. So completely has the mania seized every one, that the obvious truth—a truth which is as apparent as any other law of nature—that nothing can be sustained without a foundation, is completely overlooked, and he who should now proclaim, in this building, principles that bitter experience will cause every man to feel within the next few years, would be happy if he escaped being stoned. I have witnessed many similar excesses in the way of speculation; but never an instance as gross, as widespread, and as alarming as this.”

“You apprehend serious consequences, then, from the reaction?”

“In that particular we are better off than older nations, the youth and real stamina of the country averting much of the danger; but I anticipate a terrible blow, and that the day is not remote when this town will awake to a sense of its illusion. What you see here, is but a small part of the extravagance that exists; for it pervades the whole community in one shape or another. Extravagant issues of paper money, inconsiderate credits that commence in Europe and extend throughout the land, and false notions as to the value of their possessions, in men who five years since had nothing, has completely destroyed the usual balance of things, and money has got to be so completely the end of life, that few think of it as a means. The history of the world, probably, cannot furnish a parallel instance of an extensive country that is so absolutely under this malign influence, as is the fact with our own at this present instant. All principles are swallowed

up in the absorbing desire for gain—national honor, permanent security, the ordinary rules of society, law, the constitution, and everything that is usually so dear to men, are forgotten, or are perverted in order to sustain this unnatural condition of things.”

“This is not only extraordinary, but it is fearful !”

“It is both. The entire community is in the situation of a man who is in the incipient stages of an exhilarating intoxication, and who keeps pouring down glass after glass, in the idle notion that he is merely sustaining nature in her ordinary functions. This widespread infatuation extends from the coast to the extremest frontiers of the West ; for while there is a justifiable foundation for a good deal of this fancied prosperity, the true is so interwoven with the false, that none but the most observant can draw the distinction, and, as usual, the false predominates.”

“By your account, sir, the tulip mania of Holland was trifling compared to this !”

“That was the same in principle as our own, but insignificant in extent. Could I lead you through these streets, and let you into the secret of the interests, hopes, infatuations, and follies that prevail in the human breast, you, as a calm spectator, would be astonished at the manner in which your own species can be deluded. But let us move, and something may still occur to offer an example.”

“Mr. Effingham—I beg pardon—Mr. Effingham,” said a very gentlemanly-looking merchant, who was walking about the hall of the Exchange, “what do you think now of our French quarrel ?”

“I have told you, Mr. Bale, all I have to say on that subject. When in France, I wrote you that it was not the intention of the French government to comply with the treaty. You have seen this opinion justified in the result, you have the declaration of the French minister of state, that without an apology from this government, the money will not be paid ; and I have given it as my opinion, that the vane on yonder steeple will not turn more readily than all this policy will be abandoned, should anything occur in Europe to render it necessary, or could the French ministry believe it possible for this country to fight for a prin-

ciple. These are my opinions, in all their phases, and you may compare them with the facts and judge for yourself.

"It is all General Jackson, sir—all that monster's doings. But for his message, Mr. Effingham, we should have had the money long ago."

"But for his message, or some equally decided step, Mr. Bale, you would never have it."

"Ah, my dear sir, I know your intentions, but I fear you are prejudiced against that excellent man, the King of France! Prejudice, Mr. Effingham, is a sad innovator on justice."

Here Mr. Bale shook his head, laughed, and disappeared in the crowd, perfectly satisfied that John Effingham was a prejudiced man, and that he himself was only liberal and just.

"Now, that is a man who wants for neither abilities nor honesty, and yet he permits his interests, and the influence of this very speculating mania, to overshadow all his sense of right, facts plain as noonday, and the only principles that can rule a country in safety."

"He apprehends war, and has no desire to believe even facts, so long as they serve to increase the danger."

"Precisely, so; for even prudence gets to be a perverted quality when men are living under an infatuation like that which now exists. These men live like the fool who says there is no death."

Here the gentlemen rejoined the ladies, and the carriages drove through a succession of narrow and crooked streets that were lined with warehouses filled with the products of the civilized world.

"Very much of all this is a part of the same lamentable illusion," said John Effingham, as the carriages made their way slowly through the encumbered streets. "The man who sells his inland lots at a profit, secured by credit, fancies himself enriched, and he extends his manner of living in proportion. The boy from the country becomes a merchant—or what is here called a merchant—and obtains a credit in Europe a hundred times exceeding his means, and caters to these fancied wants; and thus is every avenue of society thronged with adventurers, the ephemera of the same widespread spirit of reckless folly. Millions

in value pass out of these streets, that go to feed the vanity of those who fancy themselves wealthy, because they hold some ideal pledges for the payment of advances in price like those mentioned by the auctioneer, and which have some such security for the eventual payment, as one can find in calling a thing that is really worth a dollar, worth a hundred."

"Are the effects of this state of things apparent in your ordinary associations?"

"In everything. The desire to grow suddenly rich has seized on all classes. Even women and clergymen are infected, and we exist under the active control of the most corrupting of all influences, 'the love of money.' I should despair of the country altogether, did I not feel certain that the disease is too violent to last, and entertain a hope that the season of calm reflection and of repentance—that is to follow—will be in proportion to its causes."

After taking this view of the town, the party returned to Hudson Square, where the baronet dined, it being his intention to go to Washington on the following day. The leave-taking in the evening was kind and friendly; Mr. Effingham, who had a sincere regard for his late fellow-traveller, cordially inviting him to visit him in the mountains in June.

As Sir George took his leave, the bells began to ring for a fire. In New York one gets so accustomed to these alarms, that near an hour had passed before any of the Effingham family began to reflect on the long continuance of the cries. A servant was then sent out to ascertain the reason, and his report made the matter more serious than usual.

We believe that in the frequency of these calamities the question lies between Constantinople and New York. It is a common occurrence for twenty or thirty buildings to be burnt down in the latter place, and for the residents of the same ward to remain in ignorance of the circumstance, until enlightened on the fact by the daily prints; the constant repetition of the alarms hardening the ear and the feelings against the appeal. A fire of greater extent than common had occurred only a night or two previously to this; and a rumor now prevailed that the severity of the weather, and the condition of the hose and engines, ren-

dered the present danger double. On hearing this intelligence, the Messrs. Effingham wrapped themselves up in their overcoats, and went together into the streets.

"This seems something more than usual, Ned," said John Effingham, glancing his eye upward at the lurid vault, athwart which gleams of fiery light began to shine; "the danger is not distant, and it seems serious."

Following the direction of the current, they soon found the scene of the conflagration, which was in the very heart of those masses of warehouses, or stores, that John Effingham had commented on so lately. A short street of high buildings was already completely in flames, and the danger of approaching the enemy, added to the frozen condition of the apparatus, the exhaustion of the firemen from their previous efforts, and the intense coldness of the night, conspired to make the aspect of things in the highest degree alarming.

The firemen of New York have that superiority over those of other places that the veteran soldier obtains over the recruit. But the best troops can be appalled, and on this memorable occasion these celebrated firemen, from a variety of causes, became for a time little more than passive spectators of the terrible scene.

There was an hour or two when all attempts at checking the conflagration seemed really hopeless, and even the boldest and the most persevering scarcely knew which way to turn, to be useful. A failure of water, the numerous points that required resistance, the conflagration extending in all directions from a common centre, by means of numberless irregular and narrow streets, and the impossibility of withstanding the intense heat in the choked passages, soon added despair to the other horrors of the scene.

They who stood near the fiery masses were freezing on one side with the Greenland cold of the night, while their bodies were almost blistered with the fierce flames on the other. There was something frightful in this contest of the elements, nature appearing to condense the heat within its narrowest possible limits, as if purposely to increase its fierceness. The effects were awful; for entire buildings would seem to dissolve at their touch, as the forked flames enveloped them in sheets of fire.

Every one being afoot, within sound of alarm, though all

the more vulgar cries had ceased, as men would deem it mockery to cry murder in a battle, Sir George Templemore met his friends on the margin of this sea of fire. It was now drawing toward morning, and the conflagration was at its height, having already laid waste a nucleus of blocks, and it was extending by many lines in every possible direction.

"Here is a fearful admonition for those who set their hearts on riches," observed Sir George Templemore, recalling the conversation of the previous day. "What, indeed, are the designs of man, as compared with the will of Providence!"

"I foresee that this is *le commencement de la fin*," returned John Effingham. "The destruction is already so great as to threaten to bring down with it the usual safeguards against such losses, and one pin knocked out of so frail and delicate a fabric, the whole will become loose, and fall to pieces."

"Will nothing be done to arrest the flames?"

"As men recover from the panic, their plans will improve and their energies will revive. The wider streets are already reducing the fire within more certain limits, and they speak of a favorable change of wind. It is thought five hundred buildings have already been consumed, in scarcely half a dozen hours."

That Exchange, which had so lately resembled a bustling temple of Mammon, was already a dark and sheeted ruin, its marble walls being cracked, defaced, tottering, or fallen. It lay on the confines of the ruin, and our party was enabled to take their position near it, to observe the scene. All in their immediate vicinity was assuming the stillness of desolation, while the flashes of fierce light in the distance marked the progress of the conflagration. Those who knew the localities, now began to speak of the natural or accidental barriers, such as the water, the slips, and the broader streets, as the only probable means of arresting the destruction. The crackling of the flames grew distant fast, and the cries of the firemen were now scarcely audible.

At this period in the frightful scene, a party of seamen arrived, bearing powder, in readiness to blow up various buildings, in the streets that possessed of themselves no sufficient barriers to the advance of the flame. Led by

their officers, these gallant fellows, carrying in their arms the means of destruction, moved up steadily to the verge of the torrents of fire, and planted their kegs ; laying their trains with the hardy indifference that practice can alone create, and with an intelligence that did infinite credit to their coolness. This deliberate courage was rewarded with complete success, and house crumbled to pieces after house, under the dull explosions, happily without an accident.

From this time the flames became less ungovernable, though the day dawned and advanced, and another night succeeded, before they could be said to be got fairly under. Weeks, and even months passed, however, ere the smouldering ruins ceased to send up smoke, the fierce element continuing to burn, like a slumbering volcano, as it might be in the bowels of the earth.

The day that succeeded this disaster was memorable for the rebuke it gave the rapacious longing for wealth. Men who had set their hearts on gold, and who prided themselves on their possessions, and on that only, were made to feel its inanity ; and they who had walked abroad as gods so lately, began to experience how utterly insignificant are the merely rich, when stripped of their possessions. Eight hundred buildings, containing fabrics of every kind, and the raw material in various forms, had been destroyed, as it were in the twinkling of an eye.

A faint voice was heard from the pulpit, and there was a moment when those who remembered a better state of things began to fancy that principles would once more assert their ascendancy, and that the community would, in a measure, be purified. But this expectation ended in disappointment, the infatuation being too widespread and corrupting to be stopped by even this check, and the rebuke was reserved for a form that seems to depend on a law of nature, that of causing a vice to bring with it its own infallible punishment.

CHAPTER VIII.

“First, tell me, have you been at Pisa?”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE conflagration alluded to rather than described in the preceding chapter, threw a gloom over the gayeties of New York—if that ever could be properly called gay which was little more than a strife in prodigality and parade—and leaves us little more to say of the events of the winter. Eve regretted very little the interruption to scenes in which she had found no pleasure, however much she lamented the cause; and she and Grace passed the remainder of the season quietly cultivating the friendship of such women as Mrs. Hawker and Mrs. Bloomfield, and devoting hours to the improvement of their minds and tastes, without ever again venturing, however, within the hallowed precincts of such rooms as those of Mrs. Legend.

One consequence of a state of rapacious infatuation like that we have just related, is the intensity of selfishness which smothers all recollection of the past, and all just anticipations of the future, by condensing life, with its motives and enjoyments, into the present moment. Captain Truck, therefore, was soon forgotten, and the literati, as that worthy seaman had termed the associates of Mrs. Legend, remained just as vapid, as conceited, as ignorant, as imitative, as dependent, and as provincial as ever.

As the season advanced, our heroine began to look with longings toward the country. The town life of an American offers little to one accustomed to a town life in older and more permanently regulated communities; and Eve was already heartily weary of crowded and noisy balls (for a few were still given), *belles*, the struggles of an uneducated taste, and a representation in which extravagance was so seldom relieved by the elegance and convenience of a condition of society in which more attention is paid to the fitness of things.

The American spring is the least pleasant of its four seasons, its character being truly that of “winter lingering

in the lap of May." Mr. Effingham, who the reader will probably suspect by this time to be a descendant of a family of the same name that we have had occasion to introduce into another work, had sent orders to have his country residence prepared for the reception of our party ; and it was with a feeling of delight that Eve stepped on board a steamboat to escape from a town that, while it contained so much that is worthy of any capital, contains so much more that is unfit for any place, in order to breathe the pure air and enjoy the tranquil pleasure of the country. Sir George Templemore had returned from his southern journey, and made one of the party by express arrangement.

"Now, Eve," said Grace Van Cortlandt, as the boat glided along the wharves, "if it were any person but you, I should feel confident of having something to show that would extort admiration."

"You are safe enough in that respect, for a more imposing object, in its way, than this very vessel, eye of mine never beheld. It is positively the only thing that deserves the name of magnificent I have yet seen since our return—unless, indeed, it may be magnificent projects."

"I am glad, dear coz, there is this one magnificent object, then, to satisfy a taste so fastidious."

As Grace's little foot moved, and her voice betrayed vexation, the whole party smiled ; for the whole party, while it felt the justice of Eve's observation, saw the real feeling that was at the bottom of her cousin's remark. Sir George, however, though he could not conceal from himself the truth of what had been said by the one party, and the weakness betrayed by the other, had too much sympathy for the provincial patriotism of one so young and beautiful, not to come to the rescue.

"You should remember, Miss Van Cortlandt," he said, "that Miss Effingham has not had the advantage yet of seeing the Delaware, Philadelphia, the noble bays of the South, nor so much that is to be found out of the single town of New York."

"Very true, and I hope yet to see her a sincere penitent for all her unpatriotic admissions against her own country. You have seen the Capitol, Sir George Templemore ; is it not truly one of the finest edifices of the world ?"

"You will except St. Peter's, surely, my child," observed

Mr. Effingham, smiling, for he saw that the baronet was embarrassed to give a ready answer.

"And the Cathedral at Milan," said Eve laughing.

"*Et le Louvre!*" cried Mademoiselle Viefville, who had some such admiration for everything Parisian, as Eve had for everything American.

"And most especially the northeast corner of the southwest end of the northwest wing of Versailles," said John Effingham, in his usual dry manner.

"I see you are all against me," Grace rejoined, "but I hope one day to be able to ascertain for myself the comparative merits of things. As Nature makes rivers, I hope the Hudson, at least, will not be found unworthy of your admiration, gentlemen and ladies."

"You are safe enough there, Grace," observed Mr. Effingham; "for few rivers, perhaps no river, offer so great and so pleasing a variety in so short a distance as this."

It was a lovely, bland morning in the last week of May; and the atmosphere was already getting the soft hues of summer, or assuming the hazy and solemn calm that renders the season so quiet and soothing after the fiercer strife of the elements. Under such a sky, the Palisadoes in particular looked well; for though wanting in the terrific grandeur of an Alpine nature, and perhaps disproportioned to the scenery they adorned, they were bold and peculiar.

The great velocity of the boat added to the charm of the passage, the scene scarce finding time to pall on the eye; for no sooner was one object examined in its outlines, than it was succeeded by another.

"An extraordinary taste is afflicting this country in the way of architecture," said Mr. Effingham, as they stood gazing at the eastern shore; "nothing but a Grecian temple being now deemed a suitable residence for a man in these classical times. Yonder is a structure, for instance, of beautiful proportions, and at this distance apparently of precious material, and yet it seems better suited to heathen worship than to domestic comfort."

"The malady has affected the whole nation," returned his cousin, "like the spirit of speculation. We are passing from one extreme to the other, in this as in other things. One such temple well placed in a wood, might be

a pleasant object enough; but to see a river lined with them, with children trundling hoops before their doors, beef carried into their kitchens, and smoke issuing, moreover, from those unclassical objects, chimneys, is too much even for a high taste; one might as well live in a fever. Mr. Aristabulus Bragg, who is a wag in his way, informs me that there is one town in the interior that has actually a market-house on the plan of the Parthenon!"

"*Il Capo di Bovo* would be a more suitable model for such a structure," said Eve, smiling. "But I think I have heard that the classical taste of our architects is anything but rigid."

"This was the case, rather than is," returned John Effingham, "as witness all these temples. The country has made a quick and a great *pas en avant*, in the way of the fine arts, and the fact shows what might be done with so ready a people under a suitable direction. The stranger who comes among us is apt to hold the art of the nation cheap, but as all things are comparative, let him inquire into its state ten years since, and look at it to-day. The fault just now is perhaps to consult the books too rigidly, and to trust too little to invention; for no architecture, and especially no domestic architecture, can ever be above serious reproach, until climate, the uses of the edifice, and the situation, are respected as leading considerations. Nothing can be uglier, *per se*, than a Swiss cottage, or anything more beautiful under its precise circumstances. As regards these mushroom temples which are the offspring of Mammon, let them be dedicated to whom they may, I should exactly reverse the opinion and say, that while nothing can be much more beautiful, *per se*, nothing can be in worse taste than to put them where they are."

"We shall have an opportunity of seeing what Mr. John Effingham can do in the way of architecture," said Grace, who loved to revenge some of her fancied wrongs, by turning the tables on her assailant, "for I understand he has been improving on the original labors of that notorious Palladio, Master Hiram Doolittle!"

The whole party laughed, and every eye was turned on the gentleman alluded to, expecting his answer.

"You will remember, good people," answered the accused by implication, "that my plans were handed over to

me from my great predecessor, and that they were originally of the composite order. If, therefore, the house should turn out to be a little complex and mixed, you will do me the justice to remember this important fact. At all events, I have consulted comfort; and that, I would maintain, in the face of Vitruvius himself, is a *sine quâ non* in domestic architecture."

"I took a run into Connecticut the other day," said Sir George Templemore, "and, at a place called New Haven, I saw the commencement of a taste that bids fair to make a most remarkable town. It is true, you cannot expect structures of much pretension in the way of cost and magnitude in this country, but, so far as fitness and forms are concerned, if what I hear be true, and the next fifty years do as much in proportion for that little city, as I understand has been done in the last five, it will be altogether a wonder in its way. There are some abortions, it is true, but there are also some little jewels."

The baronet was rewarded for this opinion by a smile from Grace, and the conversation changed. As the boat approached the mountains, Eve became excited—a very American state of the system, by the way—and Grace still more anxious.

"The view of that bluff is Italian," said our heroine, pointing down the river at a noble headland of rock, that loomed grandly in the soft haze of the tranquil atmosphere. "One seldom sees a finer or a softer outline on the shores of the Mediterranean itself."

"But the Highlands, Eve!" whispered the uneasy Grace. "We are entering the mountains."

The river narrowed suddenly, and the scenery became bolder, but neither Eve nor her father expressed the rapture that Grace expected.

"I must confess, Jack," said the mild, thoughtful Mr. Effingham, "that these rocks strike my eyes as much less imposing than formerly. The passage is fine, beyond question, but it is hardly grand scenery."

"You never uttered a juster opinion, Ned, though after your eye loses some of the forms of the Swiss and Italian lakes, and of the shores of Italy, you will think better of these. The Highlands are remarkable for their surprises, rather than for their grandeur, as we shall presently see.

As to the latter, it is an affair of feet and inches, and is capable of arithmetical demonstration. We have often been on lakes, beneath beetling cliffs of from three to six thousand feet in height ; whereas, here, the greatest elevation is materially less than two. But, Sir George Templemore, and you, Miss Effingham, do me the favor to combine your cunning, and tell me whence this stream cometh, and whither we are to go ? ”

The boat had now approached a point where the river was narrowed to a width not much exceeding a quarter of a mile, and in that direction in which it was steering, the water seemed to become still more contracted until they were lost in a sort of bay, that appeared to be closed by high hills, through which, however, there were traces of something like a passage.

“ The land in that direction looks as if it had a ravine-like entrance. ” said the baronet ; and yet it is scarcely possible that a stream like this can flow there ! ”

“ If the Hudson truly passes through those mountains, ” said Eve, “ I will concede all in its favor that you can ask, Grace. ”

“ Where else can it pass ? ” demanded Grace exultingly.

“ Sure enough—I see no other place, and that seems insufficient. ”

The two strangers to the river now looked curiously around them in every direction. Behind them was a broad and lake-like basin, through which they had just passed ; on the left, a barrier of precipitous hills, the elevation of which was scarcely less than a thousand feet ; on their right, a high but broken country, studded with villas, farm-houses, and hamlets ; and in their front the deep but equivocal bay mentioned.

“ I see no escape ! ” cried the baronet gayly, “ unless indeed it be by returning. ”

A sudden and broad sheer of the boat caused it to turn to the left, and then they whirled round an angle of the precipice, and found themselves in a reach of the river between steep declivities, running at right angles to their former course.

“ This is one of the surprises of which I spoke, ” said John Effingham, “ and which render the Highlands so

unique; for, while the Rhine is very sinuous, it has nothing like this."

The other travellers agreed in extolling this and many similar features of the scenery, and Grace was delighted; for, warm-hearted, affectionate, and true, Grace loved her country like a relative or a friend, and took an honest pride in hearing its praises. The patriotism of Eve, if a word of a meaning so lofty can be applied to feelings of this nature, was more discriminating from necessity, her tastes having been formed in a higher school, and her means of comparison being so much more ample. At West Point they stopped for the night, and here everybody was in honest raptures; Grace, who had often visited the place before, being actually the least so of the whole party.

"Now, Eve, I know that you do love your country," she said, as she slipped an arm affectionately through that of her cousin. "This is feeling and speaking like an American girl, and as Eve Effingham should!"

Eve laughed, but she had discovered that the provincial feeling was so strong in Grace, that its discussion would probably do no good. She dwelt, therefore, with sincere eloquence on the beauties of the place, and for the first time since they had met, her cousin felt as if there was no longer any point of dissension between them.

The following morning was the first of June, and it was another of those drowsy, dreamy days that so much aid a landscape. The party embarked in the first boat that came up, and as they entered Newburg Bay, the triumph of the river was established. This is a spot, in sooth, that has few equals in any region, though Eve still insisted that the excellence of the view was in its softness rather than in its grandeur. The country-houses, or boxes, for few could claim to be much more, were neat, well placed, and exceedingly numerous. The heights around the town of Newburg, in particular, were fairly dotted with them, though Mr. Effingham shook his head as he saw one Grecian temple appear after another.

"As we recede from the influence of the vulgar architects," he said, "we find imitation taking the place of instruction. Many of these buildings are obviously disproportioned, and then, like vulgar pretension of any sort, Grecian architecture produces less pleasure than even Dutch."

"I am surprised at discovering how little of a Dutch character remains in this State," said the baronet; "I can scarcely trace that people in anything, and yet, I believe, they had the moulding of your society, having carried the colony through its infancy."

"When you know us better you will be surprised at discovering how little of anything remains a dozen years," returned John Effingham. "Our towns pass away in generations like their people, and even the names of a place undergo periodical mutations, as well as everything else. It is getting to be a predominant feeling in the American nature, I fear, to love change."

"But, cousin Jack, do you not overlook causes, in your censure? That a nation advancing as fast as this in wealth and numbers, should desire better structures than its fathers had either the means or the taste to build, and that names should change with persons, are both quite in rule."

"All very true, though it does not account for the peculiarity I mean. Take Templeton, for instance; this little place has not essentially increased in numbers within my memory, and yet fully one half its names are new. When he reaches his own home, your father will not know even the names of one-half his neighbors. Not only will he meet with new faces, but he will find new feelings, new opinions in the place of traditions that he may love, an indifference to everything but the present moment, and even those who may have better feelings, and a wish to cherish all that belongs to the holier sentiments of man, afraid to utter them, lest they meet with no sympathy."

"No cats, as Mr. Bragg would say."

"Jack is one who never paints *en beau*," said Mr. Effingham. "I should be very sorry to believe that a dozen short years can have made all these essential changes in my neighborhood."

"A dozen years, Ned! You name an age. Speak of three or four, if you wish to find anything in America where you left it! The whole country is in such a constant state of mutation, that I can only liken it to the game of children, in which, as one quits his corner, another runs into it, and he that finds no corner to get into, is the laughingstock of the others. Fancy that dwelling the residence

of one man from childhood to old age ; let him then quit it for a year or two, and on his return he would find another in possession, who would treat him as an impertinent intruder, because he had been absent two years. An American 'always,' in the way of usages, extends no further back than eighteen months. In short, everything is condensed into the present moment ; and services, character, for evil as well as good unhappily, and all other things cease to have weight, except as they influence the interests of the day."

"This is the coloring of a professed cynic," observed Mr. Effingham, smiling.

"But the law, Mr. John Effingham," eagerly inquired the baronet—"surely the law would not permit a stranger to intrude in this manner on the rights of an owner."

"The law-books would do him that friendly office, perhaps, but what is a precept in the face of practices so ruthless! '*Les absents out toujours tort,*' is a maxim of peculiar application in America."

"Property is as secure in this country as in any other, Sir George ; and you will make allowances for the humors of the present annotator."

"Well, well, Ned ; I hope you will find everything *couleur de rose*, as you appear to expect. You will get quiet possession of your house, it is true ; for I have put a Cerberus in it that is quite equal to his task, difficult as it may be, and who has quite as much relish for a bill of costs as any squatter can have for a trespass ; but without some such guardian of your rights, I would not answer for it that you would not be compelled to sleep in the highway."

"I trust Sir George Templemore knows how to make allowances for Mr. John Effingham's pictures," cried Grace, unable to refrain from expressing her discontent any longer.

A laugh succeeded, and the beauties of the river again attracted their attention. As the boat continued to ascend, Mr. Effingham triumphantly affirmed that the appearance of things more than equalled his expectations, while both Eve and the baronet declared that a succession of lovelier landscapes could hardly be presented to the eye.

"Whited sepulchres !" muttered John Effingham. "All

outside. Wait until you get a view of the deformity within."

As the boat approached Albany, Eve expressed her satisfaction in still stronger terms, and Grace was made perfectly happy by hearing her and Sir George declare that the place entirely exceeded their expectations.

"I am glad to find, Eve, that you are so fast recovering your American feelings," said her beautiful cousin, after one of those expressions of agreeable disappointment, as they were seated at a late dinner in an inn. "You have at last found words to praise the exterior of Albany; and I hope, by the time we return, you will be disposed to see New York with different eyes."

"I expected to see a capital in New York, Grace, and in this I have been grievously disappointed. Instead of finding the tastes, tone, conveniences, architecture, streets, churches, shops, and society of a capital, I found a huge expansion of common-place things, a commercial town, and the most mixed and the least regulated society that I had ever met with. Expecting so much, where so little was found, disappointment was natural. But in Albany, although a political capital, I knew the nature of the government too well to expect more than a provincial town; and in this respect I have found one much above the level of similar places in other parts of the world. I acknowledge that Albany has as much exceeded my expectations in one sense, as New York has fallen short of them in another."

"In this simple fact, Sir George Templemore," said Mr. Effingham, "you may read the real condition of the country. In all that requires something more than usual, a deficiency; in all that is deemed an average, better than common. The tendency is to raise everything that is elsewhere degraded to a respectable height, when there commences an attraction of gravitation that draws all toward the centre—a little closer too, than could be wished, perhaps."

"Aye, aye, Ned! This is very pretty, with your attractions and gravitations; but wait and judge for yourself of this average, of which you now speak so complacently."

"Nay, John, I borrowed the image from you. If it be not accurate, I shall hold you responsible for its defects."

"They tell me," said Eve, "that all American villages are the towns in miniature ; children dressed in hoops and wigs. Is this so Grace ?"

"A little. There is too much desire to imitate the towns, perhaps, and possibly too little feeling for country life."

"This is a very natural consequence, after all, of people's living entirely in such places," observed Sir George Templemore. "One sees much of this on the continent of Europe, because the country population is purely a country population ; and less of it in England perhaps, because those who are at the head of society consider town and country as very distinct things."

"*La campagne est vraiment délicieuse en Amérique,*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieffville, in whose eyes the whole country was little more than *campagne*.

The next morning our travellers proceeded by the way of Schenectady, whence they ascended the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, by means of a canal boat, the cars that now rattle along its length not having commenced their active flights at that time. With the scenery every one was delighted ; for while it differed essentially from that the party had passed through the previous day, it was scarcely less beautiful.

At a point where the necessary route diverged from the direction of the canal, carriages of Mr. Effingham's were in readiness to receive the travellers, and here they were also favored by the presence of Mr. Bragg, who fancied such an attention might be agreeable to the young ladies, as well as to his employer.

CHAPTER IX.

"Tell me, where is fancy bred—
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?"

SONG IN SHAKESPEARE.

THE travellers were several hours ascending into the mountains, by a country road that could scarcely be surpassed by a French wheel-track of the same sort ; for

Mademoiselle Viefville protested twenty times in the course of the morning, that it was a thousand pities Mr. Effingham had not the privilege of the *corvée*, that he might cause the approach of his *terres* to be kept in better condition. At length they reached the summit—a point where the waters began to flow south—when the road became tolerably level. From this time their progress became more rapid, and they continued to advance two or three hours longer at a steady pace.

Aristabulus now informed his companions that, in obedience to instructions from John Effingham, he had ordered the coachman to take a road that led a little from the direct line of their journey, and that they had now been travelling for some time on the more ancient route to Templeton.

“I was aware of this,” said Mr. Effingham, “though ignorant of the reason. We are on the great western turnpike.”

“Certainly, sir, and all according to Mr. John’s request. There would have been a great saving in distance, and, agreeably to my notion, in horse-flesh, had we quietly gone down the banks of the lake.”

“Jack will explain his own meaning,” returned Mr. Effingham, “and he has stopped the other carriage, and alighted with Sir George—a hint, I fancy, that we are to follow their example.”

Sure enough the second carriage was now stopped, and Sir George hastened to open its door.

“Mr. John Effingham, who acts as cicerone,” cried the baronet, “insists that every one shall put *pied à terre* at this precise spot, keeping the important reason still a secret in the recesses of his own bosom.”

The ladies complied, and the carriages were ordered to proceed with the domestics, leaving the rest of the travellers by themselves, apparently in the heart of the forest.

“It is to be hoped, mademoiselle, there are no banditti in America,” said Eve, as they looked around them at the novel situation in which they were placed, apparently by a pure caprice of her cousin.

“*Ou des sauvages*,” returned the governess, who, in spite of her ordinary intelligence and great good sense, had

several times that day cast uneasy and stolen glances into the bits of dark wood they had occasionally passed.

"I will insure your purses and scalps, *mesdames*," cried John Effingham, gaily, "on condition that you will follow me implicitly ; and by way of pledge for my faith, I solicit the honor of supporting Mademoiselle Vieffville on this unworthy arm."

The governess laughingly accepted the conditions, Eve took the arm of her father, and Sir George offered his to Grace ; Aristabulus, to his surprise, being left to walk entirely alone. It struck him, however, as so singularly improper that a young lady should be supported on such an occasion by her own father, that he frankly and gallantly proposed to Mr. Effingham to relieve him of his burden, an offer that was declined with quite as much distinctness as it was made.

"I suppose Cousin Jack has a meaning to his melodrama," said Eve, as they entered the forest, "and I dare say, dearest father, that you are behind the scenes, though I perceive determined secrecy in your face."

"John may have a cave to show us, or some tree of extraordinary height ; such things existing in the country."

"We are very confiding, mademoiselle, for I detect treachery in every face around us. Even Miss Van Cortlandt has the air of a conspirator, and seems to be in league with something or somebody. Pray heaven it be not with wolves."

"*Des loups!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieffville, stopping short, with a mien so alarmed as to excite a general laugh—"est-ce qu'il y a des loups et des sangliers dans cette forêt?"

"No, mademoiselle," returned her companion—"this is only barbarous America, and not civilized France. Were we in *le departement de la Seine*, we might apprehend some such dangers, but being merely in the mountains of Otsego, we are reasonably safe."

"*Fe l'espere*," murmured the governess, as she reluctantly and distrustfully proceeded, glancing her eyes incessantly to the right and left. The path now became steep and rather difficult ; so much so, indeed, as to indispose them all to conversation. It led beneath the branches of lofty pines, though there existed on every side

of them proofs of the ravages man had committed in that noble forest. At length they were compelled to stop for breath, after having ascended considerably above the road they had left.

"I ought to have said that the spot where we entered on this path is memorable in the family history," observed John Effingham to Eve—"for it was the precise spot where one of our predecessors lodged a shot in the shoulder of another."

"Then I know precisely where we are!" cried our heroine, "though I cannot yet imagine why we are led into this forest, unless it be to visit some spot hallowed by a deed of Natty Bumpo's!"

"Time will solve this mystery, as well as all others. Let us proceed."

Again they ascended, and after a few more minutes of trial they reached a sort of table-land, and drew near an opening in the trees, where a small circle had evidently been cleared of its wood, though it was quite small and untilled. Eve looked curiously about her, as did all the others to whom the place was novel, and she was lost in doubt.

"There seems to be a void beyond us," said the baronet. "I rather think Mr. John Effingham has led us to the verge of a view."

At this suggestion the party moved on in a body, and were well rewarded for the toil of the ascent, by a *coup d'œil* that was almost Swiss in character and beauty.

"Now do I know where we are," exclaimed Eve, clasping her hands in rapture. "This is the 'Vision,' and yonder, indeed, is our blessed home."

The whole artifice of the surprise was exposed, and after the first burst of pleasure had subsided, all to whom the scene was novel felt that they would not have missed this *piquante* introduction to the Valley of the Susquehanna on any account. That the reader may understand the cause of so much delight, and why John Effingham had prepared this scene for his friends, we shall stop to give a short description of the objects that met the eyes of the travellers.

It is known that they were in a small open spot in a forest, and on the verge of a precipitous mountain. The trees encircled them on every side but one, and on that lay

the panorama, although the tops of tall pines, that grew in lines almost parallel to the declivity, rose nearly to a level with the eye. Hundreds of feet beneath them, directly in front, and stretching leagues to the right, was a lake embedded in woods and hills. On the side next the travellers a fringe of forest broke the line of water ; tree tops that intercepted the view of the shores ; and on the other, high broken hills, or low mountains rather, that were covered with farms, beautifully relieved by patches of wood, in a way to resemble the scenery of a vast park or a royal pleasure-ground, limited the landscape. High valleys lay among these uplands, and in every direction comfortable dwellings dotted the fields. The dark hues of the evergreens, with which all the heights near the water were shaded, were in soft contrast to the livelier green of the other foliage, while the meadows and pastures were luxuriant with a verdure unsurpassed by that of England. Bays and points added to the exquisite outline of the glassy lake on this shore, while one of the former withdrew toward the northwest, in a way to leave the eye doubtful whether it was the termination of the transparent sheet or not. Toward the south, bold, varied, but cultivated hills, also bounded the view, all teeming with the fruits of human labor, and yet all relieved by pieces of wood in the way already mentioned, so as to give the entire region the character of park scenery. A wide, deep, even valley commenced at the southern end of the lake, or nearly opposite to the stand of our travellers, and stretched away south, until concealed by a curvature in the ranges of the mountains. Like all the mountain tops, this valley was verdant, peopled, wooded in places, though less abundant than the hills, and teeming with the signs of life. Roads wound through its peaceful retreats, and might be traced working their way along the glens, and up the weary ascents of the mountains, for miles in every direction.

At the northern termination of this lovely valley, and immediately on the margin of the lake, lay the village of Templeton, immediately under the eyes of the party. The distance, in an air line, from their stand to the centre of the dwellings, could not be much less than a mile, but the air was so pure, and the day so calm, that it did not seem so far. The children and even the dogs were seen running

about the streets, while the shrill cries of boys at their gambols ascended distinctly to the ear.

As this was the Templeton of the Pioneers, and the progress of society during half a century is connected with the circumstances, we shall give the reader a more accurate notion of its present state than can be obtained from incidental allusions. We undertake the office more readily, because this is not one of those places that shoot up in a day, under the unnatural efforts of speculation, or which, favored by peculiar advantages in the way of trade, becomes a precocious city while the stumps still stand in its streets; but a sober country town, that has advanced steadily *pari passu* with the surrounding country, and offers a fair specimen of the more regular advancement of the whole nation in its progress toward civilization.

The appearance of Templeton, as seen from the height where it is now exhibited to the reader, was generally beautiful and map-like. There might be a dozen streets, principally crossing each other at right angles, though sufficiently relieved from this precise delineation to prevent a starched formality. Perhaps the greater part of the buildings were painted white, as is usual in the smaller American towns; though a better taste was growing in the place, and many of the dwellings had the graver and chaster hues of the gray stones of which they were built. A general air of neatness and comfort pervaded the place, it being as unlike a continental European town, south of the Rhine, in this respect, as possible, if indeed we except the picturesque bourgs of Switzerland. In England, Templeton would be termed a small market-town, so far as size was concerned; in France, a large bourg; while in America it was, in common parlance and legal appellation, styled a village.

Of the dwellings of the place, fully twenty were of a quality that denoted ease in the condition of their occupants, and bespoke the habits of those accustomed to live in a manner superior to the *oi polloi* of the human race. Of these, some six or eight had small lawns, carriage sweeps, and the other similar appliances of houses that were not deemed unworthy of the honor of bearing names of their own. No less than five little steeples, towers, or belfries, for neither word is exactly suitably to the archi-

tectural prodigies we wish to describe, rose above the roofs, denoting the sites of the same number of places of worship; an American village usually exhibiting as many of these proofs of liberty of conscience—caprices of conscience would perhaps be a better term—as dollars and cents will by any process render attainable. Several light carriages, such as were suitable to a mountainous country, were passing to and fro in the streets; and here and there a single horse vehicle was fastened before the door of a shop or a lawyer's office, denoting the presence of some customer or client from among the adjacent hills.

Templeton was not sufficiently a thoroughfare to possess one of those monstrosities, a modern American tavern, or a structure whose roof should overtop that of all its neighbors. Still its inns were of respectable size, well piazzaded, to use a word of our own invention, and quite enough frequented.

Near the centre of the place, in grounds of rather limited extent, still stood that model of the composite order, which owed its existence to the combined knowledge and taste, in the remoter ages of the region, of Mr. Richard Jones and Mr. Hiram Doolittle. We will not say that it had been modernized, for the very reverse was the effect, in appearance at least; but it had since undergone material changes under the more instructed intelligence of John Effingham.

This building was so conspicuous by position and size, that as soon as they had taken in glimpses of the entire landscape, which was not done without murmurs of pleasure, every eye became fastened on it, as the focus of interest. A long and common silence denoted how general was this feeling, and the whole party took seats on stumps and fallen trees before a syllable was uttered after the building had attracted their gaze. Aristabulus alone permitted his look to wander, and he was curiously examining the countenance of Mr. Effingham, near whom he sat, with a longing to discover whether the expression was that of approbation or of disapprobation of the fruits of his cousin's genius.

"Mr. John Effingham has considerably regenerated and revived, not to say transmogrified, the old dwelling," he said, cautiously using terms that might leave his own

opinion of the changes doubtful. "The work of his hand has excited some speculation, a good deal of inquiry, and a little conversation throughout the country. It has almost produced an excitement!"

"As my house came to me from my father," said Mr. Effingham, across whose mild and handsome face a smile was gradually stealing, "I knew its history, and when called on for an explanation of its singularities, could refer all to the composite order. But you, Jack, have supplanted all this by a style of your own, for which I shall be compelled to consult the authorities for explanations."

"Do you dislike my taste, Ned? To my eye, now, the structure has no bad appearance from this spot?"

"Fitness and comfort are indispensable requisites for domestic architecture, to use your own argument. Are you quite sure that yonder castellated roof, for instance, is quite suited to the deep snows of these mountains?"

John Effingham whistled, and endeavored to look unconcerned; for he well knew that the very first winter had demonstrated the unsuitableness of his plans for such a climate. He had actually felt disposed to cause the whole to be altered privately at his own expense; but, besides feeling certain his cousin would resent a liberty that inferred his indisposition to pay for his own buildings, he had a reluctance to admit, in the face of the whole country, that he had made so capital a mistake, in a branch of art in which he prided himself rather more than common; almost as much as his predecessor in the occupation, Mr. Richard Jones.

"If you are not pleased with your own dwelling, Ned," he answered, "you can have at least the consolation of looking at some of your neighbors' houses, and of perceiving that they are a great deal worse off. Of all abortions of this sort, to my taste, a Grecian abortion is the worst. Mine is only Gothic, and that, too, in a style so modest, that I should think it might pass unmolested."

It was so unusual to see John Effingham on the defensive, that the whole party smiled, while Aristabulus, who stood in salutary fear of his caustic tongue, both smiled and wondered.

"Nay, do not mistake me, John," returned the proprietor of the edifice under discussion. "It is not your taste

that I call in question, but your provision against the seasons. In the way of mere outward show, I really think you deserve high praise ; for you have transformed a very ugly dwelling into one that is almost handsome, in despite of proportions and the necessity of regulating the alterations by prescribed limits. Still, I think there is a little of the composite left about even the exterior."

"I hope, Cousin Jack, you have not innovated on the interior," cried Eve ; "for I think I shall remember that, and nothing is more pleasant than the *cattism* of seeing objects that you remember in childhood. Pleasant, I mean, to those whom the mania of mutations has not affected."

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Effingham," replied her kinsman, with a pettishness of manner that was altogether extraordinary in a man whose mien, in common, was so singularly composed and masculine ; "you will find all that you knew when a kitten, in its proper place. I could not rake together again the ashes of Queen Dido, which were scattered to the four winds of heaven, I fear ; nor could I discover a reasonably good bust of Homer ; but respectable substitutes are provided, and some of them have the great merit of puzzling all beholders to tell to whom they belong, which I believe was the great characteristic of most of Mr. Jones's inventions."

"I am glad to see, Cousin Jack, that you have at least managed to give a very respectable 'cloud color' to the whole house."

"Aye, it lay between that and an invisible green," the gentleman answered, losing his momentary spleen in his natural love of the ludicrous ; "but finding that the latter would be only too conspicuous in the droughts that sometimes prevail in this climate, I settled down into the yellowish drab. That is, indeed, not unlike some of the richer volumes of the clouds."

"On the whole, I think you are fairly entitled, as Steadfast Dodge, Esquire, would say, to 'the meed of our thanks.'"

"What a lovely spot !" exclaimed Mr. Effingham, who had already ceased to think of his own dwelling, and whose eye was roaming over the soft landscape, athwart which the lustre of a June noontide was throwing its richest glories. "This is truly a place where one might fancy repose

and content were to be found for the evening of a troubled life."

"Indeed, I have seldom looked upon a more bewitching scene," answered the baronet. "The lakes of Cumberland will scarce compete with this!"

"Or that of Brienz, or Lungeren, or Nemi," said Eve, smiling in a way that the other understood to be a hit at his nationality.

"*C'est charmant!*" murmured Mademoiselle Viefville. "*On pense à l'éternité dans un tel calme!*"

"The farm you can see lying near yonder wood, Mr. Effingham," coolly observed Aristabulus, "sold last spring for thirty dollars to the acre, and was bought for twenty the summer before!"

"*Chacun à son goût!*" said Eve.

"And yet I fear this glorious scene is marred by the envy, rapacity, uncharitableness, and all the other evil passions of man!" continued the more philosophical Mr. Effingham. "Perhaps it were better as it was so lately, when it lay in the solitude and peace of the wilderness, the resort of birds and beasts."

"Who prey on each other, dearest father, just as the worst of our own species prey on their fellows."

"True, child—true. And yet I never gaze on one of these scenes of holy calm, without wishing that the great tabernacle of nature might be tenanted only by those who have a feeling for its perfection."

"Do you see the lady," said Aristabulus, "that is just coming out on the lawn, in front of the 'Wigwam?'" for that was the name John Effingham had seen fit to give the altered and amended abode. "Here, Miss Effingham, more in a line with the top of the pine beneath us."

"I see the person you mean; she seems to be looking in this direction."

"You are quite right, miss. She knows that we are to stop on the 'Vision,' and no doubt sees us. That lady is your father's cook, Miss Effingham, and is thinking of the late breakfast that has been ordered to be in readiness against our arrival."

Eve concealed her amusement—for, by this time, she had discovered that Mr. Bragg had a way peculiar to himself, or at least to his class, of using many of the com-

moner words of the English language. It would perhaps be expecting too much of Sir George Templemore not to expect him to smile on such an occasion.

"Ah!" exclaimed Aristabulus, pointing toward the lake, across which several skiffs were stealing, some in one direction, and some in another—"there is a boat out that I think must contain the poet."

"Poet!" repeated John Effingham. "Have we reached that pass at Templeton?"

"Lord, Mr. John Effingham, you must have very contracted notions of the place, if you think a poet a great novelty in it. Why, sir, we have caravans of wild beasts nearly every summer!"

"This is, indeed, a step in advance, of which I was ignorant. Here then, in a region that so lately was tenanted by beasts of prey, beasts are already brought as curiosities. You perceive the state of the country in this fact, Sir George Templemore."

"I do, indeed; but I should like to hear from Mr. Bragg what sort of animals are in these caravans?"

"All sorts, from monkeys to elephants. The last had a rhinoceros."

"Rhinoceros! Why, there was but one, lately, in all Europe. Neither the Zoological Gardens nor the *Jardin des Plantes* had a rhinoceros! I never saw but one, and that was in a caravan at Rome, that travelled between St. Petersburg and Naples."

"Well, sir, we have rhinoceroses here; and monkeys, and zebras, and poets, and painters, and congressmen, and bishops, and governors, and all other sorts of creatures."

"And who may the particular poet be, Mr. Bragg," Eve asked, "who honors Templeton with his presence just at this moment?"

"That is more than I can tell you, miss; for though some eight or ten of us have done little else than try to discover his name for the last week, we have not got even as far as that one fact. He and the gentleman who travels with him are both uncommonly close on such matters, though I think we have some as good catechizers in Templeton as can be found anywhere within fifty miles of us."

"There is another gentleman with him; do you suspect them both of being poets?"

"Oh, no, miss, the other is the waiter of the poet ; that we know, as he serves him at dinner, and otherwise superintends his concerns, such as brushing his clothes, and keeping his room in order."

"This is being in luck for a poet, for they are of a class that are a little apt to neglect the decencies. May I ask why you suspect the master of being a poet, if the man be so assiduous?"

"Why, what else can he be? In the first place, Miss Effingham, he has no name."

"That is a reason in point," said John Effingham ; "very few poets having names."

"Then he is out on the lake half his time, gazing up at the 'Silent Pine,' or conversing with the 'Speaking Rocks,' or drinking at the 'Fairy Spring.'"

"All suspicious, certainly ; especially the dialogue with the rocks ; though not absolutely conclusive."

"But, Mr. John Effingham, the man does not take his food like other people. He rises early, and is out on the water or up in the forest all the morning, and then returns to eat his breakfast in the middle of the forenoon ; he goes into the woods again, or on the lake, and comes back to dinner, just as I take my tea."

"This settles the matter. Any man who presumes to do all this, Mr. Bragg, deserves to be called by some harder name even than that of a poet. Pray, sir, how long has this eccentric person been a resident of Templeton?"

"Hist—there he is, as I am a sinner ; and it was not he and the other gentleman that were in the boat."

The rebuked manner of Aristabulus and the dropping of his voice induced the whole party to look in the direction of his eye, and sure enough a gentleman approached them, in the dress a man of the world is apt to assume in the country, an attire of itself that was sufficient to attract comment in a place where the general desire was to be as much like town as possible, though it was sufficiently neat and simple. He came from the forest, along the table-land that crowned the mountain for some distance, following one of the footpaths that the admirers of the beautiful landscape have made all over that pleasant wood. As he came out into the cleared spot, seeing it already in possession of a party, he bowed, and was passing on with a delicacy that

Mr. Bragg would be apt to deem eccentric, when suddenly stopping, he gave a look of intense and eager interest at the whole party, smiled, advanced rapidly nearer, and discovered his entire person.

"I ought not to be surprised," he said, as he advanced so near as to render doubt any longer impossible, "for I knew you were expected, and indeed waited for your arrival, and yet this meeting has been so unexpected as to leave me scarcely in possession of my faculties."

It is needless to dwell upon the warmth and number of the greetings. To the surprise of Mr. Bragg, his poet was not only known but evidently much esteemed by all the party, with the exception of Miss Van Cortlandt, to whom he was cordially presented by the name of Mr. Powis. Eve managed, by an effort of womanly pride, to suppress the violence of her emotions, and the meeting passed off as one of mutual surprise and pleasure, without any exhibition of unusual feeling to attract comment.

"We ought to express our wonder at finding you here before us, my dear young friend," said Mr. Effingham, still holding Paul's hand affectionately between his own; "and even now that my own eyes assure me of the fact, I can hardly believe you would arrive at New York, and quit it without giving us the satisfaction of seeing you."

"In that, sir, you are not wrong; certainly nothing could have deprived me of that pleasure, but the knowledge that it would not have been agreeable to yourselves. My sudden appearance here, however, will be without mystery, when I tell you that I returned from England by the way of Quebec, the Great Lakes, and the Falls, having been induced by my friend Ducie to take that route, in consequence of his ship's being sent to the St. Lawrence. A desire for novelty, and particularly a desire to see the celebrated cataract, which is almost the lion of America, did the rest."

"We are glad to have you with us on any terms, and I take it as particularly kind that you did not pass my door. You have been here some days?"

"Quite a week. On reaching Utica I diverged from the great route to see this place, not anticipating the pleasure of meeting you here so early; but hearing you were expected, I determined to remain, with a hope, which I re-

joice to find was not vain, that you would not be sorry to see an old fellow-traveller again."

Mr. Effingham pressed his hands warmly again before he relinquished them ; an assurance of welcome that Paul received with thrilling satisfaction.

"I have been in Templeton almost long enough," the young man resumed, laughing, "to set up as a candidate for the public favor, if I rightly understand the claims of a denizen. By what I can gather from casual remarks, the old proverb that 'the new broom sweeps clean,' applies with singular fidelity throughout all this region."

"Have you a copy of your last ode, or a spare epigram, in your pocket?" inquired John Effingham.

Paul looked surprised, and Aristabulus, for a novelty, was a little dashed. Paul looked surprised, as a matter of course, for, although he had been a little annoyed by the curiosity that is apt to haunt a village imagination, since his arrival in Templeton, he did not in the least suspect that his love of a beautiful nature had been imputed to devotion to the muses. Perceiving, however, by the smiles of those around him, that there was more meant than was expressed, he had the tact to permit the explanation to come from the person who had put the question, if it were proper it should come at all.

"We will defer the great pleasure that is in reserve," continued John Effingham, "to another time. At present, it strikes me that the lady of the lawn is getting to be impatient, and the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, that I have had the precaution to order, is probably waiting our appearance. It must be eaten, though under the penalty of being thought moonstruck rhymers by the whole State. Come, Ned ; if you are sufficiently satisfied with looking at the Wigwam in a bird's-eye view, we will descend and put its beauties to the severer test of a close examination."

This proposal was readily accepted, though all tore themselves from that lovely spot with reluctance, and not until they had paused to take another look.

"Fancy the shores of this lake lined with villas," said Eve, "church-towers raising their dark heads among these hills ; each mountain crowned with a castle or a crumbling ruin, and all the other accessories of an old state of society. and what would then be the charms of the view?"

“Less than they are to-day, Miss Effingham,” said Paul Powis; “for though poetry requires—you all smile, is it forbidden to touch on such subjects?”

“Not at all, so it be done in wholesome rhymes,” returned the baronet. “You ought to know that you are expected even to speak in doggerel.”

Paul ceased, and the whole party walked away from the place laughing and light-hearted.

CHAPTER X.

“It is the spot, I came to seek
My father’s ancient burial place—

It is the spot—I know it well,
Of which our old traditions tell.”

BRYANT.

FROM the day after their arrival in New York, or that on which the account of the arrests by the English cruiser had appeared in the journals, little had been said by any of our party concerning Paul Powis, or of the extraordinary manner in which he had left the packet, at the very moment she was about to enter her haven. It is true that Mr. Dodge, arrived at Dodgeopolis, had dilated on the subject in his hebdomadal, with divers additions and conjectures of his own, and this, too, in a way to attract a good deal of attention in the interior; but, it being a rule with those who are supposed to dwell at the fountain of foreign intelligence not to receive anything from those who ought not to be better informed than themselves, the Effinghams and their friends had never heard of his account of the matter.

While all thought the incident of the sudden return extraordinary, no one felt disposed to judge the young man harshly. The gentlemen knew that military censure, however unpleasant, did not always imply moral unworthiness; and as for the ladies, they retained too lively a sense of his skill and gallantry to wish to imagine evil on grounds so slight and vague. Still, it had been impossible altogether to prevent the obtrusion of disagreeable surmises, and all

now sincerely rejoiced at seeing their late companion once more among them, seemingly in a state of mind that announced neither guilt nor degradation.

On quitting the mountain, Mr. Effingham, who had a tender regard for Grace, offered her his arm as he would have given it to a second daughter, leaving Eve to the care of John Effingham. Sir George attended to Mademoiselle Vieville, and Paul walked by the side of our heroine and her cousin, leaving Aristabulus to be what he himself called a "miscellaneous companion;" or, in other words, to thrust himself into either set, as inclination or accident might induce. Of course the parties conversed as they walked, though those in advance would occasionally pause to say a word to those in the rear; and, as they descended, one or two changes occurred to which we may have occasion to allude.

"I trust you have had pleasant passages," said John Effingham to Paul, as soon as they were separated in the manner just mentioned. "Three trips across the Atlantic in so short a time would be hard duty to a landsman, though you, as a sailor, will probably think less of it."

"In this respect I have been fortunate; the Foam, as we know from experience, being a good traveller, and Ducie is altogether a fine fellow and an agreeable mess-mate. You know I had him for a companion both going and coming."

This was said naturally; and, while it explained so little directly, it removed all unpleasant uncertainty, by assuring his listeners that he had been on good terms at least with the person who had seemed to be his pursuer. John Effingham, too, well understood that no one messed with the commander of a vessel of war, in his own ship, who was in any way thought to be an unfit associate.

"You have made a material circuit to reach us, the distance by Quebec being nearly a fourth more than the direct road."

"Ducie desired it so strongly, that I did not like to deny him. Indeed, he made it a point at first to obtain permission to land me at New York, where he had found me, as he said; but to this I would not listen, as I feared it might interfere with his promotion, of which he stood so good a chance, in consequence of his success in the affair

of the money. By keeping constantly before the eyes of his superiors, on duty of interest, I thought his success would be more certain."

"And has his government thought his perseverance in the chase worthy of such a reward?"

"Indeed it has. He is now a post, and all owing to his good luck and judgment in that affair; though in his country, rank in private life does no harm to one in public life."

Eve liked the emphasis that Paul laid on "his country," and she thought the whole remark was made in a spirit that an Englishman would not be apt to betray.

"Has it ever occurred to you," continued John Effingham, "that our sudden and unexpected separation has caused a grave neglect of duty in me, if not in both of us?"

Paul looked surprised, and by his manner he demanded an explanation.

"You may remember the sealed package of poor Mr. Monday, that we were to open together on our arrival in New York, and on the contents of which we were taught to believe depended the settling of some important private rights. I gave that package to you at the moment it was received, and in the hurry of leaving us, you overlooked the circumstance."

"All very true, and to my shame I confess that, until this instant, the affair has been quite forgotten by me. I had so much to occupy my mind while in England, that it was not likely to be remembered, and then the packet itself has scarce been in my possession since the day I left you."

"It is not lost, I trust!" said John Effingham quickly.

"Surely not! It is safe beyond a question, in the writing-desk in which I deposited it. But the moment we got to Portsmouth, Ducie and myself proceeded to London together, and as soon as he had got through at the Admiralty, we went into Yorkshire, where we remained, much occupied with private matters of great importance to us both, while his ship was docked, and then it became necessary to make sundry visits to our relations——"

"Relations!" repeated Eve involuntarily, though she did not cease to reproach herself for the indiscretion during the rest of the walk.

"Relations," returned Paul, smiling. "Captain Ducie and myself are cousins-german, and we made pilgrimages together to sundry family shrines. This duty occupied us until a few days before we sailed for Quebec. On reaching our haven, I left the ship to visit the great lakes and Niagara, leaving most of my effects with Ducie, who has promised to bring them on with himself, when he followed on my track, as he expected soon to do, on his way to the West Indies, where he is to find a frigate. He owed me this attention, as he insisted, on account of having induced me to go so far out of my way, with so much luggage, to oblige him. The packet is, unluckily, left behind with the other things."

"And do you expect Captain Ducie to arrive in this country soon? The affair of the packet ought not to be neglected much longer; for a promise to a dying man is doubly binding, as it appeals to all our generosity. Rather than neglect the matter much longer, I would prefer sending a special messenger to Quebec."

"That will be quite unnecessary, as indeed it would be useless. Ducie left Quebec yesterday, and has sent his and my effects direct to New York, under the care of his own steward. The writing-case, containing other papers that are of interest to us both, he has promised not to lose sight of, but it will accompany him on the same tour as that I have just made; for he wishes to avail himself of this opportunity to see Niagara and the lakes also. He is now on my track, and will notify me by letter of the day he will be in Utica, in order that we may meet on the line of the canal, near this place, and proceed to New York in company."

His companions listened to this brief statement with an intense interest, with which the packet of poor Mr. Monday, however, had very little connection. John Effingham called to his cousin, and, in a few words, stated the circumstances as they had just been related to himself, without adverting to the papers of Mr. Monday, which was an affair that he had hitherto kept to himself.

"It will be no more than a return of civility, if we invite Captain Ducie to diverge from his road, and pass a few days with us in the mountains," he added. "At what precise time do you expect him to pass, Powis?"

“Within the fortnight. I feel certain he would be glad to pay his respects to this party; for he often expressed his sincere regrets at having been employed on a service that exposed the ladies to so much peril and delay.”

“Captain Ducie is a near kinsman of Mr. Powis, dear father,” added Eve, in a way to show her parent that the invitation would be agreeable to herself; for Mr. Effingham was so attentive to the wishes of his daughter, as never to ask a guest to his house that he thought would prove disagreeable to its mistress.

“I shall do myself the pleasure to write to Captain Ducie this evening, urging him to honor us with his company,” returned Mr. Effingham. “We expect other friends in a few days, and I hope he will not find his time heavy on his hands while in exile among us. Mr. Powis will inclose my note in one of his letters, and will, I trust, second the request by his own solicitations.”

Paul made his acknowledgments, and the whole party proceeded, though the interruption caused such a change in the figure of the promenade, as to leave the young man the immediate escort of Eve. The party by this time had not only reached the highway, but it had again diverged from it, to follow the line of an old and abandoned wheel-track that descended the mountain, along the side of the declivity, by a wilder and more perilous direction than suited a modern enterprise—it having been one of those little calculated and rude roads that the first settlers of a country are apt to make, before there are time and means to investigate and finish to advantage. Although much more difficult and dangerous than its successor, as a highway, this relic of the infant condition of the country was by far the most retired and beautiful, and pedestrians continued to use it as a common footpath to the Vision. The seasons had narrowed its surface, and the second growth had nearly covered it with their branches, shading it like an arbor; and Eve expressed her delight with its wildness and boldness, mingled, as both were, with so pleasant a seclusion, as they descended along a path as safe and convenient as a French *allée*. Glimpses were constantly obtained of the lake and the village while they proceeded, and altogether, they who were strangers to the scenery were loud in its praises.

"Most persons who see this valley for the first time," observed Aristabulus, "find something to say in its favor; for my part, I consider it as rather curious myself."

"Curious!" exclaimed Paul; "that gentleman is at least singular in the choice of his expressions."

"You have met him before to-day," said Eve, laughing, for Eve was now in a humor to laugh at trifles. "This we know, since he prepared us to meet a poet, where we only find an old friend."

"Only, Miss Effingham! Do you estimate poets so high, and old friends so low?"

"This extraordinary person, Mr. Aristabulus Braggs, really deranges all one's notions and opinions in such a manner, as to destroy even the usual signification of words, I believe. He seems so much in, and yet so much out of his place; is both so *rusé* and so unpractised; so unfit for what he is, and so ready at everything, that I scarcely know how to apply terms in any matter with which he has the smallest connection. I fear he has persecuted you since your arrival in Templeton?"

"Not at all; I am so much acquainted with men of his caste, that I have acquired a tact in managing them. Perceiving that he was disposed to suspect me of a disposition to 'poetize the lake,' to use his own term, I took care to drop a couple of lines, roughly written off, like a hasty and imperfect effusion, where I felt sure he would find them, and have been living for a whole week on the fame thereof."

"You do indulge in such tastes, then?" said Eve, smiling a little saucily.

"I am as innocent of such an ambition as of wishing to marry the heiress of the British throne, which, I believe, just now, is the goal of all the Icaruses of our own time. I am merely a rank plagiarist—for the rhyme, on the fame of which I have rioted for a glorious week, was two lines of Pope's, an author so effectually forgotten in these palmy days of literature, in which all knowledge seems so condensed into the productions of the last few years, that a man might almost pass off an entire classic for his own, without the fear of detection. It was merely the first couplet of the Essay on Man, which, fortunately, having an allusion to the 'pride of kings,' would pass for original.

as well as excellent, in nineteen villages in twenty in America, in these piping times of ultra-republicanism. No doubt Mr. Bragg thought a eulogy on the 'people' was to come next, to be succeeded by a glorious picture of Templeton and its environs."

"I do not know that I ought to admit these hits at liberty from a foreigner," said Eve, pretending to look graver than she felt; for never before, in her life, had our heroine so strong a consciousness of happiness as she had experienced that very morning.

"Foreigner, Miss Effingham!—And why a foreigner?"

"Nay, you know your own pretended cosmopolitanism; and ought not the cousin of Captain Ducie to be an Englishman?"

"I shall not answer for the ought, the simple fact being a sufficient reply to the question. The cousin of Captain Ducie is not an Englishman; nor, as I see you suspect, has he ever served a day in the British navy, or in any other navy than that of his native land."

"This is indeed taking us by surprise, and that most agreeably," returned Eve, looking up at him with undisguised pleasure, while a bright glow crimsoned her face. "We could not but feel an interest in one who had so effectually served us; and both my father and Mr. John Effingham—"

"Cousin Jack—" interrupted the smiling Paul.

"Cousin Jack, then, if you dislike the formality I used; both my father and cousin Jack examined the American navy registers for your name without success, as I understood, and the inference that followed was fair enough, I believe you will admit."

"Had they looked at the register of a few years' date, they would have met with better luck. I have quitted the service, and am a sailor only in recollections. For the last few years, like yourselves, I have been a traveller by land as well as by water."

Eve said no more, though every syllable that the young man uttered was received by attentive ears, and retained with a scrupulous fidelity of memory. They walked some distance in silence, until they reached the grounds of a house that was beautifully placed on the side of the mountain, near a lovely wood of pines. Crossing these grounds

until they reached a terrace in front of the dwelling, the village of Templeton lay directly in their front, perhaps a hundred feet beneath them, and yet so near, as to render the minutest object distinct. Here they all stopped to take a more distinct view of a place that had so much interest with most of the party.

"I hope you are sufficiently acquainted with the localities to act as cicerone," said Mr. Effingham to Paul. "In a visit of a week to this village, you have scarcely overlooked the Wigwam."

"Perhaps I ought to hesitate, or rather ought to blush, to own it," answered the young man, discharging the latter obligation by coloring to his temples; "but curiosity has proved so much stronger than manners, that I have been induced to trespass so far on the politeness of this gentleman, as to gain an admission to your dwelling, in and about which more of my time has been passed than has probably proved agreeable to its inmates."

"I hope the gentleman will not speak of it," said Aristabulus. "In this country, we live pretty much in common, and with me it is a rule, when a gentleman drops in, whether stranger or neighbor, to show him the civility to ask him to take off his hat."

"It appears to me," said Eve, willing to change the conversation, "that Templeton has an unusual number of steeples; for what purpose can so small a place possibly require so many buildings of that nature?"

"All in behalf of orthodoxy, Miss Eve," returned Aristabulus, who conceived himself to be the proper person to answer such interrogatories. "There is a shade of opinion beneath every one of those steeples."

"Do you mean, sir, that there are as many shades of faith in Templeton, as I now see buildings that have the appearance of being devoted to religious purposes?"

"Double the number, miss, and some to spare, in the bargain; for you see but five meeting-houses, and the county buildings, and we reckon seven hostile denominations in the village, besides the diversities of sentiment on trifles. This edifice that you perceive here, in a line with the chimneys of the first house, is New St. Paul's, Mr. Grant's old church, as orthodox a house, in its way, as there is in the diocese, as you may see by the windows

This is a gaining concern, though there has been some falling off of late, in consequence of the clergyman's having caught a bad cold, which has made him a little hoarse ; but I dare say he will get over it, and the church ought not to be abandoned on that account, serious as the matter undoubtedly is for the moment. A few of us have determined to back up New St. Paul's in this crisis, and I make it a point to go there myself quite half the time."

"I am glad we have so much of your company," said Mr. Effingham, "for that is our own church, and in it my daughter was baptized. But, do you divide your religious opinions in halves, Mr. Bragg?"

"In as many parts, Mr. Effingham, as there are denominations in the neighborhood, giving a decided preference to New St. Paul's notwithstanding under the peculiar circumstances, particularly to the windows. The dark, gloomy-looking building, miss, off in the distance yonder, is the Methodist affair, of which not much need be said ; Methodism flourishing but little among us since the introduction of the New Lights, who have fairly managed to out-excite them on every plan they can invent. I believe, however, they stick pretty much to the old doctrine, which no doubt is one great reason of their present apathetic state ; for the people do love novelties."

"Pray, sir, what building is this nearly in a line with New St. Paul's, and which resembles it a little in color and form?"

"Windows excepted ; it has two rows of regular square-topped windows, miss, as you may observe. That is the First Presbyterian, or the old standard ; a very good house and a pretty good faith, too, as times go. I make it a point to attend there at least once every fortnight ; for change is agreeable to the nature of man. I will say, miss, that my preference, so far as I have any, however, is for New St. Paul's, and I have experienced considerable regrets that these Presbyterians have gained a material advantage over us, in a very essential point, lately."

"I am sorry to hear this, Mr. Bragg ; for, being an Episcopalian myself, and having great reliance on the antiquity and purity of my church, I should be sorry to find it put in the wrong by any other."

"I fear we must give that point up, notwithstanding ;

for these Presbyterians have entirely outwitted the church people in that matter."

"And what is the point in which we have been so signally worsted?"

"Why miss, their new bell weighs quite a hundred more than that of New St. Paul's, and has altogether the best sound. I know very well that this advantage will not avail them anything to boast of, in the last great account; but it makes a surprising difference in the state of probation. You see the yellowish-looking building across the valley, with a heavy wall around it, and a belfry? That, in its regular character, is the county court-house and jail; but in the way of religion, it is used pretty much miscellaneously."

"Do you mean really, sir, that divine service is ever actually performed in it, or that persons of all denominations are occasionally tried there?"

"It would be truer to say that all denominations occasionally try the court-house," said Aristabulus, simpering; "for I believe it has been used in this way by every shade of religion short of the Jews. The Gothic tower in wood is the building of the Universalists; and the Grecian edifice, that is not yet painted, of the Baptists. The Quakers, I believe, worship chiefly at home, and the different shades of the Presbyterians meet in different rooms in private houses about the place."

"Are there then shades of difference in the denominations, as well as all these denominations?" asked Eve, in unfeigned surprise; "and this, too, in a population so small?"

"This is a free country, Miss Eve, and freedom loves variety. 'Many men, many minds.'"

"Quite true, sir," said Paul; "but here are many minds among few men. Nor is this all; agreeably to your own account, some of these men do not exactly know their own minds. But can you explain to us what essential points are involved in all these shades of opinion?"

"It would require a life, sir, to understand the half of them. Some say that excitement is religion, and others, that it is contentment. One set cries up practice, and another cries out against it. This man maintains that he will be saved if he does good, and that man affirms that if

he only does good, he will be damned ; a little evil is necessary to salvation, with one shade of opinion, while another thinks a man is never so near conversion as when he is deepest in sin."

"Subdivision is the order of the day," added John Effingham. "Every county is to be subdivided, that there may be more county towns and county offices ; every religion decimated, that there may be a greater variety and a better quality of saints."

Aristabulus nodded his head, and he would have winked, could he have presumed to take such a liberty with a man he held as much in habitual awe as John Effingham.

"*Monsieur*," inquired Mademoiselle Viefville, "is there no *église*, no *véritable église* in Templeton ?"

"Oh, yes, madame, several," returned Aristabulus, who would as soon think of admitting that he did not understand the meaning of *véritable église*, as one of the sects he had been describing would think of admitting that it was not infallible in its interpretation of Christianity—"several ; but they are not to be seen from this particular spot."

"How much more picturesque would it be, and even Christian-like in appearance, at least," said Paul, "could these good people consent to unite in worshipping God ! and how much does it bring into strong relief the feebleness and ignorance of man, when you see him splitting hairs about doctrines, under which he has been told, in terms as plain as language can make it, that he is simply required to believe in the goodness and power of a Being whose nature and agencies exceed his comprehension."

"All very true," cried John Effingham, "but what would become of liberty of conscience in such a case ? Most men, nowadays, understand by faith, a firm reliance on their own opinions !"

"In that case, too," put in Aristabulus, "we should want this handsome display of churches to adorn our village. There is good comes of it ; for any man would be more likely to invest in a place that has five churches than in a place with but one. As it is, Templeton has as beautiful a set of churches as any village I know."

"Say rather, sir, a set of castors ; for a stronger resemblance to vinegar-cruets and mustard-pots than is borne by these architectural prodigies, eye never beheld."

"It is, nevertheless, a beautiful thing, to see the high-pointed roof of the house of God, crowning an assemblage of houses, as one finds it in other countries," said Eve, "instead of a pile of tavern, as is too much the case in this dear home of ours."

When this remark was uttered, they descended the step that led from the terrace, and proceeded toward the village. On reaching the gate of the Wigwam, the whole party stood confronted with that offspring of John Effingham's taste; for so great had been his improvements on the original production of Hiram Doolittle, that externally, at least, that distinguished architect could no longer have recognized the fruits of his own talents.

"This is carrying out to the full, John, the conceits of the composite order," observed Mr. Effingham, drily.

"I shall be sorry, Ned, if you dislike your house as it is amended and corrected."

"Dear Cousin Jack," cried Eve, "it is an odd jumble of the Grecian and Gothic. One would like to know your authorities for such a liberty."

"What do you think of the *façade* of the cathedral of Milan, miss?" laying emphasis on the last words, in imitation of the manner of Mr. Bragg. "Is it such a novelty to see the two styles blended; or is architecture so pure in America, that you think I have committed the unpardonable sin?"

"Nay, nothing that is out of rule ought to strike one in a country where imitation governs in all things immaterial, and originality unsettles all things sacred and dear."

"By way of punishment for that bold speech, I wish I had left the old rookery in the state I found it, that its beauties might have greeted your eyes, instead of this uncouth pile, which seems so much to offend them. Mademoiselle Vieffville, permit me to ask how you like that house?"

"*Mais c'est un petit château.*"

"*Un château, Effinghamisé,*" said Eve, laughing.

"*Effinghamisé si vous voulez, ma chère; pourtant c'est un château.*"

"The general opinion in this part of the country is," said Aristabulus, "that Mr. John Effingham has altered the building on the plan of some edifice of Europe, though

I forget the name of the particular temple ; it is not, however, the Parthenon, nor the temple of Minerva."

"I hope, at least," said Mr. Effingham, leading the way up a little lawn, "it will not turn out to be the Temple of the Winds."

CHAPTER XI.

"Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE progress of society in America has been distinguished by several peculiarities that do not so properly belong to the more regular and methodical advances of civilization in other parts of the world. On the one hand the arts of life, like Minerva, who was struck out of the intellectual being of her father at a blow, have started full-grown into existence, as the legitimate inheritance of the colonists, while on the other, everything tends toward settling down into a medium, as regards quality, a consequence of the community-character of the institutions. Everything she had seen that day had struck Eve as partaking of this mixed nature, in which, while nothing was vulgar, little even approached to that high standard that her European education had taught her to esteem perfect. In the Wigwam, however, as her father's cousin had seen fit to name the family dwelling, there was more of keeping, and a closer attention to the many little things she had been accustomed to consider essential to comfort and elegance, and she was better satisfied with her future home than with most she had seen since her return to America.

As we have described the interior of this house in another work, little remains to be said on the subject at present ; for, while John Effingham had completely altered its external appearance, its internal was not much changed. It is true, the cloud-colored covering had disappeared, as had that stoop also, the columns of which were so nobly upheld by their superstructure ; the former having given place to a less obtrusive roof, that was regularly embattled,

and the latter having been swallowed by a small entrance tower that the new architect had contrived to attach to the building with quite as much advantage to it in the way of comfort as in the way of appearance. In truth, the Wigwam had none of the more familiar features of a modern American dwelling of its class. There was not a column about it, whether Grecian, Roman, or Egyptian; no Venetian blinds; no veranda or piazza; no outside paint, nor gay blending of colors. On the contrary, it was a plain old structure, built with great solidity and of excellent materials, and in that style of respectable dignity and propriety that was perhaps a little more peculiar to our fathers than it is to their successors, our worthy selves. In addition to the entrance tower, or porch, on its northern front, John Effingham had also placed a prettily devised conceit on the southern, by means of which the abrupt transition from an inner room to the open air was adroitly avoided. He had, moreover, removed the "firstly" of the edifice, and supplied its place with a more suitable addition that contained some of the offices, while it did not disfigure the building, a rare circumstance in an architectural after-thought.

Internally the Wigwam had gradually been undergoing improvements ever since that period, which, in the way of the arts, if not in the way of chronology, might be termed the dark ages of Otsego. The great hall had long before lost its characteristic decoration of the severed arm of Wolf, a Gothic paper that was better adapted to the really respectable architecture of the room being its substitute: and even the urn that was thought to contain the ashes of Queen Dido, like the pitcher that goes often to the well, had been broken in a war of extermination that had been carried on against the cobwebs, by a particularly notable housekeeper. Old Homer, too, had gone the way of all baked clay; Shakespeare himself had dissolved into dust, "leaving not a wrack behind;" and of Washington and Franklin, even, indigenous as they were, there remained no vestiges. Instead of these venerable memorials of the past, John Effingham, who retained a pleasing recollection of their beauties as they had presented themselves to his boyish eyes, had bought a few substitutes in a New York shop, and a Shakespeare, and a Milton; and a Cæsar, and

a Dryden, and a Locke, as the writers of heroic so beautifully express it, were now seated in tranquil dignity on the old medals that had held their illustrious predecessors. Although time had, as yet, done little for this new collection in the way of color, dust and neglect were already throwing around them the tint of antiquity.

"The lady," to use the language of Mr. Bragg, who did the cooking of the Wigwam, having everything in readiness, our party took their seats at the breakfast-table, which was spread in the great hall, as soon as each had paid a little attention to the toilette. As the service was neither very scientific nor sufficiently peculiar, either in the way of elegance or of its opposite quality, to be worthy of notice, we shall pass it over in silence.

"One will not quite so much miss European architecture in this house," said Eve, as she took her seat at table, glancing an eye at the spacious and lofty room in which they were assembled; "here is at least size and its comforts, if not elegance."

"Had you lost all recollection of this building, my child," inquired her father, kindly, "I was in hopes you would feel some of the happiness of returning home, when you again found yourself beneath its roof!"

"I should greatly dislike to have all the antics I have been playing in my own dressing-room exposed," returned Eve, rewarding the parental solicitude of her father by a look of love, "though Grace, between her laughing and her tears, has threatened me with such a disgrace. Ann Sidley has also been weeping; and as even Annette, always courteous and considerate, has shed a few tears in the way of sympathy, you ought not to imagine that I have been altogether so stoical as not to betray some feeling, dear father. But the paroxysm is past, and I am beginning to philosophize. I hope, cousin Jack, you have not forgotten that the drawing-room is a lady's empire!"

"I have respected your rights, Miss Effingham, though, with a wish to prevent any violence to your tastes, I have caused sundry antediluvian paintings and engravings to be consigned to the——"

"Garret?" inquired Eve, so quickly as to interrupt the speaker.

"Fire," coolly returned her cousin. "The garret is now

much too good for them ; that part of the house being converted into sleeping-rooms for the maids. Mademoiselle Annette would go into hysterics, were she to see the works of art that satisfied the past generation of masters in this country, in too close familiarity with her Louvre-ized eyes."

"*Point du tout monsieur,*" said Mademoiselle Vieffville, innocently ; "*Annette a du gout dans son metier sans doute,* but she is too well bred to expect *impossibilités*. No doubt she would have conducted herself with decorum."

Everybody laughed, for much light-heartedness prevailed at that board, and the conversation continued.

"I shall be satisfied if Annette escape convulsions," Eve added, "a refined taste being her weakness; and to be frank, what I recollect of the works you mention, is not of the most flattering nature."

"And yet," observed Sir George, "nothing has surprised me more than the respectable state of the arts of engraving and painting in this country. It was unlooked for, and the pleasure has probably been in proportion to the surprise."

"In that you are very right, Sir George Templemore," John Effingham answered ; "but the improvement is of very recent date. He who remembers an American town half a century ago, will see a very different thing in an American town of to-day ; and this is equally true of the arts you mention, with the essential difference that the latter are taking a right direction under a proper instruction, while the former are taking a wrong direction under the influence of money, that has no instruction. Had I left much of the old furniture or any of the old pictures in the Wigwam, we should have had the bland features of Miss Effingham in frowns instead of bewitching smiles, at this very moment."

"And yet I have seen fine old furniture in this country, cousin Jack."

"Very true ; though not in this part of it. The means of conveyance were wanting half a century since, and few people risk finery of any sort on corduroys. This very house had some respectable old things, that were brought here by dint of money, and they still remain ; but the eighteenth century in general may be set down as a very dark antiquity in all this region."

When the repast was over, Mr. Effingham led his guests and daughter through the principal apartments, sometimes commending and sometimes laughing at the conceits of his kinsman. The library was a good-sized room ; good-sized at least for a country in which domestic architecture, as well as public architecture, is still in the chrysalis state. Its walls were hung with an exceedingly pretty gothic paper, in green, but over each window was a chasm in the upper border ; and as this border supplied the arches, the unity of the entire design was broken in no less than four places, that being the precise number of the windows. The defect soon attracted the eye of Eve, and she was not slow in demanding an explanation.

“The deficiency is owing to an American accident,” returned her cousin ; “one of those calamities of which you are fated to experience many, as the mistress of an American household. No more of the border was to be bought in the country, and this is a land of shops and not of fabricants. At Paris, mademoiselle, one would send to the paper-maker for a supply ; but, alas ! he that has not enough of a thing with us, is as badly off as if he had none. We are consumers and not producers of works of art. It is a long way to send to France for ten or fifteen feet of paper-hangings, and yet this must be done, or my beautiful gothic arches will remain forever without their key-stones !”

“One sees the inconvenience of this,” observed Sir George ; “we feel it, even in England, in all that relates to imported things.”

“And we, in nearly all things, but food.”

“And does not this show that America can never become a manufacturing country ?” asked the baronet, with the interest an intelligent Englishman ever feels in that all-absorbing question. “If you cannot manufacture an article as simple as that of paper-hangings, would it not be well to turn your attention altogether to agriculture ?”

As the feeling of this interrogatory was much more apparent than its logic, smiles passed from one to the other, though John Effingham, who really had a regard for Sir George, was content to make an evasive reply, a singular proof of amity in a man of his caustic temperament.

The survey of the house, on the whole, proved satis-

factory to its future mistress, who complained, however, that it was furnished too much like a town residence.

"For," she added, "you will remember, cousin Jack, that our visits here will be something like a *villeggiatura*."

"Yes, yes, my fair lady; it will not be long before your Parisian and Roman tastes will be ready to pronounce the whole country a *villeggiatura*!"

"This is the penalty, Eve, one pays for being a Hajji," observed Grace, who had been closely watching the expression of the others' countenances; for, agreeably to her view of things, the Wigwam wanted nothing to render it a perfect abode. "The things that we enjoy, you despise."

"That is an argument, my dear coz, that would apply equally well as a reason for preferring brown sugar to white."

"In coffee, certainly, Miss Eve," put in the attentive Aristabulus, who having acquired this taste, in virtue of an economical mother, really fancied it a pure one. "Everybody, in these regions, prefers brown in coffee."

"*Oh, mon père et ma mère, comme je vous en veux,*" said Eve, without attending to the nice distinctions of Mr. Bragg, which savored a little too much of the neophyte in cookery to find favor in the present company, "*comme je vous en veux* for having neglected so many beautiful sites, to place this building in the very spot it occupies."

"In that respect, my child, we may rather be grateful at finding so comfortable a house at all. Compared with the civilization that then surrounded it, this dwelling was a palace at the time of its erection; bearing some such relation to the humbler structures around it, as the *château* bears to the cottage. Remember that brick had never before been piled on brick, in the walls of a house, in all this region, when the wigwam was constructed. It is the Temple of Neptune of Otsego, if not of all the surrounding counties."

Eve pressed to her lips the hand she was holding in both her own, and they all passed out of the library into another room. As they came in front of the hall windows, a party of apprentice-boys were seen coolly making their arrangements to amuse themselves with a game of ball, on the lawn directly in front of the house.

"Surely, Mr. Bragg," said the owner of the Wigwam, with more displeasure in his voice than was usual for one of his regulated mind, "you do not countenance this liberty?"

"Liberty, sir!—I am an advocate for liberty wherever I can find it. Do you refer to the young men on the lawn, Mr. Effingham?"

"Certainly to them, sir; and permit me to say, I think they might have chosen a more suitable spot for their sports. They are mistaking liberties for liberty, I fear."

"Why, sir, I believe they have always played ball in that precise locality."

"Always! I can assure you this is a great mistake. What private family, placed as we are in the centre of a village, would allow of any invasion of its privacy in this rude manner? Well may the house be termed a Wigwam, if this whooping is to be tolerated before its door."

"You forget, Ned," said John Effingham, with a sneer, "that an American always means just eighteen months. Antiquity is reached in five lustra, and the dark ages at the end of a human life. I dare say these amiable young gentlemen, who enliven their sports with so many agreeable oaths, would think you very unreasonable and encroaching to presume to tell them they are unwelcome."

"To own the truth, Mr. John, it would be downright unpopular."

"As I cannot permit the ears of the ladies to be offended with these rude brawls, and shall never consent to have grounds that are so limited, and which so properly belong to the very privacy of my dwelling, invaded in this coarse manner, I beg, Mr. Bragg, that you will at once desire these young men to pursue their sports somewhere else."

Aristabulus received this commission with a very ill grace; for, while his native sagacity told him that Mr. Effingham was right, he too well knew the loose habits that had been rapidly increasing in the country during the last ten years, not to foresee that the order would do violence to all the apprentices' preconceived notions of their immunities; for, as he had truly stated, things move on at so quick a pace in America, and popular feeling is so arbitrary, that a custom of a twelvemonth's existence is deemed sacred, until the public itself sees fit to alter it.

He was reluctantly quitting the party on his unpleasant duty, when Mr. Effingham turned to a servant who belonged to the place, and bade him go to the village barber, and desire him to come to the Wigwam to cut his hair, Pierre, who usually performed that office for him, being busied in unpacking trunks.

"Never mind, Tom," said Aristabulus obligingly, as he took up his hat; "I am going into the street, and will give the message to Mr. Lather."

"I cannot think, sir, of employing you on such a duty," hastily interposed Mr. Effingham, who felt a gentleman's reluctance to impose an unsuitable office on any of his dependants—"Tom, I am sure, will do me the favor."

"Do not name it, my dear sir; nothing makes me happier than to do these little errands, and, another time, you can do as much for me."

Aristabulus now went on his way more cheerfully, for he determined to go first to the barber, hoping that some expedient might suggest itself, by means of which he could coax the apprentices from the lawn, and thus escape the injury to his popularity that he so much dreaded. It is true, these apprentices were not voters, but then some of them speedily would be, and all of them, moreover, had tongues, an instrument Mr. Bragg held in quite as much awe as some men dread saltpetre. In passing the ball-players, he called out in a wheedling tone to their ring leader, a notorious street brawler:

"A fine time for sport, Dickey; don't you think there would be more room in the broad street than on this crowded lawn, where you lose your ball so often in the shrubbery?"

"This place will do, on a pinch," bawled Dickey—"though it might be better. If it warn't for that plagued house, we couldn't ask for a better ball-ground."

"I don't see," put in another, "what folks built a house just in that spot for; for it has spoilt the very best playground in the village."

"Some people have their notions as well as others," returned Aristabulus; "but, gentlemen, if I were in your place, I would try the street. I feel satisfied you would find it much the most agreeable and convenient."

The apprentices thought differently, however, or they

were indisposed to the change ; and so they recommenced their yells, their oaths, and their game. In the meanwhile the party in the house continued their examination of John Effingham's improvements, and when this was completed, they separated, each to his or her own room.

Aristabulus soon reappeared on the lawn, and approaching the ball-players, he began to execute his commission, as he conceived, in good earnest. Instead of simply saying, however, that it was disagreeable to the owner of the property to have such an invasion on his privacy, and thus putting a stop to the intrusion for the future as well as at the present moment, he believed some address necessary to attain the desired end.

"Well, Dickey," he said, "there is no accounting for tastes ; but, in my opinion, the street would be a much better place to play ball in than this lawn. I wonder gentlemen of your observation should be satisfied with so cramped a playground."

"I tell you, Squire Bragg, this will do," roared Dickey. "We are in a hurry, and no way particular. The bosses will be after us in half an hour. Heave away, Sam !"

"There are so many fences hereabouts," continued Aristabulus, with an air of indifference ; "it's true the village trustees say there shall be no ball-playing in the street, but I conclude you don't much mind what they think or threaten."

"Let them sue for that, if they like," bawled a particularly amiable blackguard, called Peter, who struck his ball as he spoke, quite into the principal street of the village.

"Who's a trustee, that he should tell gentlemen where they are to play ball !"

"Sure enough," said Aristabulus, "and now, by following up that blow, you can bring matters to an issue. I think the law very oppressive, and you can never have so good an opportunity to bring things to a crisis. Besides, it is very aristocratic to play ball among roses and dahlias."

The bait took ; for what apprentice—American apprentice in particular—can resist an opportunity of showing how much he considers himself superior to the law ? Then it had never struck any of the party before, that it was vulgar and aristocratic to pursue the sport among roses, and

one or two of them actually complained that they had pricked their fingers in searching for the ball.

"I know Mr. Effingham will be very sorry to have you go," continued Aristabulus, following up his advantage; "but gentlemen cannot always forego their pleasures for other folks."

"Who's Mr. Effingham, I would like to know?" cried Joe Wart. "If he wants people to play ball on his premises, let him cut down his roses. Come, gentlemen, I conform to Squire Bragg, and invite you all to follow me into the street."

As the lawn was now evacuated *en masse*, Aristabulus proceeded with alacrity to the house, and went into the library, where Mr. Effingham was patiently waiting his return.

"I am happy to inform you, sir," commenced the ambassador, "that the ball-players have adjourned, and as for Mr. Lather, he declines your proposition!"

"Declines my proposition!"

"Yes, sir, he dislikes to come; for he thinks it will be altogether a poor operation. His notion is, that if it be worth his while to come up to the Wigwam to cut your hair, it may be worth your while to go down to the shop, to have it cut. Considering the matter in all its bearings, therefore, he concludes he would rather not engage in the transaction at all."

"I regret, sir, to have consented to your taking so disagreeable a commission, and regret it the more, now I find that the barber is disposed to be troublesome."

"Not at all, sir. Mr. Lather is a good man, in his way, and particularly neighborly. By the way, Mr. Effingham, he asked me to propose to let him take down your garden fence, in order that he may haul some manure on his potato patch, which wants it dreadfully, he says."

"Certainly, sir. I cannot possibly object to his hauling his manure even through this house, should he wish it. He is so very valuable a citizen, and one who knows his own business so well, that I am only surprised at the moderation of his request."

Here Mr. Effingham rose, rang the bell for Pierre, and went to his own room, doubting, in his own mind, from all that he had seen, whether this was really the Templeton

he had known in his youth, and whether he was in his own house or not.

As for Aristabulus, who saw nothing out of rule, or contrary to his own notions of propriety, in what had passed, he hurried off to tell the barber, who was so ignorant of the first duty of his trade, that he was at liberty to pull down Mr. Effingham's fence, in order to manure his own potato patch.

Lest the reader should suppose we are drawing caricatures, instead of representing an actual condition of society, it may be necessary to explain that Mr. Bragg was a standing candidate for popular favor; that, like Mr. Dodge, he considered everything that represented itself in the name of the public as sacred and paramount, and that so general and positive was his deference for majorities, that it was the bias of his mind to think half a dozen always in the right, as opposed to one, although that one, agreeably to the great decision of the real majority of the entire community, had not only the law on his side, but all the abstract merits of the disputed question. In short, to such a pass of freedom had Mr. Bragg, in common with a large class of his countrymen, carried his notions, that he had really begun to imagine liberty was all means and no end.

CHAPTER XII.

"In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromotus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith."—SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

THE progress of society, it has just been said, in what is termed a "new country," is a little anomalous. At the commencement of a settlement, there is much of that sort of kind feeling and mutual interest which men are apt to manifest toward each other when they are embarked in an enterprise of common hazards. The distance that is unavoidably inseparable from education, habits, and manners, is lessened by mutual wants and mutual efforts; and the gentleman, even while he may maintain his character and station, maintains them with that species of good-fel-

lowship and familiarity, that marks the intercourse between the officer and the soldier in an arduous campaign. Men, and even women, break bread together, and otherwise commingle, that, in different circumstances, would be strangers; the hardy adventures and rough living of the forest, apparently lowering the pretensions of the man of cultivation and mere mental resources, to something very near the level of those of the man of physical energy and manual skill. In this rude intercourse, the parties meet, as it might be, on a sort of neutral ground, one yielding some of his superiority, and the other laying claims to an outward show of equality, that he secretly knows, however, is the result of the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed. In short, the state of society is favorable to the claims of mere animal force, and unfavorable to those of the higher qualities.

This period may be termed, perhaps, the happiest of the first century of a settlement. The great cares of life are so engrossing and serious that small vexations are overlooked, and the petty grievances that would make us seriously uncomfortable in a more regular state of society, are taken as matters of course, or laughed at as the regular and expected incidents of the day. Good-will abounds; neighbor comes cheerfully to the aid of neighbor; and life has much of the reckless gaiety, careless association, and buoyant merriment of childhood. It is found that they who have passed through this probation, usually look back to it with regret, and are fond of dwelling on the rude scenes and ridiculous events that distinguish the history of a new settlement, as the hunter is known to pine for the forest.

To this period of fun, toil, neighborly feeling and adventure, succeeds another, in which society begins to marshal itself, and the ordinary passions have sway. Now it is that we see the struggles for place, the heart-burnings and jealousies of contending families, and the influence of mere money. Circumstances have probably established the local superiority of a few beyond all question, and the condition of these serves as a goal for the rest to aim at. The learned professions, the ministry included, or what by courtesy are so called, take precedence, as a matter of course—next to wealth, however, when wealth is at all sup-

ported by appearances. Then commence those gradations of social station that set institutions at defiance, and which as necessarily follow civilization, as tastes and habits are a consequence of indulgence.

This is perhaps the least inviting condition of society that belongs to any country that can claim to be free, and removed from barbarism. The tastes are too uncultivated to exercise any essential influence, and when they do exist it is usually with the pretension and effort that so commonly accompany infant knowledge. The struggle is only so much the more severe, in consequence of the late *pêle mêle*, while men lay claim to a consideration that would seem beyond their reach in an older and more regulated community. It is during this period that manners suffer the most, since they want the nature and feeling of the first condition, while they are exposed to the rudest assaults of the coarse-minded and vulgar ; for, as men usually defer to a superiority that is long established, there being a charm about antiquity that is sometimes able to repress the passions, in older communities the marshalling of time quietly regulates what is here the subject of strife.

What has just been said depends on a general and natural principle, perhaps ; but the state of society we are describing has some features peculiar to itself. The civilization of America, even in its older districts, which supply the emigrants to the newer regions, is unequal ; one State possessing a higher level than another. Coming as it does from different parts of this vast country, the population of a new settlement, while it is singularly homogeneous for the circumstances, necessarily brings with it its local peculiarities. If to these elements be added a sprinkling of Europeans of various nations and conditions, the effects of the commingling, and the temporary social struggles that follow, will occasion no surprise.

The third and last condition of society, in a "new country," is that in which the influence of the particular causes enumerated ceases, and men and things come within the control of more general and regular laws. The effect, of course, is to leave the community in possession of a civilization that conforms to that of the whole region, be it higher or be it lower, and with the division into castes that are more or less rigidly maintained, according to circumstances.

The periods, as the astronomers call the time taken in a celestial revolution, of the two first of these epochs in the history of a settlement, depend very much on its advancement in wealth and in numbers. In some places, the pastoral age, or that of good fellowship, continues for a whole life, to the obvious retrogression of the people in most of the higher qualities, but to their manifest advantage, however, in the pleasures of the time being; while, in others, it passes away rapidly, like the buoyant animal joys that live their time between fourteen and twenty.

The second period is usually of longer duration, the migratory habits of the American people keeping society more unsettled than might otherwise prove to be the case. It may be said never to cease entirely, until the great majority of the living generation are natives of the region, knowing no other means of comparison than those under which they have passed their days. Even when this is the case, there is commonly so large an infusion of the birds of passage, men who are adventurers in quest of advancement, and who live without the charities of a neighborhood, as they may be said almost to live without a home, that there is to be found for a long time a middle state of society, during which it may well be questioned whether a community belongs to the second or to the third of the periods named.

Templeton was properly in this equivocal condition, for while the third generation of the old settlers were in active life, so many passers-by came and went, that the influence of the latter nearly neutralized that of time and the natural order of things. Its population was pretty equally divided between the descendants of the earlier inhabitants and those who flitted like swallows and other migratory birds. All of those who had originally entered the region in the pride of manhood, and had been active in converting the wilderness into the abodes of civilized men, if they had not been literally gathered to their fathers in a physical sense, had been laid, the first of their several races, beneath those sods that were to cover the heads of so many of their descendants. A few still remained among those who entered the wilderness in young manhood, but the events of the first period we have designated and which we have imperfectly recorded in another work,

were already passing into tradition. Among these original settlers some-portion of the feeling that had distinguished their earliest communion with their neighbors yet continued, and one of their greatest delights was to talk of the hardships and privations of their younger days, as the veteran loves to discourse of his marches, battles, scars, and sieges. It would be too much to say that these persons viewed the more ephemeral part of the population with distrust, for their familiarity with changes accustomed them to new faces; but they had a secret inclination for each other, preferred those who could enter the most sincerely into their own feelings, and naturally loved that communion best, where they found the most sympathy. To this fragment of the community belonged nearly all there was to be found of that sort of sentiment which is connected with locality; adventure, with them, supplying the place of time; while the natives of the spot, wanting in the recollections that had so many charms for their fathers, were not yet brought sufficiently within the influence of traditionary interest, to feel that hallowed sentiment in its proper force. As opposed in feeling to these relics of the olden time were the birds of passage so often named, a numerous and restless class, that of themselves are almost sufficient to destroy whatever there is of poetry or of local attachment in any region where they resort.

In Templeton and its adjacent district, however, the two hostile influences might be said to be nearly equal, the descendants of the fathers of the country beginning to make a manly stand against the looser sentiment, or the want of sentiment, that so singularly distinguishes the migratory bands. The first did begin to consider the temple in which their fathers had worshipped more hallowed than strange altars; the sods that covered their fathers' heads more sacred than the clods that were upturned by the plough; and the places of their childhood and childish sports dearer than the highway trodden by a nameless multitude.

Such, then, were the elements of the society into which we have now ushered the reader, and with which it will be our duty to make him better acquainted, as we proceed in the regular narration of the incidents of our tale.

The return of the Effinghams, after so long an absence,

naturally produced a sensation in so small a place, and visitors began to appear in the Wigwam as soon as propriety would allow. Many false rumors prevailed, quite as a matter of course; and Eve, it was reported, was on the point of being married to no less than three of the inmates of her father's house, within the first ten days, viz., Sir George Templemore, Mr. Powis, and Mr. Bragg; the latter story taking its rise in some precocious hopes that had escaped the gentleman himself, in the "excitement" of helping to empty a bottle of bad Breton wine, that was dignified with the name of champagne. But these tales revived and died so often, in a state of society in which matrimony is so general a topic with the young of the gentler sex, that they brought with them their own refutation.

The third day, in particular, after the arrival of our party, was a reception day at the Wigwam; the gentlemen and ladies making it a point to be at home and disengaged, after twelve o'clock, in order to do honor to their guests. One of the first who made his appearance was a Mr. Howel, a bachelor of about the same age as Mr. Effingham, and a man of easy fortune and quiet habits. Nature had done more toward making Mr. Howel a gentleman, than either cultivation or association; for he had passed his entire life, with very immaterial exceptions, in the valley of Templeton, where, without being what could be called a student or a scholar, he had dreamed away his existence in an indolent communication with the current literature of the day. He was fond of reading, and being indisposed to contention or activity of any sort, his mind had admitted the impressions of what he perused, as the stone receives a new form by the constant fall of drops of water. Unfortunately for Mr. Howel, he understood no language but his mother tongue; and, as all his reading was necessarily confined to English books, he had gradually, and unknown to himself, in his moral nature at least, got to be a mere reflection of those opinions, prejudices, and principles, if such a word can properly be used for such a state of the mind, that it had suited the interests or passions of England to promulgate by means of the press. A perfect *bonne foi* prevailed in all his notions; and though a very modest man by nature, so very certain was he that his authority was always right, that he was a little apt to be dogmatical

on such points as he thought his authors appeared to think settled. Between John Effingham and Mr. Howel, there were constant amicable skirmishes in the way of discussion; for, while the latter was so dependent, limited in knowledge by unavoidable circumstances, and disposed to an innocent credulity, the first was original in his views, accustomed to see and think for himself, and, moreover, a little apt to estimate his own advantages at their full value.

"Here comes our good neighbor, and my old schoolfellow, Tom Howel," said Mr. Effingham, looking out at a window, and perceiving the person mentioned crossing the little lawn in front of the house, by following a winding foot-path—"as kind-hearted a man, Sir George Templemore, as exists; one who is really American, for he has scarcely quitted the county half a dozen times in his life, and one of the honestest fellows of my acquaintance."

"Aye," put in John Effingham, "as real an American as any man can be, who uses English spectacles for all he looks at, English opinions for all he says, English prejudices for all he condemns, and an English palate for all he tastes. American, quotha! The man is no more American than the *Times* newspaper, or Charing Cross! He actually made a journey to New York, last war, to satisfy himself with his own eyes that a Yankee frigate had really brought an Englishman into port."

"His English predilections will be no fault in my eyes," said the baronet, smiling—"and I dare say we shall be excellent friends."

"I am sure Mr. Howel is a very agreeable man," added Grace; "of all in your Templeton *coterie*, he is my greatest favorite."

"Oh! I foresee a tender intimacy between Templemore and Howel," rejoined John Effingham; "and sundry wordy wars between the latter and Miss Effingham."

"In this you do me injustice, cousin Jack. I remember Mr. Howel well, and kindly; for he was ever wont to indulge my childish whims when a girl."

"The man is a second Burchell, and, I dare say, never came to the Wigwam when you were a child, without having his pockets stuffed with cakes or bonbons."

The meeting was cordial, Mr. Howel greeting the gentlemen like a warm friend, and expressing great delight at

the personal improvements that had been made in Eve between the ages of eight and twenty. John Effingham was no more backward than the others, for he, too, liked their simple-minded, kind-hearted, but credulous neighbor.

"You are welcome back—you are welcome back," added Mr. Howel, blowing his nose in order to conceal the tears that were gathering in his eyes. "I did think of going to New York to meet you, but the distance at my time of life is very serious. Age, gentlemen, seems to be a stranger to you."

"And yet we, who are both a few months older than yourself, Howel," returned Mr. Effingham, kindly, "have managed to overcome the distance you have just mentioned in order to come and see you!"

"Aye, you are great travellers, gentlemen, very great travellers, and are accustomed to motion. Been quite as far as Jerusalem, I hear!"

"Into its very gates, my good friend; and I wish, with all my heart, we had had you in our company. Such a journey might cure you of the home malady."

"I am a fixture, and never expect to look upon the ocean now. I did, at one period of my life, fancy such an event might happen, but I have finally abandoned all hope on that subject. Well, Miss Eve, of all the countries in which you have dwelt, to which do you give the preference?"

"I think Italy is the general favorite," Eve answered, with a friendly smile; "although there are some agreeable things peculiar to almost every country."

"Italy!—Well, that astonishes me a good deal! I never knew there was anything particularly interesting about Italy! I should have expected you to say England."

"England is a fine country, too, certainly; but it wants many things that Italy enjoys."

"Well, now, what?" said Mr. Howel, shifting his legs from one knee to the other, in order to be more convenient to listen, or, if necessary, to object. "What can Italy possess, that England does not enjoy in a still greater degree?"

"Its recollections, for one thing, and all that interest which time and great events throw around a region."

"And is England wanting in recollections and great events? Are there not the Conqueror? or if you will,

King Alfred, and Queen Elizabeth, and Shakespeare—think of Shakespeare, young lady—and Sir Walter Scott, and the Gunpowder Plot; and Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell, my dear Miss Eve; and Westminster Abbey, and London Bridge, and George IV., the descendant of a line of real kings. What in the name of Heaven can Italy possess to equal the interest one feels in such things as these?"

"They are very interesting, no doubt," said Eve, endeavoring not to smile—"but Italy has its relics of former ages too; you forget the Cæsars."

"Very good sort of persons for barbarous times, I dare say, but what can they be to the English monarchs? I would rather look upon a *bonâ fide* English king, than see all the Cæsars that ever lived. I never can think any man a real king but the king of England."

"Not King Solomon?" cried John Effingham.

"Oh! he was a Bible king, and one never thinks of them. Italy! well, this I did not expect from your father's daughter! Your great-great-great-grandfather must have been an Englishman born, Mr. Effingham?"

"I have reason to think he was, sir."

"And Milton, and Dryden, and Newton, and Locke! These are prodigious names, and worth all the Cæsars put together. A Pope, too; what have they got in Italy to compare to Pope?"

"They have at least the Pope," said Eve, laughing.

"And then there are the Boar's Head in East Cheap; and the Tower; and Queen Anne, and all the wits of her reign; and—and—and Titus Oates; and Bosworth Field; and Smithfield, where the martyrs were burned, and a thousand more spots and persons of intense interest in Old England!"

"Quite true," said John Effingham, with an air of sympathy—"but, Howel, you have forgotten Peeping Tom of Coventry, and the climate!"

"And Holyrood House, and York Minster, and St. Paul's," continued the worthy Mr. Howel, too much bent on a catalogue of excellences that to him were sacred, to heed the interruption; "and above all Windsor Castle. What is there in the world to equal Windsor Castle as a royal residence?"

Want of breath now gave Eve an opportunity to reply,

and she seized it with an eagerness that she was the first to laugh at herself afterward.

"Caserta is no mean house, Mr. Howel ; and in my poor judgment, there is more real magnificence in its great staircase than in all Windsor Castle united, if you except the chapel."

"But St. Paul's."

"Why, St. Peter's may be set down quite fairly, I think, for its pendant at least."

"True, the Catholics do say so," returned Mr. Howel, with the deliberation one uses when he greatly distrusts his own concession ; "but I have always considered it one of their frauds. I don't think there can be anything finer than St. Paul's. Then there are the noble ruins of England ! They, you must admit, are unrivalled."

"The Temple of Neptune, at Pæstum, is commonly thought an interesting ruin, Mr. Howel."

"Yes, yes, for a temple, I dare say ; though I do not remember to have ever heard of it before. But no temple can ever compare to a ruined abbey."

"Taste is an arbitrary thing, Tom Howel, as you and I know when, as boys, we quarrelled about the beauty of our ponies," said Mr. Effingham, willing to put an end to a discussion that he thought a little premature after so long an absence. "Here are two young friends who shared the hazards of our late passage with us, and to whom in a great degree we owe our present happy security, and I am anxious to make you acquainted with them. This is our countryman, Mr. Powis, and this is an English friend, who I am certain will be happy to know so warm an admirer of his own country—Sir George Templemore."

Mr. Howel had never before seen a titled Englishman, and he was taken so much by surprise that he made his salutations rather awkwardly. As both the young men, however, met him with the respectful ease that denotes familiarity with the world, he soon recovered his self-possession.

"I hope you have brought back with you a sound American heart, Miss Eve," resumed the guest, as soon as this little interruption had ceased. "We have had sundry rumors of French marquises and German barons ; but I have all along trusted too much to your patriotism to believe you would marry a foreigner."

"I hope you except Englishmen," cried Sir George, gayly; "we are almost the same people."

"I am proud to hear you say so, sir. Nothing flatters me more than to be thought English; and I certainly should not have accused Miss Effingham of a want of love of country, had——"

"She married half-a-dozen Englishmen," interrupted John Effingham, who saw that the old theme was in danger of being revived. "But, Howel, you have paid me no compliments on the changes in the house. I hope they are to your taste."

"A little too French, Mr. John."

"French! There is not a French feature in the whole animal. What has put such a notion into your head?"

"It is the common opinion, and I confess I should like the building better were it less continental."

"Why, my old friend, it is a nondescript-original—Effingham upon Doolittle, if you will; and, as for models, it is rather more English than anything else."

"Well, Mr. John, I am glad to hear this, for I do confess to a disposition rather to like the house. I am dying to know, Miss Eve, if you saw all our distinguished contemporaries when in Europe? That to me would be one of the greatest delights of travelling!"

"To say that we saw them all, might be too much; though we certainly did meet with many."

"Scott, of course."

"Sir Walter we had the pleasure of meeting a few times, in London."

"And Southey, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Moore, and Bulwer, and D'Israeli, and Rogers, and Campbell, and the grave of Byron, and Horace Smith, and Miss Landon, and Barry Cornwall, and——"

"*Cum multis aliis*," put in John Effingham, again, by way of arresting the torrent of names. "Eve saw many of these, and, as Tubal told Shylock, 'we often came where we did hear' of the rest. But you say nothing, friend Tom, of Goethe, and Tieck, and Schlegel and Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Delavigne, Mickiewicz, Nota, Manzoni, Niccolini, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc."

Honest, well-meaning Mr. Howel listened to the catalogue that the other ran volubly over, in silent wonder;

for, with the exception of one or two of these distinguished men, he had never even heard of them ; and, in the simplicity of his heart, unconsciously to himself, he had got to believe that there was no great personage still living of whom he did not know something.

“ Ah, here comes young Wenham, by way of preserving the equilibrium,” resumed John Effingham, looking out of a window. “ I rather think you must have forgotten him, Ned, though you remember his father, beyond question.”

Mr. Effingham and his cousin went out into the hall to receive the new guest, with whom the latter had become acquainted while superintending the repairs of the Wigwam.

Mr. Wenham was the son of a successful lawyer in the county, and, being an only child, he had also succeeded to an easy independence. His age, however, brought him rather into the generation to which Eve belonged, than into that of the father ; and, if Mr. Howel was a reflection, or rather a continuation, of all the provincial notions that America entertained of England forty years ago, Mr. Wenham might almost be said to belong to the opposite school, and to be as ultra-American as his neighbor was ultra-British. If there is *la jeune France*, there is also *la jeune Amérique*, although the votaries of the latter march with less hardy steps than the votaries of the first. Mr. Wenham fancied himself a paragon of national independence, and was constantly talking of American excellences, though the ancient impressions still lingered in his moral system, as men look askance for the ghosts which frightened their childhood on crossing a churchyard in the dark. John Effingham knew the *penchant* of the young man, and when he said that he came happily to preserve the equilibrium, he alluded to this striking difference in the characters of their two friends.

The introductions and salutations over, we shall resume the conversation that succeeded in the drawing-room.

“ You must be much gratified, Miss Effingham,” observed Mr. Wenham, who, like a true American, being a young man himself, supposed it *de rigueur* to address a young lady in preference to any other present, “ with the great progress made by our country since you went abroad.”

Eve simply answered that her extreme youth, when she left home, had prevented her from retaining any precise notions on such subjects.

"I dare say it is all very true," she added, "but one, like myself, who remembers only older countries, is, I think, a little more apt to be struck with the deficiencies than with what may, in truth, be improvements, though they still fall short of excellence."

Mr. Wenham looked vexed, or indignant would be a better word, but he succeeded in preserving his coolness—a thing that is not always easy to one of provincial habits and provincial education, when he finds his own *beau-ideal* lightly estimated by others.

"Miss Effingham must discover a thousand imperfections," said Mr. Howel, "coming, as she does, directly from England. That music, now"—alluding to the sounds of a flute that were heard through the open windows, coming from the adjacent village—"must be rude enough to her ear, after the music of London."

"The street music of London is certainly among the best, if not the very best, in Europe," returned Eve, with a glance of the eye at the baronet, that caused him to smile, "and I think this fairly belongs to the class, being so freely given to the neighborhood."

"Have you read the articles signed Minerva, in the *Hebdomad*, Miss Effingham?" inquired Mr. Wenham, who was determined to try the young lady on a point of sentiment, having succeeded so ill in his first attempt to interest her. "They are generally thought to be a great acquisition to American literature."

"Well, Wenham, you are a fortunate man," interposed Mr. Howel, "if you can find any literature in America to add to or subtract from. Beyond almanacs, reports of cases badly got up, and newspaper verses, I know nothing that deserves such a name."

"We may not print on as fine paper, Mr. Howel, or do up the books in as handsome binding as other people," said Mr. Wenham, bristling and looking grave, "but so far as sentiments are concerned, or sound sense, American literature need turn its back on no literature of the day."

"By the way, Mr. Effingham, you were in Russia; did you happen to see the Emperor?"

"I had that pleasure, Mr. Howel."

"And is he really the monster we have been taught to believe him?"

"Monster!" exclaimed the upright Mr. Effingham, fairly recoiling a step in surprise. "In what sense a monster, my worthy friend? Surely not in a physical?"

"I do not know that. I have somehow got the notion he is anything but handsome. A mean butchering, bloody-minded looking little chap, I'll engage."

"You are libelling one of the finest-looking men of the age."

"I think I would submit it to a jury. I cannot believe, after what I have read of him in the English publications, that he is so very handsome."

"But, my good neighbor, these English publications must be wrong; prejudiced perhaps, or even malignant."

"Oh! I am not the man to be imposed on in that way. Besides, what motive could an English writer have for belying an Emperor of Russia?"

"Sure enough, what motive!" exclaimed John Effingham. "You have your answer, Ned!"

"But you will remember, Mr. Howel," Eve interposed, "that we have seen the Emperor Nicholas."

"I dare say, Miss Eve, that your gentle nature was disposed to judge him as kindly as possible; and then, I think most Americans, ever since the treaty of Ghent, have been disposed to view all Russians too favorably. No, no; I am satisfied with the account of the English; they live much nearer to St. Petersburg than we do, and they are more accustomed, too, to give accounts of such matters."

"But living nearer, Tom Howel," cried Mr. Effingham, with unusual animation, "in such a case, is of no avail, unless one lives near enough to see with his own eyes."

"Well—well—my good friend, we will talk of this another time. I know your disposition to look at everybody with lenient eyes. I will now wish you all a good morning, and hope soon to see you again. Miss Eve, I have one word to say, if you dare trust yourself with a youth of fifty for a minute in the library."

Eve rose cheerfully, and led the way to the room her father's visitor had named. When within it, Mr. Howel

shut the door carefully, and then with a sort of eager delight, he exclaimed :

“For Heaven’s sake, my dear young lady, tell me who are these two strange gentlemen in the other room.”

“Precisely the persons my father mentioned, Mr. Howel ; Mr. Paul Powis and Sir George Templemore.”

“Englishmen, of course !”

“Sir George Templemore is, of course, as you say, but we may boast of Mr. Powis as a countryman.”

“Sir George Templemore ! What a superb-looking young fellow !”

“Why, yes,” returned Eve, laughing ; “he, at least, you will admit is a handsome man.”

“He is wonderful ! The other, Mr.—a—a—a—I forget what you called him—he is pretty well too ; but this Sir George is a princely youth.”

“I rather think a majority of observers would give the preference to the appearance of Mr. Powis,” said Eve, struggling to be steady, but permitting a blush to heighten her color, in spite of the effort.

“What could have induced him to come up among these mountains—an English baronet !” resumed Mr. Howel, without thinking of Eve’s confusion. “Is he a real lord ?”

“Only a little one, Mr. Howel. You heard what my father said of our having been fellow-travellers.”

“But what does he think of us ? I am dying to know what such a man really thinks of us.”

“It is not always easy to discover what such men *really* think ; although I am inclined to believe that he is disposed to think rather favorably of some of us.”

“Aye, of you, and your father, and Mr. John. You have travelled, and are more than half European ; but what can he think of those who have never left America ?”

“Even of some of those,” returned Eve, smiling, “I suspect he thinks partially.”

“Well, I am glad of that. Do you happen to know his opinion of the Emperor Nicholas ?”

“Indeed I do not remember to have heard him mention the Emperor’s name ; nor do I think he has ever seen him.”

“That is extraordinary ! Such a man should have seen everything, and know everything ; but I’ll engage, at the

bottom, he does know all about him. If you happen to have any old English newspapers, as wrappers, or by any other accident, let me beg them of you. I care not how old they are. An English journal fifty years old is more interesting than one of ours wet from the press."

Eve promised to send him a package, when they shook hands and parted. As she was crossing the hall, to rejoin the party, John Effingham stopped her.

"Has Howel made proposals?" the gentleman inquired, in an affected whisper.

"None, Cousin Jack, beyond an offer to read the old English newspapers I can send him."

"Yes, yes, Tom Howel will swallow all the nonsense that is *timbré à Londres*."

"I confess a good deal of surprise at finding a respectable and intelligent man so weak-minded as to give credit to such authorities, or to form his serious opinions on information derived from such sources."

"You may be surprised, Eve, at hearing so frank avowals of the weakness; but, as for the weakness itself, you are now in a country for which England does all the thinking, except on subjects that touch the current interests of the day."

"Nay, I will not believe this! If it were true, how came we independent of her—where did we get spirit to war against her?"

"The man who has attained his majority is independent of his father's legal control, without being independent of the lessons he was taught when a child. The soldier sometimes mutinies, and after the contest is over, he is usually the most submissive man of the regiment."

"All this to me is very astonishing! I confess that a great deal has struck me unpleasantly in this way, since our return, especially in ordinary society; but I never could have supposed it had reached to the pass in which I see it existing in our good neighbor Howel."

"You have witnessed one of the effects, in a matter of no great moment to ourselves; but, as time and years afford the means of observation and comparison, you will perceive the effects in matters of the last moment, in a national point of view. It is in human nature to undervalue the things with which we are familiar, and to form false

estimates of those which are remote, either by time or by distance. But, go into the drawing-room, and in young Wenham you will find one who fancies himself a votary of a new school, although his prejudices and mental dependence are scarcely less obvious than those of poor Tom Howel."

The arrival of more company, among whom were several ladies, compelled Eve to defer an examination of Mr. Wenham's peculiarities to another opportunity. She found many of her own sex, whom she had left children, grown into womanhood, and not a few of them at a period of life when they should be cultivating their physical and moral powers, already oppressed with the cares and feebleness that weigh so heavily on the young American wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Nay we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor."

QUEEN KATHERINE.

THE Effinghams were soon regularly domesticated, and the usual civilities had been exchanged. Many of their old friends resumed their ancient intercourse, and some new acquaintances were made. The few first visits were, as usual, rather labored and formal ; but things soon took their natural course, and, as the ease of country life was the aim of the family, the temporary little bustle was quickly forgotten.

The dressing-room of Eve overlooked the lake, and, about a week after her arrival, she was seated in it enjoying that peculiarly ladylike luxury, which is to be found in the process of having another gently disposing of the hair. Annette wielded the comb, as usual, while Ann Sidley, who was unconsciously jealous that any one should be employed about her darling, even in this manner, though so long accustomed to it, busied herself in preparing the different articles of attire that she fancied her young mistress might be disposed to wear that morning. Grace was also in the room, having escaped from the hands of her own maid, in order to look into one of those

books which professed to give an account of the extraction and families of the higher classes of Great Britain, a copy of which Eve happened to possess, among a large collection of books, Almanachs de Gotha, Court Guides, and other similar works that she had found it convenient to possess as a traveller.

"Ah! here it is," said Grace, in the eagerness of one who is suddenly successful after a long and vexatious search.

"Here is what, coz?"

Grace colored, and she could have bitten her tongue for its indiscretion, but, too ingenuous to deceive, she reluctantly told the truth.

"I was merely looking for the account of Sir George Templemore's family; it is awkward to be domesticated with one of whose family we are utterly ignorant."

"Have you found the name?"

"Yes; I see he has two sisters, both of whom are married, and a brother who is in the Guards. But——"

"But what, dear?"

"His title is not so very old."

"The title of no baronet can be very old, the order having been instituted in the reign of James I."

"I did not know that. His ancestor was created a baronet in 1701, I see." Now, Eve——"

"Now, what, Grace?"

"We are both——" Grace would not confine the remark to herself—"we are both of older families than this! You have even a much higher English extraction; and I think I can claim for the Van Cortlandts more antiquity than one that dates from 1701!"

"No one doubts it, Grace; but what do you wish me to understand by this? Are we to insist on preceding Sir George, in going through a door?"

Grace blushed to the eyes, and yet she laughed involuntarily.

"What nonsense! No one thinks of such things in America."

"Except at Washington, where, I am told, 'Senators' ladies' do give themselves airs. But you are quite right, Grace; women have no rank in America, beyond their general social rank as ladies or no ladies, and we will not

be the first to set an example of breaking the rule. I am afraid our blood will pass for nothing, and that we must give place to the baronet, unless, indeed, he recognizes the rights of the sex."

"You know I mean nothing so silly. Sir George Templemore does not seem to think of rank at all; even Mr. Powis treats him in all respects as an equal, and Sir George seems to admit it to be right."

Eve's maid, at the moment, was twisting her hair, with the intention to put it up; but the sudden manner in which her young mistress turned to look at Grace, caused Annette to relinquish her grasp, and the shoulders of the beautiful and blooming girl were instantly covered with the luxuriant tresses.

"And why should not Mr. Powis treat Sir George Templemore as one every way his equal, Grace?" she asked, with an impetuosity unusual in one so trained in the forms of the world.

"Why, Eve, one is a baronet, and the other is but a simple gentleman."

Eve Effingham sat silent for quite a minute. Her little foot moved, and she had been carefully taught, too, that a lady-like manner required that even this beautiful portion of the female frame should be quiet and unobtrusive. But America did not contain two of the same sex, years, and social condition, less alike in their opinions, or it might be said their prejudices, than the two cousins. Grace Van Cortlandt, of the best blood of her native land, had unconsciously imbibed in childhood the notions connected with hereditary rank, through the traditions of colonial manners, by means of novels, by hearing the vulgar reproached or condemned for their obtrusion and ignorance, and too often justly reproached and condemned, and by the aid of her imagination, which contributed to throw a gloss and brilliancy over a state of things that singularly gains by distance. On the other hand, with Eve, everything connected with such subjects was a matter of fact. She had been thrown early into the highest associations of Europe; she had not only seen royalty on its days of gala and representation, a mere raree-show that is addressed to the senses, or purely an observance of forms that may possibly have their meaning, but which can scarcely be said to have

their reasons; but she had lived long and intimately among the high-born and great, and this, too, in so many different countries, as to have destroyed the influence of the particular nation that has transmitted so many of its notions to America as heir-looms. By close observation, she knew that arbitrary and political distinctions made but little difference between men of themselves; and so far from having become the dupe of the glitter of life, by living so long within its immediate influence, she had learned to discriminate between the false and the real, and to perceive that which was truly respectable and useful, and to know it from that which was merely arbitrary and selfish. Eve actually fancied that the position of an American gentleman might readily become, nay, that it ought to be, the highest of all human stations, short of that of sovereigns. Such a man had no social superior, with the exception of those who actually ruled, in her eyes; and this fact she conceived, rendered him more than noble, as nobility is usually graduated. She had been accustomed to see her father and John Effingham moving in the best circles of Europe, respected for their information and independence, undistinguished by their manners, admired for their personal appearance, manly, courteous, and of noble bearing and principles, if not set apart from the rest of mankind by an arbitrary rule connected with rank. Rich, and possessing all the habits that properly mark refinement, of gentle extraction, of liberal attainments, walking abroad in the dignity of manhood, and with none between them and the Deity, Eve had learned to regard the gentlemen of her race as the equals in station of any of their European associates, and as the superiors of most, in everything that is essential to true distinction. With her, even titular princes and dukes had no estimation, merely as princes and dukes; and, as her quick mind glanced over the long catalogue of artificial social gradations, and she found Grace actually attaching an importance to the equivocal and purely conventional condition of an English baronet, a strong sense of the ludicrous connected itself with the idea.

“A simple gentleman, Grace?” she repeated slowly after her cousin; “and is not a simple gentleman, a simple American gentleman, the equal of any gentleman on earth — of a poor baronet in particular?”

"Poor baronet, Eve!"

"Yes, dear, poor baronet; I know fully the extent and meaning of what I say. It is true, we do not know as much of Mr. Powis' family," and here Eve's color heightened, though she made a mighty effort to be steady and unmoved, "as we might; but we know he is an American; that, at least, is something; and we see he is a gentleman; and what American gentleman, a real American gentleman, can be the inferior of an English baronet? Would your uncle, think you; would Cousin Jack; proud, lofty-minded Cousin Jack, think you, Grace, consent to receive so paltry a distinction as a baronetcy, were our institutions to be so far altered as to admit of such social classifications?"

"Why, what would they be, Eve, if not baronets?"

"Earls, counts, dukes, nay, princes! These are the designations of the higher classes of Europe, and such titles, or those that are equivalent, would belong to the higher classes here."

"I fancy that Sir George Templemore would not be persuaded to admit all this!"

"If you had seen Miss Eve surrounded and admired by princes, as I have seen her, Miss Grace," said Ann Sidley, "you would not think any simple Sir George half good enough for her."

"Our good Nanny means a Sir George," interrupted Eve, laughing, "and not the Sir George in question. But, seriously, dearest coz, it depends more on ourselves, and less on others, in what light they are to regard us, than is commonly supposed. Do you not suppose there are families in America who, if disposed to raise any objections beyond those that are purely personal, would object to baronets, and the wearers of red ribbons, as unfit matches for their daughters, on the ground of rank? What an absurdity would it be for a Sir George, or the Sir George either, to object to a daughter of a President of the United States, for instance, on account of station; and yet I'll answer for it, you would think it no personal honor, if Mr. Jackson had a son, that he should propose to my dear father for you. Let us respect ourselves properly, take care to be truly ladies and gentlemen, and so far from titular ranks being necessary to us, before a hundred lustra are past we shall bring all such distinctions into discredit,

by showing that they are not necessary to any one important interest, or to true happiness and respectability anywhere."

"And do you not believe, Eve, that Sir George Templemore thinks of the difference in station between us?"

"I cannot answer for that," said Eve, calmly. "The man is naturally modest; and, it is possible, when he sees that we belong to the highest social condition of a great country, he may regret that such has not been his own good fortune in his native land; especially, Grace, since he has known you."

Grace blushed, looked pleased, delighted even, yet surprised. It is unnecessary to explain the causes of the first three expressions of her emotions, but the last may require a short examination. Nothing but time and a change of circumstances can ever raise a province, or a provincial town, to the independent state of feeling that so strikingly distinguishes a metropolitan country or a capital. It would be as rational to expect that the inhabitants of the nursery should disregard the opinions of the drawing-room, as to believe that the provincial should do all his own thinking. Political dependency, moreover, is much more easily thrown aside than mental dependency. It is not surprising, therefore, that Grace Van Cortlandt, with her narrow associations, general notions of life, origin, and provincial habits, should be the very opposite of Eve, in all that relates to independence of thought, on subjects like those that they were now discussing. Had Grace been a native of New England, even, she would have been less influenced by the mere social rank of the baronet than was actually the case; for, while the population of that part of the Union feel more of the general subserviency to Great Britain than the population of any other portion of the republic, they probably feel less of it, in this particular form, from the circumstance that their colonial habits were less connected with the aristocratical usages of the mother country. Grace was allied by blood, too, with the higher classes of England, as indeed was the fact with most of the old families among the New York gentry; and the traditions of her race came in aid of the traditions of her colony, to continue the profound deference she felt for an English title. Eve might have been equally subjected to the same feelings, had she

not been removed into another sphere at so early a period of life, where she imbibed the notions already mentioned—notions that were quite as effectually rooted in her moral system, as those of Grace herself could be in her own.

“This is a strange way of viewing the rank of a baronet, Eve!” Grace exclaimed, as soon as she had a little recovered from the confusion caused by the personal allusion. “I greatly question if you can induce Sir George Templemore to see his own position with your eyes.”

“No, my dear; I think he will be much more likely to regard not only that, but most other things, with the eyes of another person. We will now talk of more agreeable things, however; for I confess, when I do dwell on titles, I have a taste for the more princely appellations; and that a simple chevalier can scarce excite a feeling that such is the theme.”

“Nay, Eve,” interrupted Grace, with spirit, “an English baronet is noble. Sir George Templemore assured me that as lately as last evening. The heralds, I believe, have quite recently established that fact to their own satisfaction.”

“I am glad of it, dear,” returned Eve, with difficulty refraining from gaping, “as it will be of great importance to them in their own eyes. At all events, I concede that Sir George Templemore, knight or baronet, big baron or little baron, is a noble fellow; and what more can any reasonable person desire? Do you know, sweet coz, that the Wigwam will be full to overflowing next week? that it will be necessary to light our council-fire, and to smoke the pipe of many welcomes?”

“I have understood Mr. Powis, that his kinsman, Captain Ducie, will arrive on Monday.”

“And Mrs. Hawker will come on Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield on Wednesday, and honest, brave, straightforward, literati-hating Captain Truck on Thursday at the latest. We shall have a large country circle, and I hear the gentlemen talking of the boats and other amusements. But I believe my father has a consultation in the library, at which he wishes us to be present; we will join him if you please.”

As Eve's toilette was now completed, the two ladies rose, and descended together to join the party below. Mr. Effingham was standing at a table that was covered with

maps ; while two or three respectable-looking men, master mechanics, were at his side. The manners of these men were quiet, civil, and respectful, having a mixture of manly simplicity with a proper deference for the years and station of the master of the house ; though all but one wore their hats. The one who formed the exception had become refined by a long intercourse with this particular family ; and his acquired taste had taught him that respect for himself, as well as for decency, rendered it necessary to observe the long-established rules of decorum in his intercourse with others. His companions, though without a particle of coarseness, or any rudeness of intention, were less decorous, simply from a loose habit, that is insensibly taking the place of the ancient laws of propriety in such matters, and which habit, it is to be feared, has a part of its origin in false and impracticable political notions, that have been stimulated by the arts of demagogues. Still not one of the three hard-working, really civil, and even humane men, who now stood covered in the library of Mr. Effingham, was probably conscious of the impropriety of which he was guilty, or was doing more than insensibly yielding to a vicious and vulgar practice.

“I am glad you have come, my love,” said Mr. Effingham, as his daughter entered the room, “for I find I need support in maintaining my own opinions here. John is obstinately silent ; and as for all these other gentlemen, I fear they have decidedly taken sides against me.”

“You can usually count on my support, dearest father, feeble as it may be. But what is the disputed point to-day ?”

“There is a proposition to alter the interior of the church, and our neighbor Gouge has brought the plans on which, as he says, he has lately altered several churches in the country. The idea is, to remove the pews entirely, converting them into what are called ‘slips,’ to lower the pulpit, and to raise the floor amphitheatre fashion.”

“Can there be a sufficient reason for this change ?” demanded Eve, with surprise. “Slips ! The word has a vulgar sound even, and savors of a useless innovation. I doubt its orthodoxy.”

“It is very popular, Miss Eve,” answered Aristabulus, advancing from the window, where he had been whispering

assent. "This fashion takes universally, and is getting to prevail in all denominations."

Eve turned involuntarily, and to her surprise she perceived that the editor of the *Active Inquirer* was added to their party. The salutations on the part of the young lady were distant and stately, while Mr. Dodge, who had not been able to resist public opinion, and had actually parted with his mustachios, simpered, and wished to have it understood by the spectators that he was on familiar terms with all the family.

"It may be popular, Mr. Bragg," returned Eve, as soon as she rose from her profound courtesy to Mr. Dodge; "but it can scarcely be said to be seemly. This is, indeed, changing the order of things, by elevating the sinner and depressing the saint."

"You forget, Miss Eve, that under the old plan the people could not see; they were kept unnaturally down, if one can so express it, while nobody had a good look-out but the parson and the singers in the front row of the gallery. This was unjust."

"I do not conceive, sir, that a good look-out, as you term it, is at all essential to devotion, or that one cannot as well listen to instruction when beneath the teacher, as when above him."

"Pardon me, miss;" Eve recoiled, as she always did, when Mr. Bragg used this vulgar and contemptuous mode of address; "we put nobody up or down; all we aim at is a just equality—to place all, as near as possible, on a level."

Eve gazed about her in wonder; and then she hesitated a moment, as if distrusting her ears.

"Equality! Equality with what? Surely not with the ordained ministers of the church, in the performance of their sacred duties! Surely not with the Deity!"

"We do not look at it exactly in this light, ma'am. The people build the church, that you will allow, Miss Effingham; even you will allow this, Mr. Effingham."

Both the parties appealed to bowed a simple assent to so plain a proposition, but neither spoke.

"Well, the people building the church, very naturally ask themselves for what purpose it was built?"

"For the worship of God," returned Eve, with a steady

solemnity of manner that a little abashed even the ordinarily indomitable and self-composed Aristabulus.

"Yes, miss ; for the worship of God and the accommodation of the public."

"Certainly," added Mr. Dodge ; "for the public accommodation and for public worship," laying due emphasis on the adjectives.

"Father, you, at least, will never consent to this?"

"Not readily, my love. I confess it shocks all my notions of propriety to see the sinner, even when he professes to be the most humble and penitent, thrust himself up ostentatiously, as if filled only with his own self-love and self-importance."

"You will allow, Mr. Effingham," rejoined Aristabulus, "that churches are built to accommodate the public, as Mr. Dodge has so well remarked."

"No, sir, they are built for the worship of God, as my daughter has so well remarked."

"Yes, sir ; that, too, I grant you——"

"As secondary to the main object, the public convenience, Mr. Bragg unquestionably means," put in John Effingham, speaking for the first time that morning on the subject.

Eve turned quickly and looked toward her kinsman. He was standing near the table, with folded arms, and his fine face expressing all the sarcasm and contempt that a countenance so singularly calm and gentlemanlike could betray.

"Cousin Jack," she said earnestly, "this ought not to be."

"Cousin Eve, nevertheless this will be."

"Surely not—surely not ! Men can never so far forget appearances as to convert the temple of God into a theatre, in which the convenience of the spectators is the one great object to be kept in view !"

"You have travelled, sir," said John Effingham, indicating by his eye that he addressed Mr. Dodge, in particular, "and must have entered places of worship in other parts of the world. Did not the simple beauty of the manner in which all classes, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, kneel in a common humility before the altar, strike you agreeably on such occasions ; in Catholic countries in particular?"

“Bless me! no, Mr. John Effingham. I was disgusted at the meanness of their rites, and really shocked at the abject manner in which the people knelt on the cold damp stones, as if they were no better than beggars.”

“And were they not beggars?” asked Eve, with almost a severity of tone; “ought they not so to consider themselves, when petitioning for mercy of the one great and omnipotent God?”

“Why, Miss Effingham, the people will rule, and it is useless to pretend to tell them that they shall not have the highest seats in the church as well as in the state. Really I can see no ground why a parson should be raised above his parishioners. The new order churches consult the public convenience, and place everybody on a level, as it might be. Now, in old times, a family was buried in its pew. It could neither see nor be seen; and I can remember the time when I could just get a look of our clergyman’s wig; for he was an old-school man, and as for his fellow-creatures, one might as well be praying in his own closet. I must say I am a supporter of liberty, if it be only in pews.”

“I am sorry, Mr. Dodge,” answered Eve, mildly, “you did not extend your travels into the countries of the Mussulmans, where most Christian sects might get some useful notions concerning the part of worship, at least, that is connected with appearances. There you would have seen no seats, but sinners bowing down in a mass, on the cold stones, and all thoughts of cushioned pews and drawing-room conveniences unknown. We Protestants have improved on our Catholic forefathers in this respect, and the innovation of which you now speak, in my eyes, is an irreverent—almost a sinful—invasion of the proprieties of the temple.”

“Ah, Miss Eve, this comes from substituting forms for the substance of things,” exclaimed the editor. “For my part, I can say, I was truly shocked with the extravagances I witnessed in the way of worship, in most of the countries I visited. Would you think it, Mr. Bragg, rational beings, real *bona fide* living men and women, kneeling on the stone pavement, like so many camels in the desert”—Mr. Dodge loved to draw his images from the different parts of the world he had seen—“ready to receive the

burdens of their masters; not a pew, not a cushion, not a single comfort that is suitable to a free and intelligent being, but everything conducted in the most abject manner, as if accountable human souls were no better than so many mutes in a Turkish palace?"

"You ought to mention this in the *Active Inquirer*," said Aristabulus.

"All in good time, sir. I have many things in reserve, among which I propose to give a few remarks—I dare say they will be very worthless ones—on the impropriety of a rational being's ever kneeling. To my notion, gentlemen and ladies, God never intended an American to kneel."

The respectable mechanics who stood around the table did not absolutely assent to this proposition; for one of them actually remarked that "he saw no great harm in a man's kneeling to the Deity;" but they evidently inclined to the opinion that the new school of pews was far better than the old.

"It always appears to me, Miss Effingham," said one, "that I hear and understand the sermon better in one of the low pews, than in one of the old high-backed things that looks so much like pounds."

"But can you withdraw into yourself better, sir? Can you more truly devote all your thoughts, with a suitable singleness of heart, to the worship of God?"

"You mean in the prayers, now, I rather conclude?"

"Certainly, sir, I mean in the prayers and the thanksgivings."

"Why, we leave them pretty much to the parson; though I own it is not quite as easy leaning on the edge of one of the new school pews as on one of the old. They are better for sitting, but not so good for standing. But then the sitting posture at prayers is quite coming into favor among our people, Miss Effingham, as well as among yours. The sermon is the main chance, after all."

"Yes," observed Mr. Gouge, "give me good strong preaching any day, in preference to good praying. A man may get along with second-rate prayers, but he stands in need of first-rate preaching."

"These gentlemen consider religion a little like a cordial on a cold day," observed John Effingham, "which is to be taken in sufficient doses to make the blood circulate."

They are not the men to be pounded in pews, like lost sheep ; not they !”

“ Mr. John will always have his say,” one remarked, and then Mr. Effingham dismissed the party, by telling them he would think of the matter.

When the mechanics were gone, the subject was discussed at some length between those that remained, all the Effinghams agreeing that they would oppose the innovation, as irreverent in appearance, unsuited to the retirement and self-abasement that best comported with prayer, and opposed to the delicacy of their own habits ; while Messrs. Bragg and Dodge contended to the last that such changes were loudly called for by the popular sentiment ; that it was unsuited to the dignity of a man to be “ pounded,” even in a church, and virtually, that a good, “ stirring ” sermon, as they called it, was of far more account, in public worship, than all the prayers and praises that could issue from the heart or throat.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ We'll follow Cade—we'll follow Cade.”

“ THE views of this Mr. Bragg, and of our old fellow-traveller, Mr. Dodge, appear to be peculiar on the subject of religious forms,” observed Sir George Templemore, as he descended the little lawn before the Wigwam, in company with the three ladies, Paul Powis, and John Effingham, on their way to the lake. “ I should think it would be difficult to find another Christian who objects to kneeling at prayer.”

“ Therein you are mistaken, Templemore,” answered Paul ; “ for this country, to say nothing of one sect which holds it in utter abomination, is filled with them. Our pious ancestors, like neophytes, ran into extremes on the subject of forms, as well as in other matters. When you go to Philadelphia, Miss Effingham, you will see an instance of a most ludicrous nature—ludicrous, if there was not something painfully revolting mingled with it—of the man-

ner in which men can strain at a gnat and swallow a camel ; and which I am sorry to say is immediately connected with our own church."

It was music to Eve's ears to hear Paul Powis speak of his pious ancestors as being American, and to find him so thoroughly identifying himself with her own native land ; for, while condemning so many of its practices, and so much alive to its absurdities and contradictions, our heroine had seen too much of other countries, not to take an honest pride in the real excellences of her own. There was, also, a soothing pleasure in hearing him openly own that he belonged to the same church as herself.

"And what is there ridiculous in Philadelphia, in particular, and in connection with our own church?" she asked. "I am not so easily disposed to find fault where the venerable church is concerned."

"You know that the Protestants, in their horror of idolatry, discontinued, in a great degree, the use of the cross as an outward religious symbol ; and that there was probably a time when there was not a single cross to be seen in the whole of a country that was settled by those who made a profession of love for Christ and a dependence on his expiation, the great business of their lives!"

"Certainly. We all know our predecessors were a little over-rigid and scrupulous on all points connected with outward appearances."

"They certainly contrived to render the religious rites as little pleasing to the senses as possible, by aiming at a sublimation that peculiarly favors spiritual pride and a pious conceit. I do not know whether travelling has had the same effect on you as it has produced on me ; but I find all my inherited antipathies to the mere visible representation of the cross superseded by a sort of solemn affection for it, as a symbol, when it is plain and unaccompanied by any of those bloody and minute accessories that are so often seen around it in Catholic countries. The German Protestants, who usually ornament the altar with a cross, first cured me of the disrelish I imbibed on this-subject in childhood."

"We, also, I think, Cousin John, were agreeably struck with the same usage in Germany. From feeling a species of nervousness at the sight of a cross, I came to love to

see it ; and I think you must have undergone a similar change, for I have discovered no less than three among the ornaments of the great window of the entrance tower at the Wigwam."

"You might have discovered one, also, in every door of the building, whether great or small, young lady. Our pious ancestors, as Powis calls them, much of whose piety, by the way, was anything but meliorated with spiritual humility or Christian charity, were such ignoramuses as to set up crosses in every door they built, even while they veiled their eyes in holy horror whenever the sacred symbol was seen in a church."

"Every door !" exclaimed the Protestants of the party.

"Yes, literally every door, I might almost say ; certainly every panelled door that was constructed twenty years since. I first discovered the secret of our blunder, when visiting a castle in France, that dated back from the time of the crusade. It was a *château* of the Montmorencies, that had passed into the hands of the Condé family by marriage ; and the courtly old domestic, who showed me the curiosities, pointed out to me the stone *croix* in the windows, which has caused the latter to be called *croisées*, as a pious usage of the crusaders. Turning to a door, I saw the same crosses in the wooden stiles ; and if you cast an eye on the first humble door that you may pass in this village, you will detect the same symbol staring you boldly in the face, in the very heart of a population that would almost expire at the thoughts of placing such a sign of the beast on their very thresholds."

The whole party expressed their surprise ; but the first door they passed corroborated this account, and proved the accuracy of John Effingham's statements. Catholic zeal and ingenuity could not have wrought more accurate symbols of this peculiar sign of the sect ; and yet, here they stood, staring every passenger in the face, as if mocking the ignorant and exaggerated pretension which would lay undue stress on the minor points of a religion, the essence of which was faith and humility.

"And the Philadelphia church ?" said Eve, quickly, so soon as her curiosity was satisfied on the subject of the door ; "I am now more impatient than ever to learn what silly blunder we have also committed there."

"Impious would almost be a better term," Paul answered.

"The only church spire that existed for half a century, in that town, was surmounted by a *mitre*, while the *cross* was studiously rejected."

A silence followed ; for there is often more true argument in simply presenting the facts of a case, than in all the rhetoric and logic that could be urged by way of auxiliaries. Every one saw the egregious folly, not to say presumption, of the mistake ; and at the moment every one wondered how a common-sense community could have committed so indecent a blunder. We are mistaken. There was an exception to the general feeling in the person of Sir George Templemore. To his church-and-state notions, and anti-catholic prejudices, which were quite as much political as religious, there was everything that was proper, and nothing that was wrong, in rejecting a cross for a mitre.

"The church, no doubt, was Episcopal, Powis," he remarked, "and it was not Roman. What better symbol than the mitre could be chosen?"

"Now I reflect, it is not so very strange," said Grace, eagerly, "for you will remember, Mr. Effingham, that Protestants attach the idea of idolatry to the cross, as it is used by Catholics."

"And of bishops, peers in parliament, church and state, to a mitre."

"Yes ; but the church in question I have seen ; and it was erected before the war of the revolution. It was an English rather than an American church."

"It was, indeed, an English church rather than an American ; and Templemore is very right to defend it, mitre and all."

"I dare say a bishop officiated at its altar?"

"I dare say—nay, I know he did ; and I will add, he would rather that the mitre were two hundred feet in the air than down on his own simple, white-haired, apostolical-looking head. But enough of divinity for the morning : yonder is Tom with the boat, let us to our oars."

The party were now on the little wharf that served as a village-landing, and the boatman mentioned lay off, in waiting for the arrival of his fare. Instead of using him, how-

ever, the man was dismissed, the gentlemen preferring to handle the oars themselves. Aquatic excursions were of constant occurrence in the warm months, on that beautifully limpid sheet of water, and it was the practice to dispense with the regular boatmen, whenever good oarsmen were to be found among the company.

As soon as the light buoyant skiff was brought to the side of the wharf, the whole party embarked; and Paul and the baronet taking the oars, they soon urged the boat from the shore.

"The world is getting to be too confined for the adventurous spirit of the age," said Sir George, as he and his companion pulled leisurely along, taking the direction of the eastern shore, beneath the forest-clad cliffs of which the ladies had expressed a wish to be rowed; "here are Powis and myself actually rowing together on a mountain lake of America, after having boated as companions on the coast of Africa, and on the margin of the Great Desert. Polynesia and Terra Australis may yet see us in company, as hardy cruisers."

"The spirit of the age is, indeed, working wonders in the way you mean," said John Effingham. "Countries of which our fathers merely read, are getting to be as familiar as our own homes to their sons; and, with you, one can hardly foresee to what a pass of adventure the generation or two that will follow us may not reach."

"*Vraiment c'est fort extraordinaire de se trouver sur un lac Americain,*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville.

"More extraordinary than to find one's self on a Swiss lake, think you, my dear Mademoiselle Viefville?"

"*Non, non, mais tout aussi extraordinaire pour une Parisienne.*"

"I am now about to introduce you, Mr. John Effingham and Miss Van Cortlandt excepted," Eve continued, "to the wonders and curiosities of this lake and region. There, near the small house that is erected over a spring of delicious water, stood the hut of Natty Bumppo, once known throughout all these mountains as a renowned hunter; a man who had the simplicity of a woodsman, the heroism of a savage, the faith of a Christian, and the feelings of a poet. A better than he, after his fashion, seldom lived."

"We have all heard of him," said the baronet, looking

round curiously ; "and must all feel an interest in what concerns so brave and just a man. I would I could see his counterpart."

"Alas !" said John Effingham, "the days of the 'Leather-stockings' have passed away. He preceded me in life, and I see few remains of his character in a region where speculation is more rife than moralizing, and emigrants are plentier than hunters. Natty probably chose that spot for his hut, on account of the vicinity of the spring ; is it not so, Miss Effingham ?"

"He did ; and yonder little fountain that you see gushing from the thicket, and which comes glancing like diamonds into the lake, is called the 'Fairy Spring,' by some flight of poetry that, like so many of our feelings, must have been imported ; for I see no connection between the name and the character of the country, fairies having never been known, even by tradition, in Otsego."

The boat now came under a shore, where the trees fringed the very water, frequently overhanging the element that mirrored their fantastic forms. At this point a light skiff was moving leisurely along in their own direction, but a short distance in advance. On a hint from John Effingham, a few vigorous strokes of the oars brought the boats near each other.

"This is the flag-ship," half whispered John Effingham, as they came near the other skiff, "containing no less a man than the 'commodore.' Formerly the chief of the lake was an admiral, but that was in times when, living nearer to the monarchy, we retained some of the European terms ; now, no man rises higher than a commodore in America whether it be on the ocean or on the Otsego, whatever may be his merits or his services. A charming day, commodore ; I rejoice to see you still afloat in your glory."

The commodore, a tall, thin, athletic man of seventy, with a white head, and movements that were quick as those of a boy, had not glanced aside at the approaching boat until he was thus saluted in the well known voice of John Effingham. He then turned his head, however, and scanning the whole party through his spectacles, he smiled good-naturedly, made a flourish with one hand, while he continued paddling with the other, for he stood erect and straight in the stern of his skiff, and answered heartily—

"A fine morning, Mr. John, and the right time of the moon for boating. This is not a real scientific day for the fish, perhaps; but I have just come out to see that all the points and bays are in their right places."

"How is it, commodore, that the water near the village is less limpid than common, and that even up here we see so many specks floating on its surface?"

"What a question for Mr. John Effingham to ask of his native water! So much for travelling in far countries, where a man forgets quite as much as he learns, I fear." Here the commodore turned entirely round, and raising an open hand in an oratorical manner, he added—"You must know, ladies and gentlemen, that the lake is in blow."

"In blow, commodore! I did not know that the lake bore its blossoms."

"It does, sir, nevertheless. Ay, Mr. John, and its fruits, too; but the last must be dug for, like potatoes. There have been no miraculous draughts of the fishes of late years in the Otsego, ladies and gentlemen; but it needs the scientific touch and the knowledge of baits to get a fin of any of your true game above the water, nowadays. Well, I have had the head of the sogdollager thrice in the open air, in my time, though I am told the admiral actually got hold of him once with his hand."

"The sogdollager!" said Eve, much amused with the singularities of the man, whom she perfectly remembered to have been commander of the lake, even in her own infancy; "we must be indebted to you for an explanation of that term, as well as for the meaning of your allusion to the head and the open air."

"A sogdollager, young lady, is the perfection of a thing. I know Mr. Grant used to say there was no such word in the dictionary; but then there are many words that ought to be in the dictionaries that have been forgotten by the printers. In the way of salmon trout, the sogdollager is their commodore. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I should not like to tell you all I know about the patriarch of this lake, for you would scarcely believe me; but if he would not weigh a hundred when cleaned, there is not an ox in the county that will weigh a pound when slaughtered."

"You say you had his head above water?" said John Effingham.

“Thrice, Mr. John. The first time was thirty years ago ; and I confess I lost him on that occasion by want of science ; for the art is not learned in a day, and I had then followed the business but ten years. The second time was five years later ; and I had then been fishing expressly for the old gentleman about a month. For near a minute it was a matter of dispute between us whether he should come out of the lake or I go into it ; but I actually got his gills in plain sight. That was a glorious haul ! Washington did not feel better the night Cornwallis surrendered, than I felt on that great occasion !”

“One never knows the feelings of another, it seems. I should have thought disappointment at the loss would have been the prevailing sentiment on that great occasion, as you so justly term it.”

“So it would have been, Mr. John, with an unscientific fisherman ; but we experienced hands know better. Glory is to be measured by quality, and not by quantity, ladies and gentlemen ; and I look on it as a greater feather in a man’s cap to see the sogdollager’s head above water for half a minute than to bring home a skiff filled with pickerel. The last time I got a look at the old gentleman I did not try to get him into the boat, but we sat and conversed for near two minutes ; he in the water, and I in the skiff.”

“Conversed !” exclaimed Eve, “and with a fish, too ! What could the animal have to say ?”

“Why, young lady, a fish can talk as well as one of ourselves ; the only difficulty is to understand what he says. I have heard the old settlers affirm that the Leather-stocking used to talk for hours at a time with the animals of the forest.”

“You knew the Leather-stocking, commodore ?”

“No, young lady, I am sorry to say I never had the pleasure of looking on him even. He was a great man ! They may talk of their Jeffersons and Jacksons, but I set down Washington and Natty Bumppo as the two only really great men of my time.”

“What do you think of Bonaparte, commodore ?” inquired Paul.

“Well, sir, Bonaparte had some strong points about him, I do really believe. But he could have been nothing to the Leather-stocking in the woods ! It’s no great matter, young

gentleman, to be a great man among your inhabitants of cities—what I call umbrella people. Why, Natty was almost as great with the spear as with the rifle; though I never heard that he got a sight of the sogdollager.”

“We shall meet again this summer, commodore,” said John Effingham; “the ladies wish to hear the echoes, and we must leave you.”

“All very natural, Mr. John,” returned the commodore, laughing, and again flourishing his hand in his own peculiar manner. “The women all love to hear the echoes, for they are not satisfied with what they have once said, but they like to hear it over again. I never knew a lady come on the Otsego but one of the first things she did was to get paddled to the Speaking Rocks to have a chat with herself. They come out in such numbers sometimes, and then all talk at once, in a way quite to confuse the echo. I suppose you have heard, young lady, the opinion people have now got concerning these voices.”

“I cannot say I have ever heard more than that they are some of the most perfect echoes known,” answered Eve, turning her body so as to face the old man, as the skiff of the party passed that of the veteran fisherman.

“Some people maintain that there is no echo at all, and that the sounds we hear come from the spirit of the Leather-stocking, which keeps about its old haunts, and repeats everything we say, in mockery of our invasion of the woods. I do not say this notion is true, or that it is my own; but we all know that Natty did dislike to see a new settler arrive in the mountains, and that he loved a tree as a muskrat loves water. They show a pine up here on the side of the Vision, which he notched at every new-comer, until reaching seventeen, his honest old heart could go no further, and he gave the matter up in despair.”

“This is so poetical, commodore, it is a pity it cannot be true. I like this explanation of the ‘Speaking Rocks’ much better than that implied by the name of ‘Fairy Spring.’”

“You are quite right, young lady,” called out the fisherman, as the boats separated still further. “There never was any fairy known in Otsego; but the time has been when we could boast of a Natty Bumpo.”

Here the commodore flourished his hand again, and Eve

nodded her adieus. The skiff of the party continued to pull slowly along the fringed shore, occasionally sheering more into the lake, to avoid some overhanging and nearly horizontal tree, and then returning so closely to the land, as barely to clear the pebbles of the narrow strand with the oar.

Eve thought she had never beheld a more wild or beautifully variegated foliage, than that which the whole leafy mountain side presented. More than half of the forest of tall, solemn pines, that had veiled the earth when the country was first settled, had already disappeared ; but agreeably to one of the mysterious laws by which nature is governed, a rich second growth, that included nearly every variety of American wood, had shot up in their places. The rich Rembrandt-like hemlocks, in particular, were perfectly beautiful, contrasting admirably with the livelier tints of the various deciduous trees. Here and there, some flowering shrub rendered the picture gay, while masses of the rich chestnut, in blossom, lay in clouds of natural glory among the dark tops of the pines.

The gentlemen pulled the light skiff fully a mile under this overhanging foliage, occasionally frightening some migratory bird from a branch, or a water-fowl from the narrow strand. At length, John Effingham desired them to cease rowing, and managing the skiff for a minute or two with the paddle which he had used in steering, he desired the whole party to look up, announcing to them that they were beneath the "Silent Pine."

A common exclamation of pleasure succeeded the upward glance ; for it is seldom that a tree is seen to more advantage than that which immediately attracted every eye. The pine stood on the bank, with its roots embedded in the earth, a few feet higher than the level of the lake, but in such a situation as to bring the distance above the water into the apparent height of the tree. Like all of its kind that grows in the dense forests of America, its increase, for a thousand years, had been upward ; and it now stood in solitary glory, a memorial of what the mountains which were yet so rich in vegetation had really been in their days of nature and pride. For near a hundred feet above the eye, the even round trunk was branchless, and then commenced the dark-green masses of foliage, which

clung around the stem like smoke ascending in wreaths. The tall column-like tree had inclined toward the light when struggling among its fellows, and it now so far overhung the lake, that its summit may have been some ten or fifteen feet without the base. A gentle, graceful curve added to the effect of this variation from the perpendicular, and infused enough of the fearful into the grand, to render the picture sublime. Although there was not a breath of wind on the lake, the currents were strong enough above the forest to move this lofty object, and it was just possible to detect a slight, graceful yielding of the very uppermost boughs to the passing air.

"This pine is ill-named," cried Sir George Templemore, "for it is the most eloquent tree eye of mine has ever looked on!"

"It is indeed eloquent," answered Eve; "one hears it speak even now of the fierce storms that have whistled round its tops—of the seasons that have passed since it extricated that verdant cap from the throng of sisters that grew beneath it, and of all that has passed on the Otsego, when this limpid lake lay like a gem embedded in the forest. When the Conqueror first landed in England this tree stood on the spot where it now stands! Here, then, is at last an American antiquity!"

"A true and regulated taste, Miss Effingham," said Paul, "has pointed out to you one of the real charms of the country. Were we to think less of the artificial and more of our natural excellences, we should render ourselves less liable to criticism."

Eve was never inattentive when Paul spoke; and her color heightened as he paid this compliment to her taste, but still her soft blue eye was riveted on the pine.

"Silent it may be in one respect, but it is indeed all eloquence in another," she resumed, with a fervor that was not lessened by Paul's remark. "That crest of verdure, which resembles a plume of feathers, speaks of a thousand things to the imagination."

"I have never known a person of any poetry who came under this tree," said John Effingham, "that did not fall into this very train of thought. I once brought a man celebrated for his genius here, and after gazing for a minute or two at the high, green tuft that tops the tree, he ex-

claimed, 'that mass of green waved there in the fierce light when Columbus first ventured into the unknown sea.' It is indeed eloquent ; for it tells the same glowing tale to all who approach it—a tale fraught with feeling and recollections."

"And yet its silence is, after all, its eloquence," added Paul ; "and the name is not so misplaced as one might at first think."

"It probably obtained its name from some fancied contrast to the garrulous rocks that lie up yonder, half concealed by the forest. If you will ply the oars, gentlemen, we will now hold a little communion with the spirit of the Leather-stocking."

The young men complied ; and in about five minutes the skiff was off in the lake, at the distance of fifty rods from the shore, where the whole mountain-side came at one glance into the view. Here they lay on their oars, and John Effingham called out to the rocks a "good morning," in a clear distinct voice. The mocking sounds were thrown back again with a closeness of resemblance that actually startled the novice. Then followed other calls and other repetitions of the echoes, which did not lose the minutest intonation of the voice.

"This actually surpasses the celebrated echoes of the Rhine," cried the delighted Eve ; "for, though those do give the strains of the bugle so clearly, I do not think they answer to the voice with so much fidelity."

"You are very right, Eve," replied her kinsman, "for I can recall no place where so perfect and accurate an echo is to be heard as at these speaking rocks. By increasing our distance to half a mile, and using a bugle, as I well know from actual experiment, we should get back entire passages of an air. The interval between the sound and the echo, too, would be distinct, and would give time for an undivided attention. Whatever may be said of the 'pine,' these rocks are most aptly named ; and if the spirit of Leather-stocking has any concern with the matter, he is a mocking spirit."

John Effingham now looked at his watch, and then he explained to the party a pleasure he had in store for them. On a sort of small, public promenade, that lay at the point where the river flowed out of the lake, stood a rude shell

of a building that was called the "gun-house." Here—a speaking picture of the entire security of the country, from foes within as well as from foes without—were kept two or three pieces of field artillery, with doors so open that any one might enter the building, and even use the guns at will, although they properly belonged to the organized corps of the State.

One of these guns had been sent a short distance down the valley; and John Effingham informed his companions that they might look momentarily for its reports to arouse the echoes of the mountains. He was still speaking when the gun was fired, its muzzle being turned eastward. The sound first reached the side of the Vision, abreast of the village, whence the reverberations reissued, and rolled along the range, from cave to cave, and cliff to cliff, and wood to wood, until they were lost, like distant thunder, two or three leagues to the northward. The experiment was thrice repeated, and always with the same magnificent effect, the western hills actually echoing the echoes of the eastern mountains, like the dying strains of some falling music.

"Such a locality would be a treasure in the vicinity of a melodramatic theatre," said Paul, laughing, "for certainly no artificial thunder I have ever heard has equalled this. This sheet of water might even receive a gondola."

"And yet, I fear, one accustomed to the boundless horizon of the ocean might in time weary of it," answered John Effingham, significantly.

Paul made no answer; and the party rowed away in silence.

"Yonder is the spot where we have so long been accustomed to resort for picnics," said Eve, pointing out a lovely place, that was beautifully shaded by old oaks, and on which stood a rude house that was much dilapidated, and indeed injured, by the hands of man. John Effingham smiled, as his cousin showed the place to her companions, promising them an early and nearer view of its beauties.

"By the way, Miss Effingham," he said, "I suppose you flatter yourself with being the heiress of that desirable retreat?"

"It is very natural that at some day, though I trust a very distant one, I should succeed to that which belongs to my dear father."

"Both natural and legal, my fair cousin ; but you are yet to learn that there is a power that threatens to rise up and dispute your claim."

"What power—human power, at least—can dispute the lawful claim of an owner to his property ? That Point has been ours ever since civilized man has dwelt among these hills ; who will presume to rob us of it ?"

"You will be much surprised to discover that there is such a power, and that there is actually a disposition to exercise it. The public—the all-powerful, omnipotent, over-ruling, law-making, law-breaking public—has a passing caprice to possess itself of your beloved Point ; and Ned Effingham must show unusual energy, or it will get it !"

"Are you serious, Cousin Jack ?"

"As serious as the magnitude of the subject can render a responsible being, as Mr. Dodge would say."

Eve said no more, but she looked vexed, and remained almost silent until they landed, when she hastened to seek her father with a view to communicate what she had heard. Mr. Effingham listened to his daughter, as he always did, with tender interest ; and when she had done, he kissed her glowing cheek, bidding her not to believe that, which she seemed so seriously to dread, possible.

"But Cousin John would not trifle with me on such a subject, father," Eve continued ; "he knows how much I prize all those little heirlooms that are connected with the affections."

"We can inquire further into the affair, my child, if it be your desire ; ring for Pierre, if you please."

Pierre answered, and a message was sent to Mr. Bragg, requiring his presence in the library.

Aristabulus appeared, by no means in the best humor, for he disliked having been omitted in the late excursion on the lake, fancying that he had a community right to share in all his neighbors' amusements, though he had sufficient self-command to conceal his feelings.

"I wish to know, sir," Mr. Effingham commenced, without introduction, "whether there can be any mistake con-

cerning the ownership of the Fishing Point on the west side of the lake." -

"Certainly not, sir ; it belongs to the public."

Mr. Effingham's cheek glowed, and he looked astonished ; but he remained calm.

"The public ! Do you gravely affirm, Mr. Bragg, that the public pretends to claim that Point ?"

"Claim, Mr. Effingham ! as long as I have resided in this county, I have never heard its right disputed."

"Your residence in this county, sir, is not of very ancient date, and nothing is easier than that you may be mistaken. I confess some curiosity to know in what manner the public has acquired its title to the spot. You are a lawyer, Mr. Bragg, and may give an intelligible account of it."

"Why, sir, your father gave it to them in his lifetime. Everybody, in all this region, will tell you as much as this."

"Do you suppose, Mr. Bragg, there is anybody in all this region who will swear to the fact ? Proof, you well know, is very requisite even to obtain justice."

"I much question, sir, if there be anybody in all this region that will not swear to the fact. It is the common tradition of the whole country ; and, to be frank with you, sir, there is a little displeasure, because Mr. John Effingham has talked of giving private entertainments on the Point."

"This, then, only shows how idly and inconsiderately the traditions of the country take their rise. But, as I wish to understand all the points of the case, do me the favor to walk into the village, and inquire of those whom you think the best informed in the matter, what they know of the Point, in order that I may regulate my course accordingly. Be particular, if you please, on the subject of title, as one would not wish to move in the dark."

Aristabulus quitted the house immediately, and Eve, perceiving that things were in the right train, left her father alone to meditate on what had just passed. Mr. Effingham walked up and down his library for some time, much disturbed, for the spot in question was identified with all his early feelings and recollections ; and if there were a foot of land on earth, to which he was more attached than to all others, next to his immediate residence,

it was this. Still, he could not conceal from himself, in spite of his opposition to John Effingham's sarcasms, that his native country had undergone many changes since he last resided in it, and that some of these changes were quite sensibly for the worse. The spirit of misrule was abroad, and the lawless and unprincipled held bold language, when it suited their purpose to intimidate. As he ran over in his mind, however, the facts of the case, and the nature of his right, he smiled to think that any one should contest it, and sat down to his writing, almost forgetting that there had been any question at all on the unpleasant subject.

Aristabulus was absent for several hours, nor did he return until Mr. Effingham was dressed for dinner, and alone in the library again, having absolutely lost all recollection of the commission he had given his agent.

"It is as I told you, sir—the public insists that it owns the Point; and I feel it my duty to say, Mr. Effingham, that the public is determined to maintain its claim."

"Then, Mr. Bragg, it is proper I should tell the public that it is not the owner of the Point; but that I am its owner, and that I am determined to maintain my claim."

"It is hard to kick against the pricks, Mr. Effingham."

"It is so, sir, as the public will discover, if it persevere in invading a private right."

"Why, sir, some of those with whom I have conversed have gone so far as to desire me to tell you—I trust my motive will not be mistaken——"

"If you have any communication to make, Mr. Bragg, do it without reserve. It is proper I should know the truth exactly."

"Well, then, sir, I am the bearer of something like a defiance; the people wish you to know that they hold your right cheaply, and that they laugh at it. Not to mince matters, they defy you."

"I thank you for this frankness, Mr. Bragg, and it increases my respect for your character. Affairs are now at such a pass, that it is necessary to act. If you will amuse yourself with a book for a moment, I shall have further occasion for your kindness."

Aristabulus did not read, for he was too much filled with wonder at seeing a man so coolly set about contending

with that awful public which he himself as habitually deferred to, as any Asiatic slave defers to his monarch. Indeed, nothing but his being sustained by that omnipotent power, as he viewed the power of the public to be, had emboldened him to speak so openly to his employer, for Aristabulus felt a secret confidence, that, right or wrong, it was always safe in America to make the most fearless professions in favor of the great body of the community. In the meantime, Mr. Effingham wrote a simple advertisement against trespassing on the property in question, and handed it to the other, with a request that he would have it inserted in the number of the village paper that was to appear next morning. Mr. Bragg took the advertisement, and went to execute the duty without comment.

The evening arrived before Mr. Effingham was again alone, when, being by himself in the library once more, Mr. Bragg entered, full of his subject. He was followed by John Effingham, who had gained an inkling of what had passed.

"I regret to say, Mr. Effingham," Aristabulus commenced, "that your advertisement has created one of the greatest excitements it has ever been my ill-fortune to witness in Templeton."

"All of which ought to be very encouraging to us, Mr. Bragg, as men under excitement are usually wrong."

"Very true, sir, as regards individual excitement, but this is a public excitement."

"I am not at all aware that that fact in the least alters the case. If one excited man is apt to do silly things, half a dozen backers will be very likely to increase his folly."

Aristabulus listened with wonder, for excitement was one of the means for effecting public objects, so much practised by men of his habits, that it had never crossed his mind any single individual could be indifferent to its effect. To own the truth he had anticipated so much unpopularity from his unavoidable connection with the affair, as to have contributed himself in producing the excitement, with the hope of "choking Mr. Effingham off," as he had elegantly expressed it to one of his intimates, in the vernacular of the country.

"A public excitement is a powerful engine, Mr. Effingham," he exclaimed, in a sort of politico-pious horror.

"I am fully aware, sir, that it may be even a fearfully powerful engine. Excited men, acting in masses, compose what are called mobs, and have committed a thousand excesses."

"Your advertisement is, to the last degree, disrelished; to be very sincere, it is awfully unpopular!"

"I suppose it is always what you term an unpopular act, so far as the individuals opposed are concerned, to resist aggression."

"But they call your advertisement aggression, sir."

"In that simple fact exist all the merits of the question. If I own this property, the public, or that portion of it which is connected with this affair, are aggressors; and so much more in the wrong that they are many against one; if they own the property, I am not only wrong, but very indiscreet."

The calmness with which Mr. Effingham spoke had an effect on Aristabulus, and, for a moment, he was staggered. It was only for a moment, however, as the pains and penalties of unpopularity presented themselves afresh to an imagination that had been so long accustomed to study the popular caprice, that it had got to deem the public favor the one great good of life.

"But they say, they own the Point, Mr. Effingham."

"And I say, they do not own the Point, Mr. Bragg; never did own it; and with my consent, never shall own it."

"This is purely a matter of fact," observed John Effingham, "and I confess I am curious to know how or whence this potent public derives its title. You are lawyer enough, Mr. Bragg, to know that the public can hold property only by use or by especial statute. Now, under which title does this claim present itself?"

"First, by use, sir, and then by especial gift."

"The use, you are aware, must be adverse, or as opposed to the title of the other claimants. Now, I am a living witness that my late uncle permitted the public to use this Point, and that the public accepted the conditions. Its use, therefore, has not been adverse, or, at least, not

for a time sufficient to make title. Every hour that my cousin has permitted the public to enjoy his property, adds to his right, as well as to the obligation conferred on that public, and increases the duty of the latter to cease intruding, whenever he desires it. If there is an especial gift, as I understand you to say, from my late uncle, there must also be a law to enable the public to hold, or a trustee ; which is the fact ?”

“ I admit, Mr. John Effingham, that I have seen neither deed nor law, and I doubt if the latter exist. Still the public must have some claim, for it is impossible that everybody should be mistaken.”

“ Nothing is easier, nor anything more common, than for whole communities to be mistaken, and more particularly when they commence with excitement.”

While his cousin was speaking, Mr. Effingham went to a secretaire, and taking out a large bundle of papers, he laid it down on the table, unfolding several parchment deeds, to which massive seals, bearing the arms of the late colony, as well as those of England, were pendent.

“ Here are my titles, sir,” he said, addressing Aristabulus, pointedly ; “ if the public has a better, let it be produced, and I shall at once submit to its claim.”

“ No one doubts that the king, through his authorized agent, the governor of the colony of New York, granted this estate to your predecessor, Mr. Effingham, or that it descended legally to your immediate parent, but all contend that your parent gave the Point to the public, as a spot of public resort.”

“ I am glad that the question is narrowed down within limits that are so easily examined. What evidence is there of this intention on the part of my late father ?”

“ Common report ; I have talked with twenty people in the village, and they all agree that the ‘ Point ’ has been used by the public, as public property, from time immemorial.”

“ Will you be so good, Mr. Bragg, as to name some of those who affirm this ?”

Mr. Bragg complied, naming quite the number of persons he had mentioned, with a readiness that proved he thought he was advancing testimony of weight.

“ Of all the names you have mentioned,” returned Mr.

Effingham, "I never heard but three, and these are the names of mere boys. The first dozen are certainly the names of persons who can know no more of this village than they have gleaned in the last few years; and several of them, I understand, have dwelt among us but a few weeks, nay, days."

"Have I not told you, Ned," interrupted John Effingham, "that an American 'always' means eighteen months, and that 'time immemorial' is only since the last general crisis in the money market!"

"The persons I have mentioned compose a part of the population, sir," added Mr. Bragg, "and one and all they are ready to swear that your father, by some means or other, they are not very particular as to minutiae, gave them the right to use this property."

"They are mistaken, and I should be sorry that any one among them should swear to such a falsehood. But here are my titles—let them show better, or if they can, any, indeed."

"Perhaps your father abandoned the place to the public; this might make a good claim."

"That he did not, I am a living proof to the contrary; he left it to his heirs at his death, and I myself exercised full right of ownership over it until I went abroad. I did not travel with it in my pocket, sir, it is true, but I left it to the protection of the laws, which, I trust, are as available to the rich as to the poor, although this is a free country."

"Well, sir, I suppose a jury must determine the point as you seem firm; though I warn you, Mr. Effingham, as one who knows his country, that a verdict in the face of a popular feeling is rather a hopeless matter. If they prove that your late father intended to abandon or give this property to the public, your case will be lost."

Mr. Effingham looked among the papers a moment, and selecting one, he handed to Mr. Bragg, first pointing out to his notice a particular paragraph.

"This, sir, is my late father's will," Mr. Effingham said mildly; "and in that particular clause you will find that he makes a special devise of this very 'Point,' leaving it to his heirs, in such terms as to put any intention to give it to the public quite out of the question. This, at least, is

the latest evidence I, his only son, executor, and heir possess of his final wishes ; if that wondering and time-immemorial public of which you speak has a better, I wait with patience that it may be produced."

The composed manner of Mr. Effingham had deceived Aristabulus, who did not anticipate any proof so completely annihilating to the pretensions of the public, as that he now held in his hand. It was a simple, brief devise, disposing of the piece of property in question, and left it without dispute, that Mr. Effingham had succeeded to all the rights of his father with no reservation or condition of any sort.

"This is very extraordinary," exclaimed Mr. Bragg, when he had read the clause seven times, each perusal contributing to leave the case still clearer in favor of his employer, the individual, and still stronger against the hoped-for future employers, the people. "The public ought to know of this bequest of the late Mr. Effingham."

"I think it ought, sir, before it pretended to deprive his child of his property ; or rather, it ought to be certain, at least that there was no such devise."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Effingham, but I think it is incumbent on a private citizen, in a case of this sort, when the public has taken up a wrong notion, as I now admit is clearly the fact as regards the Point, to enlighten it, and to inform it that it does not own the spot."

"This has been done already, Mr. Bragg, in the advertisement you had the goodness to carry to the printers, although I deny that there exists any such obligation."

"But, sir, they object to the mode you have chosen to set them right."

"The mode is usual, I believe, in the case of trespasses."

"They expect something different, sir, in an affair in which the public is—is—is—all——"

"Wrong," put in John Effingham, pointedly. "I have heard something of this out of doors, Ned, and blame you for your moderation. Is it true that you had told several of your neighbors that you have no wish to prevent them from using the Point, but that your sole object is merely to settle the question of right, and to prevent intrusions on your family, when it is enjoying its own place of retirement?"

“Certainly, John, my only wish is to preserve the property for those to whom it is especially devised, to allow those who have the best, nay, the only right to it, its undisturbed possession, occasionally, and to prevent any more of that injury to the trees that has been committed by some of those rude men, who always fancy themselves so completely all the public, as to be masters in their own particular persons, whenever the public has any claim. I can have no wish to deprive my neighbors of the innocent pleasure of visiting the Point, though I am fully determined they shall not deprive me of my property.”

“You are far more indulgent than I should be, or perhaps than you will be yourself, when you read this.”

As John Effingham spoke he handed his kinsman a small handbill, which purported to call a meeting for that night, of the inhabitants of Templeton, to resist his arrogant claim to the disputed property. This handbill had the usual marks of a feeble and vulgar malignancy about it, affecting to call Mr. Effingham “one Mr. Effingham,” and it was anonymous.

“This is scarcely worth our attention, John,” said Mr. Effingham, mildly. “Meetings of this sort cannot decide a legal title, and no man who respects himself will be the tool of so pitiful an attempt to frighten a citizen from maintaining his rights.”

“I agree with you as respects the meeting, which has been conceived in ignorance and low malice, and will probably end, as all such efforts end, in ridicule. But——”

“Excuse me, Mr. John,” interrupted Aristabulus, “there is an awful excitement! Some have even spoken of Lynching!”

“Then,” said Mr. Effingham, “it does, indeed, require that we should be more firm. Do you, sir, know of any person who has dared to use such a menace?”

Aristabulus quailed before the stern eye of Mr. Effingham, and he regretted having communicated so much, though he had communicated nothing but the truth. He stammered out an obscure and half-intelligible explanation, and proposed to attend the meeting in person, in order that he might be in the way of understanding the subject, without falling into the danger of mistake. To this Mr. Effingham assented, as he felt too indignant at

this outrage on all his rights, whether as a citizen or a man, to wish to pursue the subject with his agent that night. Aristabulus departed, and John Effingham remained closeted with his kinsman until the family retired. During this long interview, the former communicated many things to the latter, in relation to this very affair, of which the owner of the property, until then, had been profoundly ignorant.

CHAPTER XV.

“There shall be in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny, the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make it felony to drink small beer : all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass.”—JACK CADE.

THOUGH the affair of the Point continued to agitate the village of Templeton next day, and for many days, it was little remembered in the Wigwam. Confident of his right, Mr. Effingham, though naturally indignant at the abuse of his long liberality, through which alone the public had been permitted to frequent the place, and this too, quite often, to his own discomfort and disappointment, had dismissed the subject temporarily from his mind, and was already engaged in his ordinary pursuits. Not so, however, with Mr. Bragg. Agreeably to promise, he had attended the meeting ; and now he seemed to regulate all his movements by a sort of mysterious self-importance, as if the repository of some secret of unusual consequence. No one regarded his manner, however ; for Aristabulus, and his secrets and opinions, were all of too little value in the eyes of most of the party, to attract peculiar attention. He found a sympathetic listener in Mr. Dodge, happily ; that person having been invited, through the courtesy of Mr. Effingham, to pass the day with those in whose company, though very unwillingly on the editor's part certainly, he had gone through so many dangerous trials. These two, then, soon became intimate, and to have seen their shrugs, significant whisperings, and frequent conferences in corners, one who did not know them, might have fancied their shoulders burdened with the weight of the state.

But all this pantomime, which was intended to awaken curiosity, was lost on the company in general. The ladies, attended by Paul and the Baronet, proceeded into the forest on foot, for a morning's walk, while the two Messrs. Effingham continued to read the daily journals that were received from town each morning, with a most provoking indifference. Neither Aristabulus nor Mr. Dodge could resist any longer ; and after exhausting their ingenuity, in the vain effort to induce one of the two gentlemen to question them in relation to the meeting of the previous night, the desire to be doing fairly overcame their affected mysteriousness, and a formal request was made to Mr. Effingham to give them an audience in the library. As the latter, who suspected the nature of the interview, requested his kinsman to make one in it, the four were soon alone, in the apartment so often named.

Even now that his own request for the interview was granted, Aristabulus hesitated about proceeding, until a mild intimation from Mr. Effingham that he was ready to hear his communication, told the agent that it was too late to change his determination.

"I attended the meeting last night, Mr. Effingham," Aristabulus commenced, "agreeably to our arrangement, and I feel the utmost regret at being compelled to lay the result before a gentleman for whom I entertain so profound a respect."

"There was then a meeting?" said Mr. Effingham, inclining his body slightly, by way of acknowledgment for the other's compliment.

"There was, sir ; and I think, Mr. Dodge, we may say an overflowing one."

"The public was fairly represented," returned the editor, "as many as fifty or sixty having been present."

"The public has a perfect right to meet, and to consult on its claims to anything it may conceive itself entitled to enjoy," observed Mr. Effingham. "I can have no possible objection to such a course, though I think it would have consulted its own dignity more, had it insisted on being convoked by more respectable persons than those who, I understand, were foremost in this affair, and in terms better suited to its own sense of propriety."

Aristabulus glanced at Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Dodge

glanced back at Mr. Bragg ; for neither of these political mushrooms could conceive of the dignity and fair-mindedness with which a gentleman could view an affair of this nature.

"They passed a set of resolutions, Mr. Effingham," Aristabulus resumed, with the gravity with which he ever spoke of things of this nature. "A set of resolutions, sir!"

"That was to be expected," returned his employer, smiling ; "the Americans are a set of resolutions-passing people. Three cannot get together without naming a chairman and secretary, and a resolution is as much a consequence of such an 'organization,'—I believe that is the approved word—as an egg is the accompaniment of the cackling of a hen."

"But, sir, you do not know the nature of those resolutions!"

"Very true, Mr. Bragg ; that is a piece of knowledge I am to have the pleasure of obtaining from you."

Again Aristabulus glanced at Steadfast, and Steadfast threw back the look of surprise ; for to both it was matter of real astonishment that any man should be so indifferent to the resolutions of a meeting that had been regularly organized, with a chairman and secretary at its head, and which so unequivocally professed to be the public.

"I am reluctant to discharge this duty, Mr. Effingham, but as you insist on its performance it must be done. In the first place, they resolved that your father meant to give them the Point."

"A decision that must clearly settle the matter, and which will destroy all my father's own resolutions on the same subject. Did they stop at the Point, Mr. Bragg, or did they resolve that my father also gave them his wife and children?"

"No, sir, nothing was said concerning the latter."

"I cannot properly express my gratitude for the forbearance, as they had just as good a right to pass this resolution as to pass the other."

"The public's is an awful power, Mr. Effingham!"

"Indeed it is, sir, but, fortunately, that of the re-public is still more awful, and I shall look to the latter for support, in this 'crisis'—that is the word, too, is it not, Mr. John Effingham?"

“If you mean a change of administration, the upsetting of a stage, or the death of a cart-horse ; they are all equally crises, in the American vocabulary.”

“Well, Mr. Bragg, having resolved that it knew my late father's intentions better than he knew them himself, as is apparent from the mistake he made in his will, what next did the public dispose of, in the plenitude of its power ?”

“It resolved sir, that it was your duty to carry out the intentions of your father.”

“In that, then, we are perfectly of a mind ; as the public will most probably discover, before we get through with this matter. This is one of the most pious resolutions I ever knew the public to pass. Did it proceed any further ?”

Mr. Bragg, notwithstanding the long-encouraged truckling to the sets of men whom he was accustomed to dignify with the name of the public, had a profound deference for the principles, character, and station of Mr. Effingham, that no sophistry, or self-encouragements in the practices of social confusion, could overcome ; and he paused before he communicated the next resolution to his employer. But perceiving that both the latter and his cousin were quietly waiting to hear it, he was fain to overcome his scruples.

“They have openly libelled you, by passing resolutions declaring you to be odious.”

“That, indeed, is a strong measure, and, in the interest of good manners and of good morals, it may call for a rebuke. No one can care less than myself, Mr. Bragg, for the opinions of those who have sufficiently demonstrated that their opinions are of no value, by the heedless manner in which they have permitted themselves to fall into this error ; but it is proceeding too far, when a few members of the community presume to take these liberties with a private individual, and that, moreover, in a case affecting a pretended claim of their own ; and I desire you to tell those concerned, that if they dare to publish their resolutions declaring me to be odious I will teach them what they now do not appear to know—that we live in a country of laws. I shall not prosecute them, but I shall indict them for the offence, and I hope this is plainly expressed.”

Aristabulus stood aghast ! To indict the public was a step he had never heard of before, and he began to perceive that the question actually had two sides. Still, his

awe of public meetings, and his habitual regard for popularity, induced him not to give up the matter without another struggle.

"They have already ordered their proceedings to be published, Mr. Effingham!" he said, as if such an order were not to be countermanded.

"I fancy, sir, that when it comes to the issue, and the penalties of a prosecution present themselves, their leaders will begin to recollect their individuality, and to think less of their public character. They who hunt in droves, like wolves, are seldom very valiant when singled out from their pack. The end will show."

"I heartily wish this unpleasant affair might be amicably settled," added Aristabulus.

"One might, indeed, fancy so," observed John Effingham, "since no one likes to be persecuted."

"But, Mr. John, the public thinks itself persecuted in this affair."

"The term, as applied to a body that not only makes, but which executes the law, is so palpably absurd, that I am surprised any man can presume to use it. But, Mr. Bragg, you have seen documents that cannot err, and know that the public has not the smallest right to this bit of land."

"All very true, sir; but you will please to remember, that the people do not know what I now know."

"And you will please to remember, sir, that when people choose to act affirmatively, in so high-handed a manner as this, they are bound to know what they are about. Ignorance in such a matter, is like the drunkard's plea of intoxication; it merely makes the offence worse."

"Do you not think, Mr. John, that Mr. Effingham might have acquainted these citizens with the real state of the case? Are the people so very wrong that they have fallen into a mistake?"

"Since you ask this question plainly, Mr. Bragg, it shall be answered with equal sincerity. Mr. Effingham is a man of mature years; the known child, executor, and heir of one who, it is admitted all round, was the master of the controverted property. Knowing his own business, this Mr. Effingham, in sight of the grave of his fathers, beneath the paternal roof, has the intolerable impudence——"

"Arrogance is the word, Jack," said Mr. Effingham, smiling.

"Aye, the intolerable arrogance to suppose that his own is his own ; and this he dares to affirm, without having had the politeness to send his title-deeds and private papers round to those who have been so short a time in the place, that they might well know everything that has occurred in it for the last half century. O thou naughty, arrogant fellow, Ned !"

"Mr. John, you appear to forget that the public has more claims to be treated with attention than a single individual. If it has fallen into error, it ought to be undeceived."

"No doubt, sir ; and I advise Mr. Effingham to send you, his agent, to every man, woman, and child in the county, with the Patent of the King, all the mesne conveyances and wills, in your pocket, in order that you may read them at length to each individual, with a view that every man, woman, and child, may be satisfied that he or she is not the owner of Edward Effingham's lands !"

"Nay, sir, a shorter process might be adopted."

"It might, indeed, sir, and such a process has been adopted by my cousin, in giving the usual notice, in the newspaper, against trespassing. But, Mr. Bragg, you must know that I took great pains, three years since, when repairing this house, to correct the mistake on this very point, into which I found that your immaculate public had fallen, through its disposition to know more of other people's affairs than those concerned knew of themselves."

Aristabulus said no more, but gave the matter up in despair. On quitting the house, he proceeded forthwith to inform those most interested of the determination of Mr. Effingham not to be trampled on by any pretended meeting of the public. Common sense, not to say common honesty, began to resume its sway, and prudence put in its plea, by way of applying the corrective. Both he and Mr. Dodge, however, agreed that there was an unheard-of temerity in thus resisting the people, and this too without a commensurate object, as the pecuniary value of the disputed point was of no material consequence to either party.

The reader is not by any means to suppose that Aristæ

bulus Bragg and Steadfast Dodge belonged to the same variety of the human species, in consequence of their unity of sentiment in this affair, and certain other general points of resemblance in their manner and modes of thinking. As a matter of necessity, each partook of those features of caste, condition, origin, and association, that characterize their particular set; but when it came to the nicer distinctions that mark true individuality, it would not have been easy to find two men more essentially different in character. The first was bold, morally and physically, aspiring, self-possessed, shrewd, singularly adapted to succeed in his schemes where he knew the parties, intelligent after his tastes, and apt. Had it been his fortune to be thrown earlier into a better sphere, the same natural qualities that rendered him so expert in his present situation would have conduced to his improvement and most probably would have formed a gentleman, a scholar, and one who could have contributed largely to the welfare and tastes of his fellow-creatures. That such was not his fate, was more his misfortune than his fault, for his plastic character had readily taken the impression of those things that from propinquity alone pressed hardest on it. On the other hand Steadfast was a hypocrite by nature, cowardly, envious, and malignant; and circumstances had only lent their aid to the natural tendencies of his disposition. That two men so differently constituted at their births, should meet, as it might be, in a common centre, in so many of their habits and opinions, was merely the result of accident and education.

Among the other points of resemblance between these two persons, was that fault of confounding the cause with the effects of the peculiar institutions under which they had been educated and lived. Because the law gave to the public that authority which, under other systems, is intrusted either to one or to the few, they believed the public was invested with far more power than a right understanding of their own principles would have shown. In a word, both these persons made a mistake which is getting to be too common in America, that of supposing the institutions of the country were all means and no end. Under this erroneous impression they saw only the machinery of the government, becoming entirely forgetful

that the power which was given to the people collectively, was only so given to secure to them as perfect a liberty as possible, in their characters of individuals. Neither had risen sufficiently above vulgar notions, to understand that public opinion, in order to be omnipotent, or even formidable beyond the inflictions of the moment, must be right ; and that if a solitary man renders himself contemptible by taking up false notions inconsiderately and unjustly, bodies of men, falling into the same error, incur the same penalties, with the additional stigma of having acted as cowards.

There was also another common mistake into which Messrs. Bragg and Dodge had permitted themselves to fall, through the want of a proper distinction between principles. Resisting the popular will, on the part of an individual, they considered arrogance and aristocracy, *per se*, without at all entering into the question of the right or the wrong. The people, rightly enough in the general signification of the term, they deemed to be sovereign ; and they belonged to a numerous class, who view disobedience to the sovereign in a democracy, although it be in his illegal caprices, very much as the subject of a despot views disobedience to his prince.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Mr. Effingham and his cousin viewed these matters differently. Clear-headed, just-minded, and liberal in all his practices, the former, in particular, was greatly pained by the recent occurrence ; and he paced his library in silence, for several minutes after Mr. Bragg and his companion had withdrawn, really too much grieved to speak.

"This is altogether a most extraordinary procedure, John," he at length observes, "and it strikes me that it is but an indifferent reward for the liberality with which I have permitted others to use my property these thirty years ; often, very often, as you well know, to my own discomfort, and to that of my friends."

"I have told you, Ned, that you were not to expect the America on your return, that you left behind you on your departure for Europe. I insist that no country has so much altered for the worse in so short a time."

"That unequalled pecuniary prosperity should sensibly impair the manners of what is termed the world, by intro-

ducing suddenly large bodies of uninstructed and untrained men and women into society, is a natural consequence of obvious causes; that it should corrupt morals even, we have a right to expect, for we are taught to believe it the most corrupting influence under which man can live; but I confess I did not expect to see the day when a body of strangers, birds of passage, creatures of an hour, should assume a right to call on the old and long-established inhabitants of a country to prove their claims to their possessions, and this, too, in an unusual and unheard-of manner, under the penalty of being violently deprived of them!"

"Long-established!" repeated John Effingham, laughing; "what do you term long-established? Have you not been absent a dozen years, and do not these people reduce everything to the level of their own habits? I suppose, now, you fancy you can go to Rome, or Jerusalem, or Constantinople, and remain four or five lustra, and then come coolly back to Templeton, and, on taking possession of this house again, call yourself an old resident."

"I certainly do suppose I have that right. How many English, Russians, and Germans did we meet in Italy, the residents of years, who still retained all their natural and local rights and feelings!"

"Aye, that is in countries where society is permanent, and men get accustomed to look on the same objects, hear the same names, and see the same faces for their entire lives. I have had the curiosity to inquire, and have ascertained that none of the old, permanent families have been active in this affair of the Point, but that all the clamor has been made by those you call the birds of passage. But what of that? These people fancy everything reduced to the legal six months required to vote; and that rotation in persons is as necessary to republicanism as rotation in office."

"Is it not extraordinary that persons who can know so little on the subject, should be thus indiscreet and positive?"

"It is not extraordinary in America. Look about you, Ned, and you will see adventurers uppermost everywhere; in the government, in the towns, in your villages, in the country, even. We are a nation of changes. Much of this, I admit, is the fair consequence of legitimate causes,

as an immense region, in forest, cannot be peopled on any other conditions. But this necessity has infected the entire national character, and men get to be impatient of any sameness, even though it be useful. Everything goes to confirm this feeling, instead of opposing it. The constant recurrences of the elections accustom men to changes in their public functionaries; the great increase in the population brings new faces; and the sudden accumulations of property place new men in conspicuous stations. The architecture of the country is barely becoming sufficiently respectable to render it desirable to preserve the buildings, without which we shall have no monuments to revere. In short, everything contributes to produce such a state of things, painful as it may be to all of any feeling, and little to oppose it."

"You color highly, Jack; and no picture loses in tints, in being retouched by you."

"Look into the first paper that offers, and you will see the young men of the country hardily invited to meet by themselves, to consult concerning public affairs, as if they were impatient of the counsels and experience of their fathers. No country can prosper where the ordinary mode of transacting the business connected with the root of the government commences with this impiety."

"This is a disagreeable feature in the national character, certainly; but you must remember the arts employed by the designing to practise on the inexperienced."

"Had I a son who presumed to denounce the wisdom and experience of his father, in this disrespectful manner, I would disinherit the rascal!"

"Ah, Jack, bachelors' children are notoriously well educated and well mannered. We will hope, however, that time will bring its changes also, and that one of them will be a greater constancy in persons, things, and the affections."

"Time will bring its changes, Ned; but all of them that are connected with individual rights, as opposed to popular caprice or popular interests, are likely to be in the wrong direction."

"The tendency is certainly to substitute popularity for the right, but we must take the good with the bad. Even you, Jack, would not exchange this popular oppression for any other system under which you have lived."

“I don't know that—I don't know that. Of all tyranny, a vulgar tyranny is to me the most odious.”

“You used to admire the English system, but I think observation has lessened your particular admiration in that quarter,” said Mr. Effingham, smiling in a way that his cousin perfectly understood.

“Harkee, Ned, we all take up false notions in our youth, and this was one of mine; but of the two, I should prefer the cold, dogged domination of English law, with its fruits, the heartlessness of a sophistication without parallel, to being trampled on by every arrant blackguard that may happen to traverse this valley in his wanderings after dollars. There is one thing you yourself must admit; the public is a little too apt to neglect the duties it ought to discharge, and to assume duties it has no right to fulfil.”

This remark ended the discourse.

CHAPTER XVI.

“Her breast was a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a tenement had ta'en,
That other souls, to hers, dwell in a lane.”

JOHN NORTON.

THE village of Templeton, it has been already intimated, was a miniature town. Although it contained within the circle of its houses, half a dozen residences with grounds, and which were dignified with names, as has also been said, it did not cover a surface of more than a mile square; that disposition to concentration, which is as peculiar to an American town, as the disposition to diffusion is peculiar to the country population, and which seems almost to prescribe that a private dwelling shall have but three windows in front, and a *façade* of twenty-five feet, having presided at the birth of this spot, as well as at the birth of so many of its predecessors and contemporaries. In one of its more retired streets (for Templeton had its publicity and retirement, the latter after a very village fashion, however), dwelt a widow-bewitched of small worldly means, five children, and of great capacity for circulating intelligence.

Mrs. Abbott, for so was this demi-relict called, was just on the verge of what is termed the "good society" of the village, the most uneasy of all positions for an ambitious and *ci-devant* pretty woman to be placed in. She had not yet abandoned the hope of obtaining a divorce and its suites; was singularly, nay, rabidly devout, if we may coin the adverb; in her own eyes she was perfection, in those of her neighbors slightly objectionable; and she was altogether a droll, and by no means an unusual compound of piety, censoriousness, charity, proscription, gossip, kindness, meddling, ill-nature, and decency.

The establishment of Mrs. Abbott, like her house, was necessarily very small, and she kept no servant but a girl she called her help—a very suitable appellation by the way, as they did most of the work of the *ménage* in common. This girl, in addition to cooking and washing, was the confidante of all her employer's wandering notions of mankind in general, and of her neighbors in particular; as often helping her mistress in circulating her comments on the latter, as in anything else.

Mrs. Abbott knew nothing of the Effinghams, except by a hearsay that got its intelligence from her own school, being herself a late arrival in the place. She had selected Templeton as a residence on account of its cheapness, and having neglected to comply with the forms of the world, by hesitating about making the customary visit to the Wigwam, she began to resent, in her spirit at least, Eve's delicate forbearance from obtruding herself where, agreeably to all usage, she had a perfect right to suppose she was not desired. It was in this spirit, then, that she sat conversing with Jenny, as the maid-of-all-work was called, the morning after the conversation related in the last chapter, in her snug little parlor, sometimes plying her needle, and oftener thrusting her head out of a window which commanded a view of the principal street of the place, in order to see what her neighbors might be about.

"This is a most extraordinary course Mr. Effingham has taken concerning the Point," said Mrs. Abbott, "and I do hope the people will bring him to his senses. Why, Jenny, the public has used that place ever since I can remember, and I have now lived in Templeton quite fifteen months. What can induce Mr. Howel to go so often to that barber's

shop, which stands directly opposite the parlor windows of Mrs. Bennett—one would think the man was all beard."

"I suppose Mr. Howel gets shaved sometimes," said the logical Jenny.

"Not he; or if he does, no decent man would think of posting himself before a lady's window to do such a thing. Orlando Furioso," calling to her eldest son, a boy of eleven, "run over to Mr. Jones's store and listen to what the people are talking about, and bring me back the news, as soon as anything worth hearing drops from anybody; and stop as you come back, my son, and borrow neighbor Brown's gridiron. Jenny, it is most time to think of putting over the potatoes."

"Ma," cried Orlando Furioso, from the front door, Mrs. Abbott being very rigid in requiring that all her children should call her "ma," being so much behind the age as actually not to know that "mother" had got to be much the genteeler term of the two; "Ma," roared Orlando Furioso, "suppose there is no news at Mr. Jones's store?"

"Then go to the nearest tavern; something must be stirring this fine morning, and I am dying to know what it can possibly be. Mind you bring something besides the gridiron back with you. Hurry, or never come home again as long as you live! As I was saying, Jenny, the right of the public, which is our right, for we are part of the public, to this Point, is as clear as day, and I am only astonished at the impudence of Mr. Effingham in pretending to deny it. I dare say his French daughter has put him up to it. They say she is monstrous arrogant!"

"Is Eve Effingham French," said Jenny, studiously avoiding any of the usual terms of civility and propriety, by way of showing her breeding—"well, I had always thought her nothing but Templeton born!"

"What signifies where a person was born? where they live is the essential thing; and Eve Effingham has lived so long in France, that she speaks nothing but broken English; and Miss Debby told me last week, that in drawing up a subscription paper for a new cushion to the reading-desk of her people, she actually spelt 'charity' 'carrotty.'"

"Is that French, Miss Abbott?"

"I rather think it is, Jenny; the French are very nig-

gardedly, and give their poor carrots to live on, and so they have adopted the word, I suppose. You, Byansy-Alzummy-Ann (Bianca-Alzuma-Ann)!"

"Marm!"

"Byansy-Alzummy-Ann! who taught you to call me marm? Is this the way you have learned your catechism? Say ma, this instant."

"Ma."

"Take your bonnet, my child, and run down to Mrs. Wheaton's, and ask her if anything new has turned up about the Point this morning; and, do you hear, Byansy-Alzummy-Ann Abbott—how the child starts away, as if she were sent on a matter of life and death!"

"Why, ma, I want to hear the news, too."

"Very likely, my dear, but by stopping to get your errand, you may learn more than by being in such a hurry. Stop in at Mrs. Green's, and ask how the people liked the lecture of the strange parson last evening—and ask her if she can lend me a watering-pot. Now, run, and be back as soon as possible. Never loiter when you carry news, child."

"No one has a right to stop the man, I believe, Miss Abbott," put in Jenny, very oppositely.

"That, indeed, have they not, or else we could not calculate the consequences. You may remember, Jenny, the pious, even, had to give up that point, public convenience being too strong for them. Roger-Demetrius-Benjamin!"—calling to a second boy, two years younger than his brother—"your eyes are better than mine—who are all those people collected together in the street? Is not Mr. Howel among them?"

"I do not know, ma!" answered Roger-Demetrius-Benjamin, gaping.

"Then run this minute and see, and don't stop to look for your hat. As you come back, step into the tailor's shop and ask if your new jacket is most done, and what the news is? I rather think, Jenny, we shall find out something worth hearing in the course of the day. By the way, they do say that Grace Van Cortlandt, Eve Effingham's cousin, is under concern."

"Well, she is the last person I should think would be troubled about anything, for everybody says she is so des-

perate rich she might eat off of silver if she liked ; and she is sure of being married some time or other."

"That ought to lighten her concern, you think. Oh ! it does my heart good when I see any of those flaunty people right well exercised ! Nothing would make me happier than to see Eve Effingham groaning fairly in the spirit ! That would teach her to take away the people's Points."

"But, Miss Abbott, then she would become almost as good a woman as you are yourself."

"I am a miserable, graceless, awfully wicked sinner ! Twenty times a day do I doubt whether I am actually converted or not. Sin has got such a hold of my very heart-strings, that I sometimes think they will crack before it lets go. Rinaldo-Rinaldini-Timothy, my child, do you toddle across the way, and give my compliments to Mrs. Hulbert, and inquire if it be true that young Dickson, the lawyer, is really engaged to Aspasia Tubbs or not ? and borrow a skimmer or a tin pot, or anything you can carry, for we may want something of the sort in the course of the day. I do believe, Jenny, that a worse creature than myself is hardly to be found in Templeton."

"Why, Miss Abbott," returned Jenny, who had heard too much of this self-abasement to be much alarmed at it, "this is giving almost as bad an account of yourself as I heard somebody, that I won't name, give of you last week."

"And who is your somebody, I should like to know ? I dare say one no better than a formalist, who thinks that reading prayers out of a book, kneeling, bowing, and changing gowns, is religion ! Thank Heaven, I'm pretty indifferent to the opinions of such people. Harkee, Jenny, if I thought I was no better than some persons I could name, I'd give the point of salvation up in despair !"

"Miss Abbott," roared a ragged, dirty-faced, bare-footed boy, who entered without knocking, and stood in the middle of the room, with his hat on, with a suddenness that denoted great readiness in entering other people's possessions ; "Miss Abbott, ma wants to know if you are likely to go from home this week ?"

"Why, what in nature can she want to know that for, Ordeal Bumgrum ?" Mrs. Abbott pronounced this singular name, however, "Ordeel."

"Oh! she warnts to know."

"So do I warnt to know; and know I will. Run home this instant, and ask your mother why she has sent you here with this message. Jenny, I am much exercised to find out the reason Mrs. Bumgrum should have sent Ordeal over with such a question."

"I did hear that Miss Bumgrum intended to make a journey herself, and she may want your company."

"Here comes Ordeal back, and we shall soon be out of the clouds. What a boy that is for errands! He is worth all my sons put together. You never see him losing time by going round by the streets, but away he goes over the garden fences like a cat, or he will whip through a house, if standing in his way, as if he were its owner, should the door happen to be open. Well, Ordeal?"

But Ordeal was out of breath, and although Jenny shook him, as if to shake the news out of him, and Mrs. Abbott actually shook her fist, in her impatience to be enlightened, nothing could induce the child to speak until he had recovered his wind.

"I believe he does it on purpose," said the provoked maid.

"It's just like him!" cried the mistress; "the very best newscarrrier in the village is actually spoilt because he is thick-winded."

"I wish folks wouldn't make their fences so high," Ordeal exclaimed, the instant he found breath. "I can't see of what use it is to make a fence people can't climb!"

"What does your mother say?" cried Jenny, repeating her shake *con amore*.

"Ma wants to know, Miss Abbott, if you don't intend to use it yourself, if you will lend her your name for a few days to go to Utica with? She says folks don't treat her half as well when she is called Bumgrum as when she has another name, and she thinks she'd like to try yours this time."

"Is that all! You needn't have been so hurried about such a trifle, Ordeal. Give my compliments to your mother, and tell her she is quite welcome to my name, and I hope it will be serviceable to her."

"She says she is willing to pay for the use of it, if you will tell her what the damage will be."

“Oh! it's not worth while to speak of such a trifle; I dare say she will bring it back quite as good as when she took it away. I am no such unneighborly or aristocratical person as to wish to keep my name all to myself. Tell your mother she is welcome to mine, and to keep it as long as she likes, and not to say anything about pay; I may want to borrow hers, or something else, one of these days, though, to say the truth, my neighbors are apt to complain of me as unfriendly and proud for not borrowing as much as a good neighbor ought.”

Ordeal departed, leaving Mrs. Abbott in some such condition as that of the man who had no shadow. A rap at the door interrupted the further discussion of the old subject, and Mr. Steadfast Dodge appeared in answer to the permission to enter. Mr. Dodge and Mrs. Abbott were congenial spirits in the way of news, he living by it, and she living on it.

“You are very welcome, Mr. Dodge,” the mistress of the house commenced. “I hear you passed the day yesterday up at the Effinghamses.”

“Why, yes, Mrs. Abbott, the Effinghams insisted on it, and I could not well get over the sacrifice, after having been their shipmate so long. Besides, it is a little relief to talk French when one has been so long in the daily practice of it.”

“I hear there is company at the house?”

“Two of our fellow-travellers, merely. An English baronet, and a young man of whom less is known than one could wish. He is a mysterious person, and I hate mystery, Mrs. Abbott.”

“In that, then, Mr. Dodge, you and I are alike. I think everything should be known. Indeed, that is not a free country in which there are any secrets. I keep nothing from my neighbors, and, to own the truth, I do not like my neighbors to keep anything from me.”

“Then you'll hardly like the Effinghams, for I never yet met with a more close-mouthed family. Although I was so long in the ship with Miss Eve, I never heard her once speak of her want of appetite, of sea-sickness, or of anything relating to her ailings even; nor can you imagine how close she is on the subject of the beaux; I do not think I ever heard her use the word, or so much as allude to any

walk or ride she ever took with a single man. I set her down, Mrs. Abbott, as unqualifiedly artful !”

“That you may with certainty, sir, for there is no more sure sign that a young woman is all the while thinking of the beaux than her never mentioning them.”

“That I believe to be human nature ; no ingenuous person ever thinks much of the particular subject of conversation. What is your opinion, Mrs. Abbott, of the contemplated match at the Wigwam ?”

“Match !” exclaimed Mrs. Abbott. “What already ! It is the most indecent thing I ever heard of ! Why, Mr. Dodge, the family has not been home a fortnight, and to think so soon of getting married ! It is quite as bad as a widower’s marrying within the month.”

Mrs. Abbott made a distinction, habitually, between the cases of widowers and widows, as the first, she maintained, might get married whenever they pleased, and the latter only when they got offers ; and she felt just that sort of horror of a man’s thinking of marrying too soon after the death of his wife, as might be expected in one who actually thought of a second husband before the first was dead.

“Why, yes,” returned Steadfast, “it is a little premature, perhaps, though they have been long acquainted. Still, as you say, it would be more decent to wait and see what may turn up in a country, that, to them, may be said to be a foreign land.”

“But who are the parties, Mr. Dodge ?”

“Miss Eve Effingham and Mr. John Effingham.”

“Mr. John Effingham !” exclaimed the lady who had lent her name to a neighbor, aghast, for this was knocking one of her own day-dreams in the head ; “well, this is too much ! But he shall not marry her, sir ; the law will prevent it, and we live in a country of laws. A man cannot marry his own niece.”

“It is excessively improper, and ought to be put a stop to. And yet these Effinghams do very much as they please.”

“I am very sorry to hear that ; they are extremely disagreeable,” said Mrs. Abbott, with a look of eager inquiry, as if afraid the answer might be in the negative.

“As much so as possible ; they have hardly a way that you would like, my dear ma’am ; and are as close-mouthed as if they were afraid of committing themselves.”

"Desperate bad news-carriers, I am told, Mr. Dodge. There is Dorindy-(Dorinda) Mudge, who was employed there by Eve and Grace one day; she tells me she tried all she could to get them to talk, by speaking of the most common things; things that one of my children knew all about, such as the affairs of the neighborhood, and how people are getting on; and though they would listen a little, and that is something, I admit, not a syllable could she get in the way of answer or remark. She tells me that several times she had a mind to quit, for it is monstrous unpleasant to associate with your tongue-tied folks."

"I dare say Miss Effingham could throw out a hint now and then, concerning the voyage and her late fellow-travellers," said Steadfast, casting an uneasy glance at his companion.

"Not she. Dorindy maintains that it is impossible to get a sentiment out of her concerning a single fellow-creature. When she talked of the late unpleasant affair of poor neighbor Bronson's family—a melancholy transaction that, Mr. Dodge, and I shouldn't wonder if it went to nigh break Mrs. Bronson's heart—but when Dorindy mentioned this, which is bad enough to stir the sensibility of a frog, neither of my young ladies replied, or put a single question. In this respect Grace is as bad as Eve, and Eve is as bad as Grace, they say. Instead of so much as seeming to wish to know any more, what does Miss Eve do, but turn to some daubs of paintings, and point out to her cousin what she was pleased to term peculiarities in Swiss usages. Then the two hussies would talk of nature, 'our beautiful nature,' Dorindy says Eve had the impudence to call it, and as if human nature and its failings and backslidings were not a fitter subject for a young woman's discourse, than a silly conversation about lakes, and rocks, and trees, as if she owned the nature about Templeton. It is my opinion, Mr. Dodge, that downright ignorance is at the bottom of it all, for Dorindy says that they actually know no more of the intricacies of the neighborhood than if they lived in Japan."

"All pride, Mrs. Abbott—rank pride. They feel themselves too great to enter into the minutiae of common folks' concerns. I often tried Miss Effingham, coming from England; and things touching private interests, that I know

she did and must understand, she always disdainfully refused to enter into. Oh! she is a real Tartar in her way; and what she does not wish to do, you never can make her do!"

"Have you heard that Grace is under concern?"

"Not a breath of it; under whose preaching was she sitting, Mrs. Abbott?"

"That is more than I can tell you; not under the church parson's, I'll engage; no one ever heard of a real, active, regenerating, soul-reviving, spirit-groaning, and fruit-yielding conversion under his ministry."

"No; there is very little unction in that persuasion generally. How cold and apathetic they are in these soul-stirring times! Not a sinner has been writhing on their floor, I'll engage, nor a wretch transferred into a saint, in the twinkling of an eye, by that parson. Well, we have every reason to be grateful, Mrs. Abbott."

"That we have, for most glorious have been our privileges! To be sure that is a sinful pride that can puff up a wretched, sinful being like Eve Effingham to such a pass of conceit, as to induce her to think she is raised above thinking of and taking an interest in the affairs of her neighbors. Now, for my part, conversion has so far opened my heart, that I do actually feel as if I wanted to know all about the meanest creature in Templeton."

"That's the true spirit, Mrs. Abbott; stick to that, and your redemption is secure. I only edit a newspaper, by way of showing an interest in mankind."

"I hope, Mr. Dodge, the press does not mean to let this matter of the Point sleep; the press is the true guardian of the public rights, and I can tell you the whole community looks to it for support in this crisis."

"We shall not fail to do our duty," said Mr. Dodge, looking over his shoulder, and speaking lower. "What! shall one insignificant individual, who has not a single right above that of the meanest citizen in the county, oppress this great and powerful community! What if Mr. Effingham does own this point of land——"

"But he does not own it," interrupted Mrs. Abbott. "Ever since I have known Templeton the public has owned it. The public, moreover, says it owns it, and what the public says in this happy country is law."

"But, allowing that the public does not own——"

"It does own it, Mr. Dodge," the nameless repeated positively.

"Well, ma'am, own or no own, this is not a country in which the press ought to be silent, when a solitary individual undertakes to trample on the public. Leave that matter to us, Mrs. Abbott; it is in good hands, and shall be well taken care of."

"I'm piously glad of it!"

"I mention this to you as to a friend," continued Mr. Dodge, cautiously drawing from his pocket a manuscript, which he prepared to read to his companion, who sat with a devouring curiosity, ready to listen.

The manuscript of Mr. Dodge contained a professed account of the affair of the Point. It was written obscurely, and was not without its contradictions, but the imagination of Mrs. Abbott supplied all the vacuums, and reconciled all the contradictions. The article was so liberal of its professions of contempt for Mr. Effingham, that every rational man was compelled to wonder why a quality that is usually so passive, should, in this particular instance be aroused to so sudden and violent activity. In the way of facts not one was faithfully stated; and there were several deliberate, unmitigated falsehoods, which went essentially to color the whole account.

"I think this will answer the purpose," said Steadfast, "and we have taken means to see that it shall be well circulated."

"This will do them good," cried Mrs. Abbott, almost breathless with delight. "I hope folks will believe it."

"No fear of that. If it were a party thing, now, one half would believe it, as a matter of course, and the other half would not believe it, as a matter of course; but in a private matter, Lord bless you, ma'am, people are always ready to believe anything that will give them something to talk about."

Here the *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Abbott's different messengers, all of whom, unlike the dove sent forth from the ark, brought back something in the way of hopes. The Point was a general theme, and though the several accounts flatly contradicted each other, Mrs. Abbott, in the general benevolence of her pious heart,

found the means to extract corroboration of her wishes from each.

Mr. Dodge was as good as his word, and the account appeared. The press, throughout the country, seized with avidity on anything that helped to fill its columns. No one appeared disposed to inquire into the truth of the account, or after the character of the original authority. It was in print, and that struck the great majority of the editors and their readers, as a sufficient sanction. Few, indeed were they, who lived so much under a proper self-control as to hesitate ; and this rank injustice was done a private citizen, as much without moral restraint as without remorse, by those who, to take their own accounts of the matter, were the regular and habitual champions of human rights !

John Effingham pointed out this extraordinary scene of reckless wrong to his wondering cousin, with the cool sarcasm with which he was apt to assail the weaknesses and crimes of the country. His firmness, united to that of his cousin, however, put a stop to the publication of the resolutions of Aristabulus's meeting, and when a sufficient time had elapsed to prove that these prurient denouncers of their fellow-citizens had taken wit in their anger, he procured them, and had them published himself, as the most effectual means of exposing the real character of the senseless mob, that had thus disgraced liberty, by assuming its professions and its usages.

To an observer of men, the end of this affair presented several strong points for comment. As soon as the truth became generally known in reference to the real ownership, and the public came to ascertain that instead of hitherto possessing a right, it had, in fact, been merely enjoying a favor, those who had committed themselves by their arrogant assumptions of facts, and their indecent outrages, fell back on their self-love, and began to find excuses for their conduct in that of the other party. Mr. Effingham was loudly condemned for not having done the very thing, he, in truth, had done, viz., telling the public it did not own his property ; and when this was shown to be an absurdity, the complaint followed that what he had done, had been done in precisely such a mode, although it was the mode constantly used by every one else. From these vague and

indefinite accusations, those most implicated in the wrong began to deny all their own original assertions, by insisting that they had known all along that Mr. Effingham owned the property, but they did not chose he or any other man should presume to tell them what they knew already. In short, the end of this affair exhibited human nature in its usual aspects of prevarication, untruth, contradiction, and inconsistency, notwithstanding the high profession of liberty made by those implicated ; and they who had been the most guilty of wrong were loudest in their complaints, as if they alone had suffered.

"This is not exhibiting the country to us, certainly, after so long an absence, in its best appearance," said Mr. Effingham, "I must admit John ; but error belongs to all regions, and to all classes of institutions."

"Ay, Ned, make the best of it as usual ; but, if you do not come round to my way of thinking, before you are a twelvemonth older, I shall renounce prophesying. I wish we could get at the bottom of Miss Effingham's thoughts on this occasion."

"Miss Effingham has been grieved, disappointed, nay, shocked," said Eve, "but still she will not despair of the Republic. None of our respectable neighbors, in the first place, have shared in this transaction, and that is something ; though I confess I feel some surprise that any considerable portion of a community, that respects itself, should quietly allow an ignorant fragment of its own numbers to misrepresent it so grossly, in an affair that so nearly touches its own character for common-sense and justice."

"You have yet to learn, Miss Effingham, that men can get to be so saturated with liberty, that they become insensible to the nicer feelings. The grossest enormities are constantly committed in this good Republic of ours, under the pretence of being done by the public, and for the public. The public have got to bow to that bugbear, quite as submissively as Gesler could have wished the Swiss to bow to his own cap, as to the cap of Rodolph's substitute. Men will have idols, and the Americans have merely set up themselves."

"And yet, Cousin Jack, you would be wretched were you doomed to live under a system less free. I fear you have the affectation of sometimes saying that which you do not exactly feel."

CHAPTER XVII.

“Come, these are no times to think of dreams—
We’ll talk of dreams hereafter.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE day succeeding that in which the conversation just mentioned occurred, was one of great expectation and delight in the Wigwam. Mrs. Hawker and the Bloomfields were expected, and the morning passed away rapidly, under the gay buoyancy of the feelings that usually accompany such anticipations in a country-house. The travellers were to leave town the previous evening, and, though the distance was near two hundred and thirty miles, they were engaged to arrive at the usual dinner hour. In speed, the Americans, so long as they follow the great routes, are unsurpassed; and even Sir George Templemore, coming, as he did, from a country of macadamized roads and excellent posting, expressed his surprise, when given to understand that a journey of this length, near a hundred miles of which were by land moreover, was to be performed in twenty-four hours, the stops included.

“One particularly likes this rapid travelling,” he remarked, “when it is to bring us such friends as Mrs. Hawker.”

“And Mrs. Bloomfield,” added Eve, quickly. “I rest the credit of the American females on Mrs. Bloomfield.”

“More so than on Mrs. Hawker, Miss Effingham?”

“Not in all that is amiable, respectable, feminine, and lady-like; but certainly more so in the way of mind. I know, Sir George Templemore, as a European, what your opinion is of our sex in this country.”

“Good heaven, my dear Miss Effingham!—My opinion of your sex, in America! It is impossible for any one to entertain a higher opinion of your countrywomen—as I hope to show—as, I trust, my respect and admiration have always proved; nay, Powis, you, as an American, will exonerate me from this want of taste—judgment—feeling——”

Paul laughed, but told the embarrassed and really distressed baronet, that he should leave him in the very excellent hands into which he had fallen.

"You see that bird, that is sailing so prettily above the roofs of the village," said Eve, pointing with her parasol in the direction she meant ; for the three were walking together on the little lawn, in waiting for the appearance of the expected guests ; "and I dare say you are ornithologist enough to tell its vulgar name."

"You are in the humor to be severe this morning—the bird is but a common swallow."

"One of which will not make a summer, as every one knows. Our cosmopolitanism is already forgotten, and with it, I fear, our frankness."

"Since Powis has hoisted his national colors, I do not feel as free on such subjects as formerly," returned Sir George, smiling. "When I thought I had a secret ally in him, I was not afraid to concede a little in such things, but his avowal of his country has put me on my guard. In no case, however, shall I admit my insensibility to the qualities of your countrywomen. Powis, as a native, may take that liberty ; but, as for myself, I shall insist they are at least the equals of any females that I know."

"In *naïveté*, prettiness, delicacy of appearance, simplicity, and sincerity——"

"In sincerity, think you, dear Miss Effingham ?"

"In sincerity, above all things, dear Sir George Templemore. Sincerity—nay, frankness is the last quality I should think of denying them."

"But to return to Mrs. Bloomfield—she is clever, exceedingly clever, I allow ; in what is her cleverness to be distinguished from that of one of her sex on the other side of the ocean ?"

"In nothing, perhaps, did there exist no differences in national characteristics. Naples and New York are in the same latitude, and yet, I think you will agree with me that there is little resemblance in their populations."

"I confess I do not understand the allusion—are you quicker witted, Powis ?"

"I will not say that," answered Paul ; "but I think I do comprehend Miss Effingham's meaning. You have travelled enough to know that, as a rule, there is more aptitude

in a southern than in a northern people. They receive impressions more readily, and are quicker in all their perceptions."

"I believe this to be true; but then, you will allow that they are less constant, and have less perseverance?"

"In that we are agreed, Sir George Templemore," resumed Eve, "though we might differ as to the cause. The inconstancy of which you speak, is more connected with moral than physical causes, perhaps, and we, of this region, might claim an exemption from some of them. But Mrs. Bloomfield is to be distinguished from her European rivals by a frame so singularly feminine as to appear fragile; a delicacy of exterior that, were it not for that illumined face of hers, might indicate a general feebleness; a sensitiveness and quickness of intellect that amount almost to inspiration; and yet all is balanced by a practical common sense that renders her as safe a counsellor as she is a warm friend. This latter quality causes you sometimes to doubt her genius, it is so very homely and available. Now it is in this that I think the American woman, when she does rise above mediocrity, is particularly to be distinguished from the European. The latter, as a genius, is almost always in the clouds, whereas Mrs. Bloomfield, in her highest flights, is either all heart or all good sense. The nation is practical, and the practical qualities get to be imparted even to its highest order of talents."

"The English women are thought to be less excitable, and not so much under the influence of sentimentalism, as some of their continental neighbors."

"And very justly—but —"

"But what, Miss Effingham—there is in all this a slight return to the cosmopolitanism, that reminds me of our days of peril and adventure. Do not conceal a thought, if you wish to preserve that character."

"Well, to be sincere, I shall say that your women live under a system too sophisticated and factitious to give fair play to common sense, at all times. What, for instance, can be the habitual notions of one who, professing the doctrines of Christianity, is accustomed to find money placed so very much in the ascendant, as to see it daily exacted in payment for the very first of the sacred offices of the church? It would be as rational to contend that a

mirror which had been cracked into radii by a bullet, like those we have so often seen in Paris, would reflect faithfully, as to suppose a mind familiarized to such abuses would be sensitive on practical and common sense things."

"But, my dear Miss Effingham, that is all habit."

"I know it is all habit, Sir George Templemore, and a very bad habit it is. Even your devoutest clergymen get so accustomed to it, as not to see the capital mistake they make. I do not say it is absolutely sinful, where there is no compulsion; but I hope you agree with me, Mr. Powis, when I say I think a clergyman ought to be so sensitive on such a subject, as to refuse even the little offerings for baptisms that it is the practice of the wealthy of this country to make."

"I agree with you entirely, for it would denote a more just perception of the nature of the office they are performing; and they who wish to give can always make occasions."

"A hint might be taken from Franklin, who is said to have asked his father to ask a blessing on the pork-barrel, by way of condensation," put in John Effingham, who joined them as he spoke, and who had heard a part of the conversation. "In this instance, an average might be struck in the marriage fee, that should embrace all future baptisms. But here comes neighbor Howel to favor us with his opinion. Do you like the usages of the English church, as respects baptisms, Howel?"

"Excellent, the best in the world, John Effingham."

"Mr. Howel is so true an Englishman," said Eve, shaking hands cordially with their well-meaning neighbor, "that he would give a certificate in favor of polygamy, if it had a British origin."

"And is not this a more natural sentiment for an American than that which distrusts so much, merely because it comes from that little island?" asked Sir George, reproachfully.

"That is a question I shall leave Mr. Howel himself to answer."

"Why, Sir George," observed the gentleman alluded to, "I do not attribute my respect for your country, in the least, to origin. I endeavor to keep myself free from all sorts of prejudices. My admiration of England arises

from conviction, and I watch all her movements with the utmost jealousy, in order to see if I cannot find her tripping, though I feel bound to say I have never yet detected her in a single error. What a very different picture, France—I hope your governess is not within hearing, Miss Eve; it is not her fault she was born a French woman, and we would not wish to hurt her feelings—but what a different picture France presents! I have watched her narrowly too, these forty years, I may say, and I have never yet found her right; and this, you must allow, is a great deal to be said by one who is thoroughly impartial.”

“This is a terrible picture, indeed, Howel, to come from an unprejudiced man,” said John Effingham; “and I make no doubt Sir George Templemore will have a better opinion of himself for ever after—he for a valiant lion, and you for a true prince. But yonder is the ‘exclusive extra,’ which contains our party.”

The elevated bit of lawn on which they were walking commanded a view of the road that led into the village, and the travelling vehicle engaged by Mrs. Hawker and her friends was now seen moving along at a rapid pace. Eve expressed her satisfaction, and then all resumed their walk, as some minutes must still elapse previously to their arrival.

“Exclusive extra!” repeated Sir George; “that is a peculiar phrase, and one that denotes anything but democracy.”

“In any other part of the world a thing would be sufficiently marked by being ‘extra,’ but here it requires the addition of ‘exclusive,’ in order to give it the ‘tower stamp,’” said John Effingham, with a curl of his handsome lip. “Anything may be as exclusive as it please, provided it bear the public impress. A stage-coach being intended for everybody, why, the more exclusive it is, the better. The next thing we shall hear of will be exclusive steamboats, exclusive railroads, and both for the uses of the exclusive people.”

Sir George now seriously asked an explanation of the meaning of the term, when Mr. Howel informed him that an “extra,” in America, meant a supernumerary coach, to carry any excess of the ordinary number of passengers; whereas an “exclusive extra” meant a coach expressly engaged by a particular individual.

"The latter, then, is American posting," observed Sir George.

"You have got the best idea of it that can be given," said Paul. "It is virtually posting with a coachman, instead of postillions, few persons in this country, where so much of the greater distances is done by steam, using their own travelling carriages. The American 'exclusive extra' is not only posting, but, in many of the older parts of the country, is posting of a very good quality."

"I dare say, now, this is all wrong, if we only knew it," said the simple-minded Mr. Howel. "There is nothing exclusive in England, ha, Sir George?"

Everybody laughed except the person who put this question, but the rattling of wheels and the tramping of horses on the village bridge, announced the near approach of the travellers. By the time the party had reached the great door in front of the house, the carriage was already in the grounds, and at the next moment Eve was in the arms of Mrs. Bloomfield. It was apparent, at a glance, that more than the expected number of guests was in the vehicle; and as its contents were slowly discharged, the spectators stood around it with curiosity, to observe who would appear.

The first person that descended, after the exit of Mrs. Bloomfield, was Captain Truck, who, however, instead of saluting his friends, turned assiduously to the door he had just passed through, to assist Mrs. Hawker to alight. Not until this office had been done, did he even look for Eve; for, so profound was the worthy captain's admiration and respect for this venerable lady, that she actually had got to supplant our heroine, in some measure, in his heart. Mr. Bloomfield appeared next, and an exclamation of surprise and pleasure proceeded from both Paul and the baronet, as they caught a glimpse of the face of the last of the travellers that got out.

"Ducie!" cried Sir George. "This is even better than we expected."

"Ducie!" added Paul; "you are several days before the expected time, and in excellent company."

The explanation, however, was very simple. Captain Ducie had found the facilities for rapid motion much greater than he had expected, and he reached Fort Plain,

in the eastward cars, as the remainder of the party arrived in the westward. Captain Truck, who had met Mrs. Hawker's party in the river boat, had been intrusted with the duty of making arrangements, and recognizing Captain Ducie, to their mutual surprise, while engaged in this employment, and ascertaining his destination, the latter was very cordially received into the "exclusive extra."

Mr. Effingham welcomed all his guests with the hospitality and kindness for which he was distinguished. We are no great admirers of the pretension to peculiar national virtues, having ascertained, to our own satisfaction, by tolerably extensive observation, that the moral difference between men is of no great amount; but we are almost tempted to say, on this occasion, that Mr. Effingham received his guests with American hospitality; for if there be one quality that this people can claim to possess in a higher degree than that of most other Christian nations, it is that of a simple, sincere, confiding hospitality. For Mrs. Hawker, in common with all who knew her, the owner of the Wigwam entertained a profound respect; and though his less active mind did not take as much pleasure as that of his daughter in the almost intuitive intelligence of Mrs. Bloomfield, he also felt for this lady a very friendly regard. It gave him pleasure to see Eve surrounded by persons of her own sex, of so high a tone of thought and breeding; a tone of thought and breeding, moreover, that was as far removed as possible from anything strained or artificial; and his welcomes were cordial in proportion. Mr. Bloomfield was a quiet, sensible, gentleman-like man, whom his wife fervently loved, without making any parade of her attachment, and he also was one who had the good sense to make himself agreeable wherever he went. Captain Ducie, who, Englishman-like, had required some urging to be induced to present himself before the precise hour named in his own letter, and who had seriously contemplated passing several days in a tavern, previous to showing himself at the Wigwam, was agreeably disappointed at a reception, that would have been just as frank and warm, had he come without any notice at all; for the Effinghams knew that the uses which sophistication and a crowded population perhaps render necessary

in older countries, were not needed in their own ; and then the circumstance that their quondam pursuer was so near a kinsman of Paul Powis, did not fail to act essentially in his favor.

“We can offer but little in these retired mountains, to interest a traveller and a man of the world, Captain Ducie,” said Mr. Effingham, when he went to pay his compliments more particularly, after the whole party was in the house ; “but there is a common interest in our past adventures to talk about, after all other topics fail. When we met on the ocean, and you deprived us so unexpectedly of our friend Powis, we did not know that you had the better claim of affinity to his company.”

Captain Ducie colored slightly, but he made his answer with a proper degree of courtesy and gratitude.

“It is very true,” he added, “Powis and myself are relatives, and I shall place all my claims to your hospitality to his account ; for I feel that I have been the unwilling cause of too much suffering to your party to bring with me any very pleasant recollections, notwithstanding your kindness in including me as a friend, in the adventures of which you speak.”

“Dangers that are happily past seldom bring very unpleasant recollections, more especially when they were connected with scenes of excitement. I understand, sir, that the unhappy young man who was the principal cause of all that passed, anticipated the sentence of the law by destroying himself.”

“He was his own executioner, and the victim of a silly weakness that, I should think, your state of society was yet too young and simple to encourage. The idle vanity of making an appearance—a vanity, by the way, that seldom besets gentlemen, or the class to which it may be thought more properly to belong—ruins hundreds of young men in England, and this poor creature was of the number. I never was more rejoiced than when he quitted my ship, for the sight of so much weakness sickened one of human nature. Miserable as his fate proved to be, and pitiable as his condition really was, while in my charge, his case has the alleviating circumstance with me, of having made me acquainted with those whom it might not otherwise have been my good fortune to meet !”

This civil speech was properly acknowledged, and Mr. Effingham addressed himself to Captain Truck, to whom, in the hurry of the moment, he had not yet said half that his feelings dictated.

"I am rejoiced to see you under my roof, my worthy friend," taking the rough hand of the old seaman between his own whiter and more delicate fingers, and shaking it with cordiality; "for this is being under my roof, while those town residences have less the air of domestication and familiarity. You will spend many of your holidays here, I trust; and when we get a few years older we will begin to prattle about the marvels we have seen in company."

The eye of Captain Truck glistened, and as he returned the shake by another of twice the energy, and the gentle pressure of Mr. Effingham by a squeeze like that of a vise, he said, in his honest off-hand manner—

"The happiest hour I ever knew, was that in which I discharged the pilot, the first time out, as a ship-master; the next great event of my life, in the way of happiness, was the moment I found myself on the deck of the Montauk, after we had given those greasy Arabs a hint that their room was better than their company; and I really think this very instant must be set down as the third. I never knew, my dear sir, how much I truly loved you and your daughter, until both were out of sight."

"That is so kind and gallant a speech that it ought not to be lost on the person most concerned. Eve, my love, our worthy friend has just made a declaration which will be a novelty to you, who have not been much in the way of listening to speeches of this nature."

Mr. Effingham then acquainted his daughter with what Captain Truck had just said.

"This is certainly the first declaration of the sort I ever heard, and with the simplicity of an unpractised young woman, I here avow that the attachment is reciprocal," said the smiling Eve. "If there is an indiscretion in this hasty acknowledgment it must be ascribed to surprise, and to the suddenness with which I have learned my power, for your *parvenues* are not always perfectly regulated."

"I hope Ma'mselle V. A. V. is well," returned the captain, cordially shaking the hand the young lady had given

him, "and that she enjoys herself to her liking in this outlandish country?"

"Mademoiselle Viefville will return you her thanks in person, at dinner; and I believe she does not yet regret *la belle France* unreasonably; as I regret it myself, in many particulars, it would be unjust not to permit a native of the country some liberty in that way."

"I perceive a strange face in the room—one of the family, my dear young lady?"

"Not a relative, but a very old friend. Shall I have the pleasure of introducing you, captain?"

"I hardly dared to ask it, for I know you must have been overworked in this way lately, but I confess I should like an introduction; I have neither introduced nor been introduced since I left New York, with the exception of the case of Captain Ducie, whom I made properly acquainted with Mrs. Hawker and her party, as you may suppose. They know each other regularly now, and you are saved the trouble of going through the ceremony yourself."

"And how is it with you and the Bloomfields? Did Mrs. Hawker name you to them properly?"

"That is the most extraordinary thing of the sort I ever knew! Not a word was said in the way of introduction, and yet I slid into an acquaintance with Mrs. Bloomfield so easily, that I could not tell you how it was done, if my life depended on it. But this very old friend of yours, my dear young lady——"

"Captain Truck, Mr. Howel; Mr. Howel, Captain Truck," said Eve, imitating the most approved manner of the introductory spirit of the day with admirable self-possession and gravity. "I am fortunate in having it in my power to make two persons whom I so much esteem, acquainted."

"Captain Truck is the gentleman who commands the Montauk?" said Mr. Howel, glancing at Eve, as much as to say, "am I right?"

"The very same; and the brave seaman to whom we are all indebted for the happiness of standing here at this moment."

"You are to be envied, Captain Truck; of all the men in your calling you are exactly the one I should most wish to supplant. I understand you actually go to England twice every year?"

"Three times, sir, when the winds permit. I have even seen the old island four times, between January and January."

"What a pleasure! It must be the very acme of navigation to sail between America and England!"

"It is not unpleasant, sir, from April to November, but the long nights, thick weather, and heavy winds knock off a good deal of the satisfaction for the rest of the year."

"But I speak of the country; of old England itself; not of the passages."

"Well, England has what I call a pretty fair coast. It is high, and great attention is paid to the lights; but of what account is either coast or lights, if the weather is so thick you cannot see the end of your flying-jib-boom!"

"Mr. Howel alludes more particularly to the country, inland," said Eve; "to the towns, the civilization, and the other proofs of cultivation and refinement. To the government especially."

"In my judgment, sir, the government is much too particular about tobacco, and some other trifling things I could name. Then it restricts pennants to King's ships, whereas, to my notion, my dear young lady, a New York packet is as worthy of wearing a pennant as any vessel that floats. I mean, of course, ships of the regular European lines, and not the Southern traders."

"But these are merely spots on the sun, my good sir," returned Mr. Howel. "Putting a few such trifles out of the question, I think you will allow that England is the most delightful country in the world?"

"To be frank with you, Mr. Howel, there is a good deal of hang-dog weather along in October, November, and December. I have known March anything but agreeable, and then April is just like a young girl with one of your melancholy novels, now smiling and now blubbing."

"But the morals of the country, my dear sir; the moral features of England must be a source of never-dying delight to a true philanthropist," resumed Mr. Howel, as Eve, who perceived that the discourse was likely to be long, went to join the ladies. "An Englishman has most reason to be proud of the moral excellences of his country!"

"Why, to be frank with you, Mr. Howel, there are some of the moral features of London that are anything but

very beautiful. If you could pass twenty-four hours in the neighborhood of St. Catharine's, you would see sights that would throw Templeton into fits. The English are a handsome people, I allow; but their morality is none of the best featured."

"Let us be seated, sir; I am afraid we are not exactly agreed on our terms, and, in order that we may continue this subject, I beg you will let me take a seat next you at table."

To this Captain Truck very cheerfully assented, and then the two took chairs, continuing the discourse very much in the blind and ambiguous manner in which it had been commenced. The one party insisting on seeing everything through the medium of an imagination that had got to be diseased on such subjects, or with a species of monomania; while the other seemed obstinately determined to consider the entire country as things had been presented to his limited and peculiar experience, in the vicinity of the docks.

"We have had a very unexpected and a very agreeable attendant in Captain Truck," said Mrs. Hawker, when Eve had placed herself by her side, and respectfully taken one of her hands. "I really think if I were to suffer shipwreck, or to run the hazard of captivity, I should choose to have both to occur in his good company."

"Mrs. Hawker makes so many conquests," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, "that we are to think nothing of her success with this merman; but what will you say, Miss Effingham, when you learn that I am also in favor, in the same high quarter. I shall think the better of masters, and boatswains, and Trinculos and Stephanos, as long as I live, for this specimen of their craft."

"Not Trinculos and Stephanos, dear Mrs. Bloomfield; for, *à l'exception près de* Saturday nights, and sweethearts and wives, a more exemplary person in the way of libations does not exist than our excellent Captain Truck. He is much too religious and moral for so vulgar an excess as drinking."

"Religious!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloomfield, in surprise. "This is a merit to which I did not know he possessed the smallest claims. One might imagine a little superstition, and some short-lived repentances in gales of wind; but scarcely anything as much like a trade wind, as religion!"

"Then you do not know him ; for a more sincerely devout man, though I acknowledge it is after a fashion that is perhaps peculiar to the ocean, is not often met with. At any rate, you found him attentive to our sex ?"

"The pink of politeness ; and, not to embellish, there is a manly deference about him that is singularly agreeable to our frail vanity. This comes of his packet-training, I suppose, and we may thank you for some portion of his merit. His tongue never tires in your praises, and did I not feel persuaded that your mind is made up never to be the wife of any republican American, I should fear this visit exceedingly. Notwithstanding the remark I made concerning my being in favor, the affair lies between Mrs. Hawker and yourself. I know it is not your habit to trifle even on that very popular subject with young ladies, matrimony ; but this case forms so complete an exception to the vulgar passion, that I trust you will overlook the indiscretion. Our golden captain, for copper he is not, protests that Mrs. Hawker is the most delightful old lady he ever knew, and that Miss Eve Effingham is the most delightful young lady he ever knew. Here, then, each may see the ground she occupies, and play her cards accordingly. I hope to be forgiven for touching on a subject so delicate."

"In the first place," said Eve, smiling, "I should wish to hear Mrs. Hawker's reply."

"I have no more to say, than to express my perfect gratitude," answered that lady, "to announce a determination not to change my condition, on account of extreme youth, and a disposition to abandon the field to my younger, if not fairer rival."

"Well, then," resumed Eve, anxious to change the subject, for she saw that Paul was approaching their group, "I believe it will be wisest in me to suspend a decision, circumstances leaving so much at my disposal. Time must show what that decision will be."

"Nay," said Mrs. Bloomfield, who saw no feeling involved in the trifling, "this is unjustifiable coquetry, and I feel bound to ascertain how the land lies. You will remember I am the Captain's confidante, and you know the fearful responsibility of a friend in an affair of this sort ; that of a friend in the duello being insignificant in comparison.

That I may have a testimony at need, Mr. Powis shall be made acquainted with the leading facts. Captain Truck is a devout admirer of this young lady, sir, and I am endeavoring to discover whether he ought to hang himself on her father's lawn this evening, as soon as the moon rises, or live another week. In order to do this, I shall pursue the categorical and inquisitorial method, and so defend yourself, Miss Effingham. Do you object to the country of your admirer?"

Eve, though inwardly vexed at the turn this pleasantry had taken, maintained a perfectly composed manner; for she knew that Mrs. Bloomfield had too much feminine propriety to say anything improper, or anything that might seriously embarrass her.

"It would, indeed, be extraordinary, should I object to a country which is not only my own, but which has so long been that of my ancestors," she answered, steadily. "On this score my knight has nothing to fear."

"I rejoice to hear this," returned Mrs. Bloomfield, glancing her eyes, unconsciously to herself, however, toward Sir George Templemore, "and, Mr. Powis, you, who I believe are a European, will learn humility in the avowal. Do you object to your swain that he is a seaman?"

Eve blushed, notwithstanding a strong effort to appear composed, and, for the first time since their acquaintance, she felt provoked with Mrs. Bloomfield. She hesitated before she answered in the negative, and this too in a way to give more meaning to her reply, although nothing could be further from her intentions.

"The happy man may then be an American and a seaman! Here is great encouragement! Do you object to sixty?"

"In any other man I should certainly consider it a blemish, as my own dear father is but fifty."

Mrs. Bloomfield was struck with the tremor in the voice, and with the air of embarrassment, in one who usually was so easy and collected; and with feminine sensitiveness she adroitly abandoned the subject, though she often recurred to this stifled emotion in the course of the day, and from that moment she became a silent observer of Eve's deportment with all her father's guests.

"This is hope enough for one day," she said, rising; "the profession and the flag must counterbalance the years

as best they may, and the Truck lives another revolution of the sun ! Mrs. Hawker, we shall be late at dinner, I see by the clock, unless we retire soon."

Both the ladies now went to their rooms ; Eve, who was already dressed for dinner, remaining in the drawing-room. Paul still stood before her, and, like herself, he seemed embarrassed.

"There are men who would be delighted to hear even the little that has fallen from your lips in this trifling," he said, as soon as Mrs. Bloomfield was out of hearing. "To be an American and a seaman, then, are not serious defects in your eyes ?"

"Am I to be made responsible for Mrs. Bloomfield's caprices and pleasantries ?"

"By no means ; but I do think you hold yourself responsible for Miss Effingham's truth and sincerity. I can conceive of your silence, when questioned too far, but scarcely of any direct declaration, that shall not possess both these high qualities."

Eve looked up gratefully, for she saw that profound respect for her character dictated the remark ; but rising, she observed—

"This is making a little badinage about our honest, lion-hearted old captain, a very serious affair. And now, to show you that I am conscious of, and thankful for, your own compliments, I shall place you on the footing of a friend to both the parties, and request you will take Captain Truck into your especial care, while he remains here. My father and cousin are both sincerely his friends, but their habits are not so much those of their guests, as yours will probably be ; and to you, then, I commit him, with a request that he may miss his ship and the ocean as little as possible."

"I would I knew how to take this charge, Miss Effingham ! To be a seaman is not always a recommendation with the polished, intelligent, and refined."

"But when one is polished, intelligent, and refined, to be a seaman is to add one other particular and useful branch of knowledge to those which are more familiar. I feel certain Captain Truck will be in good hands, and now I will go and do my devoirs to my own especial charges, the ladies."

Eve bowed as she passed the young man, and she left the room with as much haste as at all became her. Paul stood motionless quite a minute after she had vanished, nor did he awaken from his reverie, until aroused by an appeal from Captain Truck, to sustain him, in some of his matter-of-fact opinions concerning England, against the visionary and bookish notions of Mr. Howel.

"Who is this Mr. Powis?" asked Mrs. Bloomfield of Eve, when the latter appeared in her dressing-room, with an unusual impatience of manner.

"You know, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, that he was our fellow-passenger in the Montauk, and that he was of infinite service to us in escaping from the Arabs."

"All this I know, certainly; but he is a European, is he not?"

Eve scarcely ever felt more embarrassed than in answering this simple question.

"I believe not; at least, I think not; we thought so when we met him in Europe, and even until quite lately; but he has avowed himself a countryman of our own, since his arrival at Templeton."

"Has he been here long?"

"We found him in the village on reaching home. He was from Canada, and has been in waiting for his cousin, Captain Ducie, who came with you."

"His cousin! He has English cousins, then! Mr. Ducie kept this to himself, with true English reserve. Captain Truck whispered something of the latter's having taken out one of his passengers, the Mr. Powis, the hero of the rocks, but I did not know of his having found his way back to our—to his country. Is he as agreeable as Sir George Templemore?"

"Nay, Mrs. Bloomfield, I must leave you to judge of that for yourself. I think them both agreeable men; but there is so much caprice in a woman's tastes, that I decline thinking for others."

"He is a seaman, I believe," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, with an abstracted manner; "he must have been, to have manœuvred and managed as I have been told he did. Powis—Powis—that is not one of our names, either—I should think he must be from the south."

Here Eve's habitual truth and dignity of mind did her

good service, and prevented any further betrayal of embarrassment.

"We do not know his family," she steadily answered. "That he is a gentleman, we see ; but of his origin and connections he never speaks."

"His profession would have given him the notions of a gentleman, for he was in the navy, I have heard, although I had thought it the British navy. I do not know of any Powises in Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or Richmond, or Charleston ; he must surely be from the interior."

Eve could scarcely condemn her friend for a curiosity that had not a little tormented herself, though she would gladly have changed the discourse.

"Mr. Powis would be much gratified did he know what a subject of interest he was suddenly become with Mrs. Bloomfield," she said, smiling.

"I confess it all ; to be very sincere, I think him the most distinguished young man, in air, appearance, and expression of countenance, I ever saw. When this is coupled with what I have heard of his gallantry and coolness, my dear, I should not be woman to feel no interest in him. I would give the world to know of what State he is a native—if native, in truth, he be."

"For that we have his own word. He was born in this country, and was educated in our own marine."

"And yet from the little that fell from him, in our first short conversation, he struck me as being educated above his profession."

"Mr. Powis has seen much as a traveller ; when we met him in Europe, it was in a circle particularly qualified to improve both his mind and his manners."

"Europe ! Your acquaintance did not then commence, like that with Sir George Templemore, in the packet ?"

"Our acquaintance with neither commenced in the packet. My father had often seen both these gentlemen, during our residence in different parts of Europe."

"And your father's daughter ?"

"My father's daughter, too," said Eve, laughing. "With Mr. Powis, in particular, we were acquainted under circumstances that left a vivid recollection of his manliness and professional skill. He was of almost as much service to us

on one of the Swiss lakes, as he has subsequently been on the ocean."

All this was news to Mrs. Bloomfield, and she looked as if she thought the intelligence interesting. At this moment the dinner-bell rang, and all the ladies descended to the drawing-room. The gentlemen were already assembled, and as Mr. Effingham led Mrs. Hawker to the table, Mrs. Bloomfield gaily took Eve by the arm, protesting that she felt herself privileged, the first day, to take a seat near the young mistress of the Wigwam.

"Mr. Powis and Sir George Templemore will not quarrel about the honor," she said, in a low voice, as they proceeded toward the table.

"Indeed you are in error, Mrs. Bloomfield ; Sir George Templemore is much better pleased with being at liberty to sit next my cousin Grace."

"Can this be so !" returned the other, looking intently at her young friend.

"Indeed it is so, and I am very glad to be able to affirm it. How far Miss Van Cortlandt is pleased that it is so, time must show ; but the baronet betrays every day, and all day, how much he is pleased with her."

"He is then a man of less taste, and judgment, and intelligence, than I had thought him."

"Nay, dearest Mrs. Bloomfield, this is not necessarily true ; or, if true, need it be so openly said ?"

"*Se non e vero, e ben trovato.*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Thine for a space are they—
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;
 Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable past."—BRYANT.

CAPTAIN DUCIE had retired for the night, and was sitting reading, when a low tap at the door roused him from a brown study. He gave the necessary permission, and the door opened.

"I hope, Ducie, you have not forgotten the secretaire I

left among your effects," said Paul, entering the room, "and concerning which I wrote to you when you were still at Quebec."

Captain Ducie pointed to the case which was standing among his other luggage, on the floor of the room.

"Thank you for this care," said Paul, taking the secretaire under his arm, and retiring toward the door; "it contains papers of much importance to myself, and some that I have reason to think are of importance to others."

"Stop, Powis—a word before you quit me. Is Templemore *de trop*?"

"Not at all; I have a sincere regard for Templemore, and should be sorry to see him leave us."

"And yet I think it singular a man of his habits should be rustivating among these hills, when I know that he is expected to look at the Canadas, with a view to report their actual condition at home."

"Is Sir George really intrusted with a commission of that sort?" inquired Paul, with interest.

"Not with any positive commission, perhaps, for none was necessary. Templemore is a rich fellow, and has no need of appointments; but it is hoped and understood that he will look at the provinces, and report their condition to the government. I dare say he will not be impeached for his negligence, though it may occasion surprise."

"Good night, Ducie; Templemore prefers a wigwam to your walled Quebec, and natives to colonists; that is all."

In a minute, Paul was at the door of John Effingham's room, where he again tapped, and was again told to enter.

"Ducie has not forgotten my request, and this is the secretaire that contains poor Mr. Monday's papers," he remarked, as he laid his load on a toilet-table, speaking in a way to show that his visit was expected. "We have, indeed, neglected this duty too long, and it is to be hoped no injustice, or wrong to any, will be the consequence."

"Is that the package?" demanded John Effingham, extending a hand to receive a bundle of papers that Paul had taken from the secretaire. "We will break the seals this moment, and ascertain what ought to be done before we sleep."

"These are papers of my own, and very precious are

they," returned the young man, regarding them a moment with interest, before he laid them on the toilet. "Here are the papers of Mr. Monday."

John Effingham received the package from his young friend, placed the lights conveniently on the table, put on his spectacles, and invited Paul to be seated. The gentlemen were placed opposite each other, the duty of breaking the seals, and first casting an eye at the contents of the different documents, devolving, as a matter of course, on the senior of the two, who, in truth, had alone been intrusted with it.

"Here is something signed by poor Monday himself, in the way of a general certificate," observed John Effingham, who first read the paper, and then handed it to Paul. It was, in form, an unsealed letter; and it was addressed "to all whom it may concern." The certificate itself was in the following words:

"I, John Monday, do declare and certify, that all the accompanying letters and documents are genuine and authentic. Jane Dowse, to whom and from whom, are so many letters, was my late mother, she having intermarried with Peter Dowse, the man so often named, and who led her into acts for which I know she has since been deeply repentant. In committing these papers to me, my poor mother left me the sole judge of the course I was to take, and I have put them in this form, in order that they may yet do good, should I be called suddenly away. All depends on discovering who the person called Bright actually is, for he was never known to my mother by any other name. She knows him to have been an Englishman, however, and thinks he was, or has been, an upper servant in a gentleman's family.

JOHN MONDAY."

This paper was dated several years back, a sign that the disposition to do right had existed some time in Mr. Monday; and all the letters and other papers had been carefully preserved. The latter also appeared to be regularly numbered, a precaution that much aided the investigations of the two gentlemen. The original letters spoke for themselves, and the copies had been made in a clear, strong, mercantile hand, and with the method of one accustomed to business. In short, so far as the contents of the differ-

ent papers would allow, nothing was wanting to render the whole distinct and intelligible.

John Effingham read the paper No. 1, with deliberation, though not aloud ; and when he had done, he handed it to his young friend, coolly remarking :

“That is the production of a deliberate villain.”

Paul glanced his eye over the document, which was an original letter signed “David Bright,” and addressed to “Mrs. Jane Dowse.” It was written with exceeding art, made many professions of friendship, spoke of the writer’s knowledge of the woman’s friends in England, and of her first husband in particular, and freely professed the writer’s desire to serve her, while it also contained several ambiguous allusions to certain means of doing so, which should be revealed whenever the person to whom the letter was addressed should discover a willingness to embark in the undertaking. This letter was dated Philadelphia, was addressed to one in New York, and it was old.

“This is, indeed, a rare specimen of villainy,” said Paul, as he laid down the paper, “and has been written in some such spirit as that employed by the Devil when he tempted our common mother. I think I never read a better specimen of low, wily cunning.”

“And judging by all that we already know, it would seem to have succeeded. In this letter you will find the gentleman a little more explicit ; and but a little ; though he is evidently encouraged by the interest and curiosity betrayed by the woman in this copy of the answer to his first epistle.”

Paul read the letter just named, and then he laid it down to wait for the next, which was still in the hands of his companion.

“This is likely to prove a history of unlawful love, and of its miserable consequences,” said John Effingham in his cool manner, as he handed the answers to letter No. 1 and letter No. 2 to Paul. “The world is full of such unfortunate adventures, and I should think the parties English, by a hint or two you will find in this very honest and conscientious communication. Strongly artificial, social, and political distinctions render expedients of this nature more frequent, perhaps, in Great Britain than in any other country. Youth is the season of the passions, and many a man,

in the thoughtlessness of that period, lays the foundation of bitter regret in after life."

As John Effingham raised his eyes, in the act of extending his hand toward his companion, he perceived that the fresh ruddy hue of his embrowned cheek deepened, until the color diffused itself over the whole of his fine brow. At first an unpleasant suspicion flashed on John Effingham, and he admitted it with regret, for Eve and her future happiness had got to be closely associated in his mind with the character and conduct of the young man; but when Paul took the papers steadily, and by an effort seemed to subdue all unpleasant feelings, the calm dignity with which he read them completely effaced the disagreeable distrust. It was then John Effingham remembered that he had once believed Paul himself might be the fruits of the heartless indiscretion he condemned. Commiseration and sympathy instantly took the place of the first impression, and he was so much absorbed with these feelings that he had not taken up the letter which was to follow, when Paul laid down the paper he had last been required to read.

"This does, indeed, sir, seem to foretell one of those painful histories of unbridled passion, with the still more painful consequences," said the young man, with the steadiness of one who was unconscious of having a personal connection with any events of a nature so unpleasant. "Let us examine further."

John Effingham felt emboldened by these encouraging signs of unconcern, and he read the succeeding letters aloud, so that they learned their contents simultaneously. The next six or eight communications betrayed nothing distinctly, beyond the fact that the child which formed the subject of the whole correspondence was to be received by Peter Dowse and his wife, and to be retained as their own offspring, for the consideration of a considerable sum, with an additional engagement to pay an annuity. It appeared by these letters also, that the child, which was hypocritically alluded to under the name of the "pet," had been actually transferred to the keeping of Jane Dowse, and that several years passed after this arrangement before the correspondence terminated. Most of the later letters referred to the payment of the annuity, although they contained cold inquiries after the "pet," and answers so vague

and general as sufficiently to prove that the term was singularly misapplied. In the whole, there were some thirty or forty letters, each of which had been punctually answered, and their dates covered a space of near twelve years. The perusal of all these papers consumed more than an hour, and when John Effingham laid his spectacles on the table, the village clock had struck the hour of midnight.

"As yet," he observed, "we have learned little more than the fact that a child was made to take a false character, without possessing any other clew to the circumstances than is given in the names of the parties, all of whom are evidently obscure, and one of the most material of whom, we are plainly told, must have borne a fictitious name. Even poor Monday, in possession of so much collateral testimony that we want, could not have known what was the precise injustice done, if any, or certainly, with the intentions he manifests, he would not have left that important particular in the dark."

"This is likely to prove a complicated affair," returned Paul, "and it is not very clear that we can be of any immediate service. As you are probably fatigued, we may without impropriety defer the further examination to another time."

To this John Effingham assented, and Paul, during the short conversation that followed, brought the secretaire from the toilet to the table, along with the bundle of important papers that belonged to himself, to which he had alluded, and busied himself in replacing the whole in the drawer from which they had been taken.

"All the formalities about the seals, that we observed when poor Monday gave us the packet, would now seem to be unnecessary," he remarked, while thus occupied, "and it will probably be sufficient if I leave the secretaire in your room, and keep the keys myself."

"One never knows," returned John Effingham, with the greater caution of experience and age. "We have not read all the papers, and there are wax and lights before you; each has his watch and seal, and it will be the work of a minute only, to replace everything as we left the package originally. When this is done, you may leave the secretaire, or remove it at your own pleasure."

"I will leave it; for though it contains so much that I

prize, and which is really of great importance to myself, it contains nothing for which I shall have immediate occasion."

"In that case it were better that I place the package in which we have a common interest in an *armoire*, or in my secretaire, and that you keep your precious effects more immediately under your own eye."

"It is immaterial, unless the case will inconvenience you, for I do not know that I am not happier when it is out of my sight, so long as I feel certain of its security, than when it is constantly before my eyes."

Paul said this with a forced smile, and there was a sadness in his countenance that excited the sympathy of his companion. The latter, however, merely bowed his assent, and the papers were replaced, and the secretaire was locked and deposited in an *armoire* in silence. Paul was then about to wish the other good night, when John Effingham seized his hand, and by a gentle effort induced him to resume his seat. An embarrassing, but short pause succeeded, when the latter spoke.

"We have suffered enough in company, and have seen each other in situations of sufficient trial, to be friends," he said. "I should feel mortified did I believe you could think me influenced by an improper curiosity, in wishing to share more of your confidence than perhaps you are willing to bestow; I trust you will attribute to its right motive the liberty I am now taking. Age makes some difference between us, and the sincere and strong interest I feel in your welfare ought to give me a small claim not to be treated as a total stranger. So jealous and watchful has this interest been, I might with truth call it affection, that I have discovered you are not situated exactly as other men in your condition of life are situated, and I feel persuaded that the sympathy, perhaps the advice, of one so many years older than yourself might be useful. You have already said so much to me on the subject of your personal situation, that I almost feel a right to ask for more."

John Effingham uttered this in his mildest and most winning manner; and few men could carry with them, on such an occasion, more of persuasion in their voices and looks. Paul's features worked, and it was evident to his compan-

ion that he was moved, while, at the same time, he was not displeased.

"I am grateful, deeply grateful, sir, for this interest in my happiness," Paul answered, "and if I knew the particular points on which you feel any curiosity, there is nothing that I can desire to conceal. Have the further kindness to question me, Mr. Effingham, that I need not touch on things you do not care to hear."

"All that really concerns your welfare, would have interest with me. You have been the agent of rescuing not only myself, but those whom I most love, from a fate worse than death; and, a childless bachelor myself, I have more than once thought of attempting to supply the places of those natural friends that I fear you have lost. Your parents——"

"Are both dead. I never knew either," said Paul, who spoke huskily, "and will most cheerfully accept your generous offer, if you will allow me to attach to it a single condition."

"Beggars must not be choosers," returned John Effingham, "and if you will allow me to feel this interest in you, and occasionally to share in the confidence of a father, I shall not insist on any unreasonable terms. What is your condition?"

"That the word money may be struck out of our vocabulary, and that you leave your will unaltered. Were the world to be examined, you could not find a worthier or a lovelier heiress than the one you have already selected, and whom Providence itself has given you. Compared with yourself, I am not rich; but I have a gentleman's income, and as I shall probably never marry, it will suffice for all my wants."

John Effingham was more pleased than he cared to express with this frankness, and with the secret sympathy that had existed between them; but he smiled at the injunction; for, with Eve's knowledge, and her father's entire approbation, he had actually made a codicil to his will, in which their young protector was left one-half of his large fortune.

"The will may remain untouched, if you desire it," he answered, evasively, "and that condition is disposed of. I am glad to learn so directly from yourself, what your man-

ner of living and the reports of others had prepared me to hear, that you are independent. This fact alone will place us solely on our mutual esteem, and render the friendship that I hope is now brought within a covenant, if not now first established, more equal and frank. You have seen much of the world, Powis, for your years and profession?"

"It is usual to think that men of my profession see much of the world, as a consequence of their pursuits; though I agree with you, sir, that this is seeing the world only in a very limited circle. It is now several years since circumstances, I might almost say the imperative order of one whom I was bound to obey, induced me to resign, and since that time I have done little else but travel. Owing to certain adventitious causes, I have enjoyed an access to European society that few of our countrymen possess, and I hope the advantage has not been entirely thrown away. It was as a traveller on the continent of Europe that I had the pleasure of first meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Effingham. I was much abroad, even as a child, and owe some little skill in foreign languages to that circumstance.

"So my cousin has informed me. You have set the question of country at rest, by declaring that you are an American, and yet I find you have English relatives. Captain Ducie, I believe, is a kinsman?"

"He is. We are sisters' children, though our friendship has not always been such as the connection would infer. When Ducie and myself met at sea, there was an awkwardness, if not a coolness, in the interview, that, coupled with my sudden return to England, I fear did not make the most favorable impression on those who witnessed what passed."

"We had confidence in your principles," said John Effingham, with a frank simplicity, "and though the first surmises were not pleasant, perhaps, a little reflection told us that there was no just ground for suspicion."

"Ducie is a fine, manly fellow, and has a seaman's generosity and sincerity. I had last parted from him on the field where we met as enemies, and the circumstance rendered the unexpected meeting awkward. Our wounds no longer smarted, it is true; but perhaps, we both felt shame and sorrow that they had ever been inflicted."

"It should be a very serious quarrel that could arm sis-

ters' children against each other," said John Effingham, gravely.

"I admit as much. But, at that time, Captain Ducie was not disposed to admit the consanguinity, and the offence grew out of an intemperate resentment of some imputations on my birth; between two military men, the issue could scarcely be avoided. Ducie challenged, and I was not then in the humor to balk him. A couple of flesh-wounds happily terminated the affair. But an interval of three years had enabled my enemy to discover that he had not done me justice; that I had been causelessly provoked to the quarrel, and that we ought to be firm friends. The generous desire to make suitable expiation urged him to seize the first occasion of coming to America that offered; and when ordered to chase the *Montauk*, by a telegraphic communication from London, he was hourly expecting to sail for our seas, where he wished to come, expressly that we might meet. You will judge, therefore, how happy he was to find me unexpectedly in the vessel that contained his principal object of pursuit, thus killing, as it might be, two birds with one stone."

"And did he carry you away with him with any such murderous intention?" demanded John Effingham, smiling.

"By no means. Nothing could be more amicable than Ducie and myself got to be, when we had been a few hours together in his cabin. As often happens, when there have been violent antipathies and unreasonable prejudices, a nearer view of each other's character and motives removed every obstacle; and long before we reached England, two warmer friends could not be found, or a more frank intercourse between relatives could not be desired. You are aware, sir, that our English cousins do not often view their cisatlantic relatives with the most lenient eyes."

"This is but too true," said John Effingham proudly, though his lip quivered as he spoke, "and it is, in a great measure, the fault of that miserable mental bondage which has left this country, after sixty years of nominal independence, so much at the mercy of a hostile opinion. It is necessary that we respect ourselves in order that others respect us."

"I agree with you, sir, entirely. In my case, however

previous injustice disposed my relatives to receive me better, perhaps, than might otherwise have been the case. I had little to ask in the way of fortune, and feeling no disposition to raise a question that might disturb the peerage of the Ducies, I became a favorite."

"A peerage! Both your parents, then, were English?"

"Neither, I believe; but the connection between the two countries was so close, that it can occasion no surprise a right of this nature should have passed into the colonies. My mother's mother became the heiress of one of those ancient baronies that pass to the heirs-general, and, in consequence of the deaths of two brothers, these rights, which, however, were never actually possessed by any of the previous generation, centred in my mother and my aunt. The former being dead, as was contended, without issue——"

"You forget yourself!"

"Lawful issue," added Paul, reddening to the temples, "I should have added; Mrs. Ducie who was married to the younger son of an English nobleman, claimed and obtained the rank. My pretension would have left the peerage in abeyance, and I probably owe some little of the opposition I found to that circumstance. But, after Ducie's generous conduct, I could not hesitate about joining in the application to the crown, that, by its decision, the abeyance might be determined in favor of the person who was in possession; and Lady Dunluce is now quietly confirmed in her claim."

"There are many young men in this country who would cling to the hopes of a British peerage with greater tenacity!"

"It is probable there are; but my self-denial is not of a very high order, for it could scarcely be expected the English ministers would consent to give the rank to a foreigner who did not hesitate about avowing his principles and national feelings. I shall not say I did not covet this peerage, for it would be supererogatory; but I am born an American, and will die an American; and an American who swaggers about such a claim is like the daw among the peacocks. The least that is said about it the better."

"You are fortunate to have escaped the journals, which most probably would have *begraced* you, by elevating you at once to the rank of a duke."

“Instead of which I had no other station than that of a dog in the manger. If it makes my aunt happy to be called Lady Dunluce, I am sure she is welcome to the privilege; and when Ducie succeeds her, as will one day be the case, an excellent fellow will be a peer of England. *Voilà tout!* You are the only countryman, sir, to whom I have ever spoken of the circumstance, and with you, I trust, it will remain a secret.”

“What! am I precluded from mentioning the facts in my own family? I am not the only sincere, the only warm friend you have in this house, Powis.”

“In that respect, I leave you to act your pleasure, my dear sir. If Mr. Effingham feels sufficient interest in my fortunes, to wish to hear what I have told you, let there be no silly mysteries—or—or Mademoiselle Vieffville——”

“Or Nanny Sidley, or Annette,” interrupted John Effingham, with a kind smile. “Well, trust to me for that; but, before we separate for the night, I wish to ascertain beyond question one other fact, although the circumstances you have stated scarce leave a doubt of the reply.”

“I understand you, sir, and did not intend to leave you in any uncertainty on that important particular. If there can be a feeling more painful than all others, with a man of any pride, it is to distrust the purity of his mother. Mine was beyond reproach, thank God, and so it was most clearly established or I could certainly have had no legal claim to the peerage.

“Or your fortune,” added John Effingham, drawing a long breath, like one suddenly relieved from an unpleasant suspicion.

“My fortune comes from neither parent, but from one of those generous dispositions, or caprices, if you will, that sometimes induce men to adopt those who are alien to their blood. My guardian adopted me, took me abroad with him, and placed me, quite young, in the navy, and dying, he finally left me all he possessed. As he was a bachelor, with no near relative, and had been the artisan of his own fortune, I could have no hesitation about accepting the gift he so liberally bequeathed. It was coupled with the condition that I should retire from the service, travel for five years, return home, and marry. There is no silly forfeiture exacted in either case, but such is the

general course solemnly advised by a man who showed himself my true friend for so many years."

"I envy him the opportunity he enjoyed of serving you. I hope he would have approved of your national pride, for I believe we must put that at the bottom of your disinterestedness in the affairs of the peerage."

"He would, indeed; although he never knew anything of the claim which arose out of the death of the two lords who preceded my aunt, and who were the brothers of my grandmother. My guardian was in all respects a man, and in nothing more than in manly national pride. While abroad a decoration was offered him, and he declined it with the character and dignity of one who felt that distinctions which his country repudiated every gentleman belonging to that country ought to reject; and yet he did it with a respectful gratitude for the compliment that was due to the government from which the offer came."

"I almost envy that man," said John Effingham, with warmth. "To have appreciated you, Powis, was a mark of a high judgment; but it seems he properly appreciated himself, his country, and human nature."

"And yet he was little appreciated in his turn. That man passed years in one of our largest towns, of no more apparent account among its population than any one of its commoner spirits, and of not half as much as one of its bustling brokers or jobbers."

"In that there is nothing surprising. The class of the chosen few is too small everywhere to be very numerous at any given point, in a scattered population like that of America. The broker will as naturally appreciate the broker as the dog appreciates the dog, or the wolf the wolf. Least of all is the manliness you have named likely to be valued among a people who have been put into men's clothes before they are out of leading-strings. I am older than you, my dear Paul"—it was the first time John Effingham ever used so familiar an appellation, and the young man thought it sounded kindly—"I am older than you, my dear Paul, and will venture to tell you an important fact that may hereafter lessen some of your own mortifications. In most nations there is a high standard to which man at least affects to look; and acts are extolled and seemingly appreciated for their naked merits. Little of

this exists in America, where no man is much praised for himself, but for the purposes of party, or to feed national vanity. In the country in which, of all others, political opinion ought to be the freest, it is the most persecuted, and the community-character of the nation induces every man to think he has a right of property in all its fame. England exhibits a great deal of this weakness and injustice, which, it is to be feared, is a vicious fruit of liberty; for it is certain that the sacred nature of opinion is most appreciated in those countries in which it has the least efficiency. We are constantly deriding those governments which fetter opinion, and yet I know of no nation in which the expression of opinion is so certain to attract persecution and hostility as our own, though it may be, and is, in one sense, free."

"This arises from its potency. Men quarrel about opinion here, because opinion rules. It is but one mode of struggling for power. But to return to my guardian; he was a man to think and act for himself, and as far from the magazine and newspaper existence that most Americans, in a moral sense, pass, as any man could be."

"It is indeed a newspaper and magazine existence," said John Effingham, smiling at Paul's terms, "to know life only through such mediums! It is as bad as the condition of those English who form their notions of society from novels written by men and women who have no access to it, and from the records of the court journal. I thank you sincerely, Mr. Powis, for this confidence, which has not been idly solicited on my part, and which shall not be abused. At no distant day we will break the seals again, and renew our investigations into this affair of the unfortunate Monday, which is not yet, certainly, very promising in the way of revelations."

The gentlemen shook hands cordially, and Paul, lighted by his companion, withdrew. When the young man was at the door of his own room he turned, and saw John Effingham following him with his eye. The latter then renewed the good night, with one of those winning smiles that rendered his face so brilliantly handsome, and each retired.

CHAPTER XIX.

“Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.
 Item, sauce, 4d.
 Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
 Item, bread, a half-penny.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE next day John Effingham made no allusion to the conversation of the previous night, though the squeeze of the hand he gave Paul when they met, was an assurance that nothing was forgotten. As he had a secret pleasure in obeying any injunction of Eve's, the young man himself sought Captain Truck even before they had breakfasted ; and as he had made an acquaintance with “the commodore” on the lake, previously to the arrival of the Effinghams, that worthy was summoned, and regularly introduced to the honest ship-master. The meeting between these two distinguished men was grave, ceremonious, and dignified, each probably feeling that he was temporarily the guardian of a particular portion of an element that was equally dear to both. After a few minutes passed, as it might be, in the preliminary points of etiquette, a better feeling and more confidence was established, and it was soon settled that they should fish in company the rest of the day, Paul promising to row the ladies out on the lake, and to join them in the course of the afternoon.

As the party quitted the breakfast-table, Eve took an occasion to thank the young man for his attention to their common friend, who, it was reported, had taken his morning's repast at an early hour, and was already on the lake, the day by this time having advanced within two hours of noon.

“I have dared even to exceed your instructions, Miss Effingham,” said Paul, “for I have promised the captain to endeavor to persuade you, and as many of the ladies as possible, to trust yourselves to my seamanship, and to submit to be rowed out to the spot where we shall find him and his friend, the commodore, riding at anchor.”

“An engagement that my influence shall be used to see

fulfilled. Mrs. Bloomfield has already expressed a desire to go on the Otsego-Water, and I make no doubt I shall find other companions. Once more let me thank you for this little attention, for I too well know your tastes not to understand that you might find a more agreeable ward."

"Upon my word I feel a sincere regard for our old captain, and could often wish for no better companion. Were he, however, as disagreeable as I find him, in truth, pleasant and frank, your wishes would conceal all his faults."

"You have learned, Mr. Powis, that small attentions are as much remembered as important services, and after having saved our lives, wish to prove that you can discharge *les petits devoirs sociaux*, as well as perform great deeds. I trust you will persuade Sir George Templemore to be of our party, and at four we shall be ready to accompany you; until then I am contracted to a gossip with Mrs. Bloomfield, in her dressing-room."

We shall now leave the party on the land, and follow those who have already taken boat, or the fishermen. The beginning of the intercourse between the salt-water navigator and his fresh-water companion was again a little constrained and critical. Their professional terms agreed as ill as possible, for when the captain used the expression "ship the oars," the commodore understood just the reverse of what it had been intended to express; and once, when he told his companion to "give way," the latter took the hint so literally as actually to cease rowing. All these professional niceties induced the worthy ship-master to undervalue his companion, who, in the main, was very skilful in his particular pursuit, though it was a skill that he exerted after the fashions of his own lake, and not after the fashions of the ocean. Owing to several *contretemps* of this nature, by the time they reached the fishing-ground the captain began to entertain a feeling for the commodore that ill comported with the deference due to his titular rank.

"I have come out with you, commodore," said Captain Truck, when they had got to their station, and laying a peculiar emphasis on the appellation he used, "in order to enjoy myself, and you will confer an especial favor on me by not using such phrases as 'cable-rope,' 'casting-anchor,' and 'titivating.' As for the two first, no seaman ever uses

them, and I never heard such a word on board a ship as the last. D—e, sir, if I believe it is to be found in the dictionary, even.”

“You amaze me, sir! ‘Casting anchor’ and ‘cable-rope’ are both Bible phrases, and they must be right.”

“That follows by no means, commodore, as I have some reason to know; for my father having been a parson and I being a seaman, we may be said to have the whole subject, as it were, in the family. St. Paul—you have heard of such a man as St. Paul, commodore?”

“I know him almost by heart, Captain Truck; but St. Peter and St. Andrew were the men most after my heart. Ours is an ancient calling, sir, and in those two instances you see to what a fisherman can rise. I do not remember to have ever heard of a sea-captain who was converted into a saint.”

“Aye, aye, there is always too much to do on board ship to have time to be much more than a beginner in religion. There was my mate, v’y’ge before last, Tom Leach, who is now master of a ship of his own, had he been brought up to it properly, he would have made as conscientious a parson as did his grandfather before him. Such a man would have been a seaman as well as a parson. I have little to say against St. Peter or St. Andrew, but, in my judgment, they were none the better saints for having been fishermen; and if the truth were known, I dare say they were at the bottom of introducing such lubberly phrases into the Bible as ‘casting-anchor’ and ‘cable-rope.’”

“Pray, sir,” asked the commodore, with dignity, “what are you in the practice of saying when you speak of such matters? for to be frank with you, we always use these terms on these lakes.”

“Aye, aye, there is a fresh-water smell about them. We say ‘anchor,’ or ‘let go the anchor,’ or ‘dropped the anchor,’ or some such reasonable expression, and not ‘cast anchor,’ as if a bit of iron, weighing two or three tons, is to be jerked about like a stone big enough to kill a bird with. As for the ‘cable-rope,’ as you call it, we say the ‘cable,’ or ‘the chain,’ or ‘the ground tackle,’ according to reason and circumstances. You never hear a real ‘salt’ flourishing his ‘cable-ropes,’ and his ‘casting-anchors,’ which are altogether too sentimental and particular for

his manner of speaking. As for 'ropes,' I suppose you have not got to be a commodore, and need being told how many there are in a ship."

"I do not pretend to have counted them, but I have seen a ship, sir, and one under full sail, too, and I know there were as many ropes about her as there are pines on the Vision."

"Are there more than seven of these trees on your mountain? for that is just the number of ropes in a merchantman; though a man-of-war's-man counts one or two more."

"You astonish me, sir! But seven ropes in a ship?—I should have said there are seven hundred!"

"I dare say, I dare say; that is just the way in which a landsman pretends to criticise a vessel. As for the ropes, I will now give you their names, and then you can lay athwart hawse of these canoe gentry by the hour, and teach them rigging and modesty both at the same time. In the first place," continued the captain, jerking at his line, and then beginning to count on his fingers—"there is the 'man-rope;' then come the 'bucket-rope,' the 'tiller-rope,' the 'bolt-rope,' the 'foot-rope,' the 'top-rope,' and the 'limber-rope.' I have followed the seas, now, more than half a century, and never yet heard of a 'cable-rope,' from any one who could hand, reef, and steer."

"Well, sir, every man to his trade," said the commodore, who just then pulled in a fine pickerel, which was the third he had taken, while his companion rejoiced in no more than a few fruitless bites. "You are more expert in ropes than in lines, it would seem. I shall not deny your experience and knowledge; but in the way of fishing, you will at least allow that the sea is no great school. I dare say, now, if you were to hook the 'sogdollager,' we should have you jumping into the lake to get rid of him. Quite probably, sir, you never before heard of that celebrated fish?"

Notwithstanding the many excellent qualities of Captain Truck, he had a weakness that is rather peculiar to a class of men who, having seen so much of this earth, are unwilling to admit they have not seen it all. The little brush in which he was now engaged with the commodore he conceived due to his own dignity, and his motive was duly to impress his companion with his superiority, which be-

ing fairly admitted, he would have been ready enough to acknowledge that the other understood pike-fishing much better than himself. But it was quite too early in the discussion to make any such avowal, and the supercilious remark of the commodore putting him on his mettle, he was ready to affirm that he had eaten "sogdollagers" for breakfast, a month at a time, had it been necessary.

"Pooh! pooh! man," returned the captain, with an air of cool indifference, "you do not surely fancy that you have anything in a lake like this that is not to be found in the ocean! If you were to see a whale's flukes thrashing your puddle, every cruiser among you would run for a port; and as for 'sogdollagers,' we think little of them in salt water; the flying-fish, or even the dry dolphin, being much the best eating."

"Sir," said the commodore, with some heat, and a great deal of emphasis, "there is but *one* 'sogdollager' in the world, and he is in this lake. No man has ever seen him but my predecessor, the 'Admiral,' and myself."

"Bah!" ejaculated the captain, "they are as plenty as soft clams in the Mediterranean, and the Egyptians use them as a pan-fish. In the East they catch them to bait with, for halibut and other middling sized creatures, that are particular about their diet. It is a good fish, I own, as is seen in this very circumstance."

"Sir," repeated the commodore, flourishing his hand, and waxing warm with earnestness, "there is but one 'sogdollager' in the universe, and that is in Lake Otsego. A 'sogdollager' is a salmon trout, and not a species; a sort of father to all the salmon trout in this part of the world; a scaly patriarch."

"I make no doubt your 'sogdollager' is scaly enough; but what is the use in wasting words about such a trifle? A whale is the only fish fit to occupy a gentleman's thoughts. As long as I have been at sea, I have never witnessed the taking of more than three whales."

This allusion happily preserved the peace; for, if there were anything in the world for which the commodore entertained a profound but obscure reverence, it was for a whale. He even thought better of a man for having actually seen one gambolling in the freedom of the ocean; and his mind became suddenly oppressed by the glory of a mariner,

who had passed his life among such gigantic animals. Shoving back his cap, the old man gazed steadily at the captain a minute, and all his displeasure about the "sog-dollagers" vanished, though, in his inmost mind, he set down all that the other had told him on that particular subject as so many parts of a regular "fish-story."

"Captain Truck," he said, with solemnity, "I acknowledge myself to be but an ignorant and inexperienced man, one who has passed his life on this lake, which, broad and beautiful as it is, must seem a pond in the eyes of a seaman like yourself, who have passed your days on the A'tlan-tic——"

"Atlantic!" interrupted the captain, contemptuously; "I should have but a poor opinion of myself, had I seen nothing but the Atlantic! Indeed, I never can believe I am at sea at all on the Atlantic, the passages between New York and Portsmouth being little more than so much canaling along a tow-path. If you wish to say anything about oceans, talk of the Pacific or of the Great South Sea, where a man may run a month with a fair wind, and hardly go from island to island. Indeed, that is an ocean in which there is a manufactory of islands, for they turn them off in lots to supply the market, and of a size to suit customers."

"A manufactory of islands!" repeated the commodore, who began to entertain an awe of his companion that he never expected to feel for any human being on Lake Otsego; "are you certain, sir, there is no mistake in this?"

"None in the least; not only islands, but whole archipelagos are made annually by the sea insects in that quarter of the world; but, then, you are not to form your notions of an insect in such an ocean by the insects you see in such a bit of water as this."

"As big as our pickerel, or salmon trout, I dare say?" returned the commodore, in the simplicity of his heart; for by this time his local and exclusive conceit was thoroughly humbled, and he was almost ready to believe anything.

"I say nothing of their size, for it is to their numbers and industry that I principally allude now. A solitary shark, I dare say, would set your whole lake in commotion?"

"I think we might manage a shark, sir. I once saw

one of those animals, and I do really believe the sogdollar would outweigh him. I do think we might manage a shark, sir."

"Aye, you mean an in-shore, high-latitude fellow. But what would you say to a shark as long as one of those pines on the mountain?"

"Such a monster would take in a man, whole!"

"A man! He would take in a platoon, Indian file. I dare say one of those pines, now, may be thirty or forty feet high!"

A gleam of intelligence and of exultation shot across the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman, for he detected a weak spot in the other's knowledge. The worthy captain, with that species of exclusiveness which accompanies excellence in any one thing, was quite ignorant of most matters that pertain to the land. That there should be a tree, so far inland, that was larger than his main-yard, he did not think probable, although that yard itself was made of part of a tree; and, in the laudable intention of duly impressing his companion with the superiority of a real seaman over a mere fresh-water navigator, he had inadvertently laid bare a weak spot in his estimate of heights and distances, that the commodore seized upon with some such avidity as the pike seizes the hook. This accidental mistake alone saved the latter from an abject submission, for the cool superiority of the captain had so far deprived him of his conceit, that he was almost ready to acknowledge himself no better than a dog, when he caught a glimpse of light through this opening.

"There is not a pine, that can be called of age, on all the mountain, which is not more than a hundred feet high, and many are nearer two," he cried in exultation, flourishing his hand. "The sea may have its big monsters, captain, but our hills have their big trees. Did you ever see a shark half that length?"

Now, Captain Truck was a man of truth, although so much given to occasional humorous violations of its laws, and, withal, a little disposed to dwell upon the marvels of the great deep in the spirit of exaggeration, and he could not in conscience affirm anything so extravagant as this. He was accordingly obliged to admit his mistake, and from this moment the conversation was carried on with a greater

regard to equality. They talked, as they fished, of politics, religion, philosophy, human nature, the useful arts, abolition, and most other subjects that would be likely to interest a couple of Americans who had nothing to do but to twitch, from time to time, at two lines dangling in the water. Although few people possess less of the art of conversation than our own countrymen, no other nation takes as wide a range in its discussions. He is but a very indifferent American that does not know, or thinks he knows, a little of everything, and neither of our worthies was in the least backward in supporting the claims of the national character in this respect. This general discussion completely restored amity between the parties; for, to confess the truth, our old friend the captain was a little rebuked about the affair of the tree. The only peculiarity worthy of notice, that occurred in the course of their various digressions, was the fact that the commodore insensibly began to style his companion "General;" the courtesy of the country, in his eyes, appearing to require that a man who had seen so much more than himself, should at least enjoy a title equal to his own in rank, and that of Admiral being proscribed by the sensitiveness of Republican principles. After fishing a few hours, the old laker pulled the skiff up to the Point so often mentioned, where he lighted a fire on the grass, and prepared a dinner. When everything was ready, the two seated themselves, and began to enjoy the fruits of their labors in a way that will be understood by all sportsmen.

"I have never thought of asking you, general," said the commodore, as he began to masticate a perch, "whether you are an aristocrat or a democrat. We have had the government pretty much upside-down, too, this morning, but this question has escaped me."

"As we are here by ourselves under these venerable oaks, and talking like two old messmates," returned the general, "I shall just own the truth, and make no bones of it. I have been captain of my own ship so long, that I have a most thorough contempt for all equality. It is a vice that I deprecate, and, whatever may be the laws of this country, I am of opinion that equality is nowhere borne out by the Law of Nations; which, after all, commodore, is the only true law for a gentleman to live under."

"That is the law of the strongest, if I understand the matter, general."

"Only reduced to rules. The Law of Nations, to own the truth to you, is full of categories, and this will give an enterprising man an opportunity to make use of his knowledge. Would you believe, commodore, that there are countries in which they lay taxes on tobacco?"

"Taxes on tobacco! Sir, I never heard of such an act of oppression under the forms of law! What has tobacco done, that any one should think of taxing it?"

"I believe, commodore, that its greatest offence is being so general a favorite. Taxation, I have found, differs from most other things, generally attacking that which men most prize."

"This is quite new to me, general; a tax on tobacco! The law-makers in those countries cannot chew. I drink to your good health, sir, and to many happy returns of such banquets as this."

Here the commodore raised a large silver punch-bowl, which Pierre had furnished, to his lips, and fastening his eyes on the boughs of a gnarled oak, he looked like a man who was taking an observation, for near a minute. All this time, the captain regarded him with a sympathetic pleasure, and when the bowl was free, he imitated his example, levelling his own eye at a cloud that seemed floating at an angle of forty-five degrees above him, expressly for that purpose.

"There is a lazy cloud!" exclaimed the general, as he let go his hold to catch breath; "I have been watching it some time, and it has not moved an inch."

"Tobacco!" repeated the commodore, drawing a long breath, as if he was just recovering the play of his lungs, "I should as soon think of laying a tax on punch. The country that pursues such a policy must sooner or later meet with a downfall. I never knew good to come of persecution."

"I find you are a sensible man, commodore, and regret I did not make your acquaintance earlier in life. Have you yet made up your mind on the subject of religious faith?"

"Why, my dear general, not to be nibbling, like a sucker with a sore mouth, with a person of your liberality, I shall

give you a plain history of my adventures, in the way of experiences, that you may judge for yourself. I was born an Episcopalian, if one can say so, but was converted to Presbyterianism at twenty. I stuck to this denomination about five years, when I thought I would try the Baptists, having got to be fond of the water by this time. At thirty-two I fished awhile with the Methodists; since which conversion, I have chosen to worship God pretty much by myself, out here on the lake."

"Do you consider it any harm to hook a fish of a Sunday?"

"No more than it is to eat a fish of a Sunday. I go altogether by faith in my religion, general, for they talk so much to me of the uselessness of works, that I've got to be very unparticular as to what I do. Your people who have been converted four or five times are like so many pickarel, which strike at every hook."

"This is very much my case. Now, on the river—of course you know where the river is?"

"Certain," said the commodore; "it is at the foot of the lake."

"My dear commodore, when we say 'the river,' we always mean the Connecticut; and I am surprised a man of your sagacity should require to be told this. There are people on the river who contend that a ship should heave-to of a Sunday. They did talk of getting up an Anti-Sunday-Sailing-Society, but the ship-masters were too many for them, since they threatened to start a society to put down the growing of inyens (the captain would sometimes use this pronunciation) except of week-days. Well, I started in life on the platform tack, in the way of religion, and I believe I shall stand on the same course till orders come to 'cast anchor,' as you call it. With you, I hold out for faith, as the one thing needful. Pray, my good friend, what are your real sentiments concerning 'Old Hickory'?"

"Tough, sir; tough as a day in February on this lake. All fins, and gills, and bones."

"That is the justest character I have yet heard of the old gentleman; and then it says so much in a few words; no category about it. I hope the punch is to your liking?"

On this hint the old fisherman raised the bowl a second time to his lips, and renewed the agreeable duty of letting its contents flow down his throat in a pleasant stream. This time he took aim at a gull that was sailing over his head, only relinquishing the draught as the bird settled into the water. The "general" was more particular; for selecting a stationary object in the top of an oak that grew on the mountain near him, he studied it with an admirable abstruseness of attention, until the last drop was drained. As soon as this startling fact was mentioned, however, both the *convives* set about repairing the accident, by squeezing lemons, sweetening water, and mixing liquors, *secundum artem*. At the same time, each lighted a cigar, and the conversation, for some time, was carried on between their teeth.

"We have been so frank with each other to-day, my excellent commodore," said Captain Truck, "that did I know your true sentiments concerning Temperance Societies, I should look on your inmost soul as a part of myself. By these free communications men get really to know each other."

"If liquor is not made to be drunk, for what is it made? Any one may see that this lake was made for skiffs and fishing; it has a length, breadth, and depth suited to such purposes. Now, here is liquor distilled, bottled, and corked, and I ask if all does not show it was made to be drunk. I dare say your temperance men are ingenious, but let them answer that if they can."

"I wish from my heart, my dear sir, we had known each other fifty years since. That would have brought you acquainted with salt-water, and left nothing to be desired in your character. We think alike, I believe, in everything but on the virtues of fresh-water. If these temperance people had their way, we should all be turned into so many Turks, who never taste wine, and yet marry a dozen wives."

"One of the great merits of fresh-water, general, is what I call its mixable quality."

"There would be an end to Saturday nights, too, which are the seamen's tea-parties."

"I question if many of them fish in the rain from sunrise to sunset."

“Or stand their watches in wet pea-jackets from sunset to sunrise. Splicing the main-brace at such times is the very quintessence of human enjoyments.”

“If liquors were not made to be drunk,” put in the commodore, logically, “I would again ask for what are they made? Let the temperance men get over that difficulty if they can.”

“Commodore, I wish you twenty more good hearty years of fishing in this lake, which grows, each instant, more beautiful in my eyes, as I confess does the whole earth; and to show you that I say no more than I think, I will clench it with a draught.”

Captain Truck now brought his right eye to bear on the new moon, which happened to be at a convenient height, closed the left one, and continued in that attitude until the commodore began seriously to think he was to get nothing besides the lemon-seeds for his share. This apprehension, however, could only arise from ignorance of his companion's character, than whom a juster man, according to the notions of ship-masters, did not live; and had one measured the punch that was left in the bowl when this draught was ended, he would have found that precisely one-half of it was still untouched, to a thimbleful. The commodore now had his turn; and before he got through the bottom of the vessel was as much uppermost as the butt of a clubbed firelock. When the honest fisherman took breath after this exploit, and lowered his cup from the vault of heaven to the surface of the earth, he caught a view of a boat crossing the lake, coming from the Silent Pine, to that Point on which they were enjoying so many agreeable hallucinations on the subject of temperance.

“Yonder is the party from the Wigwam,” he said, “and they will be just in time to become converts to our opinions, if they have any doubts on the subject we have discussed. Shall we give up the ground to them, by taking to the skiff, or do you feel disposed to face the women?”

“Under ordinary circumstances, commodore, I should prefer your society to all the petticoats in the State, but there are two ladies in that party, either of whom I would marry, any day, at a minute's warning.”

“Sir,” said the commodore, with a tone of warning, “we who have lived bachelors so long, and are wedded to the

water, ought never to speak lightly on so grave a subject."

"Nor do I. Two women, one of whom is twenty, and the other seventy—and hang me if I know which I prefer."

"You would soonest be rid of the last, my dear general, and my advice is to take her."

"Old as she is, sir, a king would have to plead hard to get her consent. We will make them some punch, that they may see we were mindful of them in their absence."

To work these worthies now went in earnest, in order to anticipate the arrival of the party, and as the different compounds were in the course of mingling, the conversation did not flag. By this time both the salt-water and the fresh-water sailor were in that condition when men are apt to think aloud, and the commodore had lost all his awe of his companion.

"My dear sir," said the former, "I am a thousand times sorry you came from that river, for, to tell you my mind without any concealment, my only objection to you is that you are not of the Middle States. I admit the good qualities of the Yankees, in a general way, and yet they are the very worst neighbors that a man can have."

"This is a new character of them, commodore, as they generally pass for the best in their own eyes. I should like to hear you explain your meaning."

"I call him a bad neighbor who never remains long enough in a place to love anything but himself. Now, sir, I have a feeling for every pebble on the shore of this lake, a sympathy with every wave"—here the commodore began to twirl his hand about, with the fingers standing apart, like so many spikes in a *chevaux-de-frise*—"and each hour, as I row across it, I find I like it better; and yet, sir, would you believe me, I often go away of a morning to pass the day on the water, and, on returning home at night, find half the houses filled with new faces."

"What becomes of the old ones?" demanded Captain Truck; for this, it struck him, was getting the better of him with his own weapons. "Do you mean that the people come and go like the tides?"

"Exactly so, sir; just as it used to be with the herrings in the Otsego, before the Susquehanna was dammed, and is still, with the swallows."

"Well, well, my good friend, take consolation. You'll meet all the faces you ever saw here, one day, in heaven."

"Never! Not a man of them will stay there, if there be such a thing as moving. Depend on it, sir," added the commodore, in the simplicity of his heart, "heaven is no place for a Yankee, if he can get further west, by hook or by crook. They are all too uneasy for any steady occupation. You, who are a navigator, must know something concerning the stars. Is there such a thing as another world, that lies west of this?"

"That can hardly be, commodore, since the points of the compass only refer to objects on this earth. You know, I suppose, that a man starting from this spot, and travelling due west, would arrive in time at this very point, coming in from the east. So that what is west to us, in the heavens, on this side of the world, is east to those on the other."

"This I confess I did not know, general. I have understood that what is good in one man's eyes, will be bad in another's; but never before have I heard that what is west to one man lies east to another. I am afraid, general, that there is a little of the sogdollager bait in this?"

"Not enough, sir, to catch the merest fresh-water gudgeon that swims. No, no; there is neither east nor west off the earth, nor any up and down; and so we Yankees must try and content ourselves with heaven. Now, commodore, hand me the bowl, and we will get it ready down to the shore, and offer the ladies our homage. And so you have become a laker in your religion, my dear commodore," continued the general, between his teeth, while he smoked and squeezed a lemon at the same time, "and do your worshipping on the water?"

"Altogether of late, and more especially since my dream?"

"Dream! My dear sir, I should think you altogether too innocent a man to dream?"

"The best of us have our failings, general. I do sometimes dream, I own, as well as the greatest sinner of them all."

"And what did you dream—the sogdollager?"

"I dreamt of death."

"Of slipping the cable!" cried the general, looking up suddenly. "Well, what was the drift?"

"Why, sir, having no wings, I went down below, and soon found myself in the presence of the old gentleman himself."

"That was pleasant. Had he a tail? I have always been curious to know whether he really has a tail or not."

"I saw none, sir; but then we stood face to face, like gentlemen, and I cannot describe what I did not see."

"Was he glad to see you, commodore?"

"Why, sir, he was civilly spoken, but his occupation prevented many compliments."

"Occupation!"

"Certainly, sir; he was cutting out shoes, for his imps to travel about in, in order to stir up mischief."

"And did he set you to work? This is a sort of state prison affair, after all!"

"No, sir, he was too much of a gentleman to set me at making shoes as soon as I arrived. He first inquired what part of the country I was from, and when I told him, he was curious to know what most of the people were about in our neighborhood."

"You told him, of course, commodore?"

"Certainly, sir, I told him their chief occupation was quarrelling about religion—making saints of themselves, and sinners of their neighbors. 'Hollo!' says the devil, calling to one of his imps, 'boy, run and catch my horse. I must be off, and have a finger in that pie. What denominations have you in that quarter, commodore?' So I told him, general, that we had Baptists, and Quakers, and Universalists, and Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, old lights, new lights, and blue lights; and Methodists—. 'Stop,' said the devil, 'that's enough; you imp, be nimble with that horse. Let me see, commodore, what part of the country did you say you came from?' I told him the name more distinctly this time—"

"The very spot?"

"Town and county."

"And what did the devil say to that?"

"He called out to the imp again—'Hollo, you boy, never mind that horse. These people will all be here before I can get there.'"

Here the commodore and the general began to laugh, until the arches of the forest rang with their merriment.

Three times they stopped, and as often did they return to their glee, until, the punch being ready, each took a fresh draught, in order to ascertain if it were fit to be offered to the ladies.

CHAPTER XX.

“O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE usual effect of punch is to cause people to see double; but, on this occasion, the mistake was the other way; for two boats had touched the strand, instead of the one announced by the commodore, and they brought with them the whole party from the Wigwam, Steadfast and Aristabulus included. A domestic or two had also been brought to prepare the customary repast.

Captain Truck was as good as his word, as respects the punch, and the beverage was offered to each of the ladies in form, as soon as her feet had touched the green sward which covers that beautiful spot. Mrs. Hawker declined drinking, in a way to delight the gallant seaman; for so completely had she got the better of all his habits and prejudices, that everything she did seemed right and gracious in his eyes.

The party soon separated into groups, or pairs, some being seated on the margin of the limpid water, enjoying the light cool airs by which it was fanned; others lay off in the boats fishing, while the remainder plunged into the woods, that, in their native wildness, bounded the little spot of verdure, which, canopied by old oaks, formed the arena so lately in controversy. In this manner an hour or two soon slipped away, when a summons was given for all to assemble around the viands.

The repast was laid on the grass, notwithstanding Aristabulus more than hinted that the public, his beloved public, usually saw fit to introduce rude tables for that purpose. The Messrs. Effingham, however, were not to be taught by a mere bird of passage, how a rustic fête so peculiarly their own ought to be conducted, and the attendants were directed to spread the dishes on the turf

Around this spot rustic seats were *improvisés*, and the business of restauration proceeded. Of all there assembled, the Parisian feelings of Mademoiselle Viefville were the most excited; for, to her, the scene was one of pure delights, with the noble panorama of forest-clad mountains, the mirror-like lake, the overshadowing oaks, and the tangled brakes of the adjoining woods.

“*Mais, vraiment ceci surpasse les Tuileries, même dans leur propre genre!*” she exclaimed, with energy. “*On passerait volontiers par les dangers du désert pour y parvenir.*”

Those who understood her smiled at this characteristic remark, and most felt disposed to join in the enthusiasm. Still, the manner in which their companions expressed the happiness they felt, appeared tame and unsatisfactory to Mr. Bragg and Mr. Dodge, these two persons being accustomed to see the young of the two sexes indulge in broader exhibitions of merry-making than those in which it comported with the tastes and habits of the present party to indulge. In vain Mrs. Hawker, in her quiet, dignified way, enjoyed the ready wit and masculine thoughts of Mrs. Bloomfield, appearing to renew her youth; or Eve, with her sweet simplicity and highly cultivated mind and improved tastes, seemed, like a highly polished mirror, to throw back the flashes of thought and memory, that so constantly gleamed before both; it was all lost on these thoroughly matter-of-fact utilitarians. Mr. Effingham, all courtesy and mild refinement, was seldom happier, and John Effingham was never more pleasant; for he had laid aside the severity of his character, to appear, what he ought always to have been, a man in whom intelligence and quickness of thought could be made to seem secondary to the gentler qualities. The young men were not behind their companions either, each in his particular way appearing to advantage, gay, regulated, and full of a humor that was rendered so much the more agreeable, by drawing its images from a knowledge of the world that was tempered by observation and practice.

Poor Grace, alone, was the only one of the whole party, always excepting Aristabulus and Steadfast, who for those fleeting but gay hours, was not thoroughly happy. For the first time in her life she felt her own deficiencies, that ready and available knowledge so exquisitely feminine in

its nature and exhibition, which escaped Mrs. Bloomfield and Eve, as it might be from its own excess, which the former possessed almost intuitively, a gift of Heaven, and which the latter enjoyed, not only from the same source, but as a just consequence of her long and steady self-denial, application, and a proper appreciation of her duty to herself, was denied one who, in ill-judged compliance with the customs of a society that has no other apparent aim than the love of display, had precluded herself from enjoyments that none but the intellectual can feel. Still Grace was beautiful and attractive; and though she wondered where her cousin, in general so simple and unpretending, had acquired all those stores of thought, that in the abandon and freedom of such a fête escaped her in rich profusion, embellished with ready allusions and a brilliant though chastened wit, her generous and affectionate heart could permit her to wonder without envying. She perceived, for the first time on this occasion, that if Eve were indeed a Hajji, it was not a Hajji of a common school; and while her modesty and self-abasement led her bitterly to regret the hours irretrievably wasted in the frivolous levities so common to those of her sex with whom she had been most accustomed to mingle, her sincere regret did not lessen her admiration for one she began tenderly to love.

As for Messrs. Dodge and Bragg, they both determined in their own minds that this was much the most stupid entertainment they had ever seen on that spot, for it was entirely destitute of loud laughing, noisy merriment, coarse witticisms, and practical jokes. To them it appeared the height of arrogance for any particular set of persons to presume to come to a spot rendered sacred by the public suffrage in its favor, in order to indulge in these outlandish dog-in-the-mangerisms.

Toward the close of this gay repast, and when the party were about to yield their places to the attendants, who were ready to reship the utensils, John Effingham observed—

“I trust, Mrs. Hawker, you have been duly warned of the catastrophe-character of this point, on which woman is said never to have been wooed in vain. Here are Captain Truck and myself, ready at any moment to use these carving-knives, *faut des Bowies*, in order to show our des-

perate devotion ; and I deem it no more than prudent in you, not to smile again this day, lest the cross-eyed readings of jealousy should impute a wrong motive."

"Had the injunction been against laughing, sir, I might have resisted, but smiles are far too feeble to express one's approbation on such a day as this ; you may therefore trust to my discretion. Is it then true, however, that Hymen haunts these shades ?"

"A bachelor's history of the progress of love may be, like the education of his children, distrusted, but so sayeth tradition ; and I never put my foot in the place without making fresh vows of constancy to myself. After this announcement of the danger, dare you accept an arm, for I perceive signs that life cannot be entirely wasted in these pleasures, great as they may prove."

The whole party arose, and separating naturally, they strolled in groups or pairs again, along the pebbly strand, or beneath the trees, while the attendants made the preparations to depart. Accident, as much as design, left Sir George and Grace alone, for neither perceived the circumstance until they had both passed a little rise in the formation of the ground, and were beyond the view of their companions. The baronet was the first to perceive how much he had been favored by fortune, and his feelings were touched by the air of gentle melancholy that shaded the usually bright and brilliant countenance of the beautiful girl.

"I should have thrice enjoyed this pleasant day," he said, with an interest in his manner that caused the heart of Grace to beat quicker, "had I not seen that to you it has been less productive of satisfaction than to most of those around you. I fear you may not be as well as usual ?"

"In health, never better, though not in spirits, perhaps."

"I could wish I had a right to inquire why you, who have so few causes in general to be out of spirits, should have chosen a moment so little in accordance with the common feeling."

"I have chosen no moment ; the moment has chosen me, I fear. Not until this day, Sir George Templemore, have I ever been truly sensible of my great inferiority to my cousin Eve."

“An inferiority that no one but yourself would observe or mention.”

“No, I am neither vain enough nor ignorant enough to be the dupe of this flattery,” returned Grace, shaking her hands and head, while she forced a smile; for even the delusions those we love pour into our ears are not without their charms. “When I first met my cousin, after her return, my own imperfections rendered me blind to her superiority; but she herself has gradually taught me to respect her mind, her womanly character, her tact, her delicacy, principles, breeding, everything that can make a woman estimable, or worthy to be loved! Oh! how have I wasted in childish amusements and frivolous vanities the precious moments of that girlhood which can never be recalled, and left myself scarcely worthy to be an associate of Eve Effingham!”

The first feelings of Grace had so far gotten the control that she scarce knew what she said, or to whom she was speaking; she even wrung her hands in the momentary bitterness of her regrets, and in a way to arouse all the sympathy of a lover.

“No one but yourself would say this, Miss Van Cortlandt, and least of all your admirable cousin.”

“She is, indeed, my admirable cousin! But what are we in comparison with such a woman! Simple and unaffected as a child, with the intelligence of a scholar; with all the graces of a woman she has the learning and mind of a man. Mistress of so many languages——”

“But you, too, speak several, my dear Miss Van Cortlandt.”

“Yes,” said Grace, bitterly, “I speak them, as the parrot repeats words that he does not understand. But Eve Effingham has used these languages as means, and she does not tell you merely what such a phrase or idiom signifies, but what the greatest writers have thought and written.”

“No one has a more profound respect for your cousin than myself, Miss Van Cortlandt, but justice to you requires that I should say her great superiority over yourself has escaped me.”

“This may be true, Sir George Templemore, and for a long time it escaped me too. I have only learned to prize

ner as she ought to be prized by an intimate acquaintance ; hour by hour, as it might be. But even you must have observed how quick and intuitively my cousin and Mrs. Bloomfield have understood each other to-day . how much extensive reading and what polished tastes they have both shown, and all so truly feminine ! Mrs. Bloomfield is a remarkable woman, but she loves these exhibitions, for she knows she excels in them. Not so with Eve Effingham, who, while she so thoroughly enjoys everything intellectual, is content always to seem so simple. Now it happens that the conversation turned once to-day on a subject that my cousin, no later than yesterday, fully explained to me, at my own earnest request ; and I observed that while she joined so naturally with Mrs. Bloomfield in adding to our pleasure, she kept back half what she knew, lest she might seem to surpass her friend. No—no—no—there is not such another woman as Eve Effingham in this world !”

“So keen a perception of excellence in others denotes an equal excellence in yourself.”

“I know my own great inferiority now, and no kindness of yours, Sir George Templemore, can ever persuade me into a better opinion of myself. Eve has travelled, seen much in Europe that does not exist here, and instead of passing her youth in girlish trifling, has treated the minutes as if they were all precious, as she well knew them to be.”

“If Europe, then, does indeed possess these advantages, why not yourself visit it, dearest Miss Van Cortlandt ?”

“I—I a Hajji !” cried Grace, with childish pleasure, though her color heightened, and for a moment Eve and her superiority were forgotten.

Certainly Sir George Templemore did not come out on the lake that day with an expectation of offering his baronetcy, his fair estate with his hand, to this artless, half-educated, provincial, but beautiful girl. For a long time he had been debating with himself the propriety of such a step, and it is probable that at some later period he would have sought an occasion, had not one now so opportunely offered, notwithstanding all his doubts and reasonings with himself. If the “woman who hesitates is lost,” it is equally true that the man who pretends to set

up his reason alone against beauty, is certain to find that sense is less powerful than the senses. Had Grace Van Cortlandt been more sophisticated, less natural, her beauty might have failed to make this conquest; but the baronet found a charm in her *naïveté* that was singularly winning to the feelings of a man of the world. Eve had first attracted him by the same quality; the early education of American females being less constrained and artificial than that of the English; but in Eve he found a mental training, and acquisitions that left the quality less conspicuous, perhaps, than in her scarcely less beautiful cousin; though, had Eve met his admiration with anything like sympathy, her power over him would not have been easily weakened. As it was, Grace had been gradually winding herself around his affections, and he now poured out his love in a language that her unpractised and already favorably disposed feelings had no means of withstanding. A very few minutes were allowed to them before the summons to the boat; but when this summons came, Grace rejoined the party, elevated in her own good opinion, as happy as a cloudless future could make her, and without another thought of the immeasurable superiority of her cousin.

By a singular coincidence, while the baronet and Grace were thus engaged on one part of the shore, Eve was the subject of a similar proffer of connecting herself for life on another. She had left the circle, attended by Paul, her father, and Aristabulus; but no sooner had they reached the margin of the water than the two former were called away by Captain Truck, to settle some controverted point between the latter and the commodore. By this unlooked-for desertion, Eve found herself alone with Mr. Bragg.

"That was a funny and comprehensive remark Mr. John made about the 'Point,' Miss Eve," Aristabulus commenced, as soon as he found himself in possession of the ground. "I should like to know if it be really true that no woman was ever unsuccessfully wooed beneath these oaks? If such be the case, we gentlemen ought to be cautious how we come here."

Here Aristabulus simpered, and looked, if possible, more amiable than ever; though the quiet composure and womanly dignity of Eve, who respected herself too much,

and too well knew what was due to her sex, ever to enter into, or so far as it depended on her will, to permit any of that commonplace and vulgar trifling about love and matrimony, which formed a never-failing theme between the youthful of the two sexes in Mr. Bragg's particular circle, sensibly curbed his ambitious hopes. Still he thought he had made too good an opening not to pursue the subject.

"Mr. John Effingham sometimes indulges in pleasantries," Eve answered, "that would lead one astray who might attempt to follow."

"Love is a jack-o'-lantern," rejoined Aristabulus, sentimentally. "That I admit; and it is no wonder so many get swamped in following his lights. Have you ever felt the tender passion, Miss Eve?"

Now Aristabulus had heard this question put at the *soirée* of Mrs. Houston more than once, and he believed himself to be in the most polite road for a regular declaration. An ordinary woman, who felt herself offended by this question, would most probably have stepped back, and raising her form to its utmost elevation, answered by an emphatic "Sir!" Not so with Eve. She felt the distance between Mr. Bragg and herself to be so great, that by no probable means could he even offend her by any assumption of equality. This distance was the result of opinions, habits, and education, rather than of condition, however; for though Eve Effingham could become the wife of a gentleman only, she was entirely superior to those prejudices of the world that depend on purely factitious causes. Instead of discovering surprise, indignation, or dramatic dignity, therefore, at this extraordinary question, she barely permitted a smile to curl her handsome mouth, and this so slightly as to escape her companion's eye.

"I believe we are to be favored with as smooth water in returning to the village as we had in the morning, while coming to this place," she simply said. "You row, sometimes, I think, Mr. Bragg?"

"Ah! Miss Eve, such another opportunity may never occur again, for you foreign ladies are so difficult of access! Let me then seize this happy moment here, beneath the hymeneal oaks, to offer you this faithful hand and this

willing heart. Of fortune you will have enough for both and I say nothing about the miserable dross. Reflect, Miss Eve, how happy we might be, protecting and soothing the old age of your father, and in going down the hill of life in company ; or, as the song says, 'and hand in hand we'll go, and sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Joe.'"

"You draw very agreeable pictures, Mr. Bragg, and with the touches of a master !"

"However agreeable you find them, Miss Eve, they fall infinitely short of the truth. The tie of wedlock, besides being the most sacred, is also the dearest ; and happy, indeed, are they who enter into the solemn engagement with such cheerful prospects as ourselves. Our ages are perfectly suitable, our dispositions entirely consonant, our habits so similar as to obviate all unpleasant changes, and our fortunes precisely what they ought to be to render a marriage happy, with confidence on one side, and gratitude on the other. As to the day, Miss Eve, I could wish to leave you altogether the mistress of that, and shall not be urgent."

Eve had often heard John Effingham comment on the cool impudence of a particular portion of the American population, with great amusement to herself ; but never did she expect to be the subject of an attack like this in her own person. By way of rendering the scene perfect, Aristabulus had taken out his penknife, cut a twig from a bush, and he now rendered himself doubly interesting by commencing the favorite occupation of whittling. A cooler picture of passion could not well have been drawn.

"You are bashfully silent, Miss Eve ! I make all due allowance for natural timidity, and shall say no more at present—though, assilence universally 'gives consent——'"

"If you please, sir," interrupted Eve, with a slight motion of her parasol, that implied a check. "I presume our habits and opinions, notwithstanding you seem to think them so consonant with each other, are sufficiently different to cause you not to see the impropriety of one, who is situated like yourself, abusing the confidence of a parent, by making such a proposal to a daughter without her father's knowledge ; and, on that point, I shall say nothing. But as you have done me the honor of making me a very un-

equivocal offer of your hand, I wish that the answer may be as distinct as the proposal. I decline the advantage and happiness of becoming your wife, sir——”

“Time flies, Miss Eve!”

“Time does fly, Mr. Bragg, and, if you remain much longer in the employment of Mr. Effingham, you may lose an opportunity of advancing your fortunes at the West, whither I understand it has long been your intention to emigrate——”

“I will readily relinquish all my hopes at the West for your sake.”

“No, sir, I cannot be a party to such a sacrifice. I will not say forget me, but forget your hopes here, and renew those you have so unreflectingly abandoned beyond the Mississippi. I shall not represent this conversation to Mr. Effingham in a manner to create any unnecessary prejudices against you; and while I thank you—as every woman should—for an offer that must infer some portion, at least, of your good opinion, you will permit me again to wish you all lawful success in your western enterprises.”

Eve gave Mr. Bragg no further opportunity to renew his suit; for she courtesied and left him, as she ceased speaking. Mr. Dodge, who had been a distant observer of the interview, now hastened to join his friend, curious to know the result; for it had been privately arranged between these modest youths, that each should try his fortune in turn with the heiress, did she not accept the first proposal. To the chagrin of Steadfast, and probably to the reader's surprise, Aristabulus informed his friend that Eve's manner and language had been full of encouragement.

“She thanked me for the offer, Mr. Dodge,” he said, “and her wishes for my future prosperity at the West were warm and repeated. Eve Effingham is, indeed, a charming creature!”

“At the West! Perhaps she meant differently from what you imagine. I know her well. The girl is full of art.”

“Art, sir! she spoke as plainly as woman could speak, and I repeat that I feel considerably encouraged. It is something to have had so plain a conversation with Eve Effingham.”

Mr. Dodge swallowed his discontent, and the whole party soon embarked, to return to the village, the commodore and general taking a boat by themselves, in order to bring their discussions on human affairs in general, to a suitable close.

That night Sir George Templemore asked an interview with Mr. Effingham, when the latter was alone in his library.

"I sincerely hope this request is not the forerunner of a departure," said the host kindly, as the young man entered, "in which case I shall regard you as one unmindful of the hopes he has raised. You stand pledged by implication, if not in words, to pass another month with us."

"So far from entertaining an intention so faithless, my dear sir, I am fearful that you may think I trespass too far on your hospitality."

He then communicated his wish to be allowed to make Grace Van Cortlandt his wife. Mr. Effingham heard him with a smile, that showed he was not altogether unprepared for such a demand, and his eye glistened as he squeezed the other's hand.

"Take her with all my heart, Sir George," he said, "but remember, you are transferring a tender plant into a strange soil. There are not many of your countrymen to whom I would confide such a trust; for I know the risk they run who make ill-assorted unions——"

"Ill-assorted unions, Mr. Effingham!"

"Yours will not be one, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, I know; for in years, birth, and fortune you and my dear niece are as much on an equality as can be desired; but it is too often an ill-assorted union for an American woman to become an English wife. So much depends on the man, that with one in whom I have less confidence than I have in you, I might justly hesitate. I shall take a guardian's privilege, though Grace be her own mistress, and give you one solemn piece of advice. Always respect the country of the woman you have thought worthy to bear your name."

"I hope always to respect everything that is hers; but why this particular caution? Miss Van Cortlandt is almost English in her heart."

"An affectionate wife will take her bias in such matters

generally from her husband. Your country will be her country—your God her God. Still, Sir George Templemore, a woman of spirit and sentiment can never wholly forget the land of her birth. You love us not in England, and one who settles there will often have occasion to hear gibes and sneers on the land from which she came——”

“Good God, Mr. Effingham, you do not think I shall take my wife into society where——”

“Bear with a proser’s doubts, Templemore. You will do all that is well-intentioned and proper, I dare say, in the usual acceptance of the words; but I wish you to do more: that which is wise. Grace has now a sincere reverence and respect for England, feelings that in many particulars are sustained by the facts, and will be permanent; but, in some things, observation, as it usually happens with the young and sanguine, will expose the mistakes into which she has been led by enthusiasm and the imagination. As she knows other countries better, she will come to regard her own with more favorable and discriminating eyes, losing her sensitiveness on account of peculiarities she now esteems, and taking new views of things. Perhaps you will think me selfish, but I shall add, also, that if you wish to cure your wife of any homesickness, the surest mode will be to bring her back to her native land.”

“Nay, my dear sir,” said Sir George, laughing, “this is very much like acknowledging its blemishes.”

“I am aware it has that appearance, and yet the fact is otherwise. The cure is as certain with the Englishman as with the American; and with the German as with either. It depends on a general law, which causes us all to overestimate bygone pleasures and distant scenes, and to undervalue those of the present moment. You know I have always maintained there is no real philosopher short of fifty, nor any taste worth possessing that is a dozen years old.”

Here Mr. Effingham rang the bell, and desired Pierre to request Miss Van Cortlandt to join him in the library, Grace entered blushing and shy, but with a countenance beaming with inward peace. Her uncle regarded her a moment intently, and a tear glistened in his eye again, as he tenderly kissed her burning cheek.

“God bless you, love,” he said——“’tis a fearful change for your sex, and yet you all enter into it radiant with hope,

and noble in your confidence. Take her, Templemore," giving her hand to the baronet, "and deal kindly by her. You will not desert us entirely. I trust I shall see you both once more in the Wigwam before I die."

"Uncle—uncle—" burst from Grace, as, drowned in tears, she threw herself into Mr. Effingham's arms; "I am an ungrateful girl thus to abandon all my natural friends. I have acted wrong——"

"Wrong, dearest Miss Van Cortlandt!"

"Selfishly, then, Sir George Templemore," the simple-hearted girl ingenuously added, scarcely knowing how much her words implied—"Perhaps this matter might be reconsidered."

"I am afraid little would be gained by that, my love," returned the smiling uncle, wiping his eyes at the same instant. "The second thoughts of ladies usually confirm the first in such matters. God bless you, Grace; Templemore, may heaven have you, too, in its holy keeping. Remember what I have said, and to-morrow we will converse further on the subject. Does Eve know of this, my niece?"

The color went and came rapidly in Grace's cheek, and she looked to the floor, abashed.

"We ought then to send for her," resumed Mr. Effingham, again reaching toward the bell.

"Uncle—" and Grace hurriedly interposed, in time to save the string from being pulled. "Could I keep such an important secret from my dearest cousin!"

"I find that I am the last in the secret, as is generally the case with old fellows, and I believe I am even now *de trop*."

Mr. Effingham kissed Grace again affectionately, and although she strenuously endeavored to detain him, he left the room.

"We must follow," said Grace, hastily wiping her eyes, and rubbing the traces of tears from her cheeks—"Excuse me, Sir George Templemore; will you open——"

He did, though it was not the door, but his arms. Grace seemed like one that was rendered giddy by standing on a precipice, but when she felt the young baronet was at hand to receive her. Instead of quitting the library that instant, the bell had announced the appearance of the supper-tray before she remembered that she had so earnestly intended to do so.

CHAPTER XXI.

“This day no man thinks
He has business at his house.”—KING HENRY VIII.

THE warm weather, which was always a little behind that of the lower counties, had now set in among the mountains, and the season had advanced into the first week in July. “Independence Day,” as the fourth of that month is termed by the Americans, arrived; and the wits of Templeton were taxed as usual, in order that the festival might be celebrated with the customary intellectual and moral treat. The morning commenced with a parade of the two or three uniformed companies of the vicinity, much gingerbread and spruce beer were consumed in the streets, no light potations of whiskey were swallowed in the groceries, and a great variety of drinks, some of which bore very ambitious names, shared the same fate in the taverns.

Mademoiselle Viefville had been told that this was the great American *fête*; the festival of the nation; and she appeared that morning in gay ribands, and with her bright animated face covered with smiles for the occasion. To her surprise, however, no one seemed to respond to her feelings; and as the party rose from the breakfast-table, she took an opportunity to ask an explanation of Eve, in a little “aside.”

“*Est-ce que je me suis trompée, ma chère?*” demanded the lively Frenchwoman. “Is not this—*la célébration votre indépendance?*”

“You are not mistaken, my dear Mademoiselle Viefville, and great preparations are made to do it honor. I understand there is to be a military parade, an oration, a dinner, and fireworks.”

“*Monsieur votre père*——”

“*Monsieur mon père* is not much given to rejoicings, and he takes this annual joy much as a valetudinarian takes his morning draught.”

“*Et Monsieur Jean Effingham*——?”

"Is always a philosopher ; you are to expect no antics from him."

"*Mais ces jeunes gens, Monsieur Bragg, Monsieur Dodge, et Monsieur Powis même*——"

"*Se réjouissent en Américains.* I presume you are aware that Mr. Powis has declared himself to be an American?"

Mademoiselle Viefville looked toward the streets, along which divers tall, sombre-looking countrymen, with faces more lugubrious than those of the mutes of a funeral, were sauntering with a desperate air of enjoyment ; and she shrugged her shoulders, as she muttered to herself, "*que ces Américains sont drôles !*"

At a later hour, however, Eve surprised her father, and indeed most of the Americans of the party, by proposing that the ladies should walk out into the street, and witness the fête.

"My child, this is a strange proposition to come from a young lady of twenty," said her father.

"Why strange, dear sir?—We always mingled in the village fêtes in Europe."

"*Certainement,*" cried the delighted Mademoiselle Viefville ; "*c'est de rigueur même.*"

"And it is *de rigueur* here, mademoiselle, for young ladies to keep out of them," put in John Effingham. "I should be very sorry to see either of you three ladies in the streets of Templeton to-day."

"Why so, cousin Jack ? Have we anything to fear from the rudeness of our countrymen ? I have always understood, on the contrary, that in no other part of the world is woman so uniformly treated with respect and kindness, as in this very republic of ours ; and yet, by all these ominous faces, I perceive that it will not do for her to trust herself in the streets of a village on a *festa.*"

"You are not altogether wrong in what you now say, Miss Effingham, nor are you wholly right. Woman, as a whole, is well treated in America ; and yet it will not do for a lady to mingle in scenes like these, as ladies may and do mingle with them in Europe."

"I have heard this difference accounted for," said Paul Powis, "by the fact that women have no legal rank in this country. In those nations where the station of a lady is protected by legal ordinances, it is said she may descend

with impunity ; but in this, where all are equal before the law, so many misunderstand the real merits of their position, that she is obliged to keep aloof from any collisions with those who might be disposed to mistake their own claims."

"But I wish for no collisions, no associations, Mr. Powis, but simply to pass through the streets, with my cousin and Mademoiselle Vieffville, to enjoy the sight of the rustic sports, as one would do in France, or Italy, or even in republican Switzerland, if you insist on a republican example."

"Rustic sports!" repeated Aristabulus, with a frightened look ; "the people will not bear to hear their sports called rustic, Miss Effingham."

"Surely, sir"—Eve never spoke to Mr. Bragg, now, without using a repelling politeness—"surely, sir, the people of these mountains will hardly pretend that their sports are those of a capital."

"I merely mean, ma'am, that the term would be monstrously unpopular ; not do I see why the sports in a city"—Aristabulus was much too peculiar in his notions to call any place that had a mayor and aldermen a town,— "should not be just as rustic as those of a village. The contrary supposition violates the principle of equality."

"And do you decide against us, dear sir?" Eve added, looking at Mr. Effingham.

"Without stopping to examine causes, my child, I shall say that I think you had better all remain at home."

"*Voilà, Mademoiselle Vieffville, une fête Americaine!*"

A shrug of the shoulders was the significant reply.

"Nay, my daughter, you are not entirely excluded from the festivities; all gallantry has not quite deserted the land."

"A young lady shall walk alone with a young gentleman—shall ride alone with him—shall drive out alone with him—shall not move without him, *dans le monde, mais*, she shall not walk in the crowd, to look at *une fête avec son père!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieffville, in her imperfect English. "*Je désespère, vraiment, to understand some habitudes Américaines!*"

"Well, mademoiselle, that you may not think us altogether barbarians, you shall, at least, have the benefit of the oration."

“You may well call it the oration, Ned; for I believe one, or certainly one skeleton, has served some thousand orators annually, any time these sixty years.”

“Of this skeleton, then, the ladies shall have the benefit. The procession is about to form, I hear; and by getting ready immediately, we shall be just in time to obtain good seats.”

Mademoiselle Viefville was delighted; for, after trying the theatres, the churches, sundry balls, the opera, and all the admirable gayeties of New York, she had reluctantly come to the conclusion that America was a very good country *pour s'ennuyer*, and for very little else; but here was the promise of a novelty. The ladies completed their preparations, and, accordingly, attended by all the gentlemen, made their appearance in the assembly at the appointed hour.

The orator, who, as usual, was a lawyer, was already in possession of the pulpit, for one of the village churches had been selected as the scene of the ceremonies. He was a young man who had recently been called to the bar, it being as much in rule for the legal tyro to take off the wire-edge of his wit in a Fourth of July oration, as it was formerly for a mousquetaire to prove his spirit in a duel. The academy, which formerly was a servant of all work to the public, being equally used for education, balls, preaching, town-meetings, and caucuses, had shared the fate of most American edifices in wood, having lived its hour and been burned; and the collection of people, whom we have formerly had occasion to describe, appeared to have also vanished from the earth, for nothing could be less alike in exterior, at least, than those who had assembled under the ministry of Mr. Grant, and their successors, who were now collected to listen to the wisdom of Mr. Writ. Such a thing as a coat of two generations was no longer to be seen; the latest fashion, or what was thought to be the latest fashion, being as rigidly respected by the young farmer or the young mechanic, as by the more admitted bucks, the law student and the village shop-boy. All the red cloaks had long since been laid aside to give place to imitation merino shawls, or, in cases of unusual moderation and sobriety, to mantles of silk. As Eve glanced her eye around her, she perceived Tuscan hats, bonnets of gay

colors and flowers, and dresses of French chintzes, where fifty years ago would have been seen even men's woollen hats and homely English calicoes. It is true that the change among the men was not quite as striking, for their attire admits of less variety; but the black stock had superseded the check handkerchief and the bandanna; gloves had taken the place of mittens; and the coarse and clownish shoe of "cow-hide" was supplanted by the calf-skin boot.

"Where are your peasants, your rustics, your milk and dairy maids—the people, in short"—whispered Sir George Templemore to Mrs. Bloomfield, as they took their seats; "or is this occasion thought to be too intellectual for them, and the present assembly composed only of the *élite*?"

"These are the people, and a pretty fair sample, too, of their appearance and deportment. Most of these men are what you in England would call operatives, and the women are their wives, daughters, and sisters."

The baronet said nothing at the moment, but he sat looking around him with a curious eye for some time, when he again addressed his companion:

"I see the truth of what you say, as regards the men, for a critical eye can discover the proofs of their occupations; but surely you must be mistaken as respects your own sex; there is too much delicacy of form and feature for the class you mean."

"Nevertheless I have said naught but truth."

"But look at the hands and feet, dear Mrs. Bloomfield. Those are French gloves, too, or I am mistaken."

"I will not positively affirm that the French gloves actually belong to the dairy-maids, though, I have known even this prodigy; but, rely on it, you see here the proper female counterparts of the men, and singularly delicate and pretty females are they, for persons of their class. This is what you call democratic coarseness and vulgarity, Miss Effingham tells me, in England."

Sir George smiled, but, as what it is the fashion of the country to call "the exercises" just then began, he made no other answer.

The exercises commenced with instrumental music, certainly the weakest side of American civilization. That of the occasion of which we write, had three essential faults

all of which are sufficiently general to be termed characteristic, in a national point of view. In the first place, the instruments themselves were bad ; in the next place, they were assorted without any regard to harmony ; and in the last place, their owners did not know how to use them. As in certain American cities—the word is well applied here—she is esteemed the greatest belle who can contrive to utter her nursery sentiments in the loudest voice, so in Templeton was he considered the ablest musician who could give the greatest *éclat* to a false note. In a word, clamor was the one thing needful, and as regards time, that great regulator of all harmonies, Paul Powis whispered to the captain that the air they had just been listening to, resembled what the sailors call a “round-robin,” or a particular mode of singing complaints practised by seamen, in which the nicest observer cannot tell which is the beginning or which the end.

It required all the Parisian breeding of Mademoiselle Vieffville to preserve her gravity during this overture, though she kept her bright, animated, French-looking eyes roaming over the assembly, with an air of delight that, as Mr. Bragg would say, made her very popular. No one else in the party from the Wigwam, Captain Truck excepted, dared look up, but each kept his or her eyes riveted on the floor, as if in silent enjoyment of the harmonies. As for the honest old seaman, there was as much melody in the howling of a gale to his unsophisticated ears as in anything else, and he saw no difference between this feat of the Templeton band and the sighing of old Boreas ; and, to say the truth, our nautical critic was not much out of the way.

Of the oration it is scarcely necessary to say much, for if human nature is the same in all ages, and under all circumstances, so is a Fourth of July oration. There were the usual allusions to Greece and Rome, between the republics of which and that of this country there exists some such affinity as is to be found between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut-horse, or that of mere words ; and a long catalogue of national glories that might very well have sufficed for all the republics, both of antiquity and of our own time. But when the orator came to speak of the American character, and particularly of the intelligence of

the nation, he was most felicitous, and made the largest investments in popularity. According to his account of the matter, no other people possessed a tithe of the knowledge, or a hundredth part of the honesty and virtue of the very community he was addressing; and after laboring for ten minutes to convince his hearers that they already knew everything, he wasted several more in trying to persuade them to undertake further acquisitions of the same nature.

"How much better all this might be made," said Paul Powis, as the party returned toward the Wigwam when the "exercises" were ended, "by substituting a little plain instruction on the real nature and obligations of the institutions, for so much unmeaning rhapsody. Nothing has struck me with more surprise and pain than to find how far, or it might be better to say how high, ignorance reaches on such subjects, and how few men, in a country where all depends on the institutions, have clear notions concerning their own condition."

"Certainly this is not the opinion we usually entertain of ourselves," observed John Effingham. "And yet it ought to be. I am far from underrating the ordinary information of the country, which, as an average information, is superior to that of almost every other people; nor am I one of those who, according to the popular European notion, fancy the Americans less gifted than common in intellect; there can be but one truth in anything, however, and it falls to the lot of very few, anywhere, to master it. The Americans, moreover, are a people of facts and practices, paying but little attention to principles, and giving themselves the very minimum of time for investigations that lie beyond the reach of the common mind; and it follows that they know little of that which does not present itself in their every-day transactions. As regards the practice of the institutions, it is regulated here, as elsewhere, by party, and party is never an honest or a disinterested expounder."

"Are you then more than in the common dilemma," asked Sir George, "or worse off than your neighbors?"

"We are worse off than our neighbors, for the simple reason that it is the intention of the American system, which has been deliberately framed, and which is, moreover, the result of a bargain, to carry out its theory in practice;

whereas, in countries where the institutions are the results of time and accidents, improvement is only obtained by innovations. Party invariably assails and weakens power. When power is in the possession of a few, the many gain by party ; but when power is the legal right of the many, the few gain by party. Now as party has no ally as strong as ignorance and prejudice, a right understanding of the principles of a government is of far more importance in a popular government than in any other. In place of the eternal eulogies on facts, that one hears on all public occasions in this country, I would substitute some plain and clear expositions of principles ; or, indeed, I might say, of facts as they are connected with principles."

"*Mais, la musique, monsieur,*" interrupted Mademoiselle Vieffville, in a way so droll as to raise a general smile, "*qu'en pensez-vous ?*"

"That it is music, my dear mademoiselle, in neither fact nor principle."

"It only proves that a people can be free, mademoiselle," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, "and enjoy Fourth of July orations, without having very correct notions of harmony or time. But do our rejoicings end here, Miss Effingham?"

"Not at all—there is still something in reserve for the day, and all who honor it. I am told the evening, which promises to be sufficiently sombre, is to terminate with a *fête* that is peculiar to Templeton, and which is called 'The Fun of Fire.'"

"It is an ominous name, and ought to be a brilliant ceremony."

As this was uttered, the whole party entered the Wigwam.

"The Fun of Fire" took place, as a matter of course, at a late hour. When night had set in, everybody appeared in the main street of the village, a part of which, from its width and form, was particularly adapted to the sports of the evening. The females were mostly at the windows, or on such elevated stands as favored their view, and the party from the Wigwam occupied a large balcony that topped the piazza of one of the principal inns of the place.

The sports of the night commenced with rockets, of which a few, that did as much credit to the climate as to the state of the pyrotechnics of the village, were thrown

up, as soon as the darkness had become sufficiently dense to lend them brilliancy. Then followed wheels, crackers, and serpents, all of the most primitive kind, if, indeed, there be anything primitive in such amusement. The "Fun of Fire" was to close the rejoicings, and it was certainly worth all the sports of that day united, the gingerbread and spruce beer included.

A blazing ball cast from a shop-door was the signal for the commencement of the Fun. It was merely a ball of rope-yarn, or of some other material saturated with turpentine, and it burned with a bright, fierce flame until consumed. As the first of these fiery meteors sailed into the street, a common shout from the boys, apprentices, and young men, proclaimed that the fun was at hand. It was followed by several more, and in a few minutes the entire area was gleaming with glancing light. The whole of the amusement consisted in tossing the fire-balls with boldness, and in avoiding them with dexterity, something like competition soon entering into the business of the scene.

The effect was singularly beautiful. Groups of dark objects became suddenly illuminated, and here a portion of the throng might be seen beneath a brightness like that produced by a bonfire, while all the background of persons and faces were gliding about in a darkness that almost swallowed up a human figure. Suddenly all this would be changed; the brightness would pass away, and a ball alighting in a spot that had seemed abandoned to gloom, it would be found peopled with merry countenances and active forms. The constant changes from brightness to deep darkness, with all the varying gleams of light and shadow, made the beauty of the scene, which soon extorted admiration from all in the balcony.

"*Mais, c'est charmant!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieville, who was enchanted at discovering something like gayety and pleasure among the "*tristes Américains,*" and who had never even suspected them of being capable of so much apparent enjoyment.

"These are the prettiest village sports I have ever witnessed," said Eve, "though a little dangerous, one would think. There is something refreshing, as the magazine writers term it, to find one of these miniature towns of ours condescending to be gay and happy in a village fash-

ion. If I were to bring my strongest objection to American country life, it would be its ambitious desire to ape the towns, converting the case and *abandon* of a village into the formality and stiffness that render children in the clothes of grown people so absurdly ludicrous."

"What!" exclaimed John Effingham; "do you fancy it possible to reduce a freeman so low, as to deprive him of his stilts! No, no, young lady; you are now in a country where, if you have two rows of flounces on your frock, your maid will make it a point to have three, by way of maintaining the equilibrium. This is the noble ambition of liberty."

"Annette's foible is a love of flounces, Cousin Jack, and you have drawn that image from your eye instead of your imagination. It is a French as well as an American ambition, if ambition it be."

"Let it be drawn whence it may, it is true. Have you not remarked, Sir George Templemore, that the Americans will not even bear the ascendancy of a capital? Formerly, Philadelphia, then the largest town in the country was the political capital; but it was too much for any one community to enjoy the united consideration that belongs to extent and politics; and so the honest public went to work to make a capital that should have nothing else in its favor but the naked fact that it was the seat of government, and I think it will be generally allowed that they have succeeded to admiration. I fancy Mr. Dodge will admit that it would be quite intolerable, that country should not be town and town country."

"This is a land of equal rights, Mr. John Effingham, and I confess that I see no claim that New York possesses, which does not equally belong to Templeton."

"Do you hold, sir," inquired Captain Truck, "that a ship is a brig, and a brig a ship?"

"The case is different; Templeton is a town, is it not, Mr. John Effingham?"

"A town, Mr. Dodge, but not town. The difference is essential."

"I do not see it, sir. Now, New York, to my notion, is not a town, but a city"

"Ah! This is the critical acumen of the editor! But you should be indulgent, Mr. Dodge, to us laymen, who

pick up our phrases by merely wandering about the world, or in the nursery perhaps ; while you, of the favored few, by living in the condensation of a province, obtain a precision and accuracy to which we can lay no claim."

The darkness prevented the editor of the *Active Inquirer* from detecting the general smile, and he remained in happy ignorance of the feeling that produced it. To say the truth, not the smallest of the besetting vices of Mr. Dodge had their foundation in a provincial education and in provincial notions ; the invariable tendency of both being to persuade their subject that he is always right, while all opposed to him in opinion are wrong. That well-known line of Pope, in which the poet asks, "What can we reason, but from what we know?" contains the principles of half our foibles and faults, and perhaps explains fully that proportion of those of Mr. Dodge, to say nothing of those of no small number of his countrymen. There are limits to the knowledge, and tastes, and habits of every man, and, as each is regulated by the opportunities of the individual, it follows of necessity that no one can have a standard much above his own experience. That an isolated and remote people should be a provincial people, or, in other words, a people of narrow and peculiar practices and opinions, is as unavoidable as that study should make a scholar ; though in the case of America, the great motive for surprise is to be found in the fact that causes so very obvious should produce so little effect. When compared with the bulk of other nations, the Americans, though so remote and insulated, are scarcely provincial, for it is only when the highest standard of this nation is compared with the highest standard of other nations, that we detect the great deficiency that actually exists. That a moral foundation so broad should uphold a moral superstructure so narrow, is owing to the circumstance that the popular sentiment rules, and as everything is referred to a body of judges that, in the nature of things, must be of very limited and superficial attainments, it cannot be a matter of wonder to the reflecting, that the decision shares in the qualities of the tribunal. In America the gross mistake has been made of supposing, that, because the mass rules in a political sense, it has a right to be listened to and obeyed in all other matters—a practical deduction that can only lead,

under the most favorable exercise of power, to a very humble mediocrity. It is to be hoped that time, and a greater concentration of taste, liberality, and knowledge than can well distinguish a young and scattered population, will repair this evil, and that our children will reap the harvest of the broad fields of intelligence that have been sown by ourselves. In the meantime, the present generation must endure that which cannot easily be cured ; and among its other evils, it will have to submit to a great deal of very questionable information, not a few false principles, and an unpleasant degree of intolerant and narrow bigotry, that are propagated by such apostles of liberty and learning as Steadfast Dodge, Esquire.

We have written in vain, if it now be necessary to point out a multitude of things in which that professed instructor and Mentor of the public, the editor of the *Active Inquirer* had made a false estimate of himself; as well as of his fellow-creatures. That such a man should be ignorant is to be expected, as he had never been instructed ; that he was self-sufficient was owing to his ignorance, which oftener induces vanity than modesty ; that he was intolerant and bigoted, follows as a legitimate effect of his provincial and contracted habits ; that he was a hypocrite, came from his homage of the people ; and that one thus constituted should be permitted periodically to pour out his vapidty, folly, malice, envy, and ignorance, on his fellow-creatures, in the columns of a newspaper, was owing to a state of society in which the truth of the wholesome adage, "That what is every man's business is nobody's business," is exemplified not only daily, but hourly, in a hundred other interests of equal magnitude, as well as to a capital mistake, that leads the community to fancy that whatever is done in their name is done for their good.

As the "Fun of Fire" had, by this time, exhibited most of its beauties, the party belonging to the Wigwam left the balcony, and, the evening proving mild, they walked into the grounds of the building, where they naturally broke into groups, conversing on the incidents of the day, or of such other matters as came uppermost. Occasionally, gleams of light were thrown across them from a fire-ball ; or a rocket's starry train was still seen drawn in the air, resembling the wake of a ship at night, as it wades through the ocean.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
But to preserve it."—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

WE shall not say it was an accident that brought Paul and Eve side by side, and a little separated from the others; for a secret sympathy had certainly exercised its influence over both, and probably contributed as much as anything else toward bringing about the circumstance. Although the Wigwam stood in the centre of the village, its grounds covered several acres, and were intersected with winding walks, and ornamented with shrubbery, in the well known English style, improvements also of John Effingham; for, while the climate and forests of America offer so many inducements to encourage landscape gardening, it is the branch of art that, of all the other ornamental arts, is perhaps the least known in this country. It is true time had not yet brought the labors of the projector to perfection in this instance; but enough had been done to afford very extensive, varied, and pleasing walks. The grounds were broken, and John Effingham had turned the irregularities to good account, by planting and leading paths among them, to the great amusement of the lookers-on, however, who, like true disciples of the Manhattanese economy, had already begun to calculate the cost of what they termed grading the lawns, it being with them as much a matter of course to bring pleasure grounds down to a mathematical surface, as to bring a railroad route down to the proper level.

Through these paths, and among the irregularities, groves, and shrubberies just mentioned, the party began to stroll; one group taking a direction eastward, another south, and a third westward, in a way soon to break them up into five or six different divisions. These several portions of the company ere long got to move in opposite directions, by taking the various paths, and while they frequently met, they did not often reunite. As has been

already intimated, Eve and Paul were alone, for the first time in their lives, under circumstances that admitted of an uninterrupted confidential conversation. Instead of profiting immediately, however, by this unusual occurrence, as many of our readers may anticipate, the young man continued the discourse in which the whole party had been engaged when they entered the gate that communicated with the street.

“I know not whether you felt the same embarrassment as myself, to-day, Miss Effingham,” he said, “when the orator was dilating on the glories of the republic, and on the high honors that accompany the American name. Certainly, though a pretty extensive traveller, I have never yet been able to discover that it is any advantage abroad to be one of the ‘fourteen millions of freemen.’”

“Are we to attribute the mystery that so long hung over your birthplace to this fact?” Eve asked, a little pointedly.

“If I have made any seeming mystery as to the place of my birth, it has been involuntary on my part, Miss Effingham, so far as you at least have been concerned. I may not have thought myself authorized to introduce my own history into our little discussions, but I am not conscious of aiming at any unusual concealments. At Vienna, and in Switzerland, we met as travellers; and now that you appear disposed to accuse me of concealment, I may retort, and say that neither you nor your father ever expressly stated in my presence that you were Americans.”

“Was that necessary, Mr. Powis?”

“Perhaps not; and I am wrong to draw a comparison between my own insignificance, and the *éclat* that attended you and your movements.”

“Nay,” interrupted Eve, “do not misconceive me. My father felt an interest in you, quite naturally, after what had occurred on the Lake of Lucerne, and I believe he was desirous of making you out a countryman—a pleasure that he has at length received.”

“To own the truth, I was never quite certain, until my last visit to England, on which side of the Atlantic I was actually born, and to this uncertainty, perhaps, may be attributed some of that cosmopolitanism to which I made so many high pretensions in our late passage.”

"Not know where you were born!" exclaimed Eve, with an involuntary haste, that she immediately repented.

"This, no doubt, sounds odd to you, Miss Effingham, who have always been the pride and solace of a most affectionate father, but it has never been my good fortune to know either parent. My mother, who was the sister of Ducie's mother, died at my birth, and the loss of my father even preceded hers. I may be said to have been born an orphan."

Eve, for the first time in her life, had taken his arm, and the young man felt the gentle pressure of her little hand, as she permitted this expression of sympathy to escape her, at a moment she found so intensely interesting to herself.

"It was, indeed, a misfortune, Mr. Powis, and I fear you were put into the navy through the want of those who would feel a natural concern in your welfare."

"The navy was my own choice; partly, I think, from a certain love of adventure, and quite as much, perhaps, with a wish to settle the question of my birthplace, practically at least, by enlisting in the service of the one that I first knew, and certainly best loved."

"But of that birthplace, I understand there is now no doubt?" said Eve, with more interest than she was herself conscious of betraying.

"None whatever. I am a native of Philadelphia. That point was conclusively settled in my late visit to my aunt, Lady Dunluce, who was present at my birth?"

"Is Lady Dunluce also an American?"

"She is; never having quitted the country until after her marriage to Colonel Ducie. She was a younger sister of my mother's, and, notwithstanding some jealousies and a little coldness that I trust have now disappeared, I am of opinion she loved her; though one can hardly answer for the durability of the family ties in a country where the institutions and habits are as artificial as in England."

"Do you think there is less family affection, then, in England than in America?"

"I will not exactly say as much, though I am of opinion that neither country is remarkable in that way. In England, among the higher classes, it is impossible that the feelings should not be weakened by so many adverse in-

terests. When a brother knows that nothing stands between himself and rank and wealth, but the claims of one who was born a twelvemonth earlier than himself, he gets to feel more like a rival than a kinsman, and the temptation to envy or dislike, or even hatred, sometimes becomes stronger than the duty to love."

"And yet the English themselves say that the services rendered by the elder to the younger brother, and the gratitude of the younger to the elder, are so many additional ties."

"It would be contrary to all the known laws of feeling, and all experience, if this were so. The younger applies to the elder for aid in preference to a stranger, because he thinks he has a claim; and what man who fancies he has a claim is disposed to believe justice is fully done him; or who that is required to discharge a duty imagines he has not done more than could be properly asked?"

"I fear your opinion of men is none of the best, Mr. Powis!"

"There may be exceptions, but such I believe to be the common fate of humanity. The moment a duty is created, a disposition to think it easily discharged follows; and of all sentiments that of a continued and exacting gratitude is the most oppressive. I fear more brothers are aided through family pride, than through natural affection."

"What, then, loosens the tie among ourselves, where no law of primogeniture exists?"

"That which loosens everything. A love of change that has grown up with the migratory habits of the people; and which, perhaps, is in some measure fostered by the institutions. Here is Mr. Bragg to confirm what I say, and we may hear his sentiments on this subject."

As Aristabulus, with whom walked Mr. Dodge, just at that moment came out of the shrubbery, and took the same direction with themselves, Powis put the question, as one addresses an acquaintance in a room.

"Rotation in feelings, sir," returned Mr. Bragg, "is human nature, as rotation in office is natural justice. Some of our people are of opinion that it might be useful could the whole of society be made periodically to change places, in order that every one might know how his neighbor lives."

"You are then an Agrarian, Mr. Bragg?"

“As far from it as possible ; nor do I believe you will find such an animal in this country. Where property is concerned, we are a people that never let go so long as we can hold on, sir ; but beyond this, we like lively changes. Now Miss Effingham, everybody thinks frequent changes of religious instructors, in particular, necessary. There can be no vital piety without keeping the flame alive with excitement.”

“I confess, sir, that my own reasoning would lead to a directly contrary conclusion, and that there can be no vital piety, as you term it, with excitement.”

Mr. Bragg looked at Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Dodge looked at Mr. Bragg. Then each shrugged his shoulders, and the former continued the discourse.

“That may be the case in France, Miss Effingham,” he said, “but in America we look to excitement as the great purifier. We should as soon expect the air in the bottom of a well to be elastic, as that the moral atmosphere shall be clear and salutary without the breezes of excitement. For my part, Mr. Dodge, I think no man should be a judge in the same court more than ten years at a time, and a priest gets to be rather commonplace and flat after five. There are men who may hold out a little longer, I acknowledge ; but to keep real, vital, soul-saving regeneration stirring, a change should take place as often as once in five years in a parish ; that is my opinion at least.”

“But, sir,” rejoined Eve, “as the laws of religion are immutable, the modes by which it is known universal, and the promises, mediation, and obligations are everywhere the same, I do not see what you propose to gain by so many changes.”

“Why, Miss Effingham, we change the dishes at table, and no family of my acquaintance more than this of your honorable father’s ; and I am surprised to find you opposed to the system.”

“Our religion, sir,” answered Eve, gravely, “is a duty, and rests on revelation and obedience ; while our diet may very innocently be a matter of mere taste, or even of caprice, if you will.”

“Well, I confess I see no great difference, the main object in this life being to stir people up, and to go ahead. I presume you know, Miss Eve, that many people think

that we ought to change our own parson, if we expect a blessing on the congregation."

"I should sooner expect a curse would follow an act of so much heartlessness, sir. Our clergyman has been with us since his entrance into the duties of his holy office, and it will be difficult to suppose that the Divine favor would follow the commission of so selfish and capricious a step, with a motive no better than the desire for novelty."

"You quite mistake the object, Miss Eve, which is to stir the people up; a hopeless thing, I fear, so long as they always sit under the same preaching."

"I have been taught to believe that piety is increased, Mr. Bragg, by the aid of the Holy Spirit's sustaining and supporting us in our good desires; and I cannot persuade myself that the Deity finds it necessary to save a soul by the means of any of those human agencies by which men sack towns, turn an election, or incite a mob. I hear that extraordinary scenes are witnessed in this country in some of the other sects; but I trust never to see the day when the apostolic, reverend, and sober church, in which I have been nurtured, shall attempt to advance the workings of that Divine power by a profane, human hurrah."

All this was Greek to Messrs. Dodge and Bragg, who, in furthering their objects, were so accustomed to "stirring people up," that they had quite forgotten that the more a man was in "an excitement," the less he had to do with reason. The exaggerated religious sects which first peopled America, have had a strong influence in transmitting to their posterity false notions on such subjects; for while the old world is accustomed to see Christianity used as an ally of government, and perverted from its one great end to be the instrument of ambition, cupidity, and selfishness, the new world has been fated to witness the reaction of such abuses, and to run into nearly as many errors in the opposite extreme. The two persons just mentioned had been educated in the provincial school of religious notions that is so much in favor in a portion of this country; and they were striking examples of the truth of the adage, that "What is bred in the bone will be seen in the flesh," for their common character, common in this particular at least, was a queer mixture of the most narrow superstitions and prejudices, that existed under the garb of re-

ligious training, and of unjustifiable frauds, meannesses, and even vices. Mr. Bragg was a better man than Mr. Dodge, for he had more self-reliance, and was more manly; but on the score of religion he had the same contradictory excesses, and there was a common point in the way of vulgar vice toward which each tended, simply for the want of breeding and tastes, as infallibly as the needle points to the pole. Cards were often introduced in Mr. Effingham's drawing-room, and there was one apartment expressly devoted to a billiard-table; and many was the secret fling and biting gibe that these pious devotees passed between themselves, on the subject of so flagrant an instance of immorality in a family of so high moral pretensions; the two worthies not unfrequently concluding their comments by repairing to some secret room in a tavern, where, after carefully locking the door, and drawing the curtains, they would order brandy, and pass a refreshing hour in endeavoring to relieve each other of the labor of carrying their odd sixpences, by means of little shoemaker's loo.

On the present occasion, however, the earnestness of Eve produced a pacifying effect on their consciences, for as our heroine never raised her sweet voice above the tones of a gentlewoman, its very mildness and softness gave force to her expressions. Had John Effingham uttered the sentiments to which they had just listened, it is probable Mr. Bragg would have attempted an answer; but under the circumstances, he preferred making his bow and diverging into the first path that offered, followed by his companion. Eve and Paul continued their circuit of the grounds, as if no interruption had taken place.

"This disposition to change is getting to be universal in the country," remarked the latter, as soon as Aristabulus and his friend had left them, "and I consider it one of the worst signs of the times; more especially since it has become so common to connect it with what it is the fashion to call excitement."

"To return to the subject which these gentlemen interrupted," said Eve, "that of family ties; I have always heard England quoted as one of the strongest instances of a nation in which this tie is slight, beyond its aristocratical influence; and I should be sorry to suppose that we are

following in the footsteps of our good-mother, in this respect at least."

"Has Mademoiselle Viefville never made any remark on this subject?"

"Mademoiselle Viefville, though observant, is discreet. That she believes the standard of the affections as high in this as in her own country, I do not think; for, like most Europeans, she considers the Americans to be a passionless people, who are more bound up in the interests of gain than in any other of the concerns of life."

"She does not know us!" said Paul, so earnestly as to cause Eve to start at the deep energy with which he spoke. "The passions lie as deep, and run in currents as strong here as in any other part of the world, though there not being as many factitious causes to dam them, they less seldom break through the bounds of propriety."

For near a minute the two paced the walk in silence, and Eve began to wish that some one of the party would again join them, that a conversation which she felt was getting to be awkward, might be interrupted. But no one crossed their path again, and without rudeness or affectation, she saw no means of effecting her object. Paul was too much occupied with his own feelings to observe his companion's embarrassment, and, after the short pause mentioned, he naturally pursued the subject, though in a less emphatic manner than before.

"It was an old and a favorite theory with the Europeans," he said, with a sort of bitter irony, "that all the animals of this hemisphere have less gifted natures than those of the other; nor is it a theory of which they are yet entirely rid. The Indian was supposed to be passionless, because he had self-command; and what in the European would be thought exhibiting the feelings of a noble nature in him has been represented as ferocity and revenge. Miss Effingham, you and I have seen Europe, have stood in the presence of its wisest, its noblest, and its best; and what have they to boast beyond the immediate results of their factitious and labored political systems, that is denied to the American—or rather would be denied to the American, had the latter the manliness and mental independence to be equal to his fortunes?"

“Which you think he is not.”

“How can a people be even independent that imports its thoughts as it does its wares, that has not the spirit to invent even its own prejudices?”

“Something should be allowed to habit and to the influence of time. England herself, probably, has inherited some of her false notions from the Saxons and Normans.”

“That is not only possible, but probable; but England, in thinking of Russia, France, Turkey, or Egypt, when induced to think wrong, yields to an English, and not to an American interest. Her errors are at least required, in a degree, by serving her own ends, whereas ours are made too often to oppose our most obvious interests. We are never independent unless when stimulated by some strong and pressing moneyed concern, and not often then beyond the plainest of its effects.—Here is one, apparently, who does not belong to our party.”

Paul interrupted himself, in consequence of their meeting a stranger in the walk, who moved with the indecision of one uncertain whether to advance or recede. Rockets frequently fell into the grounds, and there had been one or two inroads of boys, which had been tolerated on account of the occasion; but this intruder was a man in the decline of life, of the condition of a warm tradesman seemingly, and he clearly had no connection with sky-rockets, as his eyes were turned inquiringly on the persons of those who passed him from time to time, none of whom had he stopped, however, until he now placed himself before Paul and Eve, in a way to denote a desire to speak.

“The young people are making a merry night of it,” he said, keeping a hand in each coat-pocket, while he unceremoniously occupied the centre of the narrow walk, as if determined to compel a parley.

Although sufficiently acquainted with the unceremonious habits of the people of the country to feel no surprise at this intrusion, Paul was vexed at having his *tête-à-tête* with Eve so rudely broken; and he answered with more of the hauteur of the quarter-deck than he might otherwise have done, by saying coldly—

“Perhaps, sir, it is your wish to see Mr. Effingham—or—” hesitating an instant, as he scanned the stranger’s ap-

pearance—"some of his people. The first will soon pass this spot, and you will find most of the latter on the lawn, watching the rockets."

The man regarded Paul a moment, and then he removed his hat respectfully.

"Please, sir, can you inform me if a gentleman called Captain Truck—one that sails the packets between New York and England, is staying at the Wigwam at present."

Paul told him that the captain was walking with Mr. Effingham, and that the next pair that approached would be they. The stranger fell back, keeping his hat respectfully in his hand, and the two passed.

"That man has been an English servant, but has been a little spoiled by the reaction of an excessive liberty to do as he pleases. The 'please, sir,' and the attitude, can hardly be mistaken, while the nonchalance of his manner *à nous aborder*, sufficiently betrays the second edition of his education."

"I am curious to know what this person can want with our excellent captain—it can scarcely be one of the Montauk's crew!"

"I will answer for it that the fellow has not enough seamanship about him to whip a rope," said Paul, laughing; "for if there be two temporal pursuits that have less affinity than any two others, they are those of the pantry and the tar-bucket. I think it will be seen that this man has been an English servant, and he has probably been a passenger on board some ship commanded by our honest old friend."

Eve and Paul now turned, and they met Mr. Effingham and the captain just as the two latter reached the spot where the stranger stood still.

"This is Captain Truck, the gentleman for whom you inquired," said Paul.

The stranger looked hard at the captain, and the captain looked hard at the stranger, the obscurity rendering a pretty close scrutiny necessary, to enable either to distinguish features. The examination seemed to be mutually unsatisfactory, for each retired a little, like a man who had not found a face that he knew.

"There must be two Captain Trucks, then, in the

trade," said the stranger; "this is not the gentleman I used to know."

"I think you are as right in the latter part of your remark, friend, as you are wrong in the first," returned the captain. "Know you I do not; and yet there are no more two Captain Trucks in the English trade than there are two Miss Eve Effinghams or two Mrs. Hawkers in the universe. I am John Truck, and no other man of that name ever sailed a ship between New York and England, in my day at least."

"Did you ever command the Dawn, sir?"

"The Dawn! That I did; and the Regulus, and the Manhattan, and the Wilful Girl, and the Deborah-Angelina, and the Sukey and Katy, which, my dear young lady, I may say, was my first love. She was only a fore-and-after, carrying no standing topsail even, and we named her after two of the river girls, who were flyers in their way; at least, I thought so then; though a man by sailing a packet comes to alter his notions about men and things, or, for that matter, about women and things too. I got into a category in that schooner that I never expect to see equalled; for I was driven ashore to windward in her, which is gibberish to you, my dear young lady, but which Mr. Powis will very well understand, though he may not be able to explain it."

"I certainly know what you mean," said Paul, "though I confess I am in a category, as well as the schooner, so far as knowing how it could have happened."

"The Sukey and Katy ran away with me, that's the upshot of it. Since that time I have never consented to command a vessel that was called after two of our river young women, for I do believe that one of them is as much as a common mariner can manage. You see, Mr. Effingham, we were running along a weather-shore, as close in as we could get, to be in the eddy, when a squall struck her a-beam, and she luffed right on to the beach. No helping it. Helm hard up, peak down, head sheets to windward, and main sheet flying, but it was all too late; away she went plump ashore to windward. But for that accident I think I might have married."

"And what connection could you find between matrimony and this accident, Captain?" demanded the laughing Eve.

"There was an admonition in it, my dear young lady, that I thought was not to be disregarded. I tried the Wilful Girl next, and she was thrown on her beam-ends with me ; after which I renounced all female names, and took to the Egyptian."

"The Egyptian !"

"Certainly, Regulus, who was a great snake-killer, they tell me, in that part of the world. But I never saw my way quite clear as bachelor until I got the Dawn. Did you know that ship, friend ?"

"I believe, sir, I made two passages in her while you commanded her."

"Nothing more likely ; we carried lots of your countrymen, though mostly forward of the gangways. I commanded the Dawn more than twenty years ago."

"It is all of that time since I crossed with you, sir ; you may remember that we fell in with a wreck, ten days after we sailed, and took off her crew and two passengers. Three or four of the latter had died with their sufferings, and several of the people."

"All this seems but as yesterday ! The wreck was a Charleston ship, that had started a butt."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir—that is just it—she had started, but could not get in. That is just what they said at the time. I am David, sir—I should think you cannot have forgotten David."

The honest captain was very willing to gratify the other's harmless self-importance, though, to tell the truth, he retained no more personal knowledge of the David of the Dawn, than he had of David, King of the Jews.

"Oh, David !" he cried, cordially ; "are you David ? Well, I did not expect to see you again in this world, though I never doubted where we should be hereafter. I hope you are very well, David ; what sort of weather have you made of it since we parted ? If I recollect aright, you worked your passage ; never at sea before."

"I beg your pardon, sir ; I never was at sea before the first time, it is true ; but I did not belong to the crew. I was a passenger."

"I remember, now, you were in the steerage," returned the captain, who saw daylight ahead.

"Not at all, sir, but in the cabin."

"Cabin!" echoed the captain, who perceived none of the requisites of a cabin-passenger in the other; "oh! I understand, in the pantry?"

"Exactly so, sir. You may remember my master; he had the left hand state-room to himself, and I slept next to the scuttle-butt. You recollect master, sir?"

"Out of doubt, a very good fellow he was. I hope you live with him still?"

"Lord bless you, sir, he is dead!"

"Oh! I recollect hearing of it at the time. Well, David, I hope if ever we cross again we shall be shipmates once more. We were beginners, then, but we have ships worth living in now. Good-night."

"Do you remember Dowse, sir, that we got from the wreck?" continued the other, unwilling to give up his gossip so soon. "He was a dark man, that had had the small-pox badly. I think, sir, you will recollect him, for he was a hard man in other particulars besides his countenance."

"Somewhat flinty about the soul; I remember the man well; and so, David, good-night; you will come and see me, if you are ever in town. Good-night, David."

David was now compelled to leave the place, for Captain Truck, who perceived that the whole party was getting together again in consequence of the halt, felt the propriety of dismissing his visitor, of whom, his master, and Dowse, he retained just as much recollection as one retains of a common stage-coach companion after twenty years. The appearance of Mr. Howel, who just at that moment approached them, aided the manœuvre, and in a few minutes the different groups were again in motion, though some slight changes had taken place in the distribution of the parties.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“How silver sweet sound lovers’ tongues at night,
Like softest music to attending ears!”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

“A POOR matter, this of the fireworks,” said Mr. Howel, who, with an old bachelor’s want of tact, had joined Eve and Paul in their walk. “The English would laugh at them famously, I dare say. Have you heard Sir George allude to them at all, Miss Eve?”

“It would be great affectation for an Englishman to deride the fireworks of any dry climate,” said Eve, laughing; “and I dare say, if Sir George Templemore has been silent on the subject, it is because he is conscious he knows little about it.”

“Well, that is odd! I should think England the very first country in the world for fireworks. I hear, Miss Eve, that, on the whole, the baronet is rather pleased with us; and I must say that he is getting to be very popular in Templeton.”

“Nothing is easier than for an Englishman to become popular in America,” observed Paul, “especially if his condition in life be above that of the vulgar. He has only to declare himself pleased with America; or, to be sincerely hated, to declare himself displeased.”

“And in what does America differ from any other country, in this respect?” asked Eve, quickly.

“Not much, certainly; love induces love, and dislike, dislike. There is nothing new in all this; but the people of other countries, having more confidence in themselves, do not so sensitively inquire what others think of them. I believe this contains the whole difference.”

“But Sir George does rather like us?” inquired Mr. Howel, with interest.

“He likes some of us particularly well,” returned Eve. “Do you not know that my cousin Grace is to become Mrs.—I beg her pardon—Lady Templemore, very shortly?”

“Good God!—Is that possible—Lady Templemore!—Lady Grace Templemore!”

“Not Lady Grace Templemore, but Grace, Lady Templemore, and graceful Lady Templemore into the bargain.”

“And this honor, my dear Miss Eve, they tell me you refused!”

“They tell you wrong, then, sir,” answered the young lady, a little startled with the suddenness and *brusquerie* of the remark, and yet prompt to do justice to all concerned. “Sir George Templemore never did me the honor to propose to me, or for me, and consequently he could not be refused.”

“It is very extraordinary! I hear you were actually acquainted in Europe?”

“We were, Mr. Howel, actually acquainted in Europe, but I knew hundreds of persons in Europe who have never dreamed of asking me to marry them.”

“This is very strange—quite unlooked for—to marry Miss Van Cortlandt! Is Mr. John Effingham in the grounds?”

Eve made no answer, but Paul hurriedly observed—

“You will find him in the next walk, I think, by returning a short distance, and taking the first path to the left.”

Mr. Howel did as told, and was soon out of sight.

“That is a most earnest believer in English superiority, and, one may say, by his strong desire to give you an English husband, Miss Effingham, in English merit.”

“It is the weak spot in the character of a very honest man. They tell me such instances were much more frequent in this country thirty years since than they are to-day.”

“I can easily believe it, for I think I remember some characters of the sort myself. I have heard those who are older than I am draw a distinction like this between the state of feeling that prevailed forty years ago and that which prevails to-day; they say that formerly England absolutely and despotically thought for America, in all but those cases in which the interests of the two nations conflicted; and I have even heard competent judges affirm, that so powerful was the influence of habit, and so successful the schemes of the political managers of the mother country, that even many of those who fought for the independence of America, actually doubted of the propriety of their acts, as Luther is known to have had fits of despond-

ency concerning the justness of the reformation he was producing ; while latterly, the leaning toward England is less the result of a simple mental dependence—though of that there still remains a disgraceful amount—than of calculation, and a desire in a certain class to defeat the dominion of the mass, and to establish that of a few in its stead.”

“It would, indeed, be a strange consummation of the history of this country to find it becoming monarchical !”

“There are a few monarchists no doubt springing up in the country, though almost entirely in a class that only knows the world through the imagination and by means of books ; but the disposition in our time is to aristocracy, and not to monarchy. Most men that get to be rich discover that they are no happier for their possessions ; perhaps every man who has not been trained and prepared to use his means properly is in this category, as our friend the captain would call it, and then they begin to long for some other untried advantages. The example of the rest of the world is before our own wealthy, and, *faute d’imagination*, they imitate because they cannot invent. Exclusive political power is also a great ally in the accumulation of money, and a portion have the sagacity to see it ; though I suspect more pine for the vanities of the exclusive classes than for the substance. Your sex, Miss Effingham, as a whole, is not above this latter weakness, as I think you must have observed in your intercourse with those you met abroad.”

“I met with some instances of weakness in this way,” said Eve, with reserve, and with the pride of a woman, “though not more, I think, than among the men ; and seldom, in either case, among those whom we are accustomed to consider people of condition at home. The self-respect and the habits of the latter generally preserved them from betraying this feebleness of character, if indeed they felt it.”

“The Americans abroad may be divided into two great classes ; those who go for improvement in the sciences or the arts, and those who go for mere amusement. As a whole, the former have struck me as being singularly respectable, equally removed from an apish servility and a swaggering pretension of superiority ; while, I fear, a ma-

majority of the latter have a disagreeable direction toward the vanities."

"I will not affirm the contrary," said Eve, "for frivolity and pleasure are only too closely associated in ordinary minds. The number of those who prize the elegancies of life for their intrinsic value is everywhere small, I should think; and I question if Europe is much better off than ourselves in this respect."

"This may be true, and yet one can only regret that, in a case where so much depends on example, the tone of our people was not more assimilated to their facts. I do not know whether you were struck with the same peculiarity, but, whenever I felt in the mood to hear high monarchical and aristocratical doctrines blindly promulgated, I used to go to the nearest American Legation."

"I have heard this fact commented on," Eve answered, "and even by foreigners, and I confess it has always struck me as singular. Why should the agent of a republic make a parade of his anti-republican sentiments?"

"That there are exceptions, I will allow; but, after the experience of many years, I honestly think that such is the rule. I might distrust my own opinion, or my own knowledge; but others, with opportunities equal to my own, have come to the same conclusion. I have just received a letter from Europe, complaining that an American Envoy Extraordinary, who would as soon think of denouncing himself as utter the same sentiments openly at home, has given an opinion against the utility of the vote by ballot; and this, too, under circumstances that might naturally be thought to produce a practical effect."

"*Tant pis.* To me all this is inexplicable!"

"It has its solution, Miss Effingham, like any other problem. In ordinary times extraordinary men seldom become prominent, power passing into the hands of clever managers. Now, the very vanity and the petty desires that betray themselves in glittering uniforms, puerile affectations, and feeble imitations of other systems, probably induce more than half of those who fill the foreign missions to apply for them, and it is no more than we ought to expect that the real disposition should betray itself, when there was no longer any necessity for hypocrisy."

"But I should think this necessity for hypocrisy would

never cease ! Can it be possible that a people as much attached to their institutions as the great mass of the American nation is known to be, will tolerate such a base abandonment of all they cherish ? ”

“ How are they to know anything about it ? It is a startling fact, and there is a man at this instant who has not a single claim to such a confidence, either in the way of mind, principles, manners, or attainments, filling a public trust abroad, who, on all occasions, except those which he thinks will come directly before the American people, not only proclaims himself opposed to the great principles of the institutions, but who, in a recent controversy with a foreign nation, actually took sides against his own country, informing that of the opposing nation that the administration at home would not be supported by the legislative part of the government ! ”

“ And why is not this publicly exposed ? ”

“ *Cui bono ?* The presses that have no direct interest in the matter would treat the affair with indifference or levity, while a few would mystify the truth. It is quite impossible for any man in a private station to make the truth available in any country in a matter of public interest ; and those in public stations seldom or never attempt it, unless they see a direct party end to be obtained. This is the reason that we see so much infidelity to the principles of the institutions among the public agents abroad, for they very well know that no one will be able to expose them. In addition to this motive, there is so strong a desire in that portion of the community which is considered the highest, to effect a radical change in these very institutions, that infidelity to them, in their eyes, would be a merit, rather than an offence.”

“ Surely, surely, other nations are not treated in this cavalier manner ! ”

“ Certainly not. The foreign agent of a prince who should whisper a syllable against his master would be recalled with disgrace ; but the servant of the people is differently situated, since there are so many to be persuaded of his guilt. I could always get along with all the attacks that the Europeans are so fond of making on the American system, but those which they quoted from the mouths of our own diplomatic agents.”

“Why do not our travellers expose this?”

“Most of them see too little to know anything of it. They dine at a diplomatic table, see a star or two, fancy themselves obliged, and puff elegancies that have no existence, except in their own brains. Some think with the unfaithful, and see no harm in the infidelity. Others calculate the injury to themselves, and no small portion would fancy it a greater proof of patriotism to turn a sentence in favor of the comparative ‘energies’ and ‘superior intelligence’ of their own people, than to point out this or any other disgraceful fact, did they even possess the opportunities to discover it. Though no one thinks more highly of these qualities in the Americans, considered in connection with practical things, than myself; no one, probably, gives them less credit for their ability to distinguish between appearances and reality, in matters of principle.”

“It is probable that were we nearer to the rest of the world these abuses would not exist, for it is certain that they are not so openly practised at home. I am glad, however, to find that, even while you felt some uncertainty concerning your own birthplace, you took so much interest in us as to identify yourself in feeling, at least, with the nation.”

“There was one moment when I was really afraid that the truth would show I was actually born an Englishman——”

“Afraid!” interrupted Eve; “that is a strong word to apply to so great and glorious a people.”

“We cannot always account for our prejudices, and perhaps this was one of mine; and now that I know that to be an Englishman is not the greatest possible merit in your eyes, Miss Effingham, it is in no manner lessened.”

“In my eyes, Mr. Powis! I do not remember to have expressed any partiality for or any prejudice against the English; so far as I can speak of my own feelings, I regard the English the same as any other foreign people.”

“In words you have not, certainly; but acts speak louder than words.”

“You are disposed to be mysterious to-night. What act of mine has declared *pro* or *con* in this important affair!”

“You have at least done what, I fear, few of your countrywomen would have the moral courage and self-

denial to do, and especially those who are accustomed to living abroad—refused to be the wife of an English baronet of a good estate and respectable family.”

“Mr. Powis,” said Eve, gravely, “this is an injustice to Sir George Templemore that my sense of right will not permit to go uncontradicted, as well as an injustice to my sex and me. As I told Mr. Howel, in your presence, that gentleman has never proposed for me, and of course cannot have been refused. Nor can I suppose that any American gentlewoman can deem so paltry a thing as a baronetcy an inducement to forget her self-respect.”

“I fully appreciate your generous modesty, Miss Effingham; but you cannot expect that I, to whom Templemore’s admiration gave so much uneasiness, not to say pain, am to understand you, as Mr. Howel has probably done, too broadly. Although Sir George may not have positively proposed, his readiness to do so, on the least encouragement, was too obvious to be overlooked by a near observer.”

Eve was ready to gasp for breath, so completely by surprise was she taken by the calm, earnest, and yet respectful manner in which Paul confessed his jealousy. There was a tremor in his voice, too, usually so clear and even, that touched her heart, for feeling responds to feeling, as the echo answers sound when there exists a real sympathy between the sexes. She felt the necessity of saying something, and yet they had walked some distance ere it was in her power to utter a syllable.

“I fear my presumption has offended you, Miss Effingham,” said Paul, speaking more like a corrected child than the lion-hearted young man he had proved himself.

There was deep homage in the emotion he betrayed, and Eve, although she could barely distinguish his features, was not slow in discovering this proof of the extent of her power over his feelings.

“Do not call it presumption,” she said; “for one who has done so much for us all, can surely claim some right to take an interest in those he has so well served. As for Sir George Templemore, you have probably mistaken the feeling created by our common adventures for one of more importance. He is warmly and sincerely attached to my cousin, Grace Van Cortlandt.”

“That he is so now, I fully believe ; but that a very different magnet first kept him from the Canadas, I am sure. We treated each other generously, Miss Effingham, and had no concealments, during that long and anxious night, when all expected that the day would dawn on our captivity. Templemore is too manly and honest to deny his former desire to obtain you for a wife, and I think even he would admit that it depended entirely on yourself to be so, or not.”

“This is an act of self-humiliation that he is not called on to perform,” Eve hurriedly replied ; “such allusions, now, are worse than useless, and they might pain my cousin, were she to hear them.”

“I am mistaken in my friend’s character if he leave his betrothed in any doubt on this subject. Five minutes of perfect frankness now, might obviate years of distrust hereafter.”

“And would you, Mr. Powis, avow a former weakness of this sort to the woman you had finally selected for your wife ?”

“I ought not to quote myself for authority for or against such a course, since I have never loved but one, and her with a passion too single and too ardent ever to admit of competition. Miss Effingham, there would be something worse than affectation—it would be trifling with one who is sacred in my eyes, were I now to refrain from speaking explicitly, although what I am about to say is forced from me by circumstances, rather than voluntary, and is almost uttered without a definite object. Have I your permission to proceed ?”

“You can scarcely need a permission, being the master of your own secrets, Mr. Powis.”

Paul, like all men agitated by strong passion, was inconsistent, and far from just ; and Eve felt the truth of this, even while her mind was ingeniously framing excuses for his weakness. Still the impression that she was about to listen to a declaration that possibly ought never to be made, weighed upon her, and caused her to speak with more coldness than she actually felt. As she continued silent, however, the young man saw that it had become indispensably necessary to be explicit.

“I shall not detain you, Miss Effingham, perhaps vex

you," he said, "with the history of those early impressions which have gradually grown upon me, until they have become interwoven with my very existence. We met, as you know, at Vienna, for the first time. An Austrian of rank, to whom I had become known through some fortunate circumstances, introduced me into the best society of that capital, in which I found you the admiration of all who knew you. My first feeling was that of exultation, at seeing a young countrywoman—you were then almost a child, Miss Effingham—the greatest attraction of a capital celebrated for the beauty and grace of its women——"

"Your national partialities have made you an unjust judge toward others, Mr. Powis," Eve interrupted him by saying, though the earnestness and passion with which the young man uttered his feelings made music to her ears: "what had a young, frightened, half-educated American girl to boast of when put in competition with the finished women of Austria?"

"Her surpassing beauty, her unconscious superiority, her attainments, her trembling simplicity and modesty, and her meek purity of mind. All these did you possess, not only in my eyes, but in those of others; for these are subjects on which I dwelt too fondly to be mistaken."

A rocket passed near them at the moment, and while both were too much occupied by the discourse to heed the interruption, its transient light enabled Paul to see the flushed cheeks and tearful eyes of Eve, as the latter were turned on him in a grateful pleasure, that his ardent praises extorted from her, in spite of all her struggles for self-command.

"We will leave to others this comparison, Mr. Powis," she said, "and confine ourselves to less doubtful subjects."

"If I am then to speak only of that which is beyond all question, I shall speak chiefly of my long-cherished, devoted, unceasing love. I adored you at Vienna, Miss Effingham, though it was at a distance, as one might worship the sun; for while your excellent father admitted me to his society and I even think honored me with some portion of his esteem, I had but little opportunity to ascertain the value of the jewel that was contained in so beautiful a casket; but when we met the following summer in Switzerland, I first began truly to love. Then I learned the just

ness of thought, the beautiful candor, the perfectly feminine delicacy of your mind ; and, although I will not say that these qualities were not enhanced in the eyes of so young a man, by the extreme beauty of their possessor, I will say that, as weighed against each other, I could a thousand times prefer the former to the latter, unequalled as the latter almost is even among your own beautiful sex."

"This is presenting flattery in its most seductive form, Powis."

"Perhaps my incoherent and abrupt manner of explaining myself deserves a rebuke ; though nothing can be further from my intentions than to seem to flatter, or in any manner to exaggerate. I intend merely to give a faithful history of the state of my feelings, and of the progress of my love."

Eve smiled faintly, but sweetly, as Paul would have thought, had the obscurity permitted more than a dim view of her lovely countenance.

"Ought I to listen to such praises, Mr. Powis," she asked ; "praises which only contribute to a self-esteem that is too great already ?"

"No one but yourself would say this ; but your question does, indeed, remind me of the indiscretion that I have fallen into, by losing that command of my feelings in which I have so long exulted. No man should make a woman the *confidante* of his attachment, until he is fully prepared to accompany the declaration with an offer of his hand—and such is not my condition."

Eve made no dramatic start, assumed no look of affected surprise or of wounded dignity ; but she turned on her lover her serene eyes, with an expression of concern so eloquent, and of a wonder so natural, that could he have seen it, it would probably have overcome every difficulty on the spot, and produced the usual offer, notwithstanding the obstacle that he seemed to think insurmountable.

"And yet," he continued, "I have now said so much, involuntarily as it has been, that I feel it not only due to you, but in some measure to myself, to add that the fondest wish of my heart, the end and aim of all my day-dreams, as well as of my most sober thoughts for the future, centre in the common wish to obtain you for a wife."

The eye of Eve fell, and the expression of her countenance changed, while a slight but uncontrollable tremor ran through her frame. After a short pause she summoned all her resolution, and in a voice, the firmness of which surprised even herself, she asked :

“Powis, to what does all this tend?”

“Well may you ask that question, Miss Effingham ! You have every right to put it, and the answer, at least, shall add no further cause of self-reproach. Give me, I entreat you, but a minute to collect my thoughts, and I will endeavor to acquit myself of an imperious duty, in a manner more manly and coherent than I fear has been observed for the last ten minutes.”

They walked a short distance in profound silence, Eve still under the influence of astonishment, in which an uncertain and indefinite dread of, she scarcely knew what, began to mingle ; and Paul, endeavoring to quiet the tumult that had been so suddenly aroused within him. The latter then spoke :

“Circumstances have always deprived me of the happiness of experiencing the tenderness and sympathy of your sex, Miss Effingham, and have thrown me more exclusively among the colder and ruder spirits of my own. My mother died at the time of my birth, thus cutting me off at once from one of the dearest of earthly ties. I am not certain that I do not exaggerate the loss in consequence of the privations I have suffered ; but from the hour when I first learned to feel, I have had a yearning for the tender, patient, endearing, disinterested love of a mother. You, too, suffered a similar loss, at an early period, if I have been correctly informed——”

A sob—a stifled, but painful sob, escaped Eve ; and inexpressibly shocked, Paul ceased dwelling on his own sources of sorrow, to attend to those he had so unintentionally disturbed.

“I have been selfish, dearest Miss Effingham,” he exclaimed—“have overtaxed your patience—have annoyed you with griefs and losses that have no interests for you, which can have no interest, with one happy and blessed as yourself.”

“No, no, no, Powis—you are unjust to both. I, too, lost my mother when a mere child, and never knew her

love and tenderness. Proceed ; I am calmer, and earnestly entreat you to forget my weakness, and to proceed."

Paul did proceed, but this brief interruption in which they had mingled their sorrows for a common misfortune, struck a new chord of feeling, and removed a mountain of reserve and distance that might otherwise have obstructed their growing confidence.

"Cut off in this manner from my nearest and dearest natural friend," Paul continued, "I was thrown, an infant, into the care of hirelings ; and, in this at least my fortune was still more cruel than your own ; for the excellent woman who has been so happy as to have had the charge of your infancy, had nearly the love of a natural mother, however she may have been wanting in the attainments of one of your own condition in life."

"But we had both of us our fathers, Mr. Powis. To me my excellent, high-principled, affectionate—nay tender father, has been everything. Without him, I should have been truly miserable ; and with him, notwithstanding these rebellious tears—tears that I must ascribe to the infection of your own grief—I have been truly blest."

"Mr. Effingham deserves this from you, but I never knew my father, you will remember."

"I am an unworthy confidante, to have forgotten this so soon. Poor Powis, you were, indeed, unhappy !"

"He had parted from my mother before my birth, and either died soon after, or has never deemed his child of sufficient worth to make him the subject of interest sufficient to excite a single inquiry into his fate."

"Then he never knew that child !" burst from Eve, with a fervor and frankness that set all reserves, whether of womanly training or of natural timidity, at defiance.

"Miss Effingham !—dearest Miss Effingham—Eve, my own Eve, what am I to infer from this generous warmth ! Do not mislead me ! I can bear my solitary misery, can brave the sufferings of an isolated existence ; but I could not live under the disappointments of such a hope, a hope fairly quickened by a clear expression from your lips."

"You teach me the importance of caution, Powis, and we will now return to your history, and to that confidence of which I shall not again prove a faithless repository. For the present at least, I beg that you will forget all else."

“A command so kindly—so encouragingly given—do I offend, dearest Miss Effingham?” Eve, for the second time in her life, placed her own light arm and beautiful hand through the arm of Paul, discovering a bewitching but modest reliance on his worth and truth, by the very manner in which she did this simple and every-day act, while she said more cheerfully :

“You forget the substance of the command, at the very moment you would have me suppose you most disposed to obey it.”

“Well, then, Miss Effingham, you shall be more implicitly minded. Why my father left my mother so soon after their union, I never knew. It would seem that they lived together but a few months, though I have the proud consolation of knowing that my mother was blameless. For years I suffered the misery of doubt on a point that is ever the most tender to man—a distrust of his own mother ; but all this has been happily, blessedly cleared up, during my late visit to England. It is true that Lady Dunluce was my mother’s sister, and as such might have been lenient to her failings ; but a letter from my father, that was written only a month before my mother’s death, leaves no doubt not only of her blamelessness as a wife, but bears ample testimony to the sweetness of her disposition. This letter is a precious document for a son to possess, Miss Effingham !”

Eve made no answer ; but Paul fancied that he felt another gentle pressure of the hand, which, until then, had rested so lightly on his own arm, that he scarcely dared to move the latter, lest he might lose the precious consciousness of its presence.

“I have other letters from my father to my mother,” the young man continued, “but none that are so cheering to my heart as this. From their general tone, I cannot persuade myself that he ever truly loved her. It is a cruel thing, Miss Effingham, for a man to deceive a woman on a point like that !”

“Cruel, indeed,” said Eve, firmly. “Death itself were preferable to such a delusion.”

“I think my father deceived himself as well as my mother ; for there is a strange incoherence and a want of distinctness in some of his letters, that caused feelings, keen

as mine naturally were on such a subject, to distrust his affection from the first."

"Was your mother rich?" Eve asked innocently, for, an heiress herself, her vigilance had early been directed to that great motive of deception and dishonesty.

"Not in the least. She had little beside her high lineage and her beauty. I have her picture, which sufficiently proves the latter; had, I ought rather to say, for it was her miniature of which I was robbed by the Arabs, as you may remember, and I have not seen it since. In the way of money, my mother had barely the competency of a gentlewoman; nothing more."

The pressure on Paul was more palpable, as he spoke of the miniature; and he ventured to touch his companion's arm in order to give it a surer hold of his own.

"Mr. Powis was not mercenary, then, and it is a great deal," said Eve, speaking as if she was scarcely conscious that she spoke at all.

"Mr. Powis! He was everything that was noble and disinterested. A more generous, or a less selfish man, never existed than Francis Powis."

"I thought you never knew your father personally!" exclaimed Eve in surprise.

"Nor did I. But you are in error, supposing that my father's name was Powis, when it was Assheton."

Paul then explained the manner in which he had been adopted, while still a child, by a gentleman called Powis, whose name he had taken on finding himself deserted by his own natural parent, and to whose fortune he had succeeded on the death of his voluntary protector.

"I bore the name of Assheton until Mr. Powis took me to France, when he advised me to assume his own, which I did the more readily as he thought he had ascertained that my father was dead, and that he had bequeathed the whole of a very considerable estate to his nephews and nieces, making no allusion to me in his will, and seemingly anxious even to deny his marriage; at least he passed among his acquaintances for a bachelor to his dying day."

"There is something so unusual and inexplicable in all this, Mr. Powis, that it strikes me you have been to blame in not inquiring more closely into the circumstances than, by your own account, I should think had been done."

“For a long time, for many bitter years, I was afraid to inquire, lest I should learn something injurious to a mother’s name. Then there was the arduous and confined service of my profession, which kept me in distant seas ; and the last journey and painful indisposition of my excellent benefactor prevented even the wish to inquire after my own family. The offended pride of Mr. Powis, who was justly hurt at the cavalier manner in which my father’s relatives met his advances, aided in alienating me from that portion of my relatives, and put a stop to all additional proffers of intercourse from me. They even affected to doubt the fact that my father had ever married.”

“But of that you had proof ?” Eve earnestly asked.

“Unanswerable. My aunt Dunluce was present at the ceremony, and I possess the certificate given to my mother by the clergyman who officiated. Is it not strange, Miss Effingham, that with all these circumstances in favor of my legitimacy, even Lady Dunluce and her family, until lately, had doubts of the fact ?”

“That is indeed unaccountable, your aunt having witnessed the ceremony.”

“Very true ; but some circumstances, a little aided perhaps by the strong desire of her husband, General Ducie, to obtain the revival of a barony that was in abeyance, and of which she would be the only heir, assuming that my rights were invalid, inclined her to believe that my father was already married when he entered into the solemn contract with my mother. But from that curse, too, I have been happily relieved.”

“Poor Powis !” said Eve, with a sympathy that her voice expressed more clearly even than her words ; “you have, indeed, suffered cruelly, for one so young.”

“I have learned to bear it, dearest Miss Effingham, and have stood so long a solitary and isolated being ; one in whom none have taken any interest——”

“Nay, say not that ; we, at least, have always felt an interest in you—have always esteemed you, and now have learned to——”

“Learned to—— ?”

“Love you,” said Eve, with a steadiness that afterward astonished herself ; but she felt that a being so placed was entitled to be treated with a frankness different from the

reserve that it is usual for her sex to observe on similar occasions.

“Love!” cried Paul, dropping her arm. “Miss Effingham!—Eve—but that *we!*”

“I mean my dear father—Cousin Jack—myself.”

“Such a feeling will not heal a wound like mine. A love that is shared with even such men as your excellent father and your worthy cousin will not make me happy. But why should I, unowned, bearing a name to which I have no legal title, and virtually without relatives, aspire to one like you?”

The windings of the path had brought them near a window of the house, whence a stream of strong light gleamed upon the sweet countenance of Eve, as raising her eyes to those of her companion, with a face bathed in tears, and flushed with natural feeling and modesty, the struggle between which even heightened her loveliness, she smiled an encouragement that it was impossible to misconstrue.

“Can I believe my senses? Will you—do you—can you listen to the suit of one like me?” the young man exclaimed, as he hurried his companion past the window, lest some interruption might destroy his hopes.

“Is there any sufficient reason why I should not, Powis?”

“Nothing but my unfortunate situation in respect to my family, my comparative poverty, and my general unworthiness.”

“Your unfortunate situation in respect to your relatives would, if anything, be a new and dearer tie with us; your comparative poverty is merely comparative, and can be of no account where there is sufficient already; and as for your general unworthiness, I fear it will find more than an offset in that of the girl you have so rashly chosen from the rest of the world.”

“Eve—dearest Eve,” said Paul, seizing both her hands, and stopping her at the entrance of some shrubbery that densely shaded the path, and where the little light that fell from the stars enabled him still to trace her features—“you will not leave me in doubt on a subject of this nature—am I really so blessed?”

“If accepting the faith and affection of a heart that is wholly yours, Powis, can make you happy, your sorrows will be at an end——”

“But your father?” said the young man, almost breathless in his eagerness to know all.

“Is here to confirm what his daughter has just declared,” said Mr. Effingham, coming out of the shrubbery beyond them, and laying a hand kindly on Paul’s shoulder. “To find that you so well understand each other, Powis, removes from my mind one of the greatest anxieties I have ever experienced. My Cousin John, as he was bound to do, has made me acquainted with all you have told him of your past life, and there remains nothing further to be revealed. We have known you for years, and receive you into our family with as free a welcome as we could receive any precious boon from Providence.”

“Mr. Effingham!—dear sir,” said Paul, almost gasping between surprise and rapture—“this is indeed beyond all my hopes; and this generous frankness, too, in your lovely daughter——”

Paul’s hands had been transferred to those of the father, he knew not how; but releasing them hurriedly he now turned in quest of Eve again, and found she had fled. In the short interval between the address of her father and the words of Paul she had found means to disappear, leaving the gentlemen together. The young man would have followed, but the cooler head of Mr. Effingham perceiving that the occasion was favorable to a private conversation with his accepted son-in-law, and quite as unfavorable to one, or at least to a very rational one, between the lovers, he quietly took the young man’s arm, and led him toward a more private walk. There half an hour of confidential discourse calmed the feelings of both, and rendered Paul Powis one of the happiest of human beings.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behavior.”—HAMLET.

ANN SIDLEY was engaged among the dresses of Eve, as she loved to be, although Annette held her taste in too low

estimation ever to permit her to apply a needle, or even to fit a robe to the beautiful form that was to wear it, when our heroine glided into the room, and sank upon a sofa. Eve was too much absorbed with her own feelings to observe the presence of her quiet, unobtrusive old nurse, and too much accustomed to her care and sympathy to heed it, had it been seen. For a moment she remained, her face still suffused with blushes, her hands lying before her folded, her eyes fixed on the ceiling, and then the pent emotions found an outlet in a flood of tears.

Poor Ann could not have felt more shocked had she heard of any unexpected calamity, than she was at this sudden outburst of feeling in her child. She went to her, and bent over her with the solicitude of a mother, as she inquired into the causes of her apparent sorrow.

"Tell me, Miss Eve, and it will relieve your mind," said the faithful woman; "your dear mother had such feelings sometimes, and I never dared to question her about them; but you are my own child, and nothing can grieve you without grieving me."

The eyes of Eve were brilliant, her face continued to be suffused, and the smile which she gave through her tears was so bright, as to leave her poor attendant in deep perplexity as to the cause of a gush of feeling that was very unusual in one of the other's regulated mind.

"It is not grief, dear Nanny,"—Eve at length murmured—"anything but that! I am not unhappy. Oh! no; as far from unhappiness as possible."

"God be praised it is so, ma'am! I was afraid that this affair of the English gentleman and Miss Grace might not prove agreeable to you, for he has not behaved as handsomely as he might in that transaction."

"And why not, my poor Nanny? I have neither claim, nor the wish to possess a claim, on Sir George Templemore. His selection of my cousin has given me sincere satisfaction, rather than pain; were he a countryman of our own, I should say unalloyed satisfaction, for I firmly believe he will strive to make her happy."

Nanny now looked at her young mistress, then at the floor; at her young mistress again, and afterward at a rocket that was sailing athwart the sky. Her eyes, however, returned to those of Eve, and encouraged by the

bright beam of happiness that was glowing in the countenance she so much loved, she ventured to say :

“ If Mr. Powis were a more presuming gentleman than he is, ma’am——”

“ You mean a less modest, Nanny,” said Eve, perceiving that her nurse paused.

“ Yes, ma’am—one that thought more of himself, and less of other people, is what I wish to say.”

“ And were this the case ?”

“ I might think he would find the heart to say what I know he feels.”

“ And did he find the heart to say what you know he feels, what does Ann Sidley think should be my answer ?”

“ Oh, ma’am, I know it would be just as it ought to be. I cannot repeat what ladies say on such occasions, but I know that it is what makes the hearts of the gentlemen leap for joy.”

There are occasions in which woman can hardly dispense with the sympathy of woman. Eve loved her father most tenderly ; had more than the usual confidence in him, for she had never known a mother ; but had the present conversation been with him, notwithstanding all her reliance on his affection, her nature would have shrunk from pouring out her feelings as freely as she might have done with her other parent, had not death deprived her of such a blessing. Between our heroine and Ann Sidley, on the other hand, there existed a confidence of a nature so peculiar, as to require a word of explanation before we exhibit its effects. In all that related to physical wants, Ann had been a mother, or even more than a mother, to Eve, and this alone had induced great personal dependence in the one, and a sort of supervisory care in the other, that had brought her to fancy she was responsible for the bodily health and well-doing of her charge. But this was not all. Nanny had been the repository of Eve’s childish griefs, the confidante of her girlish secrets ; and though the years of the latter soon caused her to be placed under the management of those who were better qualified to store her mind, this communication never ceased ; the high-toned and educated young woman reverting with unabated affection, and a reliance that nothing could shake, to the long-tried tenderness of the being who had watched over her infancy.

The effect of such an intimacy was often amusing ; the one party bringing to the conferences a mind filled with the knowledge suited to her sex and station, habits that had been formed in the best circles of Christendom, and tastes that had been acquired in schools of high reputation ; and the other, little more than her single-hearted love, a fidelity that ennobled her nature, and a simplicity that betokened perfect purity of thought. Nor was this extraordinary confidence without its advantages to Eve ; for, thrown so early among the artificial and calculating it served to keep her own ingenuousness of character active, and prevented that cold, selfish, and unattractive sophistication, that mere women of fashion are apt to fall into, from their isolated and factitious mode of existence. When Eve, therefore, put the questions to her nurse that have already been mentioned, it was more with a real wish to know how the latter would view a choice on which her own mind was so fully made up, than any silly trifling on a subject that engrossed so much of her best affections.

“But you have not told me, dear Nanny,” she continued, “what you would have that answer be. Ought I, for instance, ever to quit my beloved father ?”

“What necessity would there be for that, ma’am ? Mr. Powis has no home of his own ; and, for that matter, scarcely any country——”

“How can you know this, Nanny ?” demanded Eve, with the jealous sensitiveness of a young love.

“Why, Miss Eve, his man says this much, and he has lived with him long enough to know it, if he had a home. Now, I seldom sleep without looking back at the day, and often have my thoughts turned to Sir George Templemore and Mr. Powis ; and when I have remembered that the first had a house and a home, and that the last had neither, it has always seemed to me that he ought to be the one.”

“And then, in all this matter, you have thought of convenience, and what might be agreeable to others, rather than of me.”

“Miss Eve !”

“Nay, dearest Nanny, forgive me ; I know your last thought, in everything, is for yourself. But, surely, the mere circumstance that he had no home, ought not to be a

sufficient reason for selecting any man for a husband. With most women it would be an objection."

"I pretend to know very little of these feelings, Miss Eve. I have been wooed, I acknowledge; and once I do think I might have been tempted to marry, had it not been for a particular circumstance."

"You! You marry, Ann Sidley!" exclaimed Eve, to whom the bare idea seemed as odd and unnatural as that her own father should forget her mother and take a second wife. "This is altogether new, and I should be glad to know what the lucky circumstance was which prevented what, to me, might have proved so great a calamity."

"Why, ma'am, I said to myself, what does a woman do who marries? She vows to quit all else to go with her husband, and to love him before father and mother, and all other living beings on earth—is it not so, Miss Eve?"

"I believe it is so, indeed, Nanny; nay, I am quite certain it is so," Eve answered, the color deepening on her cheek, as she gave this opinion to her old nurse, with the inward consciousness that she had just experienced some of the happiest moments of her life, through the admission of a passion that thus overshadowed all the natural affections. "It is, truly, as you say."

"Well, ma'am, I investigated my feelings, I believe they call it, and after a proper trial, I found that I loved you so much better than any one else, that I could not, in conscience, make the vows."

"Dearest Nanny! my kind, good, faithful old nurse! let me hold you in my arms; and I, selfish, thoughtless, heartless girl, would forget the circumstance that would be most likely to keep us together, for the remainder of our lives! Hist! there is a tap at the door. It is Mrs. Bloomfield; I know her light step. Admit her, my kind Ann, and leave us together."

The bright searching eye of Mrs. Bloomfield was riveted on her young friend, as she advanced into the room; and her smile, usually so gay and sometimes ironical, was now thoughtful and kind.

"Well, Miss Effingham," she cried, in a manner that her looks contradicted, "am I to condole with you, or to con-

gratulate? For a more sudden or miraculous change did I never before witness in a young lady, though whether it be for the better or the worse—These are ominous words, too—for ‘better or worse, for richer or poorer’—”

“You are in fine spirits this evening, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, and appear to have entered into the gaieties of the Fun of Fire with all your—”

“Might, will be a homely, but an expressive word. Your Templeton Fun of Fire is fiery fun, for it has cost us something like a general conflagration. Mrs. Hawker has been near a downfall, like your great namesake, by a serpent’s coming too near her dress; one barn, I hear, has actually been in a blaze, and Sir George Templemore’s heart is in cinders. Mr. John Effingham has been telling me that he should not have been a bachelor had there been two Mrs. Bloomfields in the world, and Mr. Powis looks like a rafter dug out of Herculaneum, nothing but coal.”

“And what occasions this pleasantry?” asked Eve, so composed in manner that her friend was momentarily deceived.

Mrs. Bloomfield took a seat on the sofa, by the side of our heroine, and regarding her steadily for near a minute, she continued—

“Hypocrisy and Eve Effingham can have little in common, and my ears must have deceived me.”

“Your ears, dear Mrs. Bloomfield?”

—“My ears, dear Miss Effingham. I very well know the character of an eavesdropper, but if gentlemen will make passionate declarations in the walks of a garden, with nothing but a little shrubbery between their ardent declarations and the curiosity of those who may happen to be passing, they must expect to be overheard.”

Eve’s color had gradually increased as her friend proceeded, and when the other ceased speaking, as bright a bloom glowed on her countenance as had shone there when she first entered the room.

“May I ask the meaning of all this?” she said, with an effort to appear calm.

“Certainly, my dear; and you shall also know the feelings that prompt it, as well as the meaning,” returned Mrs. Bloomfield, kindly taking Eve’s hand in a way to show that she did not mean to trifle further on a subject

that was of so much moment to her young friend. "Mr. John Effingham and myself were star-gazing at a point where two walks approach each other, just as you and Mr. Powis were passing in the adjoining path. Without absolutely stopping our ears, it was quite impossible not to hear a portion of your conversation. We both tried to behave honorably; for I coughed, and your kinsman actually hemmed, but we were unheeded."

"Coughed and hemmed!" repeated Eve, in greater confusion than ever. "There must be some mistake, dear Mrs. Bloomfield, as I remember to have heard no such signals."

"Quite likely, my love, for there was a time when I too had ears for only one voice; but you can have affidavits to the fact, *à la mode de New England*, if you require them. Do not mistake my motive, nevertheless, Miss Effingham, which is anything but vulgar curiosity"—here Mrs. Bloomfield looked so kind and friendly, that Eve took both her hands and pressed them to her heart—"you are motherless; without even a single female connection of a suitable age to consult with on such an occasion, and fathers after all are but men——"

"Mine is as kind, and delicate, and tender, as any woman can be, Mrs. Bloomfield."

"I believe it all, though he may not be quite as quick-sighted in an affair of this nature. Am I at liberty to speak to you as if I were an elder sister?"

"Speak, Mrs. Bloomfield, as frankly as you please, but leave me the mistress of my answers."

"It is, then, as I suspected," said Mrs. Bloomfield, in a sort of musing manner; "the men have been won over, and this young creature has absolutely been left without a protector in the most important moment of her life."

"Mrs. Bloomfield!—What does this mean?—What can it mean?"

"It means merely general principles, child; that your father and cousin have been parties concerned, instead of vigilant sentinels; and with all their pretended care, that you have been left to grope your way in the darkness of female uncertainty, with one of the most pleasing young men in the country constantly before you, to help the obscurity."

It is a dreadful moment when we are taught to doubt the worth of those we love ; and Eve became pale as death as she listened to the words of her friend. Once before, on the occasion of Paul's return to England, she had felt a pang of that sort, though reflection, and a calm revision of all his acts and words since they first met in Germany, had enabled her to get the better of indecision, and when she first saw him on the mountain, nearly every unpleasant apprehension and distrust had been dissipated by an effort of pure reason. His own explanations had cleared up the unpleasant affair, and from that moment she had regarded him altogether with the eyes of a confiding partiality. The speech of Mrs. Bloomfield now sounded like words of doom to her, and for an instant her friend was frightened with the effects of her own imperfect communication. Until that moment Mrs. Bloomfield had formed no just idea of the extent to which the feelings of Eve were interested in Paul, for she had but an imperfect knowledge of their early association in Europe, and she sincerely repented having introduced the subject at all. It was too late to retreat, however, and first folding Eve in her arms, and kissing her cold forehead, she hastened to repair a part, at least, of the mischief she had done.

"My words have been too strong, I fear," she said, "but such is my general horror of the manner in which the young of our sex, in this country, are abandoned to the schemes of the designing and selfish of the other, that I am, perhaps, too sensitive when I see any one that I love thus exposed. You are known, my dear, to be one of the richest heiresses of the country ; and I blush to say that no accounts of European society that we have, make fortune-hunting a more regular occupation there, than it has got to be here."

The paleness left Eve's face, and a look of slight displeasure succeeded.

"Mr. Powis is no fortune-hunter, Mrs. Bloomfield," she said, steadily ; "his whole conduct for three years has been opposed to such a character ; and then, though absolutely not rich, perhaps, he has a gentleman's income, and is removed from the necessity of being reduced to such an act of baseness."

"I perceive my error, but it is now too late to retreat."

I do not say that Mr. Powis is a fortune-hunter, but there are circumstances connected with his history that you ought at least to know, and that immediately. I have chosen to speak to you, rather than to speak to your father, because I thought you might like a female confidante on such occasion, in preference even to your excellent natural protector. The idea of Mrs. Hawker occurred to me on account of her age ; but I did not feel authorized to communicate to her a secret of which I had myself become so accidentally possessed."

"I appreciate your motive fully, dearest Mrs. Bloomfield," said Eve, smiling with all her native sweetness, and greatly relieved, for she now began to think that too keen a sensitiveness on the subject of Paul had unnecessarily alarmed her, "and beg there may be no reserves between us. If you know a reason why Mr. Powis should not be received as a suitor, I entreat you to mention it."

"Is he Mr. Powis at all?"

Again Eve smiled, to Mrs. Bloomfield's great surprise, for, as the latter had put the question with sincere reluctance, she was astonished at the coolness with which it was received.

"He is not Mr. Powis legally, perhaps, though he might be, but that he dislikes the publicity of an application to the legislature. His paternal name is Assheton."

"You know his history, then?"

"There has been no reserve on the part of Mr. Powis ; least of all, any deception."

Mrs. Bloomfield appeared perplexed, even distressed ; and there was a brief space, during which her mind was undecided as to the course she ought to take. That she had committed an error by attempting a consultation, in a matter of the heart, with one of her own sex, after the affections were engaged, she discovered when it was too late ; but she prized Eve's friendship too much, and had too just a sense of what was due to herself, to leave the affair where it was, or without clearing up her own unasked agency in it.

"I rejoice to learn this," she said, as soon as her doubts had ended, "for frankness, while it is one of the safest, is one of the most beautiful traits in human character ; but

beautiful though it be, it is one that the other sex uses least to our own."

"Is our own too ready to use it to the other?"

"Perhaps not; it might be better for both parties were there less deception practised during the period of courtship, generally; but as this is hopeless, and might destroy some of the most pleasing illusions of life, we will not enter into a treatise on the frauds of Cupid. Now to my own confessions, which I make all the more willingly, because I know they are uttered to the ear of one of a forgiving temperament, and who is disposed to view even my follies favorably."

The kind but painful smile of Eve assured the speaker she was not mistaken, and she continued, after taking time to read the expression of the countenance of her young friend—

"In common with all of New York, that town of babbling misses, who prattle as water flows, without consciousness or effort, and of whiskered masters, who fancy Broadway the world, and the flirtations of miniature drawing-rooms human nature, I believed, on your return from Europe, that an accepted suitor followed in your train in the person of Sir George Templemore."

"Nothing in my deportment, or in that of Sir George, or in that of any of my family, could justly have given rise to such a notion," said Eve, quickly.

"Justly! What has justice, or truth, or even probability, to do with a report of which love and matrimony are the themes? Do you not know society better than to fancy this improbability, child?"

"I know that our own sex would better consult their own dignity and respectability, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, if they talked less of such matters; and that they would be more apt to acquire the habits of good taste, not to say of good principles, if they confined their strictures more to things and sentiments than they do, and meddled less with persons."

"And pray, is there no tittle-tattle, no scandal, no commenting on one's neighbors, in other civilized nations besides this?"

"Unquestionably; though I believe, as a rule, it is every-

where thought to be inherently vulgar, and a proof of low associations."

"In that we are perfectly of a mind; for if there be anything that betrays a consciousness of inferiority, it is our rendering others of so much obvious importance to ourselves as to make them the subjects of our constant conversation. We may speak of virtues, for therein we pay a homage to that which is good; but when we come to dwell on personal faults, it is rather a proof that we have a silent conviction of the superiority of the subject of our comments to ourselves, either in character, talents, social position, or something else that is deemed essential, than of our distaste for his failings. Who, for instance, talks scandal of his grocer or of his shoemaker? No, no, our pride forbids this; we always make our betters the subjects of our strictures by preference, taking up with our equals only when we can get none of a higher class."

"This quite reconciles me to having been given to Sir George Templemore by the world of New York," said Eve, smiling.

"And well it may, for they who have prattled of your engagement, have done so principally because they are incapable of maintaining a conversation on anything else. But, all this time I fear I stand accused in your mind of having given advice unasked, and of feeling an alarm in an affair that affected others instead of myself, which is the very sin that we lay at the door of our worthy Manhattanese. In common with all around me, then, I fancied Sir George Templemore an accepted lover, and, by habit, had got to associate you together in my pictures. On my arrival here, however, I will confess that Mr. Powis, whom you will remember I had never seen before, struck me as much the most dangerous man. Shall I own all my absurdity?"

"Even to the smallest shade."

"Well, then, I confess to having supposed that, while the excellent father believed you were in a fair way to become Lady Templemore, the equally excellent daughter thought the other suitor infinitely the most agreeable person."

"What! in contempt of a betrothal?"

"Of course I at once ascribed that part of the report to

the usual embellishments. We do not like to be deceived in our calculations, or to discover that even our gossip has misled us. In pure resentment at my own previous delusion, I began to criticise this Mr. Powis——”

“Criticise, Mrs. Bloomfield !”

“To find fault with him, my dear ; to try to think he was not just the handsomest and most engaging young man I had ever seen ; to imagine what he ought to be, in place of what he was ; and among other things, to inquire who he was ?”

“You did not think proper to ask that question of any of us,” said Eve, gravely.

“I did not ; for I discovered by instinct, or intuition, or conjecture—they mean pretty much the same thing, I believe—that there was a mystery about him ; something that even his Templeton friends did not quite understand, and a lucky thought occurred of making my inquiries of another person.”

“They were answered satisfactorily,” said Eve, looking up at her friend with the artless confidence that marks her sex, when the affections have got the mastery of reason.

“*Cosi, cosi.* Bloomfield has a brother who is in the Navy, as you know, and I happened to remember that he had once spoken of an officer of the name of Powis, who had performed a clever thing in the West Indies, when they were employed together against the pirates. I wrote to him one of my usual letters, that are compounded of all things in nature and art, and took an occasion to allude to a certain Mr. Paul Powis, with a general remark that he had formerly served, together with a particular inquiry if he knew anything about him. All this, no doubt, you think very officious ; but believe me, dear Eve, where there was as much interest as I felt and feel in you, it was very natural.”

“So far from entertaining resentment, I am grateful for your concern, especially as I know it was manifested cautiously, and without any unpleasant allusions to third persons.”

“In that respect I believe I did pretty well. Tom Bloomfield—I beg his pardon, Captain Bloomfield, for so he calls himself at present—knows Mr. Powis well ; or, rather did know him, for they have not met for years, and

he speaks of his personal qualities and professional merit highly, but takes occasion to remark that there was some mystery connected with his birth, as before he joined the service he understood he was called Assheton, and at a later day, Powis, and this without any public law, or public avowal of a motive. Now, it struck me that Eve Effingham ought not to be permitted to form a connection with a man so unpleasantly situated, without being apprised of the fact. I was waiting for a proper occasion to do this ungrateful office myself, when accident made me acquainted with what has passed this evening, and perceiving that there was no time to lose, I came hither, more led by interest in you, my dear, perhaps, than by discretion."

"I thank you sincerely for this kind concern in my welfare, dear Mrs. Bloomfield, and give you full credit for the motive. Will you permit me to inquire how much you know of that which passed this evening?"

"Simply that Mr. Powis is desperately in love—a declaration that I take is always dangerous to the peace of mind of a young woman, when it comes from a very engaging young man."

"And my part of the dialogue——" Eve blushed to the eyes as she asked this question, though she made a great effort to appear calm—"my answer?"

"There was too much woman in me—of true, genuine, loyal, native woman, Miss Effingham, to listen to that, had there been an opportunity. We were but a moment near enough to hear anything, though that moment sufficed to let us know the state of feelings of the gentleman. I ask no confidences, my dear Eve, and now that I have made my explanations, lame though they be, I will kiss you and repair to the drawing-room, where we shall both be soon missed. Forgive me, if I have seemed impertinent in my interferences, and continue to ascribe it to its true motive."

"Stop, Mrs. Bloomfield, I entreat, for a single moment; I wish to say a word before we part. As you have been accidentally made acquainted with Mr. Powis's sentiments toward me, it is no more than just that you should know the nature of mine toward him——"

Eve paused involuntarily, for though she had commenced her explanation with a firm intention to do justice to Paul, the bashfulness of her sex held her tongue tied, at

the very moment her desire to speak was the strongest. An effort conquered the weakness, and the warm-hearted, generous-minded girl succeeded in commanding her voice.

"I cannot allow you to go away with the impression that there is a shade of any sort on the conduct of Mr. Powis," she said. "So far from desiring to profit by the accidents that have placed it in his power to render us such essential service, he has never spoken of his love until this evening, and then under circumstances in which feeling, naturally, perhaps I might say uncontrollably, got the ascendancy."

"I believe it all, for I feel certain Eve Effingham would not bestow her heart heedlessly."

"Heart!—Mrs. Bloomfield!"

"Heart, my dear; and now I insist on the subject being dropped, at least for the present. Your decision is probably not yet made—you are not yet an hour in possession of your suitor's secret, and prudence demands deliberation. I shall hope to see you in the drawing-room, and until then, adieu."

Mrs. Bloomfield signed for silence, and quitted the room with the same light tread as that with which she had entered it.

CHAPTER XXV.

"To show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Mrs. Bloomfield entered the drawing-room, she found nearly the whole party assembled. The Fun of Fire had ceased, and the rockets no longer gleamed athwart the sky; but the blaze of artificial light within was more than a substitute for that which had so lately existed without.

Mr. Effingham and Paul were conversing by themselves in a window-seat, while John Effingham, Mrs. Hawker, and Mr. Howel were in an animated discussion on a sofa; Mr. Wenham had also joined the party, and was occupied with Captain Ducie, though not so much so as to prevent occasional glances at the trio just mentioned.

Sir George Templemore and Grace Van Cortlandt were walking together in the great hall, and were visible through the open door as they passed and repassed.

"I am glad of your appearance among us, Mrs. Bloomfield," said John Effingham, "for certainly more Anglomania never existed than that which my good friend Howel manifests this evening, and I have hopes that your eloquence may persuade him out of some of those notions, on which my logic has fallen like seed scattered by the wayside."

"I can have little hopes of success where Mr. John Effingham has failed."

"I am far from being certain of that; for, somehow, Howel has taken up the notion that I have got a grudge against England, and he listens to all I say with distrust and distaste."

"Mr. John uses strong language habitually, ma'am," cried Mr. Howel, "and you will make some allowances for a vocabulary that has no very mild terms in it; though, to be frank, I do confess that he seems prejudiced on the subject of that great nation."

"What is the point in immediate controversy, gentlemen?" asked Mrs. Bloomfield, taking a seat.

"Why, here is a review of a late American work, ma'am, and I insist that the author is skinned alive, whereas Mr. John insists that the reviewer exposes only his own rage, the work having a national character, and running counter to the reviewer's feelings and interest."

"Nay, I protest against this statement of the case, for I affirm that the reviewer exposes a great deal more than his rage, since his imbecility, ignorance, and dishonesty are quite as apparent as anything else."

"I have read the article," said Mrs. Bloomfield, after glancing her eye at the periodical, "and I must say that I take sides with Mr. John Effingham in his opinion of its character."

"But do you not perceive, ma'am, that this is the idol of the nobility and gentry; the work that is more in favor with people of consequence in England than any other? Bishops are said to write for it!"

"I know it is a work expressly established to sustain one of the most factitious political systems that ever ex-

isted, and that it sacrifices every high quality to attain its end."

"Mrs. Bloomfield, you amaze me! The first writers of Great Britain figure in its pages."

"That I much question, in the first place; but even if it were so, it would be but a shallow mystification. Although a man of character might write one article in a work of this nature, it does not follow that a man of no character does not write the next. The principles of the communications of a periodical are as different as their talents."

"But the editor is a pledge for all.—The editor of this Review is an eminent writer himself."

"An eminent writer may be a very great knave in the first place, and one fact is worth a thousand conjectures in such a matter. But we do not know that there is any responsible editor to works of this nature at all, for there is no names given in the title-page, and nothing is more common than vague declarations of a want of this very responsibility. But if I can prove to you that this article cannot have been written by a man of common honesty, Mr. Howel, what will you then say to the responsibility of your editor?"

"In that case I shall be compelled to admit that he had no connection with it."

"Anything in preference to giving up the beloved idol!" said John Effingham, laughing. "Why not add at once that he is as great a knave as the writer himself? I am glad, however, that Tom Howel has fallen into such good hands, Mrs. Bloomfield, and I devoutly pray you may not spare him."

We have said that Mrs. Bloomfield had a rapid perception of things and principles, that amounted almost to intuition. She had read the article in question, and as she glanced her eyes through its pages, had detected its fallacies and falsehoods in almost every sentence. Indeed, they had not been put together with ordinary skill, the writer having evidently presumed on the easiness of the class of readers who generally swallowed his round assertions, and were so clumsily done, that any one who had not the faith to move mountains would have seen through most of them without difficulty. But Mr. Howel belonged to another school, and he was so much accustomed to shut

his eyes to the palpable mystification mentioned by Mrs. Bloomfield that a lie, which, advanced in most works, would have carried no weight with it, advanced in this particular periodical became elevated to the dignity of truth.

Mrs. Bloomfield turned to an article on America, in the periodical in question, and read from it several disparaging expressions concerning Mr. Howel's native country, one of which was "The American's first plaything is the rattlesnake's tail."

"Now, what do you think of this assertion, in particular, Mr. Howel?" she asked, reading the words we have just quoted.

"Oh! that is said in mere pleasantry—it is only wit."

"Well, then, what do you think of it as wit?"

"Well, well, it may not be of a very pure water, but the best of men are unequal at all times, and more especially in their wit."

"Here," continued Mrs. Bloomfield, pointing to another paragraph, "is a positive statement or misstatement, which makes the cost of the 'civil department of the United States Government,' about six times more than it really is."

"Our government is so extremely mean that I ascribe that error to generosity."

"Well," continued the lady, smiling, "here the reviewer asserts that Congress passed a law limiting the size of certain ships, in order to please the democracy; and that the Executive privately evaded this law, and built vessels of a much greater size; whereas the provision of the law is just the contrary, or that the ships should not be less than of seventy-four guns; a piece of information, by the way, that I obtained from Mr. Powis."

"Ignorance, ma'am; a stranger cannot be supposed to know all the laws of a foreign country."

"Then why make bold and false assertions about them that are intended to discredit the country? Here is another assertion—'ten thousand of the men that fought at Waterloo would have marched through North America!' Do you believe that, Mr. Howel?"

"But that is merely an opinion, Mrs. Bloomfield; any man may be wrong in his opinion."

“Very true, but it is an opinion uttered in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight ; and after the battles of Bunker Hill, Cowpens, Plattsburg, Saratoga, and New Orleans ! And, moreover, after it had been proved that something very like ten thousand of the identical men who fought at Waterloo could not march even ten miles into the country.”

“Well, well, all this shows that the reviewer is sometimes mistaken.”

“Your pardon, Mr. Howel ; I think it shows, according to your own admission, that his wit, or rather its wit, for there is no *his* about it—that its wit is of a very indifferent quality as witticisms even ; that it is ignorant of what it pretends to know ; and that its opinions are no better than its knowledge : all of which, when fairly established against one who, by his very pursuit, professes to know more than other people, is very much like making it appear contemptible.”

“This is going back eight or ten years—let us look more particularly at the article about which the discussion commences.”

“*Volontiers.*”

Mrs. Bloomfield now sent to the library for the work reviewed, and opening the review she read some of its strictures ; and then turning to the corresponding passages in the work itself, she pointed out the unfairness of the quotations, the omissions of the context, and in several flagrant instances, witticisms of the reviewer that were purchased at the expense of the English language. She next showed several of those audacious assertions for which the particular periodical was so remarkable, leaving no doubt with any candid person, that they were purchased at the expense of truth.

“But here is an instance that will scarce admit of cavilling or objection on your part, Mr. Howel,” she continued, “do me the favor to read the passage in the review.”

Mr. Howel complied, and when he had done he looked expectingly at the lady.

“The effect of the reviewer’s statement is to make it appear that the author has contradicted himself, is it not ?”

“Certainly, nothing can be plainer.”

“According to your favorite reviewer, who accuses him

of it, in terms. Now let us look at the fact. Here is the passage in the work itself. In the first place, you will remark that this sentence which contains the alleged contradiction, is mutilated; the part which is omitted, giving a directly contrary meaning to it, from that it bears under the reviewer's scissors."

"It has some such appearance, I do confess."

"Here you perceive that the closing sentence of the same paragraph, and which refers directly to the point at issue, is displaced, made to appear as belonging to a separate paragraph, and as conveying a different meaning from what the author has actually expressed."

"Upon my word, I do not know but you are right!"

"Well, Mr. Howel, we have had wit of no very pure water, ignorance as relates to facts, and mistakes as regards very positive assertions. In what category, as Captain Truck would say, do you place this?"

"Why does not the author reviewed expose this?"

"Why does not a gentleman wrangle with a detected pickpocket?"

"It is literary swindling," said John Effingham, "and the man who did it is inherently a knave."

"I think both these facts quite beyond dispute," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, laying down Mr. Howel's favorite review with an air of cool contempt; "and I must say I did not think it necessary to prove the general character of the work, at this late date, to any American of ordinary intelligence, much less to a sensible man like Mr. Howel."

"But, ma'am, there may be much truth and justice in the rest of its remarks," returned the pertinacious Mr. Howel, "although it has fallen into these mistakes."

"Were you ever on a jury, Howel?" asked John Effingham, in his caustic manner.

"Often, and on grand juries, too."

"Well, did the judge never tell you, when a witness is detected in lying on one point, that his testimony is valueless on all others?"

"Very true; but this is a review, and not testimony."

"The distinction is certainly a very good one," resumed Mrs. Bloomfield, laughing, "as nothing, in general, can be less like honest testimony than a review!"

"But I think, my dear ma'am, you will allow that all this

is excessively biting and severe. I can't say I ever read anything sharper in my life."

"It strikes me, Mr. Howel, as being nothing but epithets, the cheapest and most contemptible of all species of abuse. Were two men, in your presence, to call each other such names, I think it would excite nothing but disgust in your mind. When the thought is clear and poignant, there is little need to have recourse to mere epithets. Indeed, men never use the latter, except when there is a deficiency of the first."

"Well, well, my friends," cried Mr. Howel, as he walked away toward Grace and Sir George, "this is a different thing from what I at first thought it; but still I think you undervalue the periodical."

"I hope this little lesson will cool some of Mr. Howel's faith in foreign morality," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, as soon as the gentleman named was out of hearing; "a more credulous and devout worshipper of the idol I have never before met."

"The school is diminishing, but it is still large. Men like Tom Howel, who have thought in one direction all their lives, are not easily brought to change their notions, especially when the admiration which proceeds from distance—distance, 'that lends enchantment to the view,'—is at the bottom of their faith. Had this very article been written and printed round the corner of the street in which he lives, Howel would be the first to say that it was the production of a fellow without talents or principles, and was unworthy of a second thought."

"I still think he will be a wiser if not a better man, by the exposure of its frauds."

"Not he. If you will excuse a homely and a coarse simile, 'he will return like a dog to his vomit, or the sow to its wallowing in the mire.' I never knew one of that school thoroughly cured, until he became himself the subject of attack, or by a close personal communication was made to feel the superciliousness of European superiority. It is only a week since I had a discussion with him on the subject of the humanity and the relish for liberty in his beloved model; and when I cited the instance of the employment of the tomahawk in the wars between England and this country, he actually affirmed that the Indian sava-

ges killed no women and children but the wives and offspring of their enemies ; and when I told him that the English, like most other people, cared very little for any liberty but their own, he coolly affirmed that their own was the only liberty worth caring for !”

“Oh, yes,” put in young Mr. Wenham, who had overheard the latter portion of the conversation, “Mr. Howel is so thoroughly English, that he actually denies that America is the most civilized country in the world, or that we speak our language better than any nation was ever before known to speak its own language.”

“This is so manifest an act of treason,” said Mrs. Bloomfield, endeavoring to look grave ; for Mr. Wenham was anything but accurate in the use of words himself, commonly pronouncing “been,” “ben,” “does,” “dooze,” “nothing,” “nawthing,” “few,” “foo,” &c., &c., “that, certainly, Mr. Howel should be arraigned at the bar of public opinion for the outrage.”

“It is commonly admitted, even by our enemies, that our mode of speaking is the very best in the world, which, I suppose, is the real reason why our literature has so rapidly reached the top of the ladder.”

“And is that the fact ?” asked Mrs. Bloomfield, with a curiosity that was not in the least feigned.

“I believe no one denies that. You will sustain me in this, I fancy, Mr. Dodge ?”

The editor of the *Active Inquirer* had approached, and was just in time to catch the subject in discussion. Now the modes of speech of these two persons, while they had a great deal in common, had also a great deal that was not in common. Mr. Wenham was a native of New York, and his dialect was a mixture that is getting to be sufficiently general, partaking equally of the Doric of New England, the Dutch cross, and the old English root ; whereas Mr. Dodge spoke the pure, unalloyed Tuscan of his province, rigidly adhering to all its sounds and significations. “Dissipation,” he contended, meant “drunkenness ;” “ugly,” “vicious ;” “clever,” “good-natured ;” and “humbly” (homely), “ugly.” In addition to this finesse in significations, he had a variety of pronunciations that often put strangers at fault, and to which he adhered with a pertinacity that obtained some of its force from the fact that it

exceeded his power to get rid of them. Notwithstanding all these little peculiarities—peculiarities as respects every one but those who dwelt in his own province, Mr. Dodge had also taken up the notion of his superiority on the subject of language, and always treated the matter as one that was placed quite beyond dispute by its publicity and truth.

“The progress of American literature,” returned the editor, “is really astonishing the four quarters of the world. I believe it is very generally admitted, now, that our pulpit and bar are at the very summit of these two professions. Then we have much the best poets of the age, while eleven of our novelists surpass any of all other countries. The American Philosophical Society is, I believe, generally considered the most acute learned body now existing, unless, indeed, the New York Historical Society may compete with it for that honor. Some persons give the palm to one, and some to the other; though I myself think it would be difficult to decide between them. Then to what a pass has the drama risen of late years! Genius is getting to be quite a drug in America!”

“You have forgotten to speak of the press, in particular,” put in the complacent Mr. Wenham. “I think we may more safely pride ourselves on the high character of the press than anything else.”

“Why, to tell you the truth, sir,” answered Steadfast, taking the other by the arm and leading him so slowly away, that a part of what followed was heard by the two amused listeners, “modesty is so infallibly the companion of merit, that we who are engaged in that high pursuit, do not like to say anything in our own favor. You never detect a newspaper in the weakness of extolling itself; but, between ourselves, I may say, after a close examination of the condition of the press in other countries, I have come to the conclusion that, for talents, taste, candor, philosophy, genius, honesty, and truth, the press of the United States stands at the very——”

Here Mr. Dodge passed so far from the listeners, that the rest of the speech became inaudible, though from the well-established modesty of the man and the editor, there can be little doubt of the manner in which he concluded the sentence.

“It is said in Europe,” observed John Effingham, his

fine face expressing the cool sarcasm in which he was so apt to indulge, "that there are *la vieille* and *la jeune France*. I think we have now had pretty fair specimens of old and young America; the first distrusting everything native, even to a potato; and the second distrusting nothing, and least of all, itself."

"There appears to be a sort of pendulum-uneasiness in mankind," said Mrs. Bloomfield, "that keeps opinion always vibrating around the centre of truth, for I think it the rarest thing in the world to find a man or woman who has not a disposition, as soon as an error is abandoned, to fly off into its opposite extreme. From believing we had nothing worthy of a thought, there is a set springing up who appear to have jumped to the conclusion that we have everything."

"Aye, this is one of the reasons that all the rest of the world laugh at us."

"Laugh at us, Mr. Effingham! Even I had supposed the American name had, at last, got to be in good credit in other parts of the world."

"Then even you, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, are notably mistaken. Europe, it is true, is beginning to give us credit for not being quite as bad as she once thought us; but we are far, very far, from being yet admitted to the ordinary level of nations, as respects goodness."

"Surely they give us credit for energy, enterprise, activity——"

"Qualities that they prettily term, rapacity, cunning, and swindling! I am far, very far, however, from giving credit to all that it suits the interests and prejudices of Europe, especially of our venerable kinswoman, Old England, to circulate and think to the prejudice of this country, which, in my poor judgment, has as much substantial merit to boast of as any nation on earth; though, in getting rid of a set of ancient vices and follies, it has not had the sagacity to discover that it is fast falling into pretty tolerable, or, if you like it better, intolerable substitutes."

"What then do you deem our greatest error—our weakest point?"

"Provincialisms, with their train of narrow prejudices, and a disposition to set up mediocrity as perfection, under the double influence of an ignorance that unavoidably

arises from a want of models, and of the irresistible tendency to mediocrity, in a nation where the common mind so imperiously rules."

"But does not the common mind rule everywhere? Is not public opinion always stronger than law?"

"In a certain sense, both these positions may be true. But in a nation like this, without a capital, one that is all provinces, in which intelligence and taste are scattered, this common mind wants the usual direction, and derives its impulses from the force of numbers rather than from the force of knowledge. Hence the fact that the public opinion never or seldom rises to absolute truth. I grant you that, as a mediocrity, it is well; much better than common even; but it is still a mediocrity."

"I see the justice of your remark, and I suppose we are to ascribe the general use of superlatives, which is so very obvious, to these causes."

"Unquestionably; men have got to be afraid to speak the truth, when that truth is a little beyond the common comprehension; and thus it is that you see the fulsome flattery that all the public servants, as they call themselves, resort to, in order to increase their popularity, instead of telling the wholesome facts that are needed."

"And what is to be the result?"

"Heaven knows. While America is so much in advance of other nations in a freedom from prejudices of the old school, it is fast substituting a set of prejudices of its own that are not without serious dangers. We may live through it, and the ills of society may correct themselves, though there is one fact that menaces more evil than anything I could have feared."

"You mean the political struggle between money and numbers, that has so seriously manifested itself of late!" exclaimed the quick-minded and intelligent Mrs. Bloomfield.

"That has its dangers; but there is still another evil of greater magnitude. I allude to the very general disposition to confine political discussions to political men. Thus, the private citizen who should presume to discuss a political question would be deemed fair game for all who thought differently from himself. He would be injured in his pocket, reputation, domestic happiness, if pos-

sible ; for, in this respect, America is much the most intolerant nation I have ever visited. In all other countries in which discussion is permitted at all, there is at least the appearance of fair play, whatever may be done covertly ; but here it seems to be sufficient to justify falsehood, frauds, nay, barefaced rascality, to establish that the injured party has had the audacity to meddle with public questions, not being what the public chooses to call a public man. It is scarcely necessary to say that when such an opinion gets to be effective, it must entirely defeat the real intentions of a popular government."

"Now you mention it," said Mrs. Bloomfield, "I think I have witnessed instances of what you mean."

"Witnessed, dear Mrs. Bloomfield ! Instances are to be seen as often as a man is found freeman enough to have an opinion independent of party. It is not for connecting himself with party that man is denounced in this country, but for daring to connect himself with truth. Party will bear with party, but party will not bear with truth. It is in politics as in war, regiments or individuals may desert, and they will be received by their late enemies with open arms, the honor of a soldier seldom reaching to the pass of refusing succor of any sort ; but both sides will turn and fire on the countrymen who wish merely to defend their homes and firesides."

"You draw disagreeable pictures of human nature, Mr. Effingham."

"Merely because they are true, Mrs. Bloomfield. Man is worse than the beasts, merely because he has a code of right and wrong which he never respects. They talk of the variation of the compass, and even pretend to calculate its changes, though no one can explain the principle that causes the attraction or its vagaries at all. So it is with men ; they pretend to look always at the right, though their eyes are constantly directed obliquely ; and it is a certain calculation to allow of a pretty wide variation—but here comes Miss Effingham, singularly well attired, and more beautiful than I have ever before seen her !"

The two exchanged quick glances, and then, as if fearful of betraying to each other their thoughts, they moved toward our heroine, to do the honors of the reception.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.”—CORDELIA.

As no man could be more gracefully or delicately polite than John Effingham when the humor seized him, Mrs. Bloomfield was struck with the kind and gentlemanlike manner with which he met his young kinswoman on this trying occasion, and the affectionate tones of his voice, and the winning expression of his eye, as he addressed her. Eve herself was not unobservant of these peculiarities, nor was she slow in comprehending the reason. She perceived at once that he was acquainted with the state of things between her and Paul. As she well knew the womanly fidelity of Mrs. Bloomfield, she rightly enough conjectured that the long observation of her cousin, coupled with the few words accidentally overheard that evening, had even made him better acquainted with the true condition of her feelings, than was the case with the friend with whom she had so lately been conversing on the subject.

Still Eve was not embarrassed by the conviction that her secret was betrayed to so many persons. Her attachment to Paul was not the impulse of girlish caprice, but the warm affection of a woman, that had grown with time, was sanctioned by her reason, and which, if it was tinged with the more glowing imagination and ample faith of youth, was also sustained by her principles and her sense of right. She knew that both her father and cousin esteemed the man of her own choice, nor did she believe the little cloud that hung over his birth could do more than have a temporary influence on his own sensitive feelings. She met John Effingham, therefore, with a frank composure, returned the kind pressure of his hand with a smile such as a daughter might bestow on an affectionate parent, and turned to salute the remainder of the party with that lady-like ease which had got to be a part of her nature.

“There goes one of the most attractive pictures that humanity can offer,” said John Effingham to Mrs. Bloom-

field, as Eve walked away ; “ a young, timid, modest, sensitive girl, so strong in her principles, so conscious of rectitude, so pure of thought, and so warm in her affections, that she views her selection of a husband, as others view their acts of duty and religious faith. With her love has no shame, as it has no weakness.”

“ Eve Effingham is as faultless as comports with womanhood ; and yet I confess ignorance of my own sex, if she receive Mr. Powis as calmly as she received her cousin.”

“ Perhaps not, for in that case she could scarcely feel the passion. You perceive that he avoids oppressing her with his notice, and that the meeting passes off without embarrassment. I do believe there is an elevating principle in love, that, by causing us to wish to be worthy of the object most prized, produces the desired effects by stimulating exertion. There, now, are two as perfect beings as one ordinarily meets with, each oppressed by a sense of his or her unworthiness to be the choice of the other.”

“ Does love, then, teach humility ; successful love, too ? ”

“ Does it not ? It would be hardly fair to press this matter on you, a married woman ; for, by the pandects of American society, a man may philosophize on love, prattle about it, trifle on the subject, and even analyze the passion with a miss in her teens, and yet he shall not allude to it in a discourse with a matron. Well, *chacun à son goût* ; we are, indeed, a little peculiar in our usages, and have promoted a good deal of village coquetry, and the flirtations of the maypole, to the drawing-room.”

“ Is it not better that such follies should be confined to youth, than that they should invade the sanctity of married life, as I understand is too much the case elsewhere ? ”

“ Perhaps so ; though I confess it is easier to dispose of a straightforward proposition from a mother, a father, or a commissioned friend, than to get rid of a young lady, who, *propria personâ*, angles on her own account. While abroad, I had a dozen proposals——”

“ Proposals ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Bloomfield, holding up both hands, and shaking her head incredulously.

“ Proposals ! Why not, ma’am ?—am I more than fifty ? am I not reasonably youthful for that period of life, and have I not six or eight thousand a year——”

"Eighteen, or you are much scandalized."

"Well, eighteen, if you will," coolly returned the other, in whose eyes money was no merit, for he was born to a fortune, and always treated it as a means, and not as the end of life; "every dollar is a magnet, after one has turned forty. Do you suppose that a single man, of tolerable person, well born, and with a hundred thousand francs of *rentes*, could entirely escape proposals from the ladies in Europe?"

"This is so revolting to all our American notions that, though I have often heard of such things, I have always found it difficult to believe them!"

"And is it more revolting for the friends of young ladies to look out for them, on such occasions, than that the young ladies should take the affair into their own hands, as is practised quite as openly here?"

"It is well you are a confirmed bachelor, or declarations like these would mar your fortunes. I will admit that the school is not as retiring and diffident as formerly; for we are all ready enough to say that no times are equal to our own times; but I shall strenuously protest against your interpretation of the nature and artlessness of an American girl."

"Artlessness!" repeated John Effingham, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows; "we live in an age when new dictionaries and vocabularies are necessary to understand each other's meaning. It is artlessness with a vengeance, to beset an old fellow of fifty as one would besiege a town. Hist! Ned is retiring with his daughter, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, and it will not be long before I shall be summoned to a family council. Well, we will keep the secret until it is publicly proclaimed."

John Effingham was right, for his two cousins left the room together and retired to the library, but in a way to attract no particular attention, except in those who were enlightened on the subject of what had already passed that evening. When they were alone Mr. Effingham turned the key, and then he gave a free vent to his paternal feelings.

Between Eve and her parent there had always existed a confidence exceeding that which it is common to find between father and daughter. In one sense they had been all in all to each other, and Eve had never hesitated about

pouring those feelings into his breast which, had she possessed another parent, would more naturally have been confided to the affection of a mother. When their eyes first met, therefore, they were mutually beaming with an expression of confidence and love such as might, in a measure, have been expected between two of the gentler sex. Mr. Effingham folded his child to his heart, pressed her there tenderly for near a minute in silence, and then kissing her burning cheek he permitted her to look up.

"This answers all my fondest hopes, Eve!" he exclaimed; "fulfils my most cherished wishes for thy sake."

"Dearest sir!"

"Yes, my love, I have long secretly prayed that such might be your good fortune; for, of all the youths we have met, at home or abroad, Paul Powis is the one to whom I can consign you with the most confidence that he will cherish and love you as you deserve to be cherished and loved!"

"Dearest father, nothing but this was wanting to complete my perfect happiness."

Mr. Effingham kissed his daughter again, and he was then enabled to pursue the conversation with greater composure.

"Powis and I have had a full explanation," he said, "though in order to obtain it I have been obliged to give him strong encouragement——"

"Father!"

"Nay, my love, your delicacy and feelings have been sufficiently respected, but he has so much diffidence of himself, and permits the unpleasant circumstances connected with his birth to weigh so much on his mind, that I have been compelled to tell him, what I am sure you will approve, that we disregard family connections, and look only to the merit of the individual."

"I hope, father, nothing was said to give Mr. Powis reason to suppose we did not deem him every way our equal."

"Certainly not. He is a gentleman, and I can claim to be no more. There is but one thing in which connections ought to influence an American marriage, where the parties are suited to each other in the main requisites, and that is to ascertain that neither should be carried, necessarily, into associations for which their habits have given them too much and too good tastes to enter into. A woman

especially ought never to be transplanted from a polished to an unpolished circle ; for, when this is the case, if really a lady, there will be a dangerous clog on her affection for her husband. This one great point assured, I see no other about which a parent need feel concern."

"Powis, unhappily, has no connections in this country ; or none with whom he has any communications ; and those he has in England are of a class to do him credit."

"We have been conversing of this, and he has manifested so much proper feeling that it has even raised him in my esteem. I knew his father's family, and must have known his father, I think, though there were two or three Asshetons of the name of John. It is a highly respectable family of the Middle States, and belonged formerly to the colonial aristocracy. Jack Effingham's mother was an Assheton."

"Of the same blood do you think, sir? I remembered this when Mr. Powis mentioned his father's name, and intended to question Cousin Jack on the subject."

"Now you speak of it, Eve, there must be a relationship between them. Do you suppose that our kinsman is acquainted with the fact that Paul is, in truth, an Assheton?"

Eve told her father that she had never spoken with their relative on the subject at all.

"Then ring the bell, and we will ascertain at once how far my conjecture is true. You can have no false delicacy, my child, about letting your engagement be known to one as near and as dear to us as John."

"Engagement, father!"

"Yes, engagement," returned the smiling parent, "for such I already deem it. I have ventured, in your behalf, to plight your troth to Paul Powis, or what is almost equal to it ; and in return I can give you back as many protestations of unequalled fidelity and eternal constancy, as any reasonable girl can ask."

Eve gazed at her father in a way to show that reproach was mingled with fondness, for she felt that, in this instance, too much of the precipitation of the other sex had been manifested in her affairs ; still, superior to coquetry and affectation, and much too warm in her attachments to be seriously hurt, she kissed the hand she held, shook her

head reproachfully, even while she smiled, and did as had been desired.

"You have indeed, rendered it important to us to know more of Mr. Powis, my beloved father," she said, as she returned to her seat, "though I could wish matters had not proceeded quite so fast."

"Nay, all I promised was conditional, and dependent on yourself. You have nothing to do, if I have said too much, but to refuse to ratify the treaty made by your negotiator."

"You propose an impossibility," said Eve, taking the hand again that she had so lately relinquished, and pressing it warmly between her own; "the negotiator is too much revered, has too strong a right to command, and is too much confided in to be thus dishonored. Father, I will, I do, ratify all you have, all you can promise in my behalf."

"Even if I annul the treaty, darling?"

"Even in that case, father. I will marry none without your consent, and have so absolute a confidence in your tender care of me, that I do not even hesitate to say I will marry him to whom you contract me."

"Bless you, bless you, Eve; I do believe you, for such have I ever found you since thought has had any control over your actions. Desire Mr. John Effingham to come hither"—then, as the servant closed the door, he continued "and such I believe you will continue to be until your dying day."

"Nay, reckless, careless father, you forget that you yourself have been instrumental in transferring my duty and obedience to another. What if this sea-monster should prove a tyrant, throw off the mask, and show himself in his real colors? Are you prepared then, thoughtless, precipitate parent"—Eve kissed Mr. Effingham's cheek with childish playfulness as she spoke, her heart swelling with happiness the whole time, "to preach obedience where obedience would then be due?"

"Hush, precious—I hear the step of Jack; he must not catch us fooling in this manner."

Eve rose; and when her kinsman entered the room, she held out her hand kindly to him, though it was with an averted face and a tearful eye.

"It is time I was summoned," said John Effingham, after

he had drawn the blushing girl to him and kissed her forehead, "for what between *tête-à-têtes* with young fellows, and *tête-à-têtes* with old fellows, this evening, I began to think myself neglected. I hope I am still in time to render my decided disapprobation available?"

"Cousin Jack!" exclaimed Eve, with a look of reproachful mockery, "you are the last person who ought to speak of disapprobation, for you have done little else but sing the praises of the applicant since you first met him."

"Is it even so? then, like others, I must submit to the consequences of my own precipitation and false conclusions. Am I summoned to inquire how many thousands a year I shall add to the establishment of the new couple? As I hate business, say five at once; and when the papers are ready, I will sign them without reading."

"Most generous cynic," cried Eve, "I would I dared now to ask a single question!"

"Ask it without scruple, young lady, for this is the day of your independence and power. I am mistaken in the man, if Powis do not prove to be the captain of his own ship in the end."

"Well, then, in whose behalf is this liberality really meant; mine, or that of the gentleman?"

"Fairly enough put," said John Effingham, laughing again, drawing Eve toward him and saluting her cheek; "for if I were on the rack, I could scarcely say which I love best, although you have the consolation of knowing, pert one, that you get the most kisses."

"I am almost in the same state of feeling myself, John, for a son of my own could scarcely be dearer to me than Paul."

"I see, indeed, that I must marry," said Eve, hastily dashing the tears of delight from her eyes, for what could give more delight than to hear the praises of her beloved, "if I wish to retain my place in your affections. But, father, we forget the question you were to put to Cousin Jack."

"True, love. John, your mother was an Assheton?"

"Assuredly, Ned; you are not to learn my pedigree at this time of day, I trust."

"We are anxious to make out a relationship between you and Paul; can it not be done?"

“I would give half my fortune, Eve consenting, were it so!—What reason is there for supposing it probable, or even possible?”

“You know that he bears the name of his friend, and adopted parent, while that of his family is really Assheton.”

“Assheton!” exclaimed the other, in a way to show that this was the first he had ever heard of the fact.

“Certainly; and as there is but one family of this name, which is a little peculiar in the spelling—for here it is spelt by Paul himself, on this card—we have thought that he must be a relation of yours. I hope we are not to be disappointed.”

“Assheton!—It is, as you say, an unusual name; nor is there more than one family that bears it in this country, to my knowledge. Can it be possible that Powis is truly an Assheton!”

“Out of all doubt,” Eve eagerly exclaimed; “we have it from his own mouth. His father was an Assheton, and his mother was——”

“Who?” demanded John Effingham, with a vehemence that startled his companions.

“Nay, that is more than I can tell you, for he did not mention the family name of his mother; as she was a sister of Lady Dunluce, however, who is the wife of General Ducie, the father of our guest, it is probable her name was Dunluce.”

“I remember no relative that has made such a marriage, or who can have made such a marriage; and yet do I personally and intimately know every Assheton in the country.”

Mr. Effingham and his daughter looked at each other, for it at once struck them all painfully, that there must be Asshetons of another family.

“Were it not for the peculiar manner in which this name is spelled,” said Mr. Effingham, “I could suppose that there are Asshetons of whom we know nothing; but it is difficult to believe that there can be such persons of a respectable family of whom we never heard, for Powis said his relatives were of the Middle States——”

“And that his mother was called Dunluce?” demanded John Effingham earnestly, for he too appeared to wish to discover an affinity between himself and Paul.

"Nay, father, this I think he did not say ; though it is quite probable ; for the title of his 'aunt is an ancient barony, and those ancient baronies usually become the family name."

"In this you must be mistaken, Eve, since he mentioned that the right was derived through his mother's mother, who was an Englishwoman."

"Why not send for him at once and put the question?" said the simple-minded Mr. Effingham ; next to having him for my own son, it would give me pleasure, John, to learn that he was lawfully entitled to that which I know you have done in his behalf."

"That is impossible," returned John Effingham. "I am an only child, and as for cousins through my mother, there are so many who stand in an equal degree of affinity to me, that no one in particular can be my heir-at-law. If there were, I am an Effingham ; my estate came from Effinghams, and to an Effingham it should descend in spite of all the Asshetons in America."

"Paul Powis included!" exclaimed Eve, raising a finger reproachfully.

"True, to him I have left a legacy ; but it was to a Powis, and not to an Assheton."

"And yet he declares himself legally an Assheton, and not a Powis."

"Say no more of this, Eve ; it is unpleasant to me. I hate the name of Assheton, though it was my mother's, and could wish never to hear it again."

Eve and her father were mute, for their kinsman, usually so proud and self-restrained, spoke with suppressed emotion, and it was plain that, for some hidden cause, he felt even more than he expressed. The idea that there should be anything about Paul that could render him an object of dislike to one as dear to her as her cousin, was inexpressibly painful to the former, and she regretted that the subject had ever been introduced. Not so with her father. Simple, direct, and full of truth, Mr. Effingham rightly enough believed that mysteries in a family could lead to no good, and he repeated his proposal of sending for Paul, and having the matter cleared up at once.

"You are too reasonable, Jack," he concluded, "to let

an antipathy against a name that was your mother's interfere with your sense of right. I know that some unpleasant questions arose concerning your succession to my aunt's fortune, but that was all settled in your favor twenty years ago, and I thought to your entire satisfaction."

"Unhappily, family quarrels are ever the most bitter, and usually they are the least reconcilable," returned John Effingham, evasively. "I would that this young man's name were anything but Assheton! I do not wish to see Eve plighting her faith at the altar to any one bearing that accursed name!"

"I shall plight my faith, if ever it be done, dear Cousin John, to the man, and not to his name."

"No, no—he must keep the appellation of Powis by which we have all learned to love him, and to which he has done so much credit."

"This is very strange, Jack, for a man who is usually as discreet and as well regulated as yourself. I again propose that we send for Paul, and ascertain precisely to what branch of this so-much-disliked family he really belongs."

"No, father, if you love me, not now!" cried Eve, arresting Mr. Effingham's hand as he touched the bell-cord; "it would appear distrustful, and even cruel, were we to enter into such an inquiry so soon. Powis might think we valued his family more than we do himself."

"Eve is right, Ned; but I will not sleep without learning all. There is an unfinished examination of the papers left by poor Monday, and I will take an occasion to summon Paul to its completion, when an opportunity will offer to renew the subject of his own history; for it was at the other investigation that he first spoke frankly to me concerning himself."

"Do so, Cousin Jack, and let it be at once," said Eve, earnestly. "I can trust you with Powis alone, for I know how much you respect and esteem him in your heart. See, it is already ten."

"But he will naturally wish to spend the close of an evening like this engaged in investigating something very different from Mr. Monday's tale," returned her cousin; the smile with which he spoke chasing away the look of chilled aversion that had so lately darkened his noble features.

"No, not to-night," answered the blushing Eve. "I have confessed weakness enough for one day. To-morrow, if you will—if he will,—but not to-night. I shall retire with Mrs. Hawker, who already complains of fatigue; and you will send for Powis to meet you in your own room, without unnecessary delay."

Eve kissed John Effingham coaxingly, and as they walked together out of the library, she pointed toward the door that led to the chambers. Her cousin laughingly complied, and when in his own room, he sent a message to Paul to join him.

"Now, indeed, may I call you a kinsman," said John Effingham, rising to receive the young man, toward whom he advanced, with extended hands, in his most winning manner. "Eve's frankness and your own discernment have made us a happy family!"

"If anything could add to the felicity of being acceptable to Miss Effingham," returned Paul, struggling to command his feelings, "it is the manner in which her father and yourself have received my poor offers."

"Well, we will now speak of it no more. I saw from the first which way things were tending, and it was my plain-dealing that opened the eyes of Templemore to the impossibility of his ever succeeding, by which means his heart has been kept from breaking."

"Oh! Mr. Effingham, Templemore never loved Eve Effingham! I thought so once, and he thought so, too; but it could not have been a love like mine."

"It certainly differed in the essential circumstance of reciprocity, which, in itself, singularly qualifies the passion, so far as duration is concerned. Templemore did not exactly know the reason why he preferred Eve; but, having seen so much of the society in which he lived, I was enabled to detect the cause. Accustomed to an elaborate sophistication, the singular union of refinement and nature caught his fancy, for the English seldom see the last separated from vulgarity; and when it is found, softened by a high intelligence and polished manners, it has usually great attractions for the *blasés*."

"He is fortunate in having so readily found a substitute for Eve Effingham!"

"This change is not unnatural, either. In the first place,

I, with this truth-telling tongue, destroyed all hope before he had committed himself by a declaration; and then Grace Van Cortlandt possesses the great attraction of nature in a degree quite equal to that of her cousin. Besides, Templemore, though a gentleman, and a brave man, and a worthy one, is not remarkable for qualities of a very extraordinary kind. He will be as happy as is usual for an Englishman of his class to be, and he has no particular right to expect more. I sent for you, however, less to talk of love than to trace its unhappy consequences in this affair, revealed by the papers of poor Monday. It is time we acquitted ourselves of that trust. Do me the favor to open the dressing-case that stands on the toilet-table; you will find in it the key that belongs to the bureau, where I have placed the secretaire that contains the papers."

Paul did as desired. The dressing-case was complicated and large, having several compartments, none of which were fastened. In the first opened, he saw a miniature of a female so beautiful that his eye rested on it, as it might be, by a fascination. Notwithstanding some difference produced by the fashions of different periods, the resemblance to the object of his love was obvious at a glance. Borne away by the pleasure of the discovery, and actually believing that he saw a picture of Eve, drawn in a dress that did not in a great degree vary from the present attire, fashion having undergone no very striking revolution in the last twenty years, he exclaimed—

"This is indeed a treasure, Mr. Effingham, and most sincerely do I envy you its possession. It is like, and yet, in some particulars, it is unlike—it scarcely does Miss Effingham justice about the nose and forehead!"

John Effingham started when he saw the miniature in Paul's hand, but, recovering himself, he smiled at the eager delusion of his young friend, and said with perfect composure:

"It is not Eve, but her mother. The two features you have named in the former came from my family; but in all the others the likeness is almost identical."

"This then is Mrs. Effingham!" murmured Paul, gazing on the face of the mother of his love with a respectful melancholy, and an interest that was rather heightened

than lessened by a knowledge of the truth. "She died young, sir?"

"Quite; she can scarcely be said to have become an angel too soon, for she was always one."

This was said with a feeling that did not escape Paul, though it surprised him. There were six or seven miniature-cases in the compartment of the dressing-box, and supposing that the one which lay uppermost belonged to the miniature in his hand, he raised it and opened the lid with a view to replace the picture of Eve's mother with a species of pious reverence. Instead of finding an empty case, however, another miniature met his eye. The exclamation that now escaped the young man was one of delight and surprise.

"That must be my grandmother with whom you are in such raptures at present," said John Effingham, laughing. "I was comparing it yesterday with the picture of Eve, which is in the Russia-leather case that you will find somewhere there. I do not wonder, however, at your admiration, for she was a beauty in her day, and no woman is fool enough to be painted after she grows ugly."

"Not so—not so—Mr. Effingham! This is the miniature I lost in the Montauk, and which I had given up as booty to the Arabs. It has, doubtless, found its way into your state-room, and has been put among your effects by your man through mistake. It is very precious to me, for it is nearly every memorial I possess of my own mother!"

"Your mother!" exclaimed John Effingham, rising. "I think there must be some mistake, for I examined all those pictures this very morning, and it is the first time they have been opened since our arrival from Europe. It cannot be the missing picture."

"Mine it is certainly; in that I cannot be mistaken!"

"It would be odd, indeed, if one of my grandmothers, for both are there, should prove to be your mother. Powis, will you have the goodness to let me see the picture you mean."

Paul brought the miniature and a light, placing both before the eyes of his friend.

"That!" exclaimed John Effingham, his voice sounding harsh and unnatural to the listener.—"that picture like your mother!"

"It is her miniature—the miniature that was transmitted to me from those who had charge of my childhood. I cannot be mistaken as to the countenance or the dress."

"And your father's name was Assheton?"

"Certainly—John Assheton, of the Asshetons of Pennsylvania."

John Effingham groaned aloud; when Paul stepped back, equally shocked and surprised, he saw that the face of his friend was almost livid, and that the hand which held the picture shook like the aspen.

"Are you unwell, dear Mr. Effingham?"

"No—no—'tis impossible! This lady never had a child. Powis, you have been deceived by some fancied or some real resemblance. This picture is mine, and has not been out of my possession these five-and-twenty years."

"Pardon me, sir, it is the picture of my mother, and no other; the very picture lost in the Montauk."

The gaze that John Effingham cast upon the young man was ghastly; and Paul was about to ring the bell, but a gesture of denial prevented him.

"See," said John Effingham hoarsely, as he touched a spring in the setting, and exposed to view the initials of two names interwoven with hair—"is this, too, yours?"

Paul looked surprised and disappointed.

"That certainly settles the question; my miniature had no such addition; and yet I believe that sweet and pensive countenance to be the face of my own beloved mother, and of no one else."

John Effingham struggled to appear calm; and, replacing the pictures, he took the key from the dressing-case, and, opening the bureau, he took out the secretaire. This he signed for Powis, who had the key, to open; throwing himself into a chair, though everything was done mechanically, as if his mind and body had little or no connection with each other.

"Some accidental resemblance has deceived you as to the miniature," he said, while Paul was looking for the proper number among the letters of Mr. Monday. "No—no—that cannot be the picture of your mother. She left no child. Assheton, did you say, was the name of your father?"

“Assheton—John Assheton—about that, at least, there can have been no mistake. This is the number at which we left off—will you, sir, or shall I, read?”

The other made a sign for Paul to read; looking at the same time as if it were impossible for him to discharge that duty himself.

“This is a letter from the woman who appears to have been intrusted with the child, to the man Dowse,” said Paul, first glancing his eyes over the page; “it appears to be little else but gossip—ha!—what is this I see?”

John Effingham raised himself in his chair, and he sat gazing at Paul as one gazes who expects some extraordinary development, though of what nature he knew not.

“This is a singular passage,” Paul continued—“so much so as to need elucidation. ‘I have taken the child with me to get the picture from the jeweller who has mended the ring, and the little urchin knew it at a glance.’”

“What is there remarkable in that? Others besides ourselves have had pictures; and this child knows its own better than you.”

“Mr. Effingham, such a thing occurred to myself! It is one of those early events of which I still retain, have ever retained, a vivid recollection. Though little more than an infant at the time, well do I recollect to have been taken in this manner to a jeweller’s, and the delight I felt at recovering my mother’s picture, that which is now lost, after it had not been seen for a month or two.”

“Paul Blunt—Powis—Assheton,” said John Effingham, speaking so hoarsely as to be nearly unintelligible, “remain here a few minutes—I will rejoin you.”

John Effingham arose, and, notwithstanding he rallied all his powers, it was with extreme difficulty he succeeded in reaching the door, steadily rejecting the offered assistance of Paul, who was at a loss what to think of so much agitation in a man usually so self-possessed and tranquil. When out of the room John Effingham did better, and he proceeded to the library, followed by his own man, whom he had ordered to accompany him with a light.

“Desire Captain Ducie to give me the favor of his company for a moment,” he then said, motioning to the servant to withdraw. “You will not be needed any longer.”

It was but a minute before Captain Ducie stood before him. This gentleman was instantly struck with the pallid look and general agitation of the person he had come to meet, and he expressed an apprehension that he was suddenly taken ill. But a motion of the hand forbade his touching the bell-cord, and he waited in silent wonder at the scene which he had been so unexpectedly called to witness.

"A glass of that water, if you please, Captain Ducie," said John Effingham, endeavoring to smile with gentleman-like courtesy as he made the request, though the effort caused his countenance to appear ghastly again. A little recovered by this beverage, he said more steadily :

"You are the cousin of Powis, Captain Ducie."

"We are sisters' children, sir."

"And your mother is——"

"Lady Dunluce—a peeress in her own right."

"But what—her family name?"

"Her own family name has been sunk in that of my father, the Ducies claiming to be as old and as honorable a family as that from which my mother inherits her rank. Indeed, the Dunluce barony has gone through so many names, by means of females, that I believe there is no intention to revive the original appellation of the family which was first summoned."

"You mistake me—your mother—when she married—was——"

"Miss Warrender."

"I thank you, sir, and will trouble you no longer," returned John Effingham, rising, and struggling to make his manner second the courtesy of his words—"I have troubled you abruptly—incoherently, I fear—your arm——"

Captain Ducie stepped hastily forward, and was just in time to prevent the other from falling senseless on the floor, by receiving him in his own arms.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her.”—HAMLET.

THE next morning, Paul and Eve were alone in that library which had long been the scene of the confidential communications of the Effingham family. Eve had been weeping, nor were Paul’s eyes entirely free from the signs of his having given way to strong sensations. Still happiness beamed in the countenances of each, and the timid but affectionate glances with which our heroine returned the fond, admiring look of her lover, were anything but distrustful of their future felicity. Her hand was in his, and it was often raised to his lips, as they pursued the conversation.

“This is so wonderful,” exclaimed Eve, after one of the frequent musing pauses in which both indulged, “that I can scarcely believe myself awake. That you, Blunt, Powis, Assheton, should, after all, prove an Effingham!”

“And that I, who have so long thought myself an orphan, should find a living father, and he a man like Mr. John Effingham!”

“I have long thought that something heavy lay at the honest heart of Cousin Jack—you will excuse me, Powis, but I shall need time to learn to call him by a name of greater respect.”

“Call him always so, love, for I am certain it would pain him to meet with any change in you. He is your Cousin Jack.”

“Nay, he may some day unexpectedly become *my* father too, as he has so wonderfully become yours,” rejoined Eve, glancing archly at the glowing face of the delighted young man; “and then Cousin Jack might prove too familiar and disrespectful a term.”

“So much stronger does your claim to him appear than mine, that I think, when that blessed day shall arrive, Eve; it will convert him into my Cousin Jack, instead of your

father. But call him as you may, why do you still insist on calling me Powis?"

"That name will ever be precious in my eyes! You abridge me of my rights, in denying me a change of name. Half the young ladies of the country marry for the novelty of being called Mrs. Somebody else, instead of the Misses they were, while I am condemned to remain Eve Effingham for life."

"If you object to the appellation, I can continue to call myself Powis. This has been done so long now as almost to legalize the act."

"Indeed, no—you are an Effingham, and as an Effingham ought you to be known. What a happy lot is mine! Spared even the pain of parting with my old friends, at the great occurrence of my life, and finding my married home the same as the home of my childhood!"

"I owe everything to you, Eve—name, happiness, and even a home."

"I know not that. Now that it is known that you are the great-grandson of Edward Effingham, I think your chance of possessing the Wigwam would be quite equal to my own, even were we to look different ways in quest of married happiness. An arrangement of that nature would not be difficult to make, as John Effingham might easily compensate a daughter for the loss of her house and lands by means of those money-yielding stocks and bonds, of which he possesses so many."

"I view it differently. You were Mr.—my father's heir—how strangely the word father sounds in unaccustomed ears!—But you were my father's chosen heir, and I shall owe to you, dearest, in addition to the treasures of your heart and faith, my fortune."

"Are you so very certain of this, ingrate?—Did not Mr. John Effingham—Cousin Jack—adopt you as his son even before he knew of the natural tie that actually exists between you?"

"True, for I perceive that you have been made acquainted with most of that which has passed. But I hope, that in telling you his own offer, Mr.—that my father did not forget to tell you of the terms on which it was accepted?"

"He did you ample justice, for he informed me that

you stipulated there should be no altering of wills, but that the unworthy heir already chosen should still remain the heir."

"And to this Mr.—"

"Cousin Jack," said Eve, laughing, for the laugh comes easy to the supremely happy.

"To this Cousin Jack assented?"

"Most true, again. The will would not have been altered, for your interests were already cared for."

"And at the expense of yours, dearest Eve!"

"It would have been at the expense of my better feelings, Paul, had it not been so. However, that will can never do either harm or good to any now."

"I trust it will remain unchanged, beloved, that I may owe as much to you as possible."

Eve looked kindly at her betrothed, blushed even deeper than the bloom which happiness had left on her cheek, and smiled like one who knew more than she cared to express.

"What secret meaning is concealed behind that look of portentous signification?"

"It means, Powis, that I have done a deed that is almost criminal. I have destroyed a will."

"Not my father's?"

"Even so—but it was done in his presence, and if not absolutely with his consent, with his knowledge. When he informed me of your superior rights, I insisted on its being done at once, so, should any accident occur, you will be heir-at-law, as a matter of course. Cousin Jack affected reluctance, but I believe he slept more sweetly, for the consciousness that this act of justice had been done."

"I fear he slept little as it was; it was long past midnight before I left him, and the agitation of his spirit was such as to appear awful in the eyes of a son!"

"And the promised explanation is to come, to renew his distress! Why make it at all? is it not enough that we are certain that you are his child? and for that, have we not the solemn assurance, the declaration of almost a dying man!"

"There should be no shade left over my mother's fame. Faults there have been, somewhere, but it is painful, oh! how painful! for a child to think evil of a mother."

“On this head you are already assured. Your own previous knowledge, and John Effingham’s distinct declarations, make your mother blameless.”

“Beyond question ; but this sacrifice must be made to my mother’s spirit. It is now nine ; the breakfast-bell will soon ring, and then we are promised the whole of the melancholy tale. Pray with me, Eve, that it may be such as will not wound the ear of a son !”

Eve took the hand of Paul within both of hers, and kissed it with a sort of holy hope, that in its exhibition caused neither blush nor shame. Indeed, so bound together were these young hearts, so ample and confiding had been the confessions of both, and so pure was their love, that neither regarded such a manifestation of feeling differently from what an acknowledgment of a dependence on any other sacred principle would have been esteemed. The bell now summoned them to the breakfast table, and Eve, yielding to her sex’s timidity, desired Paul to precede her a few minutes, that the sanctity of their confidence might not be weakened by the observation of profane eyes.

The meal was silent ; the discovery of the previous night, which had been made known to all in the house, by the declarations of John Effingham as soon as he was restored to his senses, Captain Ducie having innocently collected those within hearing to his succor, causing a sort of moral suspense that weighed on the vivacity if not on the comforts of the whole party, the lovers alone excepted.

As profound happiness is seldom talkative, the meal was a silent one, then ; and when it was ended, they who had no tie of blood with the parties most concerned with the revelations of the approaching interview, delicately separated, making employments and engagements that left the family at perfect liberty ; while those who had been previously notified that their presence would be acceptable, silently repaired to the dressing-room of John Effingham. The latter party was composed of Mr. Effingham, Paul, and Eve, only. The first passed into his cousin’s bedroom, where he had a private conference that lasted half an hour. At the end of that time, the two others were summoned to join him.

John Effingham was a strong-minded and a proud man

his governing fault being the self-reliance that indisposed him to throw himself on a greater power for the support, guidance, and counsel that all need. To humiliation before God, however, he was not unused, and of late years it had got to be frequent with him, and it was only in connection with his fellow-creatures that his repugnance to admitting even of an equality existed. He felt how much more just, intuitive, conscientious even, were his own views than those of mankind in general; and he seldom deigned to consult with any as to the opinions he ought to entertain, or as to the conduct he ought to pursue. It is scarcely necessary to say that such a being was one of strong and engrossing passions, the impulses frequently proving too imperious for the affections, or even for principles. The scene that he was now compelled to go through, was consequently one of sore mortification and self-abasement; and yet, feeling its justice no less than its necessity, and having made up his mind to discharge what had now become a duty, his very pride of character led him to do it manfully, and with no uncalled-for reserves. It was a painful and humiliating task, notwithstanding; and it required all the self-command, all the sense of right, and all the clear perception of consequences, that one so quick to discriminate could not avoid perceiving, to enable him to go through it with the required steadiness and connection.

John Effingham received Paul and Eve, seated in an easy chair; for, while he could not be said to be ill, it was evident that his very frame had been shaken by the events and emotions of the few preceding hours. He gave a hand to each, and drawing Eve affectionately to him, he imprinted a kiss on a cheek that was burning, though it paled and reddened in quick succession, the heralds of the tumultuous thoughts within. The look he gave Paul was kind and welcome, while a hectic spot glowed on each cheek, betraying that his presence excited pain as well as pleasure. A long pause succeeded this meeting, when John Effingham broke the silence.

“There can now be no manner of question, my dear Paul,” he said, smiling affectionately but sadly as he looked at the young man, “about your being my son. The letter written by John Assheton to your mother, after

the separation of your parents, would settle that important point, had not the names, and the other facts that have come to our knowledge, already convinced me of the precious truth ; for precious and very dear to me is the knowledge that I am the father of so worthy a child. You must prepare yourself to hear things that it will not be pleasant for a son to listen——”

“No, no, Cousin Jack—dear Cousin Jack !” cried Eve, throwing herself precipitately into her kinsman’s arms, “we will hear nothing of the sort. It is sufficient that you are Paul’s father, and we wish to know no more—will hear no more.”

“This is like yourself, Eve, but it will not answer what I conceive to be the dictates of duty. Paul had two parents, and not the slightest suspicion ought to rest on one of them, in order to spare the feelings of the other. In showing me this kindness you are treating Paul inconsiderately.”

“I beg, dear sir, you will not think too much of me, but entirely consult your own judgment—your own sense of—in short, dear father, that you will consider yourself before your son.”

“I thank you, my children ; what a word and what a novel sensation is this for me, Ned ! I feel all your kindness ; but if you would consult my peace of mind and wish me to regain my self-respect, you will allow me to disburden my soul of the weight that oppresses it. This is strong language ; but while I have no confessions of deliberate criminality or of positive vice to make, I feel it to be hardly too strong for the facts. My tale will be very short, and I crave your patience, Ned, while I expose my former weakness to these young people.” Here John Effingham paused, as if to recollect himself ; then he proceeded with a seriousness of manner that caused every syllable he uttered to tell on the ears of his listeners. “It is well known to your father, Eve, though it will probably be new to you,” he said, “that I felt a passion for your sainted mother, such as few men ever experience for any of your sex. Your father and myself were suitors for her favor at the same time, though I can scarcely say, Edward, that any feeling of rivalry entered into the competition.”

“You do me no more than justice, John, for if the affection of my beloved Eve could cause me grief, it was because it brought you pain.”

“I had the additional mortification of approving of the choice she made ; for, certainly, as respected her own happiness, your mother did more wisely in confiding it to the regulated, mild, and manly virtues of your father, than in placing her hopes on one as eccentric and violent as myself.”

“This is injustice, John. You may have been positive, and a little stern at times, but never violent, and least of all with a woman.”

“Call it what you will, it unfitted me to make one so meek, gentle, and yet high-souled, as entirely happy as she deserved to be, and as you did make her, while she remained on earth. I had the courage to stay and learn that your father was accepted (though the marriage was deferred two years in consideration for my feelings), and then with a heart in which mortified pride, wounded love, a resentment that was aimed rather against myself than against your parents, I quitted home with a desperate determination never to rejoin my family again. This resolution I did not own to myself even, but it lurked in my intentions unowned, festering like a mortal disease ; and it caused me, when I burst away from the scene of happiness of which I had been a compelled witness, to change my name, and to make several inconsistent and extravagant arrangements to abandon my native country even.”

“Poor John!” exclaimed his cousin, involuntarily ; “this would have been a sad blot on our felicity had we known it !”

“I was certain of that, even when most writhing under the blow you had so unintentionally inflicted, Ned ; but the passions are tyrannical and inconsistent masters. I took my mother’s name, changed my servant, and avoided those parts of the country where I was known. At this time I feared for my own reason, and the thought crossed my mind, that by making a sudden marriage I might supplant the old passion, which was so near destroying me, by some of that gentler affection which seemed to render you so blest, Edward.”

“Nay, John, this was itself a temporary tottering of the reasoning faculties.”

“It was simply the effect of passions over which reason had never been taught to exercise a sufficient influence. Chance brought me acquainted with Miss Warrender, in one of the Southern States, and she promised, as I fancied, to realize all my wild schemes of happiness and resentment.”

“Resentment, John?”

“I fear I must confess it, Edward, though it were anger against myself. I first made Miss Warrender’s acquaintance as John Assheton, and some months had passed before I determined to try the fearful experiment I have mentioned. She was young, beautiful, well-born, virtuous, and good; if she had a fault it was her high spirit, not high temper, but she was high-souled and proud.”

“Thank God for this!” burst from the inmost soul of Paul, with unrestrainable feeling.

“You have little to apprehend, my son, on the subject of your mother’s character; if not perfect, she was wanting in no womanly virtue, and might, nay ought to have made any reasonable man happy. My offer was accepted, for I found her heart disengaged. Miss Warrender was not affluent, and in addition to the other unjustifiable motives that influenced me, I thought there would be a satisfaction in believing that I had been chosen for myself rather than for my wealth. Indeed, I had got to be distrustful and ungenerous, and then I disliked the confession of the weakness that had induced me to change my name. The simple, I might almost say loose laws of this country, on the subject of marriage, removed all necessity for explanations, there being no bans or license necessary, and the Christian name only being used in the ceremony. We were married, therefore, but I was not so unmindful of the rights of others as to neglect to procure a certificate, under a promise of secrecy, in my own name. By going to the place where the ceremony was performed, you will also find the marriage of John Effingham and Mildred Warrender duly registered in the books of the church to which the officiating clergyman belonged. So far I did what justice required, though, with a motiveless infatuation for which I can now hardly account—which cannot be accounted for except by ascribing it to the inconsistent cruelty of passion—I concealed my real name from her, with whom there should have been no concealment. I fancied, I tried to fancy I was no impos-

tor, as I was of the family I represented myself to be, by the mother's side ; and I wished to believe that my peace would easily be made when I avowed myself to be the man I really was. I had found Miss Warrender and her sister living with a well-intentioned but weak aunt, and with no male relative to make those inquiries which would so naturally have suggested themselves to persons of ordinary worldly prudence. It is true, I had become known to them under favorable circumstances, and they had good reason to believe me an Assheton from some accidental evidence that I possessed, which unanswerably proved my affinity to that family, without betraying my true name. But there is so little distrust in this country, that by keeping at a distance from the places in which I was personally known, a life might have passed without exposure."

"This was all wrong, dear Cousin Jack," said Eve, taking his hand and affectionately kissing it, while her face kindled with a sense of her sex's rights, "and I should be unfaithful to my womanhood were I to say otherwise. You had entered into the most solemn of all human contracts, and evil is the omen when such an engagement is veiled by any untruth. But, still, one would think you might have been happy with a virtuous and affectionate wife !"

"Alas ! it is but a hopeless experiment to marry one, while the heart is still yearning toward another. Confidence came too late ; for, discovering my unhappiness, Mildred extorted a tardy confession from me ; a confession of all but the concealment of the true name ; and justly wounded at the deception of which she had been the dupe, and yielding to the impulses of a high and generous spirit, she announced to me that she was unwilling to continue the wife of any man on such terms. We parted, and I hastened into the Southwestern States, where I passed the next twelvemonth in travelling, hurrying from place to place, in the vain hope of obtaining peace of mind. I plunged into the prairies, and most of the time mentioned was lost to me as respects the world, in the company of hunters and trappers."

"This, then, explains your knowledge of that section of the country," exclaimed Mr. Effingham, "for which I have never been able to account ! We thought you among your old friends in Carolina all that time."

“No one knew where I had secreted myself, for I passed under another feigned name, and had no servant, even. I had, however, sent an address to Mildred where a letter would find me ; for I had begun to feel a sincere affection for her, though it might not have amounted to passion, and looked forward to being reunited when her wounded feelings had time to regain their tranquillity. The obligations of wedlock are too serious to be lightly thrown aside, and I felt persuaded that neither of us would be satisfied in the end without discharging the duties of the state into which we had entered.”

“And why did you not hasten to your poor wife, Cousin Jack,” Eve innocently demanded, “as soon as you returned to the settlements?”

“Alas! my dear girl, I found letters at St. Louis announcing her death. Nothing was said of any child, nor did I in the least suspect that I was about to become a father. When Mildred died, I thought all the ties, all the obligations, all the traces of my ill-judged marriage were extinct ; and the course taken by her relations, of whom, in this country, there remained very few, left me no inclination to proclaim it. By observing silence, I continued to pass as a bachelor, of course ; though had there been any apparent reason for avowing what had occurred, I think no one who knows me can suppose I would have shrunk from doing so.”

“May I inquire, my dear sir,” Paul asked, with a timidity of manner that betrayed how tenderly he felt it necessary to touch on the subject at all—“may I inquire, my dear sir, what course was taken by my mother’s relatives?”

“I never knew Mr. Warrender, my wife’s brother, but he had the reputation of being a haughty and exacting man. His letters were not friendly ; scarcely tolerable ; for he affected to believe I had given a false address at the West, when I was residing in the Middle States, and he threw out hints that to me were then inexplicable, but which the letters left with me by Paul have sufficiently explained. I thought him cruel and unfeeling at the time, but he had an excuse for his conduct.”

“Which was, sir——?” Paul eagerly inquired.

“I perceive by the letters you have given me, my son, that your mother’s family had imbibed the opinion that I

was John Assheton, of Lancaster, a man of singular humors, who had made an unfortunate marriage in Spain, and whose wife, I believe, is still living in Paris, though lost to herself and her friends. My kinsman lived retired, and never recovered the blow. As he was one of the only persons of the name who could have married your mother, her relatives appear to have taken up the idea that he had been guilty of bigamy, and, of course, that Paul was illegitimate. Mr. Warrender, by his letters, appears even to have had an interview with this person, and, on mentioning his wife, was rudely repulsed from the house. It was a proud family, and Mildred being dead, the concealment of the birth of her child was resorted to, as a means of averting a fancied disgrace. As for myself, I call the all-seeing eye of God to witness, that the thought of my being a parent never crossed my mind until I learned that a John Assheton was the father of Paul, and that the miniature of Mildred Warrender, that I received at the period of our engagement, was the likeness of his mother. The simple declaration of Captain Ducie concerning the family name of his mother removed all doubt."

"But, Cousin Jack, did not the mention of Lady Dunluce, of the Ducies, and of Paul's connections, excite curiosity?"

"Concerning what, dear? I could have no curiosity about a child of whose existence I was ignorant. I did know that the Warrenders had pretensions to both rank and fortune in England, but never heard the title, and cared nothing about money that would not, probably, be Mildred's. Of General Ducie I never even heard, as he married after my separation; and subsequently to the receipt of my brother-in-law's letters, I wished to forget the existence of the family. I went to Europe, and remained abroad seven years, and as this was at a time when the continent was closed against the English, I was not in a way to hear anything on the subject. On my return, my wife's aunt was dead; the last of my wife's brothers was dead; her sister must then have been Mrs. Ducie; no one mentioned the Warrenders, all traces of whom were nearly lost in this country, and to me the subject was too painful to be either sought or dwelt on. It is a curious fact, that, in 1829, during our late visit to the old world, I ascended

the Nile with General Ducie for a travelling companion. We met at Alexandria, and went to the cataracts and returned in company. He knew me as John Effingham, an American traveller of fortune, if of no particular merit, and I knew him as an agreeable English general officer. He had the reserve of an Englishman of rank, and seldom spoke of his family, and it was only on our return that I found he had letters from his wife, Lady Dunluce ; but little did I dream that Lady Dunluce was Mabel Warrender. How often are we on the very verge of important information, and yet live on in ignorance and obscurity ! The Ducies appear finally to have arrived at the opinion that the marriage was legal, and that no reproach rests on the birth of Paul, by the inquiries made concerning the eccentric John Assheton."

"They fancied, in common with my uncle Warrender, for a long time that the John Assheton whom you have mentioned, sir," said Paul, "was my father. But some accidental information, at a late day, convinced them of their error, and then they naturally enough supposed that it was the only other John Assheton that could be heard of, who passes, and probably with sufficient reason, for a bachelor. This latter gentleman I have myself always supposed to be my father, though he has treated two or three letters I have written to him with the indifference with which one would be apt to treat the pretensions of an impostor. Pride has prevented me from attempting to renew the correspondence lately."

"It is John Assheton, of Bristol, my mother's brother's son, as inveterate a bachelor as is to be found in the Union !" said John Effingham, smiling in spite of the grave subject and deep emotions that had so lately been uppermost in his thoughts. "He must have supposed your letters were an attempt at mystification on the part of some of his jocular associates, and I am surprised that he thought it necessary to answer them at all."

"He did answer but one, and that reply certainly had something of the character you suggest, sir. I freely forgive him, now I understand the truth, though his apparent contempt gave me many a bitter pang at the time. I saw Mr. Assheton once in public, and observed him well, for, strange as it is, I have been thought to resemble him."

“Why strange? Jack Assheton and myself have, or rather had, a strong family likeness to each other, and, though the thought is new to me, I can now easily trace this resemblance to myself. It is rather an Assheton than an Effingham look, though the latter is not wanting.”

“These explanations are very clear and satisfactory,” observed Mr. Effingham, “and leave little doubt that Paul is the child of John Effingham and Mildred Warrender; but they would be beyond all cavil, were the infancy of the boy placed in an equally plain point of view, and could the reasons be known why the Warrenders abandoned him to the care of those who yielded him up to Mr. Powis.”

“I see but little obscurity in that,” returned John Effingham. “Paul is unquestionably the child referred to in the papers left by poor Monday, to the care of whose mother he was intrusted, until, in his fourth year, she yielded him to Mr. Powis, to get rid of trouble and expense, while she kept the annuity granted by Lady Dunluce. The names appear in the concluding letters; and had we read the latter through at first, we should earlier have arrived at the same conclusion. Could we find the man called Dowse, who appears to have instigated the fraud, and who married Mrs. Monday, the whole thing would be explained.”

“Of this I am aware,” said Paul, for he and John Effingham had perused the remainder of the Monday papers together, after the fainting fit of the latter, as soon as his strength would admit; “and Captain Truck is now searching for an old passenger of his, who I think will furnish the clue. Should we get this evidence, it would settle all legal questions.”

“Such questions will never be raised,” said John Effingham, holding out his hand affectionately to his son; “you possess the marriage certificate given to your mother, and I avow myself to have been the person therein styled John Assheton. This fact I have endorsed on the back of the certificate; while here is another given to me in my proper name, with the endorsement made by the clergyman that I passed by another name at the ceremony.”

“Such a man, Cousin Jack, was unworthy of his cloth!” said Eve with energy.

“I do not think so, my child. He was innocent of the

original deception ; this certificate was given after the death of my wife, and might do good, whereas it could do no harm. The clergyman in question is now a bishop, and is still living. He may give evidence, if necessary, to the legality of the marriage."

"And the clergyman by whom I was baptized is also alive," cried Paul, "and has never lost sight of me. He was, in part, in the confidence of my mother's family, and even after I was adopted by Mr. Powis he kept me in view as one of his little Christians, as he termed me. It was no less a person than Dr. ——."

"This alone would make out the connection and identity," said Mr. Effingham, "without the aid of the Monday witnesses. The whole obscurity has arisen from John's change of name, and his ignorance of the fact that his wife had a child. The Ducies' appear to have had plausible reasons, too, for distrusting the legality of the marriage ; but all is now clear, and as a large estate is concerned, we will take care that no further obscurity shall rest over the affair."

"The part connected with the estate is already secured," said John Effingham, looking at Eve with a smile. "An American can always make a will, and one that contains but a single bequest is soon written. Mine is executed, and Paul Effingham, my son by my marriage with Mildred Warrender, and lately known in the United States Navy as Paul Powis, is duly declared my heir. This will suffice for all legal purposes, though we shall have large draughts of gossip to swallow."

"Cousin Jack !"

"Daughter Eve !"

"Who has given cause for it ?"

"He who commenced one of the most sacred of his earthly duties with an unjustifiable deception. The wisest way to meet it will be to make our avowals of the relationship as open as possible."

"I see no necessity, John, of entering into details," said Mr. Effingham ; "you were married young, and lost your wife within a year of your marriage. She was a Miss Warrender, and the sister of Lady Dunluce ; Paul and Ducie are declared cousins, and the former proves to be your son, of whose existence you were ignorant. No one will pre-

sume to question any of us, and it really strikes me that all rational people ought to be satisfied with this simple account of the matter."

"Father!" exclaimed Eve, with her pretty little hands raised in the attitude of surprise, "in what capital even, in what part of the world, would such a naked account appease curiosity? Much less will it suffice here, where every human being, gentle or simple, learned or ignorant, refined or vulgar, fancies himself a constitutional judge of all the acts of all his fellow-creatures!"

"We have at least the consolation of knowing that no revelations will make the matter any worse or any better," said Paul, "as the gossips would tell their own tale, in every case, though its falsehood were as apparent as the noon-day sun. A gossip is essentially a liar, and truth is the last ingredient that is deemed necessary to his other qualifications; indeed, a well-authenticated fact is a death-blow to a gossip. I hope, my dear sir, you will say no more than that I am your son, a circumstance much too precious to me to be omitted."

John Effingham looked affectionately at the noble young man, whom he had so long esteemed and admired; and the tears forced themselves to his eyes as he felt the supreme happiness that can alone gladden a parent's heart.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"For my part, I care not; I say little; but when the time comes, there shall be smiles."—NYM.

ALTHOUGH Paul Effingham was right, and Eve Effingham was also right, in their opinions of the art of gossiping, they both forgot one qualifying circumstance, that, arising from different causes, produces the same effect equally in a capital and in a province. In the first, marvels form a nine days' wonder from the hurry of events; in the latter, from the hurry of talking. When it was announced in Templeton that Mr. John Effingham had discovered a son in Mr. Powis, as that son had conjectured, everything but

the truth was rumored and believed in connection with the circumstance. Of course it excited a good deal of natural and justifiable curiosity and surprise in the trained and intelligent, for John Effingham had passed for a confirmed bachelor ; but they were generally content to suffer a family to have feelings and incidents that were not to be paraded before a neighborhood. Having some notions themselves of the delicacy and sanctity of the domestic affections, they were willing to respect the same sentiments in others. But these few excepted, the village was in a tumult of surmises, reports, contradictions, confirmations, rebutters, and sur-rebutters, for a fortnight. Several village *élégants*, whose notions of life were obtained in the valley in which they were born, and who had turned up their noses at the quiet, reserved, gentlemanlike Paul, because he did not happen to suit their tastes, were disposed to resent his claim to be his father's son, as if it were an injustice done to their rights ; such commentators on men and things uniformly bringing everything down to the standard of self. Then the approaching marriages at the Wigwam had to run the gauntlet, not only of village and county criticisms, but that of the mighty Emporium itself, as it is the fashion to call the confused and tasteless collection of flaring red brick houses, marten-box churches, and colossal taverns, that stands on the island of Manhattan ; the discussion of marriages being a topic of never-ending interest in that well-regulated social organization, after the subjects of dollars, lots, and wines, have been duly exhausted. Sir George Templemore was transformed into the Honorable Lord George Templemore, and Paul's relationship to Lady Dunluce was converted, as usual, into his being the heir-apparent of a duchy of that name ; Eve's preference for a nobleman, as a matter of course, to the aristocratical tastes imbibed during a residence in foreign countries ; Eve, the intellectual, feminine, instructed Eve, whose European associations, while they had taught her to prize the refinement, grace, *retenue*, and tone of an advanced condition of society, had also taught her to despise its mere covering and glitter ! But as there is no protection against falsehood, so is there no reasoning with ignorance.

A sacred few, at the head of whom were Mr. Steadfast Dodge and Mrs. Widow-Bewitched Abbott, treated the mat-

ter as one of greater gravity, and as possessing an engrossing interest for the entire community.

"For my part, Mr. Dodge," said Mrs. Abbott, in one of their frequent conferences, about a fortnight after the *éclaircissement* of the last chapter, "I do not believe that Paul Powis is Paul Effingham at all. You say that you knew him by the name of Blunt, when he was a younger man?"

"Certainly, ma'am. He passed universally by that name formerly, and it may be considered as at least extraordinary that he should have had so many aliases. The truth of the matter is, Mrs. Abbott, if truth could be come at, which I always contend is very difficult in the present state of the world——"

"You never said a juster thing, Mr. Dodge!" interrupted the lady, feelings impetuous as her's seldom waiting for the completion of a sentence, "I never can get hold of the truth of anything now; you may remember you insinuated that Mr. John Effingham himself was to be married to Eve, and, lo and behold! it turns out to be his son!"

"The lady may have changed her mind, Mrs. Abbott; she gets the same estate with a younger man."

"She's monstrous disagreeable, and I'm sure it will be a relief to the whole village when she is married, let it be to the father or to the son. Now, do you know, Mr. Dodge, I have been in a desperate taking about one thing, and that is to find that, bony fie-dy, the two old Effinghams are not actually brothers! I knew that they *called* each other Cousin Jack and Cousin Ned, and that Eve affected to call her uncle *Cousin* Jack, but then she has so many affectations, and the old people are so foreign, that I looked upon all that as mere pretence; I said to myself a neighborhood ought to know better about a man's family than he can know himself, and the neighborhood all declared they were brothers; and yet it turns out, after all, that they are only cousins!"

"Yes, I do believe that, for once, the family was right in that matter, and the public mistaken."

"Well, I should like to know who has a better right to be mistaken than the public, Mr. Dodge. This is a free country, and if the people can't sometimes be wrong, what

is the mighty use of their freedom? We are all sinful wretches, at the best, and it is vain to look for anything but vice from sinners."

"Nay, my dear Mrs. Abbott, you are too hard on yourself, for everybody allows that you are as exemplary as you are devoted to your religious duties."

"Oh! I was not speaking particularly of myself, sir; I am no egotist in such things, and wish to leave my own imperfections to the charity of my friends and neighbors. But, do you think, Mr. Dodge, that a marriage between Paul Effingham, for so I suppose he must be called, and Eve Effingham, will be legal? Can't it be set aside, and if that should be the case, wouldn't the fortune go to the public?"

"It ought to be so, my dear ma'am, and I trust the day is not distant when it will be so. The people are beginning to understand their rights, and another century will not pass before they will enforce them by the necessary penal statutes. We have got matters so now, that a man can no longer indulge in the aristocratic and selfish desire to make a will, and, take my word for it, we shall not stop until we bring everything to the proper standard."

The reader is not to suppose from his language that Mr. Dodge was an agrarian, or that he looked forward to a division of property at some future day; for, possessing in his own person already more than what could possibly fall to an individual share, he had not the smallest desire to lessen its amount by a general division. In point of fact he did not know his own meaning, except as he felt envy of all above him, in which, in truth, was to be found the whole secret of his principles, his impulses, and his doctrines. Anything that would pull down those whom education, habits, fortune, or tastes, had placed in positions more conspicuous than his own, was, in his eyes, reasonable and just—as anything that would serve him, in person, the same ill turn, would have been tyranny and oppression. The institutions of America, like everything human, have their bad as well as their good side; and while we firmly believe in the relative superiority of the latter, as compared with other systems, we should fail of accomplishing the end set before us in this work, did we not exhibit, in strong colors, one of the most prominent

consequences that has attended the entire destruction of factitious personal distinctions in the country, which has certainly aided in bringing out in bolder relief than common, the prevalent disposition in man to covet that which is the possession of another, and to decry merits that are unattainable.

"Well, I rejoice to hear this," returned Mrs. Abbott, whose principles were of the same loose school as those of her companion, "for I think no one should have rights but those who have experienced religion, if you would keep vital religion in a country. There goes that old sealion, Truck, and his fishing associate, the commodore, with their lines and poles, as usual, Mr. Dodge; I beg you will call to them, for I long to hear what the first can have to say about his beloved Effinghams, now."

Mr. Dodge complied, and the navigator of the ocean and the navigator of the lake were soon seated in Mrs. Abbott's little parlor, which might be styled the focus of gossip, near those who were so lately its sole occupants.

"This is wonderful news, gentlemen," commenced Mrs. Abbott, as soon as the bustle of the entrance had subsided. "Mr. Powis is Mr. Effingham, and it seems that Miss Effingham is to become Mrs. Effingham. Miracles will never cease, and I look upon this as one of the most surprising of my time."

"Just so, ma'am," said the commodore, winking his eye, and giving the usual flourish with a hand; "your time has not been that of a day neither, and Mr. Powis has reason to rejoice that he is the hero of such a history. For my part, I could not have been more astonished were I to bring up the sogdollager with a trout-hook, having a cheese-paring for the bait."

"I understand," continued the lady, "that there are doubts after all, whether this miracle be really a true miracle. It is hinted that Mr. Powis is neither Mr. Effingham nor Mr. Powis, but that he is actually a Mr. Blunt. Do you happen to know anything of the matter, Captain Truck?"

"I have been introduced to him, ma'am, by all three names, and I consider him an acquaintance in each character. I can assure you, moreover, that he is A No. 1, on whichever tack you take him; a man who carries a weather helm in the midst of his enemies."

“Well, I do not consider it a very great recommendation for one to have enemies, at all. Now, I dare say, Mr. Dodge, you have not an enemy on earth?”

“I should be sorry to think that I had, Mrs. Abbott. I am every man’s friend, particularly the poor man’s friend, and I should suppose that every man ought to be my friend. I hold the whole human family to be brethren, and that they ought to live together as such.”

“Very true, sir; quite true—we are all sinners, and ought to look favorably on each other’s failings. It is no business of mine—I say it is no business of ours, Mr. Dodge, who Miss Eve Effingham marries; but were she my daughter, I do think I should not like her to have three family names, and to keep her own in the bargain!”

“The Effinghams hold their heads very much up, though it is not easy to see why; but so they do, and the more names the better, perhaps, for such people,” returned the editor. “For my part, I treat them with condescension, just as I do everybody else; for it is a rule with me, Captain Truck, to make use of the same deportment to a king on his throne as I would to a beggar in the street.”

“Merely to show that you do not feel yourself to be above your betters. We have many such philosophers in this country.”

“Just so,” said the commodore.

“I wish I knew,” resumed Mrs. Abbott; for there existed in her head, as well as in that of Mr. Dodge, such a total confusion on the subject of deportment, that neither saw nor felt the cool sarcasm of the old sailor; “I wish I knew, now, whether Eve Effingham has really been regenerated! What is your opinion, commodore?”

“Re-what, ma’am,” said the commodore, who was not conscious of ever having heard the word before; for, in his Sabbaths on the water, where he often worshipped God devoutly in his heart, the language of the professedly pious was never heard; “I can only say she is as pretty a skiff as floats, but I can tell you nothing about resuscitation—indeed, I never heard of her having been drowned.”

“Ah, Mrs. Abbott, the very best friends of the Effinghams will not maintain that they are pious. I do not wish to be invidious, or to say unneighborly things; but were

I upon oath, I could testify to a great many things, which would unqualifiedly show that none of them have ever experienced."

"Now, Mr. Dodge, you know how much I dislike scandal," the widow-bewitched cried, affectedly, "and I cannot tolerate such a sweeping charge. I insist on the proofs of what you say, in which, no doubt, these gentlemen will join me."

By proofs, Mrs. Abbott meant allegations.

"Well, ma'am, since you insist on my proving what I have said, you shall not be disappointed. In the first place, then, they read their family prayers out of a book."

"Aye, aye," put in the captain; "but that merely shows they have some education; it is done everywhere."

"Your pardon, sir; no people but the Catholics and the church people commit this impiety. The idea of reading to the Deity, Mrs. Abbott, is particularly shocking to a pious soul."

"As if the Lord stood in need of letters! That is very bad, I allow; for at family prayers a form becomes mockery."

"Yes, ma'am; but what do you think of cards?"

"Cards!" exclaimed Mrs. Abbott, holding up her pious hands in holy horror.

"Even so; foul pasteboard, marked with kings and queens," said the captain. "Why, this is worse than a common sin, being unqualifiedly anti-republican."

"I confess I did not expect this! I had heard that Eve Effingham was guilty of indiscretions, but I did not think she was so lost to virtue as to touch a card. Oh! Eve Effingham, Eve Effingham, for what is your poor diseased soul destined!"

"She dances, too, I suppose you know that," continued Mr. Dodge, who, finding his popularity a little on the wane, had joined the meeting himself, a few weeks before, and who did not fail to manifest the zeal of a new convert.

"Dances!" repeated Mrs. Abbott, in holy horror.

"Real fi diddle de di!" echoed Captain Truck.

"Just so," put in the commodore; "I have seen it with my own eyes. But, Mrs. Abbott, I feel bound to tell you that your own daughter——"

"Biansy-Alzummy-Anne!" exclaimed the mother, in alarm

"Just so ; my-aunty-all-suit-me-Anne, if that is her name. Do you know, ma'am, that I have seen your own blessed daughter, my-aunty-Anne, do a worse thing even than dancing?"

"Commodore, you are awful ! What could a child of mine do that is worse than dancing?"

"Why, ma'am, if you will hear all, it is my duty to tell you. I saw aunty-Anne (the commodore was really ignorant of the girl's name) jump a skipping-rope yesterday morning, between the hours of seven and eight. As I hope ever to see the sogdollager again, ma'am, I did !"

"And do you call this as bad as dancing?"

"Much worse, ma'am, to my notion. It is jumping about without music, and without any grace, either, particularly as it was performed by my-aunty-Anne."

"You are given to light jokes. Jumping the skipping-rope is not forbidden in the Bible."

"Just so ; nor is dancing, if I know anything about it ; nor, for that matter, cards."

"But waste of time is ; a sinful waste of time ; and evil passions, and all unrighteousness."

"Just so. My-aunty-Anne was going to the pump for water—I dare say you sent her—and she was misspending her time ; and as for evil passions, she did not enjoy the hop until she and your neighbor's daughter had pulled each other's hair for the rope, as if they had been two she-dragons. Take my word for it, ma'am, it wanted for nothing to make it sin of the purest water, but a cracked fiddle."

While the commodore was holding Mrs. Abbott at bay in this manner, Captain Truck, who had given him a wink to that effect, was employed in playing off a practical joke at the expense of the widow. It was one of the standing amusements of these worthies, who had got to be sworn friends and constant associates, after they had caught as many fish as they wished ; to retire to the favorite spring, light the one his cigar, the other his pipe, mix their grog, and then relieve their ennui, when tired of discussing men and things, by playing cards on a particular stump. Now, it happened that the captain had the identical pack which had been used on all such occasions in his pocket, as was evident in the fact that the cards were nearly as distinctly marked on their backs as on their faces. These cards he

showed secretly to his companion, and when the attention of Mrs. Abbott was altogether engaged in expecting the terrible announcement of her daughter's errors, the captain slipped them, kings, queens, and knaves, high, low, jack, and the game, without regard to rank, into the lady's work-basket. As soon as this feat was successfully performed, a sign was given to the commodore that the conspiracy was effected, and that disputant in theology gradually began to give ground, while he continued to maintain that jumping the rope was a sin, though it might be one of a nominal class. There is little doubt, had he possessed a smattering of phrases, a greater command of biblical learning, and more zeal, that the fisherman might have established a new shade of the Christian faith; for, while mankind still persevere in disregarding the plainest mandates of God, as respects humility, the charities, and obedience, nothing seems to afford them more delight than to add to the catalogue of the offences against his divine supremacy. It was perhaps lucky for the commodore, who was capital at casting a pickerel line, but who usually settled his polemics with the fist when hard pushed, that Captain Truck found leisure to come to the rescue.

"I'm amazed, ma'am," said the honest packet-master, "that a woman of your sanctity should deny that jumping the rope is a sin, for I hold that point to have been settled by all our people, these fifty years. You will admit that the rope cannot be well jumped without levity."

"Levity, Captain Truck! I hope you do not insinuate that a daughter of mine discovers levity?"

"Certainly, ma'am; she is called the best rope-jumper in the village, I hear; and levity, or lightness of carriage, is the great requisite for skill in the art. Then there are 'vain repetitions' in doing the same thing over and over so often, and 'vain repetitions' are forbidden even in our prayers. I can call both father and mother to testify to that fact."

"Well, this is news to me! I must speak to the minister about it."

"Of the two, the skipping-rope is rather more sinful than dancing, for the music makes the latter easy; whereas, one has to force the spirit to enter into the other. Commodore, our hour has come, and we must make sail. May I

ask the favor, Mrs. Abbott, of a bit of thread to fasten this hook afresh?"

The widow-bewitched turned to her basket, and raising a piece of calico to look for the thread, "high, low, jack, and the game" stared her in the face. When she bent her eyes toward her guests, she perceived all three gazing at the cards, with as much apparent surprise and curiosity as if two of them knew nothing of their history.

"Awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Abbott, shaking both hands—"awful—awful—awful! The powers of darkness have been at work here!"

"They seem to have been pretty much occupied, too," observed the captain, "for a better thumbed pack I never yet found in the forecabin of a ship."

"Awful—awful—awful! This is equal to the forty days in the wilderness, Mr. Dodge."

"It is a trying cross, ma'am."

"To my notion now," said the captain, "those cards are not worse than the skipping-rope, though I allow that they might have been cleaner."

But Mrs. Abbott was not disposed to view the matter so lightly. She saw the hand of the devil in the affair, and fancied it was a new trial offered to her widowed condition.

"Are these actually cards!" she cried, like one who distrusted the evidence of her senses.

"Just so, ma'am," kindly answered the commodore; "this is the ace of spades, a famous fellow to hold when you have the lead; and this is the Jack, which counts one, you know, when spades are trumps. I never saw a more thorough-working pack in my life."

"Or a more thoroughly worked pack," added the captain, in a condoling manner. "Well, we are not all perfect, and I hope Mrs. Abbott will cheer up and look at this matter in a gayer point of view. For myself, I hold that a skipping-rope is worse than the Jack of spades, Sundays or week days. Commodore, we shall see no pick-erel to-day, unless we tear ourselves from this good company."

Here the two wags took their leave, and retreated to the skiff; the captain, who foresaw an occasion to use them, considerably offering to relieve Mrs. Abbott from the

presence of the odious cards, intimating that he would conscientiously see them fairly sunk in the deepest part of the lake.

When the two worthies were at a reasonable distance from the shore, the commodore suddenly ceased rowing, made a flourish with his hand, and incontinently began to laugh, as if his mirth had suddenly broken through all restraint. Captain Truck, who had been lighting a cigar, commenced smoking, and, seldom indulging in boisterous merriment, he responded with his eyes, shaking his head from time to time, with great satisfaction, as thoughts more ludicrous than common came over his imagination.

"Harkee, commodore," he said, blowing the smoke upward and watching it with his eye until it floated away in a little cloud, "neither of us is a chicken. You have studied life on the fresh water, and I have studied life on the salt. I do not say which produces the best scholars, but I know that both make better Christians than the jack-screw system."

"Just so. I tell them in the village that little is gained in the end by following the blind; that is my doctrine, sir."

"And a very good doctrine it would prove, I make no doubt, were you to enter into it a little more fully——"

"Well, sir, I can explain——"

"Not another syllable is necessary. I know what you mean as well as if I said it myself, and, moreover, short sermons are always the best. You mean that a pilot ought to know where he is steering, which is perfectly sound doctrine. My own experience tells me, that if you press a sturgeon's nose with your foot, it will spring up as soon as it is loosened. Now the jack-screw will heave a great strain, no doubt; but the moment it is let up, down comes all that rests on it again. This Mr. Dodge, I suppose you know, has been a passenger with me once or twice?"

"I have heard as much—they say he was tigerish in the fight with the niggers—quite an out-and-outer."

"Aye, I hear he tells some such story himself; but harkee, commodore, I wish to do justice to all men, and I find there is a very little of it inland, hereaway. The hero of that day is about to marry your beautiful Miss Effing-

ham ; other men did their duty too, as, for instance, was the case with Mr. John Effingham ; but Paul Blunt-Powis-Effingham finished the job. As for Mr. Steadfast Dodge, sir, I say nothing, unless it be to add that he was nowhere near me in that transaction ; and if any man felt like an alligator in Lent, on that occasion, it was your humble servant."

"Which means that he was not nigh the enemy, I'll swear before a magistrate."

"And no fear of perjury. Any one who saw Mr. John Effingham and Mr. Powis on that day, might have sworn that they were father and son ; and any one who did *not* see Mr. Dodge might have said at once, that he did not belong to their family. That is all, sir ; I never disparage a passenger, and, therefore, shall say no more than merely to add, that Mr. Dodge is no warrior."

"They say he has experienced religion lately, as they call it."

"It is high time, sir, for he has experienced sin quite long enough, according to my notion. I hear that the man goes up and down the country disparaging those whose shoe-ties he is unworthy to unloose, and that he has published some letters in his journal that are as false as his heart ; but let him beware lest the world should see, some rainy day, an extract from a certain log-book belonging to a ship called the Montauk. I am rejoicing at this marriage after all, commodore, or marriages, rather, for I understand that Mr. Paul Effingham and Sir George Templemore intend to make a double bowline of it tomorrow morning. All is arranged, and as soon as my eyes have witnessed that blessed sight, I shall trip for New York again."

"It is clearly made out, then, that the young gentleman is Mr. John Effingham's son ?"

"As clear as the north-star in a bright night. The fellow who spoke to me at the Fun of Fire has put us in a way to remove the last doubt, if there were any doubt. Mr. Effingham himself, who is so cool-headed and cautious, says there is now sufficient proof to make it good in any court in America. That point may be set down as settled, and, for my part, I rejoice it is so, since Mr. John Effingham has so long passed for an old bachelor, that it is a

credit to the corps to find one of them the father of so noble a son."

Here the commodore dropped his anchor, and the two friends began to fish. For an hour neither talked much, but having obtained the necessary stock of perch, they landed at the favorite spring, and prepared a fry. While seated on the grass, alternating between the potations of punch and the mastication of fish, these worthies again renewed the dialogue in their usual discursive, philosophical, and sentimental manner.

"We are citizens of a surprisingly great country, commodore," commenced Mr. Truck, after one of his heaviest draughts; "everybody says it, from Maine to Florida, and what everybody says must be true."

"Just so, sir. I sometimes wonder how so great a country ever came to produce so little a man as myself."

"A good cow may have a bad calf, and that explains the matter. Have you many as virtuous and pious women in this part of the world as Mrs. Abbott?"

"The hills and valleys are filled with them. You mean persons who have got so much religion that they have no room for anything else?"

"I shall mourn to my dying day, that you were not brought up to the sea! If you discover so much of the right material on fresh-water, what would you have been on salt? The people who suck in nutriment from a brain and a conscience like those of Mr. Dodge, too, commodore, must get in time to be surprisingly clear-sighted."

"Just so; his readers soon overreach themselves. But it's of no great consequence, sir; the people of this part of the world keep nothing long enough to do much good or much harm."

"Fond of change, ha?"

"Like unlucky fishermen, always ready to shift the ground. I don't believe, sir, that in all this region you can find a dozen graves of sons that lie near their fathers. Everybody seems to have a mortal aversion to stability."

"It is hard to love such a country, commodore!"

"Sir, I never try to love it. God has given me a pretty sheet of water, that suits my fancy and wants, a beautiful sky, fine green mountains, and I am satisfied. One may love God, in such a temple, though he love nothing else."

"Well, I suppose if you love nothing, nothing loves you, and no injustice is done."

"Just so, sir. Self has got to be the idol, though in the general scramble a man is sometimes puzzled to know whether he is himself or one of the neighbors."

"I wish I knew your political sentiments, commodore ; you have been communicative on all subjects but that, and I have taken up the notion that you are a true philosopher."

"I hold myself to be but a babe in swaddling-clothes compared to yourself, sir ; but such as my poor opinions are, you are welcome to them. In the first place, then, sir, I have lived long enough on this water to know that every man is a lover of liberty in his own person, and that he has a secret distaste for it in the persons of other people. Then, sir, I have got to understand that patriotism means bread and cheese, and that opposition is every man for himself."

"If the truth were known, I believe, commodore, you have buoyed out the channel !"

"Just so. After being pulled about by the salt of the land, and using my freeman's privileges at their command until I got tired of so much liberty, sir, I have resigned, and retired to private life, doing most of my own thinking out here on the Otsego-Water, like a poor slave as I am."

"You ought to be chosen the next President !"

"I owe my present emancipation, sir, to the sogdollager. I first began to reason about such a man as this Mr. Dodge, who has thrust himself and his ignorance together into the village, lately, as an expounder of truth, and a ray of light to the blind. Well, sir, I said to myself, if this man be the man I know him to be as a man, can he be anything better as an editor ?"

"That was a home question put to yourself, commodore ; how did you answer it ?"

"The answer was satisfactory, sir, to myself, whatever it might be to other people. I stopped his paper, and set up for myself. Just about that time the sogdollager nibbled, and instead of trying to be a great man, over the shoulders of the patriots and sages of the land, I endeavored to immortalize myself by hooking him. I go to the elections now, for that I feel to be a duty, but instead of allowing a

man like this Mr. Dodge to tell me how to vote, I vote for the man in public that I would trust in private."

"Excellent! I honor you more and more every minute I pass in your society. We will now drink to the future happiness of those who will become brides and bridegrooms to-morrow. If all men were as philosophical and as learned as you, commodore, the human race would be in a fairer way than they are to-day."

"Just so; I drink to them with all my heart. Is it not surprising, sir, that people like Mrs. Abbott and Mr. Dodge should have it in their power to injure such as those whose happiness we have just had the honor of commemorating in advance?"

"Why, commodore, a fly may bite an elephant, if he can find a weak spot in his hide. I do not altogether understand the history of the marriage of John Effingham, myself; but we see the issue of it has been a fine son. Now I hold that when a man fairly marries, he is bound to own it, the same as any other crime; for he owes it to those who have not been as guilty as himself, to show the world that he no longer belongs to them."

"Just so; but we have flies in this part of the world that will bite through the toughest hide."

"That comes from there being no quarter-deck in your social ship, commodore. Now, aboard of a well-regulated packet, all the thinking is done aft; they who are desirous of knowing whereabouts the vessel is, being compelled to wait till the observations are taken, or to sit down in their ignorance. The whole difficulty comes from the fact that sensible people live so far apart in this quarter of the world that fools have more room than should fall to their share. You understand me, commodore?"

"Just so," said the commodore, laughing and winking. "Well, it is fortunate that there are some people who are not quite as weak-minded as some other people. I take it, Captain Truck, that you will be present at the wedding?"

The captain now winked in his turn, looked around him to make sure no one was listening, and laying a finger on his nose, he answered in a much lower key than was usual for him—

"You can keep a secret, I know, commodore. Now what I have to say is not to be told to Mrs. Abbott, in or—

der that it may be repeated and multiplied, but is to be kept as snug as your bait in the bait-box."

"You know your man, sir."

"Well then, about ten minutes before the clock strikes nine, to-morrow morning, do you slip into the gallery of New St. Paul's, and you shall see beauty and modesty, when 'unadorned, adorned the most.' You comprehend?"

"Just so," and the hand was flourished even more than usual.

"It does not become us bachelors to be too lenient to matrimony, but I should be an unhappy man were I not to witness the marriage of Paul Powis to Eve Effingham."

Here both the worthies "freshened the nip," as Captain Truck called it, and then the conversation soon got to be too philosophical and contemplative for this unpretending record of events and ideas.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet ;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combined, save what thou must confine
By holy marriage."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE morning chosen for the nuptials of Eve and Grace arrived, and all the inmates of the Wigwam were early afoot, though the utmost care had been taken to prevent the intelligence of the approaching ceremony from getting into the village. They little knew, however, how closely they were watched ; the mean artifices that were resorted to by some who called themselves their neighbors, to tamper with servants, to obtain food for conjecture, and to justify to themselves their exaggerations, falsehoods, and frauds. The news did leak out, as will presently be seen, and through a channel that may cause the reader, who is unacquainted with some of the peculiarities of American life, a little surprise.

We have frequently alluded to Annette, the *femme de chambre* that had followed Eve from Europe, although we

have had no occasion to dwell on her character, which was that of a woman of her class, as they are well known to exist in France. Annette was young, had bright, sparkling black eyes, was well made, and had the usual tournure and manner of a Parisian grisette. As it is the besetting weakness of all provincial habits to mistake graces for grace, flourishes for elegance, and exaggeration for merit, Annette soon acquired a reputation in her circle, as a woman of more than usual claims to distinction. Her attire was in the height of the fashion, being of Eve's cast-off clothes, and of the best materials, and attire is also a point that is not without its influence on those who are unaccustomed to the world.

As the double ceremony was to take place before breakfast, Annette was early employed about the person of her young mistress, adorning it in the bridal robes. While she worked at her usual employment, the attendant appeared unusually agitated, and several times pins were badly pointed, and new arrangements had to supersede or to supply the deficiencies of her mistakes. Eve was always a model of patience, and she bore with these little oversights with a quiet that would have given Paul an additional pledge of her admirable self-command, as well as of a sweetness of temper that, in truth, raised her almost above the commoner feelings of mortality.

"*Vous êtes un peu agitée ce matin, ma bonne Annette,*" she merely observed, when her maid had committed a blunder more material than common.

"*F'espère que Mademoiselle a été contente de moi jusqu'à présent,*" returned Annette, vexed with her own awkwardness, and speaking in the manner in which it is usual to announce an intention to quit a service.

"Certainly, Annette, you have conducted yourself well, and are very expert in your *métier*. But why do you ask this question just at this moment?"

"*Parce que*—because—with Mademoiselle's permission, I intended to ask for my *congé*."

"*Congé!* Do you think of quitting me, Annette?"

"It would make me happier than anything else to die in the service of Mademoiselle, but we are all subject to our destiny"—the conversation was in French—"and mine compels me to cease my services as a *femme de chambre*."

"This is a sudden, and for one in a strange country, an extraordinary resolution. May I ask, Annette, what you propose to do?"

Here the woman gave herself certain airs, endeavored to blush, did look at the carpet with a studied modesty that might have deceived one who did not know the genus, and announced her intention to get married, too, at the end of the present month."

"Married!" repeated Eve—"surely not to old Pierre, Annette?"

"Pierre, Mademoiselle! I shall not condescend to look at Pierre. *Je vais me marier avec un avocat.*"

"*Un avocat!*"

"*Oui, Mademoiselle.* I will marry myself with Monsieur Aristabule Bragg, if Mademoiselle shall permit."

Eve was perfectly mute with astonishment, notwithstanding the proofs she had often seen of the wide range that the ambition of an American of a certain class allows itself. Of course, she remembered the conversation on the Point, and it would not have been in nature, had not a mistress who had been so lately wooed, felt some surprise at finding her discarded suitor so soon seeking consolation in the smiles of her own maid. Still her surprise was less than that which the reader will probably experience at this announcement; for, as has just been said, she had seen too much of the active and pliant enterprise of the lover, to feel much wonder at any of his moral *tours de force*. Even Eve, however, was not perfectly acquainted with the views and policy that had led Aristabulus to seek this consummation to his matrimonial schemes, which must be explained explicitly in order that they may be properly understood.

Mr. Bragg had no notion of any distinctions in the world, beyond those which came from money and political success. For the first he had a practical deference that was as profound as his wishes for its enjoyments; and for the last he felt precisely the sort of reverence that one educated under a feudal system would feel for a feudal lord. The first, after several unsuccessful efforts, he had found unattainable by means of matrimony, and he turned his thoughts toward Annette, whom he had for some months held in reserve, in the event of his failing with Eve and Grace, for on both these heiresses had he entertained designs, as a *pis-aller*.

Annette was a dressmaker of approved taste, her person was sufficiently attractive, her broken English gave piquancy to thoughts of no great depth, she was of a suitable age, and he had made her proposals and been accepted, as soon as it was ascertained that Eve and Grace were irretrievably lost to him. Of course, the Parisienne did not hesitate an instant about becoming the wife of *un avocat*; for, agreeably to her habits, matrimony was a legitimate means of bettering her condition in life. The plan was soon arranged. They were to be married as soon as Annette's month's notice had expired, and then they were to emigrate to the far West, where Mr. Bragg proposed to practise law, or to keep school, or to go to Congress, or to turn trader, or to saw lumber, or, in short, to turn his hand to anything that offered; while Annette was to help along with the *ménage* by making dresses, and teaching French; the latter occupation promising to be somewhat peripatetic, the population being scattered, and few of the dwellers in the interior deeming it necessary to take more than a quarter's instruction in any of the higher branches of education; the object being to study, as it is called, and not to know. Aristabulus, who was filled with goaheadism, would have shortened the delay, but this Annette positively resisted; her *esprit de corps* as a servant, and all her notions of justice, repudiating the notion that the connection which had existed so long between Eve and herself was to be cut off at a moment's warning. So diametrically were the ideas of the *fiancés* opposed to each other on this point, that at one time it threatened a rupture, Mr. Bragg asserting the natural independence of man to a degree that would have rendered him independent of all obligations that were not effectually enacted by the law; and Annette maintaining the dignity of a European *femme de chambre*, whose sense of propriety demanded that she should not quit her place without giving a month's warning. The affair was happily decided by Aristabulus's receiving a commission to tend a store in the absence of its owner; Mr. Effingham, on a hint from his daughter, having profited by the annual expiration of the engagement to bring their connection to an end.

This termination to the passion of Mr. Bragg would have afforded Eve a good deal of amusement at any other moment; but a bride cannot be expected to give too much of

her attention to the felicity and prospects of those who have no natural or acquired claims to her affection. The cousins met, attired for the ceremony, in Mr. Effingham's room, where he soon came in person to lead them to the drawing-room. It is seldom that two more lovely young women are brought together on similar occasions. As Mr. Effingham stood between them, holding a hand of each, his moistened eyes turned from one to the other in honest pride, and in an admiration that even his tenderness could not restrain. The *toilettes* were as simple as the marriage ceremony will permit ; for it was intended that there should be no unnecessary parade ; and perhaps the delicate beauty of each of the brides was rendered the more attractive by this simplicity, as it has often been justly remarked that the fair of this country are more winning in a dress of a less conventional character than when in the elaborate and regulated attire of ceremonies. As might have been expected, there was most of soul and feeling in Eve's countenance, though Grace wore an air of charming modesty and nature. Both were unaffected, simple, and graceful, and we may add that both trembled as Mr. Effingham took their hands.

"This is a pleasing and yet a painful hour," said that kind and excellent man ; "one in which I gain a son, and lose a daughter."

"And *I*, dearest uncle," exclaimed Grace, whose feelings trembled on her eyelids, like the dew ready to drop from the leaf, "have *I* no connection with your feelings?"

"You are the daughter that I lose, my child, for Eve will still remain with me. But Templemore has promised to be grateful, and I will trust his word."

Mr. Effingham then embraced with fervor both the charming young women, who stood apparelled for the most important event of their lives, lovely in their youth, beauty, innocence, and modesty ; and taking an arm of each he led them below. John Effingham, the two bridegrooms, Captain Ducie, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield, Mrs. Hawker, Captain Truck, Mademoiselle Vieffville, Annette, and Ann Sidley, were all assembled in the drawing-room, ready to receive them ; and as soon as shawls were thrown around Eve and Grace, in order to conceal the wedding dresses, the whole party proceeded to the church.

The distance between the Wigwam and New St. Paul's was very trifling, the solemn pines of the churchyard blending, from many points, with the gayer trees in the grounds of the former; and as the buildings in this part of the village were few, the whole of the bridal train entered the tower unobserved by the eyes of the curious. The clergyman was waiting in the chancel, and as each of the young men led the object of his choice immediately to the altar, the double ceremony began without delay. At this instant Mr. Steadfast Dodge and Mrs. Abbott advanced from the rear of the gallery, and coolly took their seats in its front. Neither belonged to this particular church, though, having discovered that the marriages were to take place that morning by means of Annette, they had no scruples on the score of delicacy about thrusting themselves forward on the occasion; for, to the latest moment, that publicity-principle which appeared to be interwoven with their very natures, induced them to think that nothing was so sacred as to be placed beyond the reach of curiosity. They entered the church, because the church they held to be a public place, precisely on the principle that others of their class conceive if a gate be blown open by accident, it removes all the moral defences against trespassers as it removes the physical.

The solemn language of the prayers and vows proceeded none the less for the presence of these unwelcome intruders; for at that grave moment all other thoughts were hushed in those that more properly belonged to the scene. When the clergyman made the usual appeal to know if any man could give a reason why those who stood before him should not be united in holy wedlock, Mrs. Abbott nudged Mr. Dodge, and, in the fulness of her discontent, eagerly inquired in a whisper if it were not possible to raise some valid objection. Could she have had her pious wish, the simple, unpretending, meek, and church-going Eve should never be married. But the editor was not a man to act openly in anything, his particular province lying in insinuations and innuendoes. As a hint would not now be available, he determined to postpone his revenge to a future day. We say revenge, for Steadfast was one of the class that consider any happiness or advantage in which they are not ample participators wrongs done to themselves.

That is a wise regulation of the church which makes the marriage ceremony brief, for the intensity of the feelings it often creates would frequently become too powerful to be suppressed, were it unnecessarily prolonged. Mr. Effingham gave away both the brides, the one in the quality of parent, the other in that of guardian, and neither of the bridegrooms got the ring on the wrong finger. This is all we have to say of the immediate scene at the altar. As soon as the benediction was pronounced and the brides were released from the first embraces of their husbands, Mr. Effingham, without even kissing Eve, threw the shawls over their shoulders, and, taking an arm of each, he led them rapidly from the church, for he felt reluctant to suffer the holy feelings that were uppermost in his heart to be the spectacle of rude and obtrusive observers. At the door he relinquished Eve to Paul, and Grace to Sir George, with a silent pressure of the hand of each, and signed for them to proceed toward the Wigwam. He was obeyed, and in less than half an hour from the time they had left the drawing-room, the whole party was again assembled in it.

What a change had been produced in the situation of so many in that brief interval!

"Father!" Eve whispered, while Mr. Effingham folded her to his heart, the unbidden tears falling from both their eyes—"I am still thine!"

"It would break my heart to think otherwise, darling. No, no—I have not lost a daughter, but have gained a son."

"And what place am I to occupy in this scene of fondness?" inquired John Effingham, who had considerably paid his compliments to Grace first, that she might not feel forgotten at such a moment, and who had so managed that she was now receiving the congratulations of the rest of the party; "am I to lose both son and daughter?"

Eve, smiling sweetly through her tears, raised herself from her own father's arms, and was received in those of her husband's parent. After he had fondly kissed her forehead several times, without withdrawing from his bosom, she parted the rich hair on his forehead, passing her hand down his face like an infant, and said softly—

"Cousin Jack!"

"I believe this must be my rank and estimation still ! Paul shall make no difference in our feeling ; we will love each other as we have ever done."

"Paul can be nothing new between you and me. You have always been a second father in my eyes, and in my heart, too, dear—dear Cousin Jack."

John Effingham pressed the beautiful, ardent, blushing girl to his bosom again ; and as he did so, both felt, notwithstanding their language, that a new and dearer tie than ever bound them together. Eve now received the compliments of the rest of the party, when the two brides retired to change the dresses in which they had appeared at the altar for their more ordinary attire.

In her own dressing-room Eve found Ann Sidley waiting with impatience to pour out her feelings, the honest and affectionate creature being much too sensitive to open the floodgates of her emotion in the presence of third parties.

"Ma'am—Miss Eve—Mrs. Effingham !" she exclaimed, as soon as her young mistress entered, afraid of saying too much, now that her nursling had become a married woman.

"My kind and good Nanny !" said Eve, taking her old nurse in her arms, their tears mingling in silence for near a minute. "You have seen your child enter on the last of her great earthly engagements, Nanny, and I know you pray that they may prove happy."

"I do—I do—I do—ma'am—madam—Miss Eve—what am I to call you in future, ma'am ?"

"Call me Miss Eve, as you have done since my childhood, dearest Nanny."

Nanny received this permission with delight, and twenty times that morning she availed herself of it ; and she continued to use the term until, two years later, she danced a miniature Eve on her knee, as she had done its mother before her, when matronly rank began silently to assert its rights, and our present bride became Mrs. Effingham.

"I shall not quit you, ma'am, now that you are married ?" Ann Sidley timidly asked ; for, although she could scarcely think such an event within the bounds of probability, and Eve had already more than once assured her of the contrary with her own tongue, still did she love to have assurance made doubly sure. "I hope nothing will ever happen to make me quit you, ma'am ?"

"Nothing of that sort, with my consent, ever shall happen, my excellent Nanny. And now that Annette is about to get married, I shall have more than the usual necessity for your services."

"And Mamerzelle, ma'am?" inquired Nanny, with sparkling eyes; "I suppose, she, too, will return to her own country, now you know everything, and have no further occasion for her?"

"Mademoiselle Viefville will return to France in the autumn, but it will be with us all; for my dear father, Cousin Jack, my husband"—Eve blushed as she pronounced the novel word—"and myself, not forgetting you, my old nurse, will all sail for England, with Sir George and Lady Templemore, on our way to Italy, the first week in October."

"I care not, ma'am, so that I go with you. I would rather we did not live in a country where I cannot understand all that the people say to you, but wherever you are will be my earthly paradise."

Eve kissed the true-hearted woman, and Annette entering, she changed her dress.

The two brides met at the head of the great stairs, on their way back to the drawing-room. Eve was a little in advance, but with a half-concealed smile she gave way to Grace, curtsying gravely, and saying—

"It does not become *me* to precede Lady Templemore—I, who am only Mrs. Paul Effingham."

"Nay, dear Eve, I am not so weak as you imagine. Do you not think I should have married him had he not been a baronet?"

"Templemore, my dear coz, is a man any woman might love, and I believe, as firmly as I hope it sincerely, that he will make you happy."

"And yet there is one woman who would not love him, Eve!"

Eve looked steadily at her cousin for a moment, was startled, and then she felt gratified that Sir George had been so honest, for the frankness and manliness of his avowal was a pledge of the good faith and sincerity of his character. She took her cousin affectionately by the hand, and said—

"Grace, this confidence is the highest compliment you can pay me, and it merits a return. That Sir George

Templemore may have had a passing inclination for one who so little deserved it, is possibly true—but my affections were another's before I knew him."

"You never would have married Templemore, Eve; he says himself, now, that you are quite too continental, as he calls it, to like an Englishman."

"Then I shall take the first good occasion to undeceive him; for I do like an Englishman, and he is the identical man."

As few women are jealous on their wedding-day, Grace took this in good part, and they descended the stairs together, side by side, reflecting each other's happiness in their timid but conscious smiles. In the great hall they were met by the bridegrooms, and each taking the arm of him who had now become of so vast importance to her, they paced the room to and fro, until summoned to the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which had been prepared under the especial superintendence of Mademoiselle Vieffville, after the manner of her country.

Wedding-days, like all formally prepared festivals, are apt to go off a little heavily. Such, however, was not the case with this, for every appearance of premeditation and preparation vanished with this meal. It is true the family did not quit the grounds, but, with this exception, ease and tranquil happiness reigned throughout. Captain Truck was alone disposed to be sentimental, and more than once, as he looked about him, he expressed his doubts whether he had pursued the right course to attain happiness.

"I find myself in a solitary category," he said at the dinner-table in the evening. "Mrs. Hawker and both the Messrs. Effingham have been married; everybody else is married, and I believe I must take refuge in saying that I will be married, if I can now persuade any one to have me. Even Mr. Powis, my right-hand man in all that African affair, has deserted me, and left me like a single dead pine in one of your clearings, or a jewel-block dangling at a yard-arm without a sheave. Mrs. Bride"—the captain styled Eve thus throughout the day, to the utter neglect of the claims of Lady Templemore—"Mrs. Bride, we will consider my forlorn condition more philosophically when I shall have the honor to take you, and so many of this

blessed party, back again to Europe, where I found you. Under your advice I think I might even yet venture——”

“And I am overlooked entirely,” cried Mr. Howel, who had been invited to make one at the wedding-feast; “what is to become of me, Captain Truck, if this marrying mania go any further?”

“I have long had a plan for your welfare, my dear sir; that I will take this opportunity to divulge; I propose, ladies and gentlemen, that we enlist Mr. Howel in our project for this autumn, and that we carry him with us to Europe. I shall be proud to have the honor of introducing him to his old friend, the island of Great Britain.”

“Ah! that is a happiness, I fear, that is not in reserve for me!” said Mr. Howel, shaking his head. “I have thought of these things in my time, but age will now defeat any such hopes.”

“Age, Tom Howel!” said John Effingham; “you are but fifty, like Ned and myself. We were all boys together forty years ago, and yet you find us, who have so lately returned, ready to take a fresh departure. Pluck up heart; there may be a steamboat ready to bring you back by the time you wish to return.”

“Never,” said Captain Truck, positively. “Ladies and gentlemen, it is morally impossible that the Atlantic should ever be navigated by steamers. That doctrine I shall maintain to my dying day; but what need of a steamer when we have packets like palaces?”

“I did not know, captain, that you entertained so hearty a respect for Great Britain—it is encouraging, really, to find so generous a feeling toward the old island in one of her descendants. Sir George and Lady Templemore, permit me to drink to your lasting felicity.”

“Aye—aye—I entertain no ill-will to England, though her tobacco laws are none of the genteelest. But my wish to export you, Mr. Howel, is less from a desire to show you England than to let you perceive that there are other countries in Europe——”

“Other countries! Surely you do not suppose I am so ignorant of geography as to believe that there are no other countries in Europe—no such places as Hanover, Brunswick, and Brunswick Lunenberg, and Denmark; the sister of old George the Third married the king of that

country ; and Wurtemberg, the king of which married the Princess Royal——”

“And Mecklenburg-Strelitz,” added John Effingham, gravely, “a princess of which actually married George the Third *propria personâ* as well as by proxy. Nothing can be plainer than your geography, Howel ; but, in addition to these particular regions, our worthy friend the captain wishes you to know, also, that there are such places as France, and Austria, and Russia, and Italy ; though the latter can scarcely repay a man for the trouble of visiting it.”

“You have guessed my motive, Mr. John Effingham, and expressed it much more discreetly than I could possibly have done,” cried the captain. “If Mr. Howel will do me the honor to take passage with me, going and coming, I shall consider the pleasure of his remarks on men and things as one of the greatest advantages I ever possessed.”

“I do not know but I might be induced to venture as far as England, but not a foot farther.”

“*Pas à Paris !*” exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville, who wondered why any rational being would take the trouble to cross the Atlantic merely to see *ce mélancolique Londres* ; “you will go to Paris for my sake, Monsieur Howel ?”

“For your sake, indeed, Mam’selle, I would do anything, but hardly for my own. I confess I have thought of this, and I will think of it farther. I should like to see the King of England and the House of Lords, I confess, before I die.”

“Aye, and the Tower, and the Boar’s-Head at East-Cheap, and the statue of the Duke of Wellington, and London Bridge, and Richmond Hill, and Bow Street, and Somerset House, and Oxford Road, and Bartlemy Fair, and Hungerford Market, and Charing-Cross—*old* Charing-Cross, Tom Howel !”—added John Effingham, with a good-natured nod of the head.

“A wonderful nation !” cried Mr. Howel, whose eyes sparkled as the other proceeded in his enumeration of wonders. “I do not think, after all, that I can die in peace without seeing some of these things—*all* would be too much for me. How far is the Isle of Dogs, now from St. Catharine’s Docks, captain ?”

"Oh! but a few cables' lengths. If you will only stick to the ship until she is fairly docked, I will promise you a sight of the Isle of Dogs before you land, even. But then you must promise me to carry out no tobacco!"

"No fear of me; I neither smoke nor chew, and it does not surprise me that a nation as polished as the English should have this antipathy to tobacco. And one might really see the Isle of Dogs before landing? It is a wonderful country! Mrs. Bloomfield, will you ever be able to die tranquilly without seeing England?"

"I hope, sir, whenever that event shall arrive that it may be met tranquilly, let what may happen previously. I do confess, in common with Mrs. Effingham, a longing desire to see Italy; a wish that I believe she entertains from her actual knowledge, and which I entertain from my anticipations."

"Now this really surprises me. What can Italy possess to repay one for the trouble of travelling so far?"

"I trust, Cousin Jack," said Eve, coloring at the sound of her own voice, for on that day of supreme happiness and intense emotions, she had got to be so sensitive as to be less self-possessed than common, "that our friend Mr. Wenham will not be forgotten, but that he may be invited to join the party."

This representative of *la jeune Amérique* was also present at the dinner, out of regard to his deceased father, who was a very old friend of Mr. Effingham's, and being so favorably noticed by the bride, he did not fail to reply.

"I believe an American has little to learn from any nation but his own," observed Mr. Wenham, with the complacency of the school to which he belonged, "although one might wish that all of this country should travel, in order that the rest of the world might have the benefit of the intercourse."

"It is a thousand pities," said John Effingham, "that one of our universities, for instance, was not ambulant. Old Yale was so in its infancy; but unlike most other creatures, it went about with greater ease to itself when a child than it can move in manhood."

"Mr. John Effingham loves to be facetious," said Mr. Wenham, with dignity; for, while he was as credulous as could be wished on the subject of American superiority,

he was not quite as blind as the votaries of the Anglo-American school, who usually yield the control of all their faculties and common sense to their masters on the points connected with their besetting weaknesses. "Everybody is agreed, I believe, that the American imparts more than he receives in his intercourse with Europeans."

The smiles of the more experienced of this young man's listeners were well-bred and concealed, and the conversation turned to other subjects. It was easy to raise the laugh on such an occasion, and contrary to the usages of the Wigwam, where the men usually left the table with the other sex, Captain Truck, John Effingham, Mr. Bloomfield, and Mr. Howel, made what is called a night of it. Much delicious claret was consumed, and the honest captain was permitted to enjoy his cigar. About midnight he swore he had half a mind to write a letter to Mrs. Hawker, with an offer of his hand; as for his heart, that she well knew she had possessed for a long time.

The next day, about the hour when the house was tranquil, from the circumstance that most of its inmates were abroad on their several avocations of boating, riding, shopping, or walking, Eve was in the library, her father having left it a few minutes before to mount his horse. She was seated at a table, writing a letter to an aged relative of her own sex, to communicate the circumstance of her marriage. The door was half open, and Paul appeared at it unexpectedly, coming in search of his young bride. His step had been so light, and so intently was our heroine engaged with her letter, that his approach was unnoticed, though it had now been a long time that the ear of Eve had learned to know his tread, and her heart to beat at its welcome sound. Perhaps a beautiful woman is never so winningly lovely as when, in her neat morning attire, she seems fresh and sweet as the new-born day. Eve had paid a little more attention to her toilette than usual even, admitting just enough of a properly selected jewelry, a style of ornament that so singularly denotes the refinement of a gentlewoman, when used understandingly, and which so infallibly betrays vulgarity under other circumstances, while her attire had rather more than its customary finish, though it was impossible not to perceive at a glance, that she was in an undress. The Parisian skill of Annette, on

which Mr. Bragg based so many of his hopes of future fortune, had cut and fitted the robe to her faultlessly beautiful person, with a tact, or it might be truer to say a contact, so perfect, that it even left more charms to be imagined than displayed, though the outline of the whole figure was that of the most lovely womanhood. But, notwithstanding the exquisite modelling of the whole form, the almost fairy lightness of the full, swelling, but small foot, about which nothing seemed lean and attenuated, the exquisite hand that appeared from among the ruffles of the dress, Paul stood in nearly breathless admiration of the countenance of his "bright and blooming bride." Perhaps there is no sentiment so touchingly endearing to a man, as that which comes over him as he contemplates the beauty, confiding faith, holy purity, and truth that shine in the countenance of a young, unpractised, innocent woman, when she has so far overcome her natural timidity as to pour out her tenderness in his behalf, and to submit to the strongest impulses of her nature. Such was now the fact with Eve. She was writing of her husband, and, though her expressions were restrained by taste and education, they partook of her unutterable fondness and devotion. The tears stood in her eyes, the pen trembled in her hand, and she had shaded her face as if to conceal the weakness from herself. Paul was alarmed, he knew not why, but Eve in tears was a sight painful to him. In a moment he was at her side, with an arm placed gently around her waist, and he drew her fondly toward his bosom.

"Eve—dearest Eve!" he said—"what mean these tears?"

The serene eye, the radiant blush, and the meek tenderness that rewarded his own burst of feeling, re-assured the young husband, and, deferring to the sensitive modesty of so young a bride, he released his hold, retaining only a hand.

"It is happiness, Powis—nothing but excess of happiness, which makes us women weaker, I fear, than even sorrow."

Paul kissed her hands, regarded her with an intensity of admiration, before which the eyes of Eve rose and fell, as if dazzled while meeting his looks, and yet unwilling to

lose them ; and then he reverted to the motive which had brought him to the library.

“My father—*your* father, that is now——”

“Cousin Jack !”

“Cousin Jack, if you will, has just made me a present, which is second only to the greater gift I received from your own excellent parent, yesterday, at the altar. See, dearest Eve, he has bestowed this lovely image of yourself on me ; lovely, though still so far from the truth. And here is the miniature of my poor mother, also, to supply the place of the one carried away by the Arabs.”

Eve gazed long and wistfully at the beautiful features of this image of her husband's mother. She traced in them that pensive thought, that winning kindness, that had first softened her heart toward Paul, and her lips trembled as she pressed the insensible glass against them.

“She must have been very handsome, Eve, and there is a look of melancholy tenderness in the face, that would seem almost to predict an unhappy blighting of the affections.”

“And yet this young, ingenuous, faithful woman entered on the solemn engagement we have just made, Paul, with as many reasonable hopes of a bright future as we ourselves !”

“Not so, Eve—confidence and holy truth were wanting at the nuptials of my parents. When there is deception at the commencement of such a contract, it is not difficult to predict the end.”

“I do not think, Paul, you ever deceived ; that noble heart of yours is too generous !”

“If anything can make a man worthy of such a love, dearest, it is the perfect and absorbing confidence with which your sex throw themselves on the justice and faith of ours. Did that spotless heart ever entertain a doubt of the worth of any living being on which it had set its affections ?”

“Of itself, often, and they say self-love lies at the bottom of all our actions.”

“You are the last person to hold this doctrine, beloved, for those who live most in your confidence declare that all traces of self are lost in your very nature.”

“Most in my confidence ! My father—my dear, kind

own child, and is not this your own child's"—again Eve hesitated, blushed, and smiled, ere she pronounced the formidable word—"husband."

"Yes, ma'am; and God be praised that it is so. I dreamt, it is now four years, Miss Eve; we were then travelling among the Denmarkers, and I dreamt that you were married to a great prince——"

"But your dream has not come true, my good Nanny, and you see by this fact that it is not always safe to trust in dreams."

"Ma'am, I do not esteem princes by the kingdoms and crowns, but by their qualities—and if Mr. Powis be not a prince, who is?"

"That, indeed, changes the matter," said the gratified young wife; "and I believe, after all, dear Nanny, that I must become a convert to your theory of dreams."

"While I must always deny it, good Mrs. Sidley, if this is a specimen of its truth," said Paul, laughing. "But, perhaps this prince proved unworthy of Miss Eve, after all!"

"Not he, sir; he made her a most kind and affectionate husband; not humoring all her idle wishes, if Miss Eve could have had such wishes, but cherishing her, and counselling her, and protecting her, showing as much tenderness for her as her own father, and as much love for her as I had myself."

"In which case, my worthy nurse, he proved an invaluable husband," said Eve, with glistening eyes, "and I trust, too, that he was considerate and friendly to you?"

"He took me by the hand, the morning after the marriage, and said, 'Faithful Ann Sidley, you have nursed and attended my beloved when a child, and as a young lady; and I now entreat you will continue to wait on and serve her as a wife to her dying day.' He did, indeed, ma'am; and I think I can now hear the very words he spoke so kindly. The dream, so far, has come good."

"My faithful Ann," said Paul, smiling, and taking the hand of the nurse, "you have been all that is good and true to my best beloved, as a child, and as a young lady; and now I earnestly entreat you to continue to wait on her, and to serve her as my wife, to your dying day."

Nanny clapped her hands with a scream of delight, and

bursting into tears, she exclaimed, as she hurried from the room,

“It has all come true—it has all come true!”

A pause of several minutes succeeded this burst of superstitious but natural feeling.

“All who live near you appear to think you the common centre of their affections,” Paul resumed, when his swelling heart permitted him to speak.

“We have hitherto been a family of love—God grant it may always continue so.”

Another delicious silence, which lasted still longer than the other, followed. Eve then looked up into her husband’s face with a gentle curiosity, and observed :

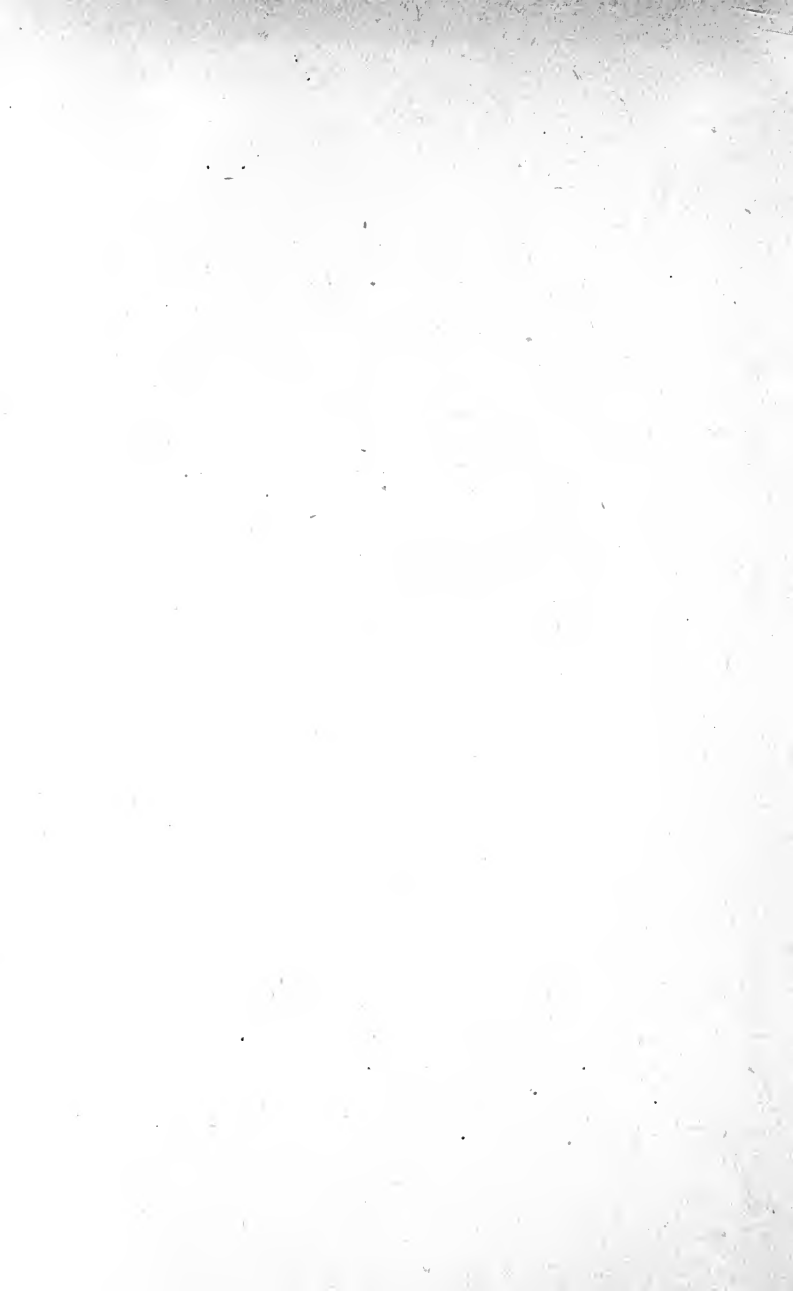
“You have told me a great deal, Powis—explained all but one little thing, that at the time caused me great pain. Why did Ducie, when you were about to quit the Montauk together, so unceremoniously stop you, as you were about to get into the boat first ; is the etiquette of a man-of-war so rigid as to justify so much rudeness, I had almost called it—?”

“The etiquette of a vessel of war is rigid certainly, and wisely so. But what you fancied rudeness, was in truth a compliment. Among us sailors, it is the inferior who goes first into a boat, and who quits it last.”

“So much, then, for forming a judgment ignorantly ! I believe it is always safer to have no opinion, than to form one without a perfect knowledge of all the accompanying circumstances.”

“Let us adhere to this safe rule through life, dearest, and we may find its benefits. An absolute confidence, caution in drawing conclusions, and a just reliance on each other, may keep us as happy to the end of our married life as we are at this blessed moment, when it is commencing under auspices so favorable as to seem almost providential.”

NRLF



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